

PARANOID REALITY

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

The sun shines brightly on a crisp day in the big city.

Countless men and women walk along the busy sidewalks, preparing for the long day ahead.

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

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

A change jar sits by his feet.

LAWRENCE

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

A different hour, a new topic.

LAWRENCE

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

A PEDESTRIAN walks by.

PEDESTRIAN

Down with BP!

Lawrence proudly raises his fist into the air, smiling.

LAWRENCE

Amen, brother!

Another PEDESTRIAN walks by and hands him a dollar bill.

LAWRENCE

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

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

LAWRENCE

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

PEDESTRIAN

You really think cancer can be  
cured?

LAWRENCE

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

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

He scoops up his change jar.

LAWRENCE

People of the city, my friends,  
you're much too kind to me. May  
Allah shine his light down upon  
and as always, fight the power! We  
make our own destiny!

Suddenly, SOMEONE runs into Lawrence, knocking him off balance, nearly causing him to drop his change jar.

LAWRENCE

Shit! Excuse me. Are you okay?

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

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

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

SARAH

Hey stranger!

LAWRENCE

Sarah! Hello, love!

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

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

Whatever you say, Lawrence. The usual?

LAWRENCE

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

Sarah smiles and begins making his drink for him.

SARAH

You know, you've got a way with words. Ever thought about doing motivational speaking? I know some people that would love to hear you talk about some of your theories.

LAWRENCE

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

Sarah coyly eludes his theories.

SARAH

I mean a real job.

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

You're crazy.

LAWRENCE

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

Lawrence winks at Sarah and she hands him his drink.

SARAH

I don't know, I'd just hate to see you living under a bridge or something.

LAWRENCE

I appreciate your concern, love. Quit frankly though, that would be a hell of a lot nicer than the last place I lived.

Sarah's expression suddenly turns serious.

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

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

Lawrence smiles and goes to leave.

SARAH

Wait, I wanted to ask you something.

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

Ha. Ha. Very funny, Lawrence. No, I wanted to know if you'd come give a lecture at my school. I

(MORE)

SARAH (cont'd)  
think some of your theories are  
interesting, and with your  
background, getting you in would  
be no prob -

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

Sarah is taken aback but his sudden change in demeanor.

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

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

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

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

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

Lawrence leaves the coffee shop with Sarah shaking her head.

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

MARK  
Crazy man come in for his coffee  
again?

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

MARK  
Different? The guy's damaged. Have  
you heard some of he stuff he  
spouts off about?

SARAH

You don't know him, Mark.

MARK

Yeah and how well do you know the psycho?

SARAH

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

MARK

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

Sarah shrugs her shoulders.

SARAH

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

MARK

Off the grid. Just like his mind, huh?

Sarah smacks Mark's arm and he chuckles.

MARK

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

INT. LAWRENCE'S APARTMENT - DAY

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

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

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

No TV. No radio. No computer. No phone. No way to contact the outside world what so ever.

He's got a bed, a bathroom, a kitchen, a desk, and books.  
Lots and lots of books.

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

LAWRENCE

(sing-song)

Okay, okay. What do we say? What  
do we say? Hey, hey. What do you  
say? What do you say?

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

LAWRENCE

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

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

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

LAWRENCE

So little time left. Where did it  
all go?

Lawrence crumbles up the paper and tosses it.

LAWRENCE

No. Bullshit. That's wrong. Come  
on. Get it together.

Lawrence continues writing, more furiously this time.

LAWRENCE

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

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

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

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

Lawrence sees this and begins to weep, crumpling up the  
paper again.

LAWRENCE

I'm losing it. You're losing it.  
Losing it.

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

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

LAWRENCE

Who's there?

JENNIFER (O.S.)

Open the door, love. It's me.

LAWRENCE

Jennifer?

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

The hallway is empty.

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

Utter defeat on Lawrence's face.

LAWRENCE

She's not coming back.

Lawrence closes the door and begins re-bolting it.

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

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

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

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

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

Teen #1 looks over at Lawrence and taps his friend on the arm.

TEEN #1

Check it out, it's that freak that preaches on the corner.

TEEN #2

No shit.

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

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

TEEN #1

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

TEEN #2

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

LAWRENCE

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

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

TEEN #2

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

LAWRENCE

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

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

TEEN #1

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

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

LAWRENCE

Okay, punk. Listen -

CLERK

Hey!

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

CLERK

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

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

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

CLERK

No soda? Two for three.

LAWRENCE

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

The Clerk looks at Lawrence in disbelief.

CLERK

Right. Whatever you say, pal.

LAWRENCE

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

Lawrence takes his things and leaves the convenience store.

CLERK

Nut case.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

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

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

LAWRENCE

Someone there?

A sense of being watched.

Lawrence slowly looks away from the alley and continues  
walking.

Across the street, a HOBO slowly pushes a cart of random junk, peering over at Lawrence.

Feeling uneasy, he picks up his pace.

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

LAWRENCE  
Everywhere. Everywhere.

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

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Lawrence walks down the corridor towards his apartment.

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

LAWRENCE  
Time to move again.

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

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

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

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

The man in the suit draws ever closer.

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

INT. LAWRENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

A shadow is cast under the door and stops there.

Lawrence watches the shadow, holding his breath, sweating.

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

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

INT. LAUNDRY MAT - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

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

WOMAN IN RED

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

Lawrence doesn't say a word.

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

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

Lawrence shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

LAWRENCE

Can I help you with something,  
lady?

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

WOMAN IN RED

I got my eye on you.

Lawrence fidgets nervously and then gets up, heading for the door.

WOMAN IN RED

Where you running to? Your wash  
ain't done!

Lawrence exits the laundry mat.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

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

Sarah is busy making drinks.

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

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

Sarah turns around and sees Lawrence.

SARAH

Hey!

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

LAWRENCE

Hello, love.

SARAH

Everything okay? You look a little tense.

Lawrence leans in close to her, dropping his voice.

LAWRENCE

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

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

SARAH

No, I don't think so.

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

What?

Lawrence suddenly straightens up, looking around again.

LAWRENCE

I shouldn't have come here.

SARAH

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

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

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

Lawrence looks away and begins fidgeting even more.

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

Lawrence, relax. Come sit with me.

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

SARAH

Cover me for a few.

MARK

Sure.

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

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

Who? Who's watching you?

Lawrence looks around nervously and then back to Sarah.

LAWRENCE

You know. They're watching you,  
too. They're watching all of us.

Sarah sighs, leaning back in her chair.

SARAH

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

Lawrence shakes his head.

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

Stop it.

LAWRENCE

What will that accomplish, Sarah?  
Tell me.

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

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

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

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

Who's going to even want to listen  
to me?

SARAH

You know how big you used to be.  
Your books sold countless copies.  
This would be your first major  
public appearance in how long?

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

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

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

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

Lawrence sighs, looking around.

The Man with the Newspaper looks at him again.

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

LAWRENCE

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

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

LAWRENCE

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

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER

I don't know what you're -

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

LAWRENCE

Are you bugged? Who's listening  
in?

Lawrence grabs the Man with the Newspaper and begins speaking into his jacket.

LAWRENCE

Are you listening? Can you hear me? I'm on to you, you sons of bitches!

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER

Let me go!

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

SARAH

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

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

LAWRENCE

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

Lawrence storms out of the coffee shop.

Sarah turns to the Man with the Newspaper.

SARAH

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

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER

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

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

Sarah looks around at everyone staring.

SARAH

All right, come on. Show's over.

Sarah walks back behind the counter.

Mark walks over to her, smirking.

MARK

Yeah, he's totally not crazy.

SARAH

Shut it, all right?

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

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

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

A black SUV pulls up and he gets inside.

The SUV slowly pulls up beside Lawrence.

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

Lawrence stops walking and watches it. No plates.

Lawrence walks over to a payphone and dials a number.

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

LAWRENCE  
Sarah, it's me.

SARAH (O.S.)  
Lawrence?

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

INT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

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

A camera crew is set up.

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

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

LAWRENCE  
There's a lot of people here. You  
didn't say anything about cameras.  
I can't be filmed. I can't do it.  
There's no way.

SARAH

Just relax. Pretend that it's not even there.

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

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

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

PROF. HARRISON

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

More applause.

PROF. HARRISON

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

Applause erupts, and Prof. Harrison walks off the stage.

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

LAWRENCE

Thank you all so much for your warm welcome.

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

LAWRENCE

I know you're all here expecting to hear great things from me, but I don't know what to say. I didn't prepare anything. I'm not working on a new book. In all honesty, I

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (cont'd)  
don't even want to be here.

Murmurs in the crowd.

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

Lawrence turns back to the crowd.

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

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

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

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

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

Everyone turns to look at the camera, and then divert their attention back to Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

I know things that would make your head spin. I know things that make me the most dangerous man in the world. But I'm just a loon. And what are we really talking about? Why are we here? Conspiracy theories! How many of you know at least three really good theories. Come on, raise your hands.

Almost everyone in the auditorium raises their hands.

LAWRENCE

Now, how many of you actually believe that nonsense?

The majority of the crowd lowers their hands.

LAWRENCE

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

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

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

LAWRENCE

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

Lawrence chuckles nervously and begins pacing the stage, fidgeting.

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

LAWRENCE

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

Several people in the auditorium raise their hands.

Lawrence points to a MALE STUDENT, who stands up.

MALE STUDENT

You've been out of the spotlight  
for so long. What made you  
disappear, and why did you decide  
to step back into the public eye?

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

Lawrence nervously clears his throat.

LAWRENCE

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

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

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

FEMALE STUDENT

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

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

LAWRENCE

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

Lawrence drops the mic and heads off the stage.

The Man in the Black Suit walks back outside.

Sarah runs after Lawrence.

Prof. Harrison quickly steps onto the stage and picks up the mic.

PROF. HARRISON

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

INT. GREEN ROOM - DAY

Lawrence steps inside the Green Room and begins pacing, fidgeting nervously.

Sarah steps inside.

SARAH

What was that? What happened back there?

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

What's the problem?

Lawrence turns and faces her, suddenly angry.

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

I just wanted to help you!

LAWRENCE

You have no idea how dangerous this is.

SARAH

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

Lawrence stops, fighting the urge to break down.

LAWRENCE

I can't. Is there a back way out  
of here?

SARAH

Come on.

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

EXT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

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

Lawrence carefully looks around. Nothing in sight.

SARAH

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

Lawrence turns and begins walking, when from out of no  
where, two LARGE MEN IN BLACK SUITS grab onto Lawrence and  
wrestle him to the ground.

SARAH

What are you doing? No! Help!

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

LAWRENCE

Sarah!

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

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

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

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

Opposite him is a steel table and another chair.

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

The door opens and an older man with white hair in a nice  
suit enters - MR. WHITE.

MR. WHITE

Can you hear me, Lawrence? Are you awake?

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

MR. WHITE

Good.

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

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

MR. WHITE

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

Lawrence mumbles through the tape.

MR. WHITE

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

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

MR. WHITE

You were saying?

LAWRENCE

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

Mr. White chuckles, showing some very yellow teeth.

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

MR. WHITE

Of course you don't mind if I smoke.

LAWRENCE

Was that a question? It's kind of hard for me to tell.

Mr. White exhales, blowing smoke into Lawrence's face, who coughs.

LAWRENCE  
Those things'll kill you.

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

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

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

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

LAWRENCE  
How do you know my name?

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

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

MR. WHITE  
Long enough. You're a very careful  
person, Lawrence. No cable. No  
internet. Nearly impossible to  
trace, I must say.

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

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

Lawrence nods to the mirror.

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

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

aware of?

MR. WHITE

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

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

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

Lawrence turns to the mirror again, smiling.

LAWRENCE

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

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

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

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

Mr. White smiles his yellow smile.

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

Just tell us where it is and I promise you, no harm will come to her.

LAWRENCE

And what about me, huh?

MR. WHITE

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

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

Hmm?

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

LAWRENCE

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

Mr. White's face again turns sour.

MR. WHITE

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

Lawrence starts laughing.

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

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

LAWRENCE

I don't know what you want! I don't have anything!

MR. WHITE

24 hours, Lawrence. The clock is ticking.

LAWRENCE

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

Lawrence turns to the mirror.

LAWRENCE

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

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

MR. WHITE

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

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

MR. WHITE

Goodbye.

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

LAWRENCE

Be gentle, fellas.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

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

The black SUV then speeds up and disappears.

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

LAWRENCE

Pricks!

Lawrence nervously looks around the dark, lonely alley.

Every shadow seems to move.

LAWRENCE

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

Lawrence walks down the alley.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Lawrence comes out of the alley and heads around the corner.

Across the street is a parked white van.

INT. WHITE VAN

Inside the van is all kinds of surveillance equipment. Sound systems. Monitors, computers, the like.

Two men sit in the back. A DRIVER sits behind the wheel.

CHIP - as named for being at the computer - DALE - as named for being the sidekick.

Both have headsets on.

Chip looks at the monitor, watching Lawrence.

CHIP

Target is heading east down 5th.

DALE

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

EXT. CITY STREETS

Lawrence walks over to a payphone and steps inside, closing himself in.

He cautiously looks around before picking up the phone and dialing a number.

JACK (O.S.)  
Hello?

LAWRENCE  
It's me.

JACK (O.S.)  
Who is this?

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

JACK (O.S.)  
Where?

Lawrence looks around some more.

INT. WHITE VAN

Chip listens intently to his headset.

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

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

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. White stands looking over a large operations room.

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

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

MR. WHITE (cont'd)  
bio, and I want it now.

Everyone below gets busy working.

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

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

MR. WHITE  
We can and we will, sir.

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

MR. WHITE  
Absolutely positive, sir.

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Brown walks away.

Mr. White watches him go before returning his gaze to the terminals below.

MR. WHITE  
Incompetant prick.

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

MR. WHITE  
Damn!

EXT. 12TH STREET BRIDGE - NIGHT

Lawrence stands under the 12th street bridge, rain pouring down all around him. He looks around frantically for his friend.

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

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

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

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

Lawrence steps out from the shadows.

JACK  
Jesus, Lawrence, you look awful.

LAWRENCE  
Good to see you too.

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

LAWRENCE  
We can't talk out here.

Lawrence opens the passenger door of the Buick.

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

Up above the bridge, the Bum speaks into the cart.

BUM

I have lost audio over the bridge.  
I repeat, I have lost audio over  
the bridge.

DALE (O.S.)

Switching to audio two.

INT. BLUE SEDAN

A man in LEATHER plugs his camera into a small laptop.

A man with GLASSES sitting next to him watches outside the  
window intently.

LEATHER

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

CHIP (O.S.)

Copy that.

INT. BUICK

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

LAWRENCE

We're being watched.

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

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

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

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

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

man.

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

JACK

Have you gone to the police?

LAWRENCE

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

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

I don't know what to tell you!

Lawrence pulls his hair, trying to compose himself.

LAWRENCE

I don't even know who I can trust.

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

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

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

Illuminati. Big Brother. Government Big-Wigs. Knights Templar. Take your pick. Maybe all. I don't know.

Jack looks at Lawrence suspiciously.

JACK

Are you, uh - You're not working on a new book, are you?

LAWRENCE

I shouldn't have called you.

Lawrence opens the car door.

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

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

Jack nods his head.

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

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

JACK

Did you get a name?

LAWRENCE

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

Jack nods his head.

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

Yeah.

JACK

Do you?

LAWRENCE

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

JACK

Did someone maybe give something to you?

Lawrence thinks for a moment and shakes his head.

LAWRENCE

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

JACK

Is there anything else?

Lawrence shows Jack the burn on his neck.

LAWRENCE

He gave me this to remind me.

JACK

Ouch.

LAWRENCE

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

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

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

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

I know. I guess I just don't know what I'm going to do.

JACK

Go home. Search your place. Search everywhere you've been. If you can find whatever it is they're looking for, maybe you'll have some sort of leverage against them.

LAWRENCE

Wishful thinking, mate. Wishful thinking.

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

I hear you.

Lawrence opens the car door.

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

I'll call you.

Lawrence gets out of the car and closes the door.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

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

CHIP (O.S.)

Sending info your way now, sir.

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

CHIP (O.S.)

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

Mr. White picks up a headset and puts it on.

MR. WHITE

I think you know what has to be done. See to it that it is. Search the database for any of Mr. Rainer's other previously known associates. Let's get to them all before he can. Move people.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

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

Dale also clicks off his mic, sighing.

DALE

You ever get tired of this recon shit?

CHIP

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

Dale takes out a handgun and cocks it.

DALE

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

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

CHIP

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

LEATHER (O.S.)

Target is heading back to his apartment. Repeat, target is en route to his apartment.

Dale clicks on his mic.

DALE

All right guys, let's book.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lawrence walks up the steps of his apartment building.

Before entering, he looks around cautiously.

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

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING, CORRIDOR - NIGHT

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

The door has been kicked in and Lawrence slows up.

LAWRENCE

Shit.

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

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

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

INT. LAWRENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

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

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

LAWRENCE

Damn it.

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

He walks through the apartment, surveying the mess.

LAWRENCE

If I had it, it's gone now.

Lawrence changes out of his suit from his presentation earlier and into sweat pants and a hoodie.

Lawrence looks around his apartment some more. The only thing untouched is his change jar.

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

LAWRENCE

At least I've still got you.

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

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

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

RIIIIIING!

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

LAWRENCE

The hell?!

The phone keeps ringing and Lawrence struggles to find it.

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

LAWRENCE

Who is this?

STRANGER (O.S.)

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

LAWRENCE

What's going on?

STRANGER (O.S.)

Turn the phone off now.

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

LAWRENCE

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

Lawrence tosses the phone down and examines the USB drive.

He puts it in his pocket and heads out of the apartment.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Chip watches his monitor intently.

CHIP

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

LEATHER (O.S.)

Why the hell are we B-Team?

CHIP

Because neither of you are black  
or have a mohawk.

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

CHIP

Come on, that was good.

DALE

You're an idiot.

CHIP

Remember guys, keep out of sight.

LEATHER (O.S.)

We're professionals.

CHIP

Whatever keeps you warm at night.

EXT. OLD FACTORY - NIGHT

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

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

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

INT. OLD FACTORY, 1ST FLOOR - NIGHT

Lawrence steps inside and looks around the old, dark,  
decrepit factory.

The place is mostly cleared out, with a few tables and mannequins and odds and ends here and there.

LAWRENCE

Should have brought a flashlight.  
Hello?!

STRANGER (O.S.)

Up here!

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

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

INT. OLD FACTORY, 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

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

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

STRANGER

Here.

Lawrence turns around with a start.

LAWRENCE

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

STRANGER

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

LAWRENCE

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

STRANGER

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

LAWRENCE

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

STRANGER

I told you, a mutual friend. Something was passed on to you. Something that was supposed to go

(MORE)

STRANGER (cont'd)

to me.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Chip excitedly looks at his monitor.

CHIP

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

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. White smiles triumphantly.

MR. WHITE

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

INT. OLD FACTORY, 2ND FLOOR - NIGHT

Stranger walks over to the window and glances outside.

STRANGER

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

LAWRENCE

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

STRANGER

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

LAWRENCE  
And who exactly is your  
"organization?"

STRANGER  
That matters not. Do you have it?

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

LAWRENCE  
This thing right here?

STRANGER  
I searched your entire apartment!  
Where was it?

LAWRENCE  
The change jar. Right where it was  
dropped.

STRANGER  
Give it to me. Quickly!

LAWRENCE  
How do I know I can trust you?

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

STRANGER  
They're here!

LAWRENCE  
Who are they?!

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Gunshots ring out, tearing through the window.

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

Downstairs, the door is blasted open.

Lawrence takes off running, crouching below the windows.

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

Lawrence runs for the back window and darts out the window onto the fire escape.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Chip watches the blip move on the monitor.

CHIP

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

EXT. OLD FACTORY - NIGHT

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

Without hesitation, he takes off running.

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

CHIP (O.S.)

Talk to me, air support. What do  
we got?

AIR SUPPORT (O.S.)

Trying to get a visual on target  
now.

DALE (O.S.)

Are you kidding me? You're in a  
helicopter! Move your ass!

The helicopter circles the grounds, trying to find Lawrence.

CHIP (O.S.)

Target is heading east of the  
factory. Come on!

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Lawrence rushes down an alley, gasping for air.

The helicopter turns and makes its way towards the alley.

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

The helicopter's spotlight shines down on Lawrence and the SHOOTER opens fire.

Bullets scatter the ground all around Lawrence and he ducks into an overhang as the helicopter rushes past him.

AIR SUPPORT (O.S.)

We blew past him. Turning around now.

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

So close, yet so far.

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

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

The street's so close he can taste it.

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

CHIP (O.S.)

Air support you are approaching civilian visual, cease fire and pull away. I say again, cease fire and pull away.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

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

The helicopter soars past him, gaining altitude.

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

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

JUAN

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

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

INT. CAB

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

JUAN

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

LAWRENCE

Drive.

JUAN

Hell no!

Lawrence looks out all the windows.

LAWRENCE

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

JUAN

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

LAWRENCE

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

JUAN

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

Juan slams on the gas and takes off.

LAWRENCE

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

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Chip punches something up on his monitor.

CHIP

B-Team, target is in cab number 9904, heading south on Norman. Cab is registered to a Juan Soto. Surprisingly, he's here legally.

DALE

Well that's a nice change of pace.

DALE

I agree.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. White paces around, sweating from stress.

MR. WHITE

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

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The cab speeds down the streets, clearly going faster than the speed limit.

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

INT. CAB

JUAN

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

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

LAWRENCE

We've got a tail. Go faster!

JUAN

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

Lawrence turns to look at Juan.

LAWRENCE

Trust me, those aren't cops.

EXT. CITY STREETS

The cab races towards an intersection and all four sets of lights turn green.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

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

DALE

This is going to be beautiful.  
Carnage, baby!

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

INT. CAB

JUAN

What the hell was that?!

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

He also sees the flashing lights behind the sedan.

JUAN

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

LAWRENCE

Don't stop!

Juan begins slowing down.

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

LAWRENCE

I said move!

JUAN

Shit! Easy, playa. Don't shoot me.  
Why'd you have to pick my cab?

LAWRENCE

You're just lucky, I guess.

EXT. CITY STREETS

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

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

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

The police car comes to a screeching halt.

INT. CAB

Lawrence looks back, smiling triumphantly.

LAWRENCE

Cell phone?

JUAN

What?

LAWRENCE

Do you have a cell phone?

JUAN

Yeah, why?

LAWRENCE

Give it to me.

Juan fumbles for his phone and hands it to Lawrence.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

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

COP

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

Leather opens his car door and slowly gets out of the car.

LEATHER

Listen officer, this is a federal matter way above your pay grade. Level 6 clearance. Just get back in your car and drive away.

COP

I said hands up!

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

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

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Chip watches in disbelief.

CHIP

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

DALE

Damn, I wish I had been there!

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

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. White looks at the large screen.

MR. WHITE

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

LEATHER (O.S.)

Apologies, sir. I gave him ample warning.

MR. WHITE

Not in public. Christ.

LEATHER (O.S.)

It won't happen again.

Mr. White looks down at one of his dispatchers.

MR. WHITE

Get the city police department on the line and rectify the situation immediately. Alter the surveillance tapes.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

The cab drives past a rocky hillside.

INT. CAB

Lawrence looks at the phone. No service.

LAWRENCE

Your phone doesn't work. No service.

Juan looks outside his window.

JUAN

It's the copper.

LAWRENCE

What?

JUAN

Copper in the hills. Blocks the signal.

Lawrence thinks for a minute.

LAWRENCE

Take me to my place.

JUAN

Huh?

LAWRENCE

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

JUAN

Whatever you say, man.

LAWRENCE

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

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (cont'd)  
heavy shit, brother. Heavy. But I  
knew. I always knew. I told you,  
Jennifer.

Lawrence laughs and Juan nervously grips his steering wheel tighter.

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

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

JUAN  
Yeah. Right.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The cab pulls up outside the apartment building.

INT. CAB

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

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

JUAN  
It's Juan, man.

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

JUAN  
We?

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

JUAN  
Aw, man. Your crazy ass.

LAWRENCE  
Come on, step lively.

The two get out of the cab.

INT. LAWRENCE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Lawrence and Juan enter the apartment.

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

JUAN  
A change jar? Really?

Juan looks around the trashed apartment.

JUAN  
And damn, you actually live here?

LAWRENCE  
I didn't do this.

JUAN  
Right.

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

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

LAWRENCE  
Wait!

JUAN (O.S.)  
See ya!

Lawrence gets back onto his feet and runs after him.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Lawrence rushes out the front door.

Juan is already in the drivers seat of his cab.

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

Juan starts his engine.

KABOOM!

The cab explodes in a huge fireball.

Lawrence takes several steps back, stunned and terrified.

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

CHIP (O.S.)

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

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Lawrence charges down the sidewalk.

A black SUV races around the corner and begins pursuing him.

CHIP (O.S.)

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

Lawrence cuts down an alley.

The SUV flies by, but quickly whips back around, heading for the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Lawrence runs down the alley.

The SUV comes racing down towards him, ready to run him down if necessary.

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

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

The two Large Men in black suits get out of the SUV.

Large Man #1 takes out his pistol and fires up at Lawrence.

LARGE MAN #2

Target is heading up the fire  
escape to the roofs. Get air  
support in here now!

AIR SUPPORT (O.S.)

Roger that. ETA two minutes.

CHIP (O.S.)

Better start climbing, boys.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

Lawrence darts across the rooftops, jumping from one  
building to the next.

In the distance comes the roar of the helicopter.

LAWRENCE

Not good. Not good. Must run  
faster.

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

LARGE MAN #1

Stay sharp. If it moves, shoot it.

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

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

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

AIR SUPPORT (O.S.)

I do not have a visual. I repeat,  
do not have a visual.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Mr. White watches the screens furiously.

MR. WHITE

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

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

CHIP

All right team, you heard him.  
Look lively.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

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

LARGE MAN #2

You hear this guy? "Look sharp."

LARGE MAN #1

While he sits his ass in a van all night.

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

AIR SUPPORT (O.S.)

Command center, we've lost him.  
He's not up here. I need to pull  
back and refuel.

The helicopter pulls away from the rooftops.

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

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

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

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

MR. BROWN

I need to see you in my office.  
Now.

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

INT. MR. BROWN'S OFFICE

Mr. Brown sits down behind his desk, not even bothering to hide his frustration.

MR. BROWN

So, let me see if I'm gathering all of this information right. He met with an unknown variable, you've tracked him down, and he's escaped. Twice?

Mr. White looks down at the ground, ashamed.

MR. WHITE

Yes, sir. You are correct.

Mr. Brown cracks his knuckles slowly.

MR. BROWN

My confidence in you is severely lacking, you understand.

MR. WHITE

I understand, sir.

MR. BROWN

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

MR. WHITE

No.

MR. BROWN

No, what?

MR. WHITE

No, sir.

MR. BROWN

Good. Tell your team to call their wives and tell them they won't be home tonight. Nobody is sleeping until this son of a bitch is found.

MR. WHITE

Understood.

Mr. Brown stands up and puts on his coat.

MR. BROWN

Now, I'll be going home to my warm bed now. You call me when you have good news.

MR. WHITE  
Of course, sir. I will, sir.

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

INT. WHITE VAN - NIGHT

Chip and Dale sit in the back of the van, scanning their monitors for anything useful.

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

Chip and Dale fling off their headsets.

CHIP  
Goddamn it!

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

Chip nods his head.

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

DALE  
He's so dead.

Dale punches the side of the van.

CHIP  
Easy, killer.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - NIGHT

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

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

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Lawrence staggers down the alley.

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

LAWRENCE

That's it. I can't.

Lawrence desperately looks around.

All that's nearby is a dumpster.

Lawrence eyes it.

LAWRENCE

Could be worse.

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

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

LAWRENCE

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

Lawrence closes his eyes and immediately passes out.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Mr. White downs a cup of coffee.

MR. WHITE

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

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

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

He slowly makes his way down the alley.

INT. LIBRARY, FIRST FLOOR - DAY

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

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

She looks up at Lawrence and smiles.

SHELBY

Can I help you find something today, sir?

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

LAWRENCE

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

SHELBY

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

LAWRENCE

Great. Thank you so much.

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

SHELBY

Do I know you? You look awfully familiar.

LAWRENCE

I get that a lot. I just have one of those faces, you know? Have a great day.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

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

CHIP

Come on, come on. Where are you?

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

DALE

I'm getting bored.

Dale takes out a knife and begins fiddling with it.

INT. LIBRARY, 2ND FLOOR - DAY

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

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

BERNARD

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

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

LAWRENCE

I knew that. Thank you.

Bernard extends his hand to Lawrence.

BERNARD

Name's Bernard. Bernard Paine.

Lawrence shakes his hand.

LAWRENCE

Uh, Larry. Peters.

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

Lawrence watches him.

LAWRENCE

Could I maybe borrow two of those?  
I need to make a copy of  
something.

BERNARD

It'll cost you twenty cents.

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

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

LAWRENCE

You're too kind.

INT. WHITE VAN - DAY

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

CHIP

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

Chip types feverishly on the keyboard.

CHIP

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

Dale turns to the Driver.

DALE

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

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

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

LEATHER (O.S.)

B-Team ETA two minutes.

INT. LIBRARY, 2ND FLOOR - DAY

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

LAWRENCE

Holy. Shit.

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

He turns to the Bernard.

LAWRENCE

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

BERNARD

I can tell. Here, get up.

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

Lawrence looks around, fidgeting.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

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

CHIP (O.S.)

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

The black SUV and blue sedan pick up speed.

INT. LIBRARY, 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Bernard leans forward, squinting at the screen.

BERNARD

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

Lawrence fidgets a lot more.

LAWRENCE

I really wish you would, Bernard.

Bernard slowly puts on his glasses.

BERNARD

Much better. Okay, let's see.

Lawrence sighs.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Mr. White paces around furiously.

MR. WHITE

Are our programs not copy protected?

CHIP (O.S.)

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

MR. WHITE

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

CHIP (O.S.)

Absolutely, sir.

MR. WHITE

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

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

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

LEATHER

ETA is now, sir. Entering the library.

CHIP (O.S.)  
You're in a civilian area, shoot  
to wound only if necessary. We  
need to recover every copy.

INT. LIBRARY, 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Bernard slowly gets up from Lawrence's computer.

BERNARD  
There you go, son. All finished.

LAWRENCE  
That's great. Thanks bunches.

INT. LIBRARY, FIRST FLOOR

Leather, Glasses, and Large Man 1 & 2 burst inside the library.

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

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

GLASSES  
Where is he?

SHELBY  
Who?

INT. LIBRARY, 2ND FLOOR

LAWRENCE  
Damn.

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

Bernard looks around at everyone fleeing and screaming.

BERNARD  
What's all the commotion about?

LAWRENCE  
Don't ask, mate.

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

They spot him.

LARGE MAN #1

There!

LARGE MAN #2

(calling  
downstairs)

Second floor!

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

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

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

The white van pulls up to the back of the library.

INT. WHITE VAN

Dale takes out his handgun, cocking it. He smiles.

DALE

Today's going to be a good day.

Dale opens the door and jumps out, running for the library.

Chip sits there, shaking his head, chuckling.

INT. LIBRARY, 2ND FLOOR - DAY

Lawrence continues racing in and out of the countless bookshelves.

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

LEATHER

Down, down! Everybody down!

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

GLASSES

Where is he?

Lawrence crouches down, staying low behind a book shelf.

Just across the way is the emergency exit, but to get there, he'll expose himself to their gun fire.

LARGE MAN #1

Spread out!

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

DALE

Have you got him?

Behind the bookshelf, Lawrence contemplates his options.

Taking a deep breath, he goes for it, running as fast- and staying as low - as he can towards the emergency exit.

Dale sees him and begins shooting.

DALE

He's going for the emergency exit!

Lawrence slams through the door, triggering the alarm.

Dale takes off after him.

EXT. LIBRARY - DAY

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

Chip comes running around the corner, shrugging his shoulders.

DALE

Where'd he go?!

CHIP

I didn't see him come out.

DALE

You lost him?!

CHIP

I was around back!

DALE

Goddamn it!

Sirens approach in the distance.

CHIP

Perfect timing, right? Never a cop when you need one.

DALE

Ah, shut up!

Across the street, Lawrence blends in with the crowd and disappears.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

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

Mark works by her side. He nudges her.

MARK

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

SARAH

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

MARK

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

Sarah shakes her head, ignoring him.

MARK

Fine, whatever.

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

He makes his way to the counter.

Sarah looks at him, her eyes widening.

SARAH

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

Lawrence puts his finger to his lips, silencing Sarah.

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

Lawrence leans in close.

LAWRENCE

(whispering)

Clean the men's bathroom today. Paper towel dispenser. Get it to someone you can trust. I'll

(MORE)

LAWRENCE (cont'd)

contact you.

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

INT. MEN'S ROOM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lawrence worms his way out of the wire, choking.

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

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

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER

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

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

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER

Where are they?!

Lawrence finally latches onto the steel trash can and brings it up with a lot of force, slamming it into the Man with the

Newspaper's head, knocking him off balance.

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

MAN WITH NEWSPAPER

Son of a bitch!

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

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

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

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

LAWRENCE

Bastard.

Lawrence looks around at the mess he's created.

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

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

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

JACK

Come on, get in!

Lawrence quickly gets in the car and they take off.

INT. BUICK

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

JACK

Jesus Christ, are you all right?

LAWRENCE

I'm fine. Perfect timing though. I don't know how long it would have been before they got there.

JACK

Consider yourself lucky, then.

LAWRENCE

I found what they were looking for.

JACK

Yeah? What is it?

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

JACK

What's this?

LAWRENCE

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

Jack looks at the disk.

JACK

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

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

Lawrence looks outside his window to see where they are.

LAWRENCE

What are you stopping here for?

Jack just looks at the disk, smiling.

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

LAWRENCE

How did you know I was at the coffee shop?

Jack snaps the disk in half and pulls a gun on Lawrence, who puts his hands up.

LAWRENCE

What the hell are you doing?

JACK

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

Jack shakes his head.

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

When did they get to you?

JACK

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

LAWRENCE

Great.

JACK

You should have just given them what they wanted.

LAWRENCE

They would have killed me anyway.

Jack pulls back the hammer of his gun.

JACK

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

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

The black SUV and blue sedan are quickly approaching.

LAWRENCE

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

JACK

For what?

LAWRENCE

For this.

Lawrence headbutts Jack, right on the nose, breaking it.

Jack cries out, dropping his gun, and Lawrence groans from the impact.

Lawrence quickly picks up the gun and gets out of the car, running for his life.

EXT. CITY STREETS

JACK

Lawrence! I'm sorry!

Jack gets out of the car as the black SUV and blue sedan pull up.

Large Man #1 & 2 take off after Lawrence, as does Glasses.

Leather calmly walks towards Jack, who holds his broken nose with one hand.

JACK

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

LEATHER

Of course he did.

Jack holds up the broken disk.

JACK

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

LEATHER

Sure.

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

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Lawrence races through the park, his pursuers not far behind.

Sirens wail in the distance, coming ever closer.

The black helicopter flies overhead and is joined by a police chopper.

AIR SUPPORT (O.S.)

Target is heading west through the park.

CHIP (O.S.)

Roger that, air support. Stay on him.

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

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

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

He's surrounded.

COP

Drop the weapon! Hands in the air!

Lawrence looks around frantically, unsure of what to do.

Leather and Glasses slowly make their way towards him.

LEATHER

This is it, pal. End of the line.

GLASSES

Just come quietly. Nobody else has to get hurt.

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

LAWRENCE

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

LARGE MAN #1

We all know you're not going to pull that trigger.

Lawrence points his weapon to Large Man #1.

LAWRENCE

You sure about that, big boy? I've done a lot of things the past 24 hours that I never though I'd do.

Large man #1 tenses up a little bit.

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

DALE

Can I please shoot this asshole?

COP

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

Lawrence looks around, weighing his options.

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

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

INT. WHITE ROOM - DAY

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

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

MR. WHITE

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

Mr. White lights up a cigarette.

MR. WHITE

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

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

MR. WHITE

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

Mr. White pulls his chair close to Lawrence, staring at him.

MR. WHITE

Have you had a chance to look over our collection here on the table?

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

MR. WHITE

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

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

MR. WHITE

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

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

LAWRENCE

I hope you took your heart medication.

Mr. White chuckles.

MR. WHITE

And why is that?

LAWRENCE

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

Mr. White laughs even harder.

MR. WHITE

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

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

Mr. White stands up and picks up some brass knuckles from the table. He puts them on.

MR. WHITE

You're familiar with these, no doubt?

LAWRENCE

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

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

LAWRENCE

Ow.

Mr. White slugs him again, busting his cheek.

Lawrence sees stars and shakes them away.

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

MR. WHITE

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

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

LAWRENCE

Gotta love papercuts.

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

MR. WHITE

Simple table salt.

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

It hurts. Lawrence cries out.

MR. WHITE

Together, it's a wonderful combination.

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

MR. WHITE

Now, where is it?

LAWRENCE

No!

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

MR. WHITE

You sure you don't want to talk?

LAWRENCE

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

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

MR. WHITE

Is that your final answer?

Lawrence spits in Mr. White's face.

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

MR. WHITE

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

LAWRENCE

Go to hell!

MR. WHITE

I'm counting on it.

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

MR. WHITE

Shall we continue, or do you need a break?

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

Excellent.

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

He picks up a ball-peen hammer and rests it on one of Lawrence's knee caps.

MR. WHITE

This hurts. A lot. Brace yourself.

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

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

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

MR. WHITE

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

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

LAWRENCE

Fuck you.

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

MR. WHITE

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

LAWRENCE

Why not one more for the road?

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

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

MR. WHITE

Had enough?

Lawrence sags down in the chair, twitching and mumbling incoherent sentences.

Mr. White sets down the prod and picks up that nasty looking tool, the smile spreading even wider on his face.

MR. WHITE

I think we'll move on to this next.

Mr. White moves in on Lawrence to use it.

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

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

LAWRENCE

I can't tell you where it is.

MR. WHITE

And why is that?

LAWRENCE

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

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

MR. WHITE

Then how do you propose we proceed?

LAWRENCE

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

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

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

I admire you, Lawrence. We could have used someone like you. Pity we found ourselves in this unfortunate situation.

LAWRENCE

Whatever you say, pal. Shall we go?

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

LAWRENCE

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

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

MR. WHITE

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

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

LAWRENCE

One to ten, how does that feel?

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

LAWRENCE

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

Mr. White is out cold.

Lawrence searches his body and pulls out a key card.

An alarm goes off in the complex.

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

INT. COMMAND CENTER - DAY

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

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

We have an escape in progress.  
Repeat, escape in progress.  
Subject is to be taken alive. Stun  
weapons only. Repeat, stun weapons  
only.

Lawrence rounds a corner and

WHAM!

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

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

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

Lawrence gasps for air on the ground.

MR. WHITE

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

Mr. White crouches down next to Lawrence.

MR. WHITE

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

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

MR. WHITE

Bag him up. We're moving out.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

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

INT. BLACK SUV

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

MR. WHITE

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

LAWRENCE

You'll let me go?

MR. WHITE

While you've caused more trouble than you're worth, I see no reason why we should have to terminate your life prematurely. You'll be  
(MORE)

MR. WHITE (cont'd)  
free to go back to your pathetic  
life of street pedaling and  
conspiracy preaching.

Lawrence looks out the window.

LAWRENCE  
The university auditorium.

MR. WHITE  
You heard him, driver.

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

MR. WHITE  
Good afternoon, sir.

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

Mr. Brown sits behind his desk on the phone.

MR. BROWN  
Is he taking you to it?

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

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

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Mr. White looks at Lawrence and smiles.

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

Mr. White hangs up his cell phone.

LAWRENCE  
Is the chain of command happy?

MR. WHITE  
Most definitely. I must confess, I  
read one of your books.

LAWRENCE

Did you, now? How'd you like it?

MR. WHITE

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

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

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

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

Excuse me?

Lawrence twitches, shaking his head.

LAWRENCE

Nothing.

EXT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM - DAY

The black SUV pulls up to the university auditorium.

LAWRENCE (O.S.)

No, no. Around back. It's back stage.

The SUV pulls around to the back alley and cruises down to the back door of the auditorium.

Mr, White, Lawrence, and Large Man #1 get out of the SUV.

Lawrence looks up at the auditorium, closing his eyes and breathing deep.

MR. WHITE

Problem, Lawrence?

Lawrence looks at Mr. White, shaking his head.

MR. WHITE

You're wasting time. Let's go.

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

INT. UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM, BACKSTAGE - DAY

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

MR. WHITE

Well? Where is it?

LAWRENCE

I don't remember exactly where I put it.

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

MR. WHITE

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

Lawrence continues to look for the USB drive.

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

Charming, Lawrence. Keep looking.

LAWRENCE

This would go a lot faster if you'd help.

MR. WHITE

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

LAWRENCE

No hard feelings about that cattle prod, yeah?

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

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

Sue me.

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

He turns around, holding it in his hand.

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

Hand it over.

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

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

MR. WHITE

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

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

The copies you made?

LAWRENCE

The only copy I made, Jack destroyed.

MR. WHITE

You made no other copies?

Lawrence shakes his head.

MR. WHITE

You're sure?

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

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

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

Lawrence puts his hands up, backing away.

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

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

LAWRENCE

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

MR. WHITE

We don't take chances, Lawrence.

Lawrence fidgets almost uncontrollably.

LAWRENCE

And what of Sarah? You're just going to kill her as well?

MR. WHITE

Nobody is to know we even exist,  
Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

You're going to gun me down right  
here and now? Are you going to  
kill everyone that could even  
possibly know what's been going  
on?

MR. WHITE

You have no idea the depths of our  
secrecy, Lawrence. We'll burn the  
entire world down before we let  
the truth come out. We've been  
doing it for centuries. By lunch  
time tomorrow, I'll have forgotten  
you ever existed, as will the  
world.

Mr. White turns to Large Man #1.

MR. WHITE

Kill him. I'd like to try to play  
nine holes today.

Suddenly, the stage curtain opens up, and Mr. White finds  
himself being stared at by an auditorium full of people.

A camera crew is set up at the back of the house, and Sarah  
comes out of the wings, a camcorder in her hand.

Lawrence breathes a sigh of relief and drops his hands.

LAWRENCE

What took you so long, love? I was  
getting quite nervous. Did you get  
all that?

SARAH

Every single word. So did everyone  
else.

Mr. White and Large Man #1 stand there, mouths agape,  
mortified.

Sarah scowls at them.

SARAH

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

Prof. Harrison steps on stage with two FEDERAL AGENTS.

Mr. White stares coldly at Lawrence and Sarah.

MR. WHITE

You've made a huge mistake. Just wait.

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

MR. WHITE

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

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

FEDERAL AGENT

Skip it.

MR. WHITE

Call the Attorney General. He'll confirm.

FEDERAL AGENT

We'll see.

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

MR. WHITE

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

FEDERAL AGENT

Shut it, old man.

LAWRENCE

Oh, I like him. Bye-bye!

Lawrence waves at Mr. White as he's led away.

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

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

I keep telling everyone, I'm not crazy.

Lawrence winks at Sarah.

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

I think we'd better hurry and find out.

INT. NEWS ROOM - NIGHT

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

RACHAEL

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

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah and Lawrence stand in her living room, watching the news intently.

SARAH

You did it. It's over.

Lawrence looks around the house nervously.

LAWRENCE

I'm not so sure about that, love.

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

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

SARAH

What do we do?

LAWRENCE

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

Lawrence goes to leave.

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

Nothing. The less anyone knows, the better.

SARAH

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

LAWRENCE

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

Again, Lawrence goes to leave.

SARAH

Just what was on that drive,  
exactly?

LAWRENCE

You didn't look?

Sarah shakes her head.

SARAH

I just gave it to Professor  
Harrison.

Lawrence smiles.

LAWRENCE

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

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

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

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

MR. BROWN

Yeah, what?

THE VOICE (O.S.)

Do you know what I'm watching on  
the news right now?

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

MR. BROWN

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

THE VOICE (O.S.)

How could you let this happen? How  
did it get so far out of control?

MR. BROWN

I don't know. I - I - I -

THE VOICE (O.S.)

Stop stuttering, you idiot.

Mr. Brown swallows hard. He's sweating.

THE VOICE (O.S.)

This threatens to bring down everything we've worked so hard to achieve. Centuries of progress potentially ruined by a bum and some whore. And why? Because your office is too incompetent to handle a simple operation. What do we pay you for?

MR. BROWN

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

THE VOICE (O.S.)

This is the one and only error you get to make, understood?

MR. BROWN

Yes, sir. Thank you so much, sir.

THE VOICE (O.S.)

I want them all silenced. Anyone that had anything to do with this. We're starting fresh.

MR. BROWN

Right away.

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

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

EXT. FEDERAL AGENCY - DAY

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

Mr. White is fuming.

MR. WHITE

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

A black SUV pulls up to the curb and Dale gets out of the driver's seat. Large Man #2 sits in the passenger seat.

DALE

Your chariot has arrived,  
gentlemen.

MR. WHITE

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

DALE

Yes, sir.

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

The black SUV speeds away.

INT. BLACK SUV

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

MR. BROWN (O.S.)

Hello?

MR. WHITE

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

MR. BROWN (O.S.)

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

Mr. White goes pale.

MR. WHITE

He is? Very well, then.

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

MR. WHITE

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

THE VOICE (O.S.)

Your services to us are no longer  
required. Your contract has been  
terminated.

Dale pulls out a gun and shoots Large Man #2.

He then turns around and shoots both Mr. White and Large Man #1.

He looks at his gun, smiling.

DALE  
Just like old times, baby.

Dale kisses his gun and gets out of the SUV.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

The SUV is parked on train tracks, and a train is coming fast.

Dale calmly puts his gun away and leaves the SUV, whistling.

The train blasts its horn and slams on the brakes, but there's no way it can stop in time.

SLAM!

It blasts into the SUV in a marvelous collision.

DALE  
That's beautiful.

Dale laughs and continues walking. His cell phone rings.

DALE  
It's done.

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

DALE  
Wha -

A car comes out of nowhere and slams into Dale.

EXT. BISTRO - DAY

Leather and Glasses sit outside a nice little bistro having lunch together.

LEATHER

I don't know. All I'm saying is with the bonus we've got coming our way, I think a boat would be a nice investment.

GLASSES

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

LEATHER

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

-

Leather's voice suddenly cuts off. He lurches forward, gagging.

Glasses looks at him, half smiling.

GLASSES

Didn't your mother ever teach you not to speak with your mouth full? You're supposed to chew your food, you idiot.

Leather continues to gag and stands up, knocking over his plate.

Glasses sees it's serious.

GLASSES

Hey man, you -

Glasses begins choking too.

Other PATRONS watch in horror as the two men choke.

A few rush over to try and help, but it's no use. They're dead.

EXT. AIR FIELD - DAY

Air Support walks to his helicopter and gets inside. He starts it up and takes off.

The helicopter cruises through the air beautifully.

INT. HELICOPTER

Air Support glides over the field, looking over it, a smile on his face.

Suddenly, the alarm goes off.

AIR SUPPORT  
What the hell?

The helicopter's instruments start failing across the board.

Air Support struggles to control the helicopter.

EXT. AIRFIELD

The helicopter spins wildly through the air, losing altitude until finally slamming hard into the ground.

KABOOM!

It explodes in a huge fireball.

EXT. CHIP'S HOUSE, POOL - DAY

In the back yard of a rather luxurious home, Chip floats on a large raft in the middle of his pool, sipping on some fruity drink with a pretty umbrella in it.

Without a care in the world, he closes his eyes and just lets the water cruise him around the pool.

A shadow is suddenly cast over him. He keeps his eyes closed.

CHIP  
Whoever you are, you're blocking  
my sun and I really don't  
appreciate it. Move.

The shadow remains cast over his face.

Chip sighs.

CHIP  
All right, buddy -

Chip opens his eyes and is suddenly gripped by fear.

CHIP  
No, wait -

BLAM!

A gunshot shatters the serene atmosphere.

INT. COMMAND CENTER, OPERATIONS ROOM - DAY

Mr. Brown overlooks the operations room, which is now surrounded by RIOT GUARDS with automatic weapons in their hands.

The dispatchers all look around at them nervously, trying to stay focused on their work.

MR. BROWN

I know you're all a little on edge due to the increase in security around here, by due to our heightened state of alert, it is a necessary precaution. Please, go about your business as usual. Just pretend they're not even here.

Mr. Brown walks away, closing himself in his office.

The Riot Guards open fire.

INT. PROFESSOR HARRISON'S OFFICE - DAY

There's a knock on the door, and a FEMALE STUDENT steps inside Professor Harrison's office.

FEMALE STUDENT

Professor Harrison?

The Female Student looks over to his desk and screams.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Lawrence stands in front of a grave in the cemetery, looking down on it, tears freely flowing down his face.

LAWRENCE

You were right, you know. You always said my mouth would get me in a lot of trouble one day. I wish I'd listened before it was too late for us. Too late for you.

Lawrence looks around the cemetery. It's empty. Quiet. Peaceful. A breeze picks up.

He looks back down at the grave in front of him.

LAWRENCE

I know I promised I'd come see you every day, but this is the last time I'll be able to see you. I hope you don't resent me for it. God, I wish I was as strong as you were in the end.

Lawrence takes something out of his coat pocket. A gold band. His wedding ring.

LAWRENCE

This was the only major possession from our old life that I kept. But you already knew that, didn't you? I've been so lost without you, baby. I feel like I'm losing my mind.

Lawrence chuckles to himself.

LAWRENCE

Sometimes I want to give up and just let the darkness claim me. Then I hear your voice and I'm okay again. I miss you so much.

Lawrence wipes the tears from his eyes and clears his throat.

LAWRENCE

I'm going away with a girl. I know what you're thinking, but don't. She's not going to replace you. Nobody ever could. I promise.

Lawrence sets the ring down on the grave stone, which reads:

JENNIFER RAINER - BELOVED WIFE, IRREPLACEABLE PERSON

LAWRENCE

Bye babe.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Lawrence makes his way up to Sarah's front door and knocks on it.

LAWRENCE

Sarah, it's Lawrence. You home?

No sounds come from the other side of the door.

LAWRENCE

I'm coming in.

Lawrence opens the door and steps inside.

INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Lawrence closes the door behind him and looks around.

LAWRENCE

I hope you're not naked.

The house is eerily quiet.

Lawrence begins fidgeting and looks around nervously.

LAWRENCE

Sarah?

Lawrence slowly creeps through the house and enters the bedroom, only to find Sarah face down on her bed.

LAWRENCE

Sarah!

Lawrence rushes over the Sarah and scoops her lifeless body up in his arms.

LAWRENCE

No, no, no, no! Come on, Sarah.  
Wake up. Wake up, love. Don't you  
be dead. Don't you leave me! Come  
on! Sarah!

Lawrence begins to weep and slowly rock back and forth with Sarah in his arms.

LAWRENCE

You're all I've got left in the  
world.

Lawrence stares off into space, losing himself, until - a hand reaches up and touches his face.

Lawrence looks down in disbelief at Sarah, who slowly opens her eyes.

LAWRENCE

You're alive! You scared the piss  
out of me!

Sarah stretches, yawning.

SARAH

I'm sorry. I couldn't sleep last  
night, so I took some sleeping  
pills. Guess I took too much. What  
time is it?

LAWRENCE

Time to go.

Sirens roar in the distance, getting louder with every  
second.

Lawrence rushes over to the window and looks outside.

Two squad cars are coming barreling down the road.

LAWRENCE

No!

Lawrence rushes around the house, searching for something.

LAWRENCE

Come on, come on, where are they?

Outside, the sirens get even louder.

Lawrence scrambles frantically - ah, keys.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Lawrence rushes outside, pulling Sarah behind him, and gets  
in Sarah's car, starting it.

Just as the squad cars arrive, Lawrence speeds away. The  
squad cars pursue.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

And the chase is on.

Lawrence zooms through the streets, dodging traffic as best  
as he can. It's clearly been a while since he's driven.

The squad cars gain on him.

Lawrence smashes through a fruit stand.

INT. SARAH'S CAR

Lawrence looks back at the demolished fruit stand.

LAWRENCE

Sorry, bit rusty! It's been a while!

SARAH

You should have let me drive.

EXT. CITY STREETS

Lawrence whips the car around a corner, the squad cars doing the same.

Up ahead, a construction site awaits.

INT. SARAH'S CAR

LAWRENCE

I hope you don't mind getting dirty.

Sarah looks ahead at the construction site.

SARAH

Oh, no. You're kidding!

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Lawrence speeds up a ramp and crashes through walls of plywood, blasting through the site.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS run every which way to escape the carnage as the two squad cars also tear through the site.

INT. SARAH'S CAR

Sarah looks around, absolutely terrified.

SARAH

You're going to get us killed!

LAWRENCE

Better I than them, right love?

Lawrence winks at Sarah.

SARAH

Watch out!

A wrecking ball swings right towards them.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Lawrence swerves Sarah's car out of the way, barely.

One of the squad cars is not so lucky.

CRASH!

The wrecking ball slams into the side of the squad car, sending it crashing through a wall of cinder block.

INT. SARAH'S CAR

LAWRENCE

Did you see that? That was almost us!

Lawrence starts laughing.

Sarah holds on for dear life, trembling with fear.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

Lawrence sends the car flying up some plywood, smashing through some windows, and landing in the middle of the street.

The car quickly whips around and continues driving.

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

Two fresh squad cars join the chase, gaining on Sarah's car.

The road ahead ends on a pier.

INT. SARAH'S CAR

SARAH

You're not going to outrun them. We're running out of road.

LAWRENCE

I know that, love. You can swim, yeah?

SARAH

Of course!

LAWRENCE

Roll down the windows!

Sarah looks ahead, the pier a mere 50 feet away.

Lawrence cranks down his window and Sarah does the same, realising what Lawrence has planned.

SARAH

If I survive this, I'm going to  
kill you!

EXT. PIER - DAY

Lawrence races Sarah's car down the pier, FISHERMAN and FAMILIES scattering out of the way.

The squad cars stop just short of the pier.

Lawrence does not slow the car down, and drives it right through the guard rails, off the edge.

The car crashes into the water below.

The COPS rush to the edge of the pier, fighting their way through the crowd of onlookers. They watch as the car sinks below the surface, a rash of bubbles disrupting the surface and then - nothing.

COP

Get a diving crew down here,  
quick!

EXT. BENEATH THE PIER - DAY

Lawrence and Sarah emerge on the surface, gasping for air. They cling onto one of the pier's legs, trying to catch their breath.

LAWRENCE

I told you we'd be fine, love.

SARAH

Shut up. I hate you.

LAWRENCE

Come on, before they start  
searching the water.

Lawrence starts swimming and Sarah follows.

EXT. FERRY - DAY

Lawrence and Sarah sit on the deck of the ferry, wrapped in blankets, looking behind them as the city slowly dissolves in the distance.

SARAH

What now? Where do we go?

LAWRENCE

We'll figure it out, love. Don't you worry about that.

SARAH

Do you think they'll find us?

LAWRENCE

Not if we're careful. We'll never be able to stay in one place for too long, but if we're lucky, we'll always be at least one step ahead of them.

SARAH

That's it? That's as good as it gets?

LAWRENCE

That's it. They killed my Jennifer, you know.

Sarah looks at Lawrence, confused.

SARAH

What?

LAWRENCE

You know, the higher-ups. The ones I worked for once upon a time. They poisoned her. She didn't want to believe it, but I knew. Cancer. Never smoked a day in her life. Healthiest person I'd ever met. I was just paranoid, she'd say. The day she died was the day I gave it all up. I know how you feel, leaving it all behind. Eventually, you're okay with turning your back on it all.

Lawrence turns his back on the fading city and walks away.

Sarah stands there staring at it, getting one last fond look at her old life.

EXT. CUBA, MARKETPLACE - DAY

On a bright sunny day in Cuba, the marketplace is bustling with activity.

Lawrence and Sarah walk through the marketplace and approach a CUBAN VENDOR, who offers them fresh produce and live chickens.

Lawrence looks around as Sarah haggles with the vendor in Spanish.

Unbeknown to him, somebody snaps his picture. And Sarah's. They're being watched.

Sarah finishes haggling and takes a bag of veggies.

SARAH  
Gracias, senor.

CUBAN VENDOR  
De nada.

Lawrence and Sarah continue walking through the marketplace.

As they do, more photos of them are taken.

SARAH  
I always wanted to vacation here.  
I think it's quite lovely.

LAWRENCE  
Don't get too comfortable, we  
won't be here long.

SARAH  
Come on, lighten up a little.  
You're so paranoid. We're okay  
here.

LAWRENCE  
Uh huh.

SNAP. SNAP.

More photos taken.

Lawrence and Sarah make their way over to a fruit stand and Lawrence picks up an exotic fruit.

LAWRENCE

Look at this thing! I don't know  
if I should eat it or use it as a  
weapon. What is it?

CUBAN VENDOR

Durian.

Lawrence sniffs it and gags.

SNAP. SNAP.

LAWRENCE

Blegh! That's awful! Smell!

Lawrence playfully shoves the fruit into Sarah's face,  
laughing. She gags as well.

SARAH

Come on, get out of here with  
that.

LAWRENCE

Imagine how it tastes!

Lawrence sets the fruit down they walk away.

SNAP. SNAP.

Lawrence looks around one last time, but does not see the  
photographer.

He and Sarah then proceed to blend in with the crowd.

SATELLITE P.O.V.

Satellite imagery hones in on their exact location, showing  
them as a blinking red blip on the map.

A phone rings.

THE VOICE (O.S.)

Give me good news.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)

We've tracked them down, sir.

THE VOICE (O.S.)  
Assemble the team. No mistakes  
this time.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)  
It will be handled with the utmost  
discretion.

THE VOICE (O.S.)  
I expect a full report on my desk  
by Monday.

MR. BROWN (O.S.)  
Yes. Of course. Very good, Mr.  
President.

FADE OUT.