

SINGULARITY

A Screenplay

by

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## SINGULARITY

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLISTER PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

INSERT: Hollister, California 2003

Cleancut RAY BELTRAN (late twenties) enters public library.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Ray, Bluetooth Headset in his ear, taps at public computer keyboard.

Sitting next to Ray's computer, we see, briefly, a NOTEBOOK, open to a page that reads: LOTTERY...EL MERCADO. Below the heading, we see, briefly, an ALGORITHM FLOW CHART.

CLOSE ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN, as Ray taps the keys and the words emerge:

"Secretary of Defense Rumsfeld: Darleen Druyun, onetime Defense Department Director of Acquisitions, just accepted a \$250,000 a year job at Boeing after having steered major defense contracts--"

Ray stops typing.

RAY

(into earpiece speaker)

Frank...Sell my Boeing shares...  
yes, all of 'em.

MORE

CONTINUED

As Ray resumes typing, we SEE a TATTOO on the inside of his left wrist: NIHIL OBSTAT:

"--to Boeing in exchange for jobs for her daughter and son-in-law. Proof attached. -Concerned Citizen"

Ray presses SEND.

EXT. EL MERCADO, EAST SALINAS - DAY

Ray, on litter-cluttered sidewalk, consults notebook before entering EL MERCADO.

INT. EL MERCADO - DAY

PINATAS, WOMEN, KIDS, BUTCHERS, MARIACHI MUSIC.

SCRATCH-OFF LOTTERY TICKETS festoon check-out stand.

RAY  
(to CLERK)  
*Todos, por favor.*

The clerk, incredulous, sells Ray every scratch-off lottery ticket in the market.

INT. RAY'S HOME - DAY

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN:

We SEE amazon.com page, featuring 3D PRINTER, with the price: \$14,900.00.

We SEE "NIHIL OBSTAT" TATTOO on INSIDE of LEFT WRIST as fingers enter credit card information and confirm purchase.

As Ray leans back, satisfied, we SEE him gazing at:

WEATHERED PHOTO of Ray as boy, with his FATHER, taped to computer screen frame's upper right hand corner: Both beam with joy.

OPENING CREDITS:

We HEAR Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" over

MONTAGE:

Ray reproduces BUST of ALBERT EINSTEIN in his 3D printer:

Ray scans bust, presses "ACTIVATE."

MORE

CONTINUED

We ENTER printer's bowels. Silicone crystals melt together, forming new bust, layer by layer.

We see molecular level as atoms combine.

3D printer BEEPS.

Ray opens printer's mid-level drawer, pulls out purple and pink bust of Einstein from silicone crystal bed.

Ray admires computer's handiwork.

Ray places Einstein bust on floor.

Ray picks up SLEDGEHAMMER, smashes Einstein bust.

Flying pink and purple plastic shards fill the screen.

CREDITS END.

EXT. SUPERMARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

Ray and his wife KATIE (mid-twenties), a ribbon-wrapped-around-a-bomb Southern belle, push loaded shopping cart toward their pick-up truck.

TV REPORTER ROCKY CRIMEA and CAMERA OPERATOR SETH LOGAN, both casually-dressed, approach Ray and Katie.

ROCKY

Ray Beltran? Mister Beltran, may we have a word with you? You've just won California's lottery for the third time. What's your secret? We know you've been a statistician with the Department of Defense, specializing in algorithms. Have you been using your knowledge to game the--

RAY

Take a look at my wife. I must be the luckiest guy on earth.

RAY'S VOICE

(v.o)

And I will punish you with my brilliance.

MORE

CONTINUED

ROCKY

What brought you to Monterey? We have a report you're working on your Ph.D. in Astronautics at the Naval Postgraduate School, and dream of becoming an astronaut.

RAY

(as he pushes by the reporter)  
No comment.

Ray and his wife arrive at pick-up truck.

ROCKY

(into camera)

Ray Beltran is also rumored to be the internal source who dropped the dime on Darleen Druyun, convicted of dirty doings with Boeing while a Defense Department contract administrator.

Ray stops in his tracks when he sees the TV NEWS VAN.

Ray stares at the van.

RAY

Hello, Lewinsky.

INT. BELTRAN BEDROOM, NEW MONTEREY - NIGHT

Ray, pajamas, peers into telescope pointed out bedroom window.

KATIE

(offscreen)

Come to bed, Pookie.

RAY

I love Monterey. But I can't even make out the polar caps on Mars.

ON Katie, wearing only a thong, lounging on the bed.

KATIE

That'll change when escrow closes. Mars isn't going anywhere. Come to bed, Pookie.

Ray can't tear himself away from his telescope.

MORE

CONTINUED

KATIE (cont'd)  
 (cooing)  
 Raymond...it's baby makin' time.

Ray pads over to bed, lays down, cradles Katie's head,  
 kisses her neck.

KATIE (cont'd)  
 Punish me with your brilliance,  
 Pookie.

EXT. FBI BUILDING - DAY

INSERT: FBI HEADQUARTERS, MONTEREY BRANCH

Nondescript 1970s office building. The address: 666 Aguajito  
 Road.

INT. NATHAN LEWINSKY'S FBI OFFICE - DAY

TV reporter Rocky Crimea and his camera operator Seth Logan,  
 now wearing smart business suits and FBI IDs on their  
 lapels, in office of SPECIAL AGENT NATHAN LEWINSKY (early  
 30s).

LEWINSKY  
 Homeland Security's coming in with  
 us. Beltran's building some weird  
 shit in his basement lab.

ROCKY  
 You want internal surveillance?

Lewinsky raises his open left hand to decline the idea.

Lewinsky's wrist watch falls an inch down his forearm,  
 REVEALING:

TATTOO on the inside of Lewinsky's left wrist: NIHIL OBSTAT.

LEWINSKY  
 No. He'd find it and get spooked.

SETH  
 Aw, c'mon, Nate. How 'bout I slap a  
 GPS under his chassis?

LEWINSKY  
 Ray's a smart cookie.

ROCKY  
 Why's he get special treatment?

MORE

CONTINUED

SETH

We went after that militia guy in  
West Virginia, no holds barred.

Rocky snaps his fingers.

ROCKY

(winning the argument)

I get it. You were classmates at  
Quantico.

INT. BELTRAN BASEMENT LABORATORY - NIGHT

As we HEAR Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," we PAN around Ray's  
basement laboratory.

From the ceiling: WORLD WAR I BI-PLANE MODELS hang by  
monofilament fishing line.

Framed photo: F-22 STEALTH FIGHTER.

On floor, in corner, ONE DOZEN GOLD BARS.

THREE LAPTOP COMPUTERS linked together on desk.

First screen: We SEE home page of GATC/Biotech.com,  
featuring large machine, the PACBIO RS DNA SEQUENCER.

Second screen: Series of ESOTERIC MATHEMATICAL SYMBOLS.

Third screen: The feed from an electron scanning microscope:  
AN ELECTRON CLOUD AROUND AN ATOM.

The third laptop linked via cable to Ray's 3D printer, panel  
removed, exposing its innards, to which Ray has attached a  
computer board.

Using his keyboard, Ray manipulates FINE POINT PEN, its tip  
the size of single atom, that we SEE on the computer screen.

Computer screen image of electron cloud around atom changes  
to DOUBLE HELIX OF UNTWISTED DNA STRAND, like a ladder  
straightened out.

Fine point pen prods "rung" of DNA ladder.

Ray exhales.

Ray presses "enter" on third laptop keyboard.

Ray picks up a PENCIL.

MORE

CONTINUED

ON RAY, waiting. Absentmindedly taps pencil on photo of father and him which sits next to keyboard.

Disappointment clouds Ray's face.

The experiment has failed. Again.

RAY  
Must be the sequencing.

EXT. NAVAL POSTGRADUATE SCHOOL - DAY

INSERT: NAVAL POSTGRADUATE SCHOOL, MONTEREY, CALIFORNIA

UNIFORMED GUARDS man all entrances to this collection of elegant old buildings, warehouses, construction sites.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Ray enters conference room. Two other MEN lean against windowsill.

One, DR. DAN FROST (mid-fifties), plays with slinky.

Other man, DR. DMITRI SHUSHKEROV (mid-seventies), hails Ray.

DMITRI  
Raymond! Great news! Tell him, Dan.

DAN  
(modestly)  
My kid's getting a free ride at Ohio State.

DMITRI  
He nailed his PSAT.

DAN  
Took it four times until he got a perfect score.

Ray opens his briefcase, takes out laptop, places it on table.

RAY  
That's great, Dan. What about his SAT?

Ray connects laptop to projector.

MORE



CONTINUED

DAN

Dirty little secret. Colleges go by the PSAT now. Remember that when you have kids, Ray.

Ray turns off lights. He turns on projector.

DMITRI

What have you got for us, Raymond?

RAY

Ning Li.

DAN

Hmmm...You found her?

DMITRI

(trying, failing to sound hip)  
She's buried with Jimmy Hoffa under some end zone, right?

We SEE PHOTO of MIDDLE-AGED, WHITE-SMOCKED CHINESE WOMAN, working in laboratory.

RAY

The only photo I've ever found of Ning Li. Taken at the University of Alabama, Huntsville.

DAN

So where is she?

RAY

Dr. Li signed a government contract and dropped off the face of the earth.

DMITRI

Only in Russia would that happen...

Ray clicks projector to next SLIDE: A COMPLICATED GIZMO.

RAY

But I have something on the anomaly. You remember her work on the anti-gravity accelerator?

DAN

Yes. First time someone used theory to describe what we were seeing in the lab.

MORE

CONTINUED

DMITRI

You have a theory, Ray?

Ray clicks projector to next SLIDE: TYPE-II SUPERCONDUCTORS.

RAY

Ning Li was working on a theoretical model of forces generated by type-II superconductors.

Ray turns off projector, turns on lights.

Ray picks up dry erase marker at white board.

RAY (cont'd)

(writing symbols and equations)

Dr. Lee hypothesized the possibility of generating and controlling significant gravitational forces. (still writing) In a brilliant intuitive leap, she stumbled on an anti-gravity machine.

Before Ray finishes with symbols and diagrams, we focus on Dan and Dmitri.

DAN

Oh my sweet and lovely God, Raymond.

DMITRI

You've done it!

FLASHBACK BEGINS

INT. RAY BELTRAN'S FATHER'S STUDY - DAY

Nine-year-old Raymond Beltran, beaming, stands at whiteboard on which he's written this formula:

$E$  equals  $1$  over  $2$ ,  $mv$  squared minus  $Gm$  over  $r$  equals minus  $Gm$  over  $2a$ .

YOUNG RAYMOND

Whaddya think, Dad?

BOB BELTRAN (mid-thirties) beams back at Raymond.

MORE

CONTINUED

BOB

Okay, son. Now let's move on to the automated burn sequence for lunar return.

YOUNG RAYMOND

From the Hohman Transfer Orbit?

BOB

Yep.

Raymond scribbles on the white board.

Bob stares out the window.

YOUNG RAYMOND

How's this?

BOB

(returning from reverie)

Excellent, Raymond. You're halfway to Mars.

YOUNG RAYMOND

Can we move on to black hole entropy?

BOB

Raymond. My plane leaves in two hours.

YOUNG RAYMOND

Where you goin', Dad?

BOB

Please me with your brilliance.

YOUNG RAYMOND

Iraq, I'll bet.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. NAVAL POSTGRADUATE SCHOOL - DAY

Ray, Dan (playing with his slinky) and Dmitri stroll through a rose garden.

RAY

I've done it? I've done nothing.

DAN

What's up?

MORE

CONTINUED

RAY  
I'm on the verge...(he snags the  
slinky from Dan) It's a house of  
cards...

They walk a bit. Dan and Dmitri see a man obsessed.

Ray throws slinky into air, where it stretches and coils  
like a DNA double helix.

RAY (cont'd)  
(exploding)  
DOES GOD EXIST?

DMITRI  
(placating)  
I don't know. Does God exist?

RAY  
Not yet.

DAN  
Not yet?

RAY  
(as though in a fever dream)  
In my lab...in my lab...

EXT. STREETS OF MONTEREY - DAY

Ray pilots Ford pick-up truck down Lighthouse Avenue.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK - DAY

We HEAR modern Christian music Ray favors.

Ray checks rearview mirror.

CLOSE ON MIRROR:

We SEE LATE MODEL FORD FAIRLANE, FBI Agent Lewinsky at  
wheel.

Though "Nathan" is Lewinsky's name, Ray contemptuously  
insists on calling him "Nathaniel."

RAY  
Well, hello, Nathaniel. Long time  
no see.

EXT. LIGHTHOUSE AVENUE - DAY

Ray's truck stops at red light.

Ray leaps out, runs to car behind him.

INT. LEWINSKY'S CAR - DAY

Ray bangs on driver's window.

Lewinsky flinches.

Lewinsky lowers window.

RAY WILL SPEAK TO LEWINSKY IN THE "GOOD OL' BOY" ACCENT HE USES TO SHOW HIS CONTEMPT WHENEVER HE IS WITH LEWINSKY, IN THE PRESENT DAY. (FLASHBACKS EXCEPTED.)

RAY

Nathaniel! Hey, buddy!

NATE

(pointing to liquor store  
parking lot)

Hey, Ray. Pull over there.

INT. LEWINSKY'S CAR - DAY

In parking lot, Ray in passenger seat.

RAY

Good to see ya, Nathaniel.

NATE

You too, Ray.

RAY

What're you doin' in this sad  
little town?

NATE

Bureau posted me here.

RAY

That's right. You graduated. Top of  
the class, I heard.

NATE

(false modesty)

Well...

RAY

Hey, buddy. What say you come meet  
Katie, we catch up?

INT. BELTRAN HOME - DAY

Beltrans moving: kitchen littered with plates and silverware; boxes; packing material.

Living room: barebones furniture, boxes piled by front door.

Ray, Lewinsky and Katie drink beers out of bottles.

LEWINSKY

Defense moving you again?

RAY

(still with the accent)

We bought a place. Foreclosure.

Lewinsky's eyebrows rise.

RAY (cont'd)

Above the Salinas Valley.

KATIE

Ray's gonna build his own observatory...

RAY

Katie's gonna have her own sculpture studio.

LEWINSKY

I can get you a good price on a moving crew.

RAY

Doin' it all myself.

LEWINSKY

That's a load, for a doctoral candidate.

RAY

Ah, those crews, they're all butterfingers.

Silence, as Lewinsky looks around the room for clues.

RAY'S VOICE

(v.o. in normal voice)

You're rather clumsy yourself, Nathaniel.

LEWINSKY

(rising)

Well...don't forget to invite me to the housewarming party.

INT. BELTRAN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ray and Katie, post-coital, in bed.

KATIE  
Feels good.

RAY  
Hmm?

KATIE  
After all those tons of moves, to  
finally have a place. A nest.

Katie strokes Ray's hair.

KATIE (cont'd)  
What if the Defense Department  
tells you to move again, Pookie?

RAY  
Remember when I was in black ops?

KATIE  
You'd be gone for weeks to God  
knows where.

RAY  
Those days are over, Katydid.

Ray traces finger down Katie's arm.

KATIE  
I want a spice rack. And fresh  
herbs, on the windowsill.

Katie gently lifts Ray's left arm by the wrist.

KATIE  
Ray?

RAY  
Hmmm?

KATIE  
Your friend Nathaniel. There's  
something off there.

RAY  
Hmmm.

KATIE  
He's got the same tattoo.

MORE

CONTINUED

Ray: stiffens, catches himself, relaxes, chuckles.

KATIE (cont'd)  
 (sing songy)  
 Lessee...you two got drunk one  
 night at Quantico...woke up with  
 matching tattoos...

RAY  
 Something like that...

KATIE  
 C'mon. There's more to it than  
 that.

RAY  
 It's a guy thing. You wouldn't  
 understand.

KATIE  
 Cut the "guy thing" crap.

Ray takes a breath.

RAY  
 Nathaniel looked up to me. Got to  
 be kind of a pest.

Katie studies Ray's tattoo as Ray strokes Katie's cheek.

KATIE  
 (not quite convinced)  
 Promise me everything'll be all  
 right.

RAY  
 Can't give a rock solid promise.

KATIE  
 'Cause I don't know what I'd do  
 if--

Ray covers Katie's mouth with kisses.

EXT. RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

FROM THE AIR: On flat top of mountain, above Salinas Valley  
 town of Soledad, we SEE sprawling OFF-THE-GRID RANCH: wind  
 generators, solar panels, ponds.

An 18 foot high fence rings ten acre property. Cameras  
 perched every 100 feet.

MORE



CONTINUED

We SEE huge barn; 100 inch diameter telescope, two-story observatory; and house that appears to be modeled after Frank Lloyd Wright's modernistic designs.

EXT. THE DIRT ROAD TO RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

Ray's Ford pick-up navigates ruts and holes on dirt road, climbing upward.

In rear bed, we SEE a HUGE CONTAINER, strapped tightly to bed's sides.

Next to Ray in cab, a BURLY MEXICAN.

EXT. THE HILLS ABOVE RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

Lewinsky, hunter's camouflage, gazes through binoculars.

POV LEWINSKY:

Ray's pick-up parked next to huge barn.

We SEE forklift-driving Ray and Mexican carefully unloading huge container.

Stacked nearby: THREE BOXES with "BELL X-900 COMPUTER" printed on them.

INT. RELATIVITY RANCH KITCHEN- DAY

Katie, snapping herb leaves from pots on windowsill, making lunch.

Humming spritely tune, Katie chooses bottle from spice rack, shakes contents into simmering stew.

Ray and Mexican, both sweat-drenched, enter.

RAY

Got two hungry men here, Katie.

EXT. HOME DEPOT PARKING LOT - DAY

Mexican, fist bulging with dollars, emerges from Ray's pick-up.

Mexican waves to Ray as he closes door.

Ray drives off.

From corner of lot, Lewinsky's Fairlane rolls up to Mexican.

MORE

CONTINUED

Lewinsky lowers window. Dangles some dollars.

LEWINSKY  
(In Spanish, English  
subtitles)  
Young man! I have work!

MEXICAN  
(In Spanish, English  
subtitles)  
I'm very tired. Tomorrow?

Lewinsky opens passenger door.

LEWINSKY  
(In Spanish, English  
subtitles)  
May we speak?

Mexican climbs into Fairlane.

INT. FAIRLANE - DAY

Lewinsky locks car's doors. Flashes FBI badge. Presses  
button below dashboard.

LEWINSKY  
(In Spanish, English  
subtitles)  
Your papers, please.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY

Lewinsky reclines in leather-upholstered chair across from  
two MEN: REGIONAL DIRECTOR RICK LACK (mid-50s) and NSA  
OFFICIAL SID GURNEY (mid-60s).

Lack periodically examines papers on his lap.

NATE  
The *mojado* spoke no English. But I  
caught it all.

LACK  
You taped it, right?

Gurney just watches. He's a watcher.

LEWINSKY  
Malfunction.

Lack snorts.

MORE

CONTINUED

LEWINSKY

I'm fluent, Rick.

LACK

Yeah, that time share in  
Cabo... (consulting his notes)  
Okay...so there was "something  
huge" in the box.

LEWINSKY

And they forklifted it into the  
barn, and down an elevator.

LACK

And then?

LEWINSKY

The doors opened into what the  
Mexican called "a fabulous  
basement."

LACK

And?

LEWINSKY

Beltran wouldn't let him in. The  
Mexican said it looked like a  
science fiction movie in there.

Lack and Gurney exchange glances. Gurney nods.

LACK

Nate, this is Sid Gurney, with the  
National Security Agency. He's got  
deep contacts in Homeland Security.  
Sid?

SID

Agent Lewinsky, NSA needs your  
help. You'll have the full support  
of the Secretary of Defense.

EXT. BELL COMPUTERS, SILICON VALLEY - DAY

Sleek modern complex with showy name icon out front.

INT. BELL COMPUTERS WAREHOUSE - DAY

Forklifts ferry boxes, radio plays cheesy Top 40 hits, as  
WORKERS load computers into back end of TRUCK, filling exit.

MORE

CONTINUED

Lewinsky, carrying an ENVELOPE and a COMPUTER CHIP, strolls with BELL EXECUTIVE (mid 50s), and a TECHNICIAN (mid-twenties).

They arrive at a pile of boxes on a pallet.

Executive sorts through boxes, checking labels.

CLOSE ON LABEL.

EXECUTIVE

Raymond Beltran, Relativity Ranch,  
Soledad, California?

LEWINSKY

That be him.

Lewinsky hands computer chip to technician, who checks out FBI badge on Lewinsky's lapel as he takes the chip.

EXECUTIVE

Install that chip before we ship  
the unit.

As Lewinsky and the executive stroll away, Lewinsky smoothly slides the envelope into the executive's hand.

LEWINSKY

A grateful nation thanks you.

INT. RELATIVITY RANCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Ray's new basement laboratory: state-of-the-art.

Ray back at work with his newly souped-up 3D printer, hooked up to series of gizmos, leading to hi-def screen showing atomic level images being manipulated by Ray with his atomic pen.

The shipping box from the previous scene (identified by its shipping label and the "Bell Computers" logo) sits, opened, on the floor.

Ray taps at new computer's keyboard.

We HEAR a HUM.

RAY

C'mon...c'mon...

MORE

CONTINUED

ON THE SCREEN: All is still.

RAY (cont'd)  
C'mon...

ON THE SCREEN: WE SEE A SINGLE CELL, THROBBING WITH LIFE.

RAY'S VOICE  
Dad! We've done it!

Ray dances around the lab, punching the air.

INT. TRIDENT ROOM, NAVAL POSTGRADUATE SCHOOL - DAY

Trident Room: venerable old bar, bedecked with nautical regalia, old photos, hundreds of PORCELAIN BEER STEINS hanging on hooks from ceiling.

Two TVs hang high on walls: CNBC on one; CNN on the other.

SCIENTISTS sit in booths, eating hamburgers, drinking beer, speaking in hushed tones.

Dan Frost raises pool cue-like device which has open cup holder at its end.

Dan lifts beer stein off its hook, lowers it, removes stein from holder, walks to bar, orders beer.

Ray Beltran sidles next to Dan.

DAN  
Hello, Ray.

RAY  
We have to talk.

FLASHBACK BEGINS

Young Raymond clings to his father in the study.

YOUNG RAYMOND  
Daddy. Don't go!

BOB  
It's my duty, son.

YOUNG RAYMOND  
I always miss you so much. So does Mommy!

MORE

CONTINUED

Bob removes a SWISS ARMY KNIFE from his jacket pocket, hands Swiss Army knife to Raymond.

ELIZABETH BELTRAN (early 30s) appears in the doorway.

BOB  
There's always a tool for every  
job, son.

YOUNG RAYMOND  
Mom! Don't let Dad go!

ON ELIZABETH: Tears.

Bob takes PHOTO out of wallet, hands it to Raymond.

CLOSE ON PHOTO: Same photo adult Raymond has taped to upper right hand corner of his computer screen frame.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. TRIDENT ROOM - DAY

Ray and Dan in corner booth.

RAY  
(whispering excitedly)  
I've created life.

DAN  
Here?

RAY  
In my own lab. A single cell.

Dan studies Ray.

RAY  
I own it, Dan. It's mine.

DAN  
Have you told anyone else? (Ray  
shakes head) Don't. The feds'll  
come down like a ton of bricks.

RAY  
But I've created life!

MORE

CONTINUED

DAN

Which makes you a loose cannon.  
They'll come knocking, make you an  
offer, and then you're a slave.

RAY

You're my faculty adviser. I'll  
need help.

DAN

With what? Exactly.

RAY

I'm gonna resurrect my father.

DAN

Jesus...

The irony dawns on the pair simultaneously.

Dan chuckles, then catches himself.

DAN (cont'd)

This is immoral. Only God can  
resurrect.

RAY

Where is that written?

DAN

You don't need a book to tell you  
it's wrong.

RAY

Time for a new moral code. Look...  
We were created as truth-seeking  
beings. In God's image.

DAN

Ray...please...

RAY

Would you have destroyed Einstein's  
letter to FDR?

DAN

There was a war on!

Dan sees Ray's steely resolve.

DAN (cont'd)

(sighing)

You have a DNA sample?

FLASHBACK BEGINS

INT. BELTRAN HOME - EVENING

Elizabeth watches "Ozzie and Harriet" on TV while she irons clothes.

Young Raymond on couch, doing homework.

Doorbell RINGS.

Elizabeth opens front door.

We SEE a MAN (mid 40s) in BUSINESS SUIT.

MAN

Mrs. Beltran? I'm Henry Weiss, a colleague of your husband. May I come in?

ELIZABETH

Of course. Come in, Mr. Weiss.

Weiss enters, holding BRIEFCASE.

WEISS

May we speak alone?

YOUNG RAYMOND

No!

ELIZABETH

Please, Mr. Weiss, what can we do for you?

WEISS

The Agency regrets to inform you that your husband has disappeared while on a mission of utmost importance to our nation.

ELIZABETH

(sinking to floor)

NO!!!

Weiss holds out briefcase.

WEISS

What we could recover. His personal effects.

As Elizabeth sobs, young Raymond climbs off couch, takes briefcase, sits crosslegged on floor, opens briefcase.

MORE



CONTINUED

CLOSE ON BRIEFCASE CONTENTS: Keys, papers, and COMB, with his father's hairs scattered through the teeth.

Young Raymond picks up comb, examines it.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. RELATIVITY RANCH BASEMENT - NIGHT

Dan Frost and Ray, in lab.

Dan examines Ray's findings.

DAN

This is Nobel Prizeworthy research.

RAY

They'll never see it.

DAN

This is too important to keep to yourself...

RAY

My work isn't ready yet.

DAN

You're that pure?

Ray opens envelope, removes comb.

RAY

(nodding toward photo of father and young Ray)

There's enough of my father here to replicate him.

DAN

And what about his memories? You might replicate his body, but...

RAY

(guarding a secret)

Guess we'll find out. I'm gonna replicate him.

DAN

Replicate? You first said resurrect.

MORE

CONTINUED

INT. NSA OFFICE - DAY

Lewinsky and Sid Gurney.

Lewinsky hands computer print-out to Gurney.

Gurney's befuddled.

LEWINKSY

The motherfucker's created life,  
Sid.

GURNEY

Up on that mountain?

LEWINKSY

He plans to resurrect his father.

Gurney studies the print-out.

GURNEY

Who's Dr. Dan Frost?

LEWINKSY

His faculty advisor. He's waiting  
outside.

GURNEY

Get him in here.

Lewinsky opens door, ushers Frost in.

GURNEY (cont'd)

Good to meet you, Dr. Frost.

DAN

Hello, sir.

GURNEY

Your Ph.D. protege, thinks he's  
God? You in on this?

DAN

By "in on this," you mean---

GURNEY

I mean have you been "advising"  
him.

DAN

I advised him to publish and patent  
his research.

MORE

CONTINUED

GURNEY

Hell, we'll give you the patent.  
Maybe a Nobel Prize.

DAN

A MacArthur Grant would be--

GURNEY

You realize this punk carries a  
grudge against our government?

DAN

No. He seems a--

GURNEY

We're gonna pay Tom Swift, Boy  
Scientist, a visit.

EXT. PATIO, RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

Ray and Katie, bathing suits, lounge in open patio under  
arbor: flowers, twining vines.

Katie's SCULPTURES enhance the beauty.

Sipping lemonade, admiring view of countryside.

KATIE

Hot tub?

RAY

Nah.

KATIE

Better now. While I still have my  
figure.

Ray regards his wife: she's fabulous.

RAY

You'll be fine for, oh, thirty  
years.

KATIE

In three months, I'll be  
unrecognizable.

RAY

What're you getting at, Katydid?

KATIE

The baby'll be showing.

MORE

CONTINUED

RAY  
You shitting me?

KATIE  
That lab's not the only place you  
been creatin' life.

RAY  
My God...that's fan-TAST-ic!

KATIE  
Blood test says it's a girl.

We HEAR an ALARM.

Ray rises, kisses Katie, goes inside house.

INT. RAY'S STUDY - DAY

Ray glances at BANK OF TV SECURITY SCREENS.

We SEE an SUV at the front gate.

RAY  
(into intercom)  
Yes?

Driver's window rolls down.

DRIVER  
(into outdoor speaker)  
Mr. Beltran, this is Sidney Gurney  
of the National Security Agency.  
Let us in, please.

RAY  
Us?

GURNEY  
FBI Special Agent Lewinsky and Dr.  
Dan Frost.

RAY  
What's this about?

GURNEY  
Your country has a generous offer  
for you.

RAY  
What if I'm not in the market?

MORE

CONTINUED

GURNEY

Mr. Beltran, if we need to obtain a warrant, you've seen enough TV shows to know that law enforcement isn't always as delicate with your belongings as you'd wish.

RAY

The only TV I suffer through is "Two-and-a-Half Men at my Gate."

GURNEY

You have 30 seconds.

ON Ray, considering his options.

SUV jerks back as it's put into reverse.

Ray presses a button.

The gate swings open.

SUV pulls forward.

KATIE

(off screen)

Ray, what's up?

RAY

Important visitors. Can you do some sculpting or something?

KATIE

If it's important, I should be there.

RAY

It doesn't involve you.

KATIE

Fuck it doesn't. You've shared your research with me, I appreciate it, and I'm gonna be there.

Ray takes a menacing step toward Katie.

KATIE (cont'd)

You touch me, you'll see what's what.

Doorbell rings.

MORE

CONTINUED

RAY

Throw on a robe.

Ray, shirtless, pads to front door, opens it.

Gurney, Frost, Lewinsky, surprised.

Lewinsky gazes a little too long at near-naked Ray.

RAY'S VOICE

Just like old times, eh, Nathaniel?

GURNEY

(flashing ID)

Raymond Beltran? I'm Sidney Gurney,  
head of the local NSA office. You  
know these gentlemen. (beat) May we  
come in?

EXT. BELTRAN HOME - DAY

Ray steps outside, leads group around house to patio.

Katie, robed, reclines.

RAY

This is my wife, Katie. Katie, meet  
Sidney Gurney. You know Dr. Frost  
and Nathaniel.

LEWINSKY

It's Nathan.

Men sit.

RAY

As you can see, Nathaniel, we've  
moved up in the world. Wait. You've  
already visited us, in a manner of  
speaking. That was you with the  
binoculars on moving day.

Lewinsky blushes.

RAY

And my worker. Did you deport him?

Lewinsky meets Ray's dead stare.

MORE

CONTINUED

GURNEY

Mister Beltran, we're here to make you an offer on behalf of the Department of Defense.

Gurney pulls a folded CONTRACT out of his coat pocket, holds it out.

Ray nods to Katie, who takes contract, opens it, looks it over.

RAY

Before she married me, Katie was Miss Atlanta. Before the Emory Law degree. (beat) But I'm sure a man with your resources knows all about my wife.

GURNEY

(refusing to play)  
We're happy to wait until she renders an opinion.

RAY

Where's Ning Li?

GURNEY

Who?

DAN

A University of Alabama research scientist who signed a government contract in April 2001 for \$450,000. Invented an anti-gravity machine.

GURNEY

And?

DAN

Nobody's seen her since.

GURNEY

Maybe she defied gravity and floated away.

RAY

What are my options, Mr. Gurney?

GURNEY

Work for us, get two million dollars.

MORE

CONTINUED

RAY

Like my Dad?

Dan Frost looks to Lewinsky.

LEWINSKY

Ray's father...he disappeared.  
While on a CIA mission in Iraq.

RAY

Tell 'em about the "friendly fire,"  
Nathaniel. (to Gurney) Suits like  
you, hiding in air-conditioned  
offices, making your rules,  
creating clusterfucks everywhere  
you turn.

LEWINSKY

Ray, there's no point in raking  
over those old coals.

Katie rests a hand on Ray's forearm, calming him.

KATIE

(looking up from contract)  
They've included some sweeteners.  
I recommend you sign it.

Ray stares at Gurney.

RAY

What if I don't?

GURNEY

(uncomfortable with Katie  
there)  
We'll confiscate your property and  
everything in it.

RAY

What, in the name of "national  
security"?

GURNEY

And if you flee, you'll be labeled  
an enemy of the state.

KATIE

And?

MORE



CONTINUED

GURNEY

You're aware the president signed an executive order empowering us to use lethal force.

RAY

Do I look like Anwar al-Fucklaki to you?

GURNEY

You wanted your options. Them's your options.

RAY

How long do I have to decide?

GURNEY

Forty-eight hours. (beat) Well, if there are no further questions, we'll be going.

The three men rise.

GURNEY (cont'd)

Mrs. Beltran, it's been a pleasure meeting you. Best of luck with your pregnancy.

INT. BELTRAN KITCHEN - NIGHT

Ray clears dishes from table, loads them in dishwasher.

Pauses, turns on CD: Bach's "St. Matthew Passion."

Fearing bugs, they whisper.

RAY

(whispering)  
You've been quiet.

KATIE

(whispering)  
Sign it, Ray.

RAY

(whispering)  
Do you have any idea what--

MORE

CONTINUED

KATIE

(whispering)

Do we look like Bonnie and Clyde?  
(beat) Where we gonna go, Ray?

RAY

(whispering)

They take our passports? They  
freeze the Cayman accounts? Google  
the countries that don't have  
extradition.

KATIE

(whispering)

Hmmm...Iran? North Korea?

RAY

(whispering)

Venezuela.

Pause.

KATIE

(normal voice)

Ray, we're gonna be parents. Sign  
the damn contract.

Ray shushes Katie.

RAY

(whispering)

I've sent out feelers to my black  
ops buddies.

KATIE

(whispering)

I'm sure Gurney won't find out.

RAY

(whispering)

I used a laptop, different server.

KATIE

(normal voice)

Ray. They've got us over a barrel.

FLASHBACK BEGINS

EXT. HOGAN'S ALLEY, FBI TRAINING CAMP - DAY

INSERT: HOGAN'S ALLEY, FBI TRAINING CAMP, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

Hogan's Alley: a mock crime-ridden town used for training exercises.

Agents-in-training Beltran, Lewinsky and ELIZETH MARTINEZ (mid-20s), all garbed in battle gear, assault a FLEABAG HOTEL.

INT. FLEABAG HOTEL - DAY

Working as a well-oiled team, the trio bashes down doors, and, guns drawn, climbs narrow creaking stairways, until...

Martinez shoulders her way through splintered door into dank room...

As Beltran and Lewinsky leap through windows from fire escape to find...

SPECIAL AGENT DREW PERRY reclining on bed, smoking cigar, clicking stop watch.

PERRY

Not bad, you fuck-ups. Nice stealthy approach...if I were deaf.

The three agents-in-training share a we-can't-win-with-this-guy look.

PERRY (cont'd)

Take the rest of the day off. Share a beer. Hell, share a case.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. BELTRAN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ray and Katie can't sleep.

KATIE

Ray...Pookie...I gave up my career, followed you every--

RAY

"Gave up" your career? You hated law.

MORE

CONTINUED

KATIE

I swore I'd follow you anywhere.  
(beat) But there's a statute of  
limitations on any contract.

Ray sighs.

We HEAR a RUMBLING IN THE DISTANCE, GROWING NEARER.

Ray dives for bedstand, pulls open drawer, draws pistol.

KATIE (cont'd)

Ray! No!

RAY

They said 48 hours!

The RUMBLING turns into a SYMPHONY of HELICOPTER ENGINES.

Ray drags on clothes, sprints from room.

EXT. BELTRAN HOME - NIGHT

Ray crouches behind bush.

POV RAY:

THREE HELICOPTERS, their undersides lit by their own lights,  
begin descent.

Lit undersides display names of each helicopter: DEUS,  
EX, and MACHINA.

Helicopters land on broad Beltran lawn.

SILHOUETTED FIGURES emerge, backlit by SEARCHLIGHTS.

One sprints toward the home, hands raised, one carrying a  
LOUDSPEAKER.

MAN

(into loudspeaker)

Raymond! It's me! Drew Perry. Drop  
yer dick 'n' cum here quik!

RAY

Gimme the code!

PERRY

Nihil Fucking Obstat!

MORE

CONTINUED

Ray emerges.

Perry sees Ray, jogs up, hugs him.

PERRY  
Got your S-O-S. Pack up, let's go.

Perry waves to the helicopters.

THREE FIGURES EMERGE, walk toward Ray and Perry.

RAY  
(to Perry)  
It's complicated.

PERRY  
Hey, man, this ain't fuckin'  
Facebook.

The helicopters' engines groan into silence.

Searchlights dim.

The three men approach the pair, along with TWO DOZEN ROUGH  
HEWN MEN and WOMEN.

PERRY (cont'd)  
(to two dozen)  
At ease. While our prima donna  
ponders...

INT. KATIE'S STUDIO - NIGHT

CLOSE ON ANTI-BUG SCRAMBLER placed on table.

PAN AROUND STUDIO: Ray, Katie, Perry, three men.

Katie's been making DYNAMIC SCULPTURE PIECES that move.

PERRY  
Chairman Boyle, why don't you  
start?

Chairman Lance A. Boyle, whose motto could be "Life is a  
carnival," is a very fit 60, with shoulder-length white hair  
and white goatee.

On Boyle's jacket, we SEE MONOGRAM: LANCE A. BOYLE,  
CHAIRMAN.

MORE

CONTINUED

BOYLE

(cultured English accent)

We're a private consortium,  
representing the nation of  
Aqualusia. This is Nikita Medvedev,  
my Minister of Science and  
Technology, and Timothy Kelleher,  
the pastor of the Aqualusian  
Church.

Medvedev (mid-fifties) and Kelleher (mid-sixties, both  
graced with jolly dispositions, nod and smile.

FLASHBACK BEGINS

INT. HOGAN'S ALLEY FLEABAG HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Ray, Lewinsky and Elizeth Martinez drink whiskey in room in  
which they "liberated" Perry earlier that day.

A CANDLE, attached to floor by hardened wax, burns between  
them.

Lewinsky examines inside of left wrist.

LEWINSKY

(slightly drunk)

Damn, it's like a pack of red ants  
nested in there.

ELIZETH

What, you never got a tattoo  
before?

As Ray hands Lewinsky BOTTLE of WHISKEY we SEE he has same  
tattoo.

RAY

You ain't alone, Nate. Popped my  
cherry too.

ELIZETH

"Nihil Obstat." What's that mean  
again?

LEWINSKY

No obstacle.

MORE

CONTINUED

ELIZETH

Shee-it. I got three. (beat) You'd appreciate 'em, Ray.

RAY

Huh?

ELIZETH

They're scientific.

Elizeth pulls up her shirt, REVEALING ONE RECTANGLE OVER EACH BREAST.

Inside Elizeth's RIGHT BREAST RECTANGLE, we SEE "90/ **TH**/ Thorium/ 232."

Inside Elizeth's LEFT BREAST RECTANGLE, we SEE "49/ **IN**/ Indium/ 115."

LEWINSKY

What's the third one say?

ELIZETH

Think, Nate. Think.

RAY

I got it! "K," for Potassium.

ELIZETH

What's it make?

RAY

Uh, thorium, Indium, Potassium...nothing but smoking sludge.

ELIZETH

Wanna see?

Elizeth lowers her pants a bit.

Above Elizeth's PUBIC AREA, we SEE a RECTANGLE containing "19/ **K**/ Potassium/ 39."

LEWINSKY

Smoking sludge?

ELIZETH

Who wants to light up?

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. KATIE'S STUDIO - EARLY DAWN

The six, exhausted, slouch at table.

First rays of dawn glide through windows.

Dynamic sculptures, still plugged in, move rhythmically.

PHOTOS of AQUALUSIA cover table: SPRAWLING INDUSTRIAL  
COMPLEX HOVERS OVER OCEAN, HELD ALOFT BY PILINGS.

KELLEHER

(to Ray and Katie)

No, I see no religious or ethical  
issues here. Artificial  
intelligence is where humankind is  
headed.

MEDVEDEV

Aqualusia is an independent nation.  
With state-of-the-art facilities,  
Mrs. Beltran.

KATIE

Looks like a fancy oil drilling  
platform to me.

DOE

The pilings go five miles deep  
below the Caribbean, Mrs. Beltran.  
It's hurricane proof.

Ray implores Katie with his eyes.

KATIE

I can't go, Ray. (beat) Punish the  
world with your brilliance.

RAY

Katydid...

KATIE

I warned you, Pookie.

Ray's training allows him to absorb the news quickly.

RAY

We'll hook up later. No matter what  
happens.

Ray moves to Katie. She fends Ray off.

PERRY

(to Ray)

We have to start loading...



FLASHBACK BEGINS

INT. HOGAN'S ALLEY FLEABAG HOTEL ROOM - DAWN

Three semi-naked bodies sprawl on floor, snoozing.

Lewinsky's arm draped over Ray's midsection.

Ray opens eyes.

Ray recoils from Lewinsky's arm.

Lewinsky wakes up.

Lewinsky sees Ray hurriedly dressing.

LEWINSKY

'Morning, Ray. You okay?

Ray hurries out of room.

ELIZETH

What got into him?

LEWINSKY

Me.

FLASHBACK ENDS.

INT. LEWINSKY FAIRLANE - DAY

Special Agent Lewinsky, driving, speaking into Bluetooth earpiece.

LEWINSKY

Check the satellite feed, Sid!  
(beat) Three 'copters just took off  
from the Beltran Ranch! (beat)  
Shoot 'em down! (beat) Wait till  
they're over a rural area! (beat)  
Sid! C'mon, man!

Lewinsky, too upset to drive, pulls over.

Lewinsky pulls papers out of briefcase, shuffles through them.

One catches Lewinsky's eye.

CLOSE ON PAGE:

We SEE a PRINTOUT of an ONLINE ACCOUNT with SCOTIA BANK in the CAYMAN ISLANDS, in the name of RAYMOND and KATHERINE BELTRAN, #80002 900111420.

MORE

CONTINUED

CURRENT BALANCE: \$18,453,021.47 (USD)

Lewinsky fumbles through sheaf of papers, finds page...

CLOSE ON: PASSWORD.

LEWINSKY (cont'd)  
Well, fuck me running.

EXT. HELICOPTERS - DAY

OVER THE GREAT DESERT: The convoy heads southeast.

INT. HELICOPTER CARGO HOLD - DAY

Ray, resting in a reclining chair.

Behind Ray, the HUGE CONTAINER which he unloaded from the pick-up truck back at his ranch.

Drew Perry, BOTTLE of MACALLAN WHISKY in one hand, TWO SHOT GLASSES in the other, slides into adjoining chair.

PERRY  
How it's hangin', genius?

RAY  
Hey, Drew.

PERRY  
Look what I got. 1926 MacAllan, 38 grand a bottle. (beat) What say we celebrate?

Perry opens bottle, pours two shots.

RAY  
Celebrate? My wife's pregnant, I'm on the run...

PERRY  
(handing shot glass to Ray)  
Taste the peat, Raymond.

Ray sips whisky.

RAY  
My Gawd...Where'd you get this?

MORE

CONTINUED

PERRY

These people spare no expense.  
(beat) Not like the fucking Bureau.

RAY

(loving the whisky)  
Ah, yes, the Bureau. (beat) Why'd  
ya leave it?

PERRY

Ivy League boys ran me out. Wasn't  
on the shelf long. This bunch  
scooped me out of a gutter.

RAY

They legit?

PERRY

Amazing lack of BS. Only I'm too  
old to go into space.

RAY

Huh?

PERRY

They got plans for you.

RAY

Ri-i-ght. More bigshots with  
"plans" for me.

PERRY

You're gonna colonize Mars. (beat)  
Get this. They've found a planet  
4,000 light years away, made out of  
crystalline carbon.

RAY

That'd make it a diamond.

PERRY

No shit, Sherlock. They wanna bend  
space, duck through a wormhole, put  
South Africa outta business.

RAY

(ponders the implications)  
A diamond as big as a planet...

Drew refills Ray's shot glass.

MORE

CONTINUED

PERRY  
(gesturing behind him)  
What's in the container?

RAY  
Box fulla memories.

PERRY  
Must be pretty important, you  
babysitting it. (beat) C'mon, tell  
Uncle Drew what's in it.

Ray's cell phone sounds.

RAY  
(into phone)  
Katie!

CUT BACK AND FORTH BETWEEN HELICOPTER AND KATIE IN STUDIO AT  
RELATIVITY RANCH:

KATIE  
Listen. Are you listening?

RAY  
Of course.

KATIE  
Did you withdraw a large sum of  
money from our Cayman Islands  
account?

RAY  
This is not a secure line!

KATIE  
There's no time for that!

RAY  
No. Haven't touched it.

KATIE  
We've been cleaned out!

RAY  
Do you have anything to live on?

KATIE  
Credit cards.

RAY  
Sell the ranch.

MORE

CONTINUED

KATIE

Can't! The county put a lien on it!

RAY

What?

KATIE

Something to do with one of your permits not being filed correctly.

RAY

That's bullshit!

ON Ray, thinking.

RAY (cont'd)

Find a land use attorney. Contact Scotia Bank. You know what questions to ask.

The connection breaks up.

INT. KATIE'S STUDIO - DAY

ON Katie, into a disconnected line.

KATIE

Ray! I have no income!

LEWINSKY

(offscreen)

Then get a job.

Katie whirls around, sees FBI/TSA Special Agent Lewinsky.

LEWINSKY (cont'd)

I can help with that permit situation.

KATIE

Get out of my house.

LEWINSKY

Won't be yours for long. (beat)  
Look, if you're hard up for funds,  
I'll lend you a bit to get you  
through. (beat) No points. (beat) I  
were you, I'd spend some money on  
fixing your alarm system.

KATIE

What's it gonna take to get you  
outta here?

EXT. AIRFIELD, SOUTHERN NEW MEXICO - DAY

The crew, moving Ray's goods from three helicopters to CARGO PLANE, outfitted with LANDING PONTOONS.

INT. CARGO PLANE - DAY

Ray fastens seatbelt.

Nikita Medvedev slides into adjacent chair.

NIKITA

You are well?

RAY

Well as can be expected.

Nikita places a BOOKLET in Ray's lap.

NIKITA

You are familiar with emerging propulsion methods?

RAY

Two years at JPL.

NIKITA

Good. We have a breakthrough.  
(beat) A small number of antiprotons lie between the Van Allen belts of trapped "normal" matter. There may be enough to implement a scheme using antimatter to fuel spacecraft.

RAY

So when the antimatter meets matter, the annihilation produces energy. At hydrogen bomb levels.

NIKITA

You're a bright boy. (points to booklet) Study this.

CLOSE ON TITLE PAGE:

EXTRACTION OF ANTIPARTICLES

CONCENTRATED IN

PLANETARY MAGNETIC FIELDS

JAMES BICKFORD

MORE

CONTINUED

Cargo plane's engines fire up as Ray leafs through study.

RAY

Where'd you get this?

NIKITA

A friend at NASA.

Cargo plane rumbles forward as Ray reads NASA study.

Ray nods off.

EXT. ABOVE AQUALUSIA - NIGHT

Cargo plane prepares for a water landing.

We SEE AQUALUSIA at night, BUILDINGS lit by floodlights.

Aqualusia is a TWO-STORY, ONE SQUARE MILE CIRCULAR PLATFORM, held up by PILLARS around its circumference.

The pillars also serve as stairways from LOADING DOCKS to platform. Loading docks radiate outward from each pillar.

Many buildings are under construction, HUGE CRANES above them.

A BARGE, lights beaming, nestled off far side next to Aqualusia.

A HELICOPTER descends on a HELIPORT atop a building.

Cargo plane skids across Caribbean surface, pulls up to dock.

EXT. PLATFORM - NIGHT

Ray climbing stairway.

As Ray reaches platform, a HAND reaches out to him.

As Ray summits the stairway, using the helping hand, he sees...

ELIZETH MARTINEZ

Good evening, Ray. Welcome to Aqualusia.

Elizeth's rough edges, smoothed to finishing school sheen.

RAY

Elizeth.

ELIZETH

Please follow me.

INT. RAY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Door opens.

Lights automatically flood SPACE AGE DECOR.

Elizeth fluffs the bed's pillows.

RAY  
What, no mint?

ELIZETH  
(formal yet warm)  
Make yourself at home. (beat)  
Breakfast is served at 0 six  
hundred. (inspecting room) Your  
in-room butler is voice-activated.  
(beat) Tribute to your ironic  
sense: Call him HAL.

Elizeth nods, departs.

RAY  
HAL. Lower the lights.

Lights lower to golden hue.

Ray goes straight to laptop, already fired up, on desk.

Ray types at keyboard, concentrating hard.

INT. LEWINKSY OFFICE - DAY

Lewinsky at his computer, working his new Cayman Islands  
account.

RED LED LIGHT FLASHES AT TOP OF SCREEN.

Lewinsky pecks at keyboard.

Before computer screen becomes TV screen:

RAY'S VOICE  
(through computer speakers)  
How's it hangin'?

Lewinsky brings up image, two-way transmission.

Lewinsky sees Ray in his room on Aqualusia.

RAY  
Stayin' outta trouble?

INTERCUT: LEWINSKY'S OFFICE AND RAY'S ROOM:

MORE



CONTINUED

LEWINSKY

Keeping my nose clean. But you,  
you're in a heap-o-trouble.

RAY

Nihil Obstat.

LEWINSKY

Nice digs. They treating you right?

RAY

Top o' the hayride. (beat) Lookee  
here, Nathaniel...

LEWINSKY

Your wife's fine.

RAY

You make her collateral damage,  
I'll be comin' afore you see it.

LEWINSKY

You're in no position to threaten  
me.

RAY

My new employers have a long reach.

LEWINSKY

We may, however, be forced to bring  
her in for questioning.

RAY

You harm one hair on her head, I  
unleash hell.

LEWINSKY

Still the pretty boy, Raymond.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

Dwarfed by LOGO of AQUALUSIA, Lance A. Boyle stands at  
lectern, gazing serenely at DOZENS of AQUALUSIANS seated at  
banquet tables as BUSBOYS finish clearing breakfast dishes.

Aqualusian Pastor Timothy Kelleher sits off to side.

BOYLE

Are we all bursting with protein,  
ready to conquer the Unknown?

MORE

CONTINUED

AQUALUSIANS

Yes!

Ray, at center table, looks around at new co-workers.

BOYLE

Great news. Aqualusia, LLC now partners with Perimeter Institute in Waterloo, Ontario and with the Centre for Theoretical Cosmology at Cambridge University.

VOICE

That's Stephen Hawking's group!

BOYLE

Indeed. (beat) Now for some housekeeping. Samuel L. Flaherty, would you please stand?

SAMUEL L. FLAHERTY (mid-forties) rises.

BOYLE (cont'd)

Good morning, Sam. (Sam nods) You snooped around forbidden projects on your computer. We can't have that, and you know it.

FLAHERTY

I can explain, Mr. Boyle.

BOYLE

No explanation needed. (nods to Drew Perry) There's a helicopter to the mainland in 30 minutes.

As Perry escorts Flaherty out of ballroom...

BOYLE (cont'd)

What, you expected a trap door into a pool of piranha?

Laughter all around.

EXT. RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

Katie strolls garden, speaking into cellphone.

MORE

CONTINUED

KATIE

No, Mom, Ray and I're cool. The bank screwed up our account is all...Ray's outta town...Great. Ten thousand would be fine. You'll get it back. With interest.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - DAY

BOYLE

Now let's give an Aqualusian welcome to Raymond Beltran!

Applause.

Aqualusian Pastor Timothy Kelleher regards Ray.

BOYLE (cont'd)

Raymond created life in his private lab. Then the US government came calling. You all know how THAT goes. (beat) Raymond will develop a self-conscious computer before flying to Mars for us. Raymond's favorite saying? "Einstein was overrated."

Laughter.

BOYLE (cont'd)

Raymond. Expound.

RAY

He's the secular saint of the I'm-not-religious-I'm-spiritual crowd.

Pastor Kelleher likes this.

BOYLE

Do you see any blasphemy in our work?

RAY

No. God created us to penetrate the Unknown.

Cheers all around. Kelleher rises and applauds.

INT. BANK - DAY

Katie swipes BANK CARD for FEMALE TELLER (mid-twenties).

MORE

CONTINUED

Teller looks at computer screen.

TELLER  
I'm sorry, Mrs. Beltran. This  
account has been frozen.

EXT. AQUALUSIAN POOLSIDE - DAY

Lance A. Boyle reclines under umbrella, sipping daquiri,  
examining IMAGES on laptop.

Ray appears next to chuckling Boyle.

RAY  
Sir. You asked for me?

BOYLE  
Raymond! (swivels laptop Ray's way)  
Do you like the resolution on these  
old photos?

CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREEN: Grainy shot, TWO MEN HAVING SEX.

Blood drains from Ray's face.

BOYLE (cont'd)  
Recognize the younger one?

RAY  
(maintaining his calm)  
Can't say as I do.

BOYLE  
America's current president,  
earning some spare change during  
his Rhodes Scholar days. This  
should buy us a few more years.  
Unless of course he's a one termer.

RAY  
Is this what you wanted to--

BOYLE  
No no no, young man. It's about  
that gizmo you're developing. The  
Zippy Tang Brang Belchfire 8.

RAY  
Sir?

MORE

CONTINUED

BOYLE

You'll have unlimited funding. I want full A.I., nothing artificial about it. And that's what you'll deliver.

RAY

Sir, speaking of funding...

BOYLE

Don't "sir" me, Raymond. I'm Lance. (consults wristwatch) Your lovely wife should be receiving a bag of cash, just about...now.

EXT. RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

At entrance gate: Hummer stops.

INT. RAY'S STUDY - DAY

Katie on telephone.

KATIE

Emory Law School...yes...a paralegal situation would be fine...

Katie happens to see the TV SCREEN that monitors the front gate's activity.

Katie SEES:

Hummer at front gate.

Gate doesn't open.

DRIVER emerges, pushes gate open.

KATIE (cont'd)

Excuse me. May I call you back?

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Ponytailed driver FABIANO SALVATORE (late twenties) wears a smart Italian suit.

On passenger seat: BRIEFCASE.

Fabiano pulls up to Beltran front door.

EXT. BELTRAN FRONT PORCH - DAY

Fabiano knocks on front door.

KATIE  
(from inside)  
Yes?

FABIANO  
Mrs. Beltran?

KATIE  
Who are you? What do you want?

FABIANO  
Mister Boyle asked me to deliver a  
package. (beat) Will you please  
open the door?

KATIE  
What's in the "package"?

FABIANO  
Fifty thousand dollars. Cash.

Door opens a crack.

Katie peeks around door.

KATIE  
What's your name?

FABIANO  
Fabiano Salvatore. I am an  
engineering intern from Milano.

Katie swings door open.

Fabiano finds a PISTOL in his face.

KATIE  
Toss it inside. At my feet.

Fabiano gently lays the briefcase inside the doorway.

KATIE (cont'd)  
Thank you, Fabiano. Do I sign a  
receipt?

MORE

CONTINUED

FABIANO

No. I have been told that the government is making your life difficult. May I come in and assess your predicament?

KATIE

My predicament.

FABIANO

Your alarm system is down. For starters.

INT. AQUALUSIA LAB - NIGHT

The screen is BLACK.

RAY

(offscreen)

Lights!

LIGHTS FLOOD THE SCREEN, REVEALING THE BEST LABORATORY OF ALL.

Ray walks all over the sterile, hardfloor lab, ecstatically touching every bit of machinery.

The lab:

It's huge. Computer screens all over.

Two bays, each with four monitors, and an ergonomic chair on rollers to slide between them..

A glass partition, behind which sit computer servers in refrigerated room. Servers flash with red and green lights.

One wall, reinforced, has windows, viewing a room designed for dangerous experiments.

Six centrifuges, filled with vials, rest on tables.

Another table: microscopes and laptops for "proof of concept" work. Fluke volt meters scattered on table.

Refrigerators.

In a corner, a thermal vacuum testing unit. Resembles a huge oven.

Sterilized air forced in through ceiling ducts.

MORE

CONTINUED

Door opens.

Two LAB ASSISTANTS enter. One is MALE (mid-twenties),  
UMBERTO.

The other is Elizeth Martinez.

INT. RELATIVITY RANCH - NIGHT

Watched by Katie, Fabio taps away at laptop connected to  
Relativity Ranch's security system.

Fabio hits "enter."

The bank of TV screens lights up, along with LED lights on  
wall.

FABIO  
Whoever disabled this system was  
halfway clever.

Not knowing what else to do, Katie smiles.

Fabio offers his CARD to Katie.

FABIO (cont'd)  
Should ever you need me...

Katie takes card, examines it.

KATIE  
We have a guest room. We'll caravan  
into town tomorrow morning?

Fabio considers this carefully. Nods.

INT. AQUALUSIA LAB - DAY

Huge cargo container so zealously guarded by Ray sits in  
lab.

Ray, holding the SWISS ARMY KNIFE his father gave him, and  
Umberto and Elizeth, each holding BOX CUTTERS, ponder it.

RAY  
We shall exercise great care.

EXT. DIRT ROAD FROM RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

Fabio's Hummer leads Katie's SUV.

Ahead, around a bend, a Ford Fairlane blocks the way.



INT. AQUALUSIA LAB - DAY

The cargo container has been disemboweled.

Disgorged contents sit in neatly arranged piles.

RAY

(to Elizeth and Umberto)

Boy and girl, I give you Robert  
Beltran, betrayed by his country  
while serving it.

EXT. DIRT ROAD FROM RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

The Hummer pulls to a stop in front of the Ford Fairlane.

INT. FORD FAIRLANE - DAY

FBI Special Agents Rocky Crimea and Seth Logan watch dust  
cloud envelope their car as Fabio emerges.

Fabio approaches FBI car.

Fabio stops at driver's window as window lowers.

FABIO

You're blocking the road.

CRIMEA

(flashing badge)

We're here on government business.  
Does that car behind you belong to  
Katherine Beltran?

FABIO

Do I look like a law enforcement  
officer?

LOGAN

No, you look like you stepped outta  
"The Sopranos."

FABIO

I suggest you query the lady.

CRIMEA

Okay. We'll let you pass.

Fabio nods, walks back toward the Hummer.

MORE

CONTINUED

LOGAN

What now?

Crimea activates the video camera as Fabio walks past Hummer.

Fabio talks to Katie in her SUV.

LOGAN (cont'd)

Let's run that Hummer's plates.

Fabio returns to Hummer, climbs in.

Crimea backs the Ford Fairlane onto the shoulder.

Crimea motions Fabio forward.

Hummer rolls toward FBI car.

Hummer speeds up, smashes into Ford Fairlane.

Crimea and Logan pull their GUNS.

Katie's SUV roars past the two entangled cars.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

As Fabio smashes down on accelerator, he pulls his PISTOL.

FBI agents leap out of Ford Fairlane, crouch, begin firing at Hummer.

Hummer's windows and body are bullet-proof.

As bullets ricochet off Hummer, Fabio backs up, then shifts into drive.

Fabio leaves FBI agents in gravel shower.

In rear view mirror, we SEE agents leap back into Ford Fairlane.

INT. LEWINSKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lewinsky, watching video feed on his computer.

EXT. DIRT ROAD FROM RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

Katie's SUV waits as Hummer skids alongside.

Fabio motions Katie to lower window.

Fabio tosses GUN to Katie through open window.

MORE

CONTINUED

FABIO

They will call for assistance. We  
must kill them.

Fabio motions Katie down the road apiece.

Fabio turns his Hummer sideways.

INT. LEWINSKY'S OFFICE - DAY

Lewinsky watches as Ford Fairlane hurtles down road.

LEWINSKY

(into Bluetooth headset)

Extreme prejudice.

As video feed shows Ford Fairlane rounding bend--

EXT. DIRT ROAD FROM RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

Ford Fairlane skids into Hummer.

Guns drawn, Crimea and Logan leap out, run up mountainside  
into rock outcropping.

Fabio opens up rear door of Hummer, removes GASOLINE CAN.

Fabio carries can to Ford Fairlane.

Fabio pours gasoline into car's interior.

Fabio pulls LIGHTER out of jacket, flicks lighter, sets  
gasoline aflame.

Ford Fairlane bursts into ball of fire as Fabio, gun drawn,  
leaps into Hummer, speeds down road to Katie's SUV.

EXT. ROCK OUTCROPPING - DAY

CRIMEA

(to Seth)

Hightail it about a quarter mile  
down. When that Hummer passes,  
shoot out the tires.

LOGAN

And you?

CRIMEA

I'll come in from uphill. Pincer  
move.

MORE

CONTINUED

Logan sprints away, along the ridge.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Fabio at wheel, Katie crouching on floor.

FABIO  
Release the safety.

Katie releases safety on pistol.

EXT. DIRT ROAD FROM RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

FBI Agent Logan, poised behind boulder.

We HEAR Hummer approaching.

Logan peers over boulder, pistol aimed.

Hummer rounds bend.

Logan fires at tires.

Tires deflate.

Fabio loses control.

Hummer veers right, up shoulder's incline, then falls on its side, driver's side on bottom.

INT. HUMMER - DAY

Fabio and Katie, tangled together, Katie bleeding from head wound.

FABIO  
We have to get out of here!

Fabio climbs over Katie, pushes open passenger door.

Bullets clang against door.

During pause in fusillade, Fabio leaps out of Hummer.

EXT. DIRT ROAD FROM RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

Fabio dives behind boulder.

Katie pokes head out of Hummer.

MORE

CONTINUED

FABIO

I'll cover you. Get over here!

Fabio fires gun in direction of Logan.

Katie shimmies up through Hummer door.

Crimea rounds bend on foot, sees Katie.

Crimea crouches, fires.

We SEE a HOLE in Katie's back.

Katie falls forward, head and shoulders dangling out of Hummer.

FABIO (cont'd)

(turning to face Crimea)

You shoot a woman in the back?

Fabio unloads on Crimea, killing him.

Logan stands to get better view.

Fabio swivels, shoots Logan dead.

Fabio runs to Hummer. Opens rear door, pulls out TOOL CASE.

Fabio opens tool case, frantically searching. Pulls out WIRE CUTTERS.

Fabio picks up Katie's left hand, lifts her ring finger.

Katie's wedding band glints in the sun as Fabio applies wire cutters.

INT. AQUALUSIA LAB - NIGHT

Exhausted Ray, Umberto and Elizeth are entering data into computers.

Data consist of artifacts unpacked from huge cargo container.

The trio is scanning each document.

Ray finishes reproducing the Swiss Army Knife in his new 3-D printer as he studies one document.

CLOSE ON DOCUMENT: A BROWN, FADED BIRTH ANNOUNCEMENT FROM A NEWSPAPER:

MORE

CONTINUED

"Plutarco and Maria Beltran proudly announce the birth of baby son Robert, May 24, 1941..."

Ray places clipping in scanner.

UMBERTO  
(weary from tedious work)  
Care to explain?

RAY  
My father's memories.

ELIZETH  
(super tired)  
And?

RAY  
We are the sum of our memories. I  
can't just resurrect my  
father's flesh.

EXT. DIRT ROAD FROM RELATIVITY RANCH - DAY

Fabio, exhausted, sprints along ridge, down toward Salinas Valley.

In distance, we SEE dust cloud of car speeding up dirt road.

Fabio crouches as car passes below him: Lewinsky in his Ford Fairlane.

Fabio continues down mountainside.

EXT. AQUALUSIAN POOL - DAY

Ray doing laps in pool.

Lance A. Boyle appears poolside.

LANCE  
Ray! (Ray doesn't hear) Ray!

Ray reaches pool edge, stops, looks up.

LANCE (cont'd)  
Important news.

Ray climbs out of pool, dries himself.

Fabio appears next to Lance.

MORE

CONTINUED

LANCE (cont'd)  
Ray, this is Fabio Salvatore.

FABIO  
Mr. Beltran, I'm afraid I have bad news.

Ray already suspects what Fabio has to say.

RAY  
Go back to Salinas. Get a DNA sample. By any means necessary.

Fabio pulls a BAGGIE from his jacket pocket.

FABIO  
I tried to remove her ring for you. There was no time.

CLOSE ON THE BAGGIE: Katie's amputated finger, the wedding ring still on it.

EXT. MONTEREY CEMETERY - DAY

Lewinsky, Lack, Gurney and OTHER MOURNERS stand at two open graves.

LEWINSKY  
...and so we lay to rest two brave public servants, Corbin "Rocky" Crimea and Seth Logan, murdered while protecting our nation.

The image changes to a VIDEO FEED on a computer screen.

INT. RAY BELTRAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ray, at computer, watches video feed of KION NEWS, Monterey.

LEWINSKY  
We salute you, who paid the highest price!

As the coffins are lowered...

DREW PERRY  
(offscreen)  
Turn it off.

MORE

CONTINUED

RAY

While my wife is cremated...a  
nameless pauper.

KION NEWSCASTER

Questions still abound. Who exactly  
owns Relativity Ranch? Where is  
Raymond Beltran?

Ray kills the feed.

PERRY

You want, I'll go to Monterey,  
shoot the bastard.

Ray holds out a FOLDED PAPER to Perry.

RAY

Brilliance is the best revenge.  
Here's a shopping list for Lance.

PERRY

Yes, to work...to work...

A KNOCK at the door.

RAY

Yes?

Pastor Kelleher pokes head in.

KELLEHER

May I?

PERRY

I was just leaving.

Perry stands by door as Kelleher speaks to Ray.

KELLEHER

You okay?

RAY

Long as Lance fills my wish list.

KELLEHER

May I quote some relevant  
scripture?

RAY

Come back when you have an original  
thought.



EXT. LOVER'S POINT, MONTEREY - DAY

Lewinsky and Sid Gurney stroll along the shore.

GURNEY

We got a SEAL team almost ready to go.

LEWINSKY

I'll lead the mop-up crew.

EXT. AQUALUSIA - DAY

The nation's residents gather at its edge, gazing out to sea.

LANCE A. BOYLE

(at lectern)

Aqualusians, the final shuttle to space station Cassioppia!

LOUDSPEAKER

10-9-8-7-connection-4-3-2-1...  
lift-off.

A MILE AWAY, THE OCEAN'S SURFACE BUBBLES AND LIFTS, DOME LIKE.

AS THOUGH WE'RE VIEWING THE ACTION THROUGH THE WAVY LINES OF A DESERT MIRAGE, WE SEE A METAL SPACE VEHICLE EMERGE SILENTLY FROM THE WATER'S DEPTHS.

THE VEHICLE LIFTS SLOWLY, WITHOUT ROCKET PROPULSION.

VEHICLE RISES, SLOWLY GAINING SPEED.

CROWD CHEERS VEHICLE ALOFT.

AT ABOUT 5,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA, VEHICLE ACCELERATES RADICALLY, ITS SHAPE APPEARING TO STRETCH.

ON RAY, GAZING HEAVENWARD.

VEHICLE DISAPPEARS INTO SPACE.

CROWD CHEERS.

AS CROWD DISPERSES,

Pastor Kelleher appears next to Ray, now gazing out to sea.

KELLEHER

May I disturb you?

MORE

CONTINUED

RAY

Oddly phrased, Pastor.

KELLEHER

I have an original thought for you.

RAY

Shoot.

KELLEHER

Work is the gracious expression of creative energy in the service of others.

RAY'S VOICE

It was original when Dorothy Sayers wrote it.

RAY

(kindly)

Thank you.

KELLEHER

I thought it applicable, not to your mourning process, but to these huge projects you've undertaken.

RAY

Am I mourning?

KELLEHER

It's normal and necessary.

RAY

I am not normal. But I am necessary.

KELLEHER

May God bless you.

Ray, struck by Kelleher's humble sincerity, looks at the Pastor.

In the distance, THUNDER.

Ray and Kelleher turn and see DARK CLOUDS IN DISTANCE.

INT. AQUALUSIA LAB - DAY

The lab's walls are covered by ENLARGED PHOTOS of Bob Beltran and young Ray, and of Katie in bikini.

MORE

CONTINUED

Ray lays on OPERATING TABLE, covered by sheet, his MIDSECTION EXPOSED.

Umberto and Elizeth, garbed for surgery, assist DOCTOR PARVATI (mid-forties) as he CUTS INTO RAY'S RIB AREA with scalpel.

Thanks to local anesthetic, Ray, awake, feels no pain.

Parvati cuts away SAMPLE OF RAY'S FLESH.

Parvati deposits flesh sample in sterile tray.

VOICE ON INTERCOM  
We have a weather update. A  
tropical storm is approaching.  
Please observe all safety  
protocols.

Elizeth goes to 3-D printer, places flesh sample inside.

Elizeth presses "duplicate," but not "print."

Umberto, manning computer, watches screen as IMAGE OF COMPUTER CHIP is ABSORBED into PIECE OF RAY'S FLESH.

RAY  
Done?

UMBERTO  
Done. Ready for implant.

Elizeth changes angle of Ray's bed.

Ray now at 45 degree angle.

Dr. Parvati injects Ray's neck with fluid.

PARVATI  
We'll need a few minutes for the  
anesthetic to take effect.

Umberto presses "print" on 3-D printer.

EXT. BELOW THE OCEAN'S SURFACE - DAY

A United States SUBMARINE moves steadily ahead.

INT. SUBMARINE CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY

SIX NAVY SEALS sit around conference table.

Sid Gurney mans overhead projector.

MORE

CONTINUED

CLOSE ON SCREEN:

We SEE PHOTO OF AQUALUSIA, followed by SCHEMATIC DIAGRAMS of Aqualusia's layout.

GURNEY

Nothing too exotic here. Most important are the power sources. Memorize them.

Seal Team Leader TIM SCARBOROUGH raises his hand.

SCARBOROUGH

Tropical storm's moving in. Should work to our advantage.

GURNEY

Looks like a fish-in-a-barrel situation.

SCARBOROUGH

They have GPS jammers?

GURNEY

Nathan?

Lewinsky, from a dark corner.

LEWINSKY

Negative. Aqualusia uses conventional late 20th century gear. There's two dozen ex-Special Forces guys, led by a Drew Perry. I know him. He's good, but reckless.

GURNEY

Agent Lewinsky will head the mop-up operation.

INT. AQUALUSIA LAB - DAY

Ray, via video feed on screen above him, watches Dr. Parvati at work.

We SEE BASE OF RAY'S SKULL EXPOSED.

Dr. Parvati holds FLESH-COVERED COMPUTER CHIP in special forceps.

Dr. Parvati inserts flesh-covered computer chip into space below Ray's CEREBRAL CORTEX.

MORE

CONTINUED

PARVATI

(embedding, connecting chip)  
This'll be powered by your brain's  
electrical waves.

RAY

(winking at Elizeth as he  
addresses Parvati)  
You're forgetting, Doc, this is all  
my design. I'll be wireless wi-fi.

ELIZETH

Reprogrammable.

PARVATI

I suggest you sleep while I finish  
the job.

Ray closes his eyes.

PARVATI (cont'd)

I'll implant the blood cell devices  
too.

INT. SUBMARINE TORPEDO ROOM - DAY

Watched by Gurney and Lewinsky, SEAL Team warriors, wearing  
SCUBA gear, pack weaponry into individual OPEN TUBULAR  
DEVICES, each about ten feet long.

Warriors lift a packed, still open device to ledge near  
TORPEDO TUBE OPENING.

SEAL TEAM MEMBER #1 climbs into tubular device.

Scarborough inspects Warrior #1 and weaponry, tightly  
packed.

SCARBOROUGH

Good to go.

Four remaining SEAL Team warriors finish packing and  
preparing their tubular devices.

Scarborough closes flaps on Warrior #1's tubular device.

We SEE that the tubular device is a MANNED TORPEDO.

INT. AQUALUSIA LAB - DAY

We HEAR VAGUE SOUNDS OF HIGH WINDS outside lab.

MORE

CONTINUED

Ray sleeps on bed, now horizontal.

Elizeth and Umberto monitor equipment.

Ray's eyes open. Ray's pupils are now cat-like, except they are vertical ovals, not slits.

From here to the end of our story, Ray will SPEAK WITH THE HONEYED TONES OF A WOMAN. His voice will not be a lisping caricature, but rather a feathery, musical mid-range tone.

RAY

My God. The things I saw.

UMBERTO

Your voice...

RAY

Meet the New Androgyny.

ELIZETH

Let's test the texting.

Ray's eyes roll back.

Umberto, monitoring laptop screen, sees the following:

"This is Rey. The Singularity is here."

UMBERTO

Roger that..."Rey."

RAY

New kind of being deserves a new name, don't you think?

ELIZETH

(monitoring other computer)  
The blood cell devices report all biological systems working well.

REY

Okay...I'll be napping, reprogramming, and--

The lab lights FLICKER, GO OUT.

EXT. UNDER OCEAN SURFACE - DA

TWO TORPEDOES SPURT FROM SUBMARINE'S FORWARD TUBES.

INT. AQUALUSIA LAB - DAY

POV Rey:

Rey, like a cat, can see in the dark.

Holding his Swiss Army knife in front of him, Rey moves to nearby wall.

Rey opens CIRCUIT BREAKER BOX.

Rey presses knife blade to two terminals simultaneously.

They spark.

Lights return to lab.

INT. RECON ROOM - DAY

An AQUALUSIAN MILITARY MAN monitors SONAR and RADAR.

Drew Perry reads book on couch.

SONAR BEEPS.

MILITARY MAN

Drew. Check this out.

Perry hurries over.

CLOSE ON SONAR SCREEN:

SIX DOTS move toward Aqualusia.

INT. AQUALUSIA LAB - DAY

REY

(to Elizeth and Umberto)

Let's compare notes with Doctor  
Parvati in the lounge.

Elizeth and Umberto try the door.

INTERCOM

We've detected a perimeter breach.  
All units will be sealed until the  
source is known.

Door doesn't open.

CLOSE ON Rey's knife blade:

Blade is blue from heat.

MORE

CONTINUED

Sparks fly.

Smoke fills room.

Lights go off.

REY

We're off to the Recon room then.

POV Rey infra-red vision:

Using Swiss Army knife SCREWDRIVER BLADE, Rey unscrews vent cover from wall.

Rey closes eyes.

POV Rey's INNER EYELIDS:

We SEE AQUALUSIA SCHEMATIC DIAGRAM OF VENT SYSTEM.

REY (cont'd)

Follow me.

Rey climbs into vent, followed by Umberto and Elizeth.

EXT. AQUALUSIA LANDING DOCK - DAY

Wind and rain pelt landing dock.

EXT. UNDER OCEAN SURFACE - DAY

Six speeding torpedoes slow to stop.

INT. TORPEDO - DAY

Tim Scarborough watches as sea water fills torpedo.

When torpedo almost filled completely, explosive bolts jettison torpedo lid.

Scarborough swims out through opening, joins other SEALs as they roll out of their torpedoes.

Tim Scarborough directs others using LASER POINTER FLASHING MORSE CODE.

INT. AQUALUSIA RECON ROOM - DAY

Drew Perry and ASSISTANT monitor TV SCREENS and INSTRUMENT PANELS.

MORE



CONTINUED

PERRY  
(pointing to screen)  
Here.

CLOSE ON IMAGE, obscured by cloud cover and rainfall.

In FADING LIGHT, six dark figures surmount edge of Aqualusia platform, scuttle in six different directions.

Perry flips switches.

SIRENS SOUND.

PERRY  
(into intercom)  
Mayday! Mayday! All hands to  
stations!

There's a BANGING at an air vent.

Perry looks over at sound.

REY  
Drew! Unscrew the screen!

Perry pulls a FLASHLIGHT from his shirt pocket. Peers through grate.

PERRY  
Raymond! What the fuck?

Rey slides Swiss Army knife, screwdriver blade first, through vent grate hole.

PERRY (cont'd)  
(as he unscrews vent grate)  
What's with the voice, Ray?

UMBERTO  
(from inside the vent)  
Meet the New Androgyny.

PERRY  
(pulling grate from wall)  
Whatever. Long as you can handle a  
gun.

REY  
(emerging)  
Nihil Obstat.

EXT. AQUALUSIA - NIGHT

As tropical storm rages, SEAL Team warriors fan out across Aqualusia.

Aqualusian fighters, some of them snipers, hide in strategic places.

INT. AQUALUSIA RECON ROOM - NIGHT

PERRY

(tossing weapons to Elizeth and Umberto)

Elizeth. Remember Quantico?

ELIZETH

(pulling on night goggles)

Oh yeah.

PERRY

This is for real. Go get 'em!

Elizeth exits, into the stormy night.

PERRY (cont'd)

(to Umberto)

And you are?

UMBERTO

A lab technician.

PERRY

What're you good for?

UMBERTO

I'm a quick study.

PERRY

Okay. There's the safety. Release it. Then find a bad guy and shoot him. (Umberto already exiting) Then move on to the next bad guy!

Perry turns to Rey.

PERRY (cont'd)

Whatever's up with you, we'll deal with it later. You find a safe place and hide your ass.

REY

I have a plan.

PERRY

Leave this to the fighters.

EXT. OUTSIDE AQUALUSIA RECON ROOM - NIGHT

Night-goggled Perry, carrying gas-operated assault rifle, hand grenades dangling from shoulder straps, steps into pelting rain.

POV Perry, through night goggles: SEAL Team warriors have Aqualusians caught in crossfires.

Perry dives behind vent tower, fires at SEAL Team warrior.

Warrior goes down near power terminal.

Rey comes out other door of Recon Room, into storm.

POV SEAL Team warrior Scarborough: Trains his rifle on crouching FIGURE. Through rifle sight, we SEE FLASHING LIGHT on figure's chest. This is an IFF (Identify Friend or Foe) SENSOR.

SCARBOROUGH

One of ours.

Scarborough wheels around to see Umberto advancing on him.

Scarborough blows Umberto away.

Scarborough sees sniper rifle barrel stick out from behind barrier.

Behind barrier, Elizeth prepares to shoot.

Scarborough aims at barrier.

SCARBOROUGH (cont'd)

GPS, do yo' stuff!

Scarborough fires tracer bullets.

We SEE the bullets approach barrier, then curve around it.

Elizeth, behind barrier, goes down.

Elsewhere, Rey crawls to power terminal.

Rey, on stomach, reaches fallen SEAL Team warrior shot by Perry.

Using Swiss Army knife, Rey cuts IFF sensor off dead man's chest, attaches it to his own chest.

Rey opens power terminal.

MORE

CONTINUED

Rey closes eyes, sees power grid.

Rey disconnects cables, reconnects cables.

FLOODLIGHTS ILLUMINATE ENTIRE SCENE.

Perry takes advantage, shoots SEAL Team warrior.

Scarborough aims at Rey.

POV Scarborough: Through rifle sight, sees IFF sensor on Rey's chest. Scarborough swings rifle away.

USING HIS WIRELESS CAPACITY, REY HACKS INTO SEAL TEAM'S COMMUNICATION SYSTEM.

Scarborough's wrist phone lights up.

TEXT MESSAGE: "Target sequestered in lower left quadrant. All units proceed."

Scarborough signals other SEAL Team warriors to get moving.

SEAL Team warriors dodge Aqualusian fire.

Led by Scarborough, four SEAL Team warriors reach closed door.

Using classic forced entry technique, warriors blast their way into room.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Scarborough motions three other warriors to follow him into hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Door behind warriors slides shut.

Door ahead of warriors slides shut.

They're trapped.

EXT. POWER TERMINAL - NIGHT

CLOSE ON Rey's fingers, manipulating circuits.

Rey sees SINGLE REMAINING SEAL Team warrior, running between buildings.

Rey hacks into communication system.

MORE

CONTINUED

CLOSE ON remaining SEAL Team warrior's wrist phone:

"Surrender."

Warrior throws down rifle, stands, hands upraised.

PERRY

What the hell?

Perry advances on surrendering SEAL Team warrior.

INT. SEALED HALLWAY, AQUALUSIA - NIGHT

Scarborough taps out message to Lewinsky:

"Lewinsky: Mission compromised."

Scarborough tries to send message.

Message disappears from wrist phone screen.

EXT. BY POWER TERMINAL - NIGHT

Rey hacks into SEAL Team communications.

Rey sends message.

INT. SUBMARINE - NIGHT

Lewinsky pacing room.

Laptop BEEPS with incoming message.

CLOSE ON SCREEN: "All clear. Mop up."

EXT. AQUALUSIA - DAY

As Aqualusians clean up debris in background, Drew Perry, witnessed by Lance A. Boyle, Pastor Kelleher and Rey Beltran, addresses five surviving, manacled SEAL Team warriors.

PERRY

(nodding toward Rey)

Only through the grace of this  
man's mercy do you scum survive.

BOYLE

By international law, we can try  
you and execute you.

MORE

CONTINUED

KELLEHER

But we are beyond international  
law. That's the whole point here.

PERRY

Special Agent Lewinsky is due here  
soon.

We HEAR the HUMMING of a boat in the distance.

EXT. GOVERNMENT BOAT - DAY

At the prow, Lewinsky stands proudly, hands behind his back.

Boat pulls up to pier.

Lewinsky leaps onto pier, climbs up gang plank.

POV Lewinsky: A hand reaches over the edge.

Lewinsky takes hand.

Lewinsky looks at inner wrist: A tattoo: NIHIL OBSTAT.

EXT. AQUALUSIA - DAY

Rey lifts Lewinsky onto platform.

LEWINSKY

You.

REY

The new me. The not me.

LEWINSKY

Your voice...

REY

I've dispensed with the hillbilly  
twang.

LEWINSKY

That's not what I mean.

They look at each other.

Rey grabs Lewinsky by the collar and drags him into a  
storage closet.

INT. STORAGE CLOSET - DAY

LEWINSKY

What are you going to do with me?

REY

You mean a vengeance-kinda-thing?

LEWINSKY

Within international law.

REY

Nathaniel...you murdered my wife  
and unborn child...stole our  
property...ripped off our money.  
Why?

LEWINSKY

I deny everything.

REY

Hell hath no fury, Nathaniel.

Rey looks deep into Lewinsky's eyes.

REY (cont'd)

I am the Singularity.

LEWINSKY

You are the monstrosity. No man can  
replace God.

REY

I could unleash an electromagnetic  
pulse that will stop the world.  
Know what? I won't.

LEWINSKY

The moral high ground never suited  
you.

REY

Blah blah blah. Here's what I'm  
going to do with you. I am  
sentencing you to be with you until  
your natural death.

Rey opens door.

REY (cont'd)

What they choose to do with you is  
beyond my ken. Me? I'm off to the  
stars.

MORE

CONTINUED

Rey steps out, closes door, locks it.

Lewinsky gathers air in his lungs, preparing to scream.

EXT. AQUALUSIA PIER - DAY

A SMALL SUBMARINE bobs by the pier.

Overseen by Rey, Aqualusians lower boxes into its hold.

Rey pulls two papers from his jacket pocket.

Rey unfolds the items, studies them.

CLOSE ON PAPERS: Two photographs. One of Young Rey with his father; the other, Katie in her bikini.

INT. SMALL SUBMARINE - DAY

Drew Perry pilots sub. Pastor Kelleher and Nikita Medvedev sit near Rey.

PERRY

There she is.

Rey rises from seat, leans over Perry's shoulder, peers through window.

A STRUCTURE appears, hazily, in the distance, on the ocean floor.

EXT. UNDER OCEAN SURFACE - DAY

The small submarine approaches Aqualusia's UNDERWATER SPACE PORT.

A HUGE DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

The submarine enters the space port.

INT. UNDERSEA SPACE PORT LOCK - DAY

Pumps suck out the ocean water.

The sub sits on a pad.

Space port door slides open.

Submarine doors pop open.

Rey steps out, followed by Perry.

MORE



CONTINUED

Lance A. Boyle hugs Rey.

BOYLE  
Your craft is nearly ready. And  
you?

REY  
As soon as my gear is loaded.

Boyle takes Rey by elbow, leads Rey into space port.

Drew Perry follows.

INT. UNDERSEA SPACE PORT - DAY

TECHNICIANS swarm over SPACE CRAFT.

As with first space craft seen, this craft resembles our  
kitschy image of a flying saucer so popular in 1950s sci-fi.

Craft has no rocket propulsion.

Craft is powered by anti-gravity device circumventing craft  
like particle accelerator.

Boyle, Rey, Kelleher, Medvedev and Perry regard craft.

BOYLE  
You like?

REY  
I love.

MEDVEDEV  
I want you to meet the scientist  
who perfected this energy source.

(Medvedev leads group to a work station.)

A SHORT BLACK-HAIRED WOMAN toils over her instruments.

Medvedev touches woman's shoulder.

As she turns around...

MEDVEDEV (cont'd)  
Rey Beltran, I present Dr. Ning Li.

Rey's knees go weak.

Dr. Ning Li (mid-fifties) is a short, bespectacled Chinese  
woman.

MORE

CONTINUED

REY

(shaking Li's hand)

Doctor Li...I've heard so little about you.

NING LI

Mr. Beltran...I have followed your exploits with great pleasure. I believe you'll derive equal joy from our work here.

REY

I don't doubt it.

NING LI

Should you have questions, do not stand on ceremony.

REY

The great spinning disk...

As Boyle guides Perry and Kelleher away...

NING LI

Ah, yes. Well, you see...

We move with Boyle, Perry and Kelleher:

BOYLE

(walking away)

And the prisoners?

PERRY

Catch-and-release.

BOYLE

Do you suspect inappropriate compassion?

PERRY

Of the worst kind.

INT. REY'S SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - NIGHT

Rey studies scientific papers, lift-off procedures.

Rey lifts photos of Young Rey and father, and Katie in bikini.

Rey stares at photos.

MORE

CONTINUED

REY

I love you two most in all the world.

Rey breaks down, sobbing.

REY (cont'd)

Katie...my beautiful loyal wife...my ambition killed you...my ambition will resurrect you... Father...they abandoned you in a desert...I'll deliver you to paradise...

Rey drifts off to sleep.

INT. REY'S SLEEPING COMPARTMENT - DAY

PERRY

(off screen)

Hey, Sunshine...beauty rest's over.

Rey's eyes snap open.

REY

O, the dreams I dreamt...

PERRY

Lift-off's in six hours.

REY

Is all my equipment on board?

PERRY

Snug as a bug in a rug.

REY

Drew Perry. You're a poet.

INT. SPACE CRAFT - DAY

Watched by Lance A. Boyle, Pastor Kelleher and Drew Perry, TECHNICIANS buckle space-suited Rey into his chair.

PERRY

Rey. It's been a privilege.

Rey nods.

KELLEHER

May the Lord bless and keep you.

Rey nods.

MORE

CONTINUED

BOYLE

Ready?

REY

Ready.

Boyle nods to technicians.

Technicians finish strapping Rey.

Technicians, Perry, Kelleher and Boyle exit space craft.

We HEAR a LOW HUMMING.

HUMMING TURNS TO THROBBING.

INT. SUBMARINE HALLWAY - DAY

Lewinsky and Gurney discuss options while walking from sick bay to helm.

LEWINSKY

I urge you, sir. Torpedo the space port. While we can still save civilization.

GURNEY

You've made this personal, Lewinsky.

LEWINSKY

Civilization is a "personal" thing with me, Sid.

GURNEY

Enough people have died...

LEWINSKY

Ray Beltran has turned himself into something...beyond human. There's no telling what he's capable of.

GURNEY

Beltran found a non-violent solution to defending Aqualusia. He's benign. I won't okay a torpedo assault.

LEWINSKY

I pray you won't regret this decision.

MORE

CONTINUED

GURNEY

If I were you, I'd pray along other  
lines.

INT. UNDERWATER SPACE PORT - DAY

Dr. Ning Li, Medvedev and technicians watch video feeds.

On one screen: Rey in capsule.

On other screen: We SEE BAR GRAPH INDICATING LIMIT LOADS.

LI

Okay...Maximum power.

MEDVEDEV

Maximum power!

TEHNICIAN

(reading limit loads)

Four hundred thousand rpm...four  
hundred thousand five hundred  
rpm...five hundred thousand rpm...

LI

Commence lift off.

MEDVEDEV

Commence lift off!

INT. SUBMARINE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A CREW MEMBER approaches Gurney with a PIECE OF PAPER.

CREW MEMBER

Sir...I've deciphered this message  
from Washington.

Gurney reads deciphered message.

GURNEY

Prayers answered, Lewinsky. (to  
crew member) Ready torpedoes.

ON Lewinsky, gloating.

EXT. OUTSIDE SPACE PORT - DAY

Through opening in wing of space port, Rey's space craft  
slowly rises.

MORE

CONTINUED

Craft rises upward, toward ocean surface.

SUBMARINE FACES SPACE PORT.

BEFORE TORPEDOES CAN BE FIRED, SUB IS SUCKED INTO VORTEX.

EXT. OCEAN SURFACE - DAY

Ocean's surface bubbles, forms dome.

Space craft emerges.

Space craft rises slowly, then accelerates upward.

Space craft blurs as it ascends to the heavens.

SUBMARINE EMERGES FROM OCEAN.

As Rey's voice intones monologue that will feature crossfades and electronic effects while we SEE the following montage, we HEAR Bach's ST. MATTHEW PASSION in background:

Submarine is too heavy, wrongly designed to go airborne.

REY'S VOICE

A long candle wandered up the sky  
from Mirus bazaar in search of  
funds for Mercer's hospital and  
broke--

Submarine BREAKS IN HALF as it fails to lift off.

REY'S VOICE

--drooping, and shed a cluster of  
violet but one white stars.

Two halves sink back into ocean.

REY'S VOICE (cont'd)

They floated, fell, they faded.

Crew members cling to bits of wreckage.

REY'S VOICE (cont'd)

Words always mean something else  
the way departed souls are beyond  
the world redeeming light from  
inertia.

Sid Gurney, wearing life jacket, bobs to surface.

REY'S VOICE (cont'd)

The thief could cut me open, find  
the golden river, he could cut and  
polish and sell the priceless soul.

INT. SUBMARINE - DAY

As wreckage sinks, we SEE Lewinsky tangled in rope and cables.

REY'S VOICE  
Ambition transmuting to pure gold  
never arriving.

LEWINSKY STRUGGLES VAINLY TO ESCAPE.

Sub sinks deeper, carrying Lewinsky.

REY'S VOICE (cont'd)  
For we have seen his star in the  
East and have come to worship Him.

INT. SPACE CRAFT - DAY/NIGHT

Rey seems in a trance. Eyes closed, face serene.

REY'S VOICE  
And you, child, will be called the  
prophet of the Highest; for you  
will go before the face of the Lord  
to prepare his ways...

EXT. SPACE STATION - DAY/NIGHT

Rey's space craft approaches space station.

REY'S VOICE  
...to give light to those who sit  
in darkness and the shadow of  
death, to guide our feet into the  
way of peace.

Space station doors slide open.

REY'S VOICE (cont'd)  
Then Herod was exceedingly angry  
and he put to death all the male  
children.

Rey's craft eases into bay.

INT. SID GURNEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sid Gurney and Rick Lack hash out options.

LACK  
Annihilate it.

GURNEY  
You can't blow up a space station.

MORE

CONTINUED

LACK

Okay...how about an energy-sucking  
parasite?

The desktop computer BEEPS the arrival of emails.

Gurney swivels in chair, peers at screen.

GURNEY

(reading)

"In-beginning was the-word, God  
incarnate."

LACK

What the hell is that?

GURNEY

Beltran's texting us.

INT. SPACE STATION LABORATORY - DAY/NIGHT

Rey's new laboratory features massive windows that afford  
pristine views of space and of the Earth.

Rey, programming computer.

On desk, Rey's Swiss Army knife, which he'll periodically  
pick up and absentmindedly play with.

Twenty feet away, MASSIVE, DELUXE 3-D PRINTER lights up.  
This version has two plexiglass-covered chambers linked to  
printer.

CLOSE ON COMPUTER SCREEN:

Photos of Rey's father and of Katie appear on split screen.

Rey activates printer to replicate father and wife  
simultaneously.

Rey senses something wrong.

REY'S VOICE

Our orbit has altered.

INT. SPACE STATION CONTROL ROOM - DAY/NIGHT

A MAN and a WOMAN (both mid-thirties) read message on  
computer screen: "Our orbit has altered. One milli-arc  
second."

MORE



CONTINUED

MAN  
(into headset)  
I'm sorry. We detect no anomaly.

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: "Please check exterior monitors."

Man and woman look at monitors.

CLOSE ON ONE MONITOR: WE SEE A SMALL OBJECT ATTACHED TO THE SPACE STATION'S EXTERIOR.

WOMAN  
Magnifying.

WE SEE A SMALL GLOBE ATTACHED TO THE EXTERIOR.

The man dials up SCHEMATIC OF POWER GRID on the screen.

MAN  
It's sucking out our energy.

WOMAN  
Why didn't we detect its approach?

INT. SPACE STATION LABORATORY - DAY/NIGHT

Rey, checking energy levels.

REY'S VOICE  
In black ops, I developed the  
stealth program used by this  
parasite. Remove it by any means  
necessary.

Rey, alarmed by dropping energy levels, searches for emergency sources.

EXT. SPACE STATION - DAY/NIGHT

TWO SPACE-SUITED FIGURES EXIT STATION VIA AIR LOCK.

TETHERED, THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TOWARD THE OBJECT.

REY'S VOICE  
I cannot begin the procedure until  
energy levels normalize.

SPACE SUITED FIGURE  
(crackling radio voice)  
Approaching object.

The two figures reach object.

MORE

CONTINUED

CLOSE ON OBJECT: A MINIATURE SATELLITE, A TUBE RUNNING FROM IT INTO A NOW-UNCOVERED OPENING.

The two figures grab the satellite, attempting to pull it away from energy source.

The two figures recoil, as if shocked.

REY'S VOICE

One hundred milli-amp hours remaining...

SPACE SUITED FIGURE

(crackling radio voice)

We'll have to laser it.

REY'S VOICE

Delicately...

Space-suited figures remove LASER DEVICES from space suits.

INT. SPACE STATION LABORATORY - DAY/NIGHT

Rey stares at images of father and wife on computer split screen.

Rey stares at declining milli-amp numbers on separate screen.

SPACE SUITED FIGURE

(crackling radio voice)

Application...

Milli-amp numbers decline.

SPACE SUITED FIGURE (cont'd)

(crackling radio voice)

Object removed.

Milli-amp numbers cease declining, level off.

REY'S VOICE

Thank you.

INT. SPACE STATION CONTROL ROOM - DAY/NIGHT

REY'S VOICE

(heard on headsets)

There is not enough power for the whole procedure.

MAN

(into headset)

Can you execute half?

INT. SPACE STATION LABORATORY - DAY/NIGHT

Rey looks at split computer screen.

Rey touches image of father with tip of Swiss Army knife blade.

Rey walks over to plexiglass-covered chambers.

In one chamber, we SEE Robert Beltran's head and upper chest fully-formed. The rest of Robert's body dissolves in silicon-like particles.

In other chamber, we SEE Katie Beltran's head and shoulders, with rest of body dissolving in silicon-like particles.

Rey stares at partially-replicated father and wife.

REY

Please forgive me, father.

Rey presses CANCEL on father's plexiglass chamber's control panel.

Robert Beltran dissolves.

Rey places Swiss Army knife on top of plexiglass.

Katie is still replicating, faster now that her chamber has full power.

REY (cont'd)

Welcome back, baby.

INT. SID GURNEY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Gurney and Lack viewing monitor.

GURNEY

The satellite's gone silent.

LACK

They've removed it.

GURNEY

Before it sucked out all the power?

LACK

Their solar panels will refill their batteries within 24 hours.

GURNEY

Get the President on the secure line. See if he'll let us annihilate.

INT. SPACE STATION LABORATORY - DAY/NIGHT

Rey stands patiently by humming 3-D printer.

3-D printer's bell rings.

Rey lifts lid of Katie's plexiglass chamber.

WE SEE KATIE, EYES CLOSED, NAKED, IN A BED OF SILICON-LIKE CRYSTALS.

Rey lifts Katie out of crystal bed.

Rey carries Katie to SOLUTION-FILLED TANK.

Rey lowers Katie into solution-filled tank.

Rey reaches for TWO ELECTRICAL CABLES.

Rey places cable ends in solution.

REY PULLS CIRCUIT-BREAKER HANDLE DOWNWARD.

Laboratory lights dim as power is diverted into cables.

KATIE'S EYES OPEN.

Rey throws circuit-breaker handle back to off position.

Lights return to previous level.

Rey lifts Katie's head out of water.

Katie sputters, coughs solution out of mouth.

KATIE'S VOICE

I...I...

Rey cradles Katie with infinite gentleness.

REY'S VOICE

You are Katie Beltran. My wife.

KATIE'S VOICE

Wife?

REY'S VOICE

Wife. We have some catching up to do. I'll thrill you with my brilliance.

KATIE'S VOICE

Husband.

MORE

CONTINUED

REY'S VOICE

With luck, we'll have time.

KATIE'S VOICE

Time.

FADE TO BLACK.

OVER CLOSING CREDITS, WE HEAR THE SONG "TELEPATHIC":

Through the scarlet eons,  
We sleep on sheets we bleed on.  
Connected through eternity,  
Blood stream lets you talk with me,  
Telepathic.

Wireless chips in our cortex.  
Hear me call you through the vortex.  
Brain waves give us electricity.  
Thinking lets you talk with me,  
Telepathic.

Lovely mathematics,  
Jungle aromatic,  
Work their cyber magic:  
Telepathic.

In the space between us,  
Where you and I can dream us,  
Floating in an ocean symphony,  
Written as you talk with me,  
Telepathic.

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