

1 INT. A BIOCHEMICAL LANDSCAPE 1

A violent electrical storm. Veins of light pulse outward, branching off into a spidery network of

GLOWING INTERCONNECTEDNESS

We are inside a human brain. A pack of neurons FIRE OFF to the left, and rocket their way across synapses to the optic nerve. Passing the eye socket, they speed toward a silky, curvilinear membrane (the retina) on which we see an image projected:

AN UPSIDE DOWN COMPUTER SCREEN

Neurons PING into the membrane: the picture suddenly FLIPS RIGHT SIDE UP and we follow the light, flashing in a blur through the iris and cornea until, exiting the eye we reverse POV and

2 EXT. THE WORLD AS WE KNOW IT - DAY 2

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF EYES

Deep deep blue. Radiating more intelligence than wisdom. Inside each pupil is the reflection of a COMPUTER SCREEN. A deferential VOICE sounds from off camera.

VOICE  
Professor Pentcho?

3 INT. ATOMIC LABORATORIES (PROFESSOR PAUL PENTCHO) - DAY3

Twenty-nine, athletic, owlshly handsome.

VOICE (ARLETTE)  
Multi-tasking again?

Pentcho raises his blue eyes from the computer screen and up at ARLETTE (50's), his mannish Swiss assistant.

ARLETTE  
We can start the descent now.

4 INT. THE LABORATORIES (MOVING) - DAY 4

A SERIES OF SHOTS

as Pentcho and Arlette stride through the facility. They pass a group of green-tagged VISITORS and their Swiss-accented GUIDE.

GUIDE  
Two hundred feet below us is the world's largest particle accelerator...

His VOICE continues on overlap as they reach a hallway.

GUIDE (OC) (CONT'D)  
27 kilometers in circumference, the beam pipe actually runs beneath the borders of Switzerland and France...

PENTCHO

Did you get that data off to Braverman at  
Cal Tech?

They are facing the CAPSULE/ELEVATOR that leads to the tunnel.

ARLETTE

Done.

Next to the elevator, two plants are dying in their pots, their  
growing lamps off. Pentcho looks around, finds the plug, pushes it  
into the socket. The lights glow. He peers at a leaf: a tiny bug  
crawls across...

GUIDE (OC)

...at the moment of impact the electrons  
inside the pipe are travelling six hundred  
sixty six million miles per --

ARLETTE

We need to progress.

He breaks out of it, swipes his I.D. card. The capsule doors WHOOSH  
open. Pentcho nods at the man inside. This is JACQUE, his accent  
heavily Italian.

JACQUE

Hey, it is 3-P-O! P, P, P! Professore  
Paulo Pentcho!

PENTCHO

That's not an official nickname, Jacque.

Pentcho looks from Jacque to Arlette, who blushes. Pentcho sits down  
in the heavily consoled captain's chair.

JACQUE

Beh! Eets just tun-nel humor.

The giant lab disappears from sight as they DROP twenty stories below  
the earth.

PENTCHO

Did they recalibrate the 3k turn?

Jacque nods. They hit bottom. Pentcho keys in data on the console  
computer as the capsule moves LATERALLY on a track parallel to the  
beam pipe, stopping in front of the RF CAVITY, bursting with a  
billion dollars worth of nanotechnology.

PENTCHO (CONT'D)

Give me more angle-control on the bounce.

JACQUE

Benissimo, Professore.

ON PENTCHO: a little bored, manning the console.

PENTCHO

Fifteen seconds Arlette...

5 INT. PENTCHO'S BRAIN FIELD - DAY

5

The camera surges forward into Pentcho's eyes:

DOUBLE CLICK

We see an image draw itself on the empty 'page' of the field:

A BLACK DOT LOOPING INTO A STRING

accompanied by the following thought text:

"...two spatially separated particles will  
irresistibly attract..."

MOUSE CLICK - A WOMAN'S FACE

wide-set brown eyes brimming with emotion. A hint of a SONG playing  
somewhere in the BG.

MOUSE CLICK

to the previous 'page' where the LOOP has formed into a sheet moving  
through space, followed by the floating thought text:

"...until the force of the collision fuses  
them into..."

PENTCHO'S VOICE

Ten, nine, eight...

MOUSE CLICK - POV: LOOKING STRAIGHT DOWN AT

the BROWN-EYED WOMAN, her face dreamy, her body naked beneath silk  
sheets. PULL BACK: she's floating on an enormous Renaissance mural -  
a wedding scene - that is a bedroom floor. Off in the corner,  
PENTCHO sits hunched over a clunky laptop, his fingers dancing,  
dervish-like, across the keyboard.

PENTCHO'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Four, three, two...

WOMAN

Then goodbye...

CRACK! Suddenly, the woman drifts away. Pentcho looks up: THEIR  
EYES LOCK WITH LONGING AS:

6 INT. THE CAPSULE CONSOLE - SAME TIME

6

Pentcho's FINGER depresses the START button.

7 INT. PARTICLE ACCELERATOR - DAY

7

as we follow the PULSE SIGNAL from the keyboard to the CPU, across  
the LOCAL AREA NETWORK to the MAINFRAME in the RF cavity, sending its  
own signal into the BEAM PIPE, where two soon-to-be accelerated  
ELECTRONS are released, like horses bolting from the same starting  
gate, but in opposite directions. THE ROLLER-COASTER RIDE BEGINS.

POV - ONE LIGHT INFUSED ELECTRON

BLASTING through the beam pipe like a COMET, fused inside of a looping, twenty seven kilometer single lane race track. WHOOSH!

As the electron accelerates, so too does the sound, rushing to GUT SPLITTING, EAR WRENCHING DB'S. Heading around the turn, it barrels STRAIGHT INTO THE PATH OF THE SECOND ELECTRON on its own speed-of light power surge.

HERE COMES THE IMPACT POINT... but SCREEEEECH!

What disc brakes might sound like, slammed to the floor of a vehicle travelling six hundred sixty six million miles per hour.

SUDDENLY THE ELECTRON HAS STOPPED, SUSPENDED,

its phosphorescent glow trained like a spotlight on:

PENTCHO - EXTREME CLOSE UP

the dual computer screens reflecting out of his pupils, again. A VOICE speaks from nowhere, sonorous and packed with reverb:

FEMALE VOICE  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?

The camera SURGES into Pentcho's eyes as the brain field opens to the sounds of a nine alarm fire. DING DING DING DING DING! The thought text marches by in giant, attention-getting letters: "ELECTRONS DON'T TALK!"

FEMALE VOICE (CONT) (CONT'D)  
WHAT DO YOU WANT, PAUL?

More thought text scrolls by on the field, now in RED LETTERS:  
"I'm having a psychotic episode."

The field collapses back into PENTCHO, ashen-faced, watching his computer screen, and seeing: the cursor (electron) blinking.

JACQUE'S VOICE  
Impact!

Suddenly, we are back inside the pipe, HURLING toward

KABLOOM! THE SUB-ATOMIC EXPLOSION

A particle meteor shower of magnificent proportions. They glow and charge off and disappear, as the laws of E=mc2 take visual flight inside this billion dollar kaleidoscope.

8 INT. AIRPLANE IN 1ST CLASS (ON PENTCHO) - DAY 8

staring out the window, not really seeing the clouds as we SURGE into his eyes and CLICK

9 INT. THE BRAIN FIELD (POPPING OPEN) - DAY 9

stacking up windowlike flashbacks with startling ferocity.

The glowing electron - CLICK - Arlette: "multi-tasking again?" CLICK - the capsule doors closing - CLICK - "you're having a psychotic episode" - CLICK - the echo of the electron's voice: "WHAT DO YOU WANT, PAUL?"

10 INT. THE AIRPLANE (PENTCHO) - DAY 10

puts down a drink glass on the tray table of the seat next to him. Places headphones onto his ears. Fiddles with the music channels: country, stand-up, classical... Stays put on a Mozart concerto. He gazes back out at the clouds, fails to notice that

HIS DRINK GLASS IS MOVING

sliding slowly across the tray table. It stops near the edge and waits, as Pentcho looks up from the window. As his head drifts back toward the clouds outside

THE GLASS MOVES ACROSS THE TRAY TABLE IN THE OTHER DIRECTION

11 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY 11

Pentcho's plane touches down.

12 INT. A RED VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE - DRIVING 12

On the freeway, heading for Berkeley, in eternal rush hour. Stop, go, sixty miles per hour, then five, then thirty. Pentcho drives, distracted, stares at his own eyes reflected in the rear view mirror. The camera SURGES in: CLICK

13 INT. FLASHBACK - AIRPLANE - DAY 13

It's Pentcho himself, on the airplane, listening to Mozart. In the foreground, the tray table and glass. In the BG, his eyes fixed aimlessly on the clouds outside. Suddenly, Pentcho's face

SPLITS INTO TWO DIMENSIONS

One stays focused forward, while the SECOND ONE turns to the side and watches in amazement as

THE GLASS SLIDES ACROSS THE OPEN TRAY TABLE

Suddenly a horn BLARES, and CRASH!

14 INT/EXT. THE BEETLE (PENTCHO) - DAY 14

SLAMS into the car in front of him, triggering

SLOW MOTION EFFECT

A three car COLLISION with Pentcho in the middle, an object lesson in physics seen from ten different camera angles:

SCREECH CRUNCH CRUNCH

Bumpers crumple, metal tears, human molecules SNAP forward. POP POP POP! Like gunfire, bullet AIRBAGS clamp the drivers' heads back

against their headrests.

15 INT. PENTCHO'S BRAIN - DAY 15

The field ROCKS SIDeways, in total OVERLOAD, so flooded with messages that each one is undecipherable.

16 EXT. THE FREEWAY ACCIDENT SITE - DAY 16

The three cars form a tangled metal sculpture. Incredibly, as Pentcho himself sees, they are all RED VW BEETLES. He sits in a daze. A man's voice interrupts, scaling up into a SHOUT.

VOICE

What the hell were you thinking? What? I want to know! WHAT?!!

This is WILL (30's), a scratch over one eye, peering in at Pentcho, still behind the air bag/steering wheel, craning his stiffening neck forward and back at the crumpled row of red automobiles. He blinks, then answers in an eerie voice.

PENTCHO

Probability of this happening, same make, model, color and year is less likely than the proof for the existence of God.

WILL

(seething)

Sorry I asked. (beat) You got insurance?

17 EXT. THE FREEWAY SITE (LIGHT RAIN IS FALLING) - DAY 17

A tow truck backs up to Pentcho's car. He stands, dazed, off on the shoulder, luggage next to him. His eyes drift toward Will, giving instructions into his cell phone.

WILL

Up the ramp. Yeah... I'll -- (he turns)  
There you are! See me? See? They won't let you in? Just walk... Here I am.

He waves at a red Dodge Durango on the street below.

PENTCHO stares idly at the Durango as we

18 INT. PENTCHO'S BRAIN - (MUSIC ON OVERLAP) 18

The picture is blurry but the song clear.

SINGER'S VOICE

I know this world is kil...ling you...

CLICK - THE PICTURE SHARPENS

on a man and a woman, MAKING LOVE on a big brocade couch. Their bodies rock in unison, faces unseen.

SINGER'S VOICE (CONT'D)

My aim is true-oooooh.

The field collapses closed upon:

19 EXT. THE FREEWAY ACCIDENT SITE - DAY

19

A woman from the Durango is approaching, as Will, back on the phone, argues with his boss.

WILL

I'll be there, Trent. Yes. 20 minutes --

Click. Will reddens, sees the sunglassesed face of the woman, looking past him and over to PENTCHO, signing the tow truck papers. The battered front end of his Beetle CRANKS upward.

WILL (CONT'D)

Son-of-a-bitch. As if it was my fault I got rear-ended by...

The woman stares, curiously, at Pentcho.

WILL (CONT'D)

...some schmuck dreaming about God. Mia?

She doesn't hear him. Takes off her sunglasses, slowly. Wide-set brown eyes.

WOMAN

Paul...?

Finished now with the tow truck driver. His head turns. She moves closer. Will's voice protests from the BG.

WILL'S VOICE

Mia...

ON PENTCHO - SEEING HER, REALLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME

20 INT. PENTCHO'S BRAIN - (PRESENT DAY MIA)

20

overlapped by another photograph that slowly comes into focus - top third, middle third, bottom - like a downloading Internet image from his personal files.

IT'S MIA, YOUNGER, THE SAME WIDE-SET DARK EYES

Pentcho's heartbeat pounds LOUDER, drowning out the whisper:

MIA

Then goodbye...

21 EXT. THE FREEWAY ACCIDENT SITE (BACK TO REALITY) - DAY 21

They lock into a stare, the molecules around them swirling with emotion. Barely audible:

PENTCHO

Less likely than the existence of God.

Mia brushes back a strand of hair. Bites her lip.

PENTCHO (CONT'D)  
I've been dreaming about you.

MIA  
Day or night?

Pentcho loses himself in her brown eyes.

PENTCHO  
Both.

Atoms are vibrating, interchanging by the billions. Another voice gets in the way.

WILL'S VOICE  
Mi.

PENTCHO  
Is that your...

MIA  
No. (beat) Not yet.

She shifts her weight from one slim leg to the other.

PENTCHO  
Could we go somewhere?

MIA  
I'm heading out of town.

PENTCHO  
(deep breath)  
Okay.

Mia does a tiny double-take. It's very sexy.

MIA  
What?

PENTCHO  
I could go out of town.

Mia laughs. This is so preposterous.

MIA  
Could you?

PENTCHO  
(nodding)  
Where to?

MIA  
A place you've never been.

PENTCHO  
That's the physicist's playground.



Will SLAMS the Durango door shut and stalks into the store.

23 EXT. HEADING TO XANADU (A SERIES OF INTERCUTS) - DAY 23

as the Durango motors into the alpine landscape. Mia turns, looks at her former lover. He stares back, smiles.

MIA  
Why am I doing this?

PENTCHO  
It's an experiment.

Mia turns onto a private road. A MANSION appears in the distance, cresting the hill.

23a EXT/INT. XANADU - NIGHT 23a

A massive wooden door. Mia holds a flashlight, slips an oversized key into the lock and turns.

POV: THROUGH THE DOORWAY

An enormous hall. Scaffolding rises from the stone floor. Forty foot high walls are draped in thick sheets of plastic.

They enter like thieves.

23b INT. XANADU - A SHORT TIME LATER 23b

Mia stands on top of an eight foot riser. Pentcho passes up harnesses and rope to her outstretched hands.

MIA  
We flopped the first time out.

PENTCHO  
At the sub-atomic level, particles obey their own logic. They connect in unimaginable ways.

Mia slings the gear over her shoulder. Looks very much in her element.

MIA  
And you think this is relevant to our relationship?

Pentcho starts his own climb up the scaffolding. Reaches the first plank.

PENTCHO  
Could be.

MIA  
(wryly)  
What universe are you in, Paul?

PENTCHO

A quantum one.

23c

INT. A HIGHER SCAFFOLDING - A SHORT TIME LATER

23c

Pentcho clips a safety line to his belt. The two of them wear yellow hardhats and climbing harnesses. They suddenly KICK OFF the scaffold and DANGLE twenty five feet above the stone floor. Hand over fist, they start to ascend, hoisting themselves up the tug ropes.

PENTCHO

The shorthand is, when you send electrons through space, it's impossible to say precisely what they are: particles or waves.

They spin around slowly like tops as they hoist themselves up.

PENTCHO (CONT'D)

They come into being as one or the other at the moment we observe them.

His words echo off the giant walls.

PENTCHO (CONT'D)

Nothing is real until it's perceived.

MIA

The Buddhists have been saying that for a millennium.

PENTCHO

How?

Mia reaches an electric box, hanging a yard below the ceiling.

MIA

Baby, reality is what you choose to make it.

She flips the switch. A set of lights FLARE ON. Pentcho swallows a breath. In awe.

PENTCHO

God.

WE SEE WHAT HE SEES:

A GIANT RENAISSANCE-STYLE FRESCO COVERS THE ENTIRE CEILING.

Flocks of ANGELS fly above a GODDESS. Cherubs. Heralds.

Pentcho's face flushes. He's exhilarated. She takes note:

MIA

But only if you live your life that way. If you experience every moment as discovery.

Pentcho's already there. He kicks his legs out. Joyrides on the tug rope, arcing back and forth like a mad pendulum.

PENTCHO

Mia! You're restoring heaven with dabs of paint. You're bringing new order to the universe.

She beams from his excitement.

MIA  
I always said we were in the same business...

His wayward motion swings him STRAIGHT INTO HER. They lock arms. The ropes shudder.

PENTCHO  
If you're right, we have a chance. (beat) To be together.

Pentcho reaches out to kiss her. Doesn't see that their collision has jogged the clutch on his harness rope. Now it opens all the way.

WHOOSH!

In an instant, he's gripping air, FALLING at the speed of Newton's discovery.

He hurtles downward in slow motion. There's a SOUND rushing in behind him, the RUMBLE OF A MEGA-EARTHQUAKE.

Pentcho catches a glimpse up over his shoulder: the angels, the goddess, Mia, all of it has been

SUCKED OUT OF EXISTENCE...

as Pentcho's eyes stare for a millisecond at

THE VOID. NOTHINGNESS. NADA.

And then he's FALLING again, accelerating toward his own last particle collision, when a VOICE murmurs from somewhere.

VOICE (OC)  
I'm not done.

THWACK! The safety line holds, dangling Pentcho a meter above the stone floor.

23d INT. XANADU - SOME TIME LATER

23d

They camp on old couch cushions, side by side, staring up at the illuminated fresco. Pentcho is bruised, battered, vulnerable.

PENTCHO  
When I was a kid I used to snap my head back like a gunfighter on the draw, hoping to catch a glimpse behind me.

Mia props her head up on one elbow.

MIA  
Of what?

ON THE FRESCO: A CHORUS OF ANGELS

PENTCHO

God. I dunno. The eternal nothingness.  
Mia.

It's a plea. She turns, stares directly into his eyes.

PENTCHO (CONT'D)

The universe is snapping my head back. I'm  
losing my focus.

Mia's face fills with light. Her best smile.

MIA

Welcome, Paul. Welcome.

She traces a line from his forehead to the bridge of his nose,  
quoting Yeats (from "The Second Coming") as a celebration:

MIA (CONT'D)

"Things fall apart; the center will not  
hold. Mere anarchy is loosed upon the  
world."

He pulls her close to him. They lie, spooned together, breathing in  
unison, gazing up at the painted heaven.

A firefly enters from outside, flutters in the air above them,  
blushing a trace line of yellow light.

PENTCHO

An electron spoke to me yesterday. (beat) I  
swear.

Mia tries to suppress a giggle. Can't.

MIA

What did it want?

PENTCHO

That's what it asked me. "What do you  
want?" I didn't answer. I was in the  
middle of an experiment.

MIA

Like now?

He hesitates, then surrenders to the fact.

PENTCHO

Yes.

The firefly dances above them. Pentcho sits up (and away from her).  
Mock serious:

PENTCHO (CONT'D)

Did you know electrons have lovers?

Mia notes his distance. Faces him, cross-legged.

MIA

No. I didn't. (dryly) I'm listening.

PENTCHO

Inside every semi-conductor... you have two particles, with opposite charges, separated by an impassable barrier...

She looks, sees him disappear into his head.

PENTCHO (CONT'D)

A strip of silicon, which for you and me would be like...

The vulnerability is gone. And Mia, with it.

MIA

She's in L.A., he's in the Bay area --

PENTCHO

(plowing ahead)

A five hundred foot thick steel wall. But the connection between these two electrons is so --

MIA

Dysfunctional --

PENTCHO

That they tunnel, magically, through any obstacle, defying the practical laws of physics, in order to end up together --

MIA

And glow happily ever after.

Silence. The story hangs between them like a fog.

MIA (CONT'D)

Don't science me Paul. (beat) What do you want?

ON PENTCHO'S FACE: It's blank.

MIA looks up at the angels, closes her eyes, TURNS AWAY.

(OMIT SCENES 24, 25, 26, 27, 28)

29 EXT. CITY STREET - EARLY MORNING

29

The Durango pulls up, stops. Pentcho gets deposited on the curb. Barely closes the door before the car SPEEDS away. He looks up. Sees the sign on the bus stop bench:

"LOVE NEVER FAILS" Corinthians 13:8

30 EXT. THE BAY AREA - DAY

30

Storm clouds gather over the ocean.

31 EXT. THE BERKELEY HILLS - POURING RAIN 31

A taxi stops in front of a two story cottage, looking abandoned in the wet weather. Pentcho walks out, passing his dented VW BEETLE in the driveway. Ascends a flight of brick steps to the:

32 INT. PENTCHO'S COTTAGE - ENTERING 32

An alternately stark and cluttered space, less lived in than occupied by a man on the run between his office and his mind.

Rivulets of water run from an open window, across a large desk, and down onto the wood floor. Pentcho scans around, unfazed. Locates a towel. Mops up. Dries off the computer and keyboard. Bag still on his shoulder, he fires up the machine and logs

ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN

E-mail. Lots of it. Hundreds and hundreds of messages scrolling by on the screen. He turns away, sees his own rain soaked clothes forming a puddle on the floor. LIGHTNING cascades across the sky, visible through the large bay window behind the desk. Pentcho's eyes stray back to the screen

STILL SCROLLING E-MAIL MESSAGES

as the thunder follows almost immediately. CRACK! He looks up: Veins of light pulse outward, branching into a spidery network

OF GLOWING INTERCONNECTEDNESS

A voice SOUNDS from somewhere non-local:

VOICE (OC)  
Paul? Pauly?

Pentcho leans toward the glass, looking out as we reverse POV:

A SINGLE LIGHTNING BOLT descends from the heavens on its own speed-of-light path straight at...

WHOMP! It strikes the BEETLE dead on -- (SLOW MOTION) -- scorching the roof. Reverse POV:

ON PENTCHO - pupils dilated as we surge inward to

33 INT. PENTCHO'S BRAIN - (OPENING ON) NIGHT 33

AN OLDER MAN

wild, white Einstein hair. He CLUTCHES suddenly at his chest, like a heart attack victim. His lips call out, but no voice follows. He fades, ominously, to black at the sound of

34 EXT. THE SKY - (ROARING THUNDER) DAY 34

Pentcho blinks once, his face illuminated by a dozen flashes of lightning. He touches his fingers to the glass:

A SECOND LIGHTNING BOLT DESCENDS

on the exact same path toward... KABOOM! THE RED BEETLE.

A plume of smoke rises out of the punctured roof.

35 (OMIT) 35

36 (OMIT) 36

37 INT. THE AIRPLANE - NIGHT 37

Pentcho sits in his window seat, staring at the open tray table next to him. There's a glass. It doesn't move.

37a EXT. STOCK SHOT - LANDING IN LAX 37a

The plane touches down. We see the landmark spider-restaurant.

38 EXT. CAR RENTAL FACILITY - NIGHT 38

Pentcho crosses the lot with the rent-a-car EMPLOYEE.

EMPLOYEE

Rented every last ve-hicle. 'Cept one.

PENTCHO

I'll take it.

It's a red 2000 BEETLE.

39 EXT. THE 110 FREEWAY - NIGHT 39

The sign says: "Hollywood - North. Long Beach, San Pedro - South."

40 EXT. SAN PEDRO/HOUSE - NIGHT 40

The rain has stopped. The red bug parks in front of a

GRAND HOUSE GONE TO SEED.

Ditto the neighborhood. A 7-Eleven sign blinks on the corner. Pentcho walks up the cracked sidewalk to a sagging wooden porch. Looks for signs of life. A light. Something.

He pushes on the front door. Locked. Rummages through his key ring in the dark. Slides one into the top lock. Won't turn. Tries another key. Gets stuck. He pulls it out. Presses his face close against the window.

TIRES SCREECH. POLICE SIRENS BLARE.

Pentcho turns, his EYES lit by the flashing bubble lights.

41 INT. THE BRAIN FIELD - POPPING OPEN ON 41

THE EINSTEIN MAN

Crumpled on the floor, hands still clutching his chest. The screen COLLAPSES at the sound of

42 EXT. HOUSE (VOICES SHOUTING FROM THE CORNER) - NIGHT 42

Foreign voices, jabbering at high speed. Policemen BARK BACK on loudspeakers. Walkie-talkies.

Pentcho RAPS ON THE GLASS. He's frantic. Harder now. A THUNK sounds from inside. Or was it? He picks one last key out in the glare of the blue lights. Jams it in the lock. Twists and

43 INT. THE HOUSE - PENTCHO 43

bursts into the darkened foyer. His foot catches on a thick doormat. He SPRAWLS forward as

A GUNSHOT ERUPTS ABOVE HIS HEAD

He drops, convulsed with fear. Snaps his head back to see:

THE EINSTEIN MAN (ALEXANDER)

in bathrobe and slippers, hands shaking around a shotgun.

ALEXANDER  
Paul... Pauly...

Pentcho struggles to breathe. Staccato:

PENTCHO  
I... I thought you were dead.

Alexander drops the gun. In shock, a whisper:

ALEXANDER  
I must be.

44 INT. BAR AREA (A TEA KETTLE WHISTLES) - NIGHT 44

Alexander, recomposed, marches to the burners. There's anger in his every movement. Restlessness. This is no feeble old man. He pours tea like he was filling shot glasses. Doubles.

ALEXANDER  
Look at me.

Pentcho stirs in a lump of sugar first. Raises his eyes.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
(contemptuous)  
"Alexander the Great."

He lifts a kitchen chair, spins it around, straddles the back.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)  
22 I built the first machine to transfer digital bits over a land line. I wrote the TCP/IP protocol before thirty. This mind (tapping his temples), the one and only, was OBGYN at the birth of the Internet. And where has it taken me?



He shoots upright. Peers out the row of double sash windows, covered by impenetrable iron grates.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

To isolation. To an armed camp. To a biblical spoof of a crazed father firing a gun at his only son.

PENTCHO

You taking any medication?

Alexander's eyes FLARE in anger.

ALEXANDER

Don't waste it Pauly. This is not an everyday talk. Just input the information and ask relevant questions. One: how did a celebrated life of the mind bring me (pulling the gun out) to this particular switching station?

PENTCHO

Dad...

He shoves the shotgun into an open trash can.

ALEXANDER

Two: what if I didn't miss?

PENTCHO

You did.

ALEXANDER

Spare me your classical answer. Measurements in. Results taken. What if I didn't miss?

PENTCHO

You did miss --

ALEXANDER

-- What if your seven and a half precious liters were downloading over the parquet floor? What then? (softer) What did your life mean? (beat) Who did you nurture, Pauly? Who did you love?

Pentcho shifts, uncomfortably, in his seat. Ditto Alexander's mood. He does a startling one-eighty into nonchalance.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

What was her name?

PENTCHO

Excuse me???

ALEXANDER

What was her name? The one I met.

Alexander reaches out a finger, touches the dab of paint on Pentcho's forehead.

PENTCHO

Mia...?

ALEXANDER

Yes....

He rubs the paint between his fingers.

ALEXANDER (CONT'D)

The restorer...

Now he wanders off, disappears into the dark.

ON PENTCHO: wired, incredulous, heart thump thump thumping.

He calls out after his father.

PENTCHO

I need some air. (beat) Don't shoot me.

ALEXANDER'S VOICE (OC)

Good night.

INT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Pentcho paces in front of the open window, stops. He turns to walk out, is surprised by

ALEXANDER

Standing in the dark.

ALEXANDER

We've been kidding ourselves, Pauly. Until you look for it, it doesn't even exist.

45 EXT. SAN PEDRO WHARF - NIGHT

45

Pentcho slogs down the wharf. Running from it. Looking for it. Past homeless people slipping in and out of the shadows. He snaps his head back over his shoulder, sees an OLD WOMAN playing the accordian. She stops. Her eyes bore in on his own.

OLD WOMAN

You would have a son with me...

Pentcho blinks. The woman is suddenly FIFTY YEARS YOUNGER:

YOUNG OLD WOMAN

...and his name would be Hope.

46 INT. PENTCHO'S BRAIN - (A MATHEMATICAL FORMULA)

46

Numbers fly up on the field, are inscribed, erased, considered and measured. Pentcho's own VOICE is heard on overlap:

PENTCHO'S VOICE

"If you could look back fast enough, at near to the speed of light, then there would be no reality behind you, because it hadn't yet been created --

47 EXT. THE WHARF - (A FOGHORN) NIGHT

47

BELLOWS in the dark. Pentcho twists his head forward, spots:

A PINK NEON HEART

blinking above a tatto parlor. His eyes lock on, see the heart

GLOWING BIGGER AND BIGGER,

its electric pulse mimicing the beating of a real organ.

CLOSER STILL - ON PENTCHO

Running from it. Looking for it. He stops dead in his tracks, tries one last time to play gunfighter with the quantum reality:

HE SNAPS HIS HEAD BACK OVER HIS SHOULDER

and we see him, making the same move, from four different camera angles: from his LEFT, his RIGHT, from the TOP OF HIS HEAD, and looking up FROM GROUND ZERO as

HE FINALLY WINS THE DRAW.

The RUMBLE OF A MEGA-EARTHQUAKE is unleashed. Here it comes, rolling in with a giant WHOOSHING SOUND...

POV PENTCHO: WATCHING REALITY SUCKED OUT OF EXISTENCE

The ships, the dock, the harbor OBLITERATED by an onrushing, transparent cloud of NOTHINGNESS, EMPTINESS, a tabula rasa superimposed upon the disappeared wharf.

ON PENTCHO, FALLING TO HIS KNEES

hammered by his own victory, numb from shock and ecstasy, staring into the void as we surge forward

48 INT. THE BRAIN FIELD

48

It's completely blank, just like the void. The VITALS are flatlined. A single piece of thought text floats across the emptiness, almost like a screen saver:

Say Uncle.... Say Uncle...

49 EXT. THE WHARF - (A VOICE) - NIGHT

49

VOICE

Uncle, hey...

A face, peering down at Pentcho. The face belongs to the MAGIC MAN, in a mad hatter hat, and a potpourri of found item clothing. Like a Baptist preacher on his sidewalk pulpit:

MAGIC MAN

Can you feel it, uncle? Can you feel it  
right down to your bones?!

ON PENTCHO: EXTREME CLOSE UP

Inside each pupil is the reflection of the NEON HEART. We pull back  
on Pentcho's face. Calm. Serene.

PENTCHO

Yes. (beat) Yes I can.

50 EXT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

50

Pentcho turns the key, effortlessly opens the front door.

INT. UPSTAIRS HOUSE - AN ORNATE TILE SHOWER - NIGHT

He stands beneath the stream of hot water, cleansing himself of a day  
that began a very long time ago.

INT. THE GUEST BEDROOM - NIGHT

Pentcho dresses, taking in the smell and texture of fresh clothes  
against his body. He sits down on the bed. Sees a clock. 5:00 a.m.  
TUGS UP one of the double sash windows that faces the 7-Eleven.  
VOICES rise from the parking lot.

Pentcho stretches out on the musty bedspread, eyes on the carved  
plaster ceiling. Suddenly, floating up through the open window:

WOMAN'S VOICE

What do you want?!

Pentcho cranes his head.

WOMAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Tell me! Now! Now!

The old sash falls shut. BOOM. It's like a dam bursting inside him,  
only the flood is LAUGHTER that starts deep in his belly, as a  
giggle, then a chuckle that cascades upward and out into enormous  
GUFFAWS. The sound rocks the house. Pentcho's smile is a mile wide.  
His eyes sparkle, then tear up as the

FRONT DOORBELL RINGS

He jumps off the bed, and bounds down the stairs.

53 INT. THE FRONT HALL - NIGHT

53

Alexander's already there, ushering MIA inside to:

54 INT. THE LIVING ROOM - AT THE MOMENT THAT

54

Pentcho arrives. He stops, incredulous, at the sight of her.

ALEXANDER

Guess who's coming to dinner.

Mia jumps right in. To Pentcho:

MIA  
I didn't want to leave things the way we  
did. Not this time.

PENTCHO  
Wait. I want to tell you something.

He takes her arm, steering her away from Alexander, into the living  
room. She stops cold at the sight of the MURAL.

MIA  
I've been dreaming about this.

PENTCHO  
(excited)  
Then you get it. You'll understand.

MIA  
What?

His face has the look of the little boy who has just stumbled upon  
the pirate's treasure.

PENTCHO  
I know what I want. I let go, and a second  
later you materialized at the door. You  
see?

CLOSE ON PENTCHO

feeling the feelings.

PENTCHO (CONT'D)  
Mia. I can create reality. (beat) I can  
choose to love you with all my heart.

Tears pool along the rims of her eyes. She stares straight at him,  
hiding nothing.

MIA  
You know those people who won't be  
photographed because they're afraid you're  
stealing their souls...?  
(long beat)  
I came to take back my picture. The one I  
keep leaving with you.

His heart deflates. His voice follows. Barely audible:

PENTCHO  
Why?

MIA  
So I can move on. You too.

A horn blares from outside.

MIA (CONT'D)

Be who you are, Paul. I love who you are.  
I do.

She turns and runs out the front door.

55 EXT. ALEXANDER'S HOUSE - SECONDS LATER - NIGHT 55

Mia runs down to the curb where where boyfriend WILL holds open the passenger door of the red Durango.

MIA'S VOICE  
I'll drive.

She circles the car, disappears behind the wheel. Will gets in his side.

ON THE FRONT PORCH

Pentcho, agitated, pushes open the door. Alexander's already outside, watching Mia motor off. He turns, stares at his son.

ALEXANDER  
Do you want to think about it some more?

PENTCHO SPRINTS DOWN TO THE CURB. Jumps into the Beetle. The headlights FLASH ON in the pre-dawn night.

56 INT. THE DURANGO (DRIVING) - NIGHT 56

Mia grips the wheel with two hands. Will feigns nonchalance.

WILL  
You okay?

She nods. Barely. They merge onto the highway.

57 INT. THE BEETLE (DRIVING) - NIGHT 57

Pentcho grips the wheel. Eyes focused. We surge into

58 INT. PENTCHO'S BRAIN FIELD - OPENING ON 58

PEARLS, PLAYING OUT, LOOPING INTO A STRING

whose shape recalls the original brain field. Thought text scrolls below, accompanied now by Pentcho's own inner voice.

VOICE AND TEXT  
Each part of physical reality is constructed  
of all the other parts...

EXTREME CLOSE-UP, ON A SINGLE PEARL

inside of which, the entire strand is reflected.

VOICE AND TEXT (CONT'D)  
A web of connections created by the  
interdependence of all things...

The field collapses back into:

eyes on the rear view mirror, as a horn BLARES from the entrance to the Long Beach bridge.

She re-checks the mirror, filled with bobbing headlight beams. One beam LOCKS ON, straight into the center of the glass, blinding her for a split second. She blinks. Gasps to herself as the beam seems to

LIFT OUT OF HER MIRROR

and train its phosphorescent glow on:

MIA - EXTREME CLOSE UP

the point of light reflecting out of her pupils. PENTCHO'S VOICE speaks from nowhere, sonorous and packed with reverb:

PENTCHO'S VOICE

What do you want?

Mia blinks again. The beam is gone. She looks over at WILL, oblivious, checking his watch.

BACK ON MIA

the understanding flooding her eyes as

SHE SNAPS HER HEAD BACK (JUST LIKE PENTCHO THE GUNFIGHTER)

And we see her making her move from FOUR DIFFERENT CAMERA ANGLES, from her left, right, up above, and from the back seat of the car as the RUMBLE OF A MEGA-EARTHQUAKE WHOOSHES BY...

POV MIA: THE BRIDGE, THE CARS, THE BAY

all sucked out of existence until nothing remains but

THE VOID. NOTHINGNESS. NADA. CRASH!

INT. THE DURANGO (SLAMMING INTO THE CAR AHEAD) - NIGHT 60

triggering a chain reaction of vehicles fish-tailing across the bridge. In quick succession come a STREAM OF IMAGES:

The pearls colliding...

Mia and Will exchanging a LOOK...

Traffic HALTING on the bridge...

Will getting SCORCHED by the MAN they plowed into...

Mia, exiting her side, looking BACK BEHIND HER...

PENTCHO, ditching his Beetle, ten car lengths south...

HE RUNS FORWARD, straight down the path of a tunnel-like headlight

beam.

MIA PICKS UP SPEED, churning from the other direction.

PULL BACK: FROM THE BRIDGE

as the two of them move toward the same point. Suddenly, tiny sparks of light GLOW and JUMP from portions of the bridge cable.

SLOW MOTION: PENTCHO AND MIA

gliding still closer. A VOICE sounds:

VOICE

Impact!

Their bodies CONNECT, arms intertwine, lips touch lips...

PULL BACK - HIGHER

It's like a plug in the socket of the physical landscape

LIGHTING THE ENTIRE ELECTROMAGNETIC SPECTRUM

Every cell line, radio wave, satellite feed, fiber-optic cable, all stretching in every possible direction

FROM BRIDGE TO SEA TO SKY

pulsing outward into a spidery network of

GLOWING INTERCONNECTEDNESS.

THE END