

THIS SCRIPT IS THE PROPERTY OF
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER FILM CO.

NO ONE IS AUTHORIZED TO DISPOSE OF SAME
Please do not lose or destroy this script.
Return to Script Dept.

BRAINSTORM

(Tentative Title)

by

Robert Stitzel

Producer:

John Foreman

Director:

Douglas Trumbull

FINAL REVISED DRAFT

September 21, 1981

"BRAINSTORM"

(Tentative Title)

by

Robert Stitzel

FINAL REVISED DRAFT

September 21, 1981

"BRAINSTORM"

STUDIO LOGO

SLOW FADE IN:

1. On slowly swirling vortex of phosphorescent particles of light -- almost like stars -- shimmering and spiraling clockwise, creating a disconcerting rotational vertigo. 1.

LILLIAN (V.O.)
(sweetly)
What do you see, sweetie?

We SUPER TITLES over effect.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
(under stress - deep
breathing)
Clockwise rotation but no edges or
stereopsis.

LILLIAN (V.O.)
HMMMMMMMMM...

- Suddenly the image metamorphoses into a black and white rotating spiral design. 2.

LILLIAN (V.O.)
That help?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Yeah! Yeah!

LILLIAN (V.O.)
Now, Gordy, flip to color and give
us a grid.

A NEW VOICE enters...

GORDY (V.O.)
What? ...

LILLIAN (V.O.)
(strained patience)
Color, Gordy.

GORDY (V.O.)
I'm with you.

3. Image flashes to a complex chart, something like a TV test pattern but more colorful, with moving cross-hairs, grids and color patterns, but the whole thing still shimmers and 3.

swims, still slowly rotating so that it seems the theater is being turned upside down.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Damn! Got the color, but it's still not locking up!

LILLIAN (V.O.)

Patience. Patience. I'll try a little more of a pulse shift... Gordy, kill the grid and look around the room.

Image suddenly winks out.

Then...

4 GORDY'S POV - LABORATORY 4

Audience becomes Gordy's POV. He steps back from a viewing device, and we SEE a weaving, floating rotating view of a very modern, high technology laboratory.

Standing over a bizarre prototype tape recorder with huge burnished aluminum reels filled with four-inch wide glistening cobalt blue tape, making adjustments, is LILLIAN REYNOLDS. She brushes back long neglected hair, takes a deep drag from a nearby cigarette, and looks quizzically directly into the camera.

LILLIAN

Any better?

MICHAEL (o.s.)

Cut it.

GORDY'S POV PANS from Lillian to MICHAEL BRACE who is sitting in a chair which is a cross somewhere between a dentist chair and an electric chair. His head is surrounded by what looks like a ten-ton electronic hair dryer. The whole thing looks like it's either going to take off or explode -- or both.

Michael is younger than Lillian. He has a sensitive, intelligent face, but aggressive, demanding. The image of Michael in the chair is still floating in a queasy rotational vertigo effect.

LILLIAN (o.s.)

What is it, dear?

Michael is obviously in some discomfort.

MICHAEL

I said cut it.

GORDY'S POV PANS unsteadily back to Lillian. She looks irked. Lillian flips several switches. The image suddenly fragments back into a whirling mass of phosphorescent particles which recede and vanish to black.

5. INT. - E.T.T. LAB - ANGLE ON HAL ABRAMSON - NIGHT

5.

A middle-aged man bites off what's left of a thumb nail and gives a nervous stretch. This is HAL ABRAMSON, corporate man -- the type of guy who will never, ever kick the winning field goal.

We're in an unusual laboratory filled with impressive equipment of all kinds. Imposing computer systems, complete with row upon row of blue cabinets loaded with computer memories, spinning disc drives, consoles, printouts, etc. dominate the room. There is a strong feeling that all the equipment is specially made, one-of-a-kind, and only a single-minded mad scientist could understand how it works.

Yet there are slight touches to say humanity resides here. A few potted plants, posters and old lithographs of a human brain compartmentalized in little Victorian rooms labeled: LOVE. HATE. DESIRE, etc.

6. ANGLE ON GORDY

6.

GORDON "GORDY" FORBES, a muscular young man in his mid-twenties, removes a strange-looking helmet bristling with wires. The helmet, connected to Lillian's recorder, is heavy -- Hal assists him in removing the cumbersome object.

Gordy is a recent graduate of California Poly Technics and something of a smart-ass. However, he does realize how lucky he is working on this team. Once free of the helmet he rolls his head around and stretches.

7. ANGLE

7.

Lillian goes over to where Michael sits.

LILLIAN

Tired?

MICHAEL

I'm all right.

GORDY

Well, my head's going numb with this damn liquid nitrogen.

HAL

Maybe we all need a little break, Lillian.

LILLIAN

Hal, you take a break.

(she turns back to Michael)

Michael, we're almost there.

You know that.

MICHAEL

I don't know...

LILLIAN

What's going to work, dear?

BEAT.

MICHAEL

A phase compensator to keep the
image locked.

LILLIAN

How much?

MICHAEL

15%.

LILLIAN

And up the synch signal...

MICHAEL

To maybe 65K. And throwing the
pulse...

LILLIAN

180.

MICHAEL

(now smiling)

Right! That oughta do it!

LILLIAN

(quietly)

Let's go, hot shot.

She turns from Michael and heads back to her recorder.

LILLIAN (cont)

(calling out)

Roll tape!

Gordy GROANS. Hal is very busy trying to write down what Lillian and
Michael just said, but must stop to help Gordy put the cumbersome helmet
back on.

**

Lillian makes quick adjustments on the recorder and starts the tape rolling.

Gordy looks into the grid viewer.

LILLIAN

* We've got speed. *

3. GORDY'S POV

8.

An image begins to form like a crude Polaroid, but it is moving, focusing. Suddenly it snaps into crystal clarity -- brighter, clearer, larger than anything we've seen. Registration and stability of the grid is perfect, the colors intense and dimensional.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Hal, get the slate in there!

Gordy pulls away from the viewer. We now see an image of the laboratory, brighter, sharper than ever before. Everything seems to possess a slightly magical quality to it through the intense image.

GORDY'S POV OF HAL

He's nervous. Excited. His big job. Hal moves directly TOWARD CAMERA carrying something like a movie slate...

However, in his eagerness, he catches the cable connecting the slate to the recorder around a heavy lab table.

LILLIAN (V.O.)

Oh, Jesus, Hal...

GORDY'S POV (cont')

...it swings from Hal to Lillian, taking another deep drag, back to Hal.

HAL

I got it!...I got it!

GORDY (V.O.)

Next time I'll let you wear this thing.

Hal frees the cable, moves toward Gordy with the slate.

LILLIAN (V.O.)

Get ready, Michael.

9. NEW ANGLE - ON MICHAEL

9.

...settling back into the chair, looking up at the huge super-cooled high voltage electronic apparatus over his head.

MICHAEL

(mock panic)

I don't wanna die! I'm tellin'
ya, I'm innocent!

10. Lillian allows herself a brief smile, then punches a button.

10.

11. A light blinks on reading MONITOR ON. She looks to Michael...

11

12. His face suddenly goes slack as though he were instantly in a deep sleep.

12.

13. Lillian gently crosses his leg then walks over to where Gordy is sitting -- also with his leg crossed.

13.

She gets out a small rubber mallet and checks Gordy's knee-jerk response...

She lightly taps his knee...

14. From across the room a bizarre incident occurs. Michael's leg responds at the same moment Gordy's does -- but Michael's knee-jerk response is much more intense. More violent. His leg jerks up knocking over a small table. Contents CLATTER to the floor...

14.

LILLIAN

Okay. Slate it.

15. ANGLE - GORDY'S POV

15.

Hal moves closer to Gordy with the slate. His face looks slightly distorted.

HAL

Test. October 11th. Ten forty p.m.
Mark.

Hal pushes a button on the slate, red light atop it flashes and a buzzer SOUNDS.

16. ANGLE - ON MICHAEL

16.

He gives an almost imperceptible jerk of his head.

17. ANGLE - MICHAEL & GORDY'S POV

17.

They've become one! Picture is brighter, sharper, even clearer than before. SHOT becomes wide, slightly un-

24.

Учредитель:

* 24.

25.

25.

WOMAN

GORDY (V.O.)

26.

LILLIAN

27.

28.

His eyes wince behind closed eyelids and his whole body jerks in surprise.

She's monitoring all of Michael's neurological functions and notes a meter labelled COCHLEA STIMULATION as it rises to ninety decibels. She looks pleased with the results...

She shakes out a small pill from a bottle. Pops it in her mouth.

30. INT. -- ANIMAL LAB - GORDY'S POV

30.

Place is filled with YAPPING, BARKING, GRUNTING DOGS and CHIMPANZEES -- many with permanent probes embedded in their skulls.

Gordy's presence excites one particular CHIMP who has electrodes coming out of her head in a fashion similar to Gordy's helmet...

Chimp motions to her electrodes then points at Gordy, DIRECTLY INTO CAMERA.

Gordy walks closer. Inside the cage we see a series of buttons with odd symbols which she begins feverishly pushing, while glancing at Gordy.

A digital readout on the front of the cage lights up saying, 'MAN LOOK LIKE ME!'

A SCIENTIST comes up next to Gordy and Hal.

SCIENTIST
I think Lena likes you.

GORDY
Yeah...

He takes off the helmet, fatigued by its bulky weight, assisted by Hal.

31. NEW ANGLE

31.

SCIENTIST
She's in heat.

The chimp gives a shy smile to Gordy.

GORDY
(an idea passes through
his head)
Is her output on standard interface?

(CONTINUED.)

CONTINUED:

31.

SCIENTIST
(nodding)
Regular plug.

Gordy looks mischievous. Turns to Hal.

GORDY
Perfect mate for Dr. Brace, don't
you think, Hal?

HAL
Gee, I don't know if that's such
a good idea...

Chimp makes another face and reaches out for Gordy.

Gordy slaps the plug in

32. LENA'S POV

32.

. . . . looking out through the bars of the cage at
Gordy, Hal and the scientist. The image is distorted,
starts to wobble and desynchronize.

33. INT. -- LAB - CLOSE ON MICHAEL

33. *

He has a sudden, shocked reaction, a brief moment of raw
animal fear. His whole body tenses. A heavy intake of breath. Beads
of sweat form on his brow.

34. ANGLE - ON LILLIAN

34.

She reacts as the readouts go haywire. All kinds of
WARNING SIGNALS go off. . . .

LILLIAN
What is going on!

She quickly shuts down the recorder. Goes over to
Michael. Concerned.

35. ANGLE - ON GORDY AND HAL

35.

They enter the lab. Gordy is still getting the kinks out
of his neck. Hal pulls the helmet along on a cart.

LILLIAN
(to Gordy)
What were you doing?

HAL
(to Gordy)
See. . . .

(CONTINUED.)

GORDY

(smiling)

Nothing. Just a little experiment
in animal behavior.

Lillian turns back to Michael. . . .

LILLIAN

(to Gordy)

That was totally irresponsible!

36 ANGLE - ON MICHAEL

36.

He's frozen. Staring ahead. Sweat pours off his face. Eyes wide with
fear. Lillian gently lifts off the helmet, but the stunned look remains.

LILLIAN

Hal, get my bag. Thorazine.

Gordy is beginning to feel bad.

HAL

I hope Lena's alright.

LILLIAN

(to Hal)

Lena! This is a human being!

(to Michael)

Michael?

Michael still looks terrified and doesn't move. The group grows
more concerned.

LILLIAN

(cont'd)

Michael!

Michael is just damn mad at Gordy and gives him one good jerk that's
enough to let him know that he'd really like to break his neck. Gordy
is finally able to wiggle out...

Michael laughs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It dawns on Gordy a joke is being played on him.

GORDY
(smiling)
You bastard.

MICHAEL
I'm a bastard! . . .

Lillian comes over.

LILLIAN
Michael, what happened?

MICHAEL
After three years of intensive training,
Lena's psyche is still not quite compatible
with mine. Nearly scared her to death. *

LILLIAN
(getting worried)
But what about the other tests?

Beat. A slow grin spreads across Michael's face.

MICHAEL
All there.

LILLIAN
(excited)
Yes? Touch, taste, sound? . . .

MICHAEL
100%. In fact it seemed even
better than that.

GORDY
Yeah. What did you taste?

MICHAEL
T-bone steak, medium rare, peanut butter,
Hot fudge sauce. Had a slight orange flavor. Disgusting. *

HAL
Nuts?

MICHAEL
Yeah, nuts. Walnuts, Hal.

GORDY
That's it.

(CONTINUED.)

MICHAEL

I feel terrific! The chroma... almost into infrared and ultraviolet. Incredible dynamic range, the evoked potentials are coming through with such clarity. It's almost too amplified, too real.

LILLIAN

Just like I said.

MICHAEL

It works, Lil! The damn thing works!

Hal suddenly lets out with a WHOOP! It's a half hearted whoop. Not quite up for the occasion.

GORDY

No, Hal. Like this

Gordy fills his lungs and lets out with a real WHOOP!

37. INT. -- LAB CORRIDOR

37.

Michael sprints down the corridor.

37A. ANGLE - ON REFRIGERATOR

37A.

Sign is clearly posted on the refrigerator: "Danger. Toxic substance." Michael opens the door, pulls out a bottle of champagne, and races back to the lab

38. ANGLE - ON DOOR

38.

Another SCIENTIST sticks his head out of his lab to ascertain the commotion. He gets just a fleeting glimpse of Michael's flying lab coat

39. INT. -- LAB

39.

Bottle POPS

Michael pours the champagne into used paper coffee cups.

Hal is about to say something, Michael cuts him off. . . .

MICHAEL

Hold it. Hold it. I want to propose this toast to one person, Lillian Reynolds, E.E., M.D., Ph.D.

(cont'd.)

MICHAEL
(cont'd)

The most brilliant theoretical
scientist in the country today.
You're beautiful.

LILLIAN
And you're full of it

Lillian toasts him. They drink.

GORDY
How did it feel to be me? *

MICHAEL
Like I was about to be fired if I ever did that
again, ape man. *

Gordy does his ape impersonation. Hal laughs, then
catches himself, realizing that Michael and Lillian are dead
serious about their disgust at Gordy. He tries to lighten things up.

HAL
Can I say something?

LILLIAN
No, Hal.

Hal is hurt.

MICHAEL
What is it?

HAL
I just wanted to say...by
this time next year the company
will have two more Nobel Prize
winners amongst its ranks.

MICHAEL
Hey, I like that ... Lil, we're
gonna make the big time ... we'll
get published, admired, we'll get
grants, be in the papers

LILLIAN
I hate that kind of crap!

She finishes her cup of champagne, crushes the cup and
turns to her work

Michael, seeing her, follows suit.

GORDY
Jeeeeeeeeez. What is this?

He pours more champagne.

(CONTINUED.)

HAL

We should all go see Alex
tomorrow.

Lillian is jotting down data.

LILLIAN

What's on your mind, Hal?

HAL

He should be made aware of the
breakthrough.

A beat. Lillian considers it. . . .

LILLIAN

I don't think so.

HAL

I don't know if you really
have a say.

LILLIAN

Furthermore, I don't want you
to say a word about what happened
tonight to anyone.

(she turns to Michael & Gordy)
This goes for the rest of you.

HAL

That's unreasonable.

LILLIAN

Hal, you're a nice guy. A
great help. And good night.

HAL

I have a job to do, Lillian.
Report progress.

LILLIAN

I know that, dearie.

MICHAEL

Lillian, Alex should see this . . .

*

LILLIAN

Michael, I'm not ready yet,

*

MICHAEL

Lillian. Come on. You come over here
and try it yourself. Play the tape.

*

c.

HAL

Yeah, I'd like to try it too.

CONTINUED:

39.

LILLIAN

Boys!

(beat)

No!

40. INT. -- LAB - LATER

40.

Michael is having a difficult time concentrating. He's irked at Lillian. Hal and Gordy have gone home. The strange chair, the helmet stand mute. They look eerie. Out of this world.

Lillian is fiddling with the computer, lost in her work.

Michael glares at Lillian, then gets up.

MICHAEL

I'm going home.

Lillian doesn't respond.

He gets up, goes to another corner of the room and takes off his lab coat, putting on a bright yellow windbreaker with the word "Campagnolo" written on the back.

Off to the side we see a mused up cot and a few personal belongings of Lillian's. This is her "home."

Michael quickly changes into a pair of cycling shoes, starts for the door. . . .

MICHAEL

'Night.

He waits for a moment for Lillian to say something. She continues working, never looks up.

Michael exits.

41. INT. -- E.T.T. FOYER

41.

Michael shows his I.D. cards at the security desk. A uniformed MILITARY MAN and a pimply faced KID in an M.I.T. T-shirt are also exiting.

42. * OMIT

42.*

43. EXT. -- E.T.T. BUILDING - LATE AT NIGHT

43.

Michael straps on a yellow day-glo "skid lid" bicycle helmet. His blood is beginning to pump through his veins in anticipation of his ride home

In b.g. we see the imposing, futuristic design of the E.T.T. building. Walls, windows all slant. There are few right angles at E.T.T.

44. EXT. -- RESEARCH TRIANGLE PARK - MOVING SHOT ON BIKE - NIGHT

44.

After a slightly shaky start, Michael begins to get into the ride, pumping harder. . . harder.

Silently, he glides past other imposing looking buildings, his speed ever increasing. Michael settles into a hard cadence

Passing cars. Darting along quiet residential streets. . .

45. EXT. -- BRACE HOUSE - LATE AT NIGHT

45.

Michael wheels past a "For Sale" sign and pedals toward the garage of a modernistic, wooden solar home. Wood and glass dominate the structure. Several cars are parked in the driveway.

Electric garage doors swing up -- Michael is swallowed by the darkness.

46. INT. -- BRACE HOUSE - NIGHT

46.

Mike enters to find his wife, KAREN, playing the piano and drinking with some friends, both men and women. It will become clear that there is a sterile coldness between Mike and Karen. They live in separate ends of the house, and are planning to separate as soon as it sells.

KAREN

Hi, Mike. You worked late, Did you have a good day?

MIKE

Yes ... I did. Hello Barry.

She doesn't stop playing, Barry gestures a toast. Nobody else gets introduced.

Suddenly their son CHRIS appears, equipped with all kinds of still photo gear, camera, and flash. He is twelve, precocious, obviously brilliant. He begins to line up for a shot of his dad.

MIKE

Hey, , isn't it past your bedtime?

(CONTINUED.)

CONTINUED:

46.

Chris doesn't look up from his viewfinder.

CHRIS

No school tomorrow...

Mike gestures out with his hand, not wanting his picture taken. He's irritated with the whole situation.

MIKE

C'mon, come on...don't...

FLASH. Chris bags the shot and runs off without a word, leaving Mike standing there as the others look up from their drinks. A very handsome man gestures a toast to Mike.

Mike ignores the man's gesture, glares at him, then to Karen, fakes a smile.

MIKE

Yeah, well, goodnight...

OMIT SCENES 47 THROUGH 53.

54. INT. -- ANOTHER PART OF THE HOUSE/DEN

54.

Michael has fashioned a make-shift bedroom out of the den. In it he has a computer terminal, few half-finished projects, phone, drafting table . . .

He plops down on bed with a can of beer, opens an "Omni" magazine, but can't get into it. For a brief moment he thinks about going back downstairs -- then decides against it.

MICHAEL

Hell.

Angrily, he flicks out the light.

55. OMIT

55. *

56. INT. -- DR. TERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

56.

Office is not particularly spacious, nor all that elegant. Several awards hang on the walls -- along with pictures of horses. Lots of horses. Alex Terson is obviously a horse fancier.

He sits behind a desk neatly stacked with reports, files and memorandums. He's medium height, dark hair, eyes. A handsome, well-groomed man. Has been a figure of authority all his life -- and loves it.

(CONTINUED.)

CONTINUED:

He is in the midst of an animated meeting with Karen Brace, and they are both poring over photographs and drawings of equipment we saw in the lab.

ALEX

I've never seen Hal so excited.
If I'm right about this it's going to
be bigger than television. We're going
to need a major design effort. Crash
program. Teamwork.

KAREN

It could be brought down to size,
like stereo headphones....

ALEX

I know you can do that Karen, but you'll
have to work very closely with Mika.
Do you have any problem with that?

KAREN

Oh, no. Not for me. I'm allright.

Alex's secretary peeks in the door.

SECRETARY

They'll be here in just a moment.

Alex and Karen smile to each other in pleasant complicity as
Alex gathers up the photographs.

56A OMIT

56A

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

Sit. Please sit.

Alex takes his seat, draws a deep breath.

ALEX

This is the first potentially marketable product from your project. Karen, here, has expressed her enthusiasm for helping to package it, and Michael, I am sure you understand why I want our best designer working with you. I know it will be fine. Congratulations.

LILLIAN

For what?

Pause. Alex is slightly taken aback. He half expected trouble with Michael.

ALEX

Hal said you had your breakthrough.

LILLIAN

Hal's crazy.

Alex is growing more perplexed. Looks to Michael.

ALEX

Well. Is it a breakthrough or not?

PAUSE. Michael finally speaks up. He's proud.

MICHAEL

Yes.

LILLIAN

(muttering to Michael)

Jesus.

(back to Alex)

It was just another test, Alex, dear. A little better, but still crude. There's a long way to go before you can ... "package" it.

ALEX

What's the big problem?

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

The superconductor sensors have to be chilled to a hundred and seventy degrees below zero to work. The liquid nitrogen gives me a headache. The whole thing is too big and heavy ...

ALEX

It must be frustrating not to have a room temperature superconductor, size of an integrated circuit?

LILLIAN

Alex, dear. Your own hot-shots Evans and Wetmore have failed on that one year after year.

PAUSE. Alex knows he's got them. He takes out a small box from his drawer. Gives it to Lillian.

ALEX

Teamwork equals success.

Lillian and Michael stare at the box for a moment. It's as though an opposing team just made a goal. Lillian picks it up, opens it. Alex is enjoying every moment of this little drama.

ALEX

Children, all you need to do is ask, and you will receive.

Lillian quickly looks in the box

ANGLE

We see a tiny, round micro-chip.

LILLIAN

Alex, when did they do this?

ALEX

Lillian, you need it now, you got it now. Keep it quiet. Data processing division is going to go through the roof with high speed computer applications of that thing.

LILLIAN

Applications. Packaging. Alex, I think, you're moving too fast. You haven't even seen it yet. There's a lot more to it than just...

(CONTINUED)

ALEX

(interrupting)

I want a demonstration. I want you folks to get together and knock my socks off.

Alex stands, smiling broadly to the group. He turns to Karen.

ALEX

Karen, go get ' em.

Lillian, looking disgruntled and a bit troubled, turns to Hal.

LILLIAN

Come on Hal, let's "go get ' em".

Michael is now looking at the chip in the box, so is somewhat behind the group as they exit Alex's office. Alex puts his arm around Michael's shoulders.

ALEX

Mike, will it be a problem for you, working with Karen?

MICHAEL

Oh, no. No problem. Not for me.

OMIT

INT. - E.T.T. LAB - HALLWAY LEADING TO GOVERNMENT
SYSTEMS DIVISION - NIGHT

59.

*

Michael and Lillian walk together. He is pushing a large cart filled with recording equipment, helmet. It's covered with a protective shroud...

There's tension between them.

ANGLE - SECURITY AREA

60.

They arrive at a very high security area in the E.T.T. Building. It's sort of a buffer zone between the E.T.T. corridors and a special wing of the lab where government and military projects are in work. Heavy glass double doors are guarded by a uniformed SECURITY MAN at a desk equipped with a computer terminal. Michael and Lillian present special cards which are checked on the computer, they sign in, and the guard sticks a red label on the clipboard attached to the equipment cart.

He gestures that they may go through.

61. EXT./INT. - ELEVATOR - NIGHT

61.

Michael presses the button. Lillian goes inside; he follows with the cart. They start down.

LILLIAN
Sold the house yet?

MICHAEL
Not yet.

LILLIAN
Isn't it crazy still living there?

MICHAEL
It's still my house, why shouldn't I?

LILLIAN
Rooms at the center are cheap.

Lillian and Michael have been doing the old 'look at the floor numbers change' routine. Michael suddenly turns to Lillian, touches her arm. She jumps, catches herself.

MICHAEL

Lillian. What's the matter?
What do you care where I live?

Lillian pulls away from Michael's touch.

LILLIAN

I don't care where you live, Dearie,
I just don't want you losing focus
on what we're doing.

MICHAEL

Hey, it's me...Michael...what are
you talking about?

LILLIAN

Oh God, I don't know.

MICHAEL

Lillian you gotta relax

LILLIAN

Let's go "knock Alex's socks off."

Elevator doors begin to open.

62. POV - ECHELARATING LOW-LEVEL DOG-FIGHT BETWEEN AN F-111 AND A
RUSSIAN MIG

62.

We spin, dive and roll in hot pursuit. Sense of action is totally
visceral, enhanced by the ear-splitting WHINE of Mach-2 engines...

MIG swings into view, and with a BLAST of gunfire, we open up
on it, catching its tail and causing it to explode in flames.

63. INT. - FLIGHT SIMULATOR LAB - NIGHT

63 *

Gordy is in the cockpit having a ball. He's wearing the array
helmet, smaller, less cumbersome in size.

GORDY

Take that, you Commie rat!

64. ANGLE - ON MICHAEL AND LILLIAN

64

They are at a large simulator console, watching Gordy on closed
circuit TV, and operating the recorder. Lillian stomps out a
cigarette, lights another. In the b.g. we see the simulator cab
going through a wild series of gyrations.

65. QUIT

65

66. GORDY'S POV

He's suddenly flying off the edge of the terrain model, across the
surface of a desk between books and desk lamp, directly toward an
attractive female technician, who must get up, backing away from the
snorkel lens in alarm.

67. ANGLE - ON THE FEMALE TECHNICIAN

67.

As the snorkel lens slides toward her like a snake.

68. OMIT

68.

68A. ANGLE - ON LILLIAN AND MICHAEL

68A.

They are disgusted by Gordy's behavior.

MICHAEL
Okay. Cut it.

69. EXT. - AMUSEMENT PARK - DAY 69.
An E.T.T. MOBILE VAN is parked in the parking lot.
70. INT. - MOBILE VAN 70.
* Michael, Lillian and Hal are watching television monitors. *
71. What they're revealing isn't very scientific -- two very attractive bikini clad GIRLS -- in close-up. 71.
- * 72. LILLIAN 72.
Lillian, totally without patience, throws down a pencil and pushes back from the console.
73. EXT. - WILD WET RIDE 73.
We're at the top of a thirty-five foot platform. Gordy is decked out in wet suit, flippers, life-vest and a special water-proof array helmet.
He has been goofing-off with two young girls who are LAUGHING at this strange apparition.
- GORDY
(into intercom)
Roll tape,
(to girls)
Gotta go.
- With flippers he clomps his way to entrance of tube running with water, and hops in.
74. EXT. - WILD WET RIDE - LONG SHOT 74.
We HEAR Gordy's prolonged SCREAM as he rides the convoluted flume ride to the pool below.
75. EXT. - POOL 75.
Gordy flies out of the opening of the tube, with array helmet and hits the water with an incredible splash.
He inflates his vest and pops to the surface, raises his arms over his head in victory.
76. EXT. - COUNTRYSIDE - DAY 76.
A bucolic setting. We HEAR the BAYING of a dozen eager hounds.

77. ANGLE

77.

In the midst of beautifully dressed MEN and WOMEN, astride magnificent horses, about set to ride after the hounds, is Gordy.

He looks ridiculous. Hanging onto his horse. Wearing the bizarre looking array helmet.

BUGLE is SOUNDED. The pack of hounds is off.

Gordy hangs on for dear life.

78. INT. - E.T.T. MOBILE VAN

78. *

Lillian, Michael, and Hal are working the equipment. Lillian looks angry.

LILLIAN
I can't take Gordy anymore.

MICHAEL
Hal. Tell Alex to get rid of this
guy and assign us another lab tech...
anybody.

79. EXT. - COUNTRYSIDE - LATE AFTERNOON

Gordy disappears into the setting sun.

79A. INT. - E.T.T. LAB - INDUSTRIAL DESIGN DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

79A *

Michael, Lillian and Karen are working late. Michael has his bike and is hoping to leave soon. Although it is late, Karen is immaculately well groomed while Lillian appears a tad sloppy. Lillian is impatient.

On the table is the cumbersome array helmet. Around it are other helmets, all kinds, including military, football, motorcycle and flight designs, plus a multitude of helmet sketches, clay mock-ups and mannequin heads. They've been working hard...

KAREN
...No ..., no...

MICHAEL
(frustrated)
What do you mean 'no,' 'no',
you keep saying 'no' ...

(CONTINUED)

KAREN

(tolerant)

It's a basic design principle,
Mike... The helmet can't look
intimidating. We've got to pare
it down to the bare essentials.
Just enough to house the sensors...

Karen is at the console of an electronic display which shows
a graphic representation of a human head.

MICHAEL

What do I care what it looks like?

Michael grabs the light pen from Karen, and rapidly begins
touching the screen like a pro.

MICHAEL (con't)

Just put a chip here, here
here. That's all there is to it.
Just do it.

LILLIAN

And put all the rest of the
junk remote.

Michael has indicated seven locations for sensors on the head.

KAREN

Alright. How's this?

Karen instantly creates an electronic, graphic envelope within
which all the sensors fit. It looks like a simple kind of cap,
ringing the head. Lillian seems satisfied and just walks away.
Her job is done .

LILLIAN

'Night, all.

Michael picks up one of the helmets Karen has spread around.
Pilot type. Karen is looking at the display screen in a
sort of reverie for a moment. Michael watches her with
fascination, suddenly she looks over to Michael's bike,
grabs his skid-lid helmet, looks at it, back to the screen,
back to Michael who now has the pilot helmet on -- looking
weird. Karen has a hot idea cooking.

KAREN

Trade ya.

*90. INT. - LAB - DAY

80.*

Karen's face is expressionless as she sits wearing a newly designed skid-lid version of the helmet. Alex, Lillian and Michael watch her expectantly as her hand grips the arm of the chair.

*81. KAREN'S POV

81.*

We're in the tube -- the wet wild ride, careening down the walls, the splash of water. Everything: the sensations all seem more intense, more alive.

* 82. NEW ANGLE - LILLIAN, MICHAEL, HAL AND ALEX

82.*

* The room is almost dead silent. They watch Karen. In b.g. tapes are now racked up in rows of long bins like a small library. The reels QUIETLY TURN on the recorder.

Michael anxiously looks at Lillian. She drags heavily on a cigarette. Hardly any smoke escaping her mouth.

(CONTINUED)

Reels continue turning, creating an eerie WHIRRING sound.

83. TERSON'S POV

83*

We're in the fox hunt. We HEAR the thunderous SOUND of hooves galloping across the countryside, accompanied by the SHOUTS of other riders and the SOUND of the BUGLE.

84. INT - LAB - DAY

84. *

Karen is all smiles. She intently watches the reaction of Alex wearing the helmet.

* 84A. BACK TO ALEX'S POV

84A. *

We leap a tall, stone wall. We're suddenly airborne, looking into the sun, before crashing down to the ground, galloping once again -- the same THUNDEROUS sound.

Suddenly STATIC.

* 84B. INT. - LAB

84B. *

Alex has just pressed the shut-off button. He stares ahead for a moment, then an infectious grin spreads across his face -- he can't control it.

ALEX

All right. ALL RIGHT!
Remarkable. Utterly remarkable.
A true, bonafide, honest-to-god,
one-of-a-kind, goddamn scientific
BREAKTHROUGH!

Alex takes a deep breath. Collects himself. He doesn't want to get too carried away.

ALEX

I want to show this to all the
division heads...
Karen, can you clean this up a little?

He is gesturing to the helmet, which he is holding, wondering at it.

KAREN

Certainly. It's already in the
works. How many do you need?

ALEX

Ten. And a demo tape that shows
all the possibilities. Education.
Travel. News. My god, my imagination
is running wild.

CONTINUED.

* 84B CONTINUED:

84B*

Alex turns to Michael and Lillian. Michael looks proud, but Lillian seems wary.

ALEX

Can we do that? And play it up in the board room?

MICHAEL

Sure. We can transmit right through the phone lines.

ALEX

(surprised, delighted)
That's great. Excellent.

Alex engages the trio with his eyes -- his children.

ALEX

Congratulations. I'm proud of you. All of you.

He starts for the door.

ALEX

(continuing)
You've just blown communication, as we know it, clear out of the water.

Alex exits. Lillian drags on her cigarette.

HAL

I think he likes it.

Lillian glares at him, then to Michael, who is looking to Karen. They exchange a pleased "we did good" look, which Lillian doesn't like.

85. OMIT

85.

85. EXT. - HUMANITIES CENTER - DAY

86.

This is clearly some sort of combined recreation and living quarters for scientists working at the lab. A few play ping-pong, some read, sunbathe, others eat and converse.

87. INT. - HUMANITIES CENTER - DAY

87.

Michael has found a cozy corner. Shoes are off. Books on neurology spread before him. Thick grove of trees is visible outside the window. He HEARS someone approach, turns to see Karen.

She plunks down a newly designed skid-lid type version of the helmet. Obviously a brilliant adaptation.

Michael looks up from his reading, immediately impressed. He picks it up, examines it.

KAREN

You've got a very angry twelve year old on your hands.

MICHAEL

What did I do?

KAREN

You promised him something.

MICHAEL

(remembering)

The snorkel!

*

KAREN

And not just any snorkel.

*

MICHAEL

Oh, God, yes... What was it?

KAREN

(slowly forming the words)
Ah-kwha...

*

MICHAEL

Don't play these games.

*

KAREN

Ah-kwha...

*

MICHAEL

(suddenly)
Aqua Man!

*

KAREN

Right. And what else?

*

(CONTINUED)

111 CONTINUED:

REVISED 9/21/81 111

MICHAEL

* I love it. And look at this spread. *

We are "in" -- and we are going
"upstairs" to Alex's inner sanctum --
that's a first.

KAREN

* Things are changing. It's nice to *

see you enjoying yourself so much.

A burst of raucous LAUGHTER catches their attention. They see an executive, grinning, a bit drunk.

111. CONTINUED:

111.

EXECUTIVE

...it's gonna be bigger than TV!
We could do anything. Hell, you
could be...

(turns to wife)

...what's his name, Marie? The
guy Ellie's crazy about?

MARIE

Clint Eastwood.

EXECUTIVE

Yeah. Be Clint Eastwood for an hour!

MARIE

(for her husband)

Or be with him for an hour.

A burst of loud LAUGHTER. The drunk executive holds up his
glass.

YOUNGER WIFE

Or under him for an hour.

They all LAUGH again, while the executive goes beet-red.

Michael turns back his attention to Karen. He has a delighted
smile which abruptly fades as he sees Karen walking off with
Barry.

OMIT SCS. 112, 113.

114. INT. - ALEX'S LIVING ROOM, UPSTAIRS

114.

We are in a posh living room, filled with cigarette and
cigar smoke. On the deck, overlooking the party, stands
Zimbach -- along with three branches of the military.
COLONEL HOWE, AIR FORCE; CAPTAIN BARTY, NAVY; and COLONEL
EASTERBROOK, ARMY. A fourth MAN sits with them, LONDON MARKS.
He's wearing civilian clothes.

On a table rests a newly designed portable recording machine
and military-type helmet, which the men have been using. Alex
is holding forth.

ALEX

...and this is the result of
extraordinary teamwork. A
team of brilliant creative minds...
thoroughbreds. The lab is a cocoon-
sealed from reality. That's how
they do their best. My job is to
provide that environment. A place
that can accommodate their eccentricities,
allow them room to work hard. Room
to win.

*

(CONTINUED)

113. CONTINUED:

114.

COL. EASTERBROOK
Hell of a thoroughbred on that
tape, Terson. I like your style.

He gestures toward the machine, which they all must have just played. Implication is that something "dirty" was on it. They all laugh.

Hal arrives, leading Michael, Karen and Lillian.

Lillian, suddenly being confronted with military uniforms, is taken aback. Michael isn't as concerned. Military men are in an up mood, happy. Karen moves to Alex.

Michael quickly looks over to Karen and MOUTHS: "What is this?" Karen is as surprised as everyone else. She shakes her head and looks directly at Alex.

Alex avoids her gaze.

Colonel Howe gets up, smiling.

COLONEL HOWE
Lillian, good to see you again.

Howe shakes her hand, then Michael's. Alex doesn't introduce Karen.

(CONTINUED)

114. CONTINUED:

114.

LILLIAN

Didn't see you downstairs,
Colonel.

COLONEL HOWE

We all just got in and can stay
only a few minutes...

(introduces the rest)

Captain Barty...Colonel Easterbrook...
and Landon Marks.

The man in the civilian clothes comes over to shake Lillian's
hand. He shows a lot of gum when he smiles.

DR. MARKS

It's a real, real pleasure, Dr.
Reynolds.

LILLIAN

(slight recognition)

Do I know you?

DR. MARKS

(proud she remembers)

Yes. Cal Tech. '56.

Lillian remembers the man -- isn't very impressed.

LILLIAN

Oh...

COLONEL HOWE

Dr. Marks is from the D.I.R.
Group.

MICHAEL

I don't know what that is.

COLONEL HOWE

Defense Instrument Research
Group.

ALEX

(to Lillian and Michael)

I wanted you to meet these people.

LILLIAN

What for?

Howe pulls up a seat for Lillian. Sits himself.

COLONEL HOWE

We're tremendously enthusiastic
about your recent breakthrough.

(CONTINUED)

MARKS

We've been working on an array
system ourselves, but with slow
progress.

LILLIAN

That's understandable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

114.

COLONEL HOWE

Of course we've been looking at
the application from a different
angle.

LILLIAN

What angle is that, Colonel?
Blowing people to kingdom come?

Beat.

ALEX

Lillian, I wish you'd listen to
Colonel Howe and save the remarks.

COLONEL HOWE

Not everything in the military is
blowing people up.

MARKS

We're interested in tapping into
higher brain functions. Thoughts,
emotions, that kind of thing.

LILLIAN

They let you graduate from Cal Tech
with hair-brained ideas like that?

Michael suddenly looks worried. Lillian may be screwing up
his big chance at success. He tries a smile.

MICHAEL

We're working on that now.

LILLIAN

Shut up, Michael. Don't you
know who these men are?

*

MICHAEL

Don't tell me to shut up.

*

LILLIAN

You don't get it, dear boy.

*

MICHAEL

Shut up!

*

Everyone stands in amazed silence for a moment, stunned that such
'brilliant scientists' would resort to such a dumb argument --
and in public. Alex, strangely, looks pleased -- vindicated that
his prize scientists are a little high strung. He will prove he's
in total control.

(CONTINUED)

REV. 9-21-81

114. CONTINUED:

114.

ALEX

Lillian, Michael, please.
Gentlemen. This is a party. Let's
enjoy it.

*

115. INT. - ALEX'S HAYLOFT - NIGHT

115.

Lillian has cornered Alex away from the rest of the party.
She has been reading the riot act to him.

LILLIAN

...Damn you, Al. I thought you'd
keep those S.O.B.s out this time.

*

ALEX

Nothing has changed, Lillian.
They put up the money, and they've
got us right where they want us.

*

LILLIAN

They don't have me, Alex. Not
yet. They took my light valve
project, classified the hell out
of it, so now blind people still
can't see. You've got to keep them out!

*

ALEX

Lillian, you're right...of course.
Keep working. Go to it. I'll do
my very best.

LILLIAN

I don't want this to get away.

*

*

116 OMIT

116

117. INT. -- E.T.T. - HAL'S OFFICE - DAY

117.

It's an antiseptic pre-fab/room divider unit. His gray desk, gray chair, gray table and gray walls are all very neat and boring. On the wall is a large executive chart showing names of scientists, projects in work, schedules, etc. ... all on neat little magnetic tags. Hal is moving them around as GORDY enters with a computer tape. . .

He puts it ceremoniously on Hal's desk, and stands back, grinning.

GORDY

Here she is!

Hal closes the office door.

HAL

I don't want that thing.

GORDY

Hal,

I can't believe you didn't know.

All those guys at the party played it.

(pause)

Don't get left behind, Hal. This is hot!

Hal picks up the tape, hefts it, looks at it. A label reads "Hot Stuff." Hal suddenly gets embarrassed.

GORDY

It sure beats dirty magazines.

REV. 9-21-81

118. INT. -- POOL/UNDERWATER - DAY

118.

CHRIS BRACE, Michael and Karen's twelve year old son, drifts underwater. His hair is long, swirls back and forth. He's straining, holding his breath. He has a mask and swim fins.

He playfully chases after the automatic pool cleaner which slowly wiggles along the floor of the pool, emitting a spinning spiral of bubbles which rise to the surface.

119. INT. -- BRACE HOUSE - DAY

119.

Michael notices a REAL ESTATE AGENT showing a YOUNG COUPLE, not unlike Michael and Karen a few years ago, through the house. Couple is very excited about their new home. Man and woman AD LIB about what they're going to do with the place. Woman would like to add bright furniture to contrast with the wood. Man would like to add more carpeting on the floors. Woman is against this. TALK leads into maybe making the large living room into two rooms. Real Estate Agent 'yesses' to everything.

120. INT. -- HOUSE/BY POOL

120.

Michael approaches the pool with the snorkel

*

Chris surfaces, takes a deep breath. . .

MICHAEL

Chris. I told you to get out
of the pool!

*

The boy doesn't hear. Slips under the surface.

KAREN

I'll get him.

121. Michael regards the couple. The agent notices Michael and leads the couple toward him.

121.

AGENT

Dr. Brace, I want you to meet Dr.
Harris and Dr. Bock...

DR. HARRIS

Call me Ted.

DR. BOCK

Janet.

They all shake.

(CONTINUED.)

CONTINUED:

121.

MICHAEL

You saw the house before, didn't you?

DR. HARRIS

Oh, yes. We're sold. Just wanted to know all the details.

DR. BOCK

We signed all the papers today.

Chris arrives, dripping wet, followed by Karen. He spots the snorkel *

CHRIS

Hey, Dad, that it?

Michael throws him the snorkel.

CHRIS

All right! This is the right one!

He runs back to the pool, begins putting on snorkel *

MICHAEL

(to buyers)

This is a very special house, you know. It's got all kinds of special things built in.

(to agent)

Why don't you show them the secret closet?

DR. BOCK

The house is wonderful! Ted loves all the things you've done. *

Michael smiles warmly to them as they move to the living room with the agent. As soon as they're gone, Michael's smile fades. Karen knows.

MICHAEL

Do you really like these people? *

KAREN

No. But they've got the money.

. (CONTINUED.)*

CONTINUED:

121.

MICHAEL

That helps.
(beat)
Look, I've got to get out of here.
It's getting me down.

KAREN

That's okay. I'll take care of the packing.

MICHAEL

There's so much to do... packing
all this stuff... moving vans...

KAREN

It's all right, really. You could go
live over at the center. Lillian's
there...

MICHAEL

Where will you go? What about his
school?

122

The buyers and agent come out of the living room onto the deck over the pool.
Call out to Michael and Karen.

DR. BOCK

(to Michael)

This is a wonderful old piano.
Do you play?

MICHAEL

No. My wife's got the talent.
(beat)
The acoustics are excellent.
We put special foam padding in the
walls.

The buyers are wandering off, not listening. Chris leans into the pool
* with the snorkel.

*

*

INT. POOL - UNDERWATER - DAY

123

Chris swims underwater like a pro. He looks up through the water at
Karen and Michael talking, they walk away from the pool toward
the outside of the house.

123A

EXT. BRACE HOUSE - DAY

Michael looks around the house, very depressed.

KAREN

well, we did a good job on
this house, Mike.
Chris will miss it.

MICHAEL

Me, too.

Michael gives Karen a good-bye peck, and leaves.

123A. INT. -- E.T.T. LAB - NIGHT

123A.

Hal is alone -- working late. He's near the recorder at a special tape editing table. He has short and long pieces of blue tape scattered all over, and fumbles awkwardly with a splice. He spools the newly edited tape onto a small reel, mounts it on the machine. . . .

Quickly, he checks the hallway to see if there is anyone around. There isn't.

Hal sits in the chair, lowers the helmet and starts it. A sly smile spreads across his face. . . .

123B HAL'S POV

123B

An extremely voluptuous, young, red-headed WOMAN is lying in bed next to us. She LAUGHS, amused by something she sees o.s. directly above us.

WOMAN

Whatever it is, lover, you gotta admit it looks awful funny.

GORDY (V.O.)

Forget the helmet, baby, let's do one for science.

The woman smiles -- begins to mount Gordy. . . .

123C BACK TO HAL

123C.

His face in in ecstasy. A SOFT GROAN emits from his throat.

123D. EXT. -- E.T.T. LAB BUILDING - DAY

123D*

It is the weekend, and the parking lot is empty. Michael and Chris bicycle together toward the entry.

124. INT. -- E.T.T. HALLWAY - DAY

124.

Michael leads Chris down the hallway. Labs look empty. It's obvious Michael would like to tell Chris something, about his moving, but can't. They enter the lab. . .

125 INT. -- LAB

125

Room is dark. Slightly ominous. He turns on the lights.

126. ANGLE

126.

The chair, helmet and computer equipment stand idly by. Chris walks to it, impressed by the looks of it.

CHRIS

What's it called?

MICHAEL

You want the long name or the short?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

126.

CHRIS

Short.

MICHAEL

Super-conducting phased field
neural discharge sensor array.

CHRIS

That's short?

MICHAEL

How about doo-hickey?

Chris smiles.

CHRIS

Very funny.
Show me how it works.

MICHAEL

Well, okay.

Michael starts switching on the machine. Things light up.
Chris grows excited.

(CONTINUED.)

CONTINUED:

126.

CHRIS

What's it going to do?

MICHAEL

It's going to do lots of things.
Wonderful things. People who can't
walk will be able to climb mountains.
Blind people will see what nature
looks like. You could go to faraway
places and never go outside.

CHRIS

I'd rather go outside.

MICHAEL

Well, people can't all the time.
(pause.)
Someday this machine might allow
doctors to complete their whole
medical schooling in one afternoon.

CHRIS

That sounds pretty good.

MICHAEL

Sure. You might even finish the
seventh grade in a few minutes.

Chris is sold on the machine. Jumps into the chair.

CHRIS

Oh yeah? Start it up!

MICHAEL

First, let's see what's on this tape.

He motions Chris out of the chair. Sits in it himself.

MICHAEL (cont'd.)

I might look sort of dazed for a
minute. Don't worry about it.

Chris nods.

Michael pulls the helmet over his head, hits several terminal
keys next to the seat. Machine is activated.

Chris is transfixed by the whole thing.

A "playback" light goes on. Michael's eyes look glazed.

127. MICHAEL'S POV

127.

Gordy's sex tape. Wet, open-mouth, swelling cleavage. . . .

128. Michael promptly hits the cut-off switch.

128.

MICHAEL

Another time. You wouldn't
like this tape. Dull stuff.

*

CHRIS

Dad, you promised me you'd
show me. We rode all the way
over here to...

MICHAEL

Shut up!

Michael is clearly shocked to have found this tape in his lab. His mind races
He looks toward Lillian's bed. The scene of the crime. He can't believe he just
yelled at Chris.

129. INT. -- E.T.T. PRODUCTION LINE - DAY

129.

Alex walks with two PLANT SUPERVISORS -- one is taking
notes, the other handling a tape recorder. He's giving
recommendations on operating procedures while WORKERS prepare
the assembly line for production of helmets.

Zimbach comes up to Alex.

ZIMBACH

I wanted you to know Marks
has been cleared to work with
Reynolds and Brace.

ALEX

What for?

ZIMBACH

They aren't keeping careful
documentation. We gotta have it.

ALEX

You know this will send Lillian
into orbit.

Zimbach shrugs.

130. OMIT

131. OMIT

132. OMIT

133. INT. -- E.T.T. LAB - LATE AFTERNOON

133.

Lillian and Michael have been working hard...
Karen suddenly appears, carrying a mold of a new helmet.
It's very sleek, small, not much more obtrusive than a pair
of sunglasses. She's very proud of her achievement.

KAREN

Hot off the mold.
(holds the helmet up)
Take a look.

Lillian and Michael's heads swing around. They all but ignore
the helmet.

MICHAEL

Looks great.
(ushering her over to the chair)
Come on over here.

KAREN

Oh. Looks great. Come over here?

Michael sits her in the chair, puts the helmet on her.

MICHAEL

Now, just empty your head of everything.
Relax.

KAREN

Empty head. Right.

LILLIAN

(reading dials)
Okay, honey. Close your eyes,
block everything out and relax.

KAREN

Honey?

Karen settles down. Lillian punches something on the
computer and the tape begins to turn. A light blinks
"Record." Karen is concentrating. Several moments pass.
Lillian shuts off the recorder. Karen makes a face and
crosses her eyes.
Michael pulls the helmet off her.

MICHAEL

Funny.
(helping her out of the chair)
Excuse me, please.

CONTINUED:

Michael quickly takes her place in the chair, lowering the helmet while Lillian rewinds the tape. He braces himself, looking half eager, half anxious.

133.

MICHAEL

Ready.

Lillian hits the buttons. The tape turns, and the light says "Playback." Michael's eyes glaze. Karen leans forward, becoming interested.

134. MICHAEL'S POV OF KAREN'S THOUGHTS

134.

Static and harsh colors are assaulting us, accompanied by a strident, disturbing SOUND, vaguely resembling a human SHRIEK. The static and colors intensify, fragment, overlap and swirl by us rapidly, like a brilliant electronic dust storm. Suddenly, a series of images form and overlap, rapidly flying at us, merging, assaulting us. . .

135. It's Karen's POV of Michael during a heated argument. They are in the kitchen of their home. Michael looks very angry, hurt. We can hear him saying, "Okay, all right, we'll split everything right down the middle. Whatever you want. Just get off my back!" etc.

135.

136. Quickly the image is engulfed again by the harsh electrical dust storm, and the PIERCING SOUND. There's more static, then blackness.

136.

137. INT. -- E.T.T. LAB - LATE AFTERNOON

137.

Michael suddenly leaps up, red-faced and breathing HARD, as though he has just emerged from a two-hour shouting match. He suddenly turns on Karen...

MICHAEL

(shouting)

...but I never wanted to sell the house, it was your idea...you wanted Chris, you wanted everything good for yourself. What about me. What about my work. You're strangling me.

*

Michael's voice trails off.

KAREN

What? WHAT! I didn't want this. I don't want to go out looking for some dumpy apartment. You're crazy. You arrogant son of a bitch.

*

(CONTINUED.)

MICHAEL

No! That's you. That's how
you see it! That's not me you're
looking at.

KAREN is fuming. Michael staggers dizzily.

LILLIAN

Can you describe what's happening
to you?

MICHAEL

I...I don't know. Anger.
I got crazy...

Michael glares at Karen with mortal fear. He staggers from the room. Karen
looks to Lillian completely off guard confused.

LILLIAN

What were you thinking?

KAREN

You mean what you taped?

LILLIAN

Yes.

KAREN

I was thinking about the new
design I brought in, but he makes
me so mad. He always ignores me.

LILLIAN

FEELINGS!

Lillian grins like the cheshire cat.

OMIT 138
OMIT 139

140. EXT. -- ROOFTOP DECK OUTSIDE ALEX'S OFFICE - MORNING * 140.

Lillian sits there, smug. Marks and Zimbach are trying to be smooth. Michael seems out of sorts, wary.

141 ANGLE - ON MARKS 141.

He smiles, trying not to show his discomfort in this situation.

ALEX (o.s.)
...Lillian. I don't see how the presence of Dr. Marks could be a detriment...

LILLIAN
No..N.O. No!

DR. MARKS
(to Lillian)
Dr. Reynolds, for your own sake... I'd like to help you complete your records. A woman of your stature can't just sloppily jot down...

LILLIAN
(to Alex)
Alex. You promised you wouldn't do this. He's a spy for the Feds...

142. ANGLE - ON ZIMBACH 142.

ZIMBACH
The FEDS, as you call it...are here to protect the American public from potentially dangerous research. The whole genetic engineering business, for instance...

LILLIAN
Alex! No.

143. ANGLE - ON MICHAEL 143.
He's feeling very uncomfortable. Fear is creeping in.

DR. MARKS

(getting hot)

I want you to understand, Dr. Reynolds, my function is not to be a spy. I do have a certain expertise. . . .

LILLIAN

(snapping at him)

Listen. You were a hack at Stanford, a hack at Bell. . .

ZIMBACH

He's on your team.

LILLIAN

Why?

ZIMBACH

He is on your team.

LILLIAN

No!

ALEX

Lillian, goddamn it!

LILLIAN

Don't goddamn me, Alex, sweetheart! You hear! Don't goddamn me! Project is mine! I don't want it ending up on some defense scrap-heap before we can get to what it's really about!

Lillian begins suffering pain. She gasps for breath, quickly leaves the room. Michael gets up and follows her.

144. INT. -- E.T.T. CORRIDOR

144.

Michael sees Lillian move down the corridor, unsteady, and enter a ladies' room. He goes after her.

144A. INT. -- INDUSTRIAL DESIGN DEPARTMENT - DAY

144A

Karen is working at her desk, looks up to see the commotion on the corridor above, sees Michael follow Lillian into Ladies' Room. She gets up to investigate.

145. INT. -- E.T.T. LADIES' ROOM

145

Lillian pops her second nitro pill. HEARS the door SWING OPEN. Turns her head to face Michael.

(CONTINUED.)

CONTINUED:

145

MICHAEL

What you did there is not
good, Lillian. You're jeopardizing
the whole thing. Now I'll cover
for you for a couple of days.
You gotta relax.

(CONTINUED:)

CONTINUED;

145.

LILLIAN
You don't know what this is about;
what's going on!

MICHAEL
There's no mystery to it.

Clearly, Michael is oblivious to Lillian's pain.

LILLIAN
Sweetheart, you're being stupid again.

MICHAEL
(exploding)
I want to get something straight
with you. I do get it. I know
exactly what's going on. This is my project
too, dammit, I've been right along with
you all those nights and days.
Sweating. Racking my brains to get the
damn thing working -- so back off.
I know.

Alex KNOCKS on the door. Angrily CALLS Lillian's name.

ALEX (o.s.)
Lillian!

LILLIAN
(hissing to Michael)
Keep him out.

Alex pokes his head in the door. Also oblivious to
Lillian's pain.

ALEX
Lillian, stop this. I've done
a hell of a job keeping these people
off your back. Dr. Marks is not...

Alex sees Lillian pop another pill, glaring at him.

ALEX
You all right?

Alex exchanges a worried glance with Michael.

LILLIAN
Fine, Al baby.

(CONTINUED.)

CONTINUED:

ALEX
You look awful.

LILLIAN
Such charm, Alex.

Karen enters, quickly surveys the situation. Alex looks concerned, but keeps talking. Michael glares at Lillian, still angry. The nitro begins to work.

ALEX
(to Lillian)
Maybe you ought to see a doctor.

LILLIAN
I am a doctor.
(pause)
Please get out, both of you.

KAREN
This is the Ladies' Room!

They leave reluctantly. Karen looks to Lillian.

KAREN
What's the matter?

Lillian gives a long sigh, calms. Very serious.

LILLIAN
Nobody has any feelings.

Karen tries to lighten it up. Smiles .

KAREN
Can I help you?

LILLIAN
No.

Lillian does not allow a shred of warmth to Karen. She turns, begins to splash her face with water. Karen is baffled by her.

145A EXT. -- HUMANITIES CENTER - NIGHT - RAIN

145A

The triangle-shaped windows glow warmly in the cold, wet night. There's something almost church-like about it.

OMIT 146
OMIT 147
OMIT 148

149. INT. -- HUMANITIES CENTER/MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 149
- A small, tight-fitting compartment. Michael has brought to his apartment a newly manufactured tape player unit. The helmet is slick, small and very efficient. The same one Karen designed. A telephone terminal fits into a black aluminum carrying case.
- 150 SAME SCENE - LATER 150.
- Michael sits on his bed, helmet on head. He doesn't move. Emotions caused by the tape he's just experienced race across his face. He rewinds the tape, while making an adjustment with it. . . .
- He plays it again.
151. MICHAEL'S POV OF KAREN'S THOUGHT TAPE 151.
- STATIC and harsh colors hit us, accompanied by a STRIDENT SOUND. We see a bit of the scene in the kitchen, but the SOUND and IMAGE are distorted.
- 152 Michael stops the tape, makes numerous, delicate adjustments in the program, and starts it again. 152.
153. MICHAEL'S POV OF KAREN'S THOUGHT TAPE 153.
- STATIC and vivid color again, but this time what we SEE is slightly different. The IMAGE and SOUND are even more distorted.
- 154 Michael stops the tape, studying it with frustration; he is baffled. Suddenly struck with an idea, he places a hand on each tape reel, bracing his body; then very gently nudges the tape about half an inch across the playback heads. 154.
155. MICHAEL'S POV OF KAREN'S THOUGHT TAPE 155.
- An explosion of IMAGES fall by us like a vast snowstorm. An incredible montage of Karen's life -- her life with Michael, without Michael -- flips past us. Each image is a fragment of Karen's thoughts or memories. SOUNDS bombard us as well -- a thousand VOICES, BELLS, CITY and COUNTRY SOUNDS, etc...
- 156 He shuts it off. Room is quiet. Still. A dramatic contrast to the tape. 156.

MICHAEL
(astonished)
What the hell is this?

Quickly, he punches up another program on the mini-computer. The tape inches along, far slower than before.

157. MICHAEL'S POV OF KAREN'S THOUGHT TAPE 157.
 More IMAGES and SOUND, but they still race by too fast
 for us to make sense of them.
158. Michael stops the tape again, punches yet another program 158.
 This time the tape moves at an extremely slow rate.
159. MICHAEL'S POV OF KAREN'S THOUGHT TAPE 159.
 The images fly by, but now we can see them. An IMAGE
 HOLDS for a moment.
160. The image is of Michael and Lillian in the lab; the look 160.
 preoccupied.

KAREN (V.O.)
 Hot off the mold. Take a look.

MICHAEL
 Looks great. Come on over here.

It is an exact replay of the lab scene, from Karen's POV;
 clearly from a point before they started the tape.

161. The IMAGE FRAGMENTS, BLURS and OTHERS SPEED BY. Then, 161.
 ANOTHER HOLDS. It is. . . .
162. The argument in the kitchen, about selling the house. 162.
163. MORE BLURRED IMAGES. Then... 163.
164. IN FRONT OF E.T.T. LABS: Michael looks into camera. 164.

MICHAEL
 ...so I want to ride home alone
 on my bike. Big deal. I like
 being alone. Just go. Go -- I'll
 see you later.

IMAGE BLURS, SHIFTS.

165. BEACH: Michael walking Chris, just a toddler, along the water's edge. He picks up Chris, pushes him toward the camera. 165.

MICHAEL
His pants are full.
You take care of it.

166. THEIR NEW HOUSE: Michael stands over a barbecue. Men are installing a big antenna in the yard. 166.

MICHAEL
That's okay, isn't it? It looks
kinda like a big bird bath in
the middle of the garden.

167. INT. -- THE NEW HOUSE - MOVING-IN DAY - BARE WALLS 167.
First thing in the room is the stereo. Michael is covered with paint. They are happy, dance together.

MICHAEL
La, la, de dadada...

168. Michael has stopped the machine. He looks bewildered. 168.

169. LATER... 169.

A MONTAGE of Michael playing the tape again and again. Each time he peels away another layer of Karen's thoughts and memories. The sequence is very specific, proceeding from the present into the past.

Scores of IMAGES flash by, continuing toward an earlier time when Michael and Karen were happy together.

170. KAREN'S POV 170.

Michael and Karen are having Chris christened at Duke Chapel. Karen's view swings to Michael, the proud Poppa.

170A Michael and Karen's wedding at the Sarah Duke Gardens, in a beautiful wisteria-covered pavillion. A small chamber group plays as we recognize one man from Sc. 46, now fourteen years younger, with long hair and beard. 170A

170B. Michael and Karen as young lovers, horsing around the Wright Brothers Memorial at Kitty Hawk. We see a connection between Michael and Karen that is loving, light-hearted, fun and intelligent. They admire each other. Michael poses in front of the monument where huge letters spell "Genius." Karen kisses a bronze bust of Orville. Micheal hams it up, flying the Wright Brothers plane display. Karen models the outfit of Amelia Earhart in a photo booth. 170B.

CONTINUED:
STATIC. Sudden darkness.

170B.

171. BACK TO MICHAEL IN ROOM

171.

He takes the helmet off slowly, looking at it. He is aglow, alive, smiling as we have never seen him before. It is as though he has recaptured his youth, his love for Karen, his sense of fun. He begins dancing around the room, looking at the recorder, the tape, thinking, excited. He flashes on an idea, loads a fresh blank tape, puts the helmet back on, starts the recorder.

172. INT. -- BRACE HOUSE - NIGHT - RAIN

172.

Michael enters the house carrying the "porta-pack."
Karen is packing, working hard. She wears an old T-shirt which says "Duke"

*

173. *INT. -- BEDROOM - NIGHT

173.*

Room is filled with boxes, crates. Pictures are off the wall. Furniture moved. She's startled, seeing Michael suddenly standing there. But something has profoundly changed with him. His face isn't as lined, as tense. There's a beautiful softness to it. Karen senses his happiness and remains open to it. . .

He moves toward her, drops to his knees beside her. He gently caresses her face, leans over and kisses her. She doesn't resist. He pulls out a new tape. Hands it to her, smiling.

KAREN
What's this?

MICHAEL
Something special. A gift.

KAREN
What is it?

MICHAEL
Me.

174. KAREN'S POV OF MICHAEL'S THOUGHT TAPE

174.

Similar to Karen's tape, but different in that all the same scenes are seen from Michael's POV. We see Mike's pre-occupation with his work, his excitement for it, then the argument. He clearly loves the house, cannot bear to part with it, couldn't handle being on his own.

OTHER IMAGES, technical wizardry.

Working with Lillian in an excitingly competitive comraderie.

Michael's POV of Karen, they dance in the empty house. She looks wonderful, happy.

At their wedding she looks radiant.

His first job building a prototype robot arm (which we see later in the production line). Karen also poses for a picture in front of "Genius" at the Wright Memorial, flexes her muscles as a liberated woman.

THE IMAGE BLURS, FRAGMENTS.

175. *INT. - THE BRACE HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT

175.*

Karen is wearing the helmet. She is PANTING slightly, her eyes wide, radiant, smiling.

MICHAEL

We blew it, didn't we?

KAREN

We surely did.

Michael LAUGHS. Karen CHUCKLES, LAUGHS. They suddenly embrace, half laughing, half crying.

KAREN

I didn't know...

MICHAEL

(simultaneously)

I couldn't understand...

They catch each other. LAUGH again.

KAREN

You feel good.

MICHAEL

So do you.

176. LATER...

176.

Karen sits at the piano, wearing the helmet, PLAYING MORE of the Elgar piece.

Her face is fascinated, absorbed. We MOVE DOWN to REVEAL what she is looking at.

A computer terminal. Numbers, calculations, data of all kinds silently spew forth. We CONTINUE TO MOVE DOWN to --

Karen's fingers deftly hitting the terminal keys with great skill and ease.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

178. FINGERS skillfully moving over piano keys, playing the same 178.
piece of MUSIC we heard before. We PULL BACK TO REVEAL
it is Michael who is playing.

MICHAEL

To me, mathematics is sort of
like music -- like a dance --

KAREN

I can't work without music --
it makes everything make sense.

179. LATER - MONTAGE of Michael and Karen experiencing each other, making tapes, playing them to each other. Laughing talking, giving each other a back scratch, a foot massage. Playing games of making faces on each other. Eating chocolates. Taking a hot/cold shower together. Making love. Tickling. Cracking knuckles. Having a secret whisper under the covers. Giggling. 179.

OMIT 180

181. INT. - BRACE BEDROOM - MORNING 181.

Place is a shambles. Two lumps asleep under the covers.

ANGLE ON bedroom door. It opens, Chris peeks in. It's like Christmas morning and something great is under the tree. He's in boxer shorts. He jumps on the bed, leaping over lumps which now move to reveal Karen and Michael. Phone RINGS. Michael get up, pulling a sheet with him. Chris WHISTLES a cat call.

MICHAEL
Hey, old timer.

CHRIS
I knew you couldn't do without us,
Dad.

MICHAEL
Smart ass.

Mike picks up the phone -- talks to someone -- looks concerned.

CHRIS
(to Karen)
Mom, can we keep the house?

KAREN
No, it's time to move on, sweetheart.

CHRIS
Where? ...hey, maybe Hawaii. Big
surf, good diving...

Michael gets off the phone, very worried.

MIKE
Hal's in trouble...
(beat.)
Come over there with me, okay?
We've got to hurry.

KAREN
Yes. Chris? Can you get your own
breakfast, honey? I'll call you
after school.

Chris looks at Michael and Karen with renewed distrust.

182. EXT. - HAL'S HOUSE - MORNING

182.

Michael's car quickly pulls up in the driveway. Hal's house is a very plain Colonial home. Michael and Karen get out of the car. They hurry toward the door.

183. INT. - HALLWAY

183.

Wendy, Hal's wife, is very distraught as she leads Karen and Michael down the stairway to Hal's study.

WENDY

...I'm scared!

MICHAEL

How long has he been like this?

*

WENDY

Three days. He said he had to work and couldn't be disturbed...

(breaking down in tears)

And I didn't.

They arrive at the door to the study. It's already open. They go inside.

184. INT. - HAL'S STUDY

184.

The room is in half light. Venetian blinds have been adjusted so that light falls across the room in harsh slats. The room smells of body odor and excrement.

Michael and Karen immediately lift the blinds and open the windows.

Hal lies on the sofa, dressed in pajamas and robe. His face is pale, emaciated. On his head is a porta-pack helmet, and a recorder next to him. Instead of the traditional reel of tape, a large loop is playing, cycling endlessly on the machine.

Hal's eyes are half-closed. A faint smile comes and goes. He's lost somewhere. Michael sees an equipment case and another helmet. He plugs it into the machine and puts the helmet on his head.

185. MICHAEL'S POV

185.

A SINGLE FLASH OF STATIC, then we SEE the curves and angles of a nude FEMALE squirming rhythmically over us. The image blurs, comes clearer, then blurs again, always accompanied by a WAILING SOUND, the sound of human voices at the height of ecstasy.

186 NEW ANGLE - ON MICHAEL

186

He becomes riveted for a moment, then tears the helmet off, looks to Karen, hands it to her, frowning.

Karen puts it on, looks to the recorder, immediately takes it off. Looks back to Michael. They both know what must be done.

Michael goes to the recorder, switches it off. Karen goes to Hal, pulls off the helmet. Hal blinks, totally confused, disoriented. He sees Michael, Karen and Wendy. He begins to cry, sobbing, reaching out for the helmet, helplessly.

187 EXT. - BAROMETRIC PRESSURE CHAMBER - DAY

187

Alex, Michael and Karen are looking at Hal through a small glass portal. Lillian is in there with Hal administering tests.

188 ANGLE - ON HAL

188

He's stripped to his waist and undergoing rigorous physical tests. Electrodes are attached to his head and chest. Atmosphere in chamber is nearly three times normal -- his brain is being oxygenated.

189 BACK TO SCENE

189

ALEX

(turning from portal)
What do you think is happening?

MICHAEL

I don't know.

ALEX

Maybe triggered off some
pre-existing mental condition?

MICHAEL

Your guess is as good as mine.

ALEX

That's what I think.

Chamber HISSES as a LAB TECHNICIAN opens the latch. Michael begins to crawl inside.

(CONTINUED)

129. CONTINUED:

129.

ALEX
Keep this to ourselves.

MICHAEL
And Marks?

ALEX
He knows.

*

Beat. Michael and Karen react to Alex's coldness. It's something they don't see that often -- it's like there is much more he's hiding.

Michael climbs into the chamber.

KAREN
Alex, what are you going to do?

ALEX
(starts walking away)
We'll get him a good psychiatrist.

*

KAREN
This isn't exactly what we want
put on the shelves of Macy's.

*

ALEX
It's just like liquor or drugs,
Karen. It's got to be understood,
controlled, used wisely...

He walks off, shaking his head. Disgusted.

OMIT 190.

OMIT 190

191. INT. - BAROMETRIC PRESSURE CHAMBER

191.

Hal towels himself off. Sweat pours from his body. When Hal talks, he sounds curiously like Gordy.

HAL
(seeing Michael)
Wanna jog a few laps?

MICHAEL
(smiling at Hal's teasing)
Not today.

HAL
I don't know where I'm gettin'
all this energy.

MICHAEL
You look good.

(CONTINUED.)

HAL
Tell ya, Mike, boy, I'm gettin'
a whole new outlook on life.
Packin' my bags and leavin' this
place.

MICHAEL
(surprised to hear it)
Why's that?

HAL
Good folks at the Lab are payin' me
disability leave of "indeterminate
duration."

MICHAEL
Is that good? *

HAL
Hell! Best piece of luck I've had.
Hal's face suddenly contorts with some kind of rush.

MICHAEL
(concerned)
Hal? ... You okay?

192 ANGLE - ON PORTALS

192

Several heads pop into view, checking out the situation.

193 BACK TO SCENE

193

Hal shakes it off.

HAL
(talking more like Hal)
I'm fine.
(pause.)
Mike, you're onto something. You're
at the door. Something really big.
I can feel it. You are at the door!

Suddenly Hal does look a little unbalanced after all, and
Mike seems frightened.

MICHAEL
Yeah. Well, I guess I'll just keep
k nockin' away at it, Hal. *

HAL
(laughing)
You don't believe me...you think I've
flipped out. Well, just try it for
yourself, Mike. Don't be afraid of
your own feelings -- go for it.

(CONTINUED.)

193

CONTINUED:

193

MICHAEL

Go for what?

HAL

Something happened to me. It
wasn't just some sexual fantasy...
It was a feeling I got... It was
really - cosmic.

Michael is becoming more interested. Hal certainly has gone through
some kind of real transformation.

MICHAEL

I know what you mean.

194

INT. - E.T.T. MONITORING ROOM - SOMEWHERE - SAME TIME

194

We PULL BACK to REVEAL Zimbach reading the transcript of the conversation,
he hands it to Marks. They are watching a closed circuit T.V. picture
of Hal, Michael, and Lillian in the chamber.

195

INT. - E.T.T. LAB - NIGHT

195

Lillian is alone. The lab is mostly in darkness, just a
few blinking lights to indicate the incredible array of
electronic gear surrounding her...

A small tensor light illuminates the work area -- Lillian
in the spot-light. The stage she knows so well. Smoke
from a smoldering cigarette wafts across the glare of light.

(CONTINUED.)

She's performing an intricate soldering task on a minute piece of electronic gear. She works with a magnifying glass. Soldering isn't going well. Her hands are slightly shaky. She puts down the soldering tool and examines the piece. In doing so she accidentally touches the very hot tip of the soldering tool...

She jumps in pain, knocking over the magnifying glass and electronic piece. Both CRASH to the floor.

LILLIAN

Shit...shit...

She takes a quick drag off her cigarette, leans over to pick up the broken piece. Her left arm reaches out and a look of pain, of terror crosses her face. She knows the pain well - the hot irons moving down her left arm. She stands quickly. It's in her chest. Those irons. Squeezing with a fierce might. Lillian frantically digs through her purse, looking for her pills...

She knows this one is different. It's so strong, so sudden. A veil of doom closes around her. Lillian knows she is going to die. And soon. She takes one pill, then another. She frantically dials the phone, can't stand up any longer, leans heavily on the desk, knocking things off. Glass BREAKS.

LILLIAN

Mike...Mike, I...

She stumbles, falling to her knees, dropping the phone. Her pills scatter across the floor. The phone falls to the far side of the desk.

She makes a decision. With the breath, the energy nearly out of her, GASPING for what little time she has left, Lillian activates the machine. It begins glowing, HUMMING, casting the darkened room into eerie shades of blue, green and amber.

Lillian drags herself to the seat. She grapples the helmet over her head. The blue magnetic tape WHIRLS around the cylinder...

And Lillian dies, slumped in the chair.

DISSOLVE TO:

193A

LATER

The tape reel, having completely run through, continues to spin. It's loose and SLAPS rhythmically, creating the only SOUND in an otherwise deadly silence.

195A

(CONTINUED)

195B ANGLE ON DOOR

195B

Michael enters the lab, half expecting what he must face, but we see an odd expression of surprise.

195C ANGLE ON LILLIAN

A look of radiance. Peace. A beautifully released softness to her face. Gentle. Esquisite death.

A196 * EXT. DUKE CHAPEL - DAY - EST. SHOT OF THE CHAPEL

A196*

A perfect fall day. The air is sharp, clear. Could be like celestial behemoths march across bright blue skies.

196.* INT. DUKE CHAPEL - DAY

196.*

Lillian's funeral is in progress. It befits the status of one of Duke's most esteemed alumni. A CHORUS SINGS, accompanied by THUNDEROUS ORGAN MUSIC.

Colored shafts of light, filtering through the huge stained-glass windows are cut by passing clouds, animating a seemingly inanimate tabloid.

Lillian's coffin is in front of the congregation. People begin to rise, file past....

Alex, Michael and Karen walk in front of the majestic Duke Chapel toward the steps.

ALEX

That woman was sometimes impossible.
Absolutely impossible. But a
great talent.

Alex stops walking and turns to Michael and Karen.

ALEX

(cont'd)

You're in charge now, Michael.
Project is all yours.

MICHAEL

(cutting him off)

Not now, Alex.

(pause)

Not now.

Karen and Michael continue walking. Alex watches them go.

ALEX

Forgive me...

(Michael and Karen turn)

I'm happy to see you two together
again.

Karen and Michael nod, turn and walk away. Alex's smile fades.

OMIT 197 through 201:

202 INT. - E.T.T. LAB

201

Michael unlocks the door to the lab. Karen is with him. Each is wearing the same clothes from the funeral, having just come from it.

Room is dark. Spooky. The machine, helmet, computer have taken on a strangely ominous quality.

Michael goes to a metal rack holding numerous magnetic tapes. He takes one down -- it has been specially marked. "LILLIAN."

KAREN

I don't want you to do this.

(beat)

I love you.

*

MICHAEL

She left it for me.

*

KAREN

Mike, it scares the hell out of me.

MICHAEL

Me, too.

*

203 INT. - E.T.T. MONITOR ROOM - SAME TIME

201

A monitor suddenly LIGHTS UP with a digital read-out.

A YOUNG MAN responds to the read-out. He is slightly perplexed anyone is on the computer. He starts punching keys on the terminal...

204 INT. - E.T.T. LAB

204

Michael is in the chair. He lowers the helmet, nods to Karen...

She starts the tape rolling.

205 MICHAEL'S POV OF LILLIAN'S DEATH TAPE

205

SHOCKING, VIOLENT RED RACES AT US ACCOMPANIED BY AN EAR-SPLITTING SHRIEK.

206 ANGLE - ON MICHAEL

206

He grimaces in pain, his body jerking much like Lillian's when she died, Michael SCREAMS. Karen immediately shuts off the tape.

(CONTINUED.)

MICHAEL
(gasping)
My, God! The pain! I wasn't
ready for that.

KAREN
(growing more worried)
This is too dangerous!

Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL
I'll re-wire the computer. Isolate
out respiration and heart function.

Michael gets up.

KAREN
Mike, this is crazy. You've got
to stop this!

207 LATER

207

The front of the computer panel has been removed and
a whole series of cables and plugs are dangling loose.
Work looks real jerry-rigged, like much of the computer.

Tape is on the machine. Michael sits in the chair.

KAREN
I feel like your executioner.

MICHAEL
(giving her a smile of assurance)
It's okay. Computer will shut
off at the slightest disturbance.
(under his breath)
I hope. Let's go.

Karen hits the playback button -- the tape begins to turn.

208 MICHAEL/LILLIAN'S POV

208

Facing the control panel. The color is harsh, distorted,
wavering in focus. The SOUNDS of Lillian's GASPS grow
louder, more grotesque.

Suddenly the SOUND STOPS and the images fragment into a
billion tiny particles, then black and QUIET. Soon...

(CONTINUED.)

208. CONTINUED:

208.

A hint of SOUND, like a HUM miles away is HEARD. Slowly the blackness stirs. There's a slight movement, vague shapes pass us. Suddenly we're tumbling backwards into ourselves with increasing speed. The SOUND INCREASES too, becoming more SHRILL. Then, amazingly, we are...

Falling through images, thousands of them, millions of them! -- fragments of Lillian's life unfolding in front of us. Suddenly, far in the distance is...

A LIGHT. Its intensity is incredible, like a million suns compressed. We are DRAWN TO IT with increasing urgency. As we near it, its rays begin to vibrate harshly, the SOUND matching in intensity. We CONTINUE to approach it. Its brilliance is indescribable -- strobing furiously -- blindingly. And then we are...

STAGGERING, JERKING SPASMODICALLY as though an enormous brake were slowing our movements.

209. INT. - E.T.T. LAB

209.

A loud BEEP cuts in and the tape stops dead. A read-out flashes "RESPIRATION OVERLOAD," "BLOOD PRESSURE MAXIMUM," etc.

Michael bends forward at the waist, GASPING.

MICHAEL

It didn't stop. I don't think
her life stopped.

He looks at the machine.

MICHAEL

There's still more.

210. ANGLE - ON MACHINE

210.

It is only partly played through. The balance is still on the machine.

*210A. EXT. - GAZEBO/BACKYARD - NIGHT

210A*

Michael and Karen sit on a small knoll. Stars dance above them. Behind them is a gazebo filled with high tech gear; Telescope, world-wide television antenna, etc.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

When I found her, dead, she was so beautiful, for the first time. Why do you have to die to let go? All my life I've had trouble with other people, I didn't need them. I had complete confidence in myself. A little taste of this thing has got me more scared than I've ever been - and I'm saying to you "hold my hand - help me."

I'm not strong anymore but the thing is, I want it, I like it. I want more - I'm happy for the first time.

I love my wife all over again. You're married to the first man ever with a chance to take a scientific look at the scariest thing a person has to face. DEATH. You see that? I have to do this. To take that chance, if I'm going to grow up. But I can't do it alone. You have to help me.

KAREN

I will, I'll do anything you want. But you have to promise me that you'll never leave me again.

MICHAEL

It's a deal. I'm not going anywhere.

They shake hands.

MICHAEL

(continued)

Look at this. Look at this night. What are we doing sitting here. Let's go to bed.

211 * INT. - THE MONITORING ROOM - CLOSE ON ALEX - DAY

211*

He's standing by a monitoring console.

ALEX

He's doing what!?

(CONTINUED)

211. CONTINUED:

211.

CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal Zimbach, Jenkins and Marks in the room.

JENKINS

It is a little bizarre.

ALEX

Good, lord. Is he going crazy like Hal?

MARKS

He's not crazy.

ALEX

(beginning to leave)

I want that tape classified and secured.

MARKS

We do have a unique opportunity here.

ALEX

What opportunity?

MARKS

See what's on it.

ALEX

It's not the research I'm interested in. It's sick.

ZIMBACH

It wouldn't hurt to have a look, Alex. There might be something on it we can use.

MARKS

We could tap in so that he'll never know it.

ALEX

God.

(pause)

So who's going to be the guinea pig?

211. * OMIT

212*

Monitor suddenly activates. Read-outs appear on the terminal.
YOUNG MAN quickly scans the screen, looks to his right.

YOUNG MAN

Sir, he's in.

Dr. Marks has been sitting, reading some papers.

MARKS

Call Zimbach and Jenkins...

(looking off screen)

Gordy! You're on.

214. ANGLE 214
- Gordy emerges from a small room off the computer room, rubbing his eyes, looking sleepy. He sits in a chair, lowers a helmet over his head.
- Marks punches up a switch reading "MONITOR."
- Zimbach and Jenkins enter the room.
215. INT. - E.T.T. LAB - NIGHT 215
- Michael gives Karen a loving look, nods to her. He has the helmet on.
- Karen hits the blayback button. Suddenly...
216. MICHAEL'S POV OF LILLIAN'S TAPE 216
- We are racing toward the blinding light again, its brilliance overwhelming, the SOUND equally intense.
217. INT. - E.T.T. MONITORING ROOM - CLOSE ON GORDY 217
- His face contorts, his body vibrates horribly.
- JENKINS
(to Marks)
What's happening to him!?
- Marks studies him. Fascinated.
218. MICHAEL'S POV - LILLIAN'S TAPE - THE BLINDING LIGHT 218
- It gets closer. Surrounding us. The SOUND SHRIEKS wildly.
219. ANGLE - BACK TO GORDY 219
- His eyes bulge, like he's in great pain. His body jolts convulsively.
- Marks finally speaks...
- DR. MARKS
(yelling)
Shut it off! Now!
220. MICHAEL'S POV - LILLIAN'S TAPE - BLINDING LIGHT 220
- We're inside it now, beginning to move through. The strobing, the vibration, the SOUND is overwhelming.
- * INT. - E.T.T. MONITORING ROOM - NIGHT * 221
- Gordy. His body is still; his face is frozen. Then, all at once, he slumps out of the chair. Lifeless. Marks, Zimbach, Jenkins, men in room look at him. Horrified.

222. MICHAEL'S POV - LILLIAN'S TAPE - BLINDING LIGHT

22

Its nucleus, the hottest part, ZOOMS up at us. We pierce its center. The NOISE is utterly EAR-SPLITTING and combines with the light to ravage our senses. Then, when it's nearly impossible to tolerate, there's a sudden SILENCE.

Simultaneously the nucleus bursts into trillions of particles of energy, which REORGANIZE into...

223. A TUNNEL OF ENERGY...

223

It stretches out in front of us, flowing out of infinity to a point on the horizon -- a tubular configuration whose dimensions are simply overwhelming. Its curving walls swing around us and are defined by flowing streaks of color in constant, swirling motion, with a vibrancy and richness of detail that are magnificent. Their marble-like veins are composed of billions of particles of energy that slowly blend over and into one another, bursting with color like great cosmic explosions seen from millions of miles away. The glowing clusters stretch round us and recede into infinity in an endless spiral-like configuration of rings. The clarity of the vision is, itself, unworldly. As we look up, down or to the sides, details BURST in on us with shimmering clarity. Despite this, the closest point of the nearest wall feels like millions of miles away and each speck of energy might itself be the size of a planet. Looking ahead, the tunnel is simply awesome in distance and size. Clearly, we are at the center of this configuration, moving slowly ahead...

A deep, hollow, echoing SOUND accompanies the journey.

Suddenly our orientation shifts abruptly, as if we were buffeted by an incredible force. Then, like a plane in a sudden furious nosedive, we're HURLED DOWNWARD toward one of the gigantic rings.

Like a particle of light streaking across the universe, we PIERCE THE MASS. Abruptly, a ROAR OF SOUND overwhelms us and billions of particles of energy zoom up at us like a vast meteor shower. Simultaneously, they impart dazzling fragments of IMAGES. It is as though every point of light were itself a scene in motion.

Then our speed suddenly slows and the images are within our grasp, flying by in GREAT KALEIDOSCOPIC CLUSTERS and continually changing, as though some incredible intelligence were shaping and re-shaping the energy at will. There's a ghostly magic to it all as one moment an image is concretely real and the next moment it dissolves into a streak of energy.

(CONTINUED.)

223. CONTINUED: 22
- We slow further and things become recognizable...
- IMAGES of LILLIAN zoom by: as a young girl, an older woman, working in the lab, etc. Then... 224
225. IMAGES BECOME MORE GENERAL. Fragments of the world at large: people at work, play, in conflict, everywhere, ZOOM past by the thousands. Clearly the VAST CONFIGURATION goes beyond the time and space of LILLIAN'S LIFE. 225
226. Suddenly we see IMAGES OF MICHAEL! As a younger man, working with Lillian. In all the images he looks very romantic. Very dashing. 226
- OMIT 227. 22
228. SUDDENLY WE'RE YANKED AHEAD, curving upward to another great streak. We PIERCE A CLUSTER. Images BOMBARD US. We see... 22
229. E.T.T. FULL SENSORY ARRAY HELMETS being stamped out... 229
- OMIT 230. 22
231. 22
232. 22
233. 22
234. 22
235. 22
236. Suddenly we are looking down onto the immense curvature of the Earth. Below us, beneath the dark grey clouds, is a sudden flash, then a brilliant red glowing area, then another and another. The sight is strangely beautiful, brilliant color intertwined, blending and transforming everything familiar into glowing streaks of yellow, orange and black. 23
- It's DANTE'S INFERNO come true. The SOUND is a DEVASTATING ROAR that combines with a TERRIFYING SHRIEK, as though millions of souls were wailing at once.
- Soon the streaks of flame are indistinguishable from the energy streaks in the great configuration.
237. Suddenly we're at the center of the TUNNEL OF ENERGY being hurled forward at an unbelievable speed. Vibrating rings streak past us, shimmering and flowing magnificently. HARSH SOUNDS become a PIERCING CRY. And then... 237
- A brief moment of STATIC. Then nothing.

238. ANGLE ON RECORDER 238

It automatically shuts off. Overloaded again. The reel is still only half played through.

239. In a series of SNAPSHOT-LIKE PICTURES we see Michael, eyes bulging with awe -- much like the man in the IMAGES: 239

240. Karen, looking up from the machine, terrified: 240

241. Michael's body convulsing: 241

242. Karen reaching out to him: 242

Finally holding him. Her eyes frantically searching for help.

243. INT. - HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY 243

An incredibly bizarre scene is unfolding for Michael. He's in an emergency room, being attended to by a DOCTOR and a NURSE. Alex and Karen are also present. What makes the scene so bizarre, so surreal, is that Michael's senses have been heightened by at least ten-fold. Colors in the room seems to radiate. Glow. Karen looks at him, worried. Her face is huge, exaggerated.

KAREN

Mike...

Her VOICE is like an undistinguishable, reverberating ROAR. Alex also SAYS SOMETHING but nothing, again, is intelligible. SOUNDS around him are an incredible cacophony: toilets FLUSHING, FOOTSTEPS, clothes RUSTLING, people MOANING in pain.

Doctor fills a syringe of thorazine. We HEAR the GURGLE of serum, the PUMP of the syringe. Needle comes to him. Michael HEARS the SCREAM of his own voice as the needle goes into his arm -- he can actually HEAR the needle penetrate through the flesh...

Then, at last, BLACKNESS.

244. INT. - HOSPITAL ROOM 244

Then BLACKNESS FADES INTO a crystal clear image of Karen. Michael's senses are still heightened but not near the magnitude of the previous scene.

Karen is holding his hand, stroking his face. Michael smiles.

KAREN

Welcome back.

(CONTINUED.)

244. CONTINUED..

246

Michael sees Alex standing near Karen. He comes forward.

ALEX
You had us worried.

MICHAEL
I feel good.

ALEX
Michael, I want this...
(searches for the word)
personal experimentation stopped.
Immediately. You've abused your
responsibility. I want a mind
I can use. Idea of playing that
tape makes my skin crawl.

MICHAEL
Where is it?

ALEX
The tape? Secured. Locked away.

MICHAEL
Alex, I want to play the rest of it.

ALEX
(mad)
You didn't hear me! No one is
going to play that tape. Ever!

Beat.

ALEX
You rest. Take a vacation.
Get your mind off that thing.
(pause)
You understand?

Beat. Michael doesn't say anything. Alex leaves.

MICHAEL
How much was left on the reel?

KAREN
About half.

Michael is thinking. This scares the hell out of Karen.

KAREN
* Mike, I told you I'd help, but *
damnit, I'm not going to help you
die.

(CONTINUED.)

MICHAEL

It can't have the ball on top.
Just the straight tube.

KAREN

Don't make promises you can't keep.
Particularly to a twelve year-old.
He's driving me crazy.

MICHAEL

I have been very busy.

KAREN

That's an excuse.

MICHAEL

Okay, tough lady. Chris gets the
snorkle. Next time.

KAREN

Good.

MICHAEL

You're all Alex can talk about
these days.

KAREN

Funny. You are all he ever talks
about to me.

MICHAEL

(soft)

This is the first time we've ever
worked together. I've tried to
avoid it, you know.

KAREN

Well, working together is definitely
easier than living together.

MICHAEL

Definitely.

Michael hands the new design back to her.

MICHAEL

(cont'd)

Very creative. Maybe I won't get
headaches anymore.

KAREN

Glad you like it.

88. INT. - E.T.T. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

88.

A DOZEN MEN, all heads of various divisions of E.T.T. sit around a large conference table. They each wear Karen's new helmet design, and a demonstration is underway. All their faces are trance-like but subtle movements occur; slight body shifts, swallows, even their breathing is in unison.

89. POV - MEN

89. *

We see an extreme close-up of an eye as a special contact lens is being inserted.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Directly experience the learning process, by performing the most delicate procedures without risk of harm.

A series of incredible images flash by:

Open heart surgery, repairing a watch, operating a gigantic excavating machine, stitching embroidery, operating a computer terminal.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And news will have a whole new impact.

90. POV - WAR IN THE MIDDLE EAST

90. *

Hunched behind a moving tank with other uniformed men, we move into a burning village. Machine-gun FIRE surrounds us. Ahead, men flee a napalmed building. The huge tank cannon suddenly FIRES, shaking us with its tremendous percussion. In front of us a large stone building EXPLODES!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And all the wonders of the world can be yours without ever purchasing a plane ticket or stepping out of your front door.

91. POV - TRAVELOGUE

91.

Series of quick cuts: we fly precariously over the Grand Canyon, the Himalayas, the Pyramids of Giza, the Eiffel Tower, the Canals of Venice, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Kremlin.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

And entertainment will never be the same.

REV. 9-21-81

92. POV - A ROCK CONCERT

92.

Pounding rhythm, SCREAMING crowds, shimmering spotlights in smoke, and we are MICK JAGGER, prancing, spinning, the 'monkey man', SINGING "Love Is A Bitch."

93. ANGLE - ON THE MEN

93.

They jerk their heads in synch with the rhythm, although the room is totally quiet. Alex Terson watches them with absolute delight.

94. MEN'S POV - THE CONFERENCE ROOM

94. *

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Experience fine food as only
the most renowned epicures have
known. All the sumptuous delight
of a hundred-dollar meal -- without
the calories or the cost.

Gorgeous bikini clad girls slide in, carrying trays of delicacies and bottles of champagne. The room throbs with music, the lights are low, the mood is sensual. One luscious girl stops in front of us, holds out a tray and deliberately leans forward, giving us a clear view of her ample breasts. Our hand reaches for the tray...

And suddenly -- STATIC.

95. INT. - CONFERENCE ROOM

95. *

The division heads look around, confused. Alex grins wisely.

ALEX

How about lunch, fellas?

The men re-orient as the normal E.T.T. cafeteria STAFF enters, not exactly good looking women.

THE MEN

(mock disappointment)

Awwwwwww!

The room fills with an excited sweep of enthusiasm.

CAMERA isolates on one man: ROBERT JENKINS. He shares the enthusiasm along with everyone else.

96. EXT. - RALEIGH STREETS - DAY

96.

Robert Jenkins, whom we just saw at the meeting exits an ominous looking grey, windowless building. A small sign reads "Defense Instrument Research Group." He crosses the street.

97. EXT. - GOVERNOR'S MANSION - DAY

97.

Jenkins walks past the Governor's Mansion, a beautiful antebellum structure, where a T.V. interview is going on. A location newsman is reporting something about "The Governor announced today a new plan for encouraging high technology industries to relocate in the North Carolina area." Jenkins crosses the street...

98. EXT. - RESIDENTIAL STREET/RESTORED HOMES - DAY

98.

Jenkins walks along a section of "old town", an area where Civil War homes are carefully being restored to near perfection.

99. Jenkins waits on a street corner.

99.

A car pulls up. It looks plain, non-descript: probably Government issue.

100. INT. - CAR - DAY

100.

Another man is driving. This is JAMES ZIMBACH, late fifties. He's from the Department of Defense. With him he's got two brown bags -- an early dinner. Jenkins hops inside the car and Zimbach tosses him a brown bag. The car drives off, both men eating.

ZIMBACH

So, tell me about it.

JENKINS

Damndest thing I've ever felt.
Knocked my socks off.

ZIMBACH

Yeah? What was it like?

JENKINS

Like you were there. Taste,
smell, everything.

ZIMBACH

Incredible.

Beat.

Zimbach is thinking, then...

ZIMBACH (cont)

What about military application?

JENKINS

Wide open.

ZIMBACH

Missile guidance? That kind of
thing?

JENKINS

Jim, they're gonna be able to plug
right into the old noodle.

Jenkins taps his head, smiling.

101. EXT. - SKY ABOVE TERSON'S ESTATE - TWILIGHT

101.

A jet helicopter flies low over verdant fields.

Several thoroughbred race horses peel off in fright, racing in different directions.

102. EXT. - TERSON'S ESTATE

102.

A lawn party is now in progress. Japanese lanterns throw a warm glow across the twilight lawn. PARTY GOERS are beautifully dressed in summer wear. The guest list reads like a North Carolina Who's Who.

Someone CALLS OUT the Governor's name as the helicopter lands. Women in multi-shades of pastels make their way toward the copter.

Going against the flow Lillian makes her way through the lace and chiffon. She's wearing a dark, somewhat shabby outfit -- a stark contrast to all the finery. Her outfit looks like it's dated by at least ten years.

She angles toward a bar. En route a few GUESTS, other SCIENTISTS try to get her attention, but Lillian gives them a curt smile and continues moving. She heads for stables.

3. * INT. STABLES - TWILIGHT

103*

At the bar she pulls out a cigarette, orders a drink.

Michael catches her attention. He's talking to a group of MEN. For a moment Lillian allows herself to look at him. The way he gestures with his hands. The way he stands. The light summer suit he's wearing. The way he smiles. He is definitely enjoying the accolades of the breakthrough.

LILLIAN

*

Michael, dear.

*

She gets Michael's attention and waves him over. One of the men in Michael's group also turns.

MAN

Lillian!

He starts over.

103. CONTINUED

103.

LILLIAN
I don't want you, Harold

MAN
We must talk shop

LILLIAN
I don't wanna talk shop. I'm
sick of shop. You can keep your
shop, Harold.

The man LAUGHS.

MAN
Tomorrow.

LILLIAN
Never.

Michael comes over, Lillian takes his arm, leading him away
from the group.

LILLIAN
Stick by old Lillian, will you
honey?

MICHAEL
What's wrong? Don't you enjoy
this? We're a hit!

LILLIAN
(indicating the throng)
I've never had so many people want
to talk to me before in my life.

MICHAEL
I know.

LILLIAN
Got a light?

MICHAEL
Sure, anything, but you smoke too
much.

LILLIAN
I do a lot too much.

Michael finds a nearby smoker for Lillian. Bums a light. They walk outside toward a gayly decorated tent with a dance floor and band. The place is surrounded by horses, some walking, some doing equestrian demos, others doing steeple-chase jumps in the background. Michael plays at being totally unknowledgeable.

MICHAEL

Look at that! That's crazy!

(beat)

Oh, my God. Look out!

A horse suddenly leaps from out of nowhere, over a fence and directly toward them, stopping just short of a collision. It is Alex in full riding gear astride a magnificent looking horse, followed by a very attractive young woman astride an equally beautiful horse.

ALEX

Having a good time?

Michael and Lillian slowly recover from having slammed back against the wall and spilling drinks.

OMIT SCS. 105 and 106

REV. 9-21-81

107.

ANGLE ON MICHAEL AND LILLIAN

107. *

LILLIAN

The best, Alex, sweetheart.
How about you?

ALEX

Wonderful. Terrific. I want
both of you to get together
with a few people a bit later.

LILLIAN

Al!...

ALEX

It's okay. You're my stars...I
have to show you off.

Something o.s. catches his attention...

108. ANGLE

108.

* Karen has just arrived with Barry. She looks spectacular *

ALEX

I'll get Hal to find you later --
bring you upstairs. Now,
don't dissappoint me.

109

He reins the horse, gallops off. The young woman gives
them a meek, little smile, and a "hi," somewhat piqued.
Alex never introduced her. She gallops after Alex.

109

Michael wants to go over to Karen to check out the guy.

MICHAEL

Come on over.

LILLIAN

No way. Domestic matter.

Michael gives her a quick squeeze on the arm.

LILLIAN

Thanks for sticking with me.

She watches him go. Her Romeo.

Something else catches her attention.

110.

POV - LILLIAN'S

110.

Alex, with two other men, Jenkins and Zimbach, all astride
spirited horses. They ride off. The young woman is no
longer with Alex.

111. NEW ANGLE

111.

Michael comes up to Karen. She's talking to Hal and a very plain-looking woman. This is WENDY, Hal's wife.

MICHAEL

Hi, Wendy...Hal.

(to Karen, regarding
her dress)

You look terrific.

Karen's escort looks very embarrassed; Karen notices.

KAREN

(to Michael)

* Thank you, Mike *

(to escort)

Barry, I'd love a glass of white wine.

Barry obediently splits, followed by Hal and Wendy.

HAL

Ah, yes....some drinks.

KAREN

* Wendy, call me next weekend. *

MICHAEL

I can't believe you like that creep.

KAREN

He's a perfectly wonderful, thoughtful, uncreative man.

They are interrupted for a moment by a man and his wife congratulating Michael, shaking hands. Michael beams.

MAN

(to Karen)

* You must be proud to be married to such a brilliant man. *

The couple move on.

MICHAEL

* You know, that guy would never speak to me before. *

KAREN

* You are brilliant, Mike. This is it. You're going to be famous. *

(CONTINUED)

244. CONTINUED:

244.

MICHAEL
I'm not going to die.

KAREN
You know what you were like when
they brought you in here?

MICHAEL
I'll take it in stages. Not all
at once.

Karen is frustrated. Confused. She doesn't know what to
do.

MICHAEL
We made an agreement.

KAREN
I know, Okay.

245.* INT. - BEDROOM - DAY

* 245

Lots of boxes and packing material. Michael and Karen sit
on the floor together. A last look.

After a long beat.

MICHAEL
You want to go on a vacation?

KAREN
(thinks. smiles)
No.

MICHAEL
What do you think we should do?

*

KAREN
Let's go get 'em!

*

245A INT. -- E.T.T. PRODUCTION LINE - MORNING*

245A.

Karen watches the highly automated production line
build slick versions of the helmet and recorder. Something
about their design, their markings, suggest something other
than home use. More like military.

246. INT. - E.T.T. LAB - MORNING

246.

Michael arrives -- is shocked at what he sees.

247. ANGLE

247.

Dr. Marks is busy at work along with three other scientists. ~
Workmen are building security partition around the lab
computer, complete with electronic security locks.

MICHAEL

What the hell's this?

Marks and the others turn.

MARKS

Oh, Dr. Brace. I'd like you to
meet Drs...

Michael heads toward the construction. Workmen look up.

MICHAEL

(ignoring the intros)

What are you doing?

MARKS

Well, this is a very valuable
piece of equipment. We want to
make certain it's protected from
unauthorized use.

MICHAEL

Who's "we"?

247. CONTINUED:

247.

MARKS

Well, the company.

MICHAEL

Who's "we"?!

Marks isn't going to take this. Gets angry.

MARKS

Alex Terson has authorized me
to clean up after your sloppy work,
Brace. Your notes are impossible
to decipher.

MICHAEL

Good!

MARKS

Oh, we'll figure it out.

MICHAEL

No you won't.

Michael goes over to the workmen.

MICHAEL

(to workmen)

Out! Get out of my laboratory.
This is mine, Goddamnit!

He starts pushing them. Workmen stand back, not certain
what to do. Alex enters. Michael glowers at him.

ALEX

Mike! You get out.

*

248. OMIT

248.

248. CMT

248.

249 CMT

249.

250. EXT. -- ABRAMSON SUMMER HOME - PINEHURST C.C. - DAY

250.

Like pre-fabricated mushrooms growing on the forest floor.
Hal's strange looking hexagonal house is clustered along
with many other similar looking homes.

251. ANGLE -

251.

Hal is in the front yard, fixing an electric golf cart.
It is up on a jack. Wheel off.

HAL

Michael, my gosh, good to see you.

252. EXT. -- SUMMER HOME

252.

MICHAEL

Hi, Hal.

(they shake)

Playing a lot of golf?

HAL

It's becoming a real whore to
me, buddy. Can't shake it.

MICHAEL

Everything all right with you?

HAL

Let me tell ya'. It's great.
(pause)

(CONTINUED.)

252. CONTINUED

252.

HAL
(continued)
You know what I always wanted to
be?
(Michael shakes
his head)
A scientist, like you guys. Now
I'm doin' just what I do and lovin'
the hell out of it.

Michael smiles....

MICHAEL
Hal, answer a question for me?

HAL
Sure. Shoot.

MICHAEL
You know I've been locked out.

HAL
Yeah, I know how you feel.

MICHAEL
Hal, I just want to get my
foot in the door. I need to
get back into the computer.

Beat. Hal becomes a little tense.

HAL
That's National Security hokus-
pokus, you know? Illegal.

MICHAEL
Yeah.

HAL
Heavy stuff.

MICHAEL
I don't want you to get in trouble.
I just need a hint.

Beat. Finally....

HAL
Hell, I don't care. Try "Brainstorm".
It's in the open project file.

MICHAEL
Thanks, Hal.

(CONTINUED)

252. CONTINUED:

252.

Michael gives Hal a very warm handshake. Hal loves it.

HAL

I'll help you anyway I can,
old buddy.

253. INT. - BRACE HOUSEHOLD/MICHAEL'S DEN - DAY

Michael is at the computer terminal, looking at the blank screen with some apprehension. In b.g. we HEAR Chris SPLASHING and YELLING. Michael gets up, closes the door, then returns, plugging in a special phone jack.

He hits several keys. The display lights up.

254. INT. -- E.T.T. MONITORING ROOM - DAY

254.

Terminal abruptly lights up in front of a young TECHNICIAN.
He's somewhat startled.

255. INT. -- DEN

255.

Michael hits several more keys. The terminal readout spells out:

* "BRAINSTORM PROJECT" *

256. INT. -- MONITORING ROOM

256.

Their machine responds with exactly the same readout.

Technician is somewhat flabbergasted. He picks up a nearby phone.

TECHNICIAN

Sir, you ought to get in here.

257. INT. -- DEN

257.

* Michael hits more keys. Suddenly, below the heading 'Brainstorm Project.' numerous lines of data spill out:

* BRAINSTORM PROJECT *
JENKINS, ROBERT LEWIS
PROJECT MANAGER
DEFENSE INSTRUMENT RESEARCH GROUP
RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

ELECTRONIC SURVEILLANCE
CLASSIFIED R AND D
OPEN ACCOUNT #76-830-21

258. INT. -- MONITORING ROOM

258.

Jenkins hurries into the room. He's absolutely stunned by the READOUT.

259. INT. -- DEN

259.

Michael hits more keys. Below the name of the company, another list spells out about a dozen PROJECT NAMES that DIRG and E.T.T. are involved in together. Michael leans in and begins studying each item, beginning with:

AIR FORCE MANUEVERABLE RE-ENTRY
WARHEAD 768-879-365-567
CLASSIFIED

Then:

REMOTELY PILOTED CRUISE MISSILE
879-348-673-249 CLASSIFIED.

Technician and Jenkins follow the readouts.

TECHNICIAN

Who is it, Sir?

JENKINS

I have an idea.

TECHNICIAN

Shall I cut him off?

JENKINS

No...let's see how far he can get.
See if he's as smart as he thinks he is.

261. INT. -- MONITORING ROOM

261.

The list stops. Jenkins is frozen.

262. INT. -- DEN

262.

Michael studies the words very carefully, as if there was more here than meets the eye. Then, with a look of sudden revelation, he begins punching up more numbers. Now, in rapid succession, HEADINGS READ OUT:

TAPE - FLIGHT DATA RECORDING - NASA 6011
TAPE - ADHESIVES - HEAT SHIELD 2212
TAPE - MYLAR - NOSE CONE SEALANT - USAF
TAPE RELATED PROCESSES - SEE FILE CODE OXO-9

263. INT. -- MONITORING ROOM

263.

Jenkins is getting more excited.

JENKINS

He knows it's a code. He's trying
to get in.

264. INT. -- DEN

264.

Michael keeps hitting keys. As each item appears, he seems to answer it with another code. It's an incredible computer game of hide-and-seek. Names and numbers keep appearing.

He plays the keys like a piano, using his vast knowledge of computers. New names appear, new numbers, faster, faster. . . .

PLASTIC TAPE THERMAL EMBOSSEY - NUC
SYNTHETIC RIBBON EXTRUSION PROCESS - NUC
COBALT IMPREGNATED RECORDING TAPE - DIRG

And then:

FULL SENSORY TAPES - CLASSIFIED - DIRG
98674538-67749

265. ANGLE - CLOSE ON MICHAEL

265.

He gasps at the sight of this.

266. INT. -- MONITORING ROOM

266.

TECHNICIAN

He's in!...

JENKINS

Son-of-a-bitch.

267. INT. -- DEN

267.

Michael immediately punches out other codes. The READOUT spills forth.

TECHNICAL EVALUATION SERIES-CLASSIFIED
WARNING-THESE ARE FULL SENSORY TAPES
AND CAN BE EXTREMELY HARMFUL TO USERS.

The READOUT scans ahead to:

TAPE INDEX - COERCIVE IMPRINTING SERIES
FEAR STATES
EARLY TRAUMA - RANDOM
EARLY TRAUMA - SELECTED
DREAM STATES - NEG & POS
PHYSICAL PAIN THRESHOLD SERIES
(SUBDIVISION - MODERATE TO HIGH)

Michael is utterly astounded.

MICHAEL

(muttering to himself)
What the hell have they been doing?

The list continues:

CATALYST FIELD SERIES
ANXIETY STATES
(MODERATE TO INTENSE)
NEGATIVE MEMORY RETRIEVAL
(MODERATE TO EXTREME)
PSYCHOTIC EPISODE
(SUBDIVISION - MODERATE TO EXTREME)
ETC.

Michael gapes at the list on the screen for a moment, he then punches a number of keys and waits...

268. INT. -- MONITORING ROOM - CLOSE ON SCREEN

268.

A single readout remains. It reads:

REQUEST PLAY TAPE "PSYCHOTIC EPISODE
EXTREME VERSION"

The technician is aghast. Looks to Jenkins, bewildered.

TECHNICIAN
What should I do, sir?

Beat.

JENKINS
Play it for him.

Technician dials the phone and speaks into it.

TECHNICIAN
Load up tape number, ah...
(reading off a clipboard)
387...No, 3-8-7.

269. INT. -- TAPE LAB

269.

Three full-size recorders are lined up, side by side, along with a new, totally-automated tape machine and racks of cassette-loaded tapes. Some have labels like "Classified - DIRG" or "DANGER - TOXIC." A technician punches up a code on his control console and the machine automatically loads Tape #387.

270. INT. -- DEN

270.

Michael sets the helmet on his head. He's scared. He sees a little readout come on the screen which reads "READY." He hits the playback button, then braces with his finger over the shutoff switch.

271. MICHAEL'S POV - TAPE #387

271.

Dr. Marks sits opposite us. He's very relaxed. Calm.
Legs are crossed. . .

MARKS

In a few moments you will have an experience which will seem completely real. It will be the result of your subconscious mind transposed to your conscious awareness

(CAMERA MOVES IN)

Warning, this tape must not be played by government personnel. It can be extremely harmful and result in severe trauma. You have five seconds to terminate this tape five four three two one.

Suddenly STATIC. . . .BLACKNESS.

272. ANGLE - ON MICHAEL

272.

He can't take it anymore. He slams the shutoff switch and rips off the helmet, PANTING with fear. He leaps up and paces the room, looks back at the machine and suddenly stops short

273. ANGLE - ON WINDOW

273.

Outside, Michael sees Karen drive up. Scene seems suddenly frozen in time and absolutely surreal. All the colors are heightened and shimmering. It's as though the brilliant light seen earlier in Lillian's death tape is dramatically imposing itself into Michael's POV to create an eerie deja-vu. In b.g. we HEAR Chris SPLASHING WATER, having a good time.

274. INT. -- BRACE HOUSE - KAREN'S WORK AREA

274.

Karen enters carrying a briefcase, a stack of work. She's surprised to see Michael suddenly standing in the doorway to the living room. He looks awful. Pale. Beads of sweat on his forehead, lip

MICHAEL

We've been had.

(pause)

Alex, Zimbach, Marks
Jenkins! The whole bunch.
It's incredible.

KAREN

How?

(CONTINUED.)

CONTINUED:

274.

MICHAEL

Alex sold us out. Long time ago. Even while Lillian and I were working.

KAREN

What do you mean!

MICHAEL

*

Project was turned over to a covert operation, called the "BRAINSTORM PROJECT"

*

I can't believe it. What we've done has been turned to trash. Junk.

275. INT. - DEN

275.

Chris wanders in, dripping wet, sees no one around. He stops, sees the machine ready to play, helmet waiting.

The temptation is too great. He steps toward the machine, puts the helmet on

276. INT. - KAREN'S WORK AREA

276.

MICHAEL

*

They're going to use my invention for Brainwashing!

*

277. INT. - DEN

277.

Chris fiddles with several switches. Finally hits the right one. His face suddenly goes slack.

278. CHRIS' POV OF TRAUMA TAPE

278.

A BRIGHT LIGHT SUDDENLY APPEARS, rapidly spreading a fine spray of electrons across our VIEW, which builds in intensity, defining, like a new polaroid developing in front of us, into a strikingly vivid image of Mike.

He looks sinister, threatening. He is giving Chris an incredible scuba rig of wetsuit, weights, tank, flippers, etc., cinching things on too tight, putting too many lead weights on his belt; the face mask cracks but he doesn't notice, the air hose is frayed and worn. Suddenly, without a word, Mike pushes Chris into the pool. He begins to sink helplessly; there is no air in the tank, the weights are too great.

279. REVERSE ANGLE

279.

Mike and Karen are arguing, paying no attention to Chris. Mike grabs her, pulls her with him. Chris sinks rapidly, tumbling, trying to swim upward, but the weights are too great.

280. ANGLE - ON CHRIS' POV

280.

The boy cannot breathe. Gags for air. Fights it. He continues sinking. The water becomes a dark, murky void. It begins resembling a foul pool of water deep in some dark jungle. Gnarled roots curl down the sides.

In the distant depths some huge rotating device, like a gigantic oceanliner propeller, spins, creating a maelstrom of bubbles which rise toward the surface like a swirling tube, an ominous spiral tunnel. Out of the depths appear a school of hideous spiny-toothed fish which dart toward Chris like piranha. One of them clamps on to his leg, another crashes into his mask, shattering the glass. They rush him, jaws gaping, biting. Blood swirls into view.

281. ANGLE - CHRIS UNDER HELMET

281.

Contorted. His high-pitched SCREAMS sound MUFFLED -- like he's suffocating.

Michael bursts into the room, practically leaps at the shut-off switch, rips off the helmet, but Chris continues SCREAMING as if nothing has happened.

282. INT. - HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY

282. *

Michael and Karen are talking to a doctor who has slightly long hair and a beard. He looks at them accusingly.

DOCTOR

Heavy into drugs?

MICHAEL

No! Of course not. He's a normal twelve year old kid!

DOCTOR

I mean you. Family problems? Tranquilizers, amphetamines? This boy has had a serious psychotic break. He got something.

Michael and Karen are trapped in an inability to tell the doctor what actually happened. They look at each other.

KAREN

Do you think he'll be alright?

DOCTOR

All I can say is that we'll keep him sedated for a few days and then slowly reduce the dosage.

(CONTINUED)

282

CONTINUED:

282

The doctor glares at them for a moment, sizing them up.
Alex arrives with another doctor in a business suit.

ALEX

Ah, Mike, Karen....Dr?

DOCTOR

Pederson.

ALEX

I'd like you to meet a very
trusted old friend from the
Psychiatric Institute, Dr. Stan
Graff.

They exchange "hellos" and handshakes with the doctor,
but Michael is beginning to fume.

MICHAEL

(interrupting)

What is the "BRAINSTORM PROJECT",
Alex?

ALEX

I don't know.

MICHAEL

You're a liar. Look what's
happened to my boy.

ALEX

Michael, a man is dead, thanks to
your little experiments.

MICHAEL

What?!

ALEX

Your lab assistant Gordy.
Monitored that tape for Marks.

MICHAEL

That's not my fault. You've taken
what I did and made crap, Alex.

People are starting to stare. Everyone is dumbfounded.
Karen stays close with Michael.

ALEX

And what happened to your son is
your fault, Michael, You broke
into the computer. You could go
to jail for that.

(CONTINUED)

MICHAEL

You can't shut me out!

ALEX

Goddamit, Michael!

MICHAEL

Don't Goddamn me, Alex, sweetheart!

ALEX

Good ,God. I thought Lillian was
dead!....playing that tape is
sick.

MICHAEL

Oh, but she's not dead. You don't
understand. I'm going to prove
that Lillian's tape leads to
something good. She wanted me to
play it. She made it for me.

ALEX

She's dead, Michael. That's enough.
You're going to get your head back
together before you work another
minute in that Lab. THAT'S FINAL!

KAREN

Maybe he's right, Mike. You
should take a rest.

A knowing glance is exchanged between Michael and Karen.

MICHAEL

Yeah. I gotta take a break. I'm
getting too worked up about this.

ALEX

Good. Good. Now, we've got the
best people looking after Chris.
Take a trip out to Pinehurst.
It's on me.

MICHAEL

Yeah. Sure.

283	OMIT	283
284	OMIT	284
285	OMIT	285
286	OMIT	286
287	OMIT	287
288	OMIT	288

289 INT/EXT. - CAR

289.

Karen and Michael get inside, closing the doors.

A beat.

KAREN

A vacation.

MICHAEL

Right. They want us to take
a vacation. We'll give them
a vacation!

Karen and Michael grin. Embrace.

KAREN

Chris will be alright, won't he?

MICHAEL

Sure. He's a tough kid.

OMIT:

290.
291.
292.
293.
294.
295.
296.

297. EXT. - PINEHURST C.C. HOTEL - EARLY MORNING

297.

Karen and Michael arrive at the hotel. They have suitcases, tennis rackets, everything for a nice, pleasant vacation.

298. INT. - LOBBY

298.

While Michael registers, Karen takes a seat by the desk.

299. ANGLE

299.

She notices a National Security AGENT. He makes no effort to conceal the fact that they're being observed.

Karen smiles at him. A strained smile. He smiles back.

300. INT. - HOTEL ROOM

300.

They're alone in the room. All is quiet...

They catch each other's looks. Karen and Michael suddenly spring into each other's arms. Filled with passion. Love. They hug one another as if this was the last time.

Michael WHISPERS in her ear

MICHAEL

I am crazy about you.

She nods.

(CONTINUED.)

OMIT:

290.
291.
292.
293.
294.
295.
296.

297. EXT. - PINEHURST C.C. HOTEL - EARLY MORNING 297.

Karen and Michael arrive at the hotel. They have suitcases, tennis rackets, everything for a nice, pleasant vacation.

298. INT. - LOBBY 298.

While Michael registers, Karen takes a seat by the desk.

299. ANGLE 299.

She notices a National Security AGENT. He makes no effort to conceal the fact that they're being observed.

Karen smiles at him. A strained smile. He smiles back.

300. INT. - HOTEL ROOM 300.

They're alone in the room. All is quiet...

They catch each other's looks. Karen and Michael suddenly spring into each other's arms. Filled with passion. Love. They hug one another as if this was the last time.

Michael WHISPERS in her ear

MICHAEL

I am crazy about you.

She nods.

(CONTINUED.)

301. INT. - SECURITY HOTEL ROOM - LATER

301.

The coffee shop agent is on the phone. He's in a room with several other AGENTS who are LAUGHING, CLOWNING around...

AGENT
(cupping phone -
talking to other agents)
Knock it off...
(into phone)
They're both here...

302. INT. - E.T.T. MONITORING ROOM

302.

Jenkins is on the phone...

JENKINS
Fine...

303. INT. - HOTEL RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON . .

303.

Place is mostly empty. Sitting a distance from Michael and Karen are the two agents we saw clowning in the room.

MICHAEL
(to agent)
Hey! You guys...

They look up.

*

MICHAEL (cont'd)
If you want to hear what we're talking
about come sit at the table.

*

AGENT
No, thank you, sir.

MICHAEL
Why not?

Karen is getting anxious...

KAREN
Mike! . . .

MICHAEL
Might as well get to know each other
it you're gonna be on our tails all
week.

(CONTINUED.)

303 CONTINUED

303.

They don't respond.

MICHAEL

* You can tell your boss I'm behaving myself.

*

KAREN

* Mike, I hate you when you're like this

*

MICHAEL

* Who's idea was this anyway?

*

KAREN

* Don't argue with me in public.

*

She gets up and leaves. Agents seem embarrassed. Michael sits there for a moment, then follows her out.

304 INT. - HOTEL ROOM

304

* Michael bangs the door open. He's mad. They enter Michael fakes a slap.

*

MICHAEL

* Don't you ever do that to me again.

Karen cries.

305. INT. - HOTEL SECURITY ROOM - AFTERNOON

305.

Their argument is being taped. Agents listen in on a small phone tap. One agent eyes the other as if to say, "What a mess this is."

KAREN (V.O.)

We're here for a rest.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

But I'd like to get a few things straight!

KAREN (V.O.)

Not now!

306. INT. - HOTEL ROOM - BACK ON MICHAEL AND KAREN

306.

MICHAEL

You're on Alex's side.

(CONTINUED.)

306. CONTINUED:

306.

KAREN
You're such a jerk!

MICHAEL
I can't take this.
(pause)
You're strangling me.

Karen suddenly gets up from the bed. Grabs a few things.

KAREN
You arrogant son of a bitch.

She's out the door.

307. INT. - HOTEL HALLWAY

307.

Karen quickly walks to the elevator. Michael stands by the door...

MICHAEL
Karen!!!

KAREN
Goodbye, Mike.

Michael reenters and SLAMS the door shut behind him.

308. INT. HOTEL ROOM

308.

He leans against the door, wrought with emotion.

309. INT. - HOTEL SECURITY ROOM

309.

Agent is on the phone.

AGENT
They had a blow-up. The woman split.

JENKINS (V.O.)
What do you think?

Beat.

AGENT
They had a blow-up.

JENKINS (V.O.)
Stay with Brace.

310. EXT. - ABRAMSON SUMMER HOUSE - AFTERNOON

310.

Karen gets out of a cab. Hal and Wendy greet her. Lead her inside. . . .

311. INT. - MICHAEL'S HOTEL ROOM - AFTERNOON

311.

Michael anxiously sits by the phone. Empty coffee cups litter the night table. He is fiddling with the contents of a briefcase, but we cannot see what it is.

The PHONE RINGS.

Michael quickly opens the briefcase. It contains a portable computer terminal. He hooks the phone to it and answers.

MICHAEL

Hello.

KAREN (V.O.)

Mike.

Michael checks his watch. Smiles. The timing is perfect.

MICHAEL

God, I'm glad you called.

312. INT. - ABRAMSON HOUSE

312.

Karen also has a portable computer terminal. It is hooked to the phone.

KAREN

I wanted to get away and think.

312A. INT. - MICHAEL'S HOTEL ROOM

312A.

He punches keys on the terminal as he speaks.

MICHAEL

Where are you?

312B. INT. - ABRAMSON HOUSE

312B.

KAREN

I'm at Mother's. I'm going to stay a few days.

312C. ANGLE - ON KAREN'S TERMINAL. It reads, "I LOVE YOU. I'M STARTING NOW."

312C.

313. INT. - E.T.T. LAB

313.

Marks and three scientists are working. Camera moves past them to the computer area. An indicator blinks on. The men, who are in the lab, don't notice. The computer area security door, which they recently installed, silently locks. A digital readout says, "SECURE."

314. INT. - MICHAEL'S HOTEL ROOM

314.

He continues to hit keys on the terminal.

MICHAEL

Karen, what's done is done. Let's
start back at the beginning. Find
where we lost it.

315. INT. - E.T.T. TAPE ROOM

315.

The employees are just leaving for the Locking up.
CAMERA MOVES past them to the automated tape machine. We
see curved racks of cassette tapes -- MOVE IN on one of them --
which is labelled "LILLIAN REYNOLDS - DANGER - TOXIC."
ANGLE - ON control console. It lights up.

316. INT. - MICHAEL'S HOTEL ROOM ± CLOSE ON TERMINAL

316.

It spells out: FULL SENSORY MODE ACTIVE. Michael gasps
with relief.

MICHAEL

I think we may still have a chance...

317. INT. - ABRAMSON SUMMER HOUSE

317.

Karen's computer terminal mimicks Michael's exactly. Hal
reads the screen.

HAL

(whispers excitedly)

He's in!

Karen types in commands on her terminal.

KAREN

(into phone)

I agree. Let's try...

318 * INT. - E.T.T. PRODUCTION LINE - LATE AFTERNOON *

318

* Empty. A few lights are on. Equipment stands idle. Rows *
of military-type helmets rest silently on motionless
conveyors.

A light on the production line control console comes on.

319. INT. - MICHAEL'S HOTEL ROOM

319.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

We need to reach out ...

Michael is now hitting more keys on the terminal

320. INT - E.T.T. TAPE ROOM 320.
The automatic manipulator reaches for Lillian's tape.
- 321 INT. - SECURITY HOTEL ROOM 321
Agents are listening in on the conversation. Unconcerned.
- MICHAEL (V.O.)
...try to connect again.
(pause)
I wish we didn't have to do it
over the phone.
322. INT. ABRAMSON HOUSE 321
Karen hits terminal keys.
- KAREN
Maybe this will be easier...
323. INT. - E.T.T. PRODUCTION LINE 323.
Lights come on in the plant. Equipment comes alive.
324. INT. - ABRAMSON HOUSE 324.
Karen hits terminal keys.
- KAREN
I think we need some distance,
some room to move.
325. INT. - E.T.T. 325.
E.T.T. Telephone switchboard blinks chaotically. Confused
OPERATORS watch helplessly.
326. INT. - ABRAMSON HOUSE 326.
Karen hits terminal keys.
- KAREN
...you'll probably be glad this
happened.
327. INT. - E.T.T. PRODUCTION LINE 327.
Half-built helmets begin moving toward huge die cutters
and punch presses.

OMIT
328.

OMIT
328.

329. INT. - E.T.T. PRODUCTION LINE

329.

A conveyor belt suddenly engages, moving delicate electrical components down long rows. Other machines start to engage; their terminals spill out random numbers.

330. INT. - E.T.T. MONITORING ROOM

330.

All seems normal. Jenkins is on the phone.

AGENT (V.O.)
They're droning on...

JENKINS
You married?

AGENT (V.O.)
Ah...he should dump 'er.

330A. INT. - E.T.T. TAPE ROOM

330A.

Lillian's cassette automatically loads on player.

331. INT. - MICHAEL'S HOTEL ROOM

331.

Michael stops hitting keys and puts on a helmet.

MICHAEL
(into phone)
* If you could cover for me at *
home, I think I could use
being away for a while.

332. INT. - ABRAMSON HOUSE

332.

KAREN
You've got a deal, Mike.

333. INT. - E.T.T. PRODUCTION LINE

333.

Machines continue to go on -- we see unfinished recording machines move through the die cutters and presses which suddenly begin clipping at random, destroying the machines.

Conveyor belts push the electrical components till they pile up, jamming, twisting and bursting. A panicked GUARD runs by. Another GUARD frantically dials the phone but only gets the harsh BUZZING...

OMIT
334.

OMIT
334.

335. INT. - MICHAEL'S HOTEL ROOM

335.

MICHAEL
(into phone)
Why don't you tell me a story?
You know...like we used to.

Michael sees a readout on his terminal state: "READY."
He punches in a command to "START."

336. INT. - ABRAMSON HOUSE

336.

ANGLE - ON TERMINAL. It reads, "PLAYBACK."
336A. ANGLE - ON KAREN. She looks to Hal and Wendy, holds up
crossed fingers.

336A.

KAREN
Okay. A story about us...

337. MICHAEL'S POV - LILLIAN'S TAPE

337.

It starts from the beginning. Lillian's POV facing the
control panel. The SOUNDS of her GASPS getting louder...

338. INT. - SECURITY HOTEL ROOM

338.

The agents have become more interested in the conversation.

KAREN (V.O.)
...and the girl fell head-over-
heels in love with the very odd,
tall, wierdo who...

OMIT
339.

OMIT
339.

340. INT. - E.T.T. PRODUCTION LINE

340.

Chaos. WORKERS rush about, trying to figure out what is
happening. It almost resembles the Keystone Cops in action.

One technician hits switches on one of the control panels...

High level SECURITY MEN, carrying walkie-talkies, rush in.
Among them is BOB BURNS. He looks around at the runaway
production line with amazement, then...

BOB
Shut the damn things down!

TECHNICIAN
We can't! Whole operation has been
by-passed! Has to be someone who
knows the system!

Burns pulls a special phone out of a console drawer. He dials...

OMIT
341.

OMIT
341.

342. INT. - MONITORING ROOM

342.

Jenkins sits reading a copy of "Saga" Magazine. Camera moves in on phone. It does not ring.

343. INT. - E.T.T. PRODUCTION LINE CONTROL ROOM

343.

Burns is still on the phone. Suddenly a loud BUZZING is heard on the other end. He SLAMS the phone down, and rushes out.

344. INT. - MONITORING ROOM

344.

Jenkins is relaxed. Calm. An AGENT approaches him.

AGENT

This is the transcript so far.
...they're still at it.

Jenkins quickly scans it -- smiles.

344A. INT. - E.T.T. LAB

344A.

Marks turns from the other scientists to check something on the computer. He finds the security door locked, punches in the code. It won't open. Disgusted, he goes to the phone. It BUZZES. He looks worried.

MARKS

I'll go down to Security.

345. INT. - E.T.T. PRODUCTION LINES - DUSK *

345.

Machines continue to turn on. NOISE GROWS in intensity. Metal twists and tears. Runaway riveter SHATTERS half-made helmets.

346. INT. - E.T.T. SECURITY DESK AREA

346.

An astonished GUARD stands back, YELLING.

GUARD

Every door in the place is
stuck! Locked!

As Burns SMASHES a heavy fire extinguisher through the glass doors...

Marks arrives. Looks startled.

346A. INT. - MICHAEL'S HOTEL ROOM 346A.

Michael looks spaced out.

346B. MICHAEL'S POV OF LILLIAN'S TAPE 346B.

Falling through images of Lillian's life.

347. INT. - MONITORING ROOM 347.

Someone begins LOUDLY POUNDING on the doors. Jenkins, et al., react....

BOB

Bill, you gotta open up!

Jenkins motions for someone to unlock the doors. Bob pushes in, with Marks.

BOB

(frantically)

Whole place has gone up for grabs. Someone has by-passed the control system. Phones are out of whack. Computers going crazy...

348. ANGLE - CLOSE ON JENKINS 348.

Freezing with a realization. He snaps around, rushes over to the monitoring machine and quickly flips on the switch, punches out a program...

The readout says: "PLAYBACK."

JENKINS

Fuck.

Marks grabs the helmet, plugs it into the machine and puts it on his head.

349. MARKS' POV 349.

A light. Its intensity is incredible. Like a million suns...

350. Marks rips the helmet off. Falls, stumbles. Jenkins goes to the phone. 350.

JENKINS

(into phone)

Cut Brace's phone communication immediately, and arrest him.

(CONTINUED.)

CONTINUED:

350.

AGENT (V.O.)

Yes, sir!

JENKINS

(to Bob Burns)

Sonovabitch's broken through
all the security codes.

351. INT. - SECURITY HOTEL ROOM

351.

Agent hits a switch on his monitoring machine, cutting off
Michael's call.

352. INT. - MICHAEL'S HOTEL ROOM

352.

The phone goes dead.

MICHAEL

Karen? ...Karen?

Michael becomes frightened; immediately shuts off his
terminal and hangs up.

353. INT. - ABRAMSON HOUSE

353.

Karen holds the phone up to Hal.

KAREN

(very concerned)

Went dead. They're on to us.

Beat. Karen begins punching in more commands on the
terminal.

354. INT. - MICHAEL'S HOTEL - NIGHT *

354.

Michael slams shut the briefcase and rushes into the
adjoining room, then out into the hall a moment before
TWO AGENTS appear from the room down the hall. They
spot Michael.

AGENT

Dr. Brace...

Michael bolts through the nearby exit door, grabs a fire
extinguisher off the wall, sets it off.

355. Michael races down the stairs, setting off another
extinguisher at each level. The whole stairwell fills
with foggy CARBON DIOXIDE. He reaches the first floor,
hears voices, then races down to the basement level.
He opens a door to a...

355.

355A. A LONG CORRIDOR

355A.

Michael sees the agent waiting for him at the other end. He becomes terrified. He's tall, imposing, brandishing a gun...

355B. MICHAEL'S POV

355B.

The room shimmers, vibrates. The towering man approaches, cutting a shadowy, terrifying figure.

355C. Michael is frozen. Staring.

355C.

Agent slowly raises a gun.

355D. MICHAEL'S POV

355D.

The agent, the room, all of it now glows with a blinding vibrance.

Gun barrel faces us point blank.

Agent's face seems surreal, truly terrifying. Suddenly...

Michael is alive. Animated. His face furious. He leaps at the man...

The gun EXPLODES!

The bullet travels in extreme slow motion, sails past Michael's ear as he attacks the agent. They traverse the corridor, rolling, twisting, one on top of the other. Michael's determination matches the killer's brawn.

ANOTHER SHOT!

Agent MOANS. Falls back. Stares dumbly at Michael. He has been wounded in the side. Michael HEARS OTHER FOOTSTEPS. Throws the gun away and races out...

356. EXT. - HOTEL - NIGHT *

356.

...towards his Bronco. He dumps the briefcase in the rear and hurriedly climbs in.

Two agents run after him.

Michael guns the engine, ROARS OFF. One of the agents runs -- blocking the path of the car. Michael knocks the man to the ground.

Agent writhes in pain, clutching his leg. Another agent runs up.

HURT AGENT

Guy's crazy...

357. INT. - E.T.T. TAPE ROOM 357.
Technicians arrive. Door is locked. They peer through the window to see that machine is on, waiting. They begin to torch the door.
358. INT. - ABRAMSON HOUSE 358.
Karen punches in commands like a pro.
359. INT. - E.T.T. TAPE ROOM 359.
The three other tape machines come on and begin to spin their reels faster and faster.
360. EXT. - MICHAEL'S BRONCO - NIGHT 360.
Michael drives along a narrow causeway.
361. INT. - MICHAEL'S BRONCO - NIGHT 361.
In the glare of his headlights, we see a gate go by, then across a large open grassy field, past two old wooden buildings, then up to a modern concrete and glass building. Inside the building is the Wright Brothers' first plane, floating in a pool of light. Outside is a small public phone. Michael jumps out and races to it, leaving on the Bronco headlights. He opens the case, connects the terminal to the phone.
362. INT. - E.T.T. TAPE ROOM 362.
The cassette reengages, as the men continue to torch the door.
363. INT. - MONITORING ROOM 363.
Place is in complete confusion. Machines are going wild. NOISE is deafening. . .

JENKINS
(to Burns)

They must be making phone contact through the lab computer. Have them run a trace.

Burns nods. Pulls out his walkie-talkie.

BOB
(into walkie-talkie)

Doug!

364. INT. - LAB

364.

Marks and the other scientists are going crazy. Security door to the computer is still sealed shut. Scientists feebly POUND on the lock...security man, DOUG, arrives with walkie-talkie.

DOUG

What!

BOB (V.O.)

*

Can you tie into the Lab Computer and trace the call?

*

DOUG

Damn security door's sealed shut!

BOB (V.O.)

Break it down!

MARKS

Be careful!

365. INT. - E.T.T. PRODUCTION LINES

365.

Huge electronic component is being crushed by a large press. Tubes burst, sparks fly, a fire breaks out.

366. ANGLE - ON ALEX

366.

He arrives on the scene, quickly surveys the destruction.

ALEX

What the hell is going on?

TECHNICIAN

Some guy has snafu'd all the controls...crazy at the lab, too.

Alex knows exactly what is going on. Heads for lab.

366A. INT. - E.T.T. TAPE ROOM

366A.

Just as the men break through the door, the machines begin to fly apart. Covers of tape reels, spinning at incredible speeds, break loose and sail across the room like lethal Frisbees. The men duck, can't get to the controls.

367. INT. - E.T.T. LAB

367.

Doug breaks the glass in the security door. He and several scientists rush in with Marks.

Alex enters the lab; grimly watching the action.

368. EXT. - PHONE BOOTH

368.

Michael has the helmet on. He looks dazed, having difficulty.

368A. MICHAEL'S POV/LILLIAN'S TAPE

368A.

The strobing -- vibration -- SOUND is overwhelming.

369. INT. - ABRAMSON HOUSE

369.

Karen hands Hal a sheet of computer commands, glances at her watch, gives him a hug. Wendy helps her put on her coat.

KAREN

Thanks, you two.

Hal sits at the terminal...begins punching in commands.

HAL

Love it!

WENDY

Be careful.

Karen exits.

370. INT. - E.T.T. TAPE ROOM

The cassette machine still plays as the other recorders continue to go berserk, spewing flying shrapnel in all directions. Men still cannot get close to the controls.

371. INT. - LAB/COMPUTER

371.

Doug has opened the casing to the computer terminal. A feed cable from a portable terminal has been clipped to points inside the console. Doug punches out a program on the terminal...anxiously watches for numbers to appear.

Numbers appear on the readout.

DOUG

Got him!

(into walkie-talkie)

It's a pay phone, Kill Devil Hills.

372. INT. - MONITORING ROOM 372.
Jenkins SHOUTS into his radio unit...

JENKINS
Got that?

373. INT. - CAR 373.
An AGENT sits in his car, parked along a road.

AGENT
(into car phone)
That's way the heck out at the coast!

374. INT. - KAREN'S CAR - NIGHT 374.
Driving frantically across the causeway.

375. EXT. - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT 375.
Michael looks bad, slumping. Anguished.

376. MICHAEL'S PCV/LILLIAN'S TAPE 376.
LOOKING DOWN onto the immense curvature of the Earth. Below us, beneath the dark grey clouds, is a sudden flash, then a brilliant red glowing area, then another and another. The sight is strangely beautiful as clouds above and around the flowing areas swirl and spread concentrically.

HOLOCAUST - CLOSE UP. AND THE NOISE IS UTTERLY EAR-SPLITTING...as swirling fireballs engulf city after city, enveloping everything. The destruction is awesome, surreal, as though humanity, in a last fit of fury, pressed every button at once. Again, it's all strangely beautiful -- brilliant color intertwined -- blending and transforming everything familiar into glowing streaks of yellow, orange and black. It's Dante's Inferno come true. The SOUND is a devastating ROAR that combines with a terrifying SHRIEK, as though millions of souls were WAILING at once.

OMIT 377. thru 383. OMIT 377. thru 383.

384. INT. - MONITORING ROOM 384.
Jenkins is furious. He's on the walkie-talkie.

(CONTINUED.)

384. CONTINUED:

384.

JENKINS
 (into walkie-talkie)
 Everyone stand by. We'll have
 him soon.

Jenkins looks up...

Zimbach is standing there, glowering at him.

JENKINS
 (to Zimbach)
 He shot one of our guys!

Suddenly all the monitors go dead. The lights go off.

385. EXT. - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

385.

Michael looks very bad -- his breathing is heavy and forced, his eyes look burned out.

386. MICHAEL'S POV/LILLIAN'S TAPE

386.

A vast darkness. Awesome. Astonishing. Then, COLOR, ENERGY, SHAPES begin passing us. Then...

The LIGHT. It is hellish, overwhelming. We are descending deeper and deeper into images of horrifying tortuous, spiralling convolution. It is like H.R. Giger and Hieronymus Bosch come to life.

387. INT. - KAREN'S CAR - NIGHT

387.

Karen drives like a Baja 500 champion, rounds a corner toward the phone booth.

388. EXT. - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

388.

Karen's car pulls up next to the Bronco, she jumps out and rushes to Michael.

OMIT
 389.

OMIT
 389.

390. EXT. - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

390.

Karen embraces Michael, but he is limp, crumbling: overwhelmed. He can barely speak, croaking...

MICHAEL
 I'm nearly there...I know it!...

(CONTINUED.)

391. INT. - LAB
Marks has the scientists tearing up the computer floor, trying to find the main power lines to the computer. Alex watches Marks losing control of himself and the situation.
392. EXT. - PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT
Karen holds Michael, supporting him. He looks awful, pale. She looks at him, panicked.
393. MICHAEL'S POV - LILLIAN'S TAPE
The LIGHT approaches faster, strobing, blinding. We PIERCE its center and suddenly it becomes...
A TUNNEL OF ENERGY. The same awesome configuration seen after Lillian's death. Again it stretches out in front of us, its dimensions and beauty limitless. This time, however, we begin to move through it at an incredible speed, far beyond the points traversed before.
394. INT. - ABRAMSON HOUSE - NIGHT
Hal punches in one final command with great gusto.
395. INT. - TAPE ROOM
GO!!
The recorders still go at top speed. Then, WHAM! The tapes reach their ends. The stop is so abrupt that numerous reels fly open, spilling the tapes across the room. TECHNICIANS watch in disbelief.
396. INT. - LAB
Total chaos.
The recorders still go at top speed. Then, WHAM! The tapes reach their ends. The stop is so abrupt that numerous reels fly open, spilling the tapes across the room. TECHNICIANS watch in disbelief.
- MARKS
God-fucking-damn it...
- He's ready to now physically damage the computer, but he just can't do it.
- Alex watches with amusement. He knows Michael has won. He's proud.

CONTINUED:

396.

ALEX

Let it go...

397. EXT. - PHONE BOOTH - TWILIGHT

397.

Michael's expression is slowly changing, his eyes widening. A rush is beginning. Karen notices, watches, fascinated.

398. MICHAEL'S POV - LILLIAN'S TAPE

398.

We GATHER SPEED, until shimmering rings swirl by, radiant, magnificent, glowing with color -- as though eons of time were passing in moments. Then, suddenly, it all METAMORPHOSES into...

A SERIES OF MIRACULOUS VISIONS. The immense curvature of the Earth is seen as before, but this time there are no explosions, no holocaust, and we accelerate away at the speed of a god, past the moon, planets, through vast nebulas, and through the entire galaxy in the wink of an eye, revealing an infinity of galaxies which become the particles of a gigantic microorganism, as though each galaxy were a molecule in a vast and infinite atomic structure. We fly into a world of flashing, spinning protons, neutrons and electrons, moving so fast that they fill our view with an abstract ballet of pure luminosity.

399. EXT. - PHONE BOOTH - TWILIGHT

399.

Michael looks radiant. Blissed out.

MICHAEL

Oh my God...

400. MICHAEL'S POV - LILLIAN'S TAPE

400.

HEAVEN: In an endless parade of remarkably beautiful configurations of pure diamorphous, crystalline, ethereal light, in constant flow, we can HEAR the TRIUMPHANT CHORUS of a billion-billion souls in a joyous symphony - totally free and beautiful and in an ecstasy of continual euphoric release.

401. EXT. - PHONE BOOTH - TWILIGHT

401.

Michael is in ecstasy. Karen is euphoric.

MICHAEL

I'm...going with it...

Karen looks at him, suddenly caught.

KAREN

What?...Michael?

(CONTINUED.)

CONTINUED:

401.

Michael's eyes start to roll back in their sockets, his face going slack, his body starts to wilt. His voice whispers.

MICHAEL

...it's beautiful...

402. MICHAEL'S POV- LILLIAN'S TAPE

402.

Pure luminance. We are lifting, floating upward, higher, higher, into the brilliance. MUSIC is overwhelmingly lovely, perfect. Accelerating straight up. Incredible symmetry.

403. EXT. - PHONE BOOTH - SUNRISE

403.

Michael begins to fall. Life is ebbing away. Karen holds him up, lifts his eyelid, checks his carotid artery for pulse. She grows angry. Suddenly strong, dynamically forceful, pushing him up against the wall, shaking him.

KAREN

No you don't! Michael!

MICHAEL

* I'm Sorry.... *

KAREN

* We made a deal *

She pounds him, shakes him violently. She shouts at him.

KAREN

* Michael! Not now! Michael Anthony
Brace! *

404* CLOSE ON MICHAEL

404*

A glimmer of response.

405. MICHAEL'S POV

405.

The light begins to dim, the upward movement slows, wavers, then we begin to tumble backward, as though we just did a hammerhead stall -- right there in heaven. Images rush away, we accelerate back through the cosmos, through infinity, falling earthward, through clouds, then WHAM!

406. EXT. - PHONE BOOTH - SUNRISE

406.

Michael bolts upright, eyes wide, a deep breath, then slowly, surely, looking at Karen, he begins to smile. She smiles, lets out a breath of utter, total relief. They embrace, begin to laugh as CAMERA PULLS slowly BACK.

We see the Wright Brothers' first plane. A sign says something about the first flight of Man.

FADE OUT The end