

CUBE

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FADE IN:

1 INT. CUBE 1

1

A perfectly square, empty room. The walls are metallic, textured and symmetrical - 14 by 14 feet, with a sliding door embedded in the centre of each wall, the floor and ceiling.

shunt dable.
Click. A door handle turns. The door in the ceiling slides open, and the limp body of a man drops through, hitting the floor with a painful thud. After a moment, he stirs.

He sits up weakly and looks around, totally disoriented. He takes in the doors, the strange grey uniform he's wearing. The nametag reads ALDERSON.

Alderson rises unsteadily, his breathing ragged and shallow. He moves to the closest door and tenuously grasps the handle. He twists it, the door slides open, he cautiously peers in.

Beyond is another cube, identical.

Puzzled, Alderson moves to the next door, opens it, sees another duplicate room. He repeats the process with the remaining doors to the same result. He stops in the centre of the room, looks from door to door a last time before returning to the first doorway.

Just then, he hears a low rumble, like distant thunder. He cringes, but the sound quickly passes. He opens the door.

2 INT. CUBE 2

2

Alderson climbs in. He takes a few steps forward, then freezes dead in his tracks. Simultaneously a violent tearing sound is heard.

*Russell Zeed supply
grid.*
 Alderson just stands there, stunned - a criss-cross grid pattern of blood starts oozing from his face and body.

prosthetics
 Alderson has just been sliced into small cubes. His fingertips separate from his hand and drop to the floor, one by one. Bits of his face slide off his head - a section of ear first, then an eye. His segmented body literally falls apart, collapsing in on itself like a building under demolition.

A bloodstained net of ultra-thin, razor-sharp wires comes into view, Alderson's bloody outline imprinted in the grid. It retracts to its original position, melding seamlessly in the ceiling.

TITLE: CUBE

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. CITYSCAPE - VARIOUS SHOTS DAY - *2nd Unit*

3

In the gathering gloom, the wire grid pattern is echoed in the steel and glass of skyscrapers rising into an oppressive grey sky.

A steady rain falls, miring the streets below. It drums down on anonymous umbrellas that scuttle along, huddling like crabs against the towering facades.

4 EXT. STREET/ALLEY DAY - 2nd Unit

4

WORTH, 30, office-worn, stumbles as if drugged through the banal drudgery of rush hour. He's soaking wet, clutching a briefcase, suit ruffled, hair plastered against his skull. He glances over his shoulder, feeling pursued. Fighting to maintain consciousness, he lurches into a deserted alley. Brick walls and filth spin around him, the briefcase slips from his hand. Worth drops to his knees, tries to crawl, collapses.

At the alley entrance, two SILHOUETTED FIGURES appear. One of them retrieves the briefcase. The other throws Worth over his shoulder like a rag doll.

5 INT. CUBE 3

A new cube. The ceiling door opens. Worth, unconscious, hits the floor with a sickening thud. He sports the same uniform as Alderson, a nametag advertising WORTH. *we only see him hit the floor 5*

Worth opens his eyes and focuses on the ceiling door. He turns his head one way, then the other, taking in the walls. *is not a double*

A mechanical groaning sound, like some tremendous engine starting up, resonates from the bowels of the structure.

The walls press in on Worth as the sonorous, hollow music of the cube fills his head. His eyes roll back and he flickers into unconsciousness again.

Click. The handle on the floor door beside him unlatches. It slowly slides open. A grunt of exertion as a hand grabs the door frame, then another. A man's head inches into view.

The eyes peer around, wide and fearful. They rise a little higher. He's mid-forties, strongly built, with close cropped hair and rugged features.

He pulls himself in. His nametag reads QUENTIN. There's a fresh, bleeding wound on his arm, but his adrenaline is running too high to acknowledge it. He turns, startled to see Worth.

QUENTIN

Hey.

No response. Quentin moves to him, nudges him with his toe. He feels for a pulse at his neck, then slaps his cheek a couple times.

QUENTIN

Hey!

Still no response. He stands and surveys his surroundings.

Quentin opens the closest door. Inside is another identical cube. His eyes narrow.

He turns back to see . . . Worth is gone! He whips around.

Worth sits against the wall staring back at him. Quentin opens his mouth, then closes it. He doesn't know where to begin.

Click. Quentin's eyes whip to a door handle turning beside Worth. He indicates for Worth to stay quiet and quickly takes up position on the other side of the door.

Slowly, very slowly, the door inches open. A head begins to poke through.

Quentin grabs the head and yanks, flipping the person to the floor and dropping on them, fist raised to strike.

It's a woman. She screams. Quentin backpedals, trying to calm her.

QUENTIN

Sorry! Sorry. I'm sorry.

She breaks away and huddles against the wall facing them. She's early forties, quaking with fear. Her nametag says HOLLOWAY.

QUENTIN

It's alright. I'm not gonna hurt you.

HOLLOWAY

What do you want?

QUENTIN

I didn't mean to scare you. I thought you were . . .

HOLLOWAY

What?

QUENTIN

I don't know.

A distant rumble, like thunder, reverberates through the cube. They stare at one another, not trusting anything. She whispers.

HOLLOWAY

What is this?

Nobody has an answer. Holloway's eyes fall on Quentin's wound. Quentin notices all the blood. He gulps.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OFF)

Help! Help!

They look for the source of it. Quentin's eyes go to a door. He springs for it.

6 INT. CUBE 4

6

Across the cube, he sees LEAVEN panicking at an open door. She's late teens, petite, a pretty girl-next-door. She jumps to the floor, starts desperately towards him.

QUENTIN

STOP!

Leaven freezes. Terrifying stasis as Quentin's eyes scan the walls, taking in the horrible symmetry.

Holloway peers in, eyes wide. Leaven sees her fear.

LEAVEN

What? What?

QUENTIN

It's okay. Come here.

He hops in and pushes her through the door, trying to get out of there as quickly as possible.

7 BACK IN CUBE 3 ↘ *Leaven in off the top.*

7

Leaven comes through head first, falling awkwardly to the floor. Her glasses fly off and break. She backs to a corner and faces Worth and Holloway, insane with fear. Quentin drops in and goes to Leaven trying to reassure her with his control.

QUENTIN

It's okay. Calm down. Everything's going to be fine.

HOLLOWAY

What was in there?

QUENTIN

Just gimme a minute to figure things out.

HOLLOWAY

Why were you afraid of that room?

QUENTIN

Gimme a minute, I said.

Click. Quentin whirls to see a face looking down from the ceiling door. It's an old, weathered face, squinting at them under a shock of grey hair. He's spry, but odd, maybe a little senile. His nametag reads RENNES.

QUENTIN
How many people are in this thing?

The old guy drops in to join them.

QUENTIN
Listen, we can't go climbing around in here.

HOLLOWAY
Why not?

QUENTIN
(pause)
There's traps.

Old Rennes raises an eyebrow at this. Leaven stops breathing.

HOLLOWAY
What do you mean traps?

QUENTIN
Booby traps.

He glances at Leaven, concerned how she'll take it.

QUENTIN
I looked into a room down there.
Something almost cut my head off.

Old Rennes sits down and inexplicably starts taking off his boots.

Leaven gasps, shaking uncontrollably. She's trying to speak. Quentin crouches close to comfort her and she grabs him around the neck, burrying her face in his shoulder. He finds himself holding her on the floor.

Holloway stares in claustrophobic horror at their surroundings.

HOLLOWAY
Holy cats. Holy, holy cats.

Quentin sits Leaven back against the wall with gentle authority.

QUENTIN
Don't worry.

His eyes roam the cube, trying to assess the place. His gaze stops on Worth who appears dazed.

QUENTIN
You alright?

Holloway looks at Worth more closely.

HOLLOWAY

Mister?

(looks at nametag)

Worth!

Hearing his name jolts him. He looks up. He touches the back of his head, then looks at his hand. Blood.

WORTH

I hit my head.

The sight of it sobers Holloway, gives her something to focus on.

HOLLOWAY

Let me take a look at that.

Worth pulls away from her.

HOLLOWAY

It's okay. I'm a doctor.

She tends to him.

Leaven sees her glasses on the floor, picks them up. One of the lenses is spider-webbed with cracks. She touches the lens where a single shard of glass has fallen out.

Rennes has got the laces out of his boots now, and is tying one to the top eyelet of the boot. He hefts it by the lace, testing the weight.

QUENTIN

What the hell are you doing?

Rennes slides open a door.

QUENTIN

Hey old man, did you hear what I said?

Rennes casts the boot into the next room by the lace.

8 INT. CUBE 5 - 2nd unit & Russell Zeead . 8

The boot incinerates in mid air, bursting into flames.

9 BACK IN CUBE 3 9

Everyone gapes at the trapped room.

LEAVEN

Oh God. Oh God.

Rennes reels the boot back in and dangles the smoking blob in front of them. They stare at him slack-jawed.

RENNES

Motion detectors. Integrated into the walls. Tough to spot.

He drops the boot. The door slides shut behind him. He puts the lace of his other boot in his teeth and slides open the next door. Quentin's hand locks on his shoulder.

QUENTIN

Wait a second. Let's all just relax for a minute.

Rennes rolls his eyes and dryly waits for them with his arms crossed.

QUENTIN

Does anybody remember how they got here?

Rennes shrugs, no idea. The others stare at one another, drawing blanks. Holloway volunteers.

HOLLOWAY

I was eating dinner. Perogies. Cheese and potato. I ran out of sour cream so I went to the fridge . . . then I don't know.

QUENTIN

You?

Leaven doesn't respond, her mind racing. He checks her nametag.

QUENTIN

Leaven?

LEAVEN

I -- I just went to bed and. . .

QUENTIN

(to Worth)
What about you?

WORTH

Just woke up here.

HOLLOWAY

(with dread)
It's like Chile. Middle of the night. They always come in the middle of the night.

LEAVEN

(weakly, pleading)
Who?

The question hangs in the air. Holloway's wide eyes take in the cube.

HOLLOWAY
Only the government could build
something this ugly.

QUENTIN
It ain't *government*.

HOLLOWAY
Then what is it?

QUENTIN
I don't know.

HOLLOWAY
(full of dread)
Aliens.

The distant rumble echoes through the cube again.

QUENTIN
Please. We're scared enough as it is.
Let's rule out *aliens* for now and
concentrate on what we know.

LEAVEN
My mom's gonna freak.

QUENTIN
Rennes?

Rennes looks at him, annoyed with all the chit chat.

LEAVEN
I just won't be there. They'll *freak*.

QUENTIN
Whaddaya think, Rennes?

RENNES
We won't solve jack shit sittin' still.
I'm moving in a straight line 'till I
get to the end.

QUENTIN
Alright, I tend to agree.

LEAVEN
(weakly)
Shouldn't we wait here?

HOLLOWAY
For what?

LEAVEN
To see if anybody comes.

WORTH
No one's going to come.

Leaven sinks lower.

QUENTIN
Look, there's a way in here, so there's
gotta be a way out. We can avoid the
traps using the boot. Holloway is it?
(she nods)
What do you think? Look for an exit?

She measures her options.

HOLLOWAY
Okay.

QUENTIN
(to Worth)
What about you?

WORTH
It can't be that simple.

RENNES
It *won't* be that simple.

Everyone's attention turns to Rennes.

RENNES
Look around. Take a good long looksee.
'Cause I got a feeling it's looking at
us.

He's probably right. They shift uncomfortably, naked beneath an
all seeing eye. Leaven huddles in total despair.

LEAVEN
I just want to wake up.

Quentin kneels down to her and pulls out all the stops.

QUENTIN
Leaven. We can do this. We just have
to *stay calm* and work together, as a
team. There's gonna be a lot of people
looking for us on the outside. I'm a
cop, alright?

LEAVEN
(pause, faint hope)
You're a cop?

QUENTIN

Yeah. And I'm sitting here with *four* other missing persons. My department is gonna be pretty curious about what went on last night.

(intensely)

I'm gonna get you out of here. I promise. You gotta be with me on this one.

Leaven makes a big effort to pull herself together. It almost works. She nods bravely.

LEAVEN

Okay.

QUENTIN

Okay.

He helps her to her feet, addresses everyone.

QUENTIN

And let's all try and stay positive.

Quentin and Rennes lock eyes, sussing one another other out. Quentin opens the door for him. A truce.

QUENTIN

Boot it.

Everyone holds their breath. Rennes casts the boot in. It lands with a pronounced squeak.

RENNES

Clean.

They start climbing through. Holloway pulls up the rear, sees Worth still sitting against the wall.

HOLLOWAY

What's wrong?

Worth scoffs. What isn't?

HOLLOWAY

Are you dizzy?

WORTH

No.

HOLLOWAY

Are you nauseous?

(Worth shakes his head)

Well . . .

She holds out her hand to help him up. He stares at her for a long moment, trying to find the will to live.

HOLLOWAY

Come on.

She's not taking no for an answer. He sighs and grabs her hand.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

10 INT. CUBE 6 LATER

10

A boot hits the floor. Rennes' bare feet follow it.

Quentin hits the floor, also barefoot, a makeshift bandage on his wound now. He ushers Worth and Holloway in, their boots strung around their necks by the laces.

Quentin reaches back to help Leaven in. She is considerably calmed. She takes his hand and starts through, but her attention is caught by something engraved on the inner edge of the door - a series of numbers. She runs her finger across their relief.

Just then, the distant rumble reverberates through them.

HOLLOWAY

That one sounded closer.

RENNES

Mechanical. Seems to come at regular intervals.

QUENTIN

Maybe it's a ventilation system.

RENNES

No vents.

HOLLOWAY

No kidding, I'm boiling.

Leaven puts her glasses on for a better look at the numbers.

They come into focus: 341 812 142.

Quentin sees her squinting out of her broken lens.

QUENTIN

What is it?

Quentin checks the door on his side. Another set of numbers.

QUENTIN

Serial numbers?

Everyone gathers to look.

HOLLOWAY

Room numbers! They're different in each room.

WORTH

Great. There's only three hundred-forty-one million, eight hundred thousand odd rooms in this thing.

HOLLOWAY

There better not be. We have about three days without food and water before we're too weak to move.

This jolts Leaven. She gets scared again.

LEAVEN

They have to feed us, don't they?

QUENTIN

(pleading)

Holloway . . .

He helps Leaven down. Holloway doesn't let up.

HOLLOWAY

We have heat, stress, physical exertion, i.e. *dehydration* - headaches, dizziness, disorientation, confused mental processes, the body eventually begins to break down it's own tissue --

Rennes suddenly reaches out and rips a button off her shirt.

RENNES

Suck on it.

Rennes sticks out his tongue, there's a button on it.

RENNES

Keeps the saliva going.

Holloway is speechless. He gives her the button, then turns and boots the next room.

The others pass by her following Rennes, each tearing a button off their shirts. Holloway sheepishly puts the button in her mouth.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

11 INT. CUBE 7 LATER

11

The floor door slides open. Half a boot lobs up through it and hits the floor safely.

Rennes pulls himself in, looking drawn and tense. He leans stiffly against the wall to rest.

Quentin follows, helping Leaven in. The place has oppressed them, taken it's toll.

LEAVEN
How long have we been in here?

QUENTIN
Not long. Eight or nine hours.

She wonders how he knows. He rubs the stubble on his chin.

QUENTIN
The last thing *I* remember is shaving.

Worth drags himself in. Rennes cocks his chin to the next door. Worth rotates the handle.

WORTH
I wonder what's on the other side?

12 INT. FEATURELESS CUBE

12

Light bleeds into a dark cube as the door slides open.

Worth finds himself looking into a room that is different from the others. The walls are featureless grey steel, with no handles on the doors.

13 BACK IN CUBE 7

13

HOLLOWAY
Hey. Look at this.

Rennes joins them, his eyes narrow.

LEAVEN
(a ray of hope)
What is it?

Quentin joins Worth and Rennes at the door. He scans the blank walls.

Rennes boots it. Nothing. Quentin holds up a hand for authority. Cautiously, he slides in.

14 INT. FEATURELESS CUBE

14

Stepping gingerly, Quentin looks around.

QUENTIN
Maybe it's the end.

He goes to a door frame and pries at it with his fingernails. It won't budge.

 WORTH
Yeah. Dead end.

Quentin kicks the wall with a metallic clang in frustration. He shoots Worth a look and climbs back to rejoin them.

15 BACK IN CUBE 7

15

 QUENTIN
Go around.

 RENNES
This way.

He opens the door, casts the boot. Nothing. Quentin gets ready to hop through, but Rennes stops him. Everyone tenses.

 QUENTIN
What?

 RENNES
The air seems dry in there.

Rennes eyes scan the room. He sniffs at it like a bloodhound. The others peer in with trepidation.

 HOLLOWAY
Trapped?

 RENNES
Molecular chemical sensor.

 QUENTIN
Why the hell didn't the boot set it off?

 RENNES
Boot's not alive. Detects hydrogen sulphide excreted from the skin.

Quentin zeroes in on Rennes.

 QUENTIN
How is it you know so much about sensors, Rennes?

 RENNES
"Renn." Not "Renz". It's French.

 QUENTIN
Fine. Your French. I'm askin' how --

Quentin suddenly clicks. He doses Rennes with Cop-eye.

QUENTIN

"Renn".

Rennes turns his back on him and heads for the next door.

QUENTIN

Sensor expert . . . about the right
age . . . I don't believe it.

(has to laugh)

This guy's "The Wren".

Rennes boots the room. It's safe. Worth and Holloway are lost.

HOLLOWAY

The what?

QUENTIN

He's "The Wren". "The Bird of Attica".
Flew the coop on six major prisons.

RENNES

(pride shows through)

Seven.

HOLLOWAY

Your're kidding, right?

Leaven goes to him, desperate with hope.

LEAVEN

You can get us out.

RENNES

Maybe.

HOLLOWAY

An escape artist!

Leaven and Holloway's faith is renewed. Worth remains unimpressed.
The women look to Rennes like a saviour. He's had enough.

RENNES

So I'm Harry fucking Houdini! The only
reason I dragged you this far is 'cause
I need your boots. If you don't
sharpen up quick, I'll be gone like
that.

(snaps his fingers)

Don't talk. Don't guess. Don't think
about *nothing* that's not right in front
of you. That's the real challenge.

16 INT. CUBE 8

Rennes hops in.

16

RENNES

You got to save yourselves from yourselves.

Rennes suddenly tenses, sensing something.

RENNES

Merde.

Her whirls around to jump back to the others.

A stream of liquid gushes from the wall, spraying him in the face with a sickening searing sound. Rennes screams in agony as the liquid burns through his skin, leaving a trail of white smoke. 2nd Unit

Holloway frantically starts to climb in to help. Quentin holds her back.

The door slides shut.

17 INT. CUBE 7

17

They're frozen, staring at the door. *Click.* The handle turns.

QUENTIN

GET HIM OUT!

He whips open the door. Rennes is right there, his face being eaten away by the acid before their eyes. Leaven screams. Holloway and Quentin haul him into the room.

Holloway valiantly tries to mop the acid off his face with her shirt, but she only burns her hand.

Rennes' cries turn to gurgles amid their yelling. A grasping hand latches onto Holloway's bicep. She howls in pain as his body convulses violently. Quentin steps on the arm, breaking the death grip as he slows to twitches, then lies still.

Holloway holds herself in pain. They stare in horror at the sizzling face.

LEAVEN

(retching)

Oh my God. Oh my God.

Leaven chokes it back. She crawls as far away from the corpse as she can and curls up in a ball.

Quentin and Holloway exchange looks of dread.

Worth just stares at them glumly, his fatalistic attitude unruffled.

18 DISSOLVE TO: LATER

18

Quentin paces. The others lie despondently on the floor.

QUENTIN

So it was electro-chemical or whatever.
Right?

Nobody answers him.

QUENTIN

Then he missed it. The Wren. That's
great. That's fuckin' great.

Quentin simmers. He stops pacing and stares down at the corpse. With his toe, he rolls the body over to hide the face. He turns back to them with grim determination.

QUENTIN

Alright, it's time to reassess this
place.

HOLLOWAY

I've been over it again and again. Why
would they throw innocent people in
here? Are we being *punished*?

LEAVEN

I've never done anything to deserve
this.

QUENTIN

Forget about all that! You can't see
the big picture from in here, so don't
try. Keep your head down, keep it
simple, just look at what's in front of
you.

WORTH

(meaning Rennes)
That's what he said.

HOLLOWAY

Is it a sick test? To see how
different psychologies react?

QUENTIN

Holloway. You'll drive yourself
mental. Don't think about it. Let's
take it one step at a time. Who are
you? That's a question I can get a
response to.

HOLLOWAY
 (thinks hard)
 Well, I'm a social activist. Maybe I
 was blacklisted.

QUENTIN
 Maybe? Maybe the starting point for
 that deduction is outside these walls.
 We aren't. Start with us. We got an
 escape artist and a cop. There's gotta
 be a reason for that. You're a *doctor*,
 Holloway. That gives you a function,
 a *reason*, right?

HOLLOWAY
 (tries to fathom it)
 No, it just makes me go *why me* and not
 one of the ten million other doctors
 out there.

Quentin groans and gives up on her for the time being.

QUENTIN
 Leaven? What are you?

LEAVEN
 (in despair)
 Nothing. I just go to school. I hang
 out with my friends.

QUENTIN
 What else?

LEAVEN
 There is nothing else! My parents are
 these people. I live with them. I'm
boring.

HOLLOWAY
 I think we *have* to ask the big
 questions. What does it want? What is
 it thinking?

WORTH
 One down, four to go.

Nobody finds that the least bit amusing. Quentin scowls.

QUENTIN
 Why don't you tell us what your purpose
 is, Worth?

WORTH
 I've often wondered that myself.

Quentin leans in on him, playing the heavy. Worth sees Holloway and Leaven are on Quentin's side. He wants to tell them. For an instant, it looks like he will, then he jams out.

WORTH

I'm just a *guy*. I work in an office building doing office building stuff. Believe me, I wasn't exactly bursting with *joie de vivre* before I got here. Life just sucks in general.

HOLLOWAY

I can't *stand* that attitude.

LEAVEN

'Cause he's right.

WORTH

What's *your* purpose, Quentin?

Quentin sees they all want to know. He turns on the quiet, personal strength.

QUENTIN

Kids. Three of 'em. I haven't made my peace yet.

(pause, determined)

I'm getting out of here, no matter what. That's where my strength comes from. You people find yours wherever you got it. For Christ's sake, Worth. What do you live for? Don't you have a wife or a girlfriend or something?

WORTH

No, but I have a pretty fine collection of pornography.

His deadpan obnoxiousness stupifies them again. Holloway is affronted.

HOLLOWAY

Nice. Nice.

("jacks off" with her hand)

I haven't got anybody either, but I'm not giving up. I'm *pissed off*. They came into our *homes*, they stripped us bare. They took my rings. They took my --

(feels her neck)

-- amethyst. I wanna know who's responsible.

Another rumble shudders ominously through the cube. Leaven burries her head in her hands.

QUENTIN
Leaven. You gotta try. You owe it to
your parents.

LEAVEN
(beyond saving)
I'd rather starve than die like that.

Quentin can't stand it. He sits her up, beseeching her, trying to
get her moving. Leaven moans.

QUENTIN
Nope. Sorry, I'm not gonna let you do
this. Come on.

Quentin picks up her glasses, beside her on the floor. Something
suddenly occurs to him.

QUENTIN
Leaven? Your glasses.

She looks at them blankly.

QUENTIN
You don't need them.

LEAVEN
They're for reading.

QUENTIN
Well, they took off her jewelry, but
they must have put those on you. If
nothing's random, why are they here?

It hits him. His eyes go to the trapped door.

QUENTIN
The *numbers*.
(then)
Come here. Leaven.

He half drags her to the trapped door, slides it open, wipes the
spattered blood off the numbers. Leaven looks at the numbers
blankly, then back to Quentin. It's suddenly clear.

QUENTIN
What do you do in school?

She lets him say it.

QUENTIN
Math.

Even Worth perks up his ears. Quentin hands Leaven her glasses.
She puts them on and peers at the numbers. Holloway crowds in with
sudden hope.

HOLLOWAY
What can they mean?

QUENTIN
Shh.

Leaven's brow furrows in concentration.

LEAVEN
751 . . . no . . .

Leaven puzzles, lost in thought. She's onto something.

Mystified, they follow her as she moves to the next door and checks the numbers of that cube. She shakes her head in amazement.

HOLLOWAY
What?

LEAVEN
Prime numbers.
(they stare)
You know what they are?

WORTH
A number only divisible by one and
itself.

LEAVEN
Right. I can't believe I didn't see it
before.

QUENTIN
See what?

LEAVEN
It seems like . . . if any of these
are prime numbers, the room is trapped.
Okay. Um. 532 - that's not prime.
254 - no. 931 . . . Right, 7 times
133, not prime either. So this room is
safe.

QUENTIN
Wait, wait, wait. How can you make
that assumption on one prime numbered
trap?

LEAVEN
I'm not. The incinerator thing was
prime - 773. The cheese grater had 371,
Lawnmower blade had 935 --

HOLLOWAY
You remember all that? In your head?

LEAVEN
 (shrugs, irritated)
 I have a facility for it.

QUENTIN
 Leaven, you beautiful brain.
 (to Holloway)
 Boot it.

Holloway flings her boot in. Nothing. Quentin screws himself up for the real test - going in it.

QUENTIN
 Okay, outa the way.

But Leaven jumps in before he can get to the door.

19 INT. CUBE 9

19

She hits the ground. A moment of stasis. She laughs.

LEAVEN
 Safe!

She sings out, doing a little bump-and-grind victory dance.

LEAVEN
 Prime numbers! Prime numbers!

20 BACK IN CUBE 7

20

Quentin's impressed. The girl's got spunk. He heads through after her.

Worth and Holloway eye one another. Holloway can't relax yet.

HOLLOWAY
 What do you think?

In answer, Worth looks at the body. He squats and retrieves the boot slung around it's shoulder.

WORTH
 One size fits all.

They climb out of the room. Rennes' barefoot corpse lies facedown in the empty, groaning room. The door slides closed.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

21 INT. CUBE 10 LATER

21

Quentin peers through a ceiling door and jumps in. Leaven looks in after him, shakes her head in amazement at another identical room.

LEAVEN
It's like M.C. Escher.

She drops in and goes to the door he's opened for her. Her mind is working now, taking up the challenge.

LEAVEN
Like a puzzle.

QUENTIN
Right. One piece at a time.

Holloway drops in, followed by Worth. Holloway mumbles to herself, fidgety and claustrophobic. Quentin eyes her.

LEAVEN
Prime. 777. This one's trapped.

QUENTIN
This way.

Quentin slides open another door for Leaven. He smiles at her encouragingly.

QUENTIN
Doing good.

She meets his eyes, smiles shyly and turns back to the numbers. Quentin's gaze lingers. Another rumble emanates from somewhere, sending Holloway deeper into a funk.

HOLLOWAY
I need to smoke. I'd smoke a butt off the sidewalk right now.

QUENTIN
Holloway, just reel yourself in a bit. Come on. We're moving along. Things are looking up.

HOLLOWAY
Okay. Okay, your right. I quit smoking years ago, I just need to be occupied.

QUENTIN
Talk, then. Have a conversation. What kind of doctor are you, anyway?

HOLLOWAY
Oh, you know, the free kind. I diagnose shock a lot. Chit chat, chit chat. Worth masturbates. You -- what? Arrest people?

QUENTIN
Sometimes.

HOLLOWAY
(trying too hard)
That's nice . . . come on, help me.
Tell me about your rug rats.

QUENTIN
Okay. We have three boys. Nine,
seven, and five. Hockey players.

HOLLOWAY
Good God. Poor woman. There's no way
I'd survive that.

QUENTIN
Well. She didn't either.

Oops. An awkward moment for everyone.

QUENTIN
She's not *dead*, we're just separated.

HOLLOWAY
(sighs, frazzled)
Sorry. I can't just shoot the breeze.
It sounds like Beckett.

LEAVEN
None of these are prime.

QUENTIN
Okay! Clear.

Quentin ushers Holloway through, rolling his eyes at Leaven as she climbs by. Leaven shares a smile and hops through next.

Quentin watches the women go, then he turns to Worth, staring glibly back at him. He tries to appeal to Worth as a man.

QUENTIN
You could try and help me here, buddy.

Worth sighs and steps up to the door.

WORTH
No, I couldn't.

Worth jumps through. Quentin watches him go through narrowed eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. CUBE 11 LATER

22

Quentin and Leaven are looking at the numbers of an open floor door.

LEAVEN
This one's trapped too.

HOLLOWAY
We have to *backtrack*?

QUENTIN
Not yet.

He looks up at the ceiling door, then to Leaven. She knows what he's thinking. She steps closer.

Holloway can see the spark of attraction between them. She thinks it's ridiculous.

Leaven rises to the ceiling door, standing on Quentin's shoulders. She grabs the handle, tries to twist it.

LEAVEN
It's stuck.

QUENTIN
Reef on it.

She tries again. Nothing. The others stare up at her. She gives it her all. It suddenly gives and slides open.

Shouts of surprise as A YOUNG MAN falls through the doorway on top of them. They land in a heap on the floor. Leaven has smacked her elbow painfully and she's pissed.

The young man sits up. His nametag says KAZAN. He has strange, boyish features.

They double take - there's something up with the guy, his movements are jerky and spastic. He stands, ignoring them, engulfed in his own strangely focussed world. Long silence as they all stare at him blankly. His hands flutter, fingertips tapping themselves. He turns away and puts his nose right against the wall.

KAZAN
This room is green.

They look at one another, dumbfounded.

QUENTIN
Holloway . . . ?

HOLLOWAY
Are you alright? Yoo hoo.

No response. Holloway moves toward him gently.

HOLLOWAY
Hi, there.

KAZAN
This room is green.

HOLLOWAY
Yes, it is.

He turns to her, agitated, avoiding eye contact.

KAZAN
I wanna go back to the blue room.

QUENTIN
Is it shock or what? What's with him?

HOLLOWAY
I think he's mentally handicapped.

The others look at Kazan, shifting uncomfortably with a new awkwardness.

KAZAN
Blue room's best.

QUENTIN
Jesus Christ.

LEAVEN
He almost broke my neck!

HOLLOWAY
Hey, there. Are you all alone? You want to hold my hand, honey?

KAZAN
Butter first, then honey.

LEAVEN
How'd he survive?

HOLLOWAY
Probably hasn't moved.

KAZAN
I wanna go back to the blue room.

HOLLOWAY
There's lots of blue rooms. We'll find you another one soon.

Kazan reaches out and touches Holloway's hair. It's a very gentle gesture. She is smitten.

LEAVEN
This is way too bizarre.

HOLLOWAY
Well, you just worry about your numbers
then.

Leaven and Quentin share a look.

HOLLOWAY
Go on. I'll look after him.

Quentin shakes his head in disbelief. Leaven points up.

LEAVEN
Safe. Obviously, if he fell on my
head.

Quentin starts climbing the wall rungs.

HOLLOWAY
Shall we go for a walk, Kazan? Want to
go for a walk?

Kazan watches Quentin climb, eyes wide in amazement and fear.
Holloway sees this reaction. She gingerly steps forward.

HOLLOWAY
Um . . . Quentin?

He stops climbing and looks down at her.

HOLLOWAY
Let's not make him do the climbing
thing right away.

QUENTIN
(a warning)
Holloway . . .

KAZAN
(an echo)
Holloway . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. VARIOUS CUBES MONTAGE *Partail second unit - possibly entirely? @ 11/11 shall be
worked out in doors - handles + neck polishes.* 23
They line up single file to climb through the door. Worth smiles
dryly at their military precision. He starts whistling the theme
from "Bridge On the River Kwai".

The group marches start-stop through doors, across various cubes.

Holloway joins in, whistling the marching tune.

Kazan tries to whistle too, encouraged by her.

Quentin and Leaven share a look. Leaven shrugs and whistles along. Quentin scowls at Worth, still whistling.

Leaven figures numbers.

Quentin swings through a door.

They're moving along at a good pace, but Worth is no longer whistling. He's back observing them all with detachment.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

24 INT. CUBE 12

24

Quentin helps Kazan in with distaste. Kazan is fidgetty, whining quietly to himself. Holloway follows, then the others.

QUENTIN

Can't you stop him doing that?

HOLLOWAY

He just needs to be occupied.

QUENTIN

With what?

HOLLOWAY

Give him a job. Let him open the doors.

Quentin scoffs, then reconsiders. Anything to stop that noise he's making.

QUENTIN

Hey, buddy. You wanna open the doors?

HOLLOWAY

Give him a signal.

Quentin rolls his eyes and waves his hand at Kazan.

QUENTIN

Hey? Pay attention. Watch my hand.

Quentin "signals", pointing his finger, thumb up, like a gun, at a door. Kazan crosses and opens it.

HOLLOWAY

See. He's very high functioning.

QUENTIN

Yeah, I'm the one that looks like the idiot doing this.

Leaven is climbing in. Holloway offers her a hand, but Leaven snubs her.

LEAVEN
I can do it.

Holloway huffs. Leaven crosses to the door, groaning at the sight of yet another cube.

WORTH
I thought math geeks liked repetition.

LEAVEN
Not when I'm part of the equation.

HOLLOWAY
Where do you *hide* something this big?

Everyone ignores her. Another rumble builds, then slowly fades.

HOLLOWAY
Could they have taken us all the way to New Mexico?

QUENTIN
(in exasperation)
What are you talking about?

HOLLOWAY
I'm talking about where do you hide this?

QUENTIN
Albuquerque?

HOLLOWAY
No. Inside one of those hollow mountains they got out there. A top secret military base like Roswell.

QUENTIN
Oh for Christ's sake, Holloway.

Leaven shoots them a dirty look.

LEAVEN
Clear.

QUENTIN
Thank you. Sorry.

Kazan is waiting for the signal. Quentin gives it to him. Kazan, Leaven and Worth start through, followed by Holloway and Quentin.

25 INT. CUBE 13

2

Quentin and Holloway enter behind the others. They hang back, straining to keep their voices low.

HOLLOWAY

Sorry to shake your foundations, Quentin, but you have no idea where your tax dollars go.

QUENTIN

Free clinic Doctors?

HOLLOWAY

Only the Military-Industrial Complex could afford to build something this size.

QUENTIN

Holloway. What is "The Military-Industrial Complex"? Have you *been* there? I'm telling you, it's not that complex.

HOLLOWAY

How would you know, from where you are?

QUENTIN

Who do you think the establishment is? It's just guys like me. Their desks are bigger, but their jobs aren't. They don't *conspire*, they buy boats. Conspiracy is rare, Holloway. That's why it gets so much attention. This place is . . . it's gotta be like "The Man with the Golden Gun" - some rich psycho's entertainment.

HOLLOWAY

That's what you think?

LEAVEN

(irritated)

Clear.

Holloway goes for the door, trying to put distance between herself and Quentin.

HOLLOWAY

Okay. You're a cop.

She looks back and gives him a "thumbs up".

HOLLOWAY

Single bullet theory. Right on.

- 26 INT. CUBE 14 (RED) 26
 Holloway drops the last couple of feet to the floor. Her eyes snap wide. Her hands go to her throat. She's unable to get a breath.
- LEAVEN
 What's wrong?
- Holloway lets out a horrible choking gasp.
- 27 BACK IN CUBE 13 27
 All hell breaks loose.
- QUENTIN
Something's got her!
- LEAVEN
 GAS!
- QUENTIN
 HOLLOWAY! GET BACK HERE!
- Kazan whines.
- 28 INT. CUBE 14 28
 Holloway's face turns red, her eyes bug out. Then she coughs loudly - hacking up a button. She inhales a huge breath of air.
- HOLLOWAY
 It's okay, I just swallowed my button.
- They deflate with groans in the other room.
 Leaven climbs through, shaken.
- LEAVEN
 I hate this. I hate this.
- 29 BACK IN CUBE 13 29
 Quentin eyes Kazan with distaste. He's freaked by the next room, fidgetting and mumbling, fingers tapping madly.
- 30 INT. CUBE 14 30
 Quentin climbs through, addresses Holloway.
- QUENTIN
 Your boy's having a conniption fit in there.
- Holloway shakes it off and starts back through to Kazan.

Worth is with Leaven, looking at the numbers. She's trying to concentrate, but she's burnt out, eyes tired.

LEAVEN
It's like cramming without coffee.

WORTH
(to Quentin)
She needs a break.

QUENTIN
She can do it.

31 BACK IN CUBE 13 31

Holloway has Kazan mellowed out, stroking her hair. She leads him to the door. He looks in and starts whining.

32 INT. CUBE 14 32

Worth tries to help out Leaven.

WORTH
They don't look prime to me.

QUENTIN
Is that your two bits worth, Worth?

WORTH
For what it's worth.

QUENTIN
(to Leaven)
Well?

She comes to a conclusion.

LEAVEN
Well, he's right.

Quentin gives Worth a dirty look and hops through into . . .

33 INT. CUBE 15 33

He pauses, looking around, then takes a step for the next door.

LEAVEN
STOP!

Quentin freezes.

34 CUBE 14 Leaven and Worth stare in horror. 34

LEAVEN
In front of you!

- 35 CUBE 13 Holloway's attention is snapped away from Kazan. 35
- HOLLOWAY
What is it?
- 36 CUBE 15 Quentin squints to see a wall of thin, vertical wires directly ahead. 36
- He whirls away as another wall of wires materializes behind him. Holloway and Leaven both start shouting at him at once.
- The wires begin to twist around each other, encircling him in a curtain of death. Survival instinct hits him with a rush.
- 37 CUBE 13 Kazan panics at the confusion. His fist closes on Holloway's hair and he flails, yanking her around. 37
- 38 CUBE 14 Worth just stares, blank, drained. 38
- 39 CUBE 15 Quentin spots a rapidly shrinking space between the wires, barely enough to slide through. 39
- 40 CUBE 13 Kazan screeches in fear, ear splitting and ceaseless. 40
- 41 CUBE 15 Quentin dives between the wires at the last moment. He rolls out of the way and springs for the door just as the wires twist into a tight knot. 41
- 42 INT. CUBE 14 42

Leaven and Holloway pull him inside, where he collapses on the floor. There's a long, narrow gash in his leg.

Holloway jumps in. Kazan is still screaming, splitting their skulls.

QUENTIN
SHUUUUUT UUUUUUP!

The door slides closed on Kazan, muffling his racket.

LEAVEN
I don't know what happened! It wasn't prime!

Holloway is trying to look at Quentin's leg.

HOLLOWAY
Quentin! Hold still!

Quentin seethes as Holloway pokes at the wound. Leaven goes to look at the numbers again. Kazan is still howling in the next room.

QUENTIN
Will somebody STOP THAT RACKET?

HOLLOWAY

Worth.

She cocks her chin at the door. Worth reluctantly goes.

QUENTIN

Leave the boot.

Quentin eyes him, cold and suspicious. Worth drops the boot and slides open the door. The bellowing hits them.

QUENTIN

AND SHUT THE FUCKING DOOR!

43 INT. CUBE 13

43

Worth slams the door shut. Kazan stops screaming immediately, but keeps patting his ears rapidly, cutting the sound in and out.

Worth gently takes his hands.

WORTH

Come on, man, don't do that. You can't hear what I'm saying.

KAZAN

Noisy.

WORTH

Not anymore. See? Everything's quiet.

Quiet enough to hear the low murmur of voices from the next room.

44 INT. CUBE 14

44

Leaven is rechecking the numbers. Holloway rips the sleeve off Quentin's shirt and uses it to bandage his leg.

QUENTIN

I had a feeling about that fucking guy. He knew about that trap.

LEAVEN

But these numbers aren't prime.

QUENTIN

Then your number system failed, but he *knew*.

HOLLOWAY

Knew what? How would he know?

QUENTIN

You're the paranoid one, think about it. His only function so far has been to *kick* us when we're down.

HOLLOWAY

So he has a bad attitude. Are you saying that makes him a *spy*?

QUENTIN

Trust me on this, it's my job to read people like an X-ray.

Click. They clam up. Worth slides open the door. Kazan is beside him, hands covering his eyes.

WORTH

He doesn't like the red rooms.

Worth helps Kazan in and sits him down.

The mood has become hostile. Quentin glares at him. Leaven hides in the numbers. Holloway attends to Quentin's leg, exchanges a glance with him.

WORTH

So what happened?

QUENTIN

(scoffs)
You saw what happened.

HOLLOWAY

Quentin.

She makes him sit still while she wraps his leg.

LEAVEN

The numbers must be more complicated than I thought.

WORTH

Maybe they mean nothing at all.

LEAVEN

No. They're just more involved. They worked up 'till now, didn't they? I just need some time with them.

HOLLOWAY

We need to rest anyway.

QUENTIN

Well that's handy, 'cause there's not a fuck of a lot else we can do.

Leaven sighs and goes back to the numbers. Quentin fixes Worth with Cop Eye, Worth has to look away.

45 FADE OUT/FADE IN:

45

Sitting still has made the place press in on them. Their dry lips are splitting, faces ashen. Quentin paces like a caged animal, trying to keep his faculties. He looks at Worth, laying on the floor, eyes closed, breathing shallow.

Kazan waits for the signal, watching Quentin go back and forth, back and forth

Holloway hangs desperately on Leaven, still at the numbers.

HOLLOWAY

How's it coming?

LEAVEN

It would come a lot better if you stopped asking me that.

QUENTIN

Leave her alone. You wanted to rest, so rest.

Another rumble echoes, twisting the knife in Holloway.

HOLLOWAY

Man oh man. Enclosed spaces really aren't my thing. I start getting antsy if I can't see the sky.

She wipes the sweat off her brow.

HOLLOWAY

Is it my imagination or is it getting warmer in here?

They all realize they've been sweating.

WORTH

I think it is.

QUENTIN

It's probably just us.

Holloway doesn't buy it. Her mind is racing.

HOLLOWAY

Remember those CIA mind control experiments?

QUENTIN

Unless you were *in* them, I don't wanna hear about it.

Quentin paces sullenly, driven nuts with inactivity, growing irritated with each of them.

Suddenly he stops and boils over at Kazan.

QUENTIN
Will you stop staring at my hand?

Worth opens his eyes sourly.

QUENTIN
 Oh, I'm sorry, Worth. Did I wake you?

Holloway can't stop bothering Leaven.

HOLLOWAY
 Are they telling you *anything*?

LEAVEN
 They're not *tarot cards*. Do you have any idea how many variables I have to consider before I can decipher numbers this size? They don't reveal themselves right away.

QUENTIN
 (to Worth)
 They're like *people*.

Worth doesn't bite. Leaven shakes the cobwebs out of her head. Suddenly her eyes widen.

LEAVEN
 Oh *gross*.

Off Leaven's disgusted expression, they turn to see Kazan, hand in his fly up to his elbow, fishing around with a blissful look on his face. Holloway spins him away just as he whips it out.

HOLLOWAY
 Not here, honey. Over in the corner.

She leads him to the corner, looks back to the others.

HOLLOWAY
 He's just *peeing*.

QUENTIN
 Jesus Christ.

Kazan does his business. Leaven can't watch. It's about the last straw for her.

LEAVEN
 That's excellent, now it totally reeks in here.

Worth finds the situation somewhat amusing, but when he looks back, Quentin is still staring at him coldly.

QUENTIN
You find this all pretty funny, don't
you?

Quentin advances on him, gets nose to nose.

QUENTIN
What's your fucking *problem*, Worth?

Worth shrugs, indicating their surroundings like it's a stupid question.

QUENTIN
Even Holloway's holding up better than
you. Get over there and help her with
him. That's your job - babysitter.

Quentin means business. He starts pacing again. Worth gives him a military salute.

WORTH
Jawohl, Kommandant.

QUENTIN
(stops pacing)
Somebody has to take responsibility
around here.

WORTH
And that somebody has to be you.

QUENTIN
Not all of us have the luxury of
playing nihilist.

WORTH
Not all of us are conceited enough to
play hero.

Quentin controls his anger.

QUENTIN
This is a will to live. Everybody's
got it, Worth. Even you. *Especially*
you, hiding behind that cynical front.

WORTH
A will to live. *That's* the warm, cozy
feeling deep inside. Thanks Quentin.
I'm a new man.

QUENTIN
Poor Worth. Nobody loves me. If
that's the chip on your shoulder why
did you lug it all this way? Why
didn't you just lie down and die?

Worth can't answer that. Quentin opens the door to the trapped room.

QUENTIN

Do it. Show us you have some backbone and jump in the sushi machine. Be a *man*.

Worth is finally showing some emotion.

WORTH

I don't *wanna* die, I'm just being realistic. Do you think *They* would go to all the trouble of building this thing if we could just walk out?

QUENTIN

Do you think *They* would have left us clues and let us beat it so far if there wasn't a way out.

WORTH

What makes you think we even matter? We don't.

QUENTIN

Put us out of your misery so we can get on with getting out of here.

WORTH

You're not getting out of here!

QUENTIN

Yes we are!

WORTH

NO YOU'RE NOT!

QUENTIN

YES WE ARE!

WORTH

THERE IS NO WAY OUT OF HERE!

Dead silence. Worth gulps and goes pale. He said it with such conviction, they know it's true. Quentin leans in, smiling grimly.

QUENTIN

Gotcha.

He was playing rope-a-dope, suckering him in. Worth reels. Holloway and Leaven stare at him in horror.

HOLLOWAY

(whispers)

How do you know that?

A low rumble. Quentin leans in - gentle now, sympathetic.

QUENTIN
Answer the question, Worth.

Worth swallows, slowly breaking down. He glances at Holloway sadly.

HOLLOWAY
Oh, God.

QUENTIN
Who are you?

WORTH
(whispers)
I'm the poison . . . I designed the
outer shell.

Dead, terrified silence.

HOLLOWAY
The what?

WORTH
The shell. The sarcophagus.

LEAVEN
You *built* this thing?

Worth heaves a big, shaky sigh, blinking away the tears.

WORTH
Not *this* part. The exterior. I don't
know anything about the numbers or
anything else in here. I was
contracted to draw plans for a hollow
shell. A cube.

LEAVEN
A *cube*?

The symmetry around them takes on a new horror.

LEAVEN
Why didn't you tell us?

Holloway looks deeply into him, seeing the truth.

HOLLOWAY
For God's sake, Worth. You knew what
it was.

WORTH
No.

QUENTIN
 (calm, quiet)
 Worth. You're lying.

He cracks, sobbing again.

WORTH
 Not at first.

HOLLOWAY
 Who's behind it?

WORTH
 I don't know.

QUENTIN
 Who hired you?

WORTH
 I didn't ask. I never even left my office. I talked on the phone to some people, other guys like me, specialists, working on small details. Nobody knew what it was. Nobody cared.

The story hangs in the air.

QUENTIN
 I don't buy that for a second.

LEAVEN
 Didn't you wonder?

WORTH
 That's why I'm here.

QUENTIN
 Bullshit. You knew from square one. Look at him. He's up to his eyeballs in this thing.

HOLLOWAY
 No, Quentin.
 (dawning on her)
 That's how they stay *hidden*. Keep everyone separated so the left hand doesn't know what the right is doing. The brain never comes out in the open.

QUENTIN
 Whose brain?

HOLLOWAY

It's all the same machine, right?
Pentagon, Multinational Corporations,
the police. You do one little job, you
build a widget in Saskatoon, and the
next thing you know it's two miles
under the desert, the essential
component of a *death machine*.

(energized)

I was right. All along. My whole
life, I knew. I told you, Quentin.
Nobody is ever gonna call me paranoid
again. We gotta get out of here and
blow the lid off this thing.

Worth has to laugh at that, sad laughter from his ruined soul.

WORTH

Holloway. You don't get it.

HOLLOWAY

Then help me. Please. I need to know.

WORTH

This may be hard for you to understand,
but there is *no conspiracy*. No one is
in charge. It's a headless blunder
operating under the *illusion* of a
master plan. Can you grasp that? Big
brother is not watching you.

Pause. They stare at him.

QUENTIN

What kind of explanation is that?

WORTH

The best you're gonna get. I looked.
They only conclusion I could come to is
that there's nobody up there.

QUENTIN

Somebody had to say yes to this thing.

WORTH

What thing? Only we know what this is.

QUENTIN

We have *no idea* what it is.

WORTH

We know more than anybody else.
Somebody might have known sometime,
before they got fired, or voted out, or
sold it.

(MORE)

WORTH (Cont'd)

But if this place ever had a purpose, it got miscommunicated, lost in the shuffle. This is an accident. A forgotten, perpetual public works project. Do you think anybody wants to ask questions? All they want is a clear conscience and a fat paycheck. I leaned on my shovel for months on this one. It was a good job.

QUENTIN

But . . . why put people in it?

WORTH

Because it's *here*. You have to use it or you admit it's pointless.

QUENTIN

But . . . it *is* pointless.

WORTH

Quentin. That's my point.

A bleak window of understanding is opening up for Holloway.

HOLLOWAY

What have we come to? It's so much worse than I thought.

WORTH

Not really. It's just more pathetic.

QUENTIN

It can't be accidental. Look around. It's *perfect*.

WORTH

That's the funny part, the really fucking sick part: This turkey works.

Quentin can't grasp it. He fumes.

QUENTIN

You make me *sick*, Worth.

WORTH

I make me sick too, but we're both part of the system. I drew a box, you walk a beat. It's just like you said: keep your head down, keep it simple, just look at what's in front of you. Nobody wants to see the big picture. Life is too *complicated*. I mean let's face it - the reason we're here is . . . it's *out of control*.

Quentin reels, lost. But it's sunk into Holloway like a stone.

HOLLOWAY

This is how we ruin the world?

Leaven groans. Worth's cosmology doesn't seem to bother her at all.

LEAVEN

Well, duh! Have you been on *glue* your whole lives? I've felt guilty for ruining the world since I was like seven. God. There's *five billion* people on the planet. If you need someone to blame, throw a rock.

Bleak silence. Quentin simmers. Worth sighs.

WORTH

Well, I feel better.

HOLLOWAY

That's why you stayed. To confess.

She's right. Quentin is hyperventilating now.

WORTH

You still looking for someone to bust, Quentin?

Quentin snaps. He punches Worth once brutally in the ribs, instantly incapacitating him, then throws him up against the wall and lays into him with a flurry of body punches. Leaven watches, enjoying the feeling of revenge. Holloway tries to pry him off.

HOLLOWAY

Quentin! Stop it! STOP IT!

Quentin's fist draws back for a knockout punch. A hand grabs his arm. It's Leaven.

LEAVEN

We need him.

QUENTIN

What for?

HOLLOWAY

Have you gone *absolutely mad*? He's the only one who knows anything about the place!

Quentin hesitates, then drops him in disgust. Leaven squats beside Worth. She's not very sympathetic.

LEAVEN
Worth.

WORTH
Hi.

LEAVEN
So there's this outer shell.

WORTH
Yeah.

LEAVEN
And it's a cube, right? Like this?

WORTH
Yeah.

LEAVEN
Are there doors?

WORTH
There's one door.

LEAVEN
Where?

WORTH
Wherever the door guy put it. Six guesses. And it's sealed from the outside.

LEAVEN
Okay. Does it follow, geometrically, that *this* cube is part of a larger cube within the outer shell?

WORTH
I assume so.

LEAVEN
And. What are the dimensions of the outer shell?

WORTH
(He gives the dimensions)

Leaven stands up and paces off the width of the room. Kazan is sitting on the floor in her line

LEAVEN
May I?

HOLLOWAY
(moving Kazan)
Come on, honey, slide over.

Leaven reaches the end of her line.

LEAVEN
14 by 14 by 14.

Her brow furrows. Worth has caught on to what she's thinking.

WORTH
The inner cube can't be flush to the shell wall. I know that. There's a space.

LEAVEN
One cube?

WORTH
I don't know, but it makes sense.

LEAVEN
Okay. Well . . . that means the biggest the cube could be is . . . twenty rooms high, twenty across . . . eight thousand rooms.

HOLLOWAY
Eight thousand rooms?
(sits down heavily)
Oh, that makes me queasy.

Leaven's eyes light up with inspiration.

LEAVEN
DESCARTES!

She rushes to a door and looks at the numbers.

LEAVEN
Leaven, you are a genius.

QUENTIN
What? What?

But Leaven is lost in the numbers, making mental calculations.

LEAVEN
Cartesian co-ordinates. Of course!
Coded Cartesian co-ordinates. They're used in geometry to plot points on a three dimensional graph.

QUENTIN
In English, slower.

LEAVEN

Bonjour? These numbers are markers, a grid reference. You know, like latitude and longitude on a map. The numbers tell us where we are in the cube!

QUENTIN

Well, where are we?

Leaven spits out her button and starts scratching calculations on the floor with it.

LEAVEN

It works! All I need to do is add the numbers together. Now, we're here. The X co-ordinate is sixteen, Y is . . . okay, twenty rooms across, that places us . . . *four rooms from the edge.*

Quentin steps up to reassert his authority.

QUENTIN

Well, let's go.

WORTH

Just out of curiosity, you know, don't hit me again or anything, but what are you gonna do when you get there?

QUENTIN

Maybe we can get the door open.

WORTH

Wrong.

HOLLOWAY

What we need to do is figure out how to get around the traps.

QUENTIN

(straining)

I'm dealing with that, Holloway. I'm looking for practical solutions here.

HOLLOWAY

Well, you haven't found any yet.

He glares at her coldly, controlling his anger.

QUENTIN

We cut the risk with the numbers and the boot. Worth will go in first.

HOLLOWAY
No, he won't, Quentin! We take turns.

QUENTIN
Relax.
(to Leaven)
Well, is it clear?

He means the next room. She shrugs.

LEAVEN
It's not prime.

Quentin tosses the boot. A beat. Nothing but another distant rumble. He gives Holloway a dirty look and hops through the door.

DISSOLVE TO: SHORT WHILE LATER

46 INT. CUBE 16

46

Leaven checks the numbers of the new room. She's puzzled. The others are climbing in.

QUENTIN
What's the matter?

She taps the numbers with her finger: 596 786 479.

LEAVEN
These co-ordinates. 20. 21. 20.

QUENTIN
What about them?

LEAVEN
They don't make *sense*. Assuming the cube is twenty rooms across, there can't be any co-ordinate larger than twenty. If this were right, we'd be outside the cube.

She looks around for his benefit

LEAVEN
No. Not outside the cube.

She goes back to the numbers. Quentin shifts uncomfortably.

QUENTIN
Oh.

She offers him the door to check with his boot. He casts it in.

A horrible grinding noise! Kazan freaks. Quentin braces a foot against the door frame and yanks on the lace. He gets jerked forward, then stumbles backwards with just the lace in his hands.

QUENTIN
 Fuck those things. Gimme that.

He grabs a boot from Worth - his last.

HOLLOWAY
 (comforting Kazan)
 It's okay, Kazan. It's just a trap.

KAZAN
 Traps are bad. Very bad. The worst.

Quentin is signaling at Kazan to open the next door.

QUENTIN
 Hey! Signal! Hey, buddy, do you still
 want your job, or what?

47 INT. CUBE 17

47

The door opens, revealing Kazan's wide eyed face. He gets elbowed aside by Quentin. Quentin tosses the boot. A whoosh and their faces are lit by flames.

48 BACK IN CUBE 16

48

They turn back to the others, Kazan fluttering his fingertips, blinking at the spots imprinted on his eyeballs.

KAZAN
 Trap. Trap. Trap. Trap.

Leaven opens the floor door and peers in.

KAZAN
 Trap.

49 INT. CUBE 18

49

The instant Kazan speaks, hundreds of spindly metal spikes spring out of the walls. After a second, they recede back inside.

50 BACK IN CUBE 16

50

Kazan stares dumbfounded at the room.

KAZAN
 Trap.

He sees the metal spikes spring out and retract. Kazan turns to the others wide eyed. Suddenly he bursts into high pitched nervous laughter.

Quentin glares at him. Leaven pinches Kazan's lips together like a big sister, not to be messed with.

QUENTIN
 (whispers)
 It's sound activated.
 (a little louder)
 Boo.

The spikes spring out, thin as needles. Quentin slides the door shut.

QUENTIN
 Lovely.

LEAVEN
 How come the sound of the door opening
 doesn't set it off?

QUENTIN
 Must be rigged to ignore it.

HOLLOWAY
 So that's it. The edge is surrounded
 by traps.

They're exhausted, crushed by the news. Leaven sighs.

LEAVEN
 We'll have to backtrack and try
 somewhere else.

They hate that idea.

QUENTIN
 Who knows how many times we'll have to
 detour? I say we cross the bitch.

They look at him like he's crazy.

HOLLOWAY
 Right.

QUENTIN
 Holloway. How many boots have we got
 left?

She looks around. The only remaining boot is on Kazan's foot.
 Quentin's made his point.

QUENTIN
 Get it off him.
 (to the others)
 We know how it works. We just have to
 be quiet.

WORTH
 That's pretty fucking quiet.

QUENTIN
I'm glad you're on side, Worth, 'cause
you're up.

Kazan starts whining as Holloway tries to remove his boot.

QUENTIN
And *he's* not coming.

HOLLOWAY
Of course he is.

QUENTIN
NO WAY.

HOLLOWAY
We are *not* leaving him behind!

QUENTIN
He's unpredictable! When we get to the
edge we can come back for him, but
he'll get somebody killed here. Am I
right?

He looks to Leaven and Worth for support. They're torn. After
all, he's got a point. Holloway is absolutely aghast at all of
them.

HOLLOWAY
Shame on you.

They roll their eyes as she winds herself up.

HOLLOWAY
Will you look at yourselves? What have
you turned into? Jeez Louise, they may
have taken our *lives* away, but
we're still *human beings*. It's all we
have left.

LEAVEN
(weakly)
We'll come back for him.

HOLLOWAY
That is a lie and you know it.

Quentin squeezes his head in his hands in frustration.
Worth looks over Kazan, barefoot now, whining quietly.

WORTH
He'll be quiet.

- 51 INT. CUBE 16 SHORT WHILE LATER 51
- Worth slings the boot over his shoulder, preparing to be lowered through the open door. He gives Kazan an encouraging nod. Kazan has his hands clasped tightly over his mouth, much the same way he was covering his eyes.
- 52 INT. CUBE 18 52
- Worth dangles in held by Quentin. The others hold onto Quentin's legs, lowering them both through.
- 53 CUBE 16 Suddenly Holloway's grip slips. 53
- 54 CUBE 18 Worth's bare feet drop towards the floor, then jerk to stop. He and Quentin strain into each other's faces. 54
- 55 CUBE 16 Holloway and Leaven regain their purchase on Quentin. 55
- 56 CUBE 18 Worth and Quentin begin to inch safely lower. Worth's feet alight soundlessly. Quentin is pulled back into the cube above. 56
- Worth moves toward the next door, but freezes as a rumble shudders through the cube, louder and closer this time. It passes. He breathes a low sigh of relief.
- 57 INT. CUBE 19 57
- The door opens, Worth gently lowers the boot to the floor. Nothing happens, so he wedges the boot in the door frame to hold it open.
- 58 CUBE 18 Worth moves back to the centre of the room and waves down Leaven. Quentin dangles her in. Worth helps her to the floor and ushers her over to the next cube. 58
- 59 CUBE 16 Quentin gets ready to lower Holloway. She gives him a look like "don't you dare drop me". He smiles dryly. 59
- 60 CUBE 18 Worth helps Holloway down. Indicates for her to join Leaven. Holloway refuses, waving Worth away. They bicker silently. She won't back down. 60
- 61 CUBE 19 Worth climbs through to join Leaven. 61
- 62 CUBE 18 Holloway beckons up at Quentin when Worth is safe. Quentin dangles Kazan in. Kazan makes it difficult because he wants to keep a hand over his mouth. Holloway helps him to the ground. 62
- She tries to lead him away, but Kazan won't move. She looks down to see the hem of Kazan's pant leg caught on the handle of the floor door. He starts to open his mouth, Holloway shoots him a look, he puts his hand over his mouth again. She smiles reassuringly and bends down, slightly rotating the door handle to untangle the cloth.

The door handle is left in the "open" position.

- 63 CUBE 19 Leaven and Worth help Kazan and Holloway in. 63
 64 CUBE 16 Quentin grips the door frame and lowers himself in. 64
 65 CUBE 18 He grabs the ceiling bars and hand-over-hands toward the door. 65

Suddenly Quentin looks down. He sees the door handle, still in the "open" position. It starts to slide back.

He swings for the exit. Before he has time to reach them, the handle snaps back with an amplified "click".

They cringe in anticipation. Quentin hangs motionless. Nothing happens.

- 66 CUBE 19 Everyone relaxes. Kazan, caught up in the moment, lets out a nervous giggle, instantly triggering . . . 66
 67 CUBE 18 The spikes! Which shoot out of the walls . . . 67
 Simultaneously, Quentin swings for the door . . .
 68 INT. CUBE 19 68

Quentin takes them all down in a heap on the floor. Trembling with adrenaline, he stands and drags Kazan out of the pile by the collar. He throws him up against the wall like he's going to cuff him, kicks his legs apart.

QUENTIN
 You . . . fuckingFUCK!

Holloway plants herself in beside Quentin.

HOLLOWAY
 That's enough!

QUENTIN
 He's a TRAP!

HOLLOWAY
 Let him go right now!

QUENTIN
 Law of the jungle, Holloway. He's endangering the pack.

HOLLOWAY
 Let him go YOU NAZI!

That cuts dangerously deep. He stares at her.

QUENTIN
What did you call me?

HOLLOWAY
Quentin. You let that innocent boy go.

Quentin drops him and turns his full simmering wrath on Holloway.

QUENTIN
You listen to me, woman. Every day, I mop up for your bleeding heart. The only reason you even exist is because I keep you. I know your type - no kids, no man to fuck you - so you go around outraged, sticking your nose up other people's assholes, sniffing their business.

He leans close, sexually menacing, examining every wrinkle in her face.

QUENTIN
You missed your boat, Holloway.
(pokes her stomach)
You're all dried up in there, aren't ya? That's your fucking problem.

Holloway is laid bare. Her lip quivers. Leaven is outraged. She barges in, her anger surprising Quentin

LEAVEN
How dare you say that to her. You don't know her, Quentin. None of us know each other here.

QUENTIN
Oh, I do.

LEAVEN
No you don't!

HOLLOWAY
(quietly)
No wonder your wife left you.

Quentin seethes. She zeroes in, beyond fear.

HOLLOWAY
All that bottled up anger. And a thing for young girls.

In a flash, Quentin smacks Holloway with an open hand across the face.

She holds the cheek in shock. Her eyes brim, but she stands straight.

HOLLOWAY

God help you, Quentin. Did you smack
your kids around too?

Quentin reels. He did. It's written all over his face.

Silence falls on them, alone and exposed to one another. Quentin
knows he went too far.

Holloway sinks to her knees, her carefully buried self laid out
before her.

LEAVEN

(disgusted with them)

Is anybody besides me interested in
what's on the other side of that door?

They all look at the door, remembering the edge. Worth is closest
to it.

QUENTIN

Open it.

WORTH

Door number six? Not number one? Door
number two?

QUENTIN

Open the fuckin' thing.

Worth takes hold of the handle. He turns it.

Holloway kneels there, begging as the door slides open.

HOLLOWAY

Sunshine . . .

69 EXT. CUBE

69

A crack of light appears in a sea of utter darkness. It slowly
widens, silhouetting Worth in the open doorway.

70 BACK IN CUBE 19

70

They stare out at the dark, hollow void. Wind ruffles their hair.
They whisper in the face of it.

KAZAN

Nighttime.

QUENTIN

See anything?

Worth's eyes probe the depths.

WORTH
 It's there.
 (shouts brightly)
 Morning!

His voice echoes back at them. Worth's old friend The Outer Shell - a giant black wall extending to infinity - lurks out there on the edge of darkness. The others peer over his shoulders.

LEAVEN
 Whoa.

HOLLOWAY
 (turns away)
 Oh God, I'm going to be sick.

QUENTIN
 Hang on to me.

They grab hold as Quentin leans way out to look.

QUENTIN
 I can't see shit!

He feels around on the wall below them.

QUENTIN
 There's nothing to hang on to.

Quentin pulls himself back in grimly.

QUENTIN
 We gotta try something. We gotta see
 if the door's over there.

Holloway overcomes her fear and looks back into the void. The others argue behind her as she faces her sad, lonely self out there.

QUENTIN
 Someone has to swing out there and
 look.

WORTH
Swing?

QUENTIN
 We make a rope, out of clothes.

Quentin starts undressing.

QUENTIN
 Take 'em off. I'll tie it around
 myself.

LEAVEN
 Oh, yeah, you're gonna go. You weigh
 like five hundred pounds, it'll snap in
 four seconds. I'm the lightest.

QUENTIN
 Forget it.

HOLLOWAY
 (quietly)
 I'll go.

QUENTIN
 I'm going, Holloway.

Holloway turns away from the void and looks at them, empty and resigned.

HOLLOWAY
 She's right, Quentin, you're too heavy.
 I'm the lightest after Leaven. Anyways
 . . . it's my turn.

71 MOMENTS LATER

71

Kazan examines his underwear in surprise - drab grey shorts and T-shirt.

They're all stripped down to the same grey underwear. Leaven and Quentin are knotting their clothes together into a rope.

Worth is on the other end of the rope, securing it around Holloway. She watches him intently.

HOLLOWAY
 How long did you know people were being
 put in here? In your heart. Before
 you tried to get out.

He meets her eyes. In spite of himself, emotion catches up.

WORTH
 A couple of months.

Holloway watches him, feeling the depths of his guilt.

HOLLOWAY
 It's not long. If you consider your
 whole life.

WORTH
 I am.

HOLLOWAY
 You opened my eyes, Worth. That's
 something.

WORTH
 (nods, then)
 David.

It's his name. Holloway is touched.

HOLLOWAY
 Helen.

Worth nods. He has to chuckle.

WORTH
 You're such a Helen.

MOMENTS LATER

Holloway climbs out the doorway. The others stand in a row holding on to the rope. She looks down, battling vertigo.

HOLLOWAY
 Holy cats.

72 EXT. CUBE 72

Holloway is lowered into darkness.

73 CUBE 19 They run out of rope to lower her down. 73

QUENTIN (OFF)
 That's as far as you go.

74 EXT. CUBE She runs her hands along the outer surface. 74

HOLLOWAY
 There's nothing down here.

She fumbles about in the dark, looks across to the dim wall.

HOLLOWAY
 Hold tight. I'll try swinging over there.

She launches herself into space, swinging outward like a pendulum.

75 CUBE 19 Quentin, Leaven, Kazan and Worth are yanked forward by Holloway's shifting weight. 75

76 EXT. CUBE Holloway's momentum swings her back into the wall. 76

HOLLOWAY
 Brace yourselves! I'm gonna try again.

She pushes herself out even harder.

77 CUBE 19 The group struggles to hold onto the rope. 77
 One of the shirts in the rope starts rubbing against the sharp edge of the door frame.

78 EXT. CUBE Holloway slams back into the wall at the end of her arc. 78
 HOLLOWAY
 Okay, one more time.

79 CUBE 19 They brace themselves, getting a more solid footing. 79
 WORTH
 Hurry, you're getting heavy.

80 EXT. CUBE Holloway pushes herself out mightily. 80

81 CUBE 19 The shirt starts to fray. 81

82 EXT. CUBE Holloway's outstretched fingers brush the wall. 82
 HOLLOWAY
 Got it!

83 CUBE 19 Suddenly, the room shakes with the force of an earthquake 83
 The thunderous rumble echoes around them, full of the hollow menace of the void.
 The group stumbles backwards, the rope slipping through their fingers.

84 EXT. CUBE Holloway starts to fall. She screams, then stops with a 84
 jerk.

85 CUBE 19 Quentin leans out of the doorway, holding the very end 85
 the rope. The others pick themselves up and rush over to help him.

86 EXT. CUBE Holloway is momentarily stunned. 86
 HOLLOWAY
 What the hell's going on?

87 CUBE 19 The others grab onto Quentin desperately. 87
 QUENTIN
 Get up here NOW.

88 EXT. CUBE Holloway grabs the rope and starts climbing upward. 88

89 CUBE 19 They all strain to pull her in. 89

90 EXT. CUBE The shirt rips further. Holloway drops a foot. She 90
 sees that not much more than a thread prevents her from tumbling into the abyss. She lunges for the door frame, just missing.
 The shirt rips apart! A hand lashes out.

Quentin has a weak grip on the end of the rope. Holloway hangs precariously looking up at him. She starts to pull herself up.

A knot in the rope starts coming undone. Everyone is yelling at once.

Holloway reaches up for Quentin.

The knot breaks.

Holloway seems suspended in mid-air for a moment. Instantly, Quentin's hand grabs her wrist.

Holloway looks up at him. She smiles in relief.

Quentin smiles back - then the smile drops.

Holloway sees it in his eyes, her expression changes to disbelief.

Quentin lets go.

Holloway falls, disappearing out of sight, consumed by the blackness below. Her scream echoes, fading in the void.

91 INT. CUBE 19

91

Quentin pulls himself back inside. They stare at him in shock.

QUENTIN
She slipped.

Leaven drops to the floor and buries her face. Kazan looks out the door.

KAZAN
Holloway?

Quentin slams the door shut. Kazan starts whining. Worth is staring at Quentin.

QUENTIN
What are you lookin' at?

Worth picks up the remains of the rope. Kazan's whine rises to a terrible drone. Quentin glares at him, about to snap. Worth drops to the floor by Kazan, exhausted, half heartedly trying to mellow him out.

WORTH
Hey. Shh. Come on, Kazan.
(suddenly snaps)

KAZAN WILL YOU PLEASE STOP DOING THAT.

Kazan shuts up in surprise. Worth lays back, exhausted.

Quentin looks to Leaven, spent on the floor. It's painful to see her so devastated.

QUENTIN
Leaven? Be strong, Sweetheart.

LEAVEN
Don't even talk to me.

QUENTIN
We gotta go down to the bottom. It'll be easier to get onto the shell from there. It's a long fuckin' way with only one boot, but we gotta do it before we get too weak. You gotta keep cracking the numbers, Leaven.

LEAVEN
I can't think anymore.

QUENTIN
Sure you can. It's your gift.

LEAVEN
It's not a *gift*. It's just a *brain*.

WORTH
Let her sleep for a while. We haven't slept in fuck knows how long.

Quentin considers them, laying about on the floor beneath him.

QUENTIN
Alright. One hour.

WORTH
How the fuck are you gonna know how long an hour is?

QUENTIN
An hour is as long as I say.

92 FADE OUT/FADE IN: LATER) *Second unit*

92

The cube groans and sings, emanating it's dreamlike music. *This could be a dream.*

Quentin's asleep, his head lolling back against the wall.

Kazan sleeps restlessly, sucking the thumb of one hand, fingertips still twitching on the other.

Leaven is in deep REM, dry mouth open, cheeks sunken.

Worth is curled up on the floor, the boot now cradled in his arms. Slowly, gently, the boot is pulled away by the lace.

Back on Leaven. A hand sneaks in and covers her mouth. Her eyes snap open, she's totally confused by sleep.

It's Quentin, crouched over her, eyes burning.

Keeping her mouth covered, he picks her up in his arms and carries her silently to a door, already open. Leaven is paralyzed.

93 INT. CUBE 20

93

Quentin slides her through. He motions to be silent. She nods. He takes his hand off her mouth and climbs in after her. He checks Worth and Kazan, sleeping soundly, and quietly slides the door closed. She whispers, frightened.

LEAVEN

What are you doing?

QUENTIN

We have to make it down to the bottom. It'll be quiet there and you can concentrate.

LEAVEN

You want to just leave them?

QUENTIN

They're traps, Leaven. We are the key. I'll get us down there. You think us out. Believe in me. Try and see what I see, how my mind works. The *flash* when I look into a someone's head like a *fucking X-ray*.

With horror, Leaven is realizing Quentin is losing it.

QUENTIN

I looked through the walls. I dreamed him at his desk, designing everything. He can't let you solve the puzzle, see, because there is a purpose. We are the purpose. *The cube is us*.

LEAVEN

Quentin --

He puts his fingers to her lips, touches her face, breathing raggedly. She fights to stay calm as his hands start to wander.

QUENTIN

We *fit*. Like numbers - a man and a woman. Two halves of the equation. I take you down, the perfect key, I slip you in the lock . . .

She breaks away. He sees the fear in her eyes. Quentin hefts the boot by the laces.

QUENTIN

Leaven, it's time to go down.

He feigns a lunge, then grabs her as she tries to slip by. Leaven screams, dropping to the floor as he tries to cover her mouth and drag her to the floor door.

Suddenly, Worth launches through the door and hits Quentin with his whole body.

Quentin lands on his spine on the door handle. He's momentarily incapacitated by the agony.

LEAVEN

He wanted to take off. He *flipped*. He totally *flipped*.

Quentin is horrified to see her near him.

QUENTIN

Get away from her!

(then)

Leaven . . . they're fuckin' spies. Him. The retard. Holloway had outside information about my family, but she *slipped up*, didn't she? She crossed the line.

It lands like a bomb. Worth knew it. Leaven didn't.

LEAVEN

You dropped her.

They inch to the door, Worth keeping Leaven behind him.

WORTH

Just *go*, Quentin.

LEAVEN

Give us the *boot*, you pig!

Quentin hates that word. Leaven realizes what she said.

Quentin swings the boot by the lace in a vicious arc that connects with Worth's temple, dropping him.

Quentin advances on Leaven. He backs her into a corner, reaches out, and gently closes her eyelids with his finger tips.

QUENTIN

You don't want the boot.

Worth struggles to get up again. Quentin gives the boot a good foot and a half of lace, hefting it in both hands. Then he swings it like a nightstick, laying into Worth in sadistic Rodney King form.

*boot & Worth
don't make
contact.*

Kazan lets loose his high pitched scream.

Leaven joins in, eyes clenched tightly shut.

Quentin keeps working until Worth no longer tries to fend off the blows.

The beating stops. The screaming ends with it. Breathing hard, Quentin drops the boot and opens the floor door next to Worth.

Horrified, Leaven watches Quentin roll Worth through the door.

She cringes. A thud, then a scream, long and drawn out, that ends by stuttering into - *laughter*. It builds.

Leaven looks down to see him lying splayed out on the floor, the laughter rolling out of him.

QUENTIN

What the fuck's with him?

Leaven scrambles down.

94 INT. CUBE 21

94

She hits the floor beside Worth. She sees it.

Kazan plummets in. He takes in whatever they're staring at, decides it's bad, and scuttles crab-like to the far wall.

Quentin hits the floor like a sumo. His jaw drops open, mouth working, no sound.

A body, barefoot, lies in the corner. Slowly, with trepidation, Quentin moves towards it.

He rolls it over - a hollow skull, faceless, dished out by acid. The nametag reads Rennes. Worth hoots with laughter at the horrifying sight

WORTH

Rennes! The Old Wrenster!

QUENTIN

How did -- ? How could -- ?

WORTH

We've been going in circles!

QUENTIN

THAT CAN'T BE!

Suddenly another enormous rumble shakes the room like an earthquake. Worth throws back his head and laughs at the madness.

Quentin is gasping, sobbing. He grabs Leaven desperately.

QUENTIN
Where are we?

LEAVEN
I don't know!

He opens a door and presses her up against the numbers.

QUENTIN
WHERE ARE WE?

LEAVEN
YOU FIGURE IT OUT! You haven't done
anything. All you've done is *freak*
out, you . . . murderer!

Leaven collapses, the will to live beaten out of her.

Quentin paces the room like a caged animal. He stops in the centre and releases a scream so primal it barely seems human.

He withers to the floor, all the energy sapped from his body. A long pause.

QUENTIN
Well, I guess you were right, Worth.

That stops Worth's laughter. A sound - Quentin, starting to weep.

A hand rests on his shoulder.

It's Kazan, eyes filled with concern.

QUENTIN
(pleading)
Get away from me . . .

Kazan ignores him and sits by his side, stroking his hair.

Leaven wipes the tears from her eyes. She's hit rock bottom.

LEAVEN
There. I cried. I'm the youngest one
here and I didn't cry once. I even
lasted longer than *him*.
(lies down to die)
That's enough. It can stop now.

Worth looks over the scene, strangely detached. He takes in the corpse, then looks at a door. A light bulb goes on for him.

WORTH
Wasn't Rennes killed in that room?

QUENTIN
Can't you just let us die in peace,
Worth?

Worth steps to the door and slides it open, revealing blackness.

WORTH
How come there's nothing out there?

QUENTIN
It's the *edge*.

WORTH
We weren't at the edge before. Where's
the room that killed Rennes?

QUENTIN
FUCK OFF!

Quentin throws the boot at Worth in frustration. It sails out the open door into the void. They all stare after it.

WORTH
Oh, *that* was good.

QUENTIN
What difference does it make? We're
dead anyways.

Leaven and Quentin collapse again. Worth claps his hands together loudly.

WORTH
Hey! Listen to what I'm saying! There
was a room there before.

Quentin and Leaven try to fathom it.

WORTH
We haven't been moving in circles. The
rooms *have*.

Leaven slowly clues in.

LEAVEN
Of course.

QUENTIN
The rooms?

LEAVEN
It's the only logical explanation.

WORTH
That explains the thunder and shaking.
They've been shifting the whole time.

LEAVEN
I'm such an *idiot!*

Leaven pours over the numbers.

WORTH
What are you on to, Leaven?

LEAVEN
Gimme a minute. The numbers are
markers. Points on a map, right?

WORTH
Right.

LEAVEN
How do you map a point that keeps
moving?

WORTH
(dawns slowly)
Permutations.

QUENTIN
Permu-what?

LEAVEN
Permutations - a list of all the co-
ordinates the room passes through.
Like a map that tells you where the
room *starts*, how many *times* it moves,
and where it moves to.

QUENTIN
The number tells you all that?

LEAVEN
I don't know yet . . . I've only
been looking at one point on the map,
which is probably the starting
position. I only saw what the cube
looked like *before* it started to move.

QUENTIN
(getting excited)
Okay . . . okay, so it's moving!
(then, hopelessly)
How do we get out?

Worth raises an eyebrow at her. It is, after all, the real
question. It comes to her in a flash.

LEAVEN
Twenty one.

QUENTIN
What?

LEAVEN
I know where the exit is.

Quentin slowly rises and approaches them.

QUENTIN
Where?

LEAVEN
Stay away from me.

WORTH
Back off, Quentin.

Quentin raises his hands in surrender.

QUENTIN
I just wanna know. Don't you wanna know?

LEAVEN
(to Worth)
Remember that room we passed through before - the one with a co-ordinate larger than twenty?

WORTH
What about it?

LEAVEN
That co-ordinate placed the room *outside* the cube.

WORTH
A *bridge* . . .

LEAVEN
Right. But only in it's original position.

QUENTIN
Whaddaya talking about?

LEAVEN
Look, the room starts off as a bridge, then it moves all the way through the maze - which is when we ran into it. At some point, it must return to it's original position.

WORTH

So the bridge is only a bridge--

LEAVEN

-- for a short period of time. The cube is a giant combination lock. When the rooms return to their starting positions, the lock opens. When they move out of alignment, the lock closes.

WORTH

With a structure this size, it must take *days* for the rooms to complete a full cycle.

QUENTIN

So, when does it open?

They all look to Leaven. Around them, the cube moans ominously.

95 DISSOLVE TO: LATER

95

Quentin paces as Leaven feverishly scratches formulae into the floor with a button. Kazan sits nearby, mesmerized by her calculations. The pacing stops. Quentin's about to speak.

LEAVEN

Don't.

(mutters to herself)

To find the original co-ordinates, the numbers are added together. To find the permutations, they're subtracted from one another . . . That's it! This room moves to -2, 2 and 2 on the X-axis; 3, 1 and -4 on Y. -2, 2 and 0 on Z.

QUENTIN

And what does that mean?

LEAVEN

You suck at math?

(to Worth)

I need the room numbers around us as reference points.

Worth goes to a door and opens it to get the numbers. Quentin blunders to another door, pissed at her.

WORTH

666. 565. 463.

She gets them down. Looks to Quentin.

QUENTIN

Don't give me any more *lip*!

LEAVEN
Can I have the *numbers*, please!

QUENTIN
775. 664. Okay?

LEAVEN
Yes!

QUENTIN
And 464. Did you get that?

She rolls her eyes and looks to Worth at the next door.

WORTH
855. 535. 463.

LEAVEN
That's enough.

They hang on Leaven, flying through her calculations. She stops and examines her answer.

LEAVEN
X is 19. Y is 16. Z is 13.
(pause, looks up)
Which means this room makes two more moves before returning to its starting position.

Leaven and Worth lock eyes, keyed in to the same wavelength.

WORTH
Do we have time?

LEAVEN
Maybe.

QUENTIN
Then let's go!

WORTH
Can you work the traps into this system?

QUENTIN
Fuck the traps, let's get to the *bridge*!

WORTH
You threw out our last *boot*, you fuckin' idiot!

LEAVEN
Technically, I can identify the traps.

WORTH
Technically?

LEAVEN
First I thought they were identified by
prime numbers. But they're not.
They're identified by numbers that are
the power of a prime.

QUENTIN
Okay . . . so . . .

WORTH
Can you calculate that?

LEAVEN
The numbers are huge.

QUENTIN
But you can, right? She can.

LEAVEN
I'd have to calculate the number of
factors in each set. Maybe if I had a
computer --

QUENTIN
-- You don't need a computer --

LEAVEN
Yes I do!

QUENTIN
FIGURE IT OUT!

LEAVEN
I CAN'T!

QUENTIN
I'M NOT DYING IN A FUCKING RUBIK'S
CUBE!

Leaven has had enough of this fool.

LEAVEN
Look. Nobody in the whole world could
do it mentally. Look at those numbers:
866, 367, 535. There's no way I can
factor that. I can't even start on
866. It's astronomical.

KAZAN
Two.

Pause. They look at him, his fingertips fluttering madly.

KAZAN
Astronomical.

WORTH
What did you say?

KAZAN
Astronomical.

WORTH
Before that.

KAZAN
Factors.

LEAVEN
How many factors, Kazan? Of 866?

KAZAN
Two.

WORTH
Is he right?

QUENTIN
What are you fucking kidding?

Leaven and Worth hone in on Kazan.

LEAVEN
Kazan? How many factors does 6 have?

KAZAN
3.

LEAVEN
How about 7?

KAZAN
1. Yup.
(holds out hand)
Gummy bear.

LEAVEN
I don't have any gummy bears.

KAZAN
Gummy bear.

WORTH
Kazan, I'll give you a whole box of
gummy bears for each answer.

KAZAN
Gummy bears are in bags.

WORTH
You want them in bags, you got them in bags.

KAZAN
I don't like red ones.

WORTH
No! You don't want those. We'll pick those out. Look here, see the numbers?

LEAVEN
367, Kazan.

KAZAN
3.

LEAVEN
535.

KAZAN
4.

LEAVEN
He's giving us the factors.

KAZAN
Astronomical.

They look at his distant expression, his tapping fingertips.

LEAVEN
He's counting.

KAZAN
(echoes)
Counting.

QUENTIN
You're telling me Telethon Timmy is a genius?

LEAVEN
By those numbers, the room should be safe.

Worth and Leaven look in at it with trepidation.

Worth gets yanked off his feet.

QUENTIN
Only one way to find out.

LEAVEN
Don't!

96 INT. CUBE 22

96

Worth flies in, hits the floor and lies still, wracked with pain. He's nearing the end of his ability to withstand the abuse.

WORTH

Safe.

Quentin looks through at him, turns to Kazan with a wolfish smile.

QUENTIN

Kazan, my man.

Leaven enters, followed by Quentin who drags Kazan in.

Leaven kneels beside Worth, concerned for his life. Worth opens his eyes and looks hard at her. Something has to be done. Digging deep, he stands up with her help.

QUENTIN

Hurry up and get that door open.

Leaven opens it. Quentin puts Kazan in front of the numbers. He gives him the signal.

QUENTIN

What's the number, buddy boy? Hey?
Right here. Look here.
(to Leaven)
Make him do it.

Choking back her fear, she gently addresses Kazan.

LEAVEN

It's okay, Kazan. We'll just do some numbers. We like to get lost in the numbers, don't we?

KAZAN

Prime numbers.

LEAVEN

That's right. Can you tell me the factor of 782?

KAZAN

2. 2.

LEAVEN

Okay. 963?

KAZAN

4.

LEAVEN

854?

3. Yup. KAZAN

Clear. LEAVEN

Move! QUENTIN

97 INT. CUBE 23

97

Worth catches Leaven as Quentin pushes her in behind him. Kazan is harried through next. Then Quentin sticks his head in. Worth slams the door shut on his neck, trapping him like a vise.

Oh, Jeez. LEAVEN

Go! WORTH

Leaven pulls Kazan to the next set of numbers.

Worth grabs Quentin by the hair, slides open the door, and slams it shut on his neck again. Quentin growls.

Worth . . . QUENTIN

Hurry! WORTH

Leaven is trying to make Kazan calculate.

527! LEAVEN

Kazan whines.

Please, Kazan! 527. LEAVEN

Quentin's face bulges, turning red. Worth slams the door again, kicking at Quentin's hands as he tries to reach through.

Quentin gasps.

You fuckers. You're dead . . . QUENTIN
Leaven . . .

Clear! LEAVEN

Quentin growls horribly at Worth - Worth gives his head one last crunch and releases him.

Quentin falls back into his room and Worth slams the door.

98 INT. CUBE 24

98

Kazan and Leaven are already at the next door. Worth jumps in, slams his door and holds it closed.

KAZAN

1.

LEAVEN

Trapped!

WORTH

Try the floor.

She whips open the floor door.

LEAVEN

Is he dead?

A tremendous howl and Worth is almost pulled off his feet. The door inches open. Quentin's snarling face peers through like "Here's Johnny!" Worth manages to slam it closed.

WORTH

Not quite.

A massive rumble shakes the room. Worth loses his grip on the door.

99 INT. CUBE 23

99

Quentin is knocked off his feet by the thunderous quake. It subsides. He lunges back at the handle and flings open the door.

Leaven and Kazan stand frozen in the room. Worth is nowhere in sight.

100 INT. CUBE 24

100

Quentin dives through the door, rolls and faces an attack from behind. Worth is not there.

QUENTIN

Where is he? WHERE IS HE?

Kazan snaps. He flails at Quentin like a frantic, screaming child. Never shifting his attention from Leaven, Quentin grabs him by the face with one hand and pushes him aside.

QUENTIN

I asked you a question.

Leaven trembles, backing away across the floor door.

QUENTIN

Come here.

She edges further away.

QUENTIN

I SAID COME HERE RIGHT NOW!

He starts for her - one step, two steps - suddenly he drops out of frame!

101 INT. CUBE 25

101

Quentin tumbles into the room. He plummets past Worth, who's hanging from the ceiling rungs.

WHUMP! He cracks his head on the floor.

102 BACK IN CUBE 24

102

Leaven helps pull Worth in. The effort leaves him breathless with pain. They look down at his handiwork.

Quentin lies still. Blood spreads over the floor around his head. The door slides closed, erasing him.

They gulp, unable to suppress smiles.

WORTH

That way.

103 INT. CUBE 26 MOMENTS LATER

103

KAZAN

2.

LEAVEN

Clear!

104 INT. CUBE 27 MOMENTS LATER

104

KAZAN

4. Clear!

105 INT. CUBE 28 MOMENTS LATER

105

Leaven whips open a door to find one of the featureless rooms. She sticks her head in.

LEAVEN

Whoa!

106 INT. FEATURELESS SHAFT

106

Worth sticks his head in with her.

WORTH
I'll go find him.
(peers in room)
What do you think?

LEAVEN
You don't have a lot of lives left.

109 INT. CUBE 28

Kazan whines in horror. Alone, the cube seems to press in on him. Then, faintly, he hears . . .

WORTH (OFF)
Kazan!

Kazan shouts out to him in gibberish.

110 INT. CUBE 30

Worth, on the move, hears his cry. He goes for the floor door.

111 INT. CUBE 28

Kazan looks around at the doors hopefully.

WORTH (OFF)
Don't move!

Kazan does as he's told, huddling on the floor.

112 INT. CUBE 31

Worth hits the floor and groans in agony. The pain is getting worse. Fighting to stay conscious, he slides open the floor door.

113 INT. CUBE 28

Kazan looks up at him and grins.

KAZAN
Worth.

WORTH
Hey, bud.

KAZAN
I didn't move.

WORTH
Good. But now you're gonna have to climb up here, okay?

KAZAN
I don't like that.

109

110

111

112

113

A rumble echoes distantly through the cube.

114 BACK IN CUBE 29

114

The rumble subsides. Leaven paces tensely. Suddenly she winces - she's stepped on something. She gingerly pulls a sharp object out of the sole of her foot. She puts on her glasses and examines it. It's a bloody shard of glass - the missing piece from her cracked lens. The implications sink in. She opens a door and studies the numbers. She is struck by an important realization.

LEAVEN

20 . . . 20 . . . 20.

(shouts)

Worth, get back here right now!

115 BACK IN CUBE 31

115

Worth is getting desperate.

WORTH

Five bags of gummy bears.

KAZAN

21 bags total.

LEAVEN (OFF)

Listen to me, Worth. This room's next move takes it to the bridge!

WORTH

21 bags. Deal.

Kazan starts climbing.

KAZAN

1,114 gummy bears total. Minus red ones - approximately one sixth.

116 BACK IN CUBE 29

116

LEAVEN

Do you hear me? It's coming into alignment! All you have to do is get back here and we'll ride it out.

117 INT. CUBE 31

117

Worth hauls Kazan in and ushers him up to the next door.

WORTH

(shouting to Leaven)
We're coming!

KAZAN

One sixth - 185.6666667 red ones.

118 INT. CUBE 25

Quentin lies still in his pool of blood. A thunderous rumble and the room starts to shake. Quentin's eyes open. The room begins moving.

118

119 INT. CUBE 30

Worth pulls himself in after Kazan and lurches to his feet. He looks around from door to door, disorientated. He stumbles to one and slides it open.

119

LEAVEN

Over here!

He whirls to see her at a different door. The rumbling starts, building quickly to shaking.

Worth stumbles and goes down. Kazan grins, just happy to see her.

KAZAN

Leaven!

LEAVEN

Move it!

Kazan weaves crazily toward her as the floor shakes.

Worth is messed up, stunned, unable to get his footing.

Leaven's hand snakes out and grabs Kazan by the ear, hauling him in.

Worth crawls along the floor, his vision blurry, Leaven seemingly miles away. The shaking increases in violence.

Leaven sees he won't make it. She takes her life in her hands, leaps in, grabs him, and hauls him into . . .

120 INT. CUBE 29

They tumble in. The door slams. The quake crescendoes, and the room takes off like a rocket, pinning everyone to the floor. After a few seconds, it comes to an abrupt halt.

120

Kazan and Leaven shake out the cobwebs and look around.

Worth lies still, eyes closed, blood trickling from his nose and mouth.

LEAVEN

Worth? Worth?

WORTH

(without moving)
This better be it.

Leaven is vastly relieved.

LEAVEN
It should be.

Worth pulls himself up.

WORTH
Where?

Leaven slides open the door. Blackness.

WORTH
Oh, well.

LEAVEN
Give it a minute. Be patient. So
guess what?

WORTH
No.

LEAVEN
This is the room we started in.
(Worth just stares)
I was right. We never should have
moved in the first place.

They stare at one another. They can't help but find it grimly
amusing. A deafening rumble rolls over them.

The blackness is gradually replaced by another entrance as the
bridge room slides into position.

KAZAN
Bridge!
(then he realizes)
Red.

Leaven bursts into spontaneous laughter. Kazan thinks he's the
funny one, which makes her laugh harder. Worth just stares at the
red bridge like he's meeting his maker.

Leaven starts in. She hesitates.

LEAVEN
Kazan.

She gets him to look at the numbers.

LEAVEN
(to Worth)
Wouldn't that suck?

KAZAN
Clear!

121 INT. BRIDGE CUBE

121

Leaven hops in, then helps Worth in. Kazan joins them, trying not to look at the walls.

Leaven just stares at the door, too scared to see what's out there.

Worth gives Kazan the signal. Kazan opens it. Brilliant light bleeds in, engulfing the room

Worth and Kazan stare out.

There is a short passageway, the end of it lost in the blinding light.

Worth turns back to Leaven and smiles weakly.

 WORTH
You made it.

He slips to the floor.

 LEAVEN
Worth . . . ?

 WORTH
Go ahead.

 LEAVEN
What are you doing? You can't quit now.

 WORTH
Look at me.

 LEAVEN
We'll get you to a hospital. You can make it.

 WORTH
Look deeper, Leaven. A lot deeper.

She does, looking into his eyes.

 LEAVEN
It's not your *fault*.

Worth swallows, the emotion welling up. He looks around at the banal, evil thing he helped build.

 WORTH
Go.

A tear runs down her cheek.

LEAVEN

You have to come. Please.

He shakes his head. Smiling sadly.

WORTH

I've got nothing to live for out there.

Leaven absorbs this. She snuffles and looks into the light.

LEAVEN

What *is* out there?

WORTH

Suburbs. Strip malls. Apartment buildings.

LEAVEN

Same old shit?

WORTH

Boundless human stupidity.

She pulls herself together a bit. She wipes her eyes.

LEAVEN

I can live with that.

Suddenly, a sharp metal object bursts through her chest. She looks down at it uncomprehendingly, then at Worth. Kazan whimpers. The object retracts. Her eyes close and Leaven falls, revealing Quentin behind her, holding a bloody, broken door handle. *cheat it*

Worth lets out an animalistic scream, every last ounce of his strength directed into a violent rage.

Kazan cowers in a corner.

Quentin comes snarling at Worth through the door, his weapon raised.

Worth launches himself with super-human strength, driving his shoulder into Quentin's mid-section and knocking him back into the door frame. He grabs Quentin's wrist and repeatedly slams his hand into the wall - the weapon clatters to the floor.

Quentin punches Worth viciously with his free hand, then knees him in the stomach. Worth doubles over and Quentin drives his head first into the wall.

Worth goes down. He looks at Kazan, huddled in the corner.

WORTH

Get out, Kazan.

Worth gets yanked back up. Quentin's hands wrap around his throat, and smash him into the wall. Worth's kicking feet rise off the floor. They strain, nose to nose.

Worth is thrown against another wall. He slithers to the floor.

WORTH
Through the door, Kazan.

Kazan sees the door. He understands.

Worth's eyes snap wide open in horrible shock.

Quentin has driven the door handle deep into his guts. He grinds it around savagely. Worth groans, then gurgles, spitting up blood. His body twitches.

Quentin rises to his feet and faces Kazan, who's slowly backing through the exit door. Quentin holds up his bloody hands.

QUENTIN
Red, Kazan.

Another rumble sounds. The room shakes.

122	INT. EXIT PASSAGE	122
	Kazan falls through the door into the passage. The bridge CUBE slowly starts to move out of position.	
123	BRIDGE CUBE Fear comes into Quentin's eyes. He weaves across the shaking room toward the shrinking exit.	123
124	EXIT PASSAGE Kazan stands up, sees him approaching.	124
125	BRIDGE CUBE Quentin lunges forward, his upper body landing on the door frame.	125
126	EXIT PASSAGE Quentin grabs Kazan by the shirt front, pulling himself out. But he can't. He can't move. He looks back.	126
127	BRIDGE CUBE Worth, a grinning, victorious corpse, holds tight onto Quentin's foot.	127

Quentin tries desperately to kick him off. The entrance constricts, closing to within inches of his torso. His eyes widen in horror. He screams.

The bridge room drops away from the exit, cutting Quentin in half. His legs and lower body fall to the floor with Worth.] We never see this

The room drops faster and faster. Worth smiles amid the carnage and howling rush of noise. His eyes flutter closed in death.

128 INT. EXIT PASSAGE

Silence. Kazan unlatches Quentin's fingers from his shirt front. He looks at Quentin's dead face, his mouth lolling open. Carefully, Kazan position Quentin's fingers in the "signal" - a gun.

He gently places the thumb in Quentin's mouth. Then Kazan stands and looks at what he did. He giggles.

Kazan turns and looks down the corridor into the light. He starts toward it, unaware, unafraid. He begins to whistle "Bridge on the River Kwai".

Slowly, Kazan disappears, consumed by the brilliance.

129 DISSOLVE TO:

A metallic, textured wall. Kazan enters frame and puts his nose against it.

PULL BACK. He is wearing different clothes. He is not in a cube, he is on a BUSY STREET. Shoppers and Suits mill around him, oblivious to the retarded man.

Fingers tapping, Kazan turns away and slowly is swallowed by the crowd.

130 EXT. CITY - VARIOUS SHOTS DAY] *second unit*

Glittering towers of glass and steel rise over the city, horrifyingly precise.

Row upon row of identical houses stretch to the horizon of suburbia.

The streets are an infinite grid where traffic is jammed up, thousands of people enclosed in their cars.

Another day at the office.

FADE TO BLACK

128

129

130