

i origins

Written by

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1/28/13

We open on a still image of two brilliant, iconic eyes with central heterochromia - the condition of having multiple colors in each eye. The computer mouse arrow icon points things out.

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IAN (V.O.)

I want to start this with a picture of the eyes that changed the world. There we go. Okay. Beautiful, no? Haunting. So specific. This is called central heterochromia. Basically means having more than one color per eye. David Bowie has heterochromia, which means two different colored eyes - do you know who that is? You must, he is timeless. Anyway, "central" heterochromia means having two different colors in one eye. This is the one on the left. It has this brown exploding sun with 4 spikes. And this is the one on the right, which has three Fuch's crypts as they are called, or black dots. Remember these eyes. I have a photographic memory, so for me it is very easy. I wonder if you have a photographic memory? That would be an interesting data point. Anyway, remember these eyes. Remember the details. Got it? Burned in your mind? Okay.

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Picture of Ian Gray, wearing a suit and tie, eye-glasses, in a classroom with the Boltzmann equation on the chalkboard.

IAN (V.O.)

That's me. My name is Ian Gray.
I'm a father...

We see a silly photo of Ian with a 1 year-old, Tobias.

IAN (V.O.)

...a husband...

A photo of two hands with wedding rings, the ring fingers both extended as if they were middle fingers.

*

IAN (V.O.)

...And a scientist.

A photo of Ian in the laboratory - Ian has a plastic eye in his mouth as a three-eyed monster, he has a sense of humor.

IAN (V.O.)
I was born in the United States, in
a place called Connecticut.

Map of the US with the American flag - McDonalds, Baseball, Applepie surrounding it. Welcome to Connecticut sign.

IAN (V.O.)
That's me as a baby.

Baby picture of Ian, super cute, bright eyes.

IAN (V.O.)
That's me as a young man,
devastatingly handsome, no?

An unflattering yearbook photo of Ian with braces, big eye glasses, spiky hair.

IAN (V.O.)
When I was kid I had trouble
seeing.

Cute photo of a 6 year-old Ian looking upset.

IAN (V.O.)
That's me at 6, with my mom.

A selfie portrait of Ian with his mom - little Ian wears glasses. An eye-chart in the background.

IAN (V.O.)
My parents bought me a camera the
day I was first fitted with glasses
and I've been taking pictures ever
since.

Photo of a young Ian in his Superman undies taking a picture in the mirror.

Photo of Ian's mom on the toilet, waving a hand for him to get out!

Photos of his action figures lined up in a battle in the dirt.

IAN (V.O.)
At some point I realized that a
camera was designed like a human
eye.

Hi-8 video footage with the date, 1988, in the corner. A 6 year-old Ian sits on the floor among kid books about the eye, with basic diagrams of the eye. He plays with his still camera, switching the lens to a macro lens. A instruction manual of the camera shows a diagram.

IAN (V.O.)

Taking in light through a lens and
turning it into images.

Young Ian takes a picture of his own eye.

IAN (V.O.)

This fascinated me endlessly. I
photographed as many eyes as I
possibly could.

Photographs of people taken by Ian - His mom, dad, doctor, friends, neighbors, identical twins. Each set of images comes in pairs, first a headshot, then a close up of their eye. Eventually it switches to just the close ups of eyes.

IAN (V.O.)

My eye doctor told me something I
would never forget - he said that
the color part of the eye was
called the iris and that the
patterns of rings, dots, and lines,
were unique for every person. Even
identical twins have different
irises. Every living person on the
planet has their own unique pair of
eyes. That's billions and billions
of eyes. Each it's own universe.

What starts off slow turns into a rapid succession of eyes,
hundreds and hundreds of them - the beauty and awe.

Eyes in perfect detail flash by with the music.

Credits and Title: i origins

2

INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, HOME OFFICE - NIGHT 2014

2

Ian Gray, leans super close into a webcam lens. We see his eyes in detail.

IAN

These are my eyes. Look familiar?
(holds for a moment, then
he leans back)
I'd like to tell you about how
things came to be how they are.
(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

Where the story started. The story
about the eyes that changed the
world.

Ian fiddles with the computer mouse, the slideshow continues
again with the two brilliant blue eyes, with central
heterochromia. *

IAN (V.O.)

There they are. It started when I
was a 26 year-old PhD student
living in New York. (pic of NYC)
It was a cold night and I was
pondering the chemical makeup of
urine and the state change of ice -
and by that I mean I was very drunk
and it was Halloween.

Still image of pee coming from below the camera POV writing
the letter I - the image unfreezes on the sound of a camera
click and plays -

3

EXT. MERCER STREET, NEW YORK CITY 2006 - NIGHT

3

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Hot urine carves out the letters "I A N" into the snow.

IAN GRAY (26), an ambitious PhD student, a guy who was not a
nerd but someone who wondered and turned that wonder into a
mastery of biochemistry, pisses in a alleyway in SOHO.

Ian wears a zombie Einstein mask atop his head (not pulled
down over his face yet). A Canon Rebel 300D around his neck -
with a 40m reversible lens.

Ian's been drinking with his lab buddy, KENNY (26) an Asian
dressed in a martial arts costume - Guile from Street
Fighter.

It is Halloween 2006. Madness on the streets. (Kenny and
Ian drunk funny banter - improv) then - *

KENNY

You are getting on your pants. *

IAN

I can't see anything with this
mask. *

Ian takes off his mask. *

IAN (CONT'D)

(yelling)

It's freezing!

KENNY

We're here.

4 INT. LOFT STAIRWELL, MERCER STREET - CONTINUOUS 4

Ian and Kenny stumble up the stairs.

IAN

This place needs an elevator.
Who's spot is this?

KENNY

Some girl I met last week told me
about it. I don't know. If it
sucks we'll leave.

5 INT. LOFT APARTMENT, MERCER STREET - CONTINUOUS 5

Ian and Kenny enter, do a quick once over glance of the
place.

A crowded costume party - pretty girls in scantily outfits,
funny outfits, etc.

KENNY

(shouting)

I'll get us drinks. You go be
charming.

*
*

Ian wanders up the stairs to the rooftop terrace.

6 EXT. ROOF DECK, LOFT APARTMENT, MERCER STREET - CONTINUOUS 6

Ian steps onto the terrace - his camera with him.

He snaps photos of the view - (the pic of NYC that we saw in
the slideshow.)

A group of four skinny girls (early 20s) all wearing leather
S+M gear head to toe, black masks, tight skirts, pants, etc,
hang out and smoke cigarettes.

One of the girls (Sofi) looks at Ian - she wears a high-
fashion feathered mask covering her mouth and nose. She has
haunting eyes, the ones we saw in the intro, wisdom beyond
her years, a calm confident connection to the spiritual side
but manifest in a wild child present-living body.

Ian and Sofi lock eyes, flirt with a look. He lights up a
cigarette. Another girl calls him over -

SADO-GIRL #1

You with the camera, come take a picture of us.

Ian walks over to them. Takes their pictures with a flash. We see the still images. The girls giggle.

SADO-GIRL #2

Yeah, daddy.

Ian watches Sofi's eyes. Out of the group, she is the only one he feels instantly connected to.

IAN

(to Sofi)

Can I take a close up of your eyes?

SOFI

Why?

IAN

It's something I do.

SOFI

Okay.

Ian flips the 40mm around so it becomes a macrolens.

IAN

I've perfected this.

The other girls continue their banter. Ian and Sofi are isolated. He snaps a few pictures of her eyes close up - a moment of time stopping aesthetically in sync with the film. Something disorients Ian about her eyes. He lowers his camera.

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*
*

IAN (CONT'D)

Hi

SOFI

Hi. Can I have a drag?

IAN

You'll have to take off your mask.

SOFI

Blow me a drag.

Ian pulls on his cigarette, leans forward and blows the smoke through Sofi's mask. Sexual tension high, delicate. He locks in on her iconic eyes. Do they know each other? Their gaze held longer than socially normal.

Cold rain starts to fall. The other girls enter the house.
Just Ian and Sofi remain -

IAN
What's your name?

SOFI
Do you know the story of the
Phasianidae?

IAN
No, what's that?

SOFI
The Phasianidae is a bird that
experiences all of time in one
instant. And she is known across
the land for her song, because her
song captures every single emotion
she can have. She can't sing the
sound of love by itself. She can't
sing the sound of anger by itself.
She sings the sound of love and
anger and fear and joy and sadness
and regret and pain and excitement
all at once. All combined into one
magnificent sound.

IAN
Where are you from?

SOFI
Another planet.

IAN
What did the bird sound like?

SOFI
It sounds like this. Lean closer.

Ian leans close to her face.

Sofi screams a piercing scream!! Party-goers turn and look.

IAN
Whoa.

SOFI
It's kind of like noise.

The rain picks up.

SOFI (CONT'D)
(a foreboding in her
voice)

And the Phasianidae, when she meets
the love of her life, is both happy
and sad. Happy because she sees
that for him it is the beginning,
and sad because she knows it is
already over.

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IAN
Do I know you?

SOFI
Of course you do.

IAN
We've met?

SOFI
Of course we have.

The music changes - God Damn the Sun, by the Swans.

SOFI (CONT'D)
Come.

She leads him back inside. The rain more intense now.

7 INT. LOFT APARTMENT, CHINATOWN - CONTINUOUS

7

Sofi leads Ian through the party. Ian spots Kenny doing
shots with two girls dressed as sexy nurses.

IAN
(through the noise)
Do you want a drink?

SOFI
I don't drink.

She continues to lead him to the bathroom.

8 INT. LOFT BATHROOM, CHINATOWN - CONTINUOUS

8

A simple warm bathroom, white walls made yellow by the dim
light and candles. A toilet and window at the far end. The
window is slightly ajar and cold rainy air blows inside.

Sofi and Ian almost kiss, but not really as it is through the
mask - making the sensuality even higher. They move toward
the toilet.

SOFI

Sit.

Ian sits. Sofi takes off her panties, she wears a skirt.
Climbs on him.

SOFI (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Gentle.

They make love on the toilet. Sofi still masked.

Ian watches her hypnotic eyes. We see the scene through his
POV. Her eyes. Iconic eyes.

Someone bangs on the door.

They continue, hypnotic.

PARTYGOER #1

Hurry up!

IAN

Who are you?

She says nothing, just looks at him.

PARTYGOER #1

Open up the door!

IAN

You are not going to regret this in
the morning, right?

This one suggestion of doubt bursts the bubble.

The magic in Sofi's eyes fades. She is hurt. She gets up,
pulls her skirt down.

IAN (CONT'D)

Hey, I didn't mean...

She leaves. He nearly trips getting up.

A guy comes into the bathroom. Ian gets up. Hustles out.

9

INT. LOFT APARTMENT, CHINATOWN

9

Ian runs around the loft looking for the mystery girl. Grabs
a different SADO GIRL who is turned the opposite way - spins
her, it's not Sofi. Doesn't see her anywhere.

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10 INT. LOFT BUILDING, CHINATOWN 10

Ian runs down the stairs.

11 EXT. MERCER STREET, NY - CONTINUOUS 11

Ian makes it to the street just as the mystery girl hops into a cab.

And she is gone.

12 INT. SUBWAY, NYC, THE NEXT MORNING 12

Establish NYC in the morning light. Ian sits on the J train, riding above the East River into Manhattan. He stares out the window, listens to a podcast. (Eyes of other passengers, IAN's mind working)

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*

RADIO PROGRAM

After the recall of Gray Davis,
Schwarzenegger took victory of the
gubernatorial race in California...

Switches the program.

Light jazz. Switches the program.

RADIO PROGRAM 2

The human eye is one of the most
intricate and beautiful organs.

This is more like it.

RADIO PROGRAM 2 (CONT'D)

So complex that it provides
undeniable proof that God exists.

Uh, not more like it actually.

RADIO PROGRAM 2 (CONT'D)

The eye is what we call irreducibly
complex. That is, it is made up of
several working parts that if you
removed one of them, it would cease
to function. Such an organ could
not, therefore, have evolved and is
proof that a higher intelligence
created it and created us.

Ian shakes his head - he doesn't buy this argument one bit.

13 EXT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - DAY 13

Ian hops up the steps to the science building.

14 INT. SCIENCE BUILDING, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - CONTINUOUS 14

Ian walks routinely down a hallway. A sign outside a door - Biochemistry Lab.

Ian looks into an iris scanner outside the door.

POV from the lens as it takes a scan of his eye and says - Ian Gray - Iris Authentication Match.

The door unlocks.

15 INT. LABORATORY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - CONTINUOUS 15

Ian walks through the laboratory.

Kenny sits in front of a computer, sees Ian and shoots him with a rubber band.

KENNY

I finished the transcription factor program.

IAN

(referencing their wild evening)

Last night?

KENNY

This morning. Bitch, I don't play.

Ian nods.

KENNY (CONT'D)

By the way, you got a new rotating student, 1st year. Have fun baby-sitting.

*
*

Ian keeps walking to his station, where he meets -

KAREN, early 20s, dirty blonde hair up in a bun, smart, earthy, stable, thoughtful, not attention seeking, passionate about her work, pretty but that is of no importance to her.

A shelf of mice lines the wall before them.

KAREN

Karen.

IAN

Ian.

KAREN

I know. You were Dr. Kim's favorite student.

IAN

How are the little soldiers faring?

KAREN

They appear healthy. You are attempting to make colorblind mice see color?

IAN

That's the idea. But after failed experiment three hundred fifty two, we'll see.

KAREN

Why?

IAN

Why what? Did so many experiments fail...?

KAREN

No. Why make them see color?

Ian, already feeling like he has wasted too much time talking to a freshman -

IAN

(shrugging her off)

Why not?

KAREN

How will you test that they see color?

*

IAN

As the new rotating student, your job will be to do boring, repetitive experiments and be a glorified note taker. And don't ask why.

*

*

*

KAREN

Cool.

IAN

I'll show you the protocol for
entering data later. For now just
a pen and paper.

KAREN

Copy that.

She picks up a pen and paper.

IAN

Commencing experiment 353, response
to photopigment protein in mus
musculus.

KAREN

(writing)
Got it.

IAN

Control subjects B Beta, G Gamma, E
.... Euphoria, P

*

KAREN

Psychotic or Pneumonia.

*

*

Ian smiles - she gets his nerdy joke.

He turns on a monitor with a green and red horizontal line
pattern.

IAN

The control subjects are colorblind
and therefore cannot perceive the
difference between the red and
green lines, they see only...

He flips a switch and the screen turns all gray - same level
of luminance in the green and the red so that it makes one
gray square.

IAN (CONT'D)

A gray square. No difference
between the lines. Now the test
subjects, P as in...

KAREN

Psychopannychia.

IAN

I don't know what that is.

KAREN

Look it up.

IAN

G as in Goodness gracious. H as in
Help me please, Z Zoolander... are
the muted mice with the
photopigment. When we animate the
lines...

*

He presses a button and the red and green lines track from
right to left.

IAN (CONT'D)

(flipping on the control
mice subject monitor)
Colorblind mice stare straight.
Whereas, fingers crossed...
(flipping on the
genetically modified mice
monitor)
color normal mice *track the lines*
with their eyes!

We see a black and white monitor closeup on two different
mice. The control subject stares straight, while the test
subject tracks the lines.

Ian smiles. The experiment worked.

KAREN

Holy shit.

*

IAN

Holy fucking shit.

*

*

KAREN

What stage of the Pax6 cascade do
you trigger the cones?

IAN

(acknowledging her
intelligence)
You're a first year?

Ian presses print on his computer monitor, walks over to the
printer.

KAREN

(sarcastic)
I know, surprising I can even put
full sentences together.

Ian takes the black and white still print of the closeup of
the mouse eye.

IAN

Sorry. I told my last lab assist
that I'd sign his credits if he
didn't come in.

Karen smiles.

IAN (CONT'D)

Anyway, this is just a step in a
long process.

He takes the printed photo to pin up to the wall. He shows
her various animals with different eyes, varying levels of
complexity, on the wall (1 to 12 parts). Some gaps from
simple eyes to human eyes have question marks as pictures.
Various offshoots spawn from the 12. Karen inspects them.

IAN (CONT'D)

This is a rough estimation but...
the human eye, let's say, has 12
working parts. The simplest eye
has 1. Most scientists assume that
it evolved from here (1) to here
(12), because we have so many of
these (points to examples we do
have - 1, 2, 5, 7, 10, 12).
But I don't like these (pointing to
the question marks). So if we can
fill in the evolutionary gaps with
data, hard numbered facts, using
single mutations, we can map out
the logical progression of the most
basic eye to a complex fully formed
human eye.

*

KAREN

But no real scientist believes the
religious argument. Why take the
time?

*
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*

IAN

But that's where you are being
naive. It affects our funding, our
politics, everything. When you are
no longer a first year you'll
understand why this is so important
and sucks.

*
*
*
*
*
*

KAREN

Each of these animals has eyes best
selected for their environment. If
you want it to be cleaner you
should find an origin.

*

IAN
(baiting)
Go on?

*

KAREN
You start with 1. But you should
find an origin - a 0. And go from
there. A non-seeing organism. And
genetically build an eye from
scratch. Less variables.

IAN
Non-seeing organisms don't have the
pax6 gene.

KAREN
Are you sure? Has anyone ever
checked?

*

Beat

*

IAN
I don't think anyone has ever
checked.

*

*

*

KAREN
You've already thought of this.

*

*

IAN
Yes.

*

*

KAREN
So why do you look so surprised?

*

*

IAN
Because so have you.

*

*

Ian looks at Karen realizing no one has ever taken the time
to check if all non-seeing organisms lack the Pax6 gene. He
then concedes, she can look for them if she wants.

KAREN
It's going to be a boring and very
lonely semester for me.

*

*

*

IAN
Yes.

*

*

KAREN
Good thing I'm not a people person.

*

16

INT. IAN AND KENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

16

*

Ian at his apartment with Kenny. They are a bit drunk, sipping on ice cold tequila.

Ian plays with a deck of cards, flipping down three cards at a time. If the last card is a heart - He says, "drink."

The place has a grad dorm vibe. Radiohead Kid A poster, cans of PBR stacked up, science books. There is also a sculpture of the human body from waist up, (31 piece torso model) the kinds found in biology class where you can remove plastic stomach, kidneys, etc.

*

Kenny fumbles with the pieces, rearranging them.

Ian throws down three cards for Kenny, 2, King, Jack of hearts.

IAN

Drink. Who was that girl?

KENNY

Which girl?

IAN

The girls at the Halloween party, in S and M outfits. One of them I met. I don't know her name, don't know her face, (remembering his camera) but she had these beautiful, specific eyes, with central heterochromia.

*

Grabbing his Canon 300D Rebel and flipping through the images til he finds the close ups of Sofi. Shows Kenny. He takes interest for a moment -

KENNY

Reminds me, I figured out an improved implementation technique for Daugman's algorithm. My ass will not be making 24 thou a year much longer.

*

IAN

Who did you know that ran the party?

KENNY

I knew someone who knew someone but she is not talking to me anymore. I puked on the couch, apparently.

IAN
 (in his own world,
 flipping down cards,
 looking at the camera
 display, 3, 4, 4 - he
 drinks)

You ever feel like when you meet
 someone they fill a hole inside of
 you and then when they are gone you
 feel that space painfully vacant.

KENNY
 I'm not making out with you.

All the pieces of the human sculpture fall out.

KENNY (CONT'D)
 This one is painfully vacant.

17 INT. 7-ELEVEN, MANHATTAN - THE NEXT DAY 17

Ian, bleary eyed, walks up to the register. Buys a pack of
 cigarettes and a lottery ticket.

IAN
 How much?

711 ATTENDENT
 \$11.11

Ian reaches in his pocket, pulls out a 10, a one and a dime
 and penny - exact change -

IAN
 Huh. Lucky 11s.

The attendant hands Ian the receipt and the lotto ticket.

Ian exits the 7-Eleven.

18 EXT. 7-ELEVEN, MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS 18

Ian lights up a cig, looks at the Powerball ticket.

The Powerball number: 11

The date: 11/11/03

The time 11:11am.

Ian looks back at a digital display clock in the store window
 that reads the time - 11:11 turns 11:12.

Ian sees a bus pull up right in front of him. Bus number 11.

Ian wants to resist this hokey magic coincidence shit. Stands. The bus driver opens the door. Waits. Looks at Ian. Waits. Fuck it, Ian thinks. He gets on.

19 INT. BUS 11 - CONTINUOUS

19

Ian looks around on the bus. His mind on the edge in a bizarre trance with the world around him.

Looks in all the different people's eyes, on the bus.

Sees a fly, sharply turns and stares at it.

Turns back at the people. Sees a BLIND MAN with a SEEING EYE DOG. The dog looks at Ian and barks - Woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof, woof. (sound design isolation)

On the 11th woof, the bus dings and stops. Ian hops off.

20 EXT. PARKING LOT SOMEWHERE IN NYC - CONTINUOUS

20

He turns back toward the bus as it drives off. In the reflection of the bus window we catch for an instant - two eyes. Ian spins around, looks up.

Jaw. Drops. Holy. Fucking. Shit. He stands awestruck at the sight -

A billboard --

A billboard for Urban Decay Makeup.

A pair of eyes. But not just any eyes....

The specific, iconic central heterochromatic eyes that we all know by now - Sofi's eyes!! *

21 INT. LABORATORY, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY - LATER THAT DAY

21

Ian on the computer, googling 'Urban Decay Makeup advertisement.' Google corrects it to Urban Decay Cosmetics. Behind him is the eye evolution chart. The word "Origin" is circled with a zero above it. A sharpie marker line across the wall connects to a list of non-seeing species with X's next to them.

Ian finds the ad through Google. He compares it to the photo of the eyes from the party which are on his laptop (a 2006 IBM) - they are the same. *

He finds the model from the ad - Sofi Elizondo. Googles her. More pictures appear.

Karen, wearing goggles, pipettes saline and ethanol, combining the two with DNA into a test tube, creating a milky white substance. She spins the solution in the centrifuge. Runs a gel.

IAN

Karen, how many species lack vision? *

KAREN

(reading from a list)

95% of all organisms have vision. *

5% do not. There are 8.7 million species on earth. Do the math. *

Leptodirus beetles, Kauai Cave Wolf *

Spiders, Kentucky Cave Shrimp,

Blind Cave Crabs, Cave Fish,

Brazilian Characids, Texas Blind

Salamanders, the Proteus anguinus,

that's to name a few that are not microorganisms. *

Ian, half paying attention, half looking at his computer. *
His watch dings, without looking, he adjusts the speed on the *
centrifuge. *

IAN

Uh. A lot.

KAREN

435,000.

IAN

Find pax6 in any of them?

KAREN

I've sequenced about 12 so far.

Ian finds loads of campaigns featuring Sofi, different looks.

Karen chalks up an X through another species, Xenotyphlops mocquardi, no Pax6.

Karen sees Ian browsing the model photographs. Gives him a look. Goes back to work.

Ian smiles. Returns to his computer browsing.

Ian finds Sofi's photostream - pictures of the neighborhood she lives in. Favorite coffee place - Atlas Cafe. "My essential coffee place."

Googles Atlas Cafe - locates it - corner of Grand and Havemeyer in Brooklyn.

He finds her modelling agency - ELITE, NYC. Finds Elite's office location 28th Street at 5th Ave.

Figures out the train she might take - L to the N at Union Square. He writes nothing down as he has a photographic memory.

22 INT. ATLAS CAFE, DAY 22

Ian in the coffee shop, ordering coffee.

Ian looks at a picture on the wall - Steve McCurry's National Geographic Afghan girl. He stares at the girl's eyes.

Turns - Thinks he sees Sofi. It's not her.

A22 INT. LABORATORY, DAY - SOME TIME LATER A22 *

Ian and Karen work silently in the lab, swapping different sized pipettes (saline and ethanol) without even looking at each other. They are in sync. DNA up to the light with a macro. *

23 INT. BAR, NYC - NIGHTTIME - SOME TIME LATER 23 *

Ian, Kenny and Karen having post-work drinks. *

Ian looks around thinks he sees Sofi. Does not. Brings his attention back into the group. They all drink Irish car bombs - an experiment even at the bar.

(Korean karaoke ? Tim) *

24 INT. LABORATORY - DAY 24

Karen chalks up another X next to a list of nearly 100 sightless species - NO PAX6. The Sharpie list on the wall now extends to the cabinets.

Ian, wearing goggles, finishes working with a rabbit. Prints a photograph and hangs it on his eye evolution chart. *

Sits back at his computer. Looks at the printed central heterochromatic eyes of Sofi which are stuck on his computer. *

IAN
You know we could be looking
forever and never find anything. *

KAREN
Turning over rocks finding nothing
is progress. *

Ian sips his iced coffee through the straw.

25 INT. IAN AND KENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 25 *

Ian reads in bed, *The Blind Watchmaker* by Richard Dawkins, looks over to the statue of the human torso - it wears a baseball hat and sunglasses. Ian is lonely.

IAN
(to the statue)
Goodnight, man.

He shuts out the light.

26 EXT. NEW YORK CITY PARK - DAY 26

Snowflakes in slow motion. The fresh winter is here.

27 INT. SUBWAY, NYC 2006 - DAY 27 *

Ian sits on the JMZ subway above the East River listening to music on his 2006 iPod. *

Ian sees graffiti scratched into the window of the train - an infinity sign. Rack focus to see - Sofi in the reflection. Ian turns and sees her reading *Brida* by Paulo Coelho and eating Strawberry Mentos.

She sees him - it's awkward. She puts her book away, packs it and prepares to move further away down the car.

Ian takes off the headphones and approaches her.

Stops her by standing above her.

The following dialogue takes place only in subtle gestures. The scene is wordless - all the subtext conveyed through eyes and performance.

Standing above her -

IAN
(subtext)
(*Hi. It's me, remember?*)

SOFI
(subtext)
(*Hi. I recognize you, but I'd rather pretend like I don't remember.*)

Ian stands patiently, waits.

Sofi moves her bag, making room for him to sit. Sofi is someone who is very in command of her power to seduce a man through the push/pull tease and pull away dance. It works.

Ian sits feeling the subtle invitation.

After he sits, Sofi turns away, purposely not making eye contact. She eats another Mentos, sliding it out of the package onto her tongue.

She offers him one. He takes it. She turns away.

She stands up, walks away, approaches the train door. Faces outside waiting for it to arrive at the next station. *

Ian gets up and follows her. Stands behind her. Her back to him.

Ian hatches a plan. He takes his headphones and places them on her head. The sound of the train dies down. Ian scrolls through his mp3 player, finds the song they made love to when they first met - presses play. God Damn The Sun, by the Swans.

IAN
(subtext)
(*Let me fix that first night.*)

Sofi recognizes the song, a slight smile lifts her lips - revealed only in the reflection of the train door.

The train comes to a stop. The two exit the train. Sofi still listening to the song, tethered to Ian by the headphone cable. Ian follows her with care and gentle sensitivity.

She walks down the elevated train steps, down to the street - the Jmz Marcy station that is above ground.

They walk to the bridge. Sofi turns to him.

They stare in each other's eyes.

Hold forever.

Sofi punches Ian. Then after a sufficient beating, she leans forward and kisses Ian.

28 INT. DINER, NYC - AN HOUR LATER

28

Sofi, sans winter jacket, and Ian sit in a diner together. Sofi stares at Ian with her iconic eyes. She casually plays with her necklace, *The Eye of Horus*.

A waitress places two cappuccinos before them.

Sofi takes the sugar. She spoons up three scoops.

*

SOFI

Three scoops. Always. Never more,
never less.

IAN

Where are you from?

SOFI

So many places, I don't know.

*

IAN

What places?

*

*

SOFI

I was born in Argentina. I moved
to France with my grandmother when
I was 5. I came here to New York
two years ago. I like it here. I
like the spirit.

*

*

*

*

*

*

IAN

What about your parents?

Sofi just stares at him, not going to answer. He senses it, changes topics.

IAN (CONT'D)

What do you do?

*

SOFI

I'm modelling.

*

*

IAN

Do you like it?

*

*

SOFI

No, not really. Well, I like the
attention. But it's competitive.

(MORE)

SOFI (CONT'D)

Some of the designers are great
artists though. Some are not.
Pays well.

IAN

Why did you sleep with me that
first night?

SOFI

Poor judgement. (*just kidding...*)
I was lonely. For a long time.
And when I saw you I felt like I
had known you. Actually I felt
like you knew me.

IAN

What do you mean?

SOFI

Like we are connected from past
lives.

IAN

I don't believe in that.

SOFI

What do you believe in?

IAN

I'm a scientist. I believe in
data.

SOFI

(mocking his conversation)
A scientist? Do you like it?

IAN

I love it.

SOFI

What kind of scientist?

IAN

A molecular biologist. I'm most
fascinated with the eye.

SOFI

Why the eye?

IAN

The eye is the one sticking point
that religious people use to
discredit evolution.

(MORE)

*
*

*
*
*

*
*
*
*

IAN (CONT'D)

They use it as proof of an
intelligent designer.

*
*

SOFI

Intelligent designer?

*
*

IAN

God. I want to end that debate
once and for all with evidence,
data points of all the stages of
eye evolution.

*
*
*
*
*

SOFI

Why are you working so hard to
disprove God?

*
*
*

IAN

Disprove? Who proved God was there
in the first place? How about I
get some real data points on you?

*
*
*

SOFI

Be my guest. I prefer talking
about myself anyway.

IAN

What's your favorite....

SOFI

Candy? Strawberry mentos. These
were invented for me.

IAN

What's your favorite food?

SOFI

Veggie Burritos. I'm vegetarian,
you should know that.

IAN

Me too.

SOFI

Points.

IAN

What's your favorite color?

SOFI

Next.

*

IAN

Why?

SOFI

Boring.

*

IAN

It might mean something.

*

SOFI

Pink. Or black. No, no, puke
green.

IAN

What's your favorite flower?

SOFI

Dandelions. (pronounced den-DELL-ee-
uns)

IAN

Den-DELL-ee-uns? Oh, dandelions.
Cus?

SOFI

Cus they are free, wild, and you
can't buy them.

IAN

What's your favorite field of
study?

SOFI

(thinks for a moment)
The stars.

IAN

What's your favorite animal?

SOFI

The Phasianidae albinus, the white
peacock.

IAN

Aha. The one with the love hate
song.

SOFI

You're stupid! You ever see one?
(Ian shakes his head, no) There is
one in New York, I'll take you to
see it.

Ian sees that she is reaching to him. She then retracts when
she recognizes it.

SOFI (CONT'D)

Maybe. In Indian mythology the albino peacock symbolizes souls being dispersed throughout the world.

IAN

(sarcastic)

Did you ever think it just "symbolizes" the lack of melanin, or pigment in its cells. It comes from the biological inheritance of genetically recessive alleles.

*
*
*

SOFI

You are so stupid.

*
*

Ian smiles.

29 INT. IAN AND KENNY'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - DAY 29 *

Ian and Sofi kiss in his bedroom, slowly, tenderly.

They make love.

*

VARIOUS SHOTS OF THEM MAKING LOVE THIS FIRST WEEK IN VARIOUS PARTS OF IAN AND KENNY'S APARTMENT.

*
*

A29 INT. IAN AND KENNY'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY A29 *

Sofi making coffee, Ian interrupts with a kiss, they fall on the floor making love, Ian shuts off the stove.

*
*

B29 INT. IAN AND KENNY'S APARTMENT, LIVING ROOM - DAY B29 *

Ian and Sofi make out on the couch. Kenny gets the food delivery, puts it on the coffee table and goes to his room.

*
*

C29 INT. IAN AND KENNY'S APARTMENT, BATHROOM - DAY C29 *

Ian and Sofi make love in the bathroom, Kenny enters and they close the door push him out.

*
*

30 EXT. SAINT JOHN THE DIVINE GARDEN - DAY 30 *

Walking through the garden of Saint John the Divine Cathedral in Morningside Heights.

They see a white peacock.

SOFI

That's the one. Listen.

The sound is haunting. Ian takes a photo with his camera.

Sofi reads a poem in her own language - intercut with poetic shots of the white peacock and the love making.

*

31 INT. IAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 31

Intercut week of love making - shows that during the first week they can't take their hands off each other.

*

*

33 I/E. WOOLWORTH - DAY 33

Ian and Sofi sneak up to the top floor and turret of the Woolworth Building. Ian is afraid of heights.

SOFI

What does it come from? Fear of heights.

IAN

Neurologists could never figure it out. An inexplicable phobia you are just born with.

SOFI

Must be from some past life trauma.

IAN

(not buying that for a millisecond)

Or just an imbalance in chemicals.

*

34 INT. IAN AND KENNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 34

*

Laying in bed together. A light is on in the closet, casting light from the cracked door.

IAN

Something happened to me that day I first saw your eyes. I couldn't get them out of my head. It put me in a weird state. And then one day I was really hungover, late for work, and saw all these 11's, I was at 711, had 11 on my receipt, exact change, the time was 11:11, whatever it was, just way too many 11s.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

And the last thing in the world I
would do is put any meaning in
that, and follow them, but I was
just enough out of it, that I did.
I followed these 11's on this
strange goose chase and found your
eyes, found you.

*
*
*
*

SOFI

(shrugging it off / ain't
no thing)

I know. I sent them to you.

His look - not even 1% believing her, more thinking, 'you are
a strange feisty bullshitter that I am attracted to.'

SOFI (CONT'D)

That's a way to send messages.

She traces her fingers across his birthmarks.

Ian not sure how to convey to her how absurd she sounds.

SOFI (CONT'D)

(getting closer to him)

You know you have it. But you are
scared of it.

IAN

Have what?

SOFI

You live in this room, right?
Reality. Tables. Chairs. Lamps.
Logic. But in this room you have a
door to the other side. You see,
light comes through, it's open,
just a tiny bit, but it is, open.
You keep trying to close that door
because your scared. But you won't
always be scared.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

IAN

What's in the room with the light,
other than my dirty laundry?

SOFI

You have to go in to find out.
Most people's doors are completely
closed. Yours is almost, but not
completely.

(MORE)

SOFI (CONT'D)

And one day you will not just open
the door to the other side, but you
will open it and lead the entire
world through it. You. You know
what I am talking about.

*
*

IAN

No idea.

SOFI

You will.

*

IAN

You have so many secrets. Why have
I never seen your place?

*
*
*

SOFI

Because it's my space. If you
wanted to live with me you could
see it. Do you want to live with
me?

*
*
*
*
*

IAN

I would love to live with you.

*
*

Suddenly Kenny bursts in totally drunk. Falls down, passes
out. Ian and Sofi look at each other - it's time he moves
out.

IAN (CONT'D)

Can we do it tomorrow?

*
*

35 INT. COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY, JOURNAL CLUB - DAY

35

Ian, Karen, and a number of students sit during an incredibly
boring topic of journal club - the typical environment for
graduate student learning.

Sofi arrives and grabs Ian's attention. Ian's face lights
up. Karen sees this.

Ian packs up his stuff and leaves early.

36 EXT. SOFI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER THAT DAY

36

Ian and Sofi pull up in a Zip Car filled with boxes.

37 INT. SOFI'S APARTMENT, ELEVATOR AREA - AFTERNOON 37

Ian and Sofi are carrying in boxes. Ian a heavy one, Sofi a lighter one. Sofi heads toward the stairs. *

IAN *

What floor? *

SOFI *

Fifth. *

IAN *

Can we take the elevator? *

SOFI *

I hate the elevator. I never take it. *

IAN *

I'm not carrying these boxes up five flights. *

38 INT. ELEVATOR, SOFI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 38

Ian and Sofi ride up the elevator. It creaks and careens all the way up.

39 INT. HALLWAY TO SOFI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS 39

Establish the hallway, dolly track from left to right. Ian holds the elevator open, slides the boxes out of the elevator to the front of her apartment - the elevator buzzes signalling the door has been held open too long.

40 INT. SOFI'S APARTMENT - AFTERNOON 40

Ian checks out Sofi's apartment.

SOFI

Welcome to your new home.

IAN *

I love the view. *

Ian notices the crystals and prisms all around the apartment, sees the photographs on the walls.

IAN (CONT'D)

So tell me about these.

SOFI

Me and my grandmother - such an eccentric beauty.

Recent photo of her and her grandmother.

SOFI (CONT'D)

Me and my parents.

Old black and white photo of her parents holding a baby.

SOFI (CONT'D)

The white peacock.

A statue. Then the angel photograph.

SOFI (CONT'D)

This is a crazy picture of El Angel de la Resurrección.

*

IAN

What?

*

*

SOFI

El Angel de la Resurreccion. This is the most magical story I have ever heard. My friend took a picture of a statue in Greenwood Cemetery. When he developed the negatives, human eyes appeared. As if an angel looked through the statue.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

IAN

I know how to work Photoshop too.

*

*

SOFI

It's not Photoshop. It's on the negative.

*

*

*

Shows him.

*

SOFI (CONT'D)

There are no eyes on the real statue. This is the point, the eyes appeared when he took the picture. That proves the spirit world exists.

*

*

*

*

*

*

*

IAN

Well, I'd have to see the statue in person for more data.

SOFI *
I'll take you there one day. *

(more boxes, let's take the stairs down, elevator up) *

43 INT. SOFI'S APARTMENT - THE NEXT DAY 43 *

Sun shines through the window upon the sculpture of the HUMAN *
BODY. Ian and Sofi asleep in bed. Ian awakes to a text on *
his phone. *

KAREN: Did you drop out? *

IAN *
(arising) *
I'm going to head into the lab. *

Ian throws on clothes. *

SOFI *
Stay home with me. *

IAN *
I can't. (kissing her goodbye) *
And I actually enjoy what I do. *

Ian goes into the kitchen, drinks some juice. *

IAN (CONT'D) *
I ordered internet for us, which *
you don't have. They are coming *
today, can you let them in? *

SOFI *
I don't want to wait around for *
them. Set it up for later? *

IAN *
It takes forever to get those *
appointments. *

SOFI *
I have a lot to do today. *

Ian considering this, knowing a lot must mean making beads, *
doing yoga and essentially doing nothing. *

IAN *
Okay. Sure. *

He kisses her goodbye. *

44 INT. LABORATORY 44 *

Ian enters the laboratory. Karen greets him. They both suit up in latex vest, gloves, sleeves, and foot covers. Go into the mouse room. Find a pregnant mouse. Put it in a Chinese food box looking box. *

KAREN
Welcome back. *

IAN
Thanks. 19 days of gestation, let's see if she's ready. *

Ian is about to perform a cesarian on a mouse. *

KAREN
(banging shoddy equipment)
Science grants, fame and fortune await us. *

Ian places several newborns in pitri dishes, places one under the microscope. *

IAN
You know if you find the pax6, you'll be well on your way to all of that. *

KAREN
When I won first place at the science fair in third grade, I threw up all over the podium. Recognition makes me nauseous. *

IAN
Well, when Hugh won the Nobel Prize we all sat around in a windowless room and toasted him with apple cider, then we hid his car keys. But it is important for people to know about the work. *

KAREN
The most exhilarating thing about living the life of a lab rat is that sometimes, rare times, you discover something. Like I accidentally discovered the gene in these mice that cause them to have cowlicks. When I made that discovery, that night, when I was laying in bed, I was the only human being on the planet that knew it. *

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

I was on the absolute edge of human knowledge. Before anyone else.

*

IAN

That's beautiful. But for me the real moment of exhilaration is when you make that knowledge public.

*

*

*

KAREN

I think that's admirable. You should write a book about this (pointing to the eye evolution chart) for non-freaks.

*

*

Ian inspects the baby mouse under the microscope. Makes a comment about the research.

*

*

KAREN (CONT'D)

You'd stop the Creationists in their tracks and you got evidence to back it up.

*

*

Ian considers.

45 INT. SOFI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

45

Ian on his laptop computer. He is writing his book. *Evolution of the Eye*. He has outlined the 30 chapters he wishes to cover, and is now on chapter 3.

46 INT. BATHROOM, SOFI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

46

Sofi wearing her new lingerie, sprays herself with BURBERRY PERFUME. She checks out how the lingerie looks. She puts the perfume away into a makeup bag.

47 INT. SOFI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

47

She enters the living room, sits with Ian.

Sofi tries to distract Ian in a cute way, but his attention stays fixed on the screen.

SOFI

What are you working on?

IAN

My first attempt to write a book about the evolution of the eye.

SOFI

What's the title going to be?

IAN

Right now it's Evolution of the
Eye.

She bursts out laughing. He does too.

IAN (CONT'D)

Yeah it's a bit on the nose I know.

SOFI

How about something more poetic,
like Windows to the Soul.

Ian looks at her, like that's super cheesy.

SOFI (CONT'D)

I guessed the internet password for
our neighbor.

Ian logging into the wifi -

IAN

Which one?

SOFI

Internet X, password is Y.

*

IAN

Nice.

Ian's messages ding on his email. A message from Kenny. He
sighs.

IAN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

Kenny wants me to go to this
conference on iris biometrics that
everyone and their grandmother is
going to be at. I don't feel like
going.

SOFI

Want to smoke a joint?

IAN

Yes.

A47 INT. SOFI'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

A47 *

Later, chilling. In bed, Sofi and Ian half-naked. Ian casually taking pictures.

SOFI

So what is this thing people are taking their grandmothers to?

IAN

No. Not. No they don't take their grandmothers. It's an expression meaning so many people I know will be there, so much so that even their grandmothers.

SOFI

Is Kenny bringing his grandmother?

IAN

No. Not that I know of. But wouldn't it be funny if the ticket to get in was having a granny with you?

SOFI

Hey granny come with me.

IAN

You got any extra granny's? (beat) That would be so nice. An event where you had to bring a granny to get in, like any granny. And it would be a great service to the elderly community. Like a concert, bring a granny to get in.

SOFI

And then it gets so popular with grannies that grannies want to go but they have to bring grannies to get in, so it's all grannies.

IAN

Who is the granny and who is the ticket? I mean...

SOFI

Who is the ticket granny and who is the regular customer?

IAN

I wish I could record every conversation we ever had so I could watch them over again.

SOFI

But watching them would block the new memories from happening?

IAN

Well, I'd watch at times when I'm alone like on the toilet or in the subway, the times that I don't have you so that I could always have you with me. Wait can you record what we just said?

SOFI

(quick)

Yes. I have a pen and paper.

IAN

Great great. Okay what did we say?

SOFI

Everyone bringing their granny's.

IAN

No after that.

SOFI

I wish I could record everything we say so I can watch it on the toilet.

IAN

Right, but no, you said something in between. Like don't do that or.

SOFI

No, what I said was if you watched them there would be no new memories forming. Can you promise to burn me?

IAN

Burn you?

SOFI

I don't want to rot in a box when I die.

IAN

You mean cremate.

SOFI

Yeah.

IAN

Oh, no. Really? I don't want to be burned.

SOFI

Whoa, this is a big disagreement I did not know we had.

IAN

But cremating is obliteration.

SOFI

Obliter-whating.

IAN

Like getting rid completely of our DNA. What if in the future scientists can reconstitute us through our DNA?

SOFI

You mean like cloning? I don't want that.

IAN

No but like taking our DNA, yes like cloning, but clones are just identical twins, so take our DNA and before we die, download our consciousness and then put it into our newly reconstituted selves.

SOFI

I don't want that.

IAN

Well I'd reconstitute myself first and then I'd reconstitute you anyway and then you could decide if you didn't want to be alive.

SOFI

You can't do that to me. Dictator!

She climbs on him, he takes more pictures.

IAN

But then we can be together forever for real, scientifically, reanimated, reconstituted.

SOFI
(tender, not as jokey)
You have a hard time letting go.

Ian responds without words.

SOFI (CONT'D)
Don't worry, we'll find each other
again.

Ian takes this thought in, perhaps allows himself a moment to
buy into that fantasy.

She nods. He snaps another picture. He smells her.

IAN
I love the way you smell, what's
the name of the perfume?

SOFI
I won't tell.

IAN
Will you marry me?

48 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

48

Ian and Sofi approach the City Hall building. Ian dressed in
a plaid suit, hair still unkempt. Sofi in a stylish wedding
dress - the first time we see her in light colors. Iconic
leather jacket on top. *

IAN
You brought the rings, right?

SOFI
Oops. *

Ian reveals them. Two very cool, thoughtful, but inexpensive
rings.

IAN
Figured you might. I got them.

Sofi smiles - oops.

49 INT. CITY HALL

49

Ian and Sofi go to get married. They see couples getting
their photographs taken in front of a backdrop. They are
nervous excited, giddy. Ian has his camera with him. *

CLERK
Can I help you?

IAN AND SOFI
(giddy)
We'd like to get married.

CLERK
Do you have your ID's?

They take out their ids.

IAN
I have them.

CLERK
And how will you pay?

Ian slides a credit card over.

CLERK (CONT'D)
First you get your marriage license
and then you have to wait 24 hours
before you can get married - (and
you will need a witness.)

IAN
Okay.

CLERK
(to Sofi)
So, you have 24 hours to think
about whether you want to marry
this young man.

50 EXT. CITY HALL

50

Ian and Sofi walk away from the city hall arm in arm.

Someone on the street yells "congratulations!" Ian nods.

IAN
This process really kills the
spontaneity factor, huh?

SOFI
We're already married in the spirit
world.

Ian nods this off, her system of beliefs is a bit silly to
him.

Ian looks at his phone - sees he has had several missed calls from Karen. Suddenly, she buzzes the phone again. Ian thinks about not taking it, then picks up.

IAN

Hey.

KAREN

Hey.

IAN

What's up?

KAREN

Nothing much.

IAN

You called like 5 times.

KAREN

Oh, did I? Hmm. Now why would that be?

IAN

(suspecting the impossible
has been discovered)

What.

KAREN

Well, I ran the standard electrophoretic separation, you know, blah blah blah, just another Tuesday.

IAN

(anticipating something
exciting)

Yeah go on.

KAREN

...and sequenced the genes of what was it? (looking at a list) No not that one. No not that one. Hmm... ah yes... this little blind worm called C Elegans, and found the pax6 master switch.

IAN

No.

KAREN

Yes.

IAN

Really? Are you sure? You know
what this means?

KAREN

We got ourselves an origin species
and can build an eye from scratch.

*
*

IAN

You are unbelievable. Does it have
the same amino acid sequence as
humans?

KAREN

I ain't answering all your
questions on the phone. Come in if
you want to see.

*

IAN

Ahhhhh! This is amazing!!!! I
have to! Yes! I have to see it!
Wait, how long did you keep this
discovery to yourself, you know
cutting edge of human knowledge?

KAREN

Well. I found out. Had a cup of
coffee. I called you about 5
minutes after. But it took me an
hour to get you on the phone. So
for one hour and 5 minutes I was
the only one in the world who knew
it.

IAN

I'm coming in. Bye.

Clicks off the phone.

SOFI

Who was that?

IAN

Karen, my rotating... one of my lab
partners. You want to come with me
to the lab for a little bit?

SOFI

So romantic on our wedding day.

IAN

Hey our wedding day is coming.
Plus we're already married in the
spirit world.

A subtle dig.

IAN (CONT'D)

Sofi, please it's my work.

SOFI

(reluctant)

Sure.

IAN

Hey. Please don't get upset with me about this.

SOFI

It's fine.

IAN

How about we put on our rings now?

SOFI

No. It's bad luck.

*

IAN

I don't believe in luck. But... what I do believe is that we have known each other since forever.

SOFI

Yeah?

IAN

Yes. Here's how. When the big bang happened, all the atoms in the universe were all crammed together in one little dot, that then exploded outward. So your atoms and my atoms were definitely together then, and who knows, probably smashed together at least a few times over the last 13.7 billions years. So my atoms know your atoms. And have always known your atoms. And have always loved your atoms.

Sofi smiles with the excitement of a little girl - this is the most romantic thing he has ever said.

Ian holds her ring. She extends her finger. He places it on.

51 INT. LABORATORY HALLWAY

51

Sofi in good humor approaches the laboratory with Ian. Sees Kenny who is just leaving.

IAN
Where you been?

KENNY
Me? Where you been?
(upon seeing Sofi)
Nice outfits, you're clothed.

*

SOFI
Hi Kenny.

*

IAN
No but really where've you been.

KENNY
Got a job programming for the Iris
Biometrics company.

IAN
(pointing to the iris
scanner at the door)
The guys that make these?

KENNY
Don't be jealous now, I'll buy you
nice things.

IAN
When I publish my ridiculously
successful book, I'll take you up
on that offer. I need you
tomorrow.

*
*
*

KENNY
Need me tomorrow?

*
*

IAN
To be a witness.

*
*

KENNY
Yeah, okay, wow, sure.

*
*

Kenny sees the ring.

*

KENNY (CONT'D)
You should go inside, Karen is
excited to see you. Wouldn't tell
me what it was about, but, you
know, nerd stuff.
(MORE)

KENNY (CONT'D)

(to Sofi)

Congratulations, this is great. *

Hugs Sofi, looks at Ian like "What are you doing?????" *

Ian scans his eye at the front door - it unlocks.

52

INT. LABORATORY

52

Sofi takes Ian by the hand. They enter. Karen approaches with excitement, but subdues it when she sees Ian has company.

KAREN

Hey.

IAN

Sofi, this is Karen. Karen, Sofi.

SOFI

His wife. *

Sofi is dressed in her stylish wedding dress. Ian in a suit. Karen looks like she hasn't seen daylight in a week.

Karen nods.

KAREN

So you want to see the gels or the computer read out?

IAN

Both. All of it. *

Karen leads Ian to the station. Shows him the sequenced gene charts. Shows him the evidence of the Pax6 gene.

KAREN

And here are the C Elegans. *

Sofi tinkers around in the lab, touching things. Sees the worms.

SOFI

(nearly in tears) *

Poor worms. In jails. Tortured. *

And they don't have a say. *

Ian and Karen look to Sofi. Karen expression reads something like, 'how is Ian with this girl?' *

KAREN

Uh, yeah so you've seen it.
I'm going to head out, shower,
brush my teeth. (looking at Sofi)
Buy some shoes maybe.

IAN

You sure?

KAREN

Yeah, and I bet your wife would
like to see around the lab. It was
nice to meet you.

*

IAN

Okay. Amazing stuff.

KAREN

It's just the beginning. Lot of
work to do.

*

Karen leaves.

53

INT. LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

53

IAN

You all right?

SOFI

Yes.

*

IAN

Well, if you are interested, what
we are doing here is genetically
modifying organisms, in this case
worms, which are blind, to have
vision. Starting with the simplest
light sensitive cell. Trying to
show how the eye evolved.

Sofi stares at the worms. Thinks.

SOFI

You can make blind worms see?

IAN

Yup.

SOFI

And you are an atheist?

IAN

Whoa.

SOFI
Not an attack. Just curious.

IAN
I believe in data, evidence.

SOFI
How many senses do worms have?

IAN
Well these ones have two - touch
and olfactory - smell.

SOFI
So they live without any ability to
see or even know about light. The
notion of light to them is
unimaginable. But we humans, with
the gift of 5 senses, know that
light exists - right on top of
them, all around them. And they
can't hear, (snapping her fingers)
but we know that sound is all
around them. Everywhere right on
top of them. They can't perceive
it. But with a little mutation,
they do, right?

IAN
That's the idea. Yes.

SOFI
So, dear scientist, perhaps some
humans, rare humans, have mutated
to have another sense, a spirit
sense, and can perceive a world
that is right on top of us,
everywhere. Just like the light on
the worms.

Ian smiles. She is intelligent in a rare way.

IAN
You're a mutant.

SOFI
Yes.

IAN
Yes.

SOFI
Yes.

They kiss, make out.

Ian bumps into a tray of formaldehyde over the station and it splashes in his eyes.

Burning sensation.

Ian fights the pain without screaming. But he is in serious pain.

SOFI (CONT'D)

What do I do?! What do I do?!

IAN

Ah!!!!

SOFI

Tell me what to do, love!

IAN

The splash kit is over there.

SOFI

Where? What? Tell me.

Ian wrenches in pain fumbles around, bumping into things, trying to find the eyewash kit.

IAN

Call Karen, she'll know what to do.
Her number is on the board. Call
her, please, quick.

Sofi picks up the phone, dials.

54

INT. LABORATORY - LATER

54

Ian lays over the emergency drain, having had his eyes flushed with saline for an hour. Karen hunched over him. Sofi sits by the window staring out.

KAREN

How's it now?

IAN

Better. Thank you.

Karen holds up her middle finger.

KAREN

How many fingers am I holding up?

*

*

*

IAN *
12. *

KAREN
You are not blind. *

IAN
Blurry, but I'll be okay.

KAREN
Good.

Karen looks to Sofi. Sofi looks at Karen. An exchange.

Karen puts gauze over his eyes. Tapes them with medical tape. *

KAREN (CONT'D) *
(to Sofi) *
You got it from here? *

Sofi nods. *

Karen stands. Ian stands. *

SOFI
Ready?

IAN
Yeah. *

55 EXT. IAN AND SOFI'S APARTMENT - EVENING 55

Ian and Sofi walking home, silently. Sofi leads him with his *
eye patches on. She is playful. *

They enter the apartment building.

56 INT. IAN AND SOFI'S APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS 56

They walk through the lobby, enter the elevator. She avoids *
the lava. *

57 INT. IAN AND SOFI'S APARTMENT, ELEVATOR 57

IAN
I can't see anything. *

Sofi pushes the button to their floor. 5. *

IAN (CONT'D)
We have now entered the slowest
elevator in the world.

The elevator bucks and bellows. Halts. *

IAN (CONT'D) *

What happened? *

SOFI *

We stopped. *

IAN *

Press the emergency call button. *

SOFI *

I am, it's not working. *

IAN *

Press it again. *

Sofi presses it. Nothing. Ian sighs. *

IAN (CONT'D) *

Can you call the super? *

SOFI *

The super what? *

IAN *

The super, the superintendent, the
guy who takes care of the building. *

SOFI *

I don't have the number. *

Ian sighs, hands her his phone. *

IAN *

Use my phone. *

SOFI *

Your phone is dead. *

IAN *

I've lived here for a month and
have the number. Why don't you
have the number? *

SOFI *

I don't know why I don't have the
number. I don't...

IAN

You are so irresponsible.

Sofi does not like that one bit. Then -

SOFI

Want me to call Karen?

They stand in utter silence. Not a word exchanged.

The thought on Ian's mind - should I be marrying this person?
What am I doing?

It's clear they are going to be stuck for awhile. *

IAN *

You are a child. *

SOFI *

Did your worms told you I'm a
child? *

IAN *

You don't care to even understand
what I'm trying to do. I'm working
on things that could change the
world, that have never been done,
and all you can say is poor little
worms. You float around in fairy
princess magic land - you are a
child! *

SOFI *

Yes I'm a child! But you are so
fucking naïve! You think you can
explain everything. So explain me.
Explain to me why I feel my parents
are not gone. Explain me why I
feel them still here! *

She hits him. *

SOFI (CONT'D) *

Explain me that! *

The tears flow out. He tries to hold her. This is going too
far. *

SOFI (CONT'D) *

I don't care about your internet,
or utilities. These are not the
important things in life. *

(MORE) *

SOFI (CONT'D)

When you lost things, like
everything, and you are alone, none
of these things matter, what
matters at the end is what you
feel, and your love. That's really
all there is, all that matters.
So, sorry I don't have the fucking
superfucking whatever phone number.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Elevator cable snaps.

*

Ian takes off his bandages, feels his way to the door and
sticks his fingers in and pushes open the doors.

*
*

He feels with his hands that they are between floors.

*

To Sofi -

IAN

I'm gonna boost you up. Let's move
fast.

*

SOFI

I'm not going through there.

*

IAN

We have to. I'll push you through
first.

SOFI

(in tears and terror)
You go first.

IAN

Sofi, it's better if you go first.

*

SOFI

I can't. You go and you pull me
up.

IAN

(fighting from losing his
temper completely)
*(fighting this sentiment - "Sofi,
don't you fuck around right now!!!
You climb out of this fucking
elevator right now!!!!")*

Sofi slides to the ground in tears, crouches in fetal, knees
tucked to her chin.

Ian just sees her blurry body. He leans down incredibly close to her so that she comes into focus. He sees her eyes, iconic eyes, filled with tears. *

IAN (CONT'D)
Okay. It's okay. *

Ian reaches up. With all the force he can, he pulls his body out. Establish hallway, dolly from right to left. Ian on the floor.

We cut to his blurry POV.

IAN (CONT'D)
Okay, I'm out. It's really easy. *
Give me your hands. Quickly.
Sofia. Quickly. *

The elevator creaks. Ian remains calm.

IAN (CONT'D)
(whisper)
Quickly.

Sofi stands up and reaches up. His body extended through the door.

IAN (CONT'D)
(calm as can be)
On the count of three you jump.
One. Two. Three.

She jumps. The elevator engages. Drops! He pulls her up - but we cut away to his blurry POV before we can see what happened.

IAN (CONT'D)
Sofi are you okay!

SOFI
(drugged)
Yeah. I think so. I feel stoned.

She laughs.

SOFI (CONT'D)
That was close.

IAN
Oh, my goodness. *

A beat.

IAN (CONT'D)
(What's that smell?)

*

Ian leans so close that she comes into focus.

Sofi's eyes go still!

Ian's eyes open wide, as if watching a tsunami about to hit.
We hear the ding of the elevator.

Ding. Ding. Uncontrollably creating a rhythm. Ding. Ding.
Ding. Sofi frozen, eyes open.

Close up on Ian's hand shaking, trembling, then, slowly going
down the side of her body.

Cut to the wide shot.

Sofi is halved. Her wedding dress below her back soaked in
red.

Ian jumps up, hits the wall, bucks and bellows, pukes,
screams, inhuman human wail.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

58 INT. GREEN WOOD CEMETERY, NEAR PROSPECT PARK - DAY 58

Rain falls at the cemetery. Ian walks among the grave stones
in a trance, a daze, stumbling mad. He carries with him an
URN filled with Sofi's ashes.

*

*

59 INT. LABORATORY - DAY 59

Ian craggly-eyed and out of it, dressed like a total slacker
enters the laboratory. He ignores Karen and Kenny.

He goes directly to the cabinet that contains the government
issued drugs, unlocks it with his key - he takes bottles of
pills and a container of morphine diacetate.

KAREN

Ian.

Ian throws it all in his pocket and bolts out.

60 EXT. GREENWOOD CEMETERY, NEAR PROSPECT PARK 60

Ian searches among the gravestones for something.

61 INT. IAN AND SOFI'S APARTMENT - DAY 61

Ian injects the morphine into the underside of his knee.

His cell phone buzzes with Kenny calling. Ian ignores.

*

He falls into a trip.

He looks at the photos on the wall.

White peacock.

Sofi's Grandmother.

Sofi's Parents.

The Angel with magical eyes.

He sees the Strawberry Mentos.

He sees Sofi's necklace, the Eye of Horus.

Ian falls slowly further toward the ground.

62 EXT. GREENWOOD CEMETERY, NEAR PROSPECT PARK - DAY 62

Ian finds the statue of the angel from the photograph. We don't see the statue from the front, just the statue's back and Ian standing before it.

63 INT. IAN AND SOFI'S APARTMENT 63

Ian looks at the photograph of the angel in the apartment, it's eyes start to move, changing into Sofi's eyes.

He looks to the photographs, the peacock, grandmother, parents, they all start to come alive, extremely slowly. (Peacock in the apartment?)

He sees the Human Torso switch from having fake plastic organs to having real organs - it spurts out blood.

He screams in horror.

(Kenny outside the door, knocking, not a sound heard from Ian's POV, Kenny leaves a pizza.)

*

*

He then sees another version of himself looking at the pictures and then looking back at him.

Cut back and forth to Ian watching another Ian, who starts smashing the pictures in the house. Smashing everything, chairs, the vase with the Strawberry Mentos.

He looks at the smashed angel photograph, picks it up.

64 EXT. GREENWOOD CEMETERY, NEAR PROSPECT PARK - DAY 64

Ian looks at the statue of the angel. The real statue does not have the same magical living eyes as in the photograph. *

He opens the ashes and spreads them. He then leaves. *

65 EXT. MANHATTAN BRIDGE - LATER THAT DAY 65

Ian walks across the bridge barefoot.

We see the sign that reads, "Someone cares, Call 1-800-555-8989" "Make the Call."

Stops, looks down. Puts a foot up on the fence. And then another foot.

A phone rings. He picks up.

KAREN

Can I come over?

IAN

(struggling for words)

No. Maybe.

KAREN

Ian, I know you. You haven't eaten, you haven't showered in weeks, you probably smell like shit and you're shooting morphine. Let me at least bring you some take out.

IAN

I'm fine. *

KAREN *

What if I bring you something that I know will take your breath away? *

IAN *

Okay. *

He looks down, steps off the fence, not going to jump, life continues.

He turns and continues over the bridge to his home.

66 INT. IAN AND SOFI'S APARTMENT - DAY

66

Karen enters Ian's apartment carrying two brown bags of Chinese takeout. The place is a disaster of smashed glass and things everywhere.

She places the bags down.

Ian sits at the table. His eyes blackened from lack of sleep.

Karen sits beside him, pulls out a small mint box.

KAREN

A present.

*

IAN

Mints?

Karen opens the mint box. Inside is a tiny worm, a C Elegans. (Maybe takes out a photo magnifier so he can see it clearly)

KAREN

This here is the first ever C Elegans with an eye - just light sensitive cells, but an eye nonetheless. The only one in the world. We did it. The mutations are holding.

IAN

You did it.

KAREN

We did it. This is just a small step in a long process. You are the one who knows how to do all the eye mutations. And a lot of work that will be if you get your ass back into the lab.

*

Ian smiles faintly.

Karen closes the mint box, adjusts topics. Senses that Ian needs some help getting his shit together.

KAREN (CONT'D)

Food.

Karen takes out the Chinese takeout and starts mixing rice and vegetables together, makeshift preparation for his meal. Gives him chopsticks.

Ian picks up the chopsticks. His hands shake, he can't manage basic motor skills. Karen takes the chopsticks and attempts to feed him.

Ian grabs a plastic fork.

IAN
It's fine, I just don't do
chopsticks.

Ian takes some food in the fork, his hand shakes again, Karen watches, he starts to cry. Starts balling crying.

Ian collapses into Karen's arms in an embrace. A first time they have had such intimate contact.

After a bit, Ian settles.

Karen cradles his face with both of her hands, wipes away his tears, looks into his eyes.

They kiss. (A kiss fueled with so many complex emotions - is it transgressive? By whom is it transgressive? Ian or Karen? If anything it is completely true, emotional and human.)

Black.

Title: 7 years later

*

67

INT. TV STUDIO - SUMMER, DAY

67

A conservative news host interviews Ian, aged 7 years.

*

NEWS HOST
I'm here with committed atheist,
Dr. Ian Gray, who is here selling
his new book Killing Creationism -
The Complete Eye. He claims to
have put to rest the notion that
eye was made by an intelligent
designer. Mr. Gray, you made some
mutants in a laboratory and now you
expect me and all the religious
people to throw away our beliefs?

IAN

Firstly, the specimens are not mutants in a negative sense but single generations favoring single mutations,

Kenny and Karen (aged 10 years) sit in the studio watching.

NEWS HOST

(interrupting)

You have worms with human eyes on them.

IAN

...they are clear real practical examples of the usefulness of every stage of eye development. You may have your religious beliefs and that's fine for your moral compass. What we've done is simply demonstrate with numbers, facts and evidence that the eyes are not divine. Intelligent designers are out of a job, and the argument for irreducible complexity is moot.

NEWS HOST

Well you can't stop us from believing in a divine power.

IAN

Believe if you value faith, I value true evidential knowledge.

NEWS HOST

Well, the book is a best seller, be sure to pick one up for your God-less friends.

68

INT. TV STUDIO - LATER

68

Ian greets Kenny and Karen, now revealing a very pregnant belly.

IAN

Hey guys, how'd I do?

KENNY

On a scale from 1 to a million you were a ten.

Ian looks to Karen -

IAN

You know, I couldn't have written
this without you.

*
*

KAREN

I'll leave the press junkets to my
charismatic, handsome husband, who
likes people.

*

KENNY

Dinner on me?

69 INT. POSH RESTAURANT (PERHAPS TAO WITH THE BUDDHA STATUE), 69
NYC - NIGHT

The three of them sit together. Ian's tie loosened.
Relaxed.

*

KENNY

Do they pay you for those
appearances?

IAN

Nah, man. Promotion supposedly
sells books - the correlation still
unclear.

KENNY

Should have joined the private
sector, Professor. Iris biometrics
has exploded all over the world.

*

IAN

(putting his arm around
Karen)

I'll take love over money any day.

A waitress places the appetizer down in front of Ian. He
notices her scent - it triggers a memory.

KENNY

Food smell funny to you?

IAN

No, some smell. Don't know. Can't
place it.

WAITRESS

Any more drinks?

IAN

(to the waitress)

Maybe it's your perfume?

KENNY

(to the waitress)

Ian would like to know the name of
your perfume.

IAN

(embarrassed)

No. No.

WAITRESS

It's Burberry.

IAN

I'll have a gin and tonic.

KENNY

You hitting on the waitress, Ian?

Kenny looks to Karen.

KAREN

The gene that causes jealousy is
recessive in me, Kenny.

IAN

(stands up)

I'm going. To the dance floor.
With my wife.

Karen smiles, gives him her hand.

70

INT. RESTAURANT - LATER

70

Ian and Karen dance cheek to cheek in the elegant restaurant.

The conversation feels honest and real.

IAN

How are you feeling?

KAREN

Honestly, I feel like doing Tequila
shots with you and shaking my ass
to some dubstep. But alas...

Ian spins her around, her back to him, his hands on her
belly, chin on her shoulder. He kisses her neck.

KAREN (CONT'D)

I wouldn't mind some chunky monkey
with pickles either.

Ian kisses her on the back on the neck.

IAN
I'm so looking forward to
brainwashing this child.

KAREN
What if we turn the garage into a
lab? And this one could be our
first test subject. *

IAN
Like Darwin and his kids, I'm into
it. Well, we have saved some money
for just such a wild idea. *

He spins her back around. *

They kiss.

71 EXT. GREENWICH HOUSE - NIGHT 71
Establisher.

72 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE - NIGHT 72
Warm room, tastefully designed. In bed, Ian and Karen. Ian
kisses her all over her belly. There is a real bond here. A
tenderness.

KAREN
Can you believe we've spent years
combining mouse DNA in a lab,
watching them give birth, raising
their pups, and finally we have
combined ours. *

IAN
Our greatest experiment. *

Ian buries his face in her, tender. *

73 INT. DRUGSTORE - THE NEXT DAY 73
Ian approaches a drugstore counter.

IAN
Hi, I'm picking up a prescription
for my wife, Karen Gray.

The woman at the counter gives him a bag.

He passes a freezer with Ben and Jerry's - grabs a Chunky Monkey for Karen.

He then sees a shelf with PERFUME.

Sees the BURBERRY logo. Finds the perfume the waitress mentioned.

Checks out.

74 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, BABY-ON-THE-WAY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ~~74~~

Karen decorates the baby room.

75 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, HOME OFFICE - NIGHT 75

Ian in his office. He finds an old hard drive (among several others, all very well organized) and connects it to the laptop.

76 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, BABY-ON-THE-WAY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS ~~76~~

Karen holds her stomach.

KAREN

Hey little one. Can you hear your
mama? Shall I sing you a song?

Karen places a small music box that loops a simple metronome beat, she begins to sing - The Book of Love, by the Magnetic Fields.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(singing)

The book of love is long and boring
No one can lift the damn thing
It's full of charts and facts and
figures
And instructions for dancing

77 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 77

Ian finds folders of photos, well organized by date, from Winter 2006. Photos of him and Sofi. He takes out the
perfume box, sprays a little into the air.

*

78 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, BABY-ON-THE-WAY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 78

Karen sings to the unborn baby in her belly while she continues to decorate - places glow in the dark stars on the windows.

KAREN

but I...
I love it when you read to me and
You...
You can read me anything

79 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 79

Ian's intention as the scene begins was simply to reminisce. He views photos of him and Sofi on the street, in the park with the white peacock. He sees a short recording that was accidentally captured on the camera video. Something meaningless but with value because it exists.

The pictures then by chance switch to sexy images from when they were in the bedroom together. Sofi in sexy lingerie. Half naked. Ian, not expecting this at the outset, is now suddenly turned on. He flips through several extremely sexy pictures. Even a video perhaps.

He notices his arousal, touches himself through the pant leg.

80 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, BABY-ON-THE-WAY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 80

Karen sings.

KAREN (O.S.)

The book of love has music in it
In fact that's where music comes
from
Some of it is just transcendental
Some of it is just really dumb but
I...
I love it when you sing to me and
You...
You can sing me anything

81 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, HOME OFFICE 81

Ian starts falling into a trance as he masturbates.

KAREN (O.S.)

The book of love is long and boring
(MORE)

KAREN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And written very long ago
It's full of flowers and heart-
shaped boxes
And things we're all too young to
know but...

82 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, BABY-ON-THE-WAY'S BEDROOM

82

Karen sings.

KAREN
I...
I love it when you give me things
and
You...
You ought to give me wedding rings

83 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, HOME OFFICE

83

Ian's eyes begin to glaze up.

Then -

Karen stands in the door way.

KAREN
Hey, baby.

Ian puts down the monitor of his laptop.

KAREN (CONT'D)
It's okay, love. Don't be
embarrassed.

She approaches him. Kindly.

KAREN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry I haven't been around.
Come, let's see what's turning you
on.

She lifts up the computer screen. Sees the images of Sofi.

Karen stands up backs away.

IAN
This looks bad. Awkward. I'm
sorry. I don't ever do this.

KAREN

Oh God! You still think of her???

IAN

No, I smelled her perfume the other day, and then...

KAREN

You smelled her??? You remember her smell from 10 years ago???

Karen sits on the ground holding her legs to herself in shock.

KAREN (CONT'D)

This is disturbing on so many levels!

Ian sits down across from her.

They look at each other. Ian with all the sensitivity in the world tries to reconnect with Karen through looking at her.

After a minute of silence.

KAREN (CONT'D)

(sober)

I sometimes think about cause and effect and how, you know, I don't feel any guilt for this, but I sometimes think if you didn't come in that day, she may be alive, and you'd still be with her.

Ian touches Karen's hair. She pulls away. He sits there, digs in his own mind.

IAN

(this is very difficult
for Ian to say)

I'll tell you something that makes me feel like a monster. I loved Sofi, of course, but that day in the elevator I had a terrible, mean, awful thought. I thought to myself, am I really going to be stuck with this child for the rest of my life? Then a moment later she was dead.

Ian drops his head.

KAREN

Life is fucking weird.

IAN

Yeah.

A beat goes by.

IAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about this. Really.

KAREN

Kiss me.

Ian leans forward and kisses her. The kiss starts sweet then grows to passionate, intense.

He takes her into his lap. Passion engulfs them both.

They start going at it hardcore. She climbs on top of him. She goes into a trance.

Then, Ian notices - her water has broken. Stops.

IAN

Baby. Baby.

She looks and sees her water has broken.

The look in her eyes, a smile, a love, it's time. Let's go!

84

INT. MATERNITY WARD HOSPITAL

84

A newborn, cleaned up. Magnificent blue eyes.

Jump cuts through the various data collection on the newborn - weight, height, headsize, hepatitis B vaccine, screening for PKU and sickle cell anemia, hearing exam, circumcision - and an iris scan.

A nice Asian nurse walks them through the technology while holding an iris scanning device.

ASIAN NURSE

Iris scanning is a new identification measure taken up by the more sophisticated hospitals.

IAN

We had that a decade ago at the lab.

ASIAN NURSE

So you know about it. Well, its still new to the general public.

*

She shows the device.

ASIAN NURSE (CONT'D)

Now, we're not yet legally required to scan eyes, but we adopted the technology and use it with the parents' consent.

IAN

I'm fine with it. Honey?

KAREN

Do you recommend it?

ASIAN NURSE

I do recommend it. In American hospitals, 1 out of 20 babies go home with the wrong parents - Not in this hospital, but this hospital scans eyes and double checks when they are sent home. It's useful and in any case it will soon be the norm.

IAN

What a pitch! Go for it?

Karen nods.

ASIAN NURSE

The system is non-obtrusive and in all actuality is just taking a black and white photo of the eyes. What happens then is the computer finds a bunch of points in the cracks and crevices of the eye, and...

IAN

(interrupting)

Yeah, yeah, we get it.

The nurse scans Ian and Karen's baby's eyes.

Beep. Beep. Beep.

The monitor reads - MATCH: PAUL EDGAR DAIRY.

We see an ID photograph of an old African American man. His irises enlarged in black and white with biometric circles next to the ID image.

ASIAN NURSE

Strange. Another glitch. Third one this month. Forgive me, these systems are sort of new, can you tell?

IAN

Paul Edgar Dairy? What a name! Guy sounds like a pirate.

ASIAN NURSE

(referencing a manual)

If this happens I'm supposed to punch in a key and reboot.

The nurse reboots the system and rescans the child. Boop. Beep. The monitor reads: New entry.

ASIAN NURSE (CONT'D)

There we go. So I'll just put in his info - birthdate, time, weight, etcetera... and... what is his name?

KAREN

Tobias George Gray. After his grandfather.

85 EXT. GREENWICH CONNECTICUT - WINTER, DAY 85

Various establishing shots. It is now winter.

86 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - FEW MONTHS LATER, DAY 86

Ian, Karen and baby Tobias, now a few months old. Karen is back in her glorious sexy figure. Tobias is doing something cute.

IAN

It's as if he has his own personality pre-baked into his genetics.

Tobias does something silly but not that bright.

IAN (CONT'D)

He takes after his father.

The phone rings.

IAN (CONT'D)

Hello.

DR. JANE SIMMONS
Hi, is this Ian Gray?

IAN
This is.

DR. JANE SIMMONS
My name is Dr. Simmons, I work in conjunction with Yale and the Greenwich hospital where you and your wife gave birth.

IAN
Okay. Can I help you? Is everything okay?

87 INT. DR. JANE SIMMONS OFFICE 87

A corner office, overlooking some part of town. Jane Simmons sits at her desk among files, pictures, papers.

DR. JANE SIMMONS
Yes, everything is okay, please don't be alarmed. We would, however, like to run a few simple tests on Tobias. His test results may suggest, although highly unlikely, the possibility of early autism.

88 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 88

IAN
You got to be kidding. I'm a doctor. What test results? Hold on a sec -

Karen looks at him, concern in her eyes. Ian flips the phone to speaker -

DR. JANE SIMMONS
(on speaker)
We've pinpointed an array of molecular compounds that appear in the urine of children with autism, and Tobias showcased a few of them. I promise it is unlikely but worth checking out. And we have very simple non-obtrusive tests, will be done in an hour.

89

INT. DR. JANE SIMMONS OFFICE

89

Jane sits at her desk - in front of her a photo of her with her own child smiling - something is off about her child.

IAN

Thank you very much, but I will take him to our own doctor. What was your name again? And affiliation?

DR. JANE SIMMONS

Dr. Jane Simmons, I run a research lab on child autism in conjunction with Yale and the Greenwich Hospital - our clinic is in Stamford not too far from there. It is important to check this soon. There is no alarming rush, but we could see him today.

90

INT. GREENWICH HOUSE

90

IAN

What is your number?

DR. JANE SIMMONS

1-2??-555-6878

Ian writes down the number.

IAN

Thanks.

Hangs up.

He stares at Tobias. Looks at him closely, into his big blue eyes. Wonders, *is there something wrong with our baby?* He waves his finger in front of Tobias to see if he follows the image. The child is so young, it is hard to tell. A huge fear for parents. He looks to Karen.

KAREN

What do you think?

Ian looks to Karen, they make a decision without words.

Ian calls Dr. Simmons.

IAN

What's the address in Stamford?

91

INT. EYE LABORATORY - DAY

91

Tobias is seated in a fully white room on a white baby chair. In front of him are two large white screens. Ian and Karen stand behind a two way mirror in front of computer consoles beside Doctor Simmons and her colleagues - ALL ALBINOS.

*

KAREN

*

I'm not sure I understand how this tests for autism?

*

*

DR. JANE SIMMONS

The blood and urine test will check for the molecular compounds. This test is purely perceptual. Tracking the child's eye movements and attractions.

IAN

Okay, but he's young. He may just not be focusing fully yet.

DR. JANE SIMMONS

It's just to cover the bases. Do you feel okay, Dr. Gray? Dr. Gray?

*

IAN AND KAREN

*

Yeah, sure go ahead.

Dr. Simmons nods to her assistant who presses a key on his keyboard.

Two different images appear on the screens in front of Tobias: On the right - a Border Collie with a big bell around it's neck. On the left - a German Shepherd.

Tobias giggles a moment. The monitor that displays the baby's eyes, tracking them with digital circles, shows that Tobias responds to the Border Collie with the big bell.

The technicians mark boxes.

The next pair of images: A farmhouse and a city townhouse. Tobias focuses his eyes on the farmhouse and goggles meaningless words from his mouth.

The doctors exchange glances, excited glances.

The next images: an iconic cafe sign in Boise, Idaho (The White Bird Cafe, Boise Idaho) and a London city limit sign. Tobias focuses on Boise.

Karen looks to Ian.

A series of two-dozen images go by. Tobias babbles, points and giggles at one or the other image.

Finally, the last pair of images: two different faces of old women. Tobias looks to the woman on the left (an African American woman, HELEN DAIRY (70s)) and begins crying/screaming uncontrollably.

KAREN

Okay, that's enough!

*

Ian walks into the white room and takes his son in his arms. Rocks him.

IAN

Be in touch.

Ian and Karen leave with their child.

93

INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

93

*

Back at home that night. Karen checks on baby Tobias.

Ian pops an extra strength Tylenol, finishes a conversation on the phone.

IAN

(to the phone)

Okay. Thanks, man.

Hangs up. Stares out the window to the yard outside.

Karen meets Ian in the kitchen, she opens her laptop.

KAREN

What did Dr. Carter say?

*

IAN

He said Tobias is fine, did a full check up. This Jane Simmons is up to something. Child autism, my ass.

KAREN

So let's walk through the experiment, two images...

IAN

Two images, similar but different. Like a townhouse and a farmhouse. And then Tobias would look at one or the other.

(MORE)

IAN (CONT'D)

One type of dog and then another,
and he would look at one or the
other.

KAREN

Do you remember anything specific
that he looked at, something not
vague, that we could look up?

IAN

(searching his memory)
I'm trying to remember...

Thinking...

IAN (CONT'D)

There was Dan's Diner in Boise
Idaho, remember, as opposed to like
a steakhouse in London. Whatever
that means.

*

Karen looks it up on a computer. Dan's Diner, Boise Idaho.

*

KAREN

It's a real place.

*

They look at the photo of the place, look at each other.

*

94 INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

94

Ian suffers from a migraine. Pops Tylenol.

Ian watches a program on the plane about India's new
biometrics program.

CNN clip - <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YtreFhsnNK4>

95 EXT. JUST OUTSIDE BOISE, IDAHO - DAY

95

Ian drives past a Boise, Idaho, City of Trees, sign.

IAN

The City of Trees.

He stops in a gas station, buys a pack of cigarettes and a
water. Looks at the receipt as an unconscious impulse of the
'11' time.

He continues to drive, following the GPS to the Dan's Diner.

*

He passes farms after farms, open land, silos, etc. Horses,
goats, pigs, etc.

He then sees the Diner. Just as it was in the photographic tests with Tobias. Pulls up.

*

96 INT. DAN'S DINER - DAY

96

*

Ian enters the Diner. Looks around. Orders a coffee.

*

IAN

I'm from out of town, wondering if there is something worth checking out while here.

WAITRESS

Not much around these parts unless you fancy visiting some cows at the dairy farm.

97 EXT. SMALL COUNTRY ROAD, OUTSIDE BOISE IDAHO - DAY

97

He drives his rental car down the small road adjacent to the cafe and then slows when he comes to a number of cows huddled in the road.

They won't move.

Ian honks the horn. They walk at a leisurely pace.

Ian rolls down the window of the car.

A woman, Ms. JULIE DAIRY, 30s, comes over.

JULIE DAIRY

We'll have them through in a moment.

IAN

Oh, it's okay.

Ian shuts off the engine, steps out to light up a cig.

IAN (CONT'D)

Is this the dairy farm?

JULIE DAIRY

Indeed it is.

Ian notices the cows have no udders.

IAN

But are these milking cows?

A border collie dog - the same as the one from the picture at Jane Simmons' office runs up to him. Ian doesn't light his cig, fixates on the dog.

Deja vu?

The dog has a bell around its neck - just as in the picture from before.

JULIE DAIRY

(friendly)

You know your biology. These are meat cows, not milking cows. I'm Julie Dairy. This is my family's farm.

IAN

Julie Dairy?

Ian is trying to remember something. He then sees the farmhouse from the picture - the same farmhouse that baby Tobias noticed.

JULIE DAIRY

Are you okay? Can I help you?

Ian just thinks, says nothing, dizzyingly confused. Not sure what to say, then -

IAN

Paul Edgar Dairy. Is he related to you?

JULIE DAIRY

Yes. He's my father.

IAN

Is he here?

JULIE DAIRY

You are clearly not with the biography association.

IAN

What? I'm not following.

JULIE DAIRY

Some documentary crew showed up a few months ago wanting to do a story about the great Paul Edgar Dairy, the only black farmer in Boise. I liked the idea. They took some pictures. Said they'd follow up.

IAN

No. That's not me. I'm Ian. I'm
a...

HELEN DAIRY

How you doing there?

Ian turns to see - the woman from the photograph that Tobias
screamed at!! His face goes white, braces a hand on the hood
of the car.

HELEN DAIRY (CONT'D)

Now, you all right? You look all
flush.

IAN

I, uh, am just uh, feeling intense
deja vu or... something.

HELEN DAIRY

Sweetie, can we fetch you some
water, or a cup of tea?

IAN

(confused, dazed)

Is it possible for me to meet Paul?

HELEN DAIRY

Sure, come on inside, I'll make you
a cup of tea and introduce you to
the great Paul Edgar Dairy.

Ian follows her inside.

98

INT. DAIRY HOUSE

98

Ian sits with Helen drinking tea. Helen shows Ian various
photographs of Paul. Ian snaps some pictures of the pictures
with his Canon 7D.

HELEN DAIRY

That's Paul in Moscow, another one
of him in Norway. He just had a
bug for travel.

Ian takes photos of the photos.

HELEN DAIRY (CONT'D)

His true passion though was to be a
scientist - this cow business was
inherited from his father.

(MORE)

HELEN DAIRY (CONT'D)

Oh there's one of him in Egypt,
then Switzerland at the Cern, he
visited all the spots around the
world known for their artifacts or
enzymes, I don't know what. I
didn't much care for the travel,
although I would go on occasion.

IAN

I'm sorry, is he here?

HELEN DAIRY

Yes, he's over at the far end of
the property by the willow.

She sits quietly, sips her tea.

IAN

Can I see him?

HELEN DAIRY

It's just a hike up that hill, be
our guest.

IAN

He's working the farm?

HELEN DAIRY

(chuckles)

Son, he died almost a year ago. He
is in the family plot.

99 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, TOBIAS' BEDROOM - DAY

99 *

Ian stands above the sleeping baby, Tobias, confused,
wrestling with a mental mind fuck. Whispers -

IAN

Hey man, who are you? What does
this Paul Dairy mean to you? I
can't wait til you can start
talking.

100 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY, CLOUDY

100 *

Ian enters. Karen and Kenny seated in the kitchen. Ian
paces the room.

Kenny sits with his laptop open on the table.

KAREN

*

All right, I'm trying to wrap my head around all of this... first data point, in the hospital Tobias' eyes read as a match with Paul Edgar Dairy. Clearly an error as Tobias has blue eyes and Paul has brown eyes.

KENNY

Eh, eh, iris biometrics aren't based on color, man. The acquisition is black and white - the iris code is based on the unique furrows, crypts and shapes in the texture. Eyes change color throughout one's life, so color is not a metric we use.

KAREN

*

(confused)

So perhaps Tobias and Paul Dairy have the same iris patterns?

KENNY

That's called a false positive, which is statistically impossible. But...

KAREN

*

But maybe. It's a data point we have, even if an outlier.

Ian opens a photograph of P E Dairy (from his picture of the photo album) on a computer and another of Tobias. Kenny zooms in on the eyes - the resolution of the PE Dairy photo doesn't hold up so well.

KENNY

They look similar, but it's hard to tell at this low resolution. They both seem to have the same crypts and furrows. See the dots.

Ian looks. We see they appear very similar just different colored eyes.

KAREN

*

So the second data point: Tobias and Paul Edgar Dairy have some sort of connection - telepathic or whatever, not my test so I don't really know.

(MORE)

KAREN (CONT'D)

That's weird but inconclusive, the weirdest clear data point is that Paul Edgar Dairy died before Tobias was born.

IAN

Was *conceived*.

KAREN

Before Tobias was conceived. Date of death for Paul: September 2012. Birthdate for Tobias: July 2013. That's 10 months in between.

KENNY

The telepathic connection you are referencing is what?

KAREN

A test by this doctor Jane Simmons.

KENNY

Jane Simmons! Do you know who that is??

KAREN

I googled the shit out of her, she's on the National Board of Health, Child Autism studies, legit credentials.

KENNY

Jane Simmons is one of about 5 people who have access to the eye database.

KAREN

What do you mean?

KENNY

The database of eyes. My company owns the patent on iris scanning and all the iris devices all over the world are consolidated into one eye database. An extremely, extremely secure database. And Jane Simmons has access.

KAREN

Who is she?

KENNY

I don't know... someone with deep ties to the government I assume.

IAN

Do you have access to the database?

KENNY

Bitch, I wrote the code! Well I am one of the programmers and no, I don't have access. I mean, sort of. I can run eyes and see if they are in the database and from the IP address I can figure out where and when they were registered. Watch, I'll do it with you.

Kenny takes out a portable iris scanning device.

KENNY (CONT'D)

This little guy will eventually be responsible for my private plane. Lean forward.

Kenny scans Ian's eyes. Runs it against the database.

Ian's eyes are in the system. The IP address says: Columbia University, 2005.

KENNY (CONT'D)

See, I can't see your name or biographicals, but I do see that your eyes are in the system and were registered in the lab in 2005. It would be the same for Karen and me too.

KAREN

Okay. Check this out. Recapping. Paul. Tobias. Same eyes. Some connection. Here's the rub. We don't really know Tobias, he's three months old. And we certainly don't know Paul Edgar Dairy. The logical next step of our scientific inquiry is to find a duplicate of someone we do know, a family member, for example, who is dead. Can you get a scan from a photograph?

KENNY

Technically no. The system has a protector to make sure it is a living eye.

KAREN

But what did they do when they
found the National Geographic
Afghan girl?

KENNY

I was about to say, I can extract
an iris code from a photo, has to
be hi-res and in focus, and I can
see if it is in the system. I just
can't register it that way.

Ian runs to his home office, comes back with a hard drive.
Gives it to Kenny to hook into his computer.

IAN

I have hundreds of images of eyes.
(flips through them) Try this one
for example. My father, Tobias
George Gray, who passed away two
years ago.

Kenny runs it through the biometric program.

KENNY

He's in the system. Was registered
in London's Heathrow airport in
2006.

IAN

Makes sense. He was traveling
there frequently. Who else?
(thinking)
My uncle, Basil. Died of cancer 7
years ago.

Ian finds his uncle Basil's hi-res eye photograph. Kenny
runs it.

KENNY

Not in the system.

IAN

How many people are in the system?

KENNY

Hundreds of millions, a billion
soon.

KAREN

How about my grandparents?

*

*

IAN

Right, I have them both - Bev and Barry.

Gives the iris pics to Kenny. He runs them.

KENNY

Bev, yes, Schipol airport in Amsterdam, 1998. Interesting, early in the program. Barry, the same.

IAN

Try my grandparents. Judie and Malcolm.

Ian gives him hi-res images of both his grandparents.

KENNY

Judie is in the system, registered in a nursing home in New Haven, 2009. Malcolm, not in the system.

Ian flips through the eyes on the hard drive.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Anybody else?

IAN

Everyone else is alive.

Silence hits the room. A long pause, after the steady rhythm of scanning. Karen looks to Ian. Kenny looks at them both. The white elephant in the room - Sofi.

KAREN

(to Ian)

Do it.

Ian opens a folder of Sofi's eyes. Kenny runs it.

Kenny runs the biometric software. Gets a 12 digit code. Punches in her 12 digit iris code to the database. Gets an IP address, date.

KENNY

She's in the system.

IAN

She probably was scanned at US customs when she first came to the states.

KENNY

No brother. IP address coordinates show she was scanned in a community center in Delhi, India...

*

IAN

Okay, so she must have gone there.

KENNY

Did she go there three months ago?

*

Oh shit. What????! Ian stands, bolts out of the house -

101 EXT. GREENWICH HOUSE, POND - CONTINUOUS

101

Ian runs to the pond, sits on the ground stares out at the sky.

*

102 INT. KAREN AND IAN'S BEDROOM, GREENWICH HOUSE - NIGHT

102

The light is on in the bathroom, the door open.

Ian stands in the doorway. Karen sits in a sofa chair.

KAREN

You have to go to India to find whoever has those eyes.

IAN

I can't do that.

KAREN

Can't? Or don't want to?

IAN

Isn't that weird?

*

KAREN

Yes it is weird. Life is weird. Maybe souls can manifest as different relationships, friends, parents, children...

IAN

Souls??? Karen, souls???! Did my scientist wife just say the word souls, like you lend any fucking... fucking validity to it?

KAREN

There is a child in India who has Sofi's exact eyes, not just similar eyes, the exact same iris patterns, like a fingerprint. What if there is some particle field that we don't know about expressing itself in the iris. Don't be so arrogant. A scientist has to sit before fact like a child, open to wherever the abyss Nature leads.

Ian rolls his eyes at the impossibility.

IAN

Ahhhhh!

KAREN

Darwin said 'to suppose the eye was formed by natural selection, I freely confess, is absurd in the highest degree.' The eye baffled him. Irreducible complexity... remember that one?

IAN

Stop!!!

KAREN

Simmons was trying to see if Tobias had a memory connection with Paul Edgar Dairy - he did, to some extent, but it wasn't our test. Find this person with Sofi's duplicate eyes and do the same.

IAN

It's a false positive, that's all!

KAREN

Sure false positive. False positive.

IAN

A statistically impossible datapoint. An error.

KAREN

Ian, if I drop this phone 100 times, a million times, and one of the times it doesn't fall, it just hovers in the air, that's an error that's damn worth looking at.

103 INT. JFK AIRPORT - DAY 103

Ian goes through iris scanning passport control customs. The fast line. Music: Ad Cor, Concerto Vocale

104 INT. JFK AIRPORT, BODEGA - LATER 104

Ian approaches the counter, buys a pack of gum and a Strawberry Mentos. Hears the intercom announce -

INTERCOM
(TBD Airlines) Flight 63 to Dehli
India now boarding Premier members.

105 INT. PLANE 105

Ian sits comfortably in business class, watches a video about why iris biometrics are so useful for IDing people.

Jeff Carter's TED talk.
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fk1LVGX64QE>

JEFF CARTER
Every single one of us and every single one of our eyes has a unique combination of dots, lines and colors. And this uniqueness is formed when we are in our mother's womb and like a fingerprint, it is unique. However, unlike a fingerprint, the iris is infinitely more powerful with over 250 degrees of freedom per eye per person compared to 35 degrees of freedom for a fingerprint. This scary Tom Cruise Minority Report iris scan is simply a hi-res photograph, no lasers at all, of your eyes put together to create Identity certainty. That's important.

106 EXT. DEHLI AIRPORT, INDIA - NIGHT 106 *

Ian gets into the Hotel Concierge car - a beautiful vintage automobile - the royal treatment. The music and audio of the program continues. *

107 INT. TAXI CAB, DELHI - CONTINUOUS 107

Ian takes in India for the first time through the cab window.

108 EXT. INDIA HOTEL - NIGHT 108 *

Ian arrives outside the magnificent hotel. *

He is greeted by several friendly hotel workers dressed in authentic Indian costume. They clasp their hands together and welcome him. *

109 INT. INDIA HOTEL, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 109

The interior of the hotel is grand, with traditional decorations, the best of the best. Ian checks in. Gets key for Room 305. *

110 INT. INDIA HOTEL, ELEVATOR AREA OF THE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 110

Ian goes over to the elevators.

A garrulous American COWBOY, 50s, cowboy boots, blue jeans and a ten gallon hat, stands by the elevator and strikes up a conversation.

COWBOY
Howdy. First time in India?

IAN
(not in the mood)
Yeah.

COWBOY
You gonna check out the night life?
Hear it is purty insane.

Ian nods.

COWBOY (CONT'D)
What kinda business you in?

IAN
I'm a doctor.

They enter the elevator.

111 INT. INDIA HOTEL, ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS 111

COWBOY
I got a funny ticking noise in my jaw, may have been from a bar brawl back in my younger days. You think that's what it is?

IAN

Probably.

COWBOY

You here on your own or with the
missus?

IAN

(really wanting this convo
to end)

My own.

COWBOY

Well, hehe, me too. Always looking
for a wing man to roam the
nightclubs.

IAN

Short trip, so probably not.

Third floor, Ian gets off.

COWBOY

Well partner, I'll see you around.

112 INT. INDIA HOTEL, IAN'S ROOM - EVENING

112

Ian splashes water in his face. Regards himself in the
mirror. This is all crazy. (Maybe he sees one of those
magnified circular shaving mirrors on an arm - looks at his
own eye, magnified.)

*

Sits down by the window. Looks out upon the city scape of
Delhi, India.

*

113 EXT. INDIA, OKHLA 10 COMMUNITY CENTER - THE NEXT DAY

113

Ian walks down a Delhi street, DSLR camera on his arm. He
approaches the community center. From the street he sees the
playground where kids play next to the center.

He enters the center.

114 INT. INDIA, OKHLA CHILDREN COMMUNITY CENTER, BIOMETRIC ROOM 14-
CONTINUOUS

*

Inside is a Biometrics Gathering Station, where hundreds of
Indians get registered in the system. Eyes, fingerprints,
name, etc. One similar to this:
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YtreFhsnNK4>

Connected to the biometrics acquisition center is a school and playground for children. Kids in the yard play Doors and Windows - a game where they form a big circle holding hands and one child runs around the circle weaving in and out of the circle, if he or she touches any of the doors or windows they have to rejoin the circle and a new child is selected.

Ian meets with the manager, ANA PATEL, 30s nice Indian woman.

IAN

Hi, you look like the boss of this place.

ANA

Boss, no. Circus manager more like it. How can I help you?

IAN

My name is Dr. Ian Gray. I'm a scientist from America and I have the strangest request.

ANA

Yes?

IAN

I was wondering if you could help me find someone who was scanned here, but the thing is I don't know their name, I just know what their eyes look like.

Ian shows her two square photographs of Sofi's eyes - the right and the left in super close up - so that it is only the irises.

ANA

We are not allowed to disclose information.

Ana looks at the eyes, puts the two photographs of the eyes next to each other - the eyes are familiar to her. Ian sees that she recognizes them - all of this super subtle.

IAN

Do you recognize these eyes?

ANA

(thinking)

I might. They are striking eyes. Memorable. Why are you looking for her? Is she in trouble?

IAN

No, of course not. *She is*
incredibly special. So you know
her? Here's another picture.

Ian places a picture down of both of the eyes together in one
picture.

ANA

I do, if it is who I think it is.
But I haven't seen her in a while.
Why are you looking for her?
(noticing the other photo)
Wait, this photograph doesn't make
sense because those seem to be her
eyes, but that isn't her face
around them.

IAN

That's exactly why I am looking for
her.

A beat.

ANA

Come with me into my office.

115 INT. INDIA, COMMUNITY CENTER, ANA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 115

Ana and Ian enter her office. Papers and pictures
everywhere. A window overlooks the yard where the children
play. Ana's desk has a computer at it. Personal artifacts.

IAN

I'm just going to put everything
out on the table. These machines,
this program registering eyes is
based on a simple premise - that
all eyes are unique. But I
recently discovered that there may
be duplicate irises between people
who died and those born after they
died. I don't have a lot of data,
and it's probably an error. But
I'm a scientist attempting to
understand this error.

ANA

Did you know the person who had
these eyes?

IAN

Yes.

A long silence. The two of them think about everything they are saying.

Ana takes a picture off a bulletin board that has tons of photos of the children from the center. She takes off one with Salomina - a 9 year old blue-eyed (central heterochromatic) girl. Ian tries to inspect her eyes, but they are not sharply featured in the pic - it's a full-person shot in the playground, not a headshot. *

ANA

Salomina. That is her name. Very sweet girl, very smart. She used to come here to learn, to eat, to play with the other kids, but I haven't seen her lately.

IAN

When did you last see her?

ANA

It's been a few months.

IAN

Could you help me find her? I could make a donation to the community center if that would help.

Ana stares out the window at the kids. They are poor.

IAN (CONT'D)

I don't mean to sound crass, like I'm bribing you...

ANA

It would help. Meet me tomorrow at 10am.

116 EXT. INDIA, OKHLA POOR NEIGHBORHOOD, ROAD - THE NEXT DAY 116

Ian and Ana walk down the road. Ana hands Ian a print out of Salomina's scan entry - it has a picture of Salomina, a black and white picture of her eyes and fingerprints, lists her name, DOB 8/8/2004, and her address "Old Cross Road".

ANA

According to the registrar, Salomina and her parents live here.

Ana speaks in Hindi to someone on the street.

Ian watches on.

IAN

What did she say?

ANA

Said the father, Ibhanan, died and the mother lives not too far from here, but a different neighborhood, very poor. Salomina is with her. This is not the kind of impression we like foreigners to have of India. It's a vast country with many beautiful things.

IAN

We have all the same ugly sides where I am from, many even worse. Don't be embarrassed. Will you take me there?

ANA

Do you have kids?

IAN

I have a son, Tobias.

ANA

And where is your son Tobias?

IAN

He is with his mother.

ANA

Salomina is with her mother. That's how it should be.

IAN

Do you have any kids?

ANA

I have 200 kids, not one I gave birth to, but each one of them is my child.

IAN

Let's make sure this child of yours is okay.

117

EXT. INDIA, POOR NEIGHBORHOOD, STREETS - MAGIC HOUR

117

Establishing shot as day turns to night. Ian and Ana trek through the seedy district downtown.

Drunk men stumble through the streets.

Ana finds an old woman who sits in a chair on the street, watching. A wisdom to this elderly woman. She clearly knows all that goes on in this neighborhood. Ana talks to her. The old woman tells her she can take her to the right place.

She guides Ana and Ian to an...

118 EXT. INDIAN TENEMENT - EVENING 118

The old woman cups her hands, Ian reaches in his pocket to give her money.

119 INT. INDIA TENEMENT - NIGHT 119

Ana and Ian enter the two story house. A big tough woman greets them, cold, taken aback. A woman enters with a drunk man and goes up the side stairs.

ANA
(in Hindi)
We are looking for Indira and her
daughter, Salomina. Do you know
them?

The woman pretends not to know.

IAN
We can pay money. Cash.

The woman says she doesn't want cash. Argues in Hindi with Ana. Tells them to leave.

120 EXT. OKHLA MARKET - NIGHT 120 *

Ana and Ian leave. Enter the adjacent market place. *

ANA
She said Salomina's mother recently
died. Salomina ran away a few
weeks ago.

IAN
To live on the streets? Is there a
way to find her?

ANA
There's 6 lakh people living in
this neighborhood alone.

The two walk quietly together through the market place. *

ANA (CONT'D)

Salomina knows about the community center, she would come there for help. But she hasn't.

Ian snaps some pictures of the market place. A large empty billboard stands above the market place.

*
*

Ana fears the implication of Salomina's current status. She fights back tears.

*

IAN

I'm sorry.

121 INT. IMPERIAL INDIA HOTEL, IAN'S ROOM - NIGHT

121

*

Ian on the phone/skype with Karen, he looks out the window. An incredible view of the neighborhood.

IAN

She could be living like a stray cat, totally alone. There's 600 thousand people who live in a 10 block radius. That's to say if she is even alive. It'll be impossible to find her.

KAREN

I miss you. I don't think you should stay too much longer.

IAN

Yeah.

Ian looks at the pictures he has snapped on his computer. He sees the large building overlooking the square. On the wall is a large blank billboard that reads, "Advertise Here," and a phone number.

*
*
*

IAN (CONT'D)

I have an idea.

122 EXT. OKHLA VEGETABLE MARKET/TOWN SQUARE - DAY

122

We start on an abstract shot of dots and colors, pull back to reveal Sofi/Salomina's eye, pull back further to reveal both of her eyes, pull back to reveal a massive billboard towering above the town square - it says in both English and Hindi - Are these your eyes? Prize reward. Call 9810729074.

A worker on a ladder finishes pasting the last of the billboard up.

The crane shot pulls all the way back to reveal Ian and Ana standing below looking at the sign. The hotel Ian stays in is adjacent to the town square.

ANA
You are crazy.

IAN
Gotta send a smoke signal. Someone who knows her will see it.

ANA
I'm glad you didn't put my phone number up there.

IAN
Why?

ANA
You are going to get a lot of calls.

Ian's phone rings.

IAN
Hello?

INDIAN VOICE
Hi my name is Rajat, I saw your advertisement. My wife has very nice eyes, a little different then the ones you show but very nice indeed.

IAN
Oh, sorry no they have to be specifically these ones.

Hangs up. Phone rings again.

INDIAN VOICE
Hello, my daughter's name is Salomina, and she has lovely eyes.

IAN
Like the ones in the picture?

INDIAN VOICE
Yes yes, she is good for marriage age too.

IAN
How old is she?

INDIAN VOICE

22. But she looks 16.

IAN

Oh sorry, no I'm sorry, no.

123 INT. INDIA HOTEL / VARIOUS LOCATIONS - VARIOUS TIMES OF DAY 23

Montage of Ian taking calls in various locations (cafe, hotel, in bed) and none of them being a lead to the real Salomina. The advertisement and offer for money has made it so that everyone is calling despite not fitting the specific eyes Ian is looking for.

124 INT. INDIA HOTEL, OUTDOOR/ROOFTOP RESTAURANT - MAGIC HOUR 124

Ian and Ana share a meal together in the hotel cafe overlooking the town square. They have beers, the vibe is relaxed. Ian's phone keeps ringing, he has it on vibrate. He has 14 messages.

IAN

I'll check these tomorrow. But it appears that my plan backfired. Well, I'm glad I met you.

ANA

I have to say there is something a bit of vulgar to that billboard of yours.

IAN

Why, don't you want to find the girl as well?

ANA

Yes, of course, I've been sleepless thinking about her, worrying for her, as I do the countless children that come through the center. But the billboard, and you... I don't know how to articulate it but something about coming into another culture, something about privilege, it doesn't feel right.

IAN

I'm sorry, I should be more sensitive. I sometimes can be a bit careless in my pursuit for truth, as if that is my only compass.

Ian sees monks passing on the street.

IAN (CONT'D)

But take religion for example, I should be more respectful I know, but all religions, whether it Hinduism, Christianity, Islam, Sikhism, Buddhism... I take issue with religion because the beliefs are fixed. There is no room for evidence to change beliefs. Science has the only true humility when it comes to the magnificence of the universe.

Ana thinks on this for a moment. They watch the monks.

ANA

The depths of any of these religions you mention are probably unknown to you. It's naive of you to think that the path of spirituality doesn't lead to truth.

IAN

Sure, I'm not well versed.

ANA

The 14th and current Dalai Lama is a big fan of science. One day a scientist asked him, what if scientific evidence proved your religious beliefs wrong. And he said confidently, well, I would read the papers, research, look at all the evidence, try to understand it completely. And if in the end it was clear that science had disproved my beliefs then I would change my beliefs.

IAN

I didn't know that.

ANA

But Ian, I know and you know what you are thinking about this little girl. Neither of us say it out loud, which is fine. But so you tell me about the reverse, what would you do if something spiritual disproved your scientific beliefs?

Ian swigs his beer, gives Ana a look.

125 EXT. OKHLA MARKET - THE NEXT DAY

125

Ian walks to a local vendor in the market, buys a coffee.
Looks at the billboard of the eyes.

Finds a seat.

He checks the 32 messages on his Indian cell phone, flipping through them quickly. Skipping immediately when it is apparent that it is a false lead.

The giant eye billboard towers above the neighborhood.

His American phone rings - Karen.

Ian picks up.

IAN

Hey, my love.

KAREN

The bank called saying \$2000
dollars a day was going to some
sketchy PLANET INDIA company.
That's like 20K already. What's
going on?

*

IAN

I put up a billboard. I know it's
extreme, but...

KAREN

Ian, I think you should come back.
Seriously.

A long pause. Karen is angry, vulnerable. She feels as if
her open mindedness has begun to be taken advantage of.

IAN

What about your old 'turning over
rocks finding nothing' is still
progress?

KAREN

Hey, I'm down with the big picture
and all, and I wanted you to do
this, but it's starting to feel
like your longing is motivating you
more than the science.

IAN

Karen.

KAREN

No, it's not all right. I haven't called you because I figured you'd call me when you had time. Weeks are going by and you are still there. What the fuck, Ian.

IAN

I'm just trying to...

KAREN

Yeah, I know what you are trying to do. But failed experiments are not unknown to us. We can regroup. Redesign the questions, the approach. Come home.

Ian stares at the sign, the people passing through the market.

He then sees a small figure standing alone in front of the sign, staring up at it.

IAN

(curt)

Let me call you back.

Hangs up abruptly.

Ian gets up from the cafe and walks to the center of the square. Music cue beginning its swell.

A small child stares at the sign.

!!!!

Ian slowly circles around in front of her, between her and the billboard.

!!!!

The little girl wears a scarf covering most of her face.

Ian stands before her.

Crane shot from the billboard eyes, down to Ian, spinning around and then approaching the little girl's face, all the way til it focuses just on her eyes - the exact same iconic eyes as in the picture.

Ian falls to his knees.

The little girl approaches him.

A long time spent just staring at one another, as if looking at a miracle, a ghost, an angel. Then -

IAN (CONT'D)
Do you speak English?

SALOMINA
Yes. A little.

IAN
What's your name?

SALOMINA
Salomina.

IAN
Do you know who I am?

SALOMINA
A good person.

IAN
My name is Ian.

Ian searches her face for a response.

IAN (CONT'D)
Where are your parents?

SALOMINA
My parents are dead.

Salomina sees the Strawberry Mentos sticking out of Ian's shirt pocket. She takes them and eats one.

IAN
You like these?

She nods.

IAN (CONT'D)
Are you hungry? Can I get you some food?

She nods again. Ian looks around. Takes her toward the hotel. Ian calls Ana. Gets a machine.

IAN (CONT'D)
Ana, please call me when you get this! I found her.

126 INT. INDIA HOTEL, LOBBY - CONTINUOUS 126

Ian enters the hotel with the young Salomina.

He looks toward the elevator area, sees - the cowboy.

Fuck that, preferring to avoid any
interrogation/conversation, Ian spots the doorway for the
stairs.

127 INT. INDIA HOTEL, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS 127

Ian takes Salomina up the stairs.

128 INT. INDIA HOTEL, IAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 128

Ian leads Sofi over to the couch and chairs by the window.
He gives her the Strawberry Mentos. She eats them. Ian
takes out a basic doctor kit to check her vitals - eye
dilation, ears, tongue, reflexes.

*
*
*

IAN

What's your favorite food?

SALOMINA

Vegetable biriani.

Ian considers this, hatches a semi-legit scientific test.

IAN

(calling room service)

Hi, can I get a vegetable biriani
and a jasmine rice and vegetables.
Thanks. And a cappuccino, and two
waters.

(to Salomina)

Want a Coca-Cola?

She nods.

IAN (CONT'D)

And a Coca-Cola. Thanks.

Hangs up. Looks at Salomina.

IAN (CONT'D)

Can I take a picture of your eyes?

Salomina nods yes.

He takes a macrolens photo of her eyes. Loads it on the computer. Overlays it with Sofi's eyes - perfect overlap of the flecks and dots.

He then takes out an iris scanner and takes a high res image of Salomina's eyes. Then scans them with the software.

Salomina's and Sofi's are exactly the same numerically - identical 12 digit iris codes. They are precisely, mathematically the same as Sofi's.

The food arrives. Ian signs the check. Brings the food to Salomina.

While Salomina eats, Ian prints out pictures - his makeshift scientific experiment. He scours the internet and prints out pages with three specific, similar but different images on each page.

Ian takes the printed pages and sits with Salomina.

IAN (CONT'D)

Can we play a game? I will show
you three things and you pick which
is your favorite. Okay?

SALOMINA

Okay.

Ian connects an additional webcam to his computer.

Ian calls Karen.

KAREN

You hang up on me and split, nice.

IAN

I'm calling you on Skype.

Karen picks up on Skype.

IAN (CONT'D)

I need my lab partner.

He turns the camera to show the little girl, turns it back on him. Karen's eyes light up. Holy shit, it is her!

KAREN

(grabbing a pen and
notepaper)

Ready.

A tenderness and inclusion between the two.

129 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS 129

Intercut Karen's side of this conversation. On her computer screen she has two images, Ian's face and the reverse additional webcam image of Salomina.

130 INT. INDIA HOTEL, IAN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS 130

IAN

Commencing experiment 1 - memory connection between subjects with identical iris patterns.

KAREN

Check.

IAN

Subject, Salomina. (naturally falling into -) Spelled S as in...

KAREN

Shut the front door.

IAN

(clicking into their old routine)

A as in...

KAREN

Asshole.

IAN

L.

KAREN

Love you.

IAN

O

KAREN

Open-Minded.

IAN

M

KAREN

Maestro.

IAN

I

KAREN
Ian Gray

IAN
N

KAREN
No way this is true.

IAN
And A

KAREN
Afterlife?

Ian places the print out of three objects - Snickers,
Peanuts, Strawberry Mentos.

IAN
Salomina, point to the picture that
you feel most connected to?

Salomina nods.

She points to the Strawberry Mentos.

IAN (CONT'D)
Alpha - correct.

Karen writes it down.

He places another series of three objects - a lion, a white
peacock, a turtle.

Salomina points to the white peacock.

IAN (CONT'D)
Beta - correct.

Three more objects - a Rose, a dandelion, a tulip.

Salomina points to the dandelion.

IAN (CONT'D)
Charlie - correct.

Three more objects Veggie Burrito, Curry, Pizza. Salomina
points to the Pizza.

IAN (CONT'D)
Delta - incorrect. But that wasn't
a good one.

The experiment continues with three objects, two of the objects without relevance, one with relevance - all images we have seen before -

Photograph of Sofi's parents, Michelle and Barack Obama, Barbara Bush and George Bush - points to the Obama's.

IAN (CONT'D)

Echo - incorrect. Sort of.

Photograph of Sofi's grandmother. Two random other woman. Salomina losing confidence in herself, picks the wrong one.

Sofi's Eye of Horus necklace. Foxtrot. She gets it right.

Sofi's wedding ring. Gamma. She gets it wrong.

The angel eyes. Howie. She gets it wrong.

Dissolve to later - (light has gone down)

Three more photos - One scoop of sugar, two scoops of sugar, three scoops of sugar. Salomina points to the one scoop.

IAN (CONT'D)

X-ray - incorrect.

Three more photos - Ian's favorite T-shirt, two random T-shirts. Salomina considers for a while. She looks at Ian for some advice. Ian looks at his favorite T-shirt, trying to forcibly telegraph it to her. She almost picks his T-shirt and then picks a random one.

IAN (CONT'D)

Yoga - incorrect.

(to Karen)

What is your tally?

KAREN

43 percent correct. A touch above random, which is 33 percent, by a decent but unfortunately a standard margin.

(beat)

Sorry. What do you feel?

IAN

I think numbers don't lie.

KAREN

Not what do you think. What do you feel?

IAN
I feel... kind of foolish.

Karen holds her glance on him, he the same. Emotion exchanging over the video screen.

IAN (CONT'D)
(to Karen)
I'll see you soon.

Closes Skype.

Salomina looks up, sadness in her eyes, feeling as if she disappointed him.

This has all been a crazy wild goose chase, he thinks.

Ian's phone rings - it is Ana Patel.

Ian picks up Ana's call.

IAN (CONT'D)
Hey.

ANA
Where are you?

IAN
At the hotel, I'll meet you in the cafe. Will the community center be able to take care of her?

ANA
Of course. Coming now.

They hang up.

SALOMINA
I didn't pass the test did I?

IAN
You did fine. It's okay. You did perfect. I'm going to take you to Ms. Patel, the women who runs the community center. She can help.

Ian takes Salomina by the hand and they exit the room.

131 INT. INDIA HOTEL, 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

131

Establish hallway with dolly left to right (same dimensions of the hallway of Ian and Sofi's apartment).

Ian presses the elevator door. Salomina looks like she let him down. They wait for an eternity. Looking at each other, looking away.

He watches the floor numbers light up as the elevator approaches. She does too. Something she has never seen before.

Then -

Ding. The elevator door opens, and suddenly... the most piercing noise you could ever imagine.

AHHHHHHHHHH! A combination of the white peacock call and Sofi's shriek. Salomina falls to the ground with the loudest scream imaginable.

SALOMINA

I don't want to go in there! I
don't want to go in there! Ian
please no!

Tears fall from her blue eyes with central heterochromia. Sofi's eyes. *

Ian looks at her - he knows and we know - *It is her!*

Cue the song: God Damn the Sun

132 INT. INDIA HOTEL, STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS 132

Ian takes her by the hand and walks down the steps, Salomina wipes her tears away. (echo the shot of them leaving the subway stop listening to the music - SLOW MOTION). *

133 EXT. INDIA HOTEL - CONTINUOUS 133

Ian and Salomina walk out of the hotel. Ana is there on the steps. Little Salomina runs over and hugs Ana. Ian stands back, watches. Salomina is so grateful to see Ana. Safe. Happy.

Ana nods to Ian. Ian nods to Ana.

Black.

1 Year Later.

134 EXT. GREENWICH HOUSE - MAGIC HOUR 134

Snow falls on the suburban house. Warm light inside juxtaposed against the cold exterior.

A134 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE A134 *

Ian, Karen, and Tobias scene - some test showing they believe Tobias is PE Dairy reincarnate. Where things are now. Reveling in the fact they are the only ones that know. But that is going to change soon. Kenny calls. *

KENNY *

Yo dawg. Beta is launched. I programed it to be super simple. You can upload pictures, videos, etc as a slideshow. I even put in a soul Paypal account. You'll see. For now just you, me and Karen know, but when this gets out to the general public we'll be billionaires. In the meantime, go ahead and be the first person ever to leave a message to his future self.

135 INT. GREENWICH HOUSE, HOME OFFICE - MAGIC HOUR 135

Ian sits at his computer. Types in www.digitalsoulbank.com

A website appears. The Digital Soulbank. Beta Version. "Leave messages to your future self."

A button: Unlock your soul page with your iris.

Ian clicks on the button, his webcam engages, he scans his eye. It unlocks.

Current Soul / Origin: Ian Gray, born January 10, 1979.

Previous Souls: Unknown

Various tabs on the page. Photos. Videos. Slideshows. Documents. Accounts. Etc.

Ian clicks on Create Slideshow.

We see the simple interface to make slideshows.

IAN (V.O.)

My name is Ian Gray. I am a father, a husband, and a scientist.
(MORE)

IAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I was born in the United States in
 a place called Connecticut.

IAN
 (on webcam, we've seen
 this before)
 These are my eyes. Look familiar?

Cuts to a few minutes later -

IAN (CONT'D)
 So this is what I've learned. I've
 learned that no two living people
 have the same eyes. But after we
 die, our eyes return, in a new
 body. Like Tobias, (pic of Paul
 Edgar Dairy then Tobias) like
 Salomina (pic of Sofi then
 Salomina), like the millions yet to
 be discovered. And, by the time you
 get this, like you (pic of Ian,
 then blank funny cartoon figure -
 think cookie monster or something -
 with Ian's eyes). I guess this
 adds a new meaning to making fun of
 one's self.
 Preliminary evidence seems to
 suggest that memories, mannerisms,
 phobias, desires, flaws and skills
 all potentially cross over. This
 could explain why we have 5 year
 old Beethovens. Or why someone may
 be frightened of the water for no
 apparent experiential reason.
 Or why sometimes when you look in
 someone's eyes for the first time,
 you feel as if you have known them
 for forever.
 Okay, that's it for now. I'll add
 to this frequently until old age
 and hopefully it will add some
 insight when you ask yourself the
 question, 'who am I?'

Song changes from the Swans to David Byrne, The Other Side of
 This Life.

Cut to Black.

No names in the credit cards, just title/role and the real
 person's corresponding eye.

136 INT. JANE SIMMONS EYE LABORATORY - DAY

136

Post credit teaser - Jane Simmons walks into a room filled with digital images of icons from the past - Elvis, JFK, Marilyn Monroe, Einstein - then infamous criminals Charles Manson, Hitler, etc.

DR. JANE SIMMONS
How good are these resolutions?

ASSISTANT
Good enough.

DR. JANE SIMMONS
Well let's scan them and see who
shows up in the database.

To be Continued.

Black. Credit roll.