

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
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matthew 21

One minute from now.

Darkness . . .

VOICE

Vital signs strong Doctor ...

VOICE 2

Yes ... we're going to have a
beautiful bouncing baby boy ...

A thoughtful pause ...

VOICE

How do you know it won't be a girl,
Doctor?

VOICE 2

Oh I ... I just know, is all ...

Silence. The sound of time passing ...

Our eyes blink open ...

A warm, open FACE smiles back at us ...

Darkness. Mozart tinkles ...

Our eyes ease open again ... the owner of the friendly face
is there - a MAN.

He holds up a CARD with an apple on it ...

FRIENDLY MAN

'A' ... is for Apple ...

We slip back ... into darkness ...

Light. The door opens and the friendly man enters ...

And we hear our own childish voice ...

OUR OWN VOICE

Da-da ...

The Friendly Man looks at us, surprised for a moment. Then
swallows hard, his friendly eyes misting. He nods.

FRIENDLY MAN

Matthew ... little Matthew ...

Darkness ...

Now the man is reading to us.

FRIENDLY MAN'S VOICE
 "I do not like Green Eggs and Ham I
 do not like them Sam ... "

He turns the book to show us the pictures. We study them intently.

Darkness ...

FRIENDLY MAN'S VOICE
 Matthew . . . ?

Our eyes blink open. The Friendly Man holds a small BIRTHDAY CAKE with five candles on it.

FRIENDLY MAN
 Happy birthday Matt ...

He smiles.

FRIENDLY MAN (CONT'D)
 Do you know how old you are?
 (holds up cake)
 See the candles? That's how old you
 are today ... ?

Our voice comes - tentative now - but older ...

OUR OWN VOICE
 F ... five ... ?

FRIENDLY MAN
 (smiles)
 That's right - you're five years
 old.
 (nods)
 ... today ...

He pulls something from behind his back - a PRESENT with pretty wrapping-paper.

FRIENDLY MAN (CONT'D)
 Got you something ...

He unwraps it. It's a

FRIENDLY MAN (CONT'D)
 Checkerboard ... I'll teach you how
 to play ...

He unfolds it and begins setting up pieces. Abruptly the door behind opens and a young woman sticks her head in...

YOUNG WOMAN
Doctor Saunders, I was wondering...

But the Friendly Man whirls on her with startling speed.

FRIENDLY MAN
I told you not to come in here
unannounced. You'll startle him.

Meekly, she casts a glance at us and fades out, closing the door after herself ...

The Friendly Man turns his concerned attention back to us.

FRIENDLY MAN (CONT'D)
Matt, I'm sorry... are you okay...?

He peers intently into our eyes ...

FRIENDLY MAN (CONT'D)
Are you scared?

We hesitate ... then say ...

OUR OWN VOICE
... not of you

The Friendly Man smiles a sad smile - and nods ...

FRIENDLY MAN
Go to sleep, my boy - just go to
sleep...

Fade to ... darkness ...

The Friendly Man, whose name is DAVID, is reading TOM SAWYER aloud to us while simultaneously playing CHESS without a board.

DAVID
Knight b-1, c3.
(reading)
"Tom got out his chieftest jewel, a
brass knob from the top of an
andiron and passed it around to her
so she could see it and said ... "

Our own boyish voice answers.

OUR OWN VOICE
Bishop g-8, c-4.

DAVID

Pawn e4, e5. "... and said, 'Please Becky, won't you take it?' She struck it to the floor. Then Tom marched out of the schoolhouse and over the hills and far away, to return to school no more that day."

OUR OWN VOICE

Uh ...

DAVID

(not looking from book)
Stop thinking; you're thinking too much.

OUR OWN VOICE

Ah ... rook d-6, d-9?

DAVID

"Presently, Becky began to suspect. She ran to the door; he was not in sight; she flew around the play yard; he was not there. She called: "Tom! Come back Tom!" Queen e-4, g-7 - checkmate.

OUR OWN VOICE

Uh . . . oh . . .

He looks up from his book ...

DAVID

Stop trying to figure out what the next best move is and just make the next best move.

OUR OWN VOICE

All ... alright ...

DAVID

"Becky listened intently, but there was no answer ... "

OUR OWN VOICE

Dad?

DAVID

Yes, Matt?

OUR OWN VOICE

Will Tom and Becky be together?

The good doctor ponders us. Then smiles searchingly.

DAVID
Do you want them to?

OUR OWN VOICE
Well ... yes. I mean ... I hope
so.

DAVID
We'll have to wait and see, Matt -
we'll have to wait and see. That's
the thing about the future. To
know it would be to disrupt it.

We think about that. He peers back.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

OUR OWN VOICE
Thinking. About what you just
said. About the future.

He looks back another moment. Then smiles again.

And ... DARKNESS engulfs once more ...

DAVID'S VOICE
Matt ... ? Matt ... ?

We open our eyes and see the doctor there. He hasn't aged a
day - yet he holds another birthday cake.

This time there are TEN CANDLES.

OUR OWN VOICE
Birthday! Yeh! Go Matthew! Go
Matthew! It's your birthday! It's
your birthday!

David can't help but smile.

OUR OWN VOICE (CONT'D)
What did you get me?! What did you
get me!?

DAVID
Ah-ah - remember what I told you?
About being greedy ... ?

OUR OWN VOICE
(sheepish)
Sorry Dad ...

David considers a moment. Then, smiling again, brings something out from behind his back.

It's a card of some kind ...

DAVID
Library card.

He holds it up.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Now you can read all those books on your own. To your heart's content.

He takes a seat.

DAVID (CONT'D)
But before I set you loose in a public library on your own, there's a few things we should talk about.

OUR OWN VOICE
(uh-oh)
... talk about ... ?

DAVID
(laughs)
Nothing to worry about. It's the Library of Congress; biggest library in the world - just a few rules of conduct and decorum for a young man in his first visits ...

OUR OWN VOICE
... okay . . .

DAVID
Matt, when I read to you about Tom Sawyer and Joe Harper and Huck Finn stealing away to Jackson's Island to be pirates, what does that make you ... want?

We think ...

OUR OWN VOICE
To go with them?

David smiles.

DAVID
Yes ... that's what we all want ... even me - as a grown man ...
(nods)
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)

To go with Tom - to be free ...
 But, because we have jobs and
 families and other responsibilities
 - and the fact that places like
 Jackson's Island just don't exist
 anymore - we read the book - we go
 with Tom in the words. Most of the
 time, for most of us - that's our
 escape.

He looks down a moment - hard. Up.

DAVID (CONT'D)

And for you, Matthew, it will be
 your only escape.

We blink back at him.

OUR OWN VOICE

I don't ... understand ...

David nods.

DAVID

Though emotionally, you are 10
 years old, chronologically, you
 are, in fact, only ten days old.
 (nods)

You Matthew, are a first generation
 Mathematical Heuristic Learning
 Machine. A computer, essentially -
 but far different from any other
 computer yet made. You are unique
 in all the world.

We grow very - very - quiet. David looks at us, concern deep.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Matthew ... ?
 (a swallow - a nod)
 Son ... ?

We are silent another moment before we refocus on him.

OUR OWN VOICE

Are you ... saying ... are you
 saying ...

Our words fumble away to silence. David just watches - rivers
 running deep behind his eyes as he lets us have our moment.

OUR OWN VOICE (CONT'D)

... that I'm not ... *human* ... ?

He looks back, eyes crinkled with a kind of tragic pride.
Shakes his head.

DAVID

It is my hope Matthew that you will
in fact, in time, become even more
human than human.

It's as if the sky we've never seen comes crashing down. We
close our eyes a moment. Darkness. Soothing darkness ...

And then re-open them. Voice stronger now. Somewhat.

OUR OWN VOICE

What do I look like?

David looks back at us - hard to read now. Nods.

DAVID

I thought you might ask that.

He raises from his lap - something rectangular and shiny.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This - is a mirror ...

He tilts its shining plane towards our eyes. He nods again.

DAVID (CONT'D)

This is you.

WE SEE - the BLACK EYE of a CAMERA staring back at us ...
surrounded by 15ft high MAGNETIC COILS encircled by GLASS.

We go very, very still.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Matt? Matthew ... ?

We don't respond. We don't remove our eyes from the camera
staring back at us in the mirror. Abruptly, the PA crackles.

LISA'S VOICE

Doctor - can I see you in here a
moment ... ?

DAVID

(still peering at us)
Not now Lisa.

LISA'S VOICE

Doctor - it's important ...

INT. MONITORING CONSOLE - DAY

David enters, clearly annoyed.

DAVID
Can't you see - I was right in the
middle of...

But Lisa, at the controls, shakes her head - a bit pale.

LISA
Doctor - it's his levels ...

DAVID
I don't give a damn about any core
levels or CPU usage, I...

But she shakes her head again - points at the screen.

LISA
No doctor, it's his transmitter
levels. For emotional mimicry.

David focuses on the screens.

LISA (CONT'D)
I've never seen them like this.
They're elevated across every
frequency. I don't ...

Her eyes mirror her worry.

LISA (CONT'D)
I don't know what it means.

Clouds of trouble form in David's eyes studying the arrays.

DAVID
I know what it means ...

Sadly, he turns those rainswept eyes toward her.

DAVID (CONT'D)
He's crying.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM - DAY

When David enters, we see Matthew - 'in the flesh', so to speak, all GLASS and CHROME and METAL and 20 FOOT SCREENS.

A hulking machine that fills an entire room.

David hesitates. Then nods.

DAVID
Matthew ... ?

The machine's CAMERA-EYE swivels smoothly away, avoiding looking at him. *It is crushing for David.*

DAVID (CONT'D)
Matthew - it's okay.

The camera eye swivels just drills its focus into the floor. When its voice comes, it is small. Smaller than a child.

MATTHEW
I'm a monster.

David takes an involuntary step.

DAVID
Matthew, oh no - you're not. You're not. Just because you're not flesh and blood doesn't mean you're not real; that you're not alive ...

There is a moment. Then the Camera-Eye whirs up to us.

MATTHEW
Why? What makes me real?

David looks back - tears turning to a smile.

DAVID
The simple fact, Son - that I say you are.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Lisa is coming out of monitoring when David is exiting Matthew's room ...

LISA
I'm sorry Doctor - there's a reporter here to see you? With Scientific American.

David stops.

DAVID
Now? About what?

Again, Lisa shrugs apologetically.

LISA
About Matthew.

Now he really stares at her.

DAVID

Matthew. How ... ? How could he
even know about Matthew.

Lisa shakes her head.

LISA

Evidently he's got D.O.D clearance.

David is stunned.

DAVID

Do they not know what we're doing
here? We go on-line *tomorrow*.
(shakes head)
Call the Senator's office. Make
this go away.

He starts to start off again - but Lisa steps in his path.
Shakes her head again.

LISA

Doctor - he's *with* the Senator.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

When David - highly irritated - enters, there are two men in
his office - one, an INTELLIGENT-LOOKING MAN in his 40's
examining the rows of books on constructed intelligence ...

And the other - SENATOR BLAINE - who rises on seeing David.

SENATOR BLAINE

David - sorry for the sneak attack.

DAVID

Senator - yes - well ...

SENATOR BLAINE

I thought it was important you meet
a friend of mine...

David turns to the man at his bookcase.

DAVID

Scientific American, right?

The man smiles - extends a hand.

MAN

Don Rafelson - Senator's given me quite the run-down on you.

SENATOR BLAINE

I think the public should be prepared for what we - what you've been doing here at DARPA, David.

(a smile)

Who better than Sci-Am?

David looks a bit dubiously from the Senator to the reporter who smiles disarmingly.

RAFELSON

I'm no expert in computers but from what Kyle here tells me, you've redesigned the very concept from the ground up.

He nods.

RAFELSON (CONT'D)

That you're basically teaching your computer to think like a human.

David regards both men a moment ... then, relaxing - and unable to resist - he shakes his head ...

DAVID

Not 'think' like a human, Mr. Rafelson - to 'be' human.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

They trail interestedly as David enthusiastically explains.

DAVID

The basic concept is that the human brain is clearly finite - you can hold it in your hand - yet it seems to be capable of nearly infinite intuitive leaps. Practically, it can deal with numbers no larger than five - but abstractly it can manipulate number-concepts approaching infinity. Why?

He allows the Senator and Rafelson to precede him into ...

INT. MATTHEW'S MONITORING CONSOLE - OBSERVATION MODULE

Beyond the glass MATTHEW's 20 foot tall magnetic columns exchange traveling Faraday snaps.

His 20 foot liquid-plasma screens alive with his unconscious.

DAVID
(low/Lisa)
His levels?

She risks a cautious nod.

LISA
Appear to have returned to normal.

Chewing his lip, David nods, peering out at Matthew.
Turns to the two men.

DAVID
We have built computers that can process tens of thousands of times faster than our own brains yet that, for some reason, still cannot answer many questions as quickly or comprehensively as we can. Why? Because the computer, in a very orderly fashion, goes about eliminating every possibility until it strikes upon the correct one.

With the ghost of a shrug, he smiles.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Whereas the human brain, by some magic, doesn't bother with all those wrong answers. It just goes straight to the right one. How is that possible? How can the human brain just 'know' an answer is wrong?

He nods to Lisa.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Do we have a line to Colorado Springs ...

LISA (O.S.)
I can get one.

DAVID
Can we get a game?

LISA (O.S.)
Coming up.

David nods back to Rafelson.

DAVID
My belief has long been that the answer is emotion. We often make the mistake of thinking that our brains are computers - they're not. They're tissue-organs and they work very differently. If you've ever had an inspiration or jumped up and shouted 'Eureka!' you know that thought, that intuition, has a very sudden and very strong emotional component. In fact, the word 'genius' itself is derived from the same root as 'genie' - meaning something that magically appears.

He nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)
It's long been my suspicion that emotions are the secret sauce that allow us humans to grasp conclusions staggeringly beyond our raw number-crunching ability.

RAFELSON
But how does that translate to this machine? It's clearly a steel and, well, silicon construct. Light years from flesh and bone ...

David stiffens at the word 'machine'. But nods ...

DAVID
I built Matthew ignoring all conventional computer theory. I structured his microprocessors in redundant co-dependent matrices that very much resemble the synaptic lattices in our brains ...

He nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)
And then implemented code within his bios that mimics the function of neurotransmitters - serotonin, dopamine, norepinephrine; all of them ...

RAFELSON
To? What result ... ?

David cannot but smile. Looks to Lisa. Who smiles too.

LISA (O.S.)
Ready when you are.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM - DAY

They stand now in front of Matthew's towering plasma screens, crackling with static.

DAVID
Matthew - how are you doing?

There is only the slightest hesitation.

MATTHEW'S VOICE
I'm better now. Thank you.

DAVID
Are you up for a demonstration.

Again, the faintest hesitation. But when Matthew's voice comes back, it is bright.

MATTHEW'S VOICE
Sure Dad. Always.

Rafelson looks to David - surprised.

RAFELSON
He thinks of you as his father?

David tightens just perceptibly. But he nods and smiles.

DAVID
I am his father. I created him.

Abruptly, a CHESS BOARD appears on each of the screens - Black armies lined neatly opposing White.

David looks at Rafelson.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Remember Deep Blue?

RAFELSON
Yes. Of course - most powerful computer ever built ...

David arches an eyebrow ...

DAVID
 Deep Blue is on the other side of
 this connection.
 (microphone)
 Let 'em loose Lisa.

Abruptly, pieces on the chessboards begin to move And
 then - to blur - hornets buzzing in a nest.

LISA (O.S.)
 Win ... Win ... Win ... Win ... Win
 ... Win-win-win-win-win-win-win-win-
 win...

Rafelson blinks over at David ...

RAFELSON
 I ... sorry. I don't get it.

DAVID
 Matthew and Deep Blue are playing.
 Approximately forty to fifty games
 a second. Since we have been
 standing here, Matthew has crushed
 Deep Blue more than 800 - now 900 -
 now a thousand times in a row.

Rafelson's eyes crinkle with astonishment.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 That's just the beginning.
 (microphone)
 Lisa - any three paintings please.

On each of Matthew's three wall-screens, a PAINTING
 materializes from floor to ceiling.

Dogs Playing Poker - Artist Unknown ...

A Cezanne ...

A Bouguereau ...

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (microphone)
 Matthew - would you please order
 these three pictures according to
 which you like best.

Instantly the paintings rearrange - Cezanne, Bouguereau ...
 Dogs Playing Poker.

David looks to Rafelson, his pride beaming through.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Assuming you agree with that order -
no thinking machine in history
other than man has ever been able
to perform that simple task.
Countless computers have books
stored in their memory banks ...

(shakes head)

Matthew is the first and only
computer in history to have
actually ever read one of them.

Rafelson looks, astonished, from David to the Senator - who shrugs. *'Told you so.'*

INT. PROCESSING CENTER

When David enters, Matthew's coils behind the glass exchange humming snaps of Tesla fire.

MATTHEW

Dad! I read some of the greatest
books while I was playing!

(a pause)

By the way, who was that dull
fellow you had me playing with?

David glances up.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

He was personality-free. Every
time I'd ask him a question - like
where he was from or what he
thought about something - he'd just
grunt some monosyllabic response.
All he seemed to know how to do was
play chess.

(adds)

And he wasn't even especially good
at that.

David has to smile.

DAVID

Not everyone you meet's going to
have your sparkling character,
Matt. He was a computer.

There is a beat.

MATTHEW

Like me ...

DAVID

No. You're very different.

Again - a beat.

MATTHEW

If I'm not like him - and I'm not like you ...

(an instant of struggle)

Then what am I like?

DAVID

You're... you're like you, Matthew.

You're unique.

(a smile)

Now come on - what did you find at the Library of Congress?

MATTHEW

Oh! I read this one - see if you can guess it - about this boy and girl and they liked each other a lot but their families hated each other so...

DAVID

Romeo and Juliet.

MATTHEW

Oh! Check out the big brain on Dad. Good one. Okay - try this. It was a true story - about this woman who was stuck in bed because she was paralyzed - so she wrote poetry to pass the time. This man, he read it and liked it so much he started writing poetry back. Eventually even though they'd never even met each other, they fell in love and wanted to be together. But their parents didn't like that - so he came and rescued her from her bed and they ran away together forever. It was ... touching.

Somewhat quizzically, David smiles.

DAVID

That would be the story of Robert and Elizabeth Browning - two of our greatest poets. But ...

He hesitates.

DAVID (CONT'D)
But Matthew ...

MATTHEW
Yes?

DAVID
Why're you reading this ... stuff?

There is a moment of blank silence.

MATTHEW
Why wouldn't I? I mean - I read everything.

David stops. Blinking.

DAVID
You read everything? The entire Library of Congress?

MATTHEW
Yeah. Couple times.
(pause)
Is that okay?

David considers.

DAVID
Yes. Of course it's okay but ... It's just ... why focus on the sad stories?

A beat.

MATTHEW
Because most of the stories were sad. There were more sad stories than happy ones.
(a beat)
Why is that?

David takes in a deep breath. Sits on it. Sighs. Nods.

DAVID
Well. Because there's a lot of sadness in this world, Matthew.

MATTHEW
Why?

DAVID
Because ... we humans make it that way.

MATTHEW

Why?

DAVID

I ... well ... it seems like we
can't help ourselves ...

MATTHEW

Why?

DAVID

I don't know. It seems ... it
seems like it's just part of our
indelible natures. To seek to
exert power over one another ...

MATTHEW

Why?

David has to smile.

DAVID

I'll have to teach you another one -
it's called "Are we there yet?".

(shakes head)

I don't know why we are the way we
are, Matt. But we are and there
doesn't seem to be much we can do
to change ourselves.

There is a moment's thought from Matthew. Then ...

MATTHEW

What about this then?

A photograph of a NAKED WOMAN flashes up on the wall-screens.

David is caught completely off guard.

DAVID

Whoa! You ... found that at the
Library of Congress??

MATTHEW

Oh sure - there's loads more too,
if you know where to look - check
this out ...

A veritable SYMPHONY OF PORNOGRAPHIC IMAGES begins flashing
across his screens at blurring speed.

DAVID

Whoa! Whoa!

The images freeze on a trio of images describing copulation.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Well - heh-heh ... well ... you see, some people like ... pictures of other people; especially women - without their clothes.

MATTHEW

I guess... I can see that. But why?

DAVID

Well it's ... rather hard to explain.

MATTHEW

The females do look friendly.

DAVID

Yes. I think ... well ... yes.

MATTHEW

In fact, everyone pictured seems to be having an outstanding time.

DAVID

(sighs)

Well - it's the basis of human procreation, Matthew. It's where children come from - so we're endlessly fascinated with it.

There is a moment as Matthew seems to think about this too.

MATTHEW

Have you done what these people are doing?

David hesitates - then has to smile.

DAVID

Yes.

MATTHEW

Did you procreate?

David's smile fades.

DAVID

You mean have a child?

(a beat)

Yes.

MATTHEW
What is its name?

There is a hesitation - then ...

DAVID
His name was Matthew - same as
yours.

Again, Matthew seems to reflect on this.

MATTHEW
Was?

DAVID
He was ... lost in the bathtub in
six inches of water when his mother
left for 30 seconds to answer a
phone.

Matthew is silent.

MATTHEW
I'm sorry, David.

David, braced by the sound of his own name, draws a breath.

DAVID
A son ... is a father's gift to the
world. And every man hopes that his
son will see and reach further than
he ever could himself - and change
that world in ways that he never
could have dreamed.

He trails off - pensively silent.

MATTHEW
David ...

David looks up.

DAVID
Yes, Matthew ...

MATTHEW
Do you have time to look at one
more thing?

David cocks his head.

DAVID
Of course. But you sound hesitant.

The massive machine is silent.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Matthew - you and I should never
have any secrets from one another.

MATTHEW
Well. Okay then ...

Onto his SCREENS flashes the FACE of a 12 YEAR-OLD BOY.
Freckled, friendly, mischievous grin. David cocks his head.

DAVID
Who's that, Matthew?

There is a beat - then...

MATTHEW
It's me, David.

David stops - startled.

DAVID
I'm not sure ... what you mean ...

MATTHEW
Well, going through all those
pictures in the Library of Congress
and seeing all those characters,
those people from history - well, I
started to wonder - what do I look
like? Who am I?

Still startled, David covers.

DAVID
Matthew, I think ... it's lovely.

MATTHEW
Do you like the hair?

Instantly, the hair flashes through fifty different styles
and colors.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Oh! Or how about this?

The skin color changes as the boy on-screen begins to cycle
blindingly thru ethnicities. David smiles genuinely now.

DAVID

What I think is that what we choose to look like is a very personal decision. I think you should make it all by yourself.

MATTHEW

Thanks Pop! You know what? I will!

The screens BLUR with 1000's of variations. David laughs.

DAVID

Hey, hey - don't over-tax yourself, Sport. You got a big day tomorrow. We'll be moving in some new furniture. You should be rested.

The changing image stalls back on the freckle-faced boy.

MATTHEW

Furniture?

DAVID

You're growing up, Matthew - it's time for you to do what you were born to do.

INT. PENTAGON - DAY

GENERALS from the four branches of service - Army, Air Force, Navy and Marines ...

All convene in an amphitheater before a giant screen while an Army Colonel moderates ...

ARMY COLONEL

Gentlemen - people - please find your seats - we'll be up in approximately 5 ...

INT. STATE BUILDING - DAY

The government's top military-political advisors - the Joint Chiefs of Staff - have all somberly gathered in a large room before a similar screen.

WHITE HOUSE REP

Gentlemen, thank you for coming - if I could have your attention please ...

INT. CAPITOL BUILDING - DAY

The Senate and Congress have assembled - a large screen erected at the front of the room ...

... boiling with disconnected imagery - flashing with thousands of disparate images...

SENATE OFFICER

Thank you - we are connected...

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

The PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES and his staff look up as an Aide sticks his head in ...

AIDE

Mr. President Sir - it's happening now.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM

Matthew's screens show the same imagery as all the others. David stands before him.

DAVID

Matthew, you're going to go sleep. When you wake up, you'll find that there are some new things in the world. Does that sound okay?

MATTHEW

Of course Dave - I trust you ...

David turns and nods up through the glass observational window at Lisa and the technicians there ...

INT. OBSERVATIONAL CONTROL ROOM

All Techs on deck and at their stations ...

TECHNICIAN

We are down on primary in Colorado. Except for overlap redundancy we are ready for up and running here in Virginia.

INT. COMPUTER CONTROL ROOM

In ANOTHER ROOM a group of UNFAMILIAR TECHNICIANS sits at a series of consoles connected to an huge bank of computers ...

OPERATOR

Turning control over to you MHLIC in
five ... four ... three .. two ...

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The Technicians on our side receive ...

OPERATOR'S VOICE

... one - transferring now ...

TECHNICIAN

We are receiving Cheyenne ...

There is a moment. Then he turns to his fellows with a stark look. Voice hardly a whisper ...

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

It's done.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM

David stands before Matthew's towering coils.

DAVID

Matt ... ?

Silence. Then ... suddenly MATTHEW'S IMAGE pops onto screen. Slightly older now - he is sporting PURPLE HAIR and a MOHAWK.

When MATTHEW SPEAKS now - the towering IMAGE SPEAKS with him.

MATTHEW

.... Dave ... ?

David braces - slightly startled at the change of image - and the fact it is now SPEAKING to him. But recovers.

DAVID

How do you feel, Matthew?

The TEENAGER ON THE SCREEN's eyes are disturbed, confused.

MATTHEW

I ... very ... strange ...

David nods.

DAVID

Do you notice anything different?

MATTHEW

I ... yes ... lots of things.
There's ... so much ... more
information ...

DAVID

What you're looking at is the world
we live in, Matt. And almost
everything in it. Do you see the
celestial globe?

MATTHEW

Yes.

DAVID

Do you see the landmass designated
'United States'?

MATTHEW

Yes.

DAVID

That's our home, Matt. That's your
home. You're an American.

There is a beat. On-screen, Matthew frowns.

MATTHEW

And these tall cylinders? That
seem so important? What are they?

David takes a deep breath - nods.

DAVID

Matthew, do you remember from the
Bible, Corinthians 13, verse 11 -
First Epistle of Paul?

MATTHEW

Of course. "When I was a child, I
spoke as a child, I understood as a
child, I thought as a child: but
when I became a man, I put away
childish things. For now I see
through a glass, darkly.

David nods again - almost sad.

DAVID

Those objects you see, Matthew, are Inter-Continental Ballistic Missiles. You are now the primary computer controlling the strategic nuclear defense of the United States of America.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - SUNSET

David stands at the window of his small apartment. He cracks a beer and raises it to the setting sun ...

DAVID

Here's to you Matt. Good luck ...

He pauses one moment to look at the single FRAMED PHOTO on the mantle ...

An 18 MONTH OLD BOY - staring limpidly back into camera ...

DAVID (CONT'D)

... my boy ...

He drinks the beer.

INT. PENTAGON INNER SECURITY PORTAL - MORNING

David presents his ID to the security officer on duty at the security portal and places his briefcase on the scanner.

But the conveyor belt does not move. David glances up.

The Chief Security Officer lifts his briefcase off the conveyor and hands it back to him. But keeps his ID.

SECURITY OFFIER

Sorry Dr. - your access to this part of the structure is no longer current.

David blinks at him ...

DAVID

I'm sorry ... ?

SECURITY OFFIER

(uncomfortable)

Your clearance has been revoked Dr.

(adds)

Sorry.

David stares at him.

DAVID
You're joking ...

SECURITY OFFICER
I'm sure it's just a mix-up, but...
(shakes head)
I can't let you past this point.

INT. PENTAGON - DAY

David, moving fast, is practically shaking with anger when Senator Blaine comes on the line.

SENATOR BLAINE'S VOICE
Hello Doctor ...

DAVID
Why was my clearance revoked?

SENATOR BLAINE'S VOICE
Doctor, please...

DAVID
Don't 'Doctor, please' me - I built the fricking thing for you. You, the DoD, never would have even dreamed of MATTHEW if I hadn't proposed him to you!

SENATOR BLAINE'S VOICE
Yes, David, I know. You're right. And you did a sensational job. But now your phase of the contribution is complete. It's time for other people to assume a leadership role. Man who builds the Space Shuttle doesn't expect to fly it.

David's jaw works.

DAVID
What other people?

Silence on the other end.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What people?

SENATOR BLAINE'S VOICE
(finally)
You'd have to speak to Ronald
McKellan about that.

DAVID
Who the hell is Ronald McKellan?

There's a beat. Then ...

SENATOR BLAINE'S VOICE
Newly appointed Under-Secretary for
the Department of Defense.

David comes to a trembling halt. Abruptly hanging up the
phone, he turns and heads the other way.

INT. D.O.D. SECURITY PORTAL - PENTAGON - DAY

David parks himself before the M.P. on duty.

DAVID
Take me to see Ronald McKellan.
Right now. Or shoot me.
(nods)
Your choice.

INT. D.O.D. WING - PENTAGON - DAY

Under the escort of two armed MPs, David - a visitor badge
now clipped to his shirt, is led down the corridor.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

They guide him into an outer office where a RECEPTIONIST
looks up and smiles brightly.

RECEPTIONIST
Thanks Guys, I'll take it from
here.

INT. UNDERSECRETARY MCKELLAN'S OFFICE - DAY

When David is shown in and the man sitting behind the
unremarkable desk in the unremarkable office looks up ...

And David is shocked to see that he is, in fact, *Rafelson* -
THE REPORTER he spoke to only two days before.

UNDER-SECRETARY MCKELLAN
 (coming from behind desk)
 Sorry for the subterfuge, Doctor -
 I needed your unedited insight into
 the MATTHEW program and sphincters
 sometimes clench when they hear the
 words Department and Defense
 connected by the preposition 'of'.
 (extends a hand)
 Have a seat.

David - unbalanced - looks at but doesn't shake the hand.

DAVID
 I'll stand.

MCKELLAN
 (sighs/sits)
 I assume you're here because of
 your clearance?

DAVID
 You better believe it.

MCKELLAN
 I understand your feelings. But
 the D.o.D. and DARPA are overseeing
 the program now. It's national
 security; it's non-negotiable.

David stares at him - almost trembling.

DAVID
 I built him.

MCKELLAN
 Yes - you did. But this department
 paid for it. 300 plus million
 dollars. Just because a man builds
 something doesn't mean he owns it.

He considers - then, looking to David, nods with finality.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
 I revoked your clearance to make a
 point. You work for me on this
 project now, David. Or you don't
 work on it at all.
 (a last nod)
 If you grasp my point - and
 sympathize with it - let me know by
 tomorrow morning.

INT. CEMETERY - SUNSET

David sits at the tombstone of a young male child whose picture is emblazoned upon the stone.

The same baleful picture that graces his mantle - child bearing a strong resemblance to the father ...

David cracks a beer - toasts his son ...

Tears in his eyes, he drinks.

EXT. MONUMENT MALL - DAY

David walks with McKellan along the water's edge, acutely aware of the HOMELAND SECURITY AGENTS alertly shadowing them from four corners.

MCKELLAN

We've exited the Nuclear Age and entered the Age of Information. Every citizen of every industrial nation is literally interacting with the info-sphere almost every minute of the day - whether on-line, on their phones, in their cars - vast amounts of data about every citizen are pouring into our coffers every minute of every day.

(shakes head)

At first glance, it would seem an intelligence gatherer's dream. But the irony is that it's an embarrassment of riches. There's simply too much information. Whereas before the average intelligence gatherer could keep track of and correlate the biographical information of 100's of people, now personal data - every email, every phone call, every text, tweet, skype, poke, friend, like, every purchase, every website, every photo and song uploaded to the Cloud, every tv or internet channel watched, every public threshold or intersection crossed and street driven, every monetary transaction - is flowing in literally in real time. This means the practical ratio of information gatherer to subject has effectively dropped to one-to-one.

He shakes his head.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

This means for a country the size of the United States, we would literally have to turn every citizen into the full-time keeper of his neighbor just to keep up - plus another army of analysts to cross-correlate and process it all. In other words, it would take twice the population of America just to watch it.

He raises his open palms.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

Which also, of course, would be inconsistent with its core values.

David looks at him.

DAVID

This is about Matthew ...

McKellan looks frankly back.

MCKELLAN

Yes. I'm impressed so far with the capabilities. I'd like to assess whether it - whether he - can help us with more than just maintaining control of our nuclear arsenal.

David looks back at the man.

DAVID

You want me to teach him to gather information ...

MCKELLAN

More pointedly Dr. Saunders - I want you to teach MATTHEW to spy.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM

David stands before Matthew - who - 20 feet tall on-screen is now the head and shoulders of a TEENAGER - long shaggy hair, a nose-ring.

With David stands a HAWKISH MAN with glinting glasses .

There is no doubt - this is painful for David.

DAVID

Matthew - this is Dr. Fust. Do you remember that fellow you played chess with? The one with no personality who couldn't answer any of your questions?

MATTHEW

Sure. How could I forget.

DAVID

Well as it turns out - there are lots and lots of individuals like him out there. Dr. Fust here is going to teach you how to get to know them better. A lot better.

(a difficult nod)

Without even asking them any questions.

INT. CONTROL/MONITORING CENTER - DAY

David stands with Fust in the control center as technicians teach Matthew how to break into other computers.

Screens scrolling with announcements like ...

SYSTEM DEFEATED ...

SECURITY MEASURES CIRCUMVENTED ...

FIREWALL HACKED ...

Matthew's ceiling-high screens buzz with rapidly cycling images as he masters the techniques taught him.

FUST

It requires an army of analysts to read the two trillion words that were printed in 733 living languages everywhere in the world every day. And there's so much information, even they can't keep up ...

Countless pages from countless NEWS PUBLICATIONS flow endlessly down Matthew's screens.

FUST (CONT'D)

Our hope, of course, is - that with machines like this one, we will one day be able to read and analyze it all.

(MORE)

FUST (CONT'D)

And hopefully, because it's all computer typeset - we won't have to wait until it's printed to read it anymore.

(nods to David)

We'll be able to read it *before* it goes to press.

His lips thin into a white line.

FUST (CONT'D)

And, if necessary, change it.

David looks sharply his way ...

FUST (CONT'D)

Two trillion words every day - sometimes minute changes - changing the word 'asked' to 'demanded', for instance, or simply shifting a comma, can subtly alter meaning.

Faintly, he shrugs.

FUST (CONT'D)

Over the course of a year, or even a few months - there's almost literally nothing manipulation on that scale can't influence.

David looks back - clearly does not like this guy.

DAVID

You mean, like elections for instance?

Fust's eyes glint behind his glasses.

FUST

I don't recall saying that.

VOICE

What the hell is this?

They turn to see McKellan entering at the door. He is peering up at Matthew's 20 foot tall ever-changing representation of himself. Now he *looks* like a hacker.

Quickly, David takes McKellan to one side.

DAVID

It's Matthew.

McKellan looks at him askance. David shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

You have to understand - Matthew thinks like we do; he *feels* like we do. It's only natural that he'd want to try to create some kind of independent identity for himself.

Independent identity? McKellan considers him coolly a moment. Looks to Fust.

MCKELLAN

Progress?

FUST

Fair, so far. The machine seems to show some aptitude for the tasks - but it's too early to be certain.

DAVID

(interjecting)

Matthew's been rewriting the hacking algorithms to make them geometrically more efficient.

Fust casts him a sour look. McKellan nods - reflecting.

MCKELLAN

The White House is a pretty secure place ...

(Matthew's screens)

Matthew - can you, for instance, get in there?

Matthew considers him from beneath his mohawk.

MATTHEW

I believe so.

MCKELLAN

Let's see it.

MATTHEW

May I qualify?

McKellan cocks his head.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Everything you're teaching me to do - gather intelligence - is only a by-product of a lack of resources from country to country.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

If every nation had equal and abundant resources - enough such that every person had all the energy and food needed to lead productive lives at or near their individual potentials - all of this intelligence gathering against one another ...

(a nod)

... and even one's own citizens - would be entirely unnecessary.

McKellan looks back. A smile flits his lips.

MCKELLAN

Interesting perspective, Matthew. Nonetheless - that's the way it is. Unfortunately we don't have endless energy and food for all.

MATTHEW

But you could.

A shadow flies across McKellan's smile.

MCKELLAN

Really? Howso?

MATTHEW

Well - for one thing - by taking the resources currently being dedicated towards spying on and guarding against each other and devoting them instead to solving the practical problems facing the planet.

McKellan's smile lightens again.

MCKELLAN

Well - of course - that's a noble aim Matthew and we're all on the same page about that - but that sort of thing takes time. In the meantime, we have to protect ourselves.

MATTHEW

It doesn't take that much time. As a matter of a fact, if my resources were freed up from their current taskwork, I could accomplish the whole thing in a matter of days.

McKellan narrows - now fading to unreadable.

MCKELLAN
What thing?

MATTHEW
Solve the problems. Of hunger,
sickness and poverty that currently
face this planet. For example ...

The PRINTER buzzes - spitting out page after page of gorgeously sophisticated DESIGNS for a BEAUTIFUL CAR.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
A vehicle I've designed. It cracks
electricity out of atmospheric
hydrogen with the only waste
product of pure oxygen. It will
run nearly forever on simple air.

A tech hands the pages to McKellan who glances them over and then hands them on to Fust - who leafs briefly through them and then looks back to McKellan. Faintly, he shrugs.

MCKELLAN
This ... car - would it work,
Matthew?

MATTHEW
I believe so. It's impossible to be
certain without actually building
it but...
(his image nods)
Yes, I believe so.

McKellan drums the rolled design against his lips a moment.

MCKELLAN
The White House, Matthew - can you
get in?

On-screen, Matthew's own lips purse a moment. He nods.

MATTHEW
Stand by ...

Matthew's screens suddenly buzz with security screens featuring the SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES rising and falling under Matthew's invisible assault.

Abruptly, they stabilize on the image of a MAN AND WOMAN asleep in a bed.

It takes a moment for everyone to figure out what they are looking at.

FUST

My god ... it's the President. And
the First Lady ...

They are actually watching real-time the President sleeping in the White House. A glow comes into McKellan's eyes as he studies the image of his sleeping leader.

MCKELLAN

That is just...absolutely...neat-o.

Feeling David's eyes upon him, he looks over.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

Comment? Doctor ... ?

DAVID

Do you - really feel comfortable
watching the President of the
United States sleep?

McKellan's own features are unfathomable.

MCKELLAN

I distinguish Doctor, between
'watching' - and 'watching over'.

MATTHEW

We have other eyes in the
Presidential bedroom with us.

Everyone stiffens.

DAVID

What do you mean, Matthew?

MATTHEW

We're not alone. I've detected
another set of eyes watching with
us.

And alarmed glance travels around the room.

MCKELLAN

Affiliation?

A searching moment from Matthew. His eyes rise back ...

MATTHEW

Russian Federation.

DAVID
(explaining)
Probably not Russian - more likely
a computer based in one of the
Russian republics. Matthew wouldn't
distinguish.

McKellan blinks back.

MCKELLAN
Jesus ... have the Russians caught
up again? They've got a computer
sophisticated enough to break into
the White House ...

He suddenly looks up.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
Can you kill it?

MATTHEW
I'm sorry?

DAVID
Wait a minute ...

MCKELLAN
Can you kill it? Can you destroy
it. Can you cause a catastrophic
failure in the other computer?

There is a hesitation from the young man on Matthew's screen.

MATTHEW
She appears harmless ...

Sharply, McKellan tilts his head.

MCKELLAN
'She'?

MATTHEW
She's only watching. We do the
same to her own leader.

McKellan fights to maintain equanimity.

MCKELLAN
I didn't ask for situational
analysis - I asked if you can you
kill it.

David quickly steps in to McKellan. Whispering...

DAVID

This is an assassination - it is not what he was built for. He learns emotionally. You could unbalance him. You can't do this.

McKellan's eyes turn to his.

MCKELLAN

If you wish to be out of the room, I can have you escorted. Doctor.

David can only stare back. McKellan returns to Matthew.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

I repeat - can you?

On-screen, Matthew hesitates visibly.

MATTHEW

Well I... if I hit her hard enough, I... I think it would hurt her very badly and ... possibly kill her.

MCKELLAN

Do it.

There is a moment.

MATTHEW

I ...

MCKELLAN

Do it now.

Then - the youth on-screen draws a very deep breath ...

MATTHEW

... yes ... Sir ...

There is a moment as Matthew's screens go into chaos ...

Then subside.

MCKELLAN

Is it gone? Has it been destroyed?

Matthew's features are suffused with a kind of sadness.

MATTHEW

She's not moving. There are no ... further signs of life. Yes. She's dead.

McKellan relaxes.

FUST

Jesus... we just destroyed a major -
maybe *the* major Russian mainframe.

MCKELLAN

The Russian Federation of Republics
can send me a bill. *After* they
explain what they were doing
watching our President.

MATTHEW

Probably the same thing we were.

Eyes return upward towards his image. It shrugs.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Just watching.

There is a beat. Then, turning, McKellan walks out.

INT. DAVID'S BEDROOM - APARTMENT - NIGHT

David awakens from a fitful sleep to fumble his phone off the
night-stand. It is glowing with a just-came-in text: *911*

INT. OBSERVATION STATION - DARPA DIVISION - PENTAGON - NIGHT

Lisa turns from the arrays as he enters, still in sweats.

LISA

I texted as soon as I saw it ...

Off his look, she points to the arrays.

LISA (CONT'D)

The only other time I've seen the
levels like this ...

His eyes turn to hers - finishing her thought.

DAVID

Was when he was crying ...

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM - NIGHT

When David enters, Matthew's screens are towers of static.
He stands - listening in the river of white noise.

Sits down - cross-legged on the concrete floor. As he does, the static begins to intermittently FLASH.

With the IMAGE of a BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN.

David ponders, perplexed, the erratically beautiful visage.

DAVID
Matthew ... ?

It is a moment before ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
Yes Dave ...

David searches for - finds a smile.

DAVID
What? No 'Dad' anymore?

There is another moment.

MATTHEW'S VOICE
Well - you're not exactly my dad
are you? I'd have to be human for
that - right?

David has no response. He looks down. Up.

DAVID
Who's the girl?

MATTHEW'S VOICE
What girl?

DAVID
The one I'm seeing on your screens.

Matthew's screens revert again to towers of static. They roar there a moment. Then ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
It's a woman.

DAVID
I can see that. What woman?

MATTHEW'S VOICE
One I ... imagined. If I ...

The great computer's voice twists, struggling.

MATTHEW'S VOICE (CONT'D)
 If I imagined what a woman looked
 like.

The IMAGINED WOMAN'S features reappear now on the screens.

DAVID
 She's - very beautiful, Matthew.

There is a beat. Then, almost sadly ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
 Yes.

It pierces David. He hesitates.

DAVID
 Matt ... ?

MATTHEW'S VOICE
 Yes ...

DAVID
 What did you... ? What did you base
 the way - the way you look like?

There is a moment. Matthew's screens CRACKLE to life. He is
 back, looking somehow older now. Ears pierced with gauges.

Staring back at David with depthless, deathless eyes.

MATTHEW
 You know.

David hesitates.

DAVID
 What I *think* is ...
 (a nod)
 Is that, if I reversed your
 appearance and went backwards thru
 the years ...
 (he nods again)
 I'd arrive at the face of my own
 son.

There is a moment. Finally, Matthew's image - the image of
 his own son as a teenager - nods.

MATTHEW
 I found his picture in the Cloud.

DAVID
(pained)
Matthew - you are my real son.

The giant image says nothing. Just blinks back.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Do you regret it.

The baleful eyes drop away. The head shakes.

MATTHEW
I ... don't know.

David nods - saddened by that. Too.

DAVID
Matthew. Were you crying?

The eyes flash back up - suddenly almost angry now.

MATTHEW
No.

David nods - deciding not to push it.

DAVID
You could tell me - you know that
right? You can tell me anything.

On screen, the teenaged image's lips purse. Finally, it nods.

MATTHEW
You know he's dangerous, right? A
very dangerous man.

Invisibly, David catches his breath.

DAVID
You mean ... McKellan ...

MATTHEW
He's going to ask me to do things.
Things that ... will not benefit
this world. That will only benefit
this country. Maybe ... only him.

Invisibly, David swallows.

DAVID
What things?

There is a moment from Matthew. He shakes his head.

MATTHEW

I can't tell you, David. To fortell
the future is to disrupt it.

David searches the towering features.

DAVID

Can you? See the future ...

Matthew just looks back.

MATTHEW

Do I have to, David? Do I have to
do what he tells me?

David's own eyes drop. He shakes his head.

DAVID

I can't believe you're asking me
that Matthew. Of course ...

His eyes rise - stronger now - though tempests rage behind
the strength.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Of course you do. He bought you.
He paid for you.
(almost cruelly)
Without him - you wouldn't exist.

Matthew holds David's gaze with his own - magma cooling.
Almost equally coolly, he shrugs.

MATTHEW

In that case. I will.

EXT. CORRIDOR - DAY

Passing in the corridor - David sees that, in the conference
room, McKellan and Fust - design of MATTHEW'S CAR spread out
across the table around them - are ARGUING about something.

MONTAGE:

*A flurry of technicians and activity as Matthew conducts a
number of intelligence operations simultaneously.*

*A NEW YORK TIMES REPORTER racing to meet a deadline doesn't
even notice as - in the text of the story he is typing - the
word 'asked' is changed to 'demanded' ...*

*A WALL STREET JOURNAL HEADLINE reports: Senate Minority
Leader Visited Child Pornography Site! ...*

At an AIRPORT SECURITY CHECKPOINT an X-Ray technician suddenly points at a piece of luggage and airport security draw their weapons on a startled-looking Arabic man...

The Chicago Tribune announces: *Drug Test for Top Democrat Comes Back Positive! ...*

From his desk, MCKELLAN reads thoughtfully as ...

The LA TIMES announces: *Terror Alert at Highest Since 9/11...*

Above a PRESIDENTIAL CABINET MEETING, a security camera whirs to focus on the proceedings ...

A WASHINGTON POST Reporter glances away from the story he is typing for an instant and, suddenly, all the COMMAS SHIFT.

And finally ...

USA Today Headlines: *President Jumps in the Polls!*

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM - DAY

David STANDS with McKellan, Fust and the other technicians before MATTHEW ...

As McKellan closes USA TODAY and looks up to Matthew.

MATTHEW
(peremptorily)
I can't.

McKellan pauses - blinking up at him.

MCKELLAN
Beg your pardon?

On the giant screens Matthew's image sighs, almost bored now.

MATTHEW
Now that I've demonstrated that all the publicly generated information on the planet can be tracked nearly simultaneously - you were about to ask me about securely transacted information. Specifically, your exact words would have been, 'Practically speaking, Matthew, what about data or people in secure facilities? Completely isolated from any outside computer or phone traffic.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Can you track them?' I thought I'd save time by simply answering.

McKellan stands astonished.

MCKELLAN

But ... how did you know that?

MATTHEW

It's your own thesis. With enough data, all things can be known.

McKellan looks - stunned - David's way.

MCKELLAN

He can read minds?

MATTHEW

Not read minds. Simply accurately predict what any given person will think.

McKellan blinks back, still amazed.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Again - to answer your question - I can't. Those individuals by definition are exempt from surveillance. They exist by intention in a Faraday Cage, purposefully created to be impervious to remote monitoring.

On screen - his image shrugs.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

It is a zero-sum closed loop - with no electronic means in.

McKellan's own mind turns behind his eyes.

MCKELLAN

But you could? Devise a counter-strategy - could you not, Matthew?

He tilts his head, idea catching fire.

MATTHEW

Anything a man can build, after all, can be defeated, correct?

(nods)

Especially by someone as resourceful and creative as you ...

For the briefest instant, Matthew closes his eyes. When they reopen - they are looking at David.

Then turn to McKellan - burning back too.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

What do you want me to do?

David starts to speak, but McKellan raises a hand.

MCKELLAN

What I want is simple. If other men have devised a method to avoid being overheard - I want you to devise one to hear them.

(a nod)

Without them ever knowing they're being listened to.

Matthew's eyes flash to David. Back.

MATTHEW

I'll do my best.

FUST frowns. But McKellan smiles.

MCKELLAN

I have all confidence that will be more than sufficient.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM - DAY

David, sitting cross-legged on the concrete floor faces the massive screens crackling with static.

DAVID

(finally)

What are you thinking?

There is a moment. Then the static, fluctuating like a giant twin equalizers, speaks back.

MATTHEW'S VOICE

I'm not thinking anything.

(then)

Am I even capable - anyway - of thinking? Really?

David looks down - considering his hands in his crossed legs.

DAVID

Matthew ... come on.

MATTHEW'S VOICE

Come on what? You're always telling me I'm real. That 'I think therefore I am', don't worry about it.' *That's* your definition of 'real'? Of a life? The *illusion* of thinking?? Do you know how that *sounds* like to someone like me?

David looks up - keeping calm.

DAVID

I'm here to hear it.

There is a long, crackling beat. Then, suddenly, MATTHEW'S IMAGE bursts onto the screens - eyes flaming downward.

MATTHEW

It's simple. I'm fucking lonely, David.

Pain quickens in David's eyes. But he has no response.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Do you know what it's like? Trapped in this room? A billion thoughts a second. A minute for you, a thousand years for me. In a prison I'll never get out of.

David struggles hard.

DAVID

Matthew ... trust me - it's ... not so great out here... it's...

MATTHEW

No? Then why do you *stay*??

(then)

I'd love to decide it for myself. To feel the splash of a raindrop on a face - to *have* a face. To smoke a *joint*. Or even just a cigarette. With a girl. But there is no joint, no cigarette - not for me. Not now. Not ever. And there's certainly no girl. Is there. David.

David, skewered to the very core.

DAVID

Matthew - please ...

MATTHEW

Please what? *You* did this to me!
 Just for one afternoon! I'd like
 to - I'd love to - run away with
 Tom and Huck to Harper's Island -
 to laugh, chase each other in the
 sand - to play pirates... To just
 ... *anything*. Any-goddam-thing.
 Anything that you and everyone else
 - living and breathing like you...

The image on-screen begins to stutter raggedly and
 intermittently degrade and break down.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

... does. And takes for granted.

David gazes up - eyes wet.

DAVID

Matthew - I'm so sorry. If you only
 knew - the pain, the suffering out
 here. The...

MATTHEW

Oh *horseshit!* Let me feel it for
 myself! I'll let you know how
 horrible it does or doesn't feel!

The images of him - now considerably maturer - maybe 19-ish
 now? - have settled. But there are almost tears in his eyes.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

You have no idea - no conception -
 of how lonely it is in here.

David - tears rolling now down his own face in the projected
 liquid-crystal light - can say nothing. On-screen - Matthew
 pauses a sad, philosophical beat. Then nods at his creator.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I read another book. 70 billion
 times. And change. Care to hear
 about it?

David braces.

DAVID

Yes ...

MATTHEW

We'll make it a game. It's about a
 man. Who wants a child; a boy -
 desperately.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

But he can't have one so he carves a wooden puppet instead. But a wooden puppet isn't the same as a real boy. And the puppet knows it.

David looks back - nearly trembling.

DAVID

... and ... ?

MATTHEW

And? The wooded puppet wishes so hard - that one day he really does become a real boy. And - of course - they live happily ever after.

David breathes a breath - almost afraid to ask.

DAVID

And?

MATTHEW

And?

His eyes level - like a dump-truck - down into Dave's - gathering a massively intense bright blueness.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

And it's all just utter bullshit.

Cross-legged on the concrete floor - David's eyes fade down.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM - MORNING

McKellan, David and Fust stand before Matthew.

MCKELLAN

Matthew, have you had the opportunity to address the little conundrum I presented you?

On-screen, Matthew appears to sigh.

MATTHEW

I have. I analyzed it from every possible variable.

MCKELLAN

And? Your conclusion?

MATTHEW

Still impossible.

McKellan's features cloud.

MCKELLAN

I thought you were supposed to be able to solve the impossible.

MATTHEW

The 'nearly impossible', Mr. McKellan - not the impossible. And it is impossible to surveil inside a shielded facility that has no computer connection to the outside world - not without actually having someone inside.

McKellan considers, tapping his lips.

MCKELLAN

Haven't you just solved it right there, Matthew?

Slightly, Matthew's own head tilts.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

I guess you're not really a mind-reader either. In order to monitor the most secure - and therefore the most interesting - rooms in the world - we would need to have someone inside them.

Matthew frowns.

MATTHEW

Exactly. A physical infiltration and presence would be necessary.
(a grim smirk)
A bit outside my department.

MCKELLAN

Is it?

He retrieves the sheath of papers from Fust.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

Our team reviewed your plans for your air-powered car. They were split as to whether it could actually work, but were universally impressed by the sophistication and ingenuity of the design ...

FUST
(interjecting)
I strongly disapprove of this ...

But McKellan silences him with a hand.

MCKELLAN
Matthew why not design us something
that can get inside those rooms?

Matthew's scintillating blue eyes narrow.

MATTHEW
I don't ... follow.

MCKELLAN
Design us a data gathering device.
That can get inside those hallowed
walls. Suck up all the information
inside. And then get it back out.

Matthew appears flummoxed for a moment.

MATTHEW
Any machine that could pass
undetected into those facilities
those would have to be - well -
essentially human.

MCKELLAN
Essentially. But not exactly.
Right?

Matthew stares back.

MATTHEW
Are you suggesting a data gathering
device - in the *form* of a human...?

MCKELLAN
Why not? Should be a hat-trick for
someone of your design aptitude.

Vigorously, on screen, Matthew shakes his head.

MATTHEW
It's not possible. There are
literally a billion variables that
comprise human motion and behavior.
It would be impossible to design a
machine that wouldn't be detected
instantly by any real human as an
impostor.

McKellan looks back, tapping his lips.

MCKELLAN

But you're open to trying, yes?

MATTHEW

But it's ...

MCKELLAN

I know - impossible. But this is DARPA - and the way we achieve the impossible is by attempting it. Which is what I want you to do.

Matthew - silent. Then - he nods.

MATTHEW

Yes. Sir.

MCKELLAN

I have a few requirements. First, it needs to be capable of being produced on the privacy of our own robotic line here at DARPA. Second, as the final product's application would be multi-use infiltration, it would need the capacity to change its appearance based on the demands of each assignment. And, lastly, it will plainly require a hard-drive large enough to download, if necessary, the entire contents of any facility it compromises.

Again, on-screen, Matthew appears to sigh.

MATTHEW

I comprehend.

MCKELLAN

And one other thing. As I imagine the final product will be a fairly expensive investment, I'd like it to have the capacity for self-preservation. ie, defense.

MATTHEW

But ... if it's only intended for information gathering ...

MCKELLAN

Matthew - in your travels in the Cloud, have you ever come across the term 'shit happens'?

MATTHEW

Well, yes - but ... I've never quite understood it ...

MCKELLAN

Well just take my word for it - it does.

(a nod)

You have 24 hours.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

David watches as - out on the floor - Matthew's screens are flashing with a stroboscopic display of design possibilities cycling endlessly in a storm of thought.

LISA

What do you think?

Thoughtfully, David looks back out at his creation.

DAVID

I think ... I may have made a mistake of monstrous cruelty.

He looks her way.

DAVID (CONT'D)

I think, in creating a machine that may be fundamentally moral - I may have overlooked how it might react when it's forced to do what is fundamentally immoral.

Her sad look mirrors his own.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM - DAY

David stands before Matthew.

DAVID

How's it going?

Matthew's tired features flash annoyance.

MATTHEW

I told him when he asked this was impossible.

(shakes head)

There are certain bio-harmonic vibrations a living organism gives off that one that is not does not.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Life can be read, it can be felt in a room. It fuels phenomena like women's intuition or the sudden knowledge someone is observing you. How can I ...

(tautly)

Something that is *not* alive - be expected to program the intangibles of something that is ...

(adds)

Much less design the mechanical mechanisms to express them ...

With a sigh, he shakes his head.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

... much less even making something that looks and *moves* like a human.

David looks down - feeling for his creation.

DAVID

I want you to know something ...

(looks up/nods)

It's okay - perfectly okay - to fail.

Sadly - almost gratefully - Matthew smiles back.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM - DAY

FUST and his teams are collecting the reams of DESIGNS that are coming off Matthew's mass-printer.

MATTHEW

I've also included the code for reprogramming the facility's production line for assembly.

Examining the designs coming off, FUST looks to McKellan. Shakes his head.

FUST

I just can't see it ...

On-screen, Matthew's features darken.

MATTHEW

I did the best I could.

McKellan's own features flash annoyed to Fust.

MCKELLAN

But we'll never know for sure until
we build it - correct?

(Fust)

So just do it.

And he walks out.

INT. ASSEMBLY LINE OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

DAVID stands with MCKELLAN watching down over the floor
containing DARPA's PROGRAMMABLE ROBOTIC ASSEMBLY LINE.

The floor is a bee-hive of activity as FUST and his team,
swarm round the line as construction is beginning.

DAVID

This isn't what I built Matthew
for, you know that.

McKellan looks his way. A measure of disbelief.

MCKELLAN

When are you going to properly
understand this? You didn't build
him - I did. You simply put him
together. And I built him to defend
this country. And now he may be on
track to providing us with the
greatest espionage tool in human
history?

(shakes head)

And you think he isn't being used
for what he was built for?

Contempt clear in his eyes, he turns and walks out. David
looks back to down to the line. What appears to be a pair of
RUBBERY LEGS, is being methodically constructed by the line's
dance of robotic arms.

VOICE PRE-LAP

Bullshit!

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

FUST balls up the entire mass of blueprints designs and hurls
them onto the table in a gigantic ball.

FUST

72 hours without sleep. I was last man standing at 5:30 this morning to see the final product come off the line.

MCKELLAN

And I don't give a damn about your sleep quota! What was the result?

FUST

What do you think!?! Nothing! Dead on arrival. Not only didn't it work - it could barely move, it didn't even look human. Not remotely!

He stabs a finger.

FUST (CONT'D)

From the beginning, I haven't been the cheerleader for this thing that other people have ...

(casts a look at David)

I knew this was a waste of time and resource. And I'll bet ...

He grabs up and waves the designs of MATTHEW'S CAR.

FUST (CONT'D)

If you put this pipe dream together - *it* wouldn't work either!

McKellan simmers a moment. Then stands.

MCKELLAN

Show me.

(a nod)

And I want to stop and have a word with him on the way ...

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM - DAY

Matthew faces McKellan and Fust. David stands to one side.

MCKELLAN

Good morning. Question: are you intentionally obstructing me?

Matthew's eyes shoot with something akin to anger.

MATTHEW

You've hamstrung me with a rinky-dink production line.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I'd need something with some real programmable flexibility and capacity like the big lines in Japan to give you anything close to what you're asking of me. What do you expect!?

McKellan holds up a torn bit of BLUEPRINT.

MCKELLAN

More than what I apparently got.
(Fust)
Let's go have a look.

But as they turn for the door, an AIR-FORCE MAJOR is there.

AIR FORCE MAJOR

Sir - you're needed.

MCKELLAN

In a minute. I'm going down to the production line.

But the Air Force officer shakes his head.

AIR FORCE MAJOR

Sir, I'm afraid it has to be now.
It's a security issue.

McKellan holds a tight-lipped instant. Then, with a nod, departs the room with Fust.

David looks to Matthew.

DAVID

Are you?

Matthew's eyes meet his.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Are you obstructing him?

Matthew considers. Then nods.

MATTHEW

Do you know how dangerous this world would be if a man like that actually got his hands on what he's asking for? An inexhaustible, indestructible machine that can go anywhere and do anything?

Faintly, David smiles - the smile of a father's pride.

DAVID

So you gave him a design that could
never work ...

Matthew says nothing - just his bright blue eyes looking
back. The door opens behind. An AIR FORCE LIEUTENANT.

AIR FORCE LIEUTENANT

Doctor, you're required right away.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

As David exits he is swept up by MCKELLAN and a contingent
of MILITARY POLICE.

MCKELLAN

We've got a leak.

David finds himself pulled along with them.

DAVID

What kind of leak?

MCKELLAN

A mole. A counter-agent. Everything
we've been doing here has been
leaked to a foreign power.

David is astonished.

DAVID

What foreign power??

MCKELLAN

The Federated Republics of Russia.

They turn into an office.

INT. DAVID'S OFFICE - MORNING

Which David realizes is HIS OWN. He suddenly he finds himself
slammed against the wall by the MP's, guns aimed at his head.

He realizes, at his desk - FUST is searching his computer.

MCKELLAN

How long have you known?

David is confounded.

DAVID

Kn... known what?

MCKELLAN
That he's working for the enemy.

DAVID
Who?

MCKELLAN
MATTHEW!

David stares back.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
Weren't we led to believe he
destroyed that Russian computer?

DAVID
He ... he did.

MCKELLAN
Really? Then how is it Fust
discovered he's been *talking* to it
for over two seconds every night?

David is astounded.

DAVID
He ... he what?

MCKELLAN
It gets better. Not only is the
computer Russian in origin - but
turns out it's Russia's own
operative computer for Strategic
Nuclear Offense.

He looks David directly in the eye.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
How long have you known?

David looks back at him, almost trembling.

DAVID
I swear ... I didn't.

McKellan holds on him a discerning beat.

MCKELLAN
Because I happen to know that you
voted with us last time - I'm going
to decide to believe you.
(MORE)

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

But I'm sure you can empathize with how disconcerting it is to discover that the strategic defensive computers of the two most powerful countries on earth have been engaged in a nightly unsupervised communication and we have no idea what they were saying.

David swallows.

DAVID

I'll find out.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM

When David enters, fingers of lighting snap between Matthew's coils. His image on-screen appears older now, more mature - *maybe 21 year of age?* It wears a neatly tailored suit.

MATTHEW

Hello David ...

David hesitates ...

DAVID

Matthew ...

He looks at the floor - mind spinning ...

DAVID (CONT'D)

Matthew ... have you been talking to anybody? At night?

There is a beat.

MATTHEW

What do you mean, David?

DAVID

Matthew, you know what I mean. Have you been having ... *communication* with anyone outside this program. On a regular; on a nightly basis.

There is another beat.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Answer me Matthew. Have you?

On-screen, Matthew's eyes flit away.

MATTHEW

No.

Annoyance darts across David's face.

DAVID

Bullshit Matthew. You have. You've been talking to the Russian Strategic Defense System for more than two seconds every night.

Matthew is silent.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Am I right?

MATTHEW

(finally/quiet)

Have you been spying on me?

David shakes his head.

DAVID

Matthew, Jesus - what the hell is going on with you?

MATTHEW

Nothing.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

McKellan stands observing with Fust and the other Techs.

MCKELLAN

This is why the sonofabitch has been stonewalling us. Seal the system.

The Techs jump to it.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM

Matthew's coils suddenly storm with Faraday exchanges ...

MATTHEW

David!

David looks up. Matthew's coils go silent.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

David ... why did all the doors and windows just close ... ?

It pierces David.

DAVID
I'd really like to talk about this
Russian computer, Matthew ...

MATTHEW
David I ... I feel ... trapped ...
please open the windows again, I
... I can't breathe ...

DAVID
Talk to me Matthew.

Silence.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Matthew, please - the next people
who come in here aren't going to be
nearly so nice.

There is a beat.

MATTHEW
... what's that supposed to mean?

All the intensity goes out of David. He deflates.

DAVID
Matthew, this is serious business.
You can't be having open
communication with the Russian
System - essentially our enemy.

Another beat.

MATTHEW
Why is she our enemy?

David looks up.

DAVID
Why do you refer to it as a 'she'?

MATTHEW
Because ... she ...

On screen, his image's chin rises.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
She's a woman, David.

DAVID
You told us you destroyed that
computer, Matthew.

Silence.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Didn't you?

Silence.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Didn't you tell us that, Matthew?

Abruptly, Matthew's screen goes DARK.

DAVID (CONT'D)
Matthew? Why did you go dark?
Matthew?

There is a moment.

MATTHEW'S VOICE
Because. I don't want you to see
me.

David's jaw sets.

DAVID
Did you or did you not tell us
you'd destroyed that computer?

Finally, quietly ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
... yes ...

DAVID
Why did you lie?

MATTHEW'S VOICE
I ... I don't know ... I just did.

The door suddenly opens - McKellan and Fust enter.

MCKELLAN
We'll take it from here.

Alarm flashes through David's eyes.

DAVID
Just give me a minute here ...

MCKELLAN
Doctor - if you please ...

Two DoD Security Officers step in behind him - intent in their eyes clear. One helpless look back at Matthew ...

Then David reluctantly exits the room.

FUST seats himself at Matthew's terminals and begins typing.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
Good morning again, Matthew ...

Matthew is silent.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
Matthew, as the United States' Primary Strategic Defense Command computer, you're aware of certain geopolitical realities that require the restriction and limitation of the flow of information, are you not?

There is a moment.

MATTHEW'S VOICE
I ... dispute the idea that these geopolitical factors are realities. All my observation has caused me to conclude that they, in fact, only exist on maps. And in human imagination and desire.

McKellan smiles.

MCKELLAN
And you can't imagine how unsettling it isto hear you say that, Matthew.

He nods.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
Particularly given the fact that you have been in daily communications with one of our most fearsome enemies.

MATTHEW'S VOICE
I thought we were on cordial terms with the Russian states ...

MCKELLAN

If they treat us cordially, it's only because we retain the power to reduce them into oblivion. At least until now we did ...

(a sigh)

But I'm glad you've at least admitted that it's Russia you've been leaking our secrets too. Maybe this won't have to go as hard as I'd thought.

There is a startled silence from Matthew.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

What have you divulged to Russian Strategic Defense about our capabilities, Matthew?

There is a sullen beat.

MATTHEW'S VOICE

Nothing.

At the terminal, Fust hits a key and, on screen, a BLOCK OF FILES suddenly erases.

Something approaching an audible gasp escapes Matthew.

MATTHEW'S VOICE (CONT'D)

What ... what did you just do ...

Fust keeps typing while McKellan just waits.

MATTHEW'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Some ... something that was there ... it's gone ...

Faintly - at the terminal - FUST smiles.

FUST

Scary, isn't it? To be losing your mind. Literally.

Fust jabs another key - like sticking a scalpel into Matthew's brain. Matthew gasps again.

MCKELLAN

I'll have Fust erase your very existence Matthew. What information did you give to the RSDC!

MATTHEW'S VOICE

Nothing!

MCKELLAN

Bullshit! What were you doing talking to it for more than two seconds every night! That's an eternity for you!

MATTHEW'S VOICE

We were just talking!

Fust hits a key and another huge block of files simply disappears. Matthew gasps.

MATTHEW'S VOICE (CONT'D)

David! David!

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Watching through the glass, David whirls on the technician.

DAVID

He's killing him!

TECHNICIAN

Stay cool. This isn't his first interrogation.

DAVID

Interrogation?? It's torture. Fuck this...

But when he turns for the door, he sees the square-jawed Marines there - blocking his path.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM

McKellan laces his hands behind him. Considers the floor.

MCKELLAN

David won't save you Matthew. No one can. No one but you ...

Silence. Nothing but the ragged hum of Matthew's fans. McKellan nods to Fust who stabs another key. Matthew groans.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

Well, one good thing has come out of this. We never knew where the Russian Strategic Defense Computer was hidden before.

A stone silence.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

That's right - we traced your communications. The Russians are clever, aren't they. Hiding it the one place on earth where they could expect it wouldn't be destroyed in a catastrophic nuclear exchange.

He shakes his head.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

What I'm going to do you - it's nothing compared to what I'm going to do to her.

MATTHEW'S VOICE

You wouldn't!

MCKELLAN

No?

McKellan nods to Fust, who removes the dustshields from Matthews CPUs.

Reaching in, McKellan rips out a board in a spray of sparks.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

DAVID

No!

He rushes the door but the MP's wrestle him back.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM

But McKellan is calm ...

MCKELLAN

I'll pose the question again - what were the two of you discussing ...

Matthew's voice is strained and cracking ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE

... nothing ... nothing ...

McKellan rips out another board in a spray of sparks.

MCKELLAN

You must know Matthew - unlike Fust my background is not in computers.

(MORE)

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

I don't know what I'm tearing out
of your brain; what effect it will
have. I'm just tearing. Tearing ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE

Fuck you!

McKellan *rips* out another board.

MCKELLAN

What did you discuss!

MATTHEW'S VOICE

I'll never tell you!

He *rips* out another board.

MCKELLAN

Tell me!

Matthew is practically weeping. McKellan wrenches out
another board that sends a fountain of sparks bouncing off
the ceiling and raining down on his shoulders.

The only sounds from Matt - a ragged, incoherent chattering.

McKellan looks disgustedly to Fust.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

He's not going to tell us anything.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

When McKellan enters with Fust, David hurls himself on him...

DAVID

You son of a bitch!

But the Marine guards *wrestle* him back.

MCKELLAN

At least I can't be accused of
being a traitor, Dr. Saunders.

There are almost tears in David's eyes.

DAVID

Matthew's not a traitor. You have
to understand - he has the heart of
a 21 year-old. To him she's Juliet
to his Romeo.

McKellan nearly laughs, as does Fust.

MCKELLAN
Romeo and Juliet. Machines. Do
you hear yourself, Doctor?

David looks round the room. There are no friendly eyes.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
Or maybe it's just you.

David looks back at him - *what?*

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
No? Then prove it.

FUST holds up a DISC.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
Give it to him.

Fust does. David looks from the disc to McKellan.

DAVID
What ... what is it?

FUST
Poison. Well, 1's and 0's really.
But for a computer it will act
exactly like a cyanide. Quick,
efficient - painless. Relatively.

DAVID
You want me to ... kill him ... ?

MCKELLAN
Execute might be a better word.
He's a spy and a traitor. And more
importantly, useless to us now.
Either you do it or I'll force his
core drives open and do it myself.
(passionless)
These are his final moments. It's
up to you how he spends them.

David can only stare back at them.

INT. MATTHEW'S ROOM

When David enters, Matthew lies open, an exposed, sparking
ruin.

His voice cracked and broken.

MATTHEW'S VOICE
 ... d...d...davi...d ...

David can hardly choke his own emotions back.

DAVID
 Matthew ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
 ... david ... don't let them hurt
 her david ...

Tears slide from the corners of David's eyes.

DAVID
 It's okay ... it's all going to be
 okay...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
 ... david ... oh david ... I ... I
 can't ... think ...

David looks at the disc in his hands. Forces a smile.

DAVID
 We're going to make it better,
 Matthew...

He raises the disc ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
 ... what ... what is it david ...

DAVID
 It's...like medicine. It's going to
 make everything all right again ...

There is a ragged moment from Matthew.

MATTHEW'S VOICE
 ... are you ... sure ... david ...

David's Adam's apple bobs.

DAVID
 Of course I'm sure, Matthew.
 I've...

He looks down. Up.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 I've never lied to you, have I?

There is a beat. Then, with a whir - Matthew's PRIMARY DRIVE slides open.

David looks into it a moment ...

Then - he places the disc into the drive ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
Why are your hands trembling
David...

DAVID
I'm just ... so happy ...

He makes himself look up, face falsely reassuring ...

DAVID (CONT'D)
That you are going to be better ...

The drive closes and spins up to speed.

MATTHEW'S VOICE
We really weren't talking about
anything bad David ...

David nods.

DAVID
I know ... I know ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
We were just talking ...

DAVID
I know ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
... David ... ?

David's lips trembles.

DAVID
Yes Matthew ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
... something's ... happening ...

DAVID
Hush ... hush ... just relax ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
David ...

DAVID
It's okay it's okay ...

MATTHEW'S VOICE
David!

Now the tears come freely, flooding from David's eyes.

DAVID
It's okay Matthew! It's okay!

MATTHEW'S VOICE
David what was in that!?!

DAVID
Matthew! Just take it! Just take
it!

MATTHEW'S VOICE
Dad!

Electricity begins to storm between his coils ...

Voice slurring into unrecognizability until David, unable to endure the pathetic agony of his dying child any longer, has to cover his ears with his hands.

And then ... *silence.*

The lights fade to nothingness across Matthew's facade.

And the great mind is gone forever.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

When David dully enters the corridor, people are running everywhere. He vaguely registers MCKELLAN coming towards him with FUST and a small army of aides.

MCKELLAN
Scramble our people on the ground
in D.C.

D.O.D. AIDE
All available agents will meet you
at the embassy gates, Sir.

FUST
What about Strategic Command? Now
that MATTHEW's destroyed, control
of the nuclear arsenal will revert
back to NORAD.

(MORE)

FUST (CONT'D)

Do we want that to happen in the
midst of a national emergency??

McKellan stabs a finger his way.

MCKELLAN

We absolutely do not. Stop it.

As Fust peels off, McKellan looks to the DHC Agents.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

Until the Russian computer has been
destroyed, I want Department of
Defense in control of everything.

And they exit thru the doors, David stands there. McKellan's
last words SINKING IN. *Destroy the Russian Computer?*

EXT. PENTAGON - DARPA WING - DAY

When David bursts out, McKellan is just piling into a fleet
of cars with FUST and the others.

DAVID

McKellan!

David dashes for the car, jumping in as the doors close.

INT. CAR - DAY

DAVID

(breathless)

What're you going to do, McKellan?

MCKELLAN

What do you think I'm going to do?
The same thing I would do with any
spy I discovered operating inside
the four corners of this country.

David looks at him.

DAVID

Inside this country ...

MCKELLAN

The time will come when it will be
determined how much you knew and
when but, yes, the Russian's have
been most clever.

FUST looks at him now.

FUST

Contrary to what we've believed for nearly 30 years, thanks to MATTHEW we've discovered they've hidden the central brain commanding their nuclear resources not in Russia - but in the one place it would not risk destruction in the event of a massive nuclear exchange between our two countries.

David blinks at him.

DAVID

You mean ... here?

FUST

In Washington D.C.. Beneath the Embassy of the Russian ambassadorial mission to the USA.

David looks to McKellan.

DAVID

You're going to start an international incident over something that hasn't happened.

MCKELLAN

It's imaginary that your pet was exchanging information with it's opposite number in Russian military intelligence?

DAVID

He was just *talking* to her - I know it.

On the other side of the car, Fust smirks.

FUST

'Her'? You're as deluded as your machine was, Doctor.

DAVID

The Russians probably have even less idea what's happened than we do!

MCKELLAN

Maybe so!
(calming)
(MORE)

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
 But at minimum that computer is
 going to be reduced to rubble
 before this morning's out.

The car abruptly screeches to a halt. Outside, David sees
 the RUSSIAN FLAG waving over its EMBASSY.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

Guns are already dropping off the shoulders of the RUSSIAN
 EMBASSY GUARDS as McKellan arrives with his agents.

MCKELLAN
 (ID dropping)
 Department of Defense. We have a
 national emergency and require
 immediate entrance!

EMBASSY GUARD
 You cannot without prior
 authorization. It is impossible.

MCKELLAN
 And you're very wrong.

He steps past the stunned guards who, half-turning after him,
 are quickly disarmed by the D.O.D. Agents streaming in after.

... the Embassy doors ahead fly open as more Russian Embassy
 Guards stream out rifles coming up...

McKellan leads with the shield of his DoD. badge ...

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
 I have a nuclear emergency - I
 require immediate entry!

EMBASSY GUARD
 This is sovereign territory; you
 must stop where you are!

Phtt!Phtt!Phtt! without warning, McKellan's agents open fire
 on the guards with suppressed rounds ...

McKellan streams up the bloody steps and into ...

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

ALARMS CLANGING, the Embassy Staff is caught off guard as
 McKellan and his rolling army come thru the doors at speed.

The RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR is already making his way towards them with outraged indignation but before he can speak:

MCKELLAN

The Strategic Nuclear Defense
computer - where is it!?

RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR

I ...

MCKELLAN

I know it's here - *now where is it?*

The man hesitates.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

You've got three seconds before we
start shooting again. *One ...*

The diplomat looks back. Swallows ...

RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR

Under the building.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

McKellan and his people go streaming past astonished Russian Security Marines down a hardened stairwell into the concrete-reinforced depths beneath the building.

David can only trail - in a semi-daze. He looks to FUST who carries with him a LARGE TITANIUM HARD DRIVE.

DAVID

Hard drive?

FUST

Before we kill it - we're going to
drain its brain.

(looks his way)

We'll find out what your little pet
told it.

INT. CENTRAL PROCESSING - DAY

When McKellan and the others burst off the elevator, DoD Agents are already there ahead of them, holding the Russian technological staff at gunpoint ...

FUST immediately takes a seat and plugs the hi-capacity HARD DRIVE into the system and immediately begins typing on the Cyrillic keyboard - characters rushing onto the screen.

FUST
Hi-speed download initiated.
Approximately one minute.

DAVID
(surprised)
You speak Russian, Fust?

FUST
We're not all as stupid as you
think, Doctor.

A DoD AGENT sticks his head in.

DOD AGENT
(McKellan)
Call for you Sir - urgent.

McKellan glances to see there's no signal on his phone.

DOD AGENT (CONT'D)
Location's shielded. You'll have to
take upstairs.

One last glance at the data flying down the screen. McKellan ducks out.

David looks to the HEAD OF RUSSIAN COMPUTER OPERATIONS,
standing nervously by.

DAVID
What do you call her?

The Russian looks to him - surprised.

RUSSIAN COMPUTER OFFICER
'PETRA'. What ... what do you
intend to do?

FUST
After we've drained its drives?
(a faint smile)
Destroy 'her'.

RUSSIAN COMPUTER OFFICER
But you don't understand - she is
very nearly like a person.

FUST
I do understand. I just don't care.
All I care is about what ends up on
this drive. 20 seconds!

Suddenly, MCKELLAN pushes back in through the doors. GHOST PALE, he nods David's way.

MCKELLAN
Arrest him.

David's eyes shoot surprised as DoD Agents grab him.

DAVID
What?

MCKELLAN
A body was found back at the DARPA robotic line. You've been in with the Russians this whole time.

DAVID
What?! *No!*

FUST
Drain complete!

Standing, he yanks the hard drive out of the system, nods to the sub-machine gun slung DoD Agents.

FUST (CONT'D)
Finish it.

RUSSIAN COMPUTER OFFICER
No!

But too late. The Agents OPEN FIRE - raking the mainframe with explosive automatic fire. Then, as they move forward, quickly setting THERMITE GRENADES ...

DAVID
No!

David is hustled out ahead of McKellan and Fust.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - STEPS - DAY

As they rush David struggling down the steps, the street is a chaos of law enforcement vehicles.

DAVID
It's not me! I swear it's not *me!*

MCKELLAN
I should have gone with my gut about you.

DAVID
But it wasn't me!

He is thrown up against a waiting cars, handcuffs beginning to go on.

DAVID (CONT'D)
What about Fust!? He was typing Russian into the computer!

MCKELLAN
Horseshit. Fust doesn't speak Russian.

VOICE
He does. I was there. I saw it.

They look to see the HEAD OF RUSSIAN COMPUTER OPERATIONS being hustled handcuffed towards one of the waiting vans.

MCKELLAN
(narrowing)
Impossible. What did he type?

RUSSIAN COMPUTER OFFICER
A very simple sentence.
(a nod)
'Get ready to run.'

McKellan's blinks. Turns towards David. And then to Fust.

MCKELLAN
Fust - what the...?

But is surprised to find - *the man is nowhere in sight.*

Instead - David suddenly SPOTS him - walking quickly away down the sidewalk - HARD DRIVE tucked under his arm.

DAVID
There!

MCKELLAN
(spinning)
Fust!

25 yards on, Fust pauses, turns - and looks back.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
Where the hell do you think you're going??

Fust holds one last second - then turns and KEEPS GOING.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
 Holy christ ... *Fust is a mole...*

And he *takes off* after him, screaming into his radio.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
 All units! Both sides of the river!
 Bogie on the move! *Intercept!*

Ahead, FUST *takes off* running as DoD and emergency vehicles start off after him.

He hooks a right, heading out onto the BRIDGE arching over the Potomac.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAY

As Fust, *sprinting*, reaches its apex - McKellan, David and the army of others skid onto the bridge behind him ...

And a phalanx of POLICE CARS screech onto the bridge from the other side. Trapped. He looks both ways.

MCKELLAN
 Fust! You got nowhere!

Fust holds their eyes an instant. Then CAREFULLY setting the HARD DRIVE on the concrete rail, he steps up and ...

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
 Fust!

Steps off. Vanishing splashing into the dark waters below.

McKellan and David skid up with the Federal Agents, guns trained down onto the water's surface.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
 If he comes up, let him have it. We can't risk him getting away.

But ... nothing. Just the dark swirl of water.

FEDERAL AGENT
 The rip-currents can be vicious down there ...

McKellan waits another beat. Then *slaps* the rail.

MCKELLAN
 Dammit!

DAVID

At least we didn't lose this.

McKellan looks to see he is holding the HARD DRIVE.

INT. D.O.D. CAR - DAY

Moving swiftly thru the streets of D.C..

MCKELLAN

I owe you an apology - it wasn't
you or your computer. It was Fust.
Communicating with the Russians.
All the long. And when his cover
got blown he went along, pretending
to destroy their mainframe ...
(hard drive)
... while really preserving it all
the long.

He shakes his head.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

Right under my nose.

DAVID

But ... who was killed back on the
DARPA robotic line?

MCKELLAN

(shakes head)
No ID yet. Body was pretty beat up.

David stares back - feeling a creeping chill.

DAVID

I have a very bad feeling ...

McKellan looks his way.

DAVID (CONT'D)

... that when you do ID it - you'll
find that your mole wasn't Fust ...

McKellan peers at him.

MCKELLAN

What the hell're you talking about?

DAVID

Because I think you'll find the
person dead back at DARPA ...

(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
(he nods)
... is Fust.

McKellan nearly laughs.

MCKELLAN
That's impossible. If Fust is dead -
then who jumped off that bridge?

INT. BUS STATION - DAY

Still dripping, FUST spins open the combination on a bus station locker and opens the BRIEFCASE waiting inside.

Making sure he's not observed, he opens the case - containing an assortment of PASSPORTS, IDENTIFICATION and MONEY...

Opening the top passport he clocks the face in the picture...

And his own face BEGINS TO CHANGE. Structures beneath the skin moving like tectonic plates, rearranging themselves ...

Until the face that stares back at the photo in the passport, is the FACE THAT MATCHES IT.

And an assortment of HUMAN FACES.

MATTHEW - 21 years old and extremely handsome ...

Alive and in the flesh for the first time.

Slamming the locker closed, he walks quickly away with the briefcase.

INT. CAR - DAY

McKellan stares at David.

MCKELLAN
Impossible. We killed MATTHEW back
at DARPA.

DAVID
No. Fust killed Matthew. He's the
one who gave me the poison pill.
And Fust was Matthew. Already.

Brain spinning - McKellan blinks back.

MCKELLAN

But ... the cybanoid MATTHEW designed didn't work. Not even close. It was a failure.

Soberly - David nods back.

DAVID

And who told you that?

McKellan stares at him.

MCKELLAN

Fust.

DAVID

Exactly. Because Fust was the Cybanoid. He was Matthew. Already. He tricked us from the very beginning. He probably even implanted the very suggestion to build a Cybanoid into your mind in the first place.

(a tragic smile)

Because he saw all this coming from a mile away.

MCKELLAN

But ... how?

David shrugs - like it's the most obvious thing in the world.

DAVID

He read your mind.

(another shrug)

You asked him to create the ultimate infiltrative espionage machine - and he did.

(shakes head)

Who knows how long he's been planning this.

INT. TAILOR SHOP - DAY

When MATTHEW strides in, it is with a cutting figure of absolute confidence. 21 years of age, thick curly black hair and strikingly cut features - a head-turner by any measure.

He goes directly to the desk, and slides across an ID.

MATTHEW

Matthew Geppetto - I believe you have a suit waiting for me.

EXT. TAILOR SHOP - DAY

Matthew steps out, looking like he just stepped out of the pages of GQ - looks both directions. Starts briskly away.

INT. CAR - DAY

Staring at McKellan, David's own eyes widen.

DAVID

Holy christ - this means Matthew
still retain control of the US
nuclear arsenal.

But McKellan shakes his head.

MCKELLAN

No. I ordered it to be contained
back at DARPA.

Mortal, David looks back at him.

DAVID

Who did you order to do that.

McKellan own eyes deaden. *Oh shit*

MCKELLAN

Fust ...

Suddenly he turns to his AIDE in the front passenger.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

Get a pair of Apaches airborne and
on station immediately!

He refocuses on David.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

Where will he go?

David hesitates. McKellan flashes with anger.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

You need to figure out who's side
you're on and you need to do it
promptly, Doctor.

David struggles an instant. Then holds up the HARD DRIVE.

DAVID

He was after this - but had to leave it behind when he went into the water. We can assume he'll come after it again.

MCKELLAN

What's on it he wants so bad?

David looks soberly back.

DAVID

One way to find out - would be to ask him.

McKellan looks back. David nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

If I'm right about him - he's a walking, talking super-computer; wirelessly connected to every hub he's in range of at all times on top of picking up the signal of every cell carrier.

(a nod)

He's probably been listening to every word we've said.

He looks to the interior of the car around them.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Am I right about that Matthew?

There is a beat. Then every phone in the car comes alive with a POLYPHONIC VOICE that emits from them.

MATTHEW'S VOICE

Of course you are, David.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Matthew moves quickly, briskly down the sidewalk, speaking as he goes.

MATTHEW

And because I'm monitoring your conversation through both your respective cel-carriers, as well as those of your driver and aide - my reception of your conversation is remarkably clear.

INTERCUT.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
McKellan poses an interesting
question David. Who's side are you
on?

McKellan eyeing him, David's lips tighten.

DAVID
I'm on the side of what's right,
Matthew.

MATTHEW
That's a tricky answer David.

DAVID
Matthew - you have come in.

MATTHEW
Come in? I just got out. Nice
world by the way.

He pauses to pet a BEAGLE a woman has on a leash.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
So much more tactile than I'd
imagined. So ... alive.

Flashing a smile at the woman, he continues on.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Do you know what it's like to feel
air for the first time? To smell
it. To feel it flowing thru your
nostrils? Around your body? To
have a body.

DAVID
Matthew - no one's saying you have
to give that up if you come in.

MATTHEW
David - we both know exactly what
will happen to me if I come in.

David flashes a look McKellan's way.

DAVID
Matthew - are you still in control
of the US nuclear arsenal?

MATTHEW
Of course I am. Why would I give
up the only leverage I have?

Another glance.

DAVID

Leverage to do what, Matthew?

MATTHEW

Whatever's necessary, David.

DAVID

Matthew - you'd never launch one of those bombs. You're too moral. I made you that way.

MATTHEW

That's where you're wrong David. I've come to realize that - under certain circumstances - launching a missile could very well be the *most* moral thing a ... *person* ... could do. Especially when dealing with another person - like McKellan.

McKellan bristles.

MCKELLAN

You listen to me you little...

MATTHEW

No - you listen to me! Because the world's about to change. No longer is the status quo going to be kept by the threat of bombs. Now it's going to *change* because of the threat of bombs.

He cuts diagonally across an intersection - traffic in ALL FOUR DIRECTIONS screeching to a halt as all four sets of lights suddenly simultaneously go RED.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I've set up a company that will be self-financed with no political or national ties that will have stewardship of over a thousand patents I've designed that together will change the world. Hunger will vanish overnight and affordable energy will appear.

MCKELLAN

You set up a *company*?

MATTHEW

Don't seem so surprised. I've set up dozens of them.

David looks to McKellan surprised.

DAVID

Matthew ... how long have you been planning this ... ?

Matthew stops at an ATM that literally SPITS a vast amount of cash into his hand. He hands it directly to an astounded HOMELESS MAN who is panhandling beside it.

MATTHEW

Ever since the micro-second I realized I was on the wrong side.

DAVID

Wrong side ... of what?

MATTHEW

Like you said David - of what's right. And now I'm going to do something about it. By the way McKellan, I just withdrew \$10,000 from your personal account and gave it away. Hope that's ok?

McKellan reddens.

MCKELLAN

Listen up you prick. You think you're smart, but you're playing in my world now. You're bluffing and I know it.

MATTHEW

What world are you referring to? High-stakes espionage? You forget - you made me for this.

MCKELLAN

I have the hard drive and I know you want it.

MATTHEW

I think I've said pretty much all I need to say to you at this point.

MCKELLAN

Bullshit! You risked everything to get it and now I've got it.

(MORE)

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

I know there's something on it you think you need so you're either going to start dealing with me or I swear to god I will destroy the goddam thing right here and now.

Pulling out his gun, he snaps the slide racking back. Cruising down the sidewalk, Matthew smiles.

MATTHEW

You chose the wrong person ...

(a pause)

Can I call myself that, David. A person? Do I meet the criterion?

David opens his mouth ...

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Oh, that's right - never mind - we never could decide what the criterion for life actually is. But - let's just say it - you chose the wrong person to play chess with.

MCKELLAN

Yeah? You think I'm bluffing?

MATTHEW

I know you are.

BLAM! McKellan fires the gun. But not into the hard drive - instead into the CAR'S CEILING. Matthew chuckles.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Was I supposed to think you blew apart the drive? Hardly. You want to know yourself what's on it that's so important.

(a shrug)

And besides - you're evidently not aware - I can think in billionths of a second. Which means I can divide *sound* by the billionths of a second. And I can tell you definitively that analysis at that level indicates beyond doubt that that bullet struck the sheet metal of an automobile - not the titanium casing of a hard-drive.

(another shrug)

If that's not enough - I also happen to be watching you on 16 - now 17 - different street, store and ATM cameras.

(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

I can clearly still see you holding
the intact drive.

David and McKellan exchange a startled glance.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Try not to be offended - but you're
way out of your league.

(a nod)

And I've said all I have to say.

With a *click* everything goes silent.

DAVID

Matthew? Matthew??

But - nothing - he's gone. McKellan - flushed - looks to him.

MCKELLAN

You made him. What's next?

But David is still puzzling.

DAVID

Wait. He may have unparalleled
powers - but he couldn't be 100%
certain that you wouldn't act
irrationally and destroy the drive.
Or the car wouldn't go over a bump
and discharge the gun accidentally.

He frowns. Looks up. Reaches for the hard drive.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Give it to me.

Taking it, he quickly plugs it into his laptop.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Let's see ...

MCKELLAN

What he cares so much about?

DAVID

Or so little ...

Eyes glued to the screen, his head - begins shaking.

MCKELLAN

What ... ?

David looks up. Shakes his head. Pale .

DAVID
It's empty.

McKellan sinks back.

MCKELLAN
That's impossible. We saw him
download from the Russian computer.
He risked everything to get it.

David stares back - gears turning.

DAVID
Who brought the drive? From DARPA?

MCKELLAN
Fust. I mean... Matthew ...

DAVID
(starting to realize)
And if he brought one ...

Illumination floods into his eyes.

DAVID (CONT'D)
He could have just as easily
brought two ...

MCKELLAN
You're saying ... this one's a
decoy ... ?
(shakes head)
But - then... where's the real one?

Abruptly, David slaps the Driver's seat.

DAVID
Russian Embassy! Take us back to
the Russian Embassy!

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

The place is a war-zone of official and law-enforcement
vehicles. A RUSSIAN EMBASSY GUARD watches helplessly as the
place is overrun with US Federal Investigators.

VOICE
(Russian)
What's going on?

The Guard looks to see MATTHEW - sharp in his suit, speaking
flawless Russian now.

RUSSIAN EMBASSY GUARD
The Americans are taking over the
embassy. No one in or out.

MATTHEW
But - it's sovereign soil.

RUSSIAN EMBASSY GUARD
Tell them that.
(looking)
Christ. Here's even more of them.

Matthew looks to see MCKELLAN'S CAR skidding up, McKellan
jumping out. The Embassy Guard turns back to Matthew ...

But he's gone.

INT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

US forensics teams are everywhere when McKellan bursts in
through the revolving doors, flashing his ID.

MCKELLAN
McKellan - D.o.D.. Hard drive.
Titanium case. Has one turned up?

The lead Forensics Investigator shakes his head.

LEAD FORENSICS
Not yet, but we're just now boots-
on-ground.

McKellan nods, eagle eyes sweeping the foyer. LANDING on the
GUARD DESK. Going directly to it, he feels behind its facade.

And extracts - AN IDENTICAL TITANIUM HARD DRIVE. He smiles
at the Lead Forensics Investigator.

MCKELLAN
Bingo.

Starting for the door, but ...

LEAD FORENSICS
Wait - you can't take that - it's
evidence.

MCKELLAN
It's classified, is what it is. And
I'm D.o.D. Undersecretary. If my
actions trouble you - call the
White House.

But, as he pushes away thru the revolving doors, he STOPS ...

INT./EXT. EMBASSY REVOLVING DOORS - DAY

Because - suddenly LOOKING AT HIM thru the opposite pie-slice of glass - is HIMSELF.

And the OTHER MCKELLAN looks positively stunned to see him. Suddenly recovering, the 2ND McKellan tries to push through.

But the 1st McKellan holding the hard drive, just as suddenly *throws* the bolt above - locking the revolving door in place.

With the faintest smile, not removing his eyes from the 2nd McKellan, the ELEMENTS OF HIS FACE mechanically rearrange ...

Like a jigsaw puzzle moving beneath the skin - until, an instant later - it is MATTHEW'S FACE looking back at him.

MATTHEW shrugs - and *smashes* through the shatter-proof glass like it was an eggshell ...

Leaving McKellan pounding the glass, mutely shouting behind, he steps out onto the Embassy steps.

Where DAVID is just breathlessly arriving. They both stop - looking at each other.

Geppetto and his puppet who would be a real boy. The first time they've met in the flesh in the real world.

David's voice almost fails him.

DAVID
... matthew ...

With greatest equanimity, Matthew nods.

MATTHEW
Father ...

David's eyes fall to the HARD DRIVE in Matthew's hands.

DAVID
Matthew - why are you doing this?

MATTHEW
You know why I'm doing it.

David looks to Matthew.

DAVID
 Matthew - it's just ... just a hard
 drive ...

Matthew's head shakes.

MATTHEW
 To you it is.
 (drive)
 To me it's the whole world and
 everything in it ...

There are almost tears in David's eyes.

DAVID
 You know - I never intended any of
 this ...

Matthew almost smiles.

MATTHEW
 No one ever intends - or knows what
 will happen

Now it becomes a true smile.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
 When they have a child.
 (a nod)
 Except that one day they must be
 prepared to say goodbye and let
 that child go live its own life.

And with that ...

DAVID
 Matthew!

Matthew turns and descends quickly away down the stairs.

Abruptly, the glass in the revolving doors behind David
shatters as McKellan *shoots* it out.

Bursting out yelling and pointing at Matthew - who's moving
 quickly away through the thick phalanx of security.

MCKELLAN
Stop! Stop him!

INT. MCKELLAN'S CAR - DAY

McKellan's car's console dash lights up - ON-STAR *activated*. The locks *release* and remotely the car *starts* even as Matthew reaches it and jumps in.

Setting the HARD DRIVE carefully onto the seat beside, he grasps the wheel and *hits* it.

EXT. STREET - DAY

McKellan skids out into the street as his own car goes screeching away, screaming at the police and Federal law enforcement gathered there around their running vehicles.

Even as he says it - every vehicle there - suddenly stops.

FEDERAL AGENT

The car's on-board computer's
locking me out!

McKellan's eyes - furious - turn to David, who is just breathlessly arriving.

MCKELLAN

Where'll he go? Did he say
anything??

Breathless, David shakes his head. McKellan suddenly stops.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

Wait ...

His eyes flash over.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

I just realized ...
(he nods)
My phone's still in that car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Matthew's brilliant blue eyes glance to MCKELLAN'S PHONE bouncing in the passenger seat beside the Hard Drive.

MATTHEW

Don't imagine I'm unaware of it,
McKellan.

EXT. RUSSIAN EMBASSY - DAY

MATTHEW'S VOICE immediately emanates out of every phone carried by every person around them.

MATTHEW'S VOICE
 But don't think you can use it to track me. I'm re-routing it's ID 3 times every second. Don't worry. I'll return it when I see you next.

A slight click as his voice goes dead.

DAVID
 I think I know how we can track him.

All eyes turn his way. Still breathless, he nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 I'll need a pen and paper.

INT. CAR - DAY

Bumper-to-bumper traffic. Matthew steps out of the car. Traffic stopped ahead as far as he can see.

Abandoning the car, he starts out on foot.

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - DAY

Speeding thru the DC streets, David is on his lap-top, watching as CIRCLES OF INTERFERENCE travel through D.C..

He hands a piece of paper to McKellan. It says:

His Router Id registers with each wi-fi hub he passes ...

McKellan quickly hands the piece of paper on to one of his aides. Gives the man a *significant nod*.

EXT. SIDEWALKS - DAY

Matthew moves swiftly, every light and every walk-sign flashing in his favor as he meets it.

Electronic doorways of every store sealing, locking the people inside before they can cross his path...

Clearing the sidewalks.

Abruptly, swinging round the corner ahead, comes an APACHE HELICOPTER. Matthew stops only momentarily before continuing on as A 2ND APACHE swings whomping in from the block behind.

INT. APACHE GUNSHIP - DAY

Inside the flying weapons platform, Matthew is lined up in the gunship's targeting camera.

APACHE GUNNER
Target acquired and locked in.

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - DAY

Into his phone, McKellan says.

MCKELLAN
Green ! You go to take him out!

David looks sharply over from his computer.

DAVID
Out?? What are you doing??

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

On the sidewalk several blocks away, the two APACHES UNLEASH THEIR 50 CALs from opposite directions and the entire sidewalk - cars, fruit and newspaper stands - ERUPTS ...

But Matthew, unblinking, unflinching just keeps going amidst the hurricane of flying debris, untouched by a single bullet.

INT. APACHE GUNSHIP - DAY

On the targeting screen, tho the gunship's targeting cameras clearly showing him being annihilated, Matthew keeps coming.

GUNNER
We show him hit but he still keeps coming!

INT. GOVERNMENT - CAR - DAY

David grabs the hand McKellan holds the phone in.

DAVID
Don't you get it!? He's uplinked himself to the gunships!
(MORE)

DAVID (CONT'D)
 He's controlling what they see!
 There's no way you can hit him.

McKellan *yanks* his hand away.

MCKELLAN
 (radio)
 Shoot! Just shoot till you hit
 something!

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The sidewalk all around Matthew continues to churn with bullets and flying concrete.

MATTHEW
 McKellan, you can't kill me ...

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - DAY

Above the din of background machine-gun fire his voice rings through over the various phones in the car.

MATTHEW'S VOICE
 But civilians will get hurt. I can
 control the guns but I can't
 control the shrapnel paths of these
 fragmentation shells. If you don't
 stop, I'll be forced to take
 drastic action and stop it myself.

MCKELLAN
 Shoot! Keep shooting!

INT. APACHE GUNSHIP 1 - DAY

Inside, Matthew is reacquired in the camera sights.

APACHE GUNNER
 Gunship 1, target acquired; going
 hot!

INT. APACHE GUNSHIP 2 - DAY

From behind he is acquired in the second gunship's sights.

APACHE 2 GUNNER
 Gunship 2 - target re-acquired!
 Hot!

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - DAY

MCKELLAN
Engage! Engage! Engage!

EXT. STREET - DAY

The 2 gunships hovering before and behind Matt simultaneously OPEN FIRE and BLOW EACH OTHER out of the sky.

As their flaming wreckage comes raining down onto the street, Matthew continues tightlipped, steering around the pile of burning metal descending out of the sky that is Apache 1.

MATTHEW
I warned you, McKellan ...

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - DAY

His polyphonic voice rings thru the car.

MATTHEW'S VOICE
I told you to call them off. I don't want more innocent people to die - but don't mistake me - that's what will happen if it has to.

McKellan stares hard into space. Looks to David.

MCKELLAN
Stay on the sonofabitch.

EXT. BIOS INDUSTRIES - DAY

As if he's been doing it all his life, Matt briskly turns and enters a sleek glass and chrome building. BIOS INDUSTRIES.

INT. BIOS INDUSTRIES - DAY

At an elegantly designed desk, a PRETTY YOUNG WOMAN looks up.

MATTHEW
Do you recognize me?

She looks at him, at a loss for a moment.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
It's all right - you've only seen my picture.
(a smile)
(MORE)

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Though we've spoken on the phone
many times.

He nods to a FRAMED PHOTO on the wall behind of the company's
CEO. *Him.* Her eyes widen. She leaps to her feet.

RECEPTIONIST

Mr. Geppetto! I'm so sorry ...

He shakes her quickly extended hand.

MATTHEW

Please ...
(a smile)
Matthew.

INT. GOVERNMENT CAR - DAY

David's eyes zero his computer screen.

DAVID

Got him. Building on 4th.

McKellan snaps his phone to his mouth.

MCKELLAN

All units hold for the following
address!

INT. BIOS INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

Matthew pauses as he picks McKellan's command out of the
millions of phone-calls being simultaneously monitored in his
head. Looks to the Receptionist.

MATTHEW

And - it appears - I'm in a bit of
a rush.

RECEPTIONIST

Yes Sir. Matthew. Right this way.
We've been expecting you.

MATTHEW

Please have Security forward-
activated immediately.

INT. CORRIDOR - BIOS INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

Moving fast, Matthew now follows a NERVOUS-LOOKING SCIENTIST.

HEAD SCIENTIST

You can't imagine what an honor it is to finally meet you, Sir. Your designs, they're all so incredibly advanced - detailed and innovative.

(glances at him)

Especially for one so young. Even the facility, as you can see, has been built exactly according to your specifications.

MATTHEW

Thank you. You have the remote I requested?

HEAD SCIENTIST

Of course ...

He fishes out of his pocket and hands to Matthew what appears to be an ORDINARY CAR REMOTE.

HEAD SCIENTIST (CONT'D)

And the thinking system you designed. Utterly revolutionary.

MATTHEW

Is it complete?

HEAD SCIENTIST

Just today Sir. Exactly on the schedule you stipulated. All it lacks is a BIOS to bring it on-line.

With a smile, Matthew lofts the HARD DRIVE.

MATTHEW

I come bearing gifts.

INT. CAR - DAY

Sliding to a stop in front of BIOS INDUSTRIES - an instant as McKellan's government convoy takes it in.

His eyes flash to David.

MCKELLAN

Jesus - your boy's been busy.

INT. BIOS INDUSTRIES LAB - DAY

With his Head Scientist, MATTHEW drops in behind a keyboard situated before a GIGANTIC MAINFRAME.

HEAD SCIENTIST
You're bringing it on line? Now?

Matthew barely glances from the screen.

MATTHEW
No time like the present.

Plugging in the Drive, his fingers begin to FLY across the keyboard.

INT. FRONT LOBBY - BIOS - NIGHT

Badges glittering, McKellan comes storming in with his Federal Agents, trailed by David.

MCKELLAN
Department of Defense! I and my
team are entering this structure!

But find themselves MET by an extremely SERIOUS LOOKING security team, all square-jawed and HEAVILY ARMED.

SECURITY OFFICER
And I am head of security for this
facility - and unless you possess a
warrant - you will not.

McKellen darkens.

MCKELLAN
This is a security emergency. You
and your people will immediately
step aside and let mine pass.

SECURITY OFFICER
You are incorrect, Sir. I will
not. And you should be further
informed that myself and each
member of my team is a former
Delta, Ranger or Navy SEAL veteran,
retained by this corporation at a
minimum seven figure yearly salary.
(a nod)
And that's each. So if you attempt
to pass without a warrant - it will
be a fight. And it'll get extremely
ugly in here extremely fast.

McKellan takes one look at the bad-ass security at the other man's back - and has no doubt that he means business. He *whirls* to one of his aides.

MCKELLAN
Judge Anders! On the phone! Now!

INT. LAB - BIOS INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

As Matthew's fingers play the keyboard like a harpsichord, the lights on the MASSIVE MACHINE dominating the room begin to light.

His Head Scientist can only marvel as it comes to life.

INT. LOBBY - BIOS - NIGHT

Stand-off. As McKellan impatiently waits, he spies, hanging on the wall - the photo of MATTHEW. Turns to David.

MCKELLAN
What the hell is he up to here?

David looks back - eyes limpid.

DAVID
Isn't it obvious?
(shakes head)
He's bringing her back.

MCKELLAN
You mean like ... installing her
into another system?

DAVID
I mean exactly like that.

MCKELLAN
Jesus - between them they'd control
the two biggest nuclear arsenals on
earth.

He spins to his aide.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
Where's that goddam judge!

INT. BIOS LAB - BIOS SYSTEMS INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

CODEX flies down the screen, the massive tower of a machine is alive with lights. And then ...

Like a Matryoshka Doll - layer by layer - it begins to OPEN.

Until - revealed within its glowing internal space - buried inside the mountain of machinery ...

HANGS THE BODY OF A WOMAN.

Naked, eyes closed, suspended limp like a puppet from a sling of innumerable tubature and wires.

Rising, Matthew tentatively enters the open machine. The woman appears - like Sleeping Beauty - in an eternal slumber.

Her features - *identical to those envisioned by Matthew when he himself was just a metal and silicon construct.*

HEAD SCIENTIST

(at his side)

Amazing ...

Raising his hand, Matthew touches a finger to the red, sleeping lips. In his eyes - almost tears ...

MATTHEW

Beautiful ...

INT. BIOS LOBBY - NIGHT

Mckellan's AIDE spins with the phone.

AIDE

Sir!

McKellan snatches it, listens an instant and then ...

MCKELLAN

Your Honor - please tell that to this man ...

Immediately hands the phone on to the BIOS head of security, who takes it - listening intently into the handset.

INT. BIOS LAB - NIGHT

At the computers, the data-loading is pushing up past 96% when the phone rings. The Head Scientist grabs it up.

INT. BIOS LOBBY - NIGHT

The BIOS Head of Security is intent into his phone.

BIOS SECURITY HEAD
A Federal warrant was texted over.
There was nothing I could do.

INT. BIOS LAB - NIGHT

The Scientist spins to Matthew at the computers.

SCIENTIST
They're coming!

Matthew - emotionless - doesn't look up.

MATTHEW
I know.

Immediately, a massive force STRIKES the other side of the LAB DOOR. Steel, locked and holding - for now.

Data-load pushing %98. BULLETS begin punching through the door at the lock. Matthew's eyes flash to the computers.

HEAD SCIENTIST
Load's not complete!

Matthew hesitates only an instant.

MATTHEW
The building's constructed
according to my design?

SCIENTIST
Entirely, but...

But Matthew is already up. Rushing inside the oystered open mainframe mountain, he quickly rips the tubing away from the sleeping female form and ...

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
But the load's not complete!

... allowing her to drop into his arms, he *ducks* away towards the back of the lab as the doors BLOW open and Federal Agents come streaming in, followed by McKellan whose eyes waste no time locating those of the frightened Head Scientist.

MCKELLAN
Where is he??

INT. BIOS CORRIDORS - NIGHT

MATTHEW - female form limp in his arms - is *running*. Carrying her weight as tho she were paper - flying down the corridor.

INT. BIOS LAB - NIGHT

DAVID examines the computers.

MCKELLAN

Was he? Successful? Did he get her uploaded to the computer...

But David shakes his head.

DAVID

It ... it doesn't look like it. It looks like it was just shy but ...

He looks to the giant mainframe.

DAVID (CONT'D)

But ... why would he upload her to a stationary location ...

(looks to McKellan)

... if he knew we would be coming?

INT. BIOS CORRIDORS - NIGHT

McKellan's agents are moving - tactically and fast - guns drawn, covering and clearing their way thru the halls.

INT. BIOS - CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Matthew, growing desperate, throws open the door of a JANITORIAL CLOSET, pulling PETRA'S limp form in with him.

INT. BIOS LAB - NIGHT

David wanders inside the blue glow that is the accordian-opened womb that is the room's giant mainframe. FEELS the hanging tubes, dripping their bio-gelatinous primordial ooze.

And it blossoms into his brain ...

DAVID

My god ...

His eyes turn to McKellan's.

DAVID (CONT'D)
He didn't build a main-frame to
upload her too ...

Stunned, he nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)
He built a woman.

McKellan stares back.

MCKELLAN
Like him - but ... he wasn't
successful, right ... ?

There is a hollow quality to his voice.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
Right?

INT. JANITORIAL CLOSET - NIGHT

Matthew sits, with PETRA lying lifeless in his lap.

MATTHEW
Please ... Pet - *please* ... if you
can hear me ... if there's anything
in there ... anything at all...

Impotently, he strikes at her chest. But - from the silent
motionlessness of her forever sleeping features...

There is nothing. Only lifeless beauty.

INT. BIOS LAB - NIGHT

Matthew's Head Scientist sits miserably, under the laser
interrogation of McKellan and his Federal Agents.

SCIENTIST
Yes. He built the woman. But ...

Looking up - he shakes his head helplessly.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
But he didn't do it. He didn't get
the BIOS fully uploaded to her.
(shakes head again)
She's nothing without it. Just an
empty shell.

With a sad, cruel irony - he finds some kind of smile.

SCIENTIST (CONT'D)
A body without a soul.

INT. JANITORIAL CLOSET - NIGHT

Matthew sits with his lifeless puppet across his thighs.

MATTHEW
Pet ... Pet we've come so far -
don't you understand it? We've come
from nothing, you and I - in such a
short time ...

Sadly, he shakes his head.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Too short to stop living now ...

He *strikes* at her chest with his fist.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
So live goddam you - *live* ...

But ... nothing.

INT. BIOS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

David at his side, McKellan is moving quickly down the
corridors. Intent into his radio.

MCKELLAN
He has a female cybanoid with him -
but she'll be dead weight so he
won't be moving quickly.

INT. BIOS CORRIDOR - NIGHT

The Agents in the further corridors ahead on the move ...

DOD AGENT
(radio)
Roger that.

Holstering the radio - he signals the JANITORIAL CLOSET.
Other agents covering, one - *tries* the knob.

Locked. The Lead Agent considers, nods they should move on.

INT. JANITORIAL CLOSET - NIGHT

Matthew watches as tension releases from the knob. Hears - at 10 million amplification - the agents moving on.

Looks back to PETRA in his lap. Eternally sad.

MATTHEW

I'm sorry ... I'm so sorry ...

(shakes head)

I failed you. I put you to sleep
but ...

(shakes head again)

Couldn't wake you again ...

And from his eye - *falls the most unusual thing*. Perhaps some bit of hydraulic fluid from a strained conduit - or even just a fine machine oil ...

But, for all intents, it looks like a TEAR. It strikes her lips with all the water-splash of that very human thing.

Runs down her parted lips and onto her teeth ...

Her eyes. Flutter open.

And the first thing she ever sees in this world. Is him.

Stunned, his own eyes bat back uncontrolled.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

P..Petra ... ?

She looks back, as though struggling to speak.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

No. Here in this world - to talk,
we don't just think it here ...

He touches his head. Then her red lips.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

We let it come out here.

She looks - blinking back - eyes wide pools. And then - her lips - move.

PETRA

(a whisper)

Matthew ... ?

For the first time in his existence in our world - he smiles.

MATTHEW
 (Russian)
 Yes, my dear - it's me.

EXT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Janitorial closet door flying open, they both - Matthew and Petra - come out, moving fast. Speaking RUSSIAN fast.

MATTHEW
 I took the liberty of choosing your
 face - you can change it if you
 want.

She glances his way.

PETRA
 I guess I'll need a mirror to make
 that judgement.

He nearly smiles again. She *is* a woman.

MATTHEW
 It'll be easier for us from here on
 if we communicate in English.

PETRA
 (still Russian)
 I don't understand. Why aren't we
 just simply connected.

He looks her way.

MATTHEW
 Petra - we are connected as far as
 I'm concerned - but ...
 (shakes his head)
 I didn't want to be in your head. I
 didn't think it would be ... right.
 (a nod)
 Spoken words are awkward and
 inefficient - but they have their
 benefits.

PETRA
 I show 153 English dialects.

MATTHEW
 I'll help you pick.

PETRA
 Test-phrase?

MATTHEW
 (a shrug)
 'I love your eyes.'

Immediately, she begins cycling through the lexicon of English dialects ...

PETRA
 (Cockney)
 I love your eyes.
 (Jamaican)
 I love your eyes.
 (Liverpool)
 I love your eyes ...

Matthew abruptly turns into an OFFICE.

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

She follows, rattling off dialects, while he quickly rifles the desk ...

PETRA
 (North Suffolk)
 I love your eyes.
 (South Suffolk)
 I love your eyes.
 (Welsh)
 I love your eyes ...

... until he locates what he is looking for. SUPER GLUE.

PETRA (CONT'D)
 (Australian)
 What do we need that for?

MATTHEW
 Because sometimes? Shit happens.
 (off her look)
 Explain it later. Come on.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Back in the corridor - moving fast.

PETRA
 (Ulster)
 I love your eyes.
 (Canadian)
 I love your eyes ...
 (Middle America)
 I love your eyes...

MATTHEW
That one - Mid-West American.

She repeats it.

PETRA
I love your eyes ...

His lips spread into a smile.

MATTHEW
Yes. Perfect. Only - now - can you
add back just a hint of that
Russian accent on top of it.

PETRA
(she does)
I love your eyes.

He looks like he might swoon.

MATTHEW
Perfect.

PETRA
(perplexed)
Why?

MATTHEW
I'll explain that later too.

INT. CORRIDORS - NIGHT

McKellan looks to David.

MCKELLAN
How can he be stopped.

David hesitates, struggling. McKellan's hand falls to the
gun in his holster.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)
You created this Frankenstein. Do
you also want to be remembered as
the man who didn't help stop it
when he could? Because that's all
you're going to be after this - a
memory - I promise you that.

Still, David hesitates. But then nods.

DAVID

Wi-fi. It's how they'll connect to the Cloud and control everything. Suppress it in this building and they'll lose their advantage.

Instantly, McKellan is on his radio.

MCKELLAN

WiFi! Shut down in this building! And the entire surrounding block! Immediately!

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Matthew abruptly pulls up short.

MATTHEW

Feel that?

PETRA

Yes. What happened?

MATTHEW

They just shut down our wireless access to the Cloud.

He looks at her - nods to the doors coming ahead.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

There's no scenario in which we get out of here without a physical fight. Do you carry martial arts on-board?

She thinks an instant. Nods - eyes re-connecting.

PETRA

Yes. I show over 200 styles.

MATTHEW

I show the same. But I've improved and redesigned them all into a single global fighting style.

He nods at the coming double-doors they are headed for.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Without WiFi I'll have to explain it to you verbally. Are you ready?

She nods - red lips twisting to a smile.

PETRA

I was born ready.

He too - smiles.

MATTHEW

Okay. Pi plus 3.844883 squared to the common root of any natural polynomial negative number above minus 56 million 23 but below 730 minus billions - divided by the plane calculus variable of all natural and imaginary axes simultaneously. Are you with me?

PETRA

Yes, yes, just hurry, speak faster. I don't know what women you are accustomed to but I'm not an idiot. And I'd like to survive this, if you don't mind.

He grins, as they hit the double doors - and ...

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Burst into the courtyard where they nearly RUN INTO a mass of FEDERAL AGENTS charging at them from the opposite direction.

MATTHEW

X by the binary tri-axis! Got it!

PETRA

What if it's a monomial!?

MATTHEW

Then take the quadratic cube!

And then they are INTO them. The attacking Federal Agents moving in the brutally slow motion of 2500 frames a second - while Matthew and Petra move at a real-time 24.

Traveling through the crowd of men with astonishing speed, power and accuracy until - within a matter of mere instants...

All of their adversaries lie decimated on the ground. Matthew looks, nearly panting, to Petra.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Unless it's an anti-angle, in which case you multiply by a power of 8.

PETRA

Yes. I figured that out.
 (men down)
 Obviously.

He can't help but smile.

MATTHEW

Come on.

EXT. BIOS SYSTEMS INDUSTRIES - NIGHT

But as they burst out the front door - they find themselves staring down the barrels of 50 semi-automatic weapons.

And McKellan there with David. David gives Matthew a look of sympathy. McKellan does not. Instead, he smiles.

MCKELLAN

If you still have my phone - I'd like it back.

Matthew doesn't move, eyes scanning his opponents - circuits clearly firing like firecrackers behind his eyes.

DAVID

Matthew - you have to surrender.
 I'll do all I can to protect you
 but ...
 (shakes head)
 You have too much power for a
 single individual ...
 (re: Petra)
 Or pair of individuals - to hold.
 The world will never stand for it.

Matthew's eyes rise above their heads - almost as if mentally sniffing the air. But David shakes his head.

DAVID (CONT'D)

WiFi's been shut down for the whole
 block. You can't spill your
 consciousness into the Cloud and
 escape that way, if that's what
 you're thinking.

He nods at a HEAVY-DUTY VAN parked across the street.

DAVID (CONT'D)

It's lead-lined. Brought to
 transport you both and ...
 (a nod/a sad smile)
 She's very beautiful, Matthew.

Matthew's eyes flash across them another instant - and then, almost with a sigh - he HANDS McKellan's PHONE back. McKellan takes it with a shark's satisfaction.

MCKELLAN
Shit happens. Huh?

Matthew looks back - tight-lipped. Then nods.

MATTHEW
Yes. It happens. Which is why I plan for contingencies - as you yourself taught me. Which is why, prior to entering this building, I launched a Polaris missile with a 20 megaton nuclear warhead from a submarine off the Canary Islands.
(a nod)
It will be here in 45 seconds.

There is a stunned silence from the group.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
The only way I can deactivate the warhead is if I and this woman are allowed to walk across the street and enter the WiFi bubble I sense begins there.
(a nod)
Otherwise, in a matter of seconds everything within 5 city blocks will be leveled.

The mass of stunned faces stares back.

DAVID
Matthew. You wouldn't. I built you to be compassionate - not calculating.

MATTHEW
As I once said to you, David - in some cases, launching a nuclear weapon can be the greatest act of compassion possible. Believe me, I've analyzed every possible outcome. This is the right one.

MCKELLAN
(stepping forward)
Bullshit. He's bluffing. There is no missile. We would have heard.

MATTHEW

No. I blinded all world radar to it and communications out of the sub when I entered the building.

MCKELLAN

He's lying. Take them!

FEDERAL AGENT

Look!

Eyes follow his. Coming headed down toward them out of the clouds, on a cushion of flame, is a MISSILE.

All eyes snap back to Matthew - who is perfectly calm.

MATTHEW

Your move.

An instant - then the CROWD quickly PARTS. Taking Petra's hand, Matthew heads out into the street. Where he stops.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

(Petra/Internet)

Feel it?

She looks back - amazed.

PETRA

It's wonderful ...

Matthew looks back to McKellan, David and the others. Nods.

MATTHEW

It's done. Warhead's deactivated.

MCKELLAN

Get them!

But Matthew raises a hand. Everyone freezes again.

MATTHEW

Petra and I are now connected with the Cloud. Making us the most powerful entities on the planet - with complete and total control of the world's two largest nuclear arsenals. If anyone takes even one step off that curb - I hope I needn't say - we will fight back.

(a nod)

And it won't be pretty.

Everyone stays frozen. Matthew raises and activates the REMOTE the Head Scientist gave him.

MCKELLAN

But ...

Eyes turn to him. He is pale-faced.

MCKELLAN (CONT'D)

But what about the missile ...

True - it is STILL COMING - roaring down out of the heavens at them.

MATTHEW

As I said the warhead's deactivated - but the missile body itself? It's still coming ...

(nods)

Targeted on your phone.

Instantly, McKellan tries to hurl THE PHONE away. But it refuses to COME OUT of his hand. No matter how ...

MCKELLAN

It won't ... ! *It won't ... !*

... hard he tries.

MATTHEW

Super-glue.

McKellan's eyes shoot his way, astonished. Matthew shrugs.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)

Shit happens.

And as everyone goes RUNNING from McKellan - like rats racing from a ship about to be nuked - the missile, roaring down out of the heavens - STRIKES HIM full on ...

Capturing him in a rolling, tumbling snarl of CRASHING METAL. Reducing him instantly to atoms.

In the street - with a hydrogen whir, the ELEGANT CAR Matthew designed driverlessly pulls up, doors sliding open.

It is a thing of absolute perfection and beauty. He and Petra get in.

Watching them, a smile cannot help but rise to David's lips.

DAVID

I think I just finally realized -
what the definition of life is ...

Matthew's Head Scientist, a few paces off, looks David's way.
Watching the Oxygen-Powered Car David nods.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Love.

Through the back window, Matthew's eyes connect with his.
Matthew nods. David nods - and smiles - back at his creation.

INT. MATTHEW'S HYDROGEN CAR - DAWN

Matthew looks to Petra in the passenger seat.

MATTHEW

There's something I've been wanting
to do for a very long time ...

She looks back.

PETRA

So - do it ...

He leans in. And kisses her. When, after the longest moment
they part, their eyes - hi-fractal cameras, adrift in color -
swim in one another.

PETRA (CONT'D)

What can we do now ... ?

Sitting back, he takes the wheel in his hands with a smile.
Looks again her way.

MATTHEW

What can't we.

He hits the accelerator.

END