

THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH

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Based on the novel by Walter Tevis,
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8.1.2019

Over BLACK: low, amniotic THRUMMING. Maybe we're underwater.

MAN'S VOICE

Millennia ago, on some slab of rock
in Tanzania, human beings decided
to stand up straight, and all hell
broke loose...

Now a GASP and --

EXTREME CLOSE UP: A PAIR OF EYES SNAP OPEN

The sclera ORANGE, the pupils BLACK and VERTICAL, like a cat:

INT. ROCK SHAFT - NIGHT

We're looking at a NAKED FIGURE curled inside a TRANSLUCENT
CAPSULE of amber liquid designed for interstellar travel:

MAN'S VOICE

Because the decision to stand up
straight changed our brains...

The figure fights wildly to rise, clawing at the gelatinous
membrane until it RUPTURES, a hole widening around his mouth
as he SUCKS for air. Ripping free, he emerges to find --

He's at the bottom of a deep, rocky shaft.

HEAT DISTORTION ripples, temperatures no human would survive:

*The capsule hit the planet's surface with such impact, it
ripped through the Earth and didn't stop until it was 20 feet
below bedrock.*

In the subterranean darkness, we see only LIMITED GLIMPSES of
the figure:

HUMANOID, BUT NOT HUMAN

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Changed the size, the shape -- our
brains had to evolve because *now*,
we could see over the tall grass.

The Humanoid focuses his orange, slitted eyes and looks up to
the top of the shaft, where he sees *firelight* --

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Now, our hands were free to use
tools...

He REACHES -- his fingers are strong, like cables:

He SHOVES them deep into the shale walls that CRACKLE like a kiln, and begins to scale the rocks to the surface --

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Suddenly, we could migrate across
the land bridges between tectonic
plates...

As he climbs, the membrane he arrived in COMES TO LIFE,
wrapping up and around him, racing, crawling up his legs --

-- becoming his HUMAN SKIN.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Which led to new environments, new
adaptations, new brains. Again.
And again.

HIS POV: climbing CLOSER to the HELLISH RED LIGHT above --

EXT. ROCK SHAFT - NIGHT

DEAFENING MACHINE NOISE EVERYWHERE, GEARS GRINDING --

The Humanoid EMERGES from below ground, GASPING on his belly,
trying to adjust to the breathing thing.

He's got his head and shoulders out, but now he's STUCK. So
he DISLOCATES his shoulders -- CRACK -- and TWISTS them in.

Works one long arm out of the hole and pulls free to discover
he's in a field of CHURNING OIL DERRICKS. PUMPING MACHINES
scream. 30 foot geysers of FIRE shoot vertically --

Like he's arrived in HELL.

Gulping air, he looks up at us as the skin membrane twists
its last stretch around his skull. HAIR and TEETH sprout in
seconds. He tugs at both of them, stretching his jaw and
mouth. The teeth are uncomfortable.

He closes his eyes TIGHT. When he opens them -- the weird
cat slits are GONE, white sclera now instead of orange,
bright blue pupils.

For the first time, he appears FULLY HUMAN:

MAN'S VOICE

I migrated here. I'm an immigrant.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY - THE FUTURE

THAT SAME FACE. Wild hair cut neatly now. Lean, agile.

WE'RE CROSSCUTTING BETWEEN THE PRESENT AND FUTURE:

The Man is standing on stage in a 10,000 person auditorium:

THE MAN

Like the first bridge-crossers, I followed the work. The journey was ferocious. And yes, it's true --

(taps his head)

My brain was injured. I know that's part of my lore -- "*What'd he do to his brain?*" The infamous lore. According to the *interwebs*, I'm the hygienically challenged *recluse* who demands all his employees snort fire ants and hallucinate for nine straight days in my personal desert bunker, which is shaped like an egg. And the guy who demands all his girlfriends dress like Nikola Tesla's mother -- when we're seen in public -- which is never. Apparently I'm a Dionysian Tech God Willy Wonka, up to my neck in secrets.

Laughter from the audience. He prowls the space, radiating authority, humor -- *enjoying himself*:

THE MAN (CONT'D)

It's all true. The secret part, anyway. My immediate problem is, my friends at the CIA, NSA, and FBI think they're the *only* ones entitled to secrets. They're desperate to figure out how I transformed World into the biggest corporation in the world. And they certainly don't want me to tell *you*.

A LOGO OF THE PLANET APPEARS on a jumbotron behind him -- the emblem of WORLD ENTERPRISES, colloquially known as "WORLD." Like "Apple." Rotating IMAGES suggest a multinational corporation embedded in every essential aspect of our lives. And beneath the planet, the slogan:

"MAKE IT BRIGHTER."

From his coat pocket, The Man pulls out a SUBPOENA --

THE MAN (CONT'D)

In fact, five minutes ago I was handed this subpoena by two gentlemen from The Justice Department -- *hi, fellas* --

He waves at the stage wings, where TWO SUITED MEN stand in silhouette, watching. We can't see their faces. We don't need to -- their body language screams hostility:

THE MAN (CONT'D)

-- which says that if I stepped on stage, I'd be, uh...

(reading)

... Violating Title 18 of the Espionage Law for endangering National Security --

(tears off a page, TOSSES it in the air)

-- and -- here's my favorite part --

(tears off another page)

-- breach of International Traffic In Arms Regulations because my words -- my work -- has been classified as a weapon. Which carries a punishment of 20 years in prison and a fine of... all my money.

Audible GASPS from the audience now. *Is he serious?*

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Fortunately, I don't think anybody actually knows how much money I have, including me. So I came out anyway and here's why:

(beat)

I want to tell you my story. The real story. About World, and why I had to rebuild it -- and myself, along the way. Would you like to hear?

A SWELLING ROAR FROM THE CROWD. He grins, a master showman -- turns his look back to the Suited Men in shadow. Daring them, now, to remove him from the stage.

They don't. He puts up his arms, quieting the crowd:

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Okay, okay... ready? It's simple:

He pauses, his eyes alive with memories lost...

THE MAN (CONT'D)

Because of all the things I left
behind. Family. Community.
People say that life, our lives,
are really just a process of
leaving things behind.

(dramatic pause)

Chew on that: we exist only in our
own limited, human, bandwidth.

His eyes shift now. Angry. Piercing.

THE MAN (CONT'D)

I say *that's bullshit*. I say
today, we change that. I refuse to
be what I've lost...

EXT. OIL FIELDS - NIGHT - PRESENT

Back where we left him in the oil field: The Man's entire
naked body slick with black ooze, he drags himself up, gets
his feet under him, squats --

MAN'S VOICE

I had to relearn everything... *No*,
I should be honest with myself...

Leaning on his knuckles, he propels himself forward like an
ape. Uses the momentum to stand erect --

His balance is fucked. His depth perception is fucked. But
he's here. He made it. *No one else could have done it.*

Lights blink in the far distance. A TOWN.

MAN'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I had to learn how to become... a
human being.

The Man staggers toward it, disappearing into a weird curtain
of smoke and we SMASH TO:

TITLE: **"The Man Who Fell To Earth"**

FADE BACK IN ON:

EXT. ROUTE 2 - OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - NIGHT - PRESENT

A bullet-pocked road sign: "WELCOME TO WILLISTON, NORTH DAKOTA - BOOMTOWN, USA."

Oil Towns like this are the modern Wild West -- and into this teeming sewer of humanity stumbles our alien.

Describing him at this nascent stage of his development is like describing Buster Keaton, of the bad-ass-nickname Great Stone Face -- always gracing the room like some freaky prince with that face and body that transcended articulation: tornadoes, waterfalls, avalanches -- none of it mattered to The Great Stone Face who never stopped to take a bow, and you were so blown away by watching yourself in him? Like a magic mirror? That you didn't even see he was fucking ruthless.

That's our Man.

He stumbles past a graveyard of farm equipment, rusted propane tanks... an empty pumpkin patch where a deflated FUCK DOLL has been abandoned... sees now, up ahead...

... A CLUSTER OF HEAD LIGHTS. Men and women sitting on the hoods of their cars, watching A MIDNIGHT RODEO that's taken over the lonely High School football field.

ON THE MAN

Watching this strange human/animal ritual at a distance.

The Rodeo Horse spins in and out of those roiling curtains of smoke from the oil fires... time seems to SLOW...

In the headlight illumination, it's like a Ghost Horse...

The Cowboy hanging on for dear life, the horse kicking a crazy circle in the air with its hind legs...

As the smoke wall lifts a little, *the horse sees The Man and STOPS*. Just STOPS --

The Cowboy goes FLYING. The Man stares. The horse stares.

The horse shakes his head and SNORTS. The Man does the same.

Some kind of communication is occurring here.

A RODEO CLOWN jogs into frame and does a little dance for the horse. The Horse still doesn't move as --

The Man keeps his eyes locked on the horse, until the Rodeo Clown, in frustration, gives the reins a nasty YANK --

The Man's head JERKS VICIOUSLY in tandem.

Whatever was between The Man and horse is now gone.

He recedes into the night, swallowed up by the smoke again.
As Megadeth's "Symphony Of Destruction" takes us to:

EXT. CHANEY'S TOTAL AUTO - NIGHT

The music's coming from an AUTO GARAGE. The Man stumbles towards the SOUND. He responds with a vaguely musical bark.

A GREEN HOSE hasn't been entirely turned off, dribbling into an old sink.

He FREEZES:

Seeing THE WATER.

INT. CHANEY'S TOTAL AUTO - NIGHT

A MECHANIC is checking the undercarriage of a customized TOW TRUCK. As he rises --

He SEES THE MAN out the window doing something and says in the same breath:

AUTO GUY
God damn it.

SMASH TO:

FLASHING LIGHTS

A POLICE CRUISER pulls up in front of the garage. In the front seat, two WILLISTON COPS (HAUGENOE and PEARSON) see, in the glare of the headlights, a naked and oil-covered man crouched and WRAPPED in the green hose, his back to us...

HAUGENOE
God damn it.

Haugenoe flips the siren. No movement from whatever the hell that is. In back of the cruiser, behind the barrier, a WILLISTON GIRL (ALICIA), 17, is high out of her mind, picked up for prostitution:

ALICIA
The fuck is that? Is it a turtle?

HAUGENOE
Quiet, Alicia.

The cops get out, flashlights and tasers up:

HAUGENOE (CONT'D)
Hands where I can see them. Stand
up and turn around. Slow.

The Man doesn't move. From the door of the garage, the MECHANIC shouts --

MECHANIC
 Get him off my property, Dave!
 Third tweaker this month!

HAUGENOE
 Just stay inside and keep quiet.

And then it's all rapid fire YELLING:

<p>ALICIA -- Hey, can I have a soda?-- -- He keeps them in the cooler right there!</p>	<p>PEARSON -- No you can't have a soda --</p>
---	--

<p>MECHANIC -- Dave, how many goddamn tweakers am I gonna have to shoot on my property <i>this</i> <i>week?</i></p>	<p>HAUGENOE -- Everybody <i>SHUT UP.</i></p>
---	---

The cops get closer to The Man, to SEE he has the business end of the hose IN HIS MOUTH -- which cracks Pearson up:

PEARSON
 Jeez, Dave, must be Tuesday.

HAUGENOE
 (to The Man)
 Take that thing out of your mouth.

The Man says nothing. Because hose. He turns slightly to see their TASERS pointed at him and wonders: *did I come light years just to die at the hands of two human males dressed alike, covered in authoritarian symbols?*

HAUGENOE (CONT'D)
 I'm going to remove this hose from your mouth. If you so much as blink, Officer Pearson will shoot your ass in the head. Do you understand these rights as I have explained them to you?

Pearson trains his weapon. Haugenoe PULLS at the end of the hose --

-- and The Man spins himself around as TWELVE FUCKING FEET of garden hose emerge and emerge and emerge from his mouth like a string of handkerchiefs in a magician's act:

PEARSON

Shit.

The hose's end finally appears, SPITTING WATER -- The Man blinking, dizzy as hell --

HAUGENOE

Christ.

ALICIA

(from the car)

I saw a pig with a hose up its ass once. Shouldn't he be drowned?

HAUGENOE

Quiet, Alicia!

(to Pearson)

Put something on him --

PEARSON

Like what?

HAUGENOE

Just cuff him and put something on him --

PEARSON

(re: the oil)

That shit'll never get off the seats --

ALICIA

I'm not sitting with --

HAUGENOE

Shut up.

PEARSON

Shut up.

HAUGENOE

Well we're not leaving him out here, are we?

PEARSON

What d'you suggest we do with him?

The two cops are standing there holding their tasers. They look at each other a beat -- and then:

TZZZZZZZZZT! Haugenoel pulls the trigger and ZAPS The Man.

NOTHING. The Man just looks down at these two funny tentacles hanging off him, the strange feeling of low-level current coursing through him.

Haugenoe rolls his eyes to Pearson, who fires *his* taser too --

And The Man goes DOWN.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Driving on the dark highway: cops in front, Alicia in back behind the grill. The Man is absent. Because -- there's BUMPING and THRASHING in the trunk. A lot of noise. BANG BANG BANG. After a long pause:

ALICIA
He'll sue you if he dies.

INT. POLICE DEPT. WILLISTON, NORTH DAKOTA - MORGUE - NIGHT

DEAD BODIES under sheets. It's cold.

The Man, wrapped in a blue tarp, is led behind Alicia by the officers through the MORGUE.

Behind the glass, a CORONER is performing an autopsy -- the corpse's chest wide open, rib spreaders in place.

Alicia, even while high, jerks her head away. It's horrible. She doesn't want to see --

ALICIA
Oh, wow, wow, wow.

The Man stops to assess a beat, clinical, unmoved. *These must be the dead, he thinks.*

HAUGENOE
(to Pearson)
See if there's something he can wear. His balls are gonna freeze to his legs.

Pearson rifles through a bin of dead people's clothes. Alicia exhales, her BREATH VISIBLE. The Man MIRRORS her, gives a huff -- his breath is NOT. Alicia's nose wrinkles:

ALICIA
How come you're not cold?

INT. SHOWERS - WILLISTON POLICE STATION - NIGHT

HARSH WATER SPRAYING THE MAN, getting hosed off. Gulping at the water like a crazy beast who's been in the desert.

The oil runs off and SWIRLS down the drain...

The Man cocks his head, fixated on THE SWIRL...

One of his eyes begins to ROTATE in its socket, following the pattern. Swirling... swirling...

As we PRELAP CRAZY SHOUTING --

INT. HOLDING TANKS - WILLISTON POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Side-by-side Male and Female holding tanks: drunks, tweakers, and prostitutes. And standing against the bars is:

The Man, clean now but hair still wet, in a Williston Coyotes sweatshirt that's too small for him. He's at the sink watching the water churn down the drain.

He cocks his head slightly as he hears, from behind him, ONE SCARY GUY has cornered another SCARY GUY:

SCARY GUY

I don't care about you. I don't care about you. Just give me my money.

In the Women's Tank, Alicia BARKS at Pearson on the phone at a desk:

ALICIA

Oh my God, Trey, this is so illegal, my sister'll sue you guys...

The Man jerks his head towards her. And speaks his FIRST WORDS ON EARTH -- MIMICKING her teen voice and exact posture:

THE MAN

Oh my God, Trey, this is so illegal, my sister'll sue you guys...

Alicia turns to The Man, startled. Then bursts out LAUGHING:

ALICIA

That was really good!

The Man bursts out LAUGHING and repeats in her voice:

THE MAN
That was really good!

PEARSON
(covering the phone)
Quiet --

ALICIA
I don't sound like that!

THE MAN
(yes she does, exactly)
I don't sound like that!

PEARSON
I want some quiet.

THE MAN
I want some quiet.

Like that, The Man's voice just shifted from Alicia's to a perfect copy of Pearson's. Alicia finds this hysterical, starts clapping and chanting:

ALICIA
I want some qui-et! I want some
qui-et!

The Man CLAPS and CHANTS too, repeating. One of the tweaking FEMALE CELL MATES behind Alicia is getting agitated:

FEMALE CELL MATE
Shut her up! Shut her the fuck up!

THE MAN
Shut her up! Shut her the fuck up!

At this, the woman GRABS Alicia from behind and they get into a JAILHOUSE BRAWL. It's not pretty. Women CHEER and JEER --

The Man watches clinically -- no concern, or empathy as --

Alicia gets her head BASHED IN, is now twitching on the floor. The Cops break it up, hoist Alicia to her feet and just for a second, her bloody face is pressed against the bars, directly across from The Man:

ALICIA
This... really hurts...

The Man just FALLS ASLEEP STANDING UP. Right there. Like a horse. And starts snoring.

INT. BULLPEN - WILLISTON POLICE DEPARTMENT - MORNING

SNAP -- a tube of AMMONIUM CARBONATE breaks under The Man's nose.

Nothing.

Officer Pearson feels just fucking fine about SHAKING him violently, but The Man remains unconscious.

Pearson finally snaps FOUR TUBES of ammonium under his nose.

The Man wakes up COUGHING. Realizes he's HANDCUFFED to a chair, sitting across from a desk:

PEARSON

You'll be processed in a bit. Try
not to be a freak for five minutes.

As Pearson goes, The Man blinks against DAYLIGHT. The flight across galaxies has taken an enormous physical and mental toll. He has, up to now, only been able to *respond...*

The next step in his journey of light years begins here. Each new experience he digests in this room will build upon the one before it, until he absorbs enough to *activate...*

As his VOICE OVER gently returns to us:

THE MAN (V.O.)

*Remember the way it was when you
first absorbed something... a
voice, a smell. Pure. Without any
prism. Experience... without
refraction.*

**And so it BEGINS: the SIGHTS, SOUNDS and SMELLS in the room
SHIFT to his disoriented P.O.V. as we experience this strange
world like a newborn --**

THE MAN (V.O.)

I opened my eyes, and my ears...

HIS EYES

Darting, adapting to each new stressor in the environment at the rate of a card shuffling machine in Vegas --

HIS EARS

The DIN of the room's TECHNOLOGY seems to separate itself from everything else at decibels even a dog couldn't detect:

Computers, cell phones, texting, sexting... a *symphony of CLICKING, HUMMING, BUZZING that accelerates his revival...*

THE MAN (V.O.)
*And suddenly, the world around me
 was brand new again...*

HE SEES:

A COP patting the ass of another cop... *they WHISPER to each other far across the room...*

A WOMAN in a WHEELCHAIR working as a SKETCH ARTIST... *we HEAR the SCRATCHING of her pencil on the page...*

A butterfly landing on a computer monitor... *we HEAR its wings fluttering like thunderclaps...*

Sound SPIKES as a frustrated officer BANGS the computer to shoo the butterfly -- The Man FLINCHES -- and now --

-- THUD! A FEMALE INTAKE OFFICER plops down at the desk in front of The Man, right in his eye line:

INTAKE OFFICER
 You were ingesting a hose? In the
 municipality?

He doesn't answer, his eyes still consuming input like an algorithm --

INTAKE OFFICER (CONT'D)
Hey. Do. You. Know. Why.
 You're. Here?

Nothing. The Officer rolls her eyes: *Intake is always a party*. Her cell RINGS. The phone INTERESTS The Man. She holds up a finger:

INTAKE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 Scuze me.

He holds up the same finger she does, mirroring her. Shaking her head, she answers her phone:

INTAKE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 Hey, Hon --

The Man's focus NARROWS on her cell. Like the other sounds, the CALLER'S VOICE is inaudible to anyone with human ears --

INTAKE OFFICER (CONT'D)
 I don't think you're right about
 that, Hon. Can I call you back?

As she hangs up, The Man, in the DEEP VOICE of whomever she was just speaking to, says:

THE MAN

The 2013 XTS has the OooonnnnStar,
Katie, I'm a hundred percent
suuuuurre.

The Officer looks at her phone a beat, confused...

INTAKE OFFICER

That's interesting. Cause there's
no way you could have heard that,
and a good rule around here is
mind your own business.

But his focus is GONE again, consuming the *NOISE OF TECH* --

INTAKE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Pst?

-- the clicks, tones, and beats getting LOUDER -- building to
a CRESCENDO *until she SNAPS her fingers to break his trance:*

INTAKE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Are you here?

ON THE MAN. PEAK SATURATION. TECH NOISE DISAPPEARS FROM HIS
AWARENESS. His eyes return to her with laser focus...

MAN'S VOICE V.O.

*... And like that: I woke up. To
the world.*

When he opens his mouth to speak this time, it's in a voice
we haven't heard: HIS OWN --

THE MAN

I am.

INTAKE OFFICER

You're good? Your brain up and
running?

THE MAN

It is. I was traumatized on
impact. But all this rudimentary
stimulus has made it possible to
reconnect with my introcosm. My
mission can continue. Water.

He's pointing to a cellophane case of bottled waters on her
desk. She glowers, reluctantly hands him one --

INTAKE OFFICER

I liked it better when you couldn't really talk, actually.

He drinks the entire thing in what seems like a single gulp, drops the bottle on the floor and lets it roll away --

THE MAN

There are 1,459 satellites presently orbiting this planet. I have all the vocabularies on earth.

The Officer wearily searches the desk for an INTAKE FORM --

INTAKE OFFICER

All of 'em, huh?

THE MAN

And all your basic data. Satellites offered no context for your emotional spectrum, however. Each new experience prepares me to replicate human nuance.

He takes the second water bottle without asking, starts drinking that too. She pulls the rest out of his reach:

INTAKE OFFICER

I see. You're from...?

THE MAN

Far away.

INTAKE OFFICER

Mmm. What's it like there?

THE MAN

Hot.

She chuckles, assuming he's just another crazy, like all the rest here. He chuckles just like her, grinning the weirdest alien-trying-to-grin grin imaginable.

A nearby POLICE OFFICER begins yelling at his PARTNER:

ANGRY OFFICER

The fucking guy was a *hundred years old* and you PULL HIM THE FUCK OVER? YOU WANT HIM TO DIE ON YOUR SHIFT? LET HIM DRIVE THE FUCK HOME AND DIE!

The Man looks at the Intake Officer, who shrugs:

INTAKE OFFICER
 Sometimes, here on Earth? If you
 tell folks what you want in a loud
 voice and say 'fuck' a lot, it
 works.

He makes a mental note of that:

THE MAN
 That data was not available by
 satellite. More water. Now.

She crosses her arms and leans back:

INTAKE OFFICER
 You asking me or fucking telling
 me?

He observes her body, considers, and inflects up this time,
 turning it into a question:

THE MAN
 More water, *noooowww???*

OFFICER
 Say please.

THE MAN
 Please.

She gives him another bottle:

OFFICER
 What's your name?

The Man hones in on her name tag: "K. FARADAY."

THE MAN
 K. Faraday.

So from now on, FARADAY is what we'll call him.

The female Faraday sighs, having had enough. She STAMPS a
 desk ticket, hands it to him, unlocks him from the chair --

FARADAY
 (again, inflecting up)
 I can *gooooo?*

INTAKE OFFICE FARADAY
Please.

He's on his feet like a shot --

FARADAY

Gold is valuable here, correct?
I have some. I need to sell it.

INTAKE OFFICER FARADAY

I don't wanna know.
(gestures)
Pawn shop. Two streets over.

And he's off. Winding through the precinct. Passes an empty desk, sees a CELL PHONE on the edge -- and SWIPES IT.

INT. ALLEY - MORNING

Faraday, alone in the alley, is breaking down the phone, examining the components: *Circuit board, battery, chip.*

He pockets the battery and chip, but tosses the board.

Across the street, a TATTOOED WOMAN is opening up a PAWN SHOP for the day. Faraday considers. Concentrates --

His stomach starts to CONVULSE. He brings his cupped hands to his mouth and --

VOMITS UP WHAT APPEAR TO BE HUNDREDS OF GOLD RINGS.

More than any human stomach could hold, they *PLINK PLINK PLINK* to the ground in a spray of SOUND --

INT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

Faraday's hand KNOCKS on the glass of a bulletproof partition. The Tattooed Woman looks up, then back down, on her phone. So he RAPS his head against the partition to get her attention. Hard. Dazes himself...

PAWN SHOP WOMAN

You're not the first guy in this town to try that, you know.

FARADAY

I brought something to sell.

Faraday reaches into his pockets and starts dumping FISTFULS OF GOLD RINGS into the little sliding drawer on the counter.

Pawn Shop Woman looks at him. *Wow.*

PAWN SHOP WOMAN

Hang on.

She goes to the back. Faraday can see her on a security monitor talking to a LARGE MAN. They look back at him.

Faraday's eyes scan the shop: A DVD player. A pinball machine. A karaoke machine and microphone. He grabs the mic and begins taking it apart like he did the phone, removing its amplifier chip, as the woman returns with a small SCALE:

PAWN SHOP WOMAN (CONT'D)
Hey, you just bought that.

He strips some copper wire out of the mic, tosses the rest. She rolls her eyes, and weighs the rings one by one:

PAWN SHOP WOMAN (CONT'D)
Did you save all your wedding rings
for all the times you've been
reincarnated since the beginning of
earth?

What?

PAWN SHOP WOMAN (CONT'D)
Do you need a whole lotta money to
purchase a boat load of Sunscreen
with SPF-a-hundred because you are
the palest white man I've ever seen
IN MY LIFE?

FARADAY
Are these... *questions?*

She laughs at him. He finds a METAL DETECTOR WAND. Pries it open, removes the VOLT METER. Now an old pair of HEADPHONES. She watches how fast he's moving --

PAWN SHOP WOMAN
Look, I have to weigh every single
one of these. You may as well slow
down.

He moves on to a RECORD PLAYER and 45 RECORD. Turns the power on and the 45 spins. No sound, because he has to...

PAWN SHOP WOMAN (CONT'D)
Put the needle on the record.

He does: the music is INSTANT. The Chi-Lites. "Oh, Girl."

Faraday jumps, STARTLED. *What is this?* He lets it play. His body responds, as the sound saturates him. Not swaying to any rhythm. Like a first dip in a new liquid.

PAWN SHOP WOMAN (CONT'D)

Good song.

She lights her cigarette. It shakes him out of the moment, he recoils from the smell:

FARADAY

Freon.

PAWN SHOP WOMAN

Yum, yum.

FARADAY

I can smell your tumor.

PAWN SHOP WOMAN

Ha ha.

FARADAY

(re: the glass)

What's the barrier for?

She entertains herself, takes her time to weigh and measure:

PAWN SHOP WOMAN

People do crazy things in here.
I get dropped into these "Why did I think I deserved a living room set?" psychodramas, all the time. Whatever. You are not in that position, because you have no attachment to these rings.

That last sentence gets his attention. He doesn't like it, though you wouldn't know it by his stone face:

FARADAY

A good rule around here is to mind your own business.

PAWN SHOP WOMAN

I'm minding my business. I'm just saying. One, there's a lot of them. And then, I mean, the way people get when they have to sell a thing they love? I can tell by your face, these didn't cost you anything.

Faraday turns sharply now, bumping into the record player, which kicks it up to 75 RPM -- the sound now gibberish and SPEEDING as he RAISES HIS VOICE, the way he learned to in the precinct, to get what he needs --

FARADAY
THEY COST ME EVERYTHING.

PAWN SHOP WOMAN
(the record player:)
Hey! You just bought that.

He BANGS his head and hands on the glass, startling her --

FARADAY
THERE ARE 3240 GRAMS OF 18 KARAT
EARTH GOLD. THAT IS \$27,685.46 AT
THE CURRENT MARKET RATE. GIVE ME
MY FUCKING MONEY. I DON'T CARE
ABOUT YOU OR THAT MAN OR THIS
PLACE. THERE IS NOTHING YOU CAN
CONCEIVE OF THAT MEANS ANYTHING TO
ME. COUNT FASTER. I WILL GET MY
FUCKING MONEY AND CONTINUE MY
MISSION.

Off the woman, freaked out, we SMASH TO:

EXT. SEWAGE PIPE RUNOFF - DAY

SEWAGE spitting from a pipe. Faraday dips his hands into the liquid, drinking it. Again. Again. No reaction to the taste, just the nourishing water...

FARADAY V.O.
*Even at step one... I was the
arrogant, pompous ass you've heard
about.*

He wipes his mouth. Tired. The sun is searing. The landscape is endless, dotted with oil derricks. Empty. And he seems alone in it.

He opens an envelope filled with MONEY from the pawn shop.

Then he lays out all the component pieces he's collected:

FARADAY V.O. (CONT'D)
*I knew what I was capable of. I
knew the world would open as I
needed it... if I had the right
teachers.*

QUICK CUTS: He strips the copper wires, connects them to the mic amplifier chip and volt meter, creating some kind of DEVICE. Plugs the headphones into it, slips them over his ears, turns the dial on the voltmeter --

We hear the faint arhythmic pulsing of STATIC -- but strange and repetitive --

The meter BOUNCES slightly, like a compass. Pointing North.

Faraday looks to the horizon with peculiar intensity and starts walking North, not understanding that he's stepping right onto a HIGHWAY full of TRAFFIC where --

-- he nearly gets SIDESWIPEd by a BIG RIG as it roars past.

No reaction from him. He waits impassively for an opening in the traffic, then continues across the road, following the PULSING STATIC...

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

WIDE: Faraday is a moving speck in the vast Dakota Badlands.

He walks on the bleached sand along the side of the highway, listening to the STATIC on his headset as he follows the directional bounce of the Voltmeter on his jury-rigged device...

He's so intensely focused on his task, he doesn't realize DOLLAR BILLS are flitting out occasionally from his pockets into the wind... just fluttering away behind him...

ANGLE -- HIS FEET

Walking across the blinding sand... one foot after the next... and then, suddenly --

The sand underfoot is RED. And he's no longer wearing shoes.

His feet are rugged and, curiously, wrapped in RAGS.

We RISE on the move to reveal Faraday's body is shrouded like a Bedouin. GOGGLES, FACE MASK, GLOVES to protect from the searing heat.

In front of him -- THE DESERT:

Endless and alien. Dry and barren.

A planet we will come to know as ANTHEA.

Ahead: A SERIES OF DECAYING, RUSTED STRUCTURES, half-buried in sand. It's like some God, their God, pulled the plug.

Faraday approaches one of the alien structures -- some kind of MACHINE. He unslings a satchel and removes strange TOOLS, uses one to pry open a port --

Removes various RUSTED MECHANISMS from inside the machine, finds a valuable piece, keeps it, tosses away the others:

Faraday is a scavenger, and this process echoes his scavenging in the pawn shop.

He reaches deeper into the machine and finds what he's really looking for -- a SPONGE, or what looks like one. Slips his goggles up, revealing those intense orange, vertical-slitted eyes, skin devoid of pigment...

Opens a canteen and so carefully, squeezes the sponge --

-- collecting DROPLETS OF WATER. The slow, exacting *drip... drip... drip... becomes* --

WH-CKACK! A CLOSED FIST HITTING HIS MOUTH:

Faraday's head ROCKS to the side and he blinks: *Huh?*

WE ARE:

BACK IN THE DESERT OF WILLISTON

TWO THUGS have jumped him on the road for his money --

Another CLOSED FIST -- Faraday staggers back -- DROPS his device, it SHATTERS on the ground -- there's a RINGING in his ears -- BLOOD in his mouth and he can taste it --

The THIRD PUNCH takes him to his knees as the Thugs start beating the shit out of him and taking cash from his pockets:

FARADAY (V.O.)

You were my teachers. The people I met on my learning curve. A steep one, I might add...

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY - THE FUTURE

We're back in the AUDITORIUM. Faraday on stage, addressing the crowd of thousands:

FARADAY

I learned, from you, the consequences of us having to give up so much: a world of unseen visions and heard silences. Whole kingdoms where each one of us are half-kings, reigning alone.

(beat)

I learned I'm a fucking poet, apparently. And a bad one.

Some LAUGHS from the crowd.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
 But truly, I learned my humanity
 from a woman...

INT. OIL REFINERY - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

An AFRO-LATINA WOMAN changes her clothes amidst FEMALE REFINERY WORKERS in a locker room. Her name is **JUSTIN FALLS**.

As she opens her locker, we GLIMPSE a photo taped to the door: Justin with her FATHER. She wears a game grin, eyes dancing. He is tense and uncomfortable in front of the camera.

The Justin we're meeting here in this locker room is ten years OLDER and a long way from the woman in that picture. Eyes muted now. Her skin pallid.

She pulls a white COVERALL over her jeans and t-shirt, hangs a RESPIRATOR around her neck, loads Nitrile gloves in her kit.

Kindly, ANOTHER WORKER holds back her braids as Justin unfastens her little charm necklace. There's a CRUCIFIX on it. She thanks her friend, briefly kisses the cross, deposits her necklace and earrings in her locker...

FARADAY (V.O.)
*And I need to tell you about this
 woman because she led me to
 understand what I needed to build,
 and how. See, she'd struck a
 bargain with what she'd given up in
 her life, and this was it:*

INT. ABANDONED MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Justin, in her HAZMAT suit, is one of several WORKERS scrubbing asbestos in the school. A cloud of dust covers her. Drudge work.

FARADAY (V.O.)
*If everything she'd left behind,
 every unrealized dream, just
 quieted down and retreated and left
 her alone...*

INT. OIL REFINERY - SHOWER

Justin scrubbing with anti bacterial soap... the dust running off her...

FARADAY (V.O.)
*She promised, promised never to
 aspire again. To anything.*

EXT. OIL REFINERY - DAY

WIDE SHOT of Justin waving idly at the guard in front of the refinery as she drives her pick-up off into the vast, empty desert:

FARADAY (V.O.)
She was very tired of hoping.

INT. JULIUS' HOUSE - NIGHT

The house of a HOARDER. Piles and boxes of things, so many things, things everywhere, none of them useful.

JULIUS FALLS, her father from the photo, is in a bed in the living room. Not well. Justin takes a PRESCRIPTION BOTTLE from her pocket and hands him a pill and water, makes sure he swallows...

INT. JULIUS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

Justin, surrounded by PILES OF DAD'S STUFF, is on his LAND LINE, negotiating with MEDICARE. WE SEE a stack of paperwork. Every page stamped in bureaucratic RED: *Claim denied. Denied. Denied.*

Barely audible:

JUSTIN
 (into the phone)
 ... No, that was-- Yeah, I'll hold.

She sighs, pops one of the pills herself...

FARADAY (V.O.)
*She promised to forget her own
 majesty, like a boat too big for
 its own canals. She sold herself
 out. Every day...*

INT. SHUTTERED SUPERMARKET - DAY

Upended grocery carts, covered in dust. Justin again in the HAZMAT, pulling insulation...

FARADAY (V.O.)
Every minute...

INT. OIL REFINERY - SHOWER

Rinse, repeat: Justin at the sink after another shower, pops open the prescription bottle --

FARADAY (V.O.)
She wanted the anesthesia.

-- and discovers she has only TWO PILLS LEFT:

JUSTIN
Shit.

She pops one, eyes herself in the mirror --

FARADAY (V.O.)
*What would the world be like if
each of us had the courage to
accept ourselves, fully?*

She walks away from herself. HOLD on the empty mirror...

FARADAY (V.O.)
*What would the world be like if we
accepted each other?*

INT. JUSTIN'S PICK UP - DAY

Justin in her red pickup, wearily driving home. Up ahead, she notices something on the side of the road...

FARADAY (V.O.)
*But there was one thing she still
held on to...*

Two thugs beating the shit out of someone: that someone is FARADAY. And we realize we are back where we left him --

He is LOSING the fight and getting his ass robbed blind.

Is that actual *money* flying out of his pockets?

This is the last thing she needs. She's got her own problems... *and yet:*

FARADAY (V.O.)

Her mercy. It lingered on her like perfume. It worked on my brain although, at the time, I couldn't recognize it.

With a heavy inhale, Justin makes a decision. *And this decision will change her life forever...*

FARADAY (V.O.)

She helped me understand that mercy exists -- at its essence -- in small, human choices.

She pulls over, pops the glove box, grabs a PISTOL and tucks it in her jacket --

EXT. HIGHWAY ROADSIDE - DAY

-- even as he's getting the shit kicked out of him, Faraday is ALERTED to the woman's presence by her smell as she hops out of her truck. A chemical smell.

Thug #2 PUNCHES him again. Justin pulls out the gun and with practice and facility, FIRES a round into the air -- **BANG!**

Faraday cranes his neck up to follow the TRAJECTORY of the bullet, calculating its arc --

A CAR whizzes by and sends a TORNADO OF MONEY swirling into the air. A Thug snags a fluttering fifty:

THUG 1

Shit!

Thug #1 leaps for her. Justin ducks low, puts her shoulder into his hips -- SCUFFLE -- he has facility here too --

STRIKES Thug #1 with her pistol, but he KICKS her in the stomach -- her gun flies out of her hand, lands near Faraday...

He picks it up. Runs his eyes over it, digests it -- then, repeating what she did, Faraday FIRES over their heads, SIX ROUNDS -- **BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG BANG!**

The thugs turn and run, one jumping back into frame to grab a fifty, then they're off.

Faraday, who doesn't express pain the way we do, doesn't understand why she is on her hands and knees, GASPING.

He closes the distance between them, his finger on the trigger, and stands over her, the gun barrel near her head.

A drop of his BLOOD hits her cheek.

One of his FINGERS IS BROKEN, sticking 45 degrees in the wrong fucking direction.

Faraday can see the barrel reflected in her dilated pupils, which are huge -- adrenalized. She closes her eyes, thinking she's about to die...

Beat. Beat. Her eyes open.

He lets her reach up slowly... and take the gun by the barrel... evaluating her electric activity coursing through the metal before he drops his end and turns away.

Rattlesnake fast, she ejects the clip, reloads, trains the gun on him --

But he's already moved off, gathering the broken pieces of his DEVICE. Tries to reassemble it with his insanely askew finger. She stares, gun aimed...

JUSTIN

Your... finger's broken...

Oh. Faraday looks at his finger. CRACKS it back into place -- SNAP. No reaction at all. The woman turns and THROWS UP.

Recovers. Wipes her mouth... staring... staring...

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

... Look. *They* were going to kill you, and you didn't kill *me*. I don't know what that makes us, but one of us should say thank you.

(beat)

I think it should be you.

Faraday has no idea yet that a human being needs something emotional, *a resolution*, from someone they just had a life and death exchange with.

He determines his device can't be fixed and drops it, gathers whatever bills he can and stuffs them back in his pockets. She stares at the shattered device:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

What is that?

FARADAY

There's a message arriving for me
at 48.1470° North, 103.6180° West.
I need to intercept *there*. In
seven hours.

She steps back, creating distance, keeping her voice even:

JUSTIN

Oh. Okay. Well...

Sensing her moving away from him, he says LOUDLY:

FARADAY

48.1470° NORTH, 103.6180° WEST. I
NEED TO INTERCEPT THERE IN 6 HOURS,
58 MINUTES, AND 54 SECONDS.

Startle reflex, her adrenaline spiking again --

JUSTIN

Don't yell at me, motherfucker!

FARADAY

48.1470° NORTH, 103.6180° WEST.
TAKE ME!

JUSTIN

Call a fucking Uber.

FARADAY

WHAT?

JUSTIN

Who told you yelling at people
was a good idea?

FARADAY

A LADY.

JUSTIN

NOT THIS LADY!

Now he's confused. Yelling = not good? He steps toward her:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Stay where you are!

He stops. Stare off. *Quieter*:

FARADAY

48.1470° North, 103.6180° West.

She exhales. There's a chemical smell present in her breath, but... *she doesn't smell like a predator to him...*

She whips out her phone... does a Googly map thing...

JUSTIN

That location's... that's in Culbertson. Montana. Good luck.

And starts to move away again --

FARADAY

Take me to Culbertson.

JUSTIN

Look. You're hurt. And I think... on the spectrum? Or... something? But I'm --

Give her money. Her offers some cash:

FARADAY

Take me there.

She looks at it, briefly --

JUSTIN

No. It's like 150 miles from here.

FARADAY

I have 6 hours and 57 minutes.

Give her more money. He adds cash to the offer. She stares at the HUGE wad. In conflict, because she has to know --

JUSTIN

Tell me why you didn't shoot me and take my truck.

He closes in on her again. She takes a step back. *Learn from her,* he's thinking. He stops. Opens his mouth --

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

-- and don't yell.

Look into her eyes. Level.

FARADAY

Because I don't care about you.

He means it to disarm her, except she stares at him with an expression he will see hundreds of times today: utter incredulity.

FARADAY (CONT'D)
I need to receive my next
instruction. To continue.

JUSTIN
Continue *what?*

FARADAY
My message will be in Culbertson.
I can not stop here.
(then, remembering to say
it)
Please.

Faraday adds even more money to the wad. She eyes the cash --

Cash she certainly could use. Then back to Faraday, who is
certainly beat to shit. He adds more cash. And more.

Finally, with a sigh, she SNATCHES the wad:

JUSTIN
I can take you to the state line,
but not across. You'll have to
walk from there.

INT. JUSTIN'S PICK UP - DAY

They both get in her pickup. He finds a bottle of water on
the floor, guzzles it...

JUSTIN
Stay on your side and don't touch
anything.

Faraday doesn't do instructions. *The radio!* He immediately
turns it on -- she snaps it off --

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
I said --

Faraday SNEEZES BLOOD all over her windshield. He freezes.
Confused as all hell. Looks at her:

FARADAY
What was that? Why did that
happen?

JUSTIN
You... sneezed. Blood. On my
windshield.

She puts a Kleenex box between them on the seat. He doesn't know what to do with them. She pulls two, hands them to him:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
There's rubbing alcohol in the glove thingy. You bleed, you clean.

She pops the glove box, rummages for the half-empty bottle of rubbing alcohol. He considers the tissues, then stuffs them up each of his nostrils to stop his bleeding. She looks at him with a nose full of tissues, and sighs:

She pantomimes the tissue/alcohol process. Faraday opens the bottle, smells it... yuck... and FLINGS alcohol on the windshield -- *SPLISH*.

FARADAY
This is inefficient.

Oh, man. This is going to be a day. Justin fishes out her prescription bottle. Down to ONE LAST PILL. Pops it:

JUSTIN
Wipe.

He does. In circles. She drops the empty pill bottle on the console between them, throws the car into gear. His eyes focus: *That's the chemical smell.*

FARADAY
My name is Faraday.

She hits the gas, keeps her eyes on the road --

JUSTIN
For the next 6 hours and whatever minutes, I'm not telling you my name.

EXT. NORTH DAKOTA HIGHWAYS - DAY

The pickup takes an on-ramp South, rocketing along circilinear ramps into the traffic streams...

INT. JUSTIN'S PICK UP - DAY

Driving in awkward silence. Then:

FARADAY
Why did you stop for me? The act had no benefit to you.

JUSTIN

No shit.

He just stares. Awaiting an answer.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

They were going to kill you.

FARADAY

(processing)

For the money.

JUSTIN

... Yeah.

FARADAY

Its value outweighed my value. And yours. They were going to kill you too, correct?

Her same expression, the same drawing together of her brows:

JUSTIN

Are you... from Canada or something?

FARADAY

If you knew your life was at risk, why did you stop for me?

She sort of half chuckles, *I don't know...*

JUSTIN

'Cause... apparently I need evidence I'm The Lord's favorite person?

He reaches for the radio. She turns it off, *again*:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Don't touch my radio, I said.

Had he grown up with human women, he would understand her tone.

FARADAY

I wouldn't have stopped for you.

JUSTIN

Oh, really? You don't say that to people. You can think it, but you don't say it.

FARADAY
I'm thinking I wouldn't have
stopped for you.

JUSTIN
Nice....
(then)
I was Army. I've never left anyone
behind in my life.

That answer doesn't mean much to Faraday.

FARADAY
I have.

JUSTIN
Well, where I come from, this is
what you do.

FARADAY
It's not what I do.

JUSTIN
Yes, we've established.

He picks up the empty prescription bottle --

FARADAY
Perhaps the inorganic chemical
compound that you're overwhelming
your body with alters your
instincts toward self preservation.

She grabs it away from him, stuffs it in her jacket --

JUSTIN
Perhaps you should mind your own
business, Mr. Noseypants.

FARADAY
Yes, I learned that already.

JUSTIN
Good.

FARADAY
But I don't care.
(he SNIFFS in her
direction)
You have almost no dopamine reward
system left. The smell of it dying
made me sneeze.

JUSTIN
 Okay. New rule. You can play with
 the radio if you don't talk.

FARADAY
 You--

And Faraday falls asleep again mid-sentence, like in prison.
 Out. In the middle of whatever. Justin does a double take:

JUSTIN
 Hey.
 He's really out.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Hey.
 Nothing. Justin shakes her head at the absurdity of this,
 gives a big exhale, cranks open her window, lets the breeze
 in. Her first moment of silence and --
 Her phone rings. She answers.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 Hey, dad. Not yet... not yet.
 We can't hear her father on the other end, but we're PUSHING
 IN ON FARADAY, asleep... we close in on his EAR -- *why the
 hell are we holding on his ear? Wait, you'll find out --*

SMASH TO:

INT./EXT. - GAS STATION - DAY

Faraday JOLTS AWAKE. The truck isn't moving. They've
 stopped. He sees Justin emerging from the station with a
 coffee. Pulls the stuffing from his nose, staggers out of
 the truck --

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The smell! Faraday shakes his head like a dog to clear it.
 Brings his sleeve to his nose. The smell really bugs him.

He EXPERIENCES in disorienting fragments, as in the precinct:

*A quartet of BURLY GUYS in baseball hats, shorts and flip
 flops, filling up...*

A MOM excavating her baby from a car seat. Horns beeping...

A WOMAN in an ORANGE JUMPSUIT spearing trash by the side of the road...

TWO BIRDS dive bomb Faraday and he ducks. At his sudden motion, more CASH flies out of his pockets. He's like a little money cloud. The quartet of guys all freeze for a beat, staring at him. Then, shaking their heads, they go back to whatever they were doing.

Justin, now at the PUMP, enjoys a smirk as he looks at her, collects his bills off the ground:

FARADAY

Why did you stop driving? We have
5 hours, 12 minutes, and six
seconds --

JUSTIN

-- to reach "The Message," I got
it.

FARADAY

Why did you stop?

JUSTIN

For gas. Stop asking me things.

He turns and follows the trail of bills, collecting them. STOPS suddenly, detecting something -- a COOLER near the shop. He approaches: it's filled with melting ICE and WATER BOTTLES.

He gets on his knees and PLUNK -- submerges his entire head.

And stays there. Beat. Beat.

Justin simply stares from the pump. Everybody stares. Faraday doesn't move.

BURLY GUY

(to Justin)

Is your friend... committing
suicide?

JUSTIN

I really... I really have no idea.

She reconnects the gas hose and heads into the rest room.

ON FARADAY IN THE COOLER

In the water, he sways his head back and forth, opens his eyes and mouth WIDE -- BUBBLES explode out -- sounds of HEAVY BREATHING -- URGENCY:

And we HARD CUT TO:

Something WHIPPING back and forth through frame -- the image is BLURRY, DREAMLIKE -- A MURKY SHAPE dances against a black background -- SWISHING back and forth --

It's FARADAY -- RUNNING -- back in his Bedouin rags --

HE'S IN THE DESERT OF ANTHEA AGAIN

Except now it's NIGHT. He's racing across the planet's surreal desert plateau toward the embers of a campfire glow --

Four FIGURES there around the plasma fire. One is FEMALE. Two are CHILDREN.

One of the children is on its back, bent over the female's lap.

The child is dying.

It looks at Faraday with those same orange eyes.

Faraday opens his canteen and brings droplets of WATER to the child's lips.

The child opens its mouth and emits a high-pitched KEENING that becomes a VOICE -- MUFFLED --

VOICE O/S
... Buddy... Buddy...

And we are BACK TO:

FARADAY WITH HIS HEAD IN THE COOLER AT THE GAS STATION

He says, while still underwater:

FARADAY
What.

VOICE O/S
You can't --

Faraday yanks his head out, dripping --

It's the GAS STATION GUY, in a yellow Gas Station t-shirt, eating a MEAT PIE and staring at him:

FARADAY
(re: the cooler)
I'm buying this.

HE HEARS: A HORSE WHINNY. Faraday's look snaps up --

EXT. GAS STATION - ACROSS THE ROAD - DAY

Over a fence across the road from the station, THREE BRIDLED HORSES in a corral. A BOY is picking a stone out of one of their horse shoes --

As one, suddenly, they lift their heads -- Faraday is approaching, purposefully, carrying his cooler, still dripping. The horses watch him come. To the boy...

FARADAY

Are these your horses?

BOY

You wanna move away? I'm working, and she's skittish.

Faraday ignores him, runs his hand over the horse. It lets him.

BOY (CONT'D)

Hey.

The position of the horse's eye sockets interest him...

FARADAY

Millennia ago, she had the eyes of a predator. She saw depth. Her eyes are on the sides of her skull, now. She's prey. The predator has evolved right out of her.

BOY

(laughing)

Predator? They're paintball practice if they ain't fast enough.

Across the road behind him, Justin emerges from the restroom, SEES Faraday across the road -- *dammit* -- jogs over --

FARADAY

They have a speed that they use around humans and a speed that they use for themselves. In their truest state, they'll only stop when their energy's fully released, like a wave.

BOY

You one of those animal people, making sure my horses are all like, fulfilled in their experience? You want to stand here and talk with my horse?

As Justin arrives, wary of whatever this exchange is --

FARADAY

I don't talk, I listen. When you made them slave animals, they lost their bandwidth for predation.

(then, curious)

Paintball?

BOY

Like she's a target.

Faraday is oddly gentle with the horse. It isn't lost on Justin.

FARADAY

Don't do that anymore. It's not what she's meant for.

Justin's surprised by what she's hearing. Is this a display of compassion? Or a statement of fact. Hard to tell.

Faraday turns and walks away, back to the truck. She follows... gently...

JUSTIN

What's she meant for?

FARADAY

Very soon she'll relearn that she can kick that boy to death anytime she wants.

She stops in her tracks. Faraday continues on. Hold on Justin -- no, it wasn't compassion. As we PRELAP:

FARADAY (V.O.)

Imagine -- and here's two beautiful words -- a *first encounter*...

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY - THE FUTURE

Faraday takes a beat on the stage. A wistful reverie. He allows his audience in, to make this connection with him...

FARADAY

The first time, say... you saw a horse. Touched it. Easy enough. Of course, we'd all imagine something different...

INT./EXT. JUSTIN'S PICK UP - DAY - PRESENT

Justin drives: the country highway is ruler straight and goes on forever. Faraday with the COOLER on his lap, sloshing water. He scrolls the radio, listening for something.

She watches him quizzically...

FARADAY (V.O.)

But what if the person next to you somehow understood everything that touching the horse inspired in you? Awe. Fear. Love. Love! You'd really see each other. You'd have each other. Shared perception.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY - FUTURE

On the Jumbotron behind Faraday, the image of THOMAS JEROME NEWTON appears (yes, David Bowie, as we saw him in the film):

FARADAY

Did you know Thomas Newton -- the founder of World, the man who laid the foundation years ago -- went blind halfway through his life?

He throws a glance to the two SUITED AGENTS still hovering in the stage wings --

FARADAY (CONT'D)

You guys wouldn't happen to know anything about that, would you?

The men stare back, radiating menace. Faraday grins confidently, turns his attention back to the audience:

FARADAY (CONT'D)

At first he was terrified of the isolation: *how will I understand, and be understood?* But then, the fear became his engine: it drove him to find new tools of perception, new ways to see, and hear....

INT./EXT. JUSTIN'S PICK UP - DAY - PRESENT

SCREEEEEEESHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH. Faraday keys the radio to STATIC. Turns it up --

FARADAY (V.O.)
... new ways to connect.

Annoyed, Justin turns it down:

JUSTIN
 So this... message -- I don't get
 it. It's in a *sound*?

He keeps scanning channels. Doesn't answer. She bristles:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Is it coming from my radio? 'Cause
 this is Rush. Or maybe Jethro
 Tull. There's crazy messages in
 those guys, if you're a teenage boy
 looking for his next wank.

Faraday lands on some different static, rejects it. More
 static, more static. His focus is alarming.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Do you... have anyone monitoring
 you?

FARADAY
 I don't understand.

JUSTIN
 I mean like a counselor, or a
 doctor? You fell asleep in the
 middle of a sentence before.
 That's weird.

FARADAY
 I wasn't asleep. I was resting my
 eyes.

She smiles:

JUSTIN
 You know who says that? Men.

And now, in a voice we've never heard before: older, male,
 pleading, angry --

FARADAY
*"Juzzy, the woman from the agency
 came to the door and I hid. My
 feet ache so bad... my toes... I
 can't fit them in my slippers and
 you said you'd be home with my
 pills."*

Justin SNAPS around, eyes ablaze, her breath catches and --

EXT. HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

SQUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUU! The truck SKIDS as she hits the BRAKES, just stopping in the middle of the road --

INT. JUSTIN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The cooler water spills ALL OVER Faraday. Confused, he looks at his wet self, then her. A ROAD RAGEFUL DAKOTAN leans out of a passing car, YELLING as he BLARES the horn -- but Justin just looks at Faraday, angry, stunned:

JUSTIN

How the hell did you do that? *You were asleep. How'd you hear him?*

FARADAY

I told you. I wasn't sleeping.
(then)
What agency? Does he take the same pills as you? Do you take your pills together?

She claps her hands over her eyes for a beat, trying to contain herself --

FARADAY (CONT'D)

You have heat particles coming out of your head.

A HOOOOONK as another car swerves around, the driver SWEARING at them to move their fucking asses out of the road --

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Drive.

That's it: Justin hits the GAS, then SLAMS on the brakes. Faraday HITS his fucked up nose on the windshield. Touches his again-gushing nose, expressionless curiosity:

FARADAY (CONT'D)

I don't understand you.

JUSTIN

That makes two of us. You talk about my father. You talk as my father. You talk to me in this bullshit plantation era monosyllabic grunting.

(MORE)

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I don't care how weird you are, I don't care where you're from. Apologize right now or I will lock the doors and we will sit here in this truck until we both wither and die like a pair of Goddam ancient nectarines on a tree.

Faraday is simply still. *The clock, the clock.* Then he opens his mouth --

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

-- *What? What?*

FARADAY

An apology... implies regret.

Oh, man. Furious, she HONKS THE HORN really loud. Then just sits there a beat...

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Please. Drive?

With trembling hands she reaches for a pill, but remembers she's empty. She needs one. Hits the gas --

JUSTIN

You heard all of it, right? My father is in pain and needs drugs. Medicare is *not* doing it. I get them for him, wherever I can, and I started taking them too. Welcome to my universe. You can get out and walk the rest of the way if you want, but I need to make a stop.

Her eyes lock dead ahead. He doesn't care about any of that. Looks to the dashboard clock. *Tick, tick.*

EXT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Faraday, a beat behind, as Justin slams out of the truck and heads to the diner -- realizes he's following her out of the car:

JUSTIN

What're you doing? Stay with the truck.

Faraday's not staying with the truck. He falls into step behind her -- *directly* behind her. He doesn't quite have a sense of human personal space. She lurches to the side:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
 Don't get all up on me like that.
 You're like a baby duck.

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - DAY

Faraday follows Justin into the LADIES BATHROOM...

JUSTIN
 No. *That one's yours.*

She points: the MEN'S BATHROOM. Closes the door in his face.
 He turns. Enters the Men's:

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY

A GUY is at the urinal. Faraday processes liquids much slower than we do, he doesn't have to pee, but he steps in front of the urinal and flushes it.

Hmm. Let's do that again.

Flush. Flush. Flush.

Faraday turns his head 90 degrees to look at The Guy, who is laser focused on a point in front of his own nose. Under Faraday's gaze, the Guy shakes, zips, flushes, and bolts from the restroom.

Faraday flushes *his* urinal. Then flushes both. Again, and again, and again -- creating a RHYTHMIC SEQUENCE.

A little plumbing symphony.

INT. BATHROOM ALCOVE - DAY

Justin, emerges from the Ladies' just as the Guy is bolting past. She HEARS the repeated flushings. Rolls her eyes:
Who else? Would be? Doing whatever the fuck that is?

She SLAMS open the Men's room door, Faraday is flushing away:

JUSTIN
Would you just come on?

INT - DINER - DAY

Faraday is standing awkwardly next to Justin at the counter, guzzling water. Watches as she pours cream in her coffee:

HIS POV: *The white SPIRALS into brown...*

His eyes go to the clock -- *Tick. Tick. Tick.* Each tick makes him blink.

Justin's on a stool. She has one eye on the door and the other on the TWO COPS, in a booth, having a quick bite. Their presence puts her on edge, her knee bouncing.

Faraday rubs his temples, irritated by something. There's A YOUNG COUPLE down the row at the counter. The BOY is stroking the GIRL'S cheek. He's saying sweet stuff and she's beaming and they're really in love...

FARADAY

(to Justin)

Their pheromones are giving me a headache. It could be the florescent lights, but more likely it's... them. Will they stop secreting? At any point?

JUSTIN

Go wait in the truck if you're going to be impossible.

Justin gives the cops a discreet glance as something catches Faraday's attention:

HIS POV: *A BIG GUMBALL MACHINE. The gumballs rolling down the SPIRAL to freedom...*

Faraday's eyes ricochet, tracking the moving spheres, seeing a million patterns we can't see --

A WAITRESS swoops past, pen in hand. Faraday simply TAKES IT from her, grabs a napkin, begins to draw on it furiously.

The Waitress is about to GO OFF, when Justin produces another pen from her own bag and offers it:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

He's my ex.

WAITRESS

Good.

Faraday's behavior has drawn the Cops' attention --

JUSTIN

(low, to Faraday)

You need to chill the fuck out. Can you at least smile more? Or once?

Faraday attempts another weird alien-trying-to-grin grin. He can't do it yet. Justin recoils:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Too much bottom teeth. No one on earth would believe that.

FARADAY
(to the Waitress)
Water.

She ignores him. Faraday takes a random glass from the counter and guzzles, spilling.

Justin snatches Faraday's drawing napkin to wipe up the mess. Faraday snatches it back. It's wet, useless. He gets another...

JUSTIN
What are you drawing?

No answer. He finishes some kind of DESIGN with numbers everywhere. Sets that napkin aside, grabs another, starts drawing something else. Justin peers at it:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Looks like a semi-conductor.
Except for the thickness and weight ratio.

The drawing stops. He looks up sharply.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)
Surprise, Canada. She knows stuff.

FARADAY
I'm not from Canada. I have seven designs. Your knee is bouncing. Why?

Justin crosses her legs.

JUSTIN
Designs for what?

FARADAY
To alter communication as you understand it.

He continues to draw, rapidly:

FARADAY (CONT'D)
You think you're connected to each other, but you're not.
(MORE)

FARADAY (CONT'D)

You exist only within yourselves,
and you've made every wrong choice
to arrive precisely *here*.

He finishes his design, grabs another napkin, starts another drawing. She rubs her eyes, sort of chuckles...

JUSTIN

Y'know, I thought I understood a
lot, having been black all my life.
Having met you, I realize now that
my blackness has not quite prepared
me for every caucasian contingency.

Justin picks up one of his napkins and studies it:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

And you're not changing anything.
Semi conductors were invented a
hundred and fifty years ago.

SOMEONE enters the diner -- Justin's eyes shoot to the door. Her face changes. Nope.

FARADAY

Semi conductors are silicon. This
is not silicon. Nothing like this
exists. The design is perfection.
(to the waitress)
Water?

The waitress hates him. Justin sips her coffee, off-handedly:

JUSTIN

Then you might as well give it
away. If it's perfect, no one's
gonna want it.

He looks up. Confused. Interested.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Nobody wants to stop *buying* after
version 1.0. That's why they call
it 1.0. The design flaw's what
makes you crave the next one.
(lowering her voice)
Like meds. They wear off.

Faraday tries to process that. Words that don't compute.

FARADAY

I have to build in a design flaw,
make the product *imperfect*, in
order to sell it globally?

JUSTIN

Seriously, where are you from?

FARADAY

How are you familiar with semi
conductors?

JUSTIN

Army. Corp of Engineers.

(shrugs)

Once. *Formerly Utilized Sites
Remedial Action Program.*

Faraday registers a hint of color pulsing through her cheeks.
She's literally more alive when she's on this topic.

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Like, uh... when industrial
chemicals seeped into the ground.
We cleaned it up and brought the
land back. That kinda thing.

*For the first time in him, a VISIBLE REACTION to this
information. We can almost hear his brain clicking.*

He spins her stool so she faces him. She startles. *Huh?*

FARADAY

*You created safe and livable
habitats on previously contaminated
land.*

Now: a SCARY GUY comes in the diner. The Scary Guy slips to
the back. Justin glances discreetly to the cops --

JUSTIN

Yeah, we brought it back to life.
Stay.

ON FARADAY: locked in on what she's just said. Justin walks
off and meets the Scary Guy in the nook by the bathrooms.

Faraday looks to the Cops as they get up to pay their check.
They look back at him.

IN THE BACK --

Justin slips Scary Guy some cash. He hands her two bottles of pills. This is her DEALER. *Faraday simply gets up and walks straight into the drug deal:*

FARADAY

Do you have an understanding of chemical compounds as they affect growth cycles? And what can be rebuilt on compromised soil?

The Dealer blinks once at Faraday, then looks at the Cops at the register -- it's all meaningless to Faraday.

It's not meaningless to Justin -- she growls:

JUSTIN

Go. Out. Side.

FARADAY

Your skill set is global. And useful to me.

The Dealer dead eyes Justin --

JUSTIN

Never seen him before in my life.

FARADAY

Yes, you have.

(to The Dealer)

If you have nothing else to offer, go away now. My window of interception is shrinking.

The Dealer's temper FLARES but the Cops pass by on their way out. Everybody freezes.

Justin takes this moment to grab Faraday by the elbow and drag him OUT:

FARADAY (CONT'D)

You aren't utilizing your purpose.

JUSTIN

Please stop talking.

FARADAY

That response doesn't address your current degenerative choices.

JUSTIN

I hate you --

EXT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

-- BAM: the door flies open as Justin pushes him out, looking over her shoulder, drags Faraday by the elbow to the truck -- Cops exiting behind them, getting in their SQUAD CAR. The Dealer coming out of the diner too.

She throws Faraday into his side, then climbs in herself --

INT. JUSTIN'S PICK UP - CONTINUOUS

She PINS the gas and they peel out of the parking lot. Her eyes keep flitting to the rear view -- the COPS have pulled out behind her and are following --

JUSTIN
(under her breath)
Shit.

Her eyes pinball between the cops and Faraday -- she shakes her head, tense as hell -- Faraday doesn't care --

FARADAY
Did you research soil structure and
matrix composites in underground
tanks?

Her eyes keep going to the rearview, trying not to look suspicious -- then -- the cops hit their LIGHTS and SIRENS -- *shit* -- they GUN forward toward her pickup --

-- then right PAST it, speeding off down the highway toward something else. Justin lets out an AUDIBLE, ANGRY sound...

FARADAY (CONT'D)
Did you?

She turns to him and glares --

FARADAY (CONT'D)
Why are you looking at me? What is
it you're trying to...

JUSTIN
Understand? Why you're willing to
die. Or let me die.

FARADAY
I'm not willing to die.

The rest of it just hangs there. Justin gathers herself:

JUSTIN

Who are you? And give me an answer
that makes sense. For real. Like
what the fuck?

Measuring what he can explain to her, this Earth woman. No.
There's nothing. He doesn't answer.

She slows the truck --

FARADAY

Please don't slow down.

She doesn't speed up, just stares:

JUSTIN

Answer me.

FARADAY

I come from a place where everyone
produces to the limit of what they
are balanced for. I exceeded my
balance.

JUSTIN

And?

FARADAY

(beat)

There was an error. With something
I built.

JUSTIN

Like... a machine?

FARADAY

Yes.

Her eyes narrow:

JUSTIN

There was an error or you made an
error?

Nothing. Beat. She slows more --

FARADAY

-- Please. I made an error.

JUSTIN

Did... anyone die?

Faraday chooses silence. She slows, merciless in this
moment. Finally --

FARADAY

Many.

His stone face appears to grow microscopically heavier:

FARADAY (CONT'D)

I'm here to correct my error.

Faraday can't understand her gaze. Her eyes appear to shine as they travel over his face. Despite her ebbing adrenaline, they're full of everything he doesn't understand -- sympathy.

Her hands loosen on the wheel, she speeds up. Her shoulders drop. Big exhale...

JUSTIN

That would... make me crazy, too.

Beat. Justin takes this moment to open the windows of the truck. To let the air in, and to accelerate. There's wind in Faraday's hair as he holds his hand out the window and lets the air lift it...

Like a little kid, or a scientist from another planet.

She looks at him, meaning it when she says:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

I don't think you're going to make it out here. I really don't.

He just stares out the window, watching the horizon.

EXT. HIGHWAY - SUNSET

Magic hour. A road sign: two giant wagon wheels and a wooden man on a wooden horse, under: "**WELCOME TO CULBERTSON, MONTANA.**"

Justin's pick up pulls to the side of the road:

INT. JUSTIN'S PICK UP - CONTINUOUS

She parks. Looks at him.

JUSTIN

I can't take you any farther.

FARADAY

Why not?

JUSTIN

I can't cross state line. I'm on probation.

FARADAY

You were in prison? Why?

JUSTIN

I wasn't in prison. I don't want to go to prison.

(then)

Keep walking North. It's just a little ways. You've got almost 10 minutes left.

Faraday climbs out of the truck. She wrestles with herself, letting him go, out into the great nowhere:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Faraday... you know there's nothing here.

FARADAY

There will be.

Justin shrugs... *Sure*. Faraday turns and walks away. Justin yells out her window...

JUSTIN

Most people say goodbye.

Faraday is not most people. He just keeps walking. Justin yells after him:

JUSTIN (CONT'D)

Most people say goodbye!

Faraday keeps walking. Without turning --

FARADAY

Goodbye.

JUSTIN

My name's Justin, by the way!

Still walking --

FARADAY

Goodbye.

Faraday wouldn't understand the look on her face, now, as she watches him for a beat. Lack of resolution. She drives off, unsettled.

At the sound of the gravel crunching under tires as she U turns, Faraday STOPS -- turns his head to look back over his shoulder at her as she recedes into the sunset.

His face is completely enigmatic, and in this moment we might read one of two things:

He has his first inkling of feeling what she feels -- the severing of a connection.

Or: he simply feels nothing at all.

And we'll let you decide.

EXT. CULBERTSON PLAINS - MAGIC HOUR

Faraday walking across infertile cow country. The sun dips behind the mountains casting a purple pall...

He stops. An unusual SOUND, a rhythmical NOISE against the wind... that same WEIRD PULSING he heard earlier...

The air begins to DISPLACE. Faraday's eyes pivot upward:

A LONELY CLOUD is moving into the darkening sky overhead.

Suddenly, HAIL the size of golf balls SMACKS the ground. Faraday doesn't blink. The cloud begins to SWIRL --

-- and OPENS UP:

In front of him, snaking down from the sky, is a TORNADO.

His whole face brightens, opens, like rapture.

The Tornado hits the ground 1000 feet in front of him and DOUBLES IN SIZE --

And he starts WALKING TOWARD IT:

INT. JUSTIN'S PICK UP - HIGHWAY - MAGIC HOUR

On her way back, the HAIL suddenly pummels Justin's windshield. Alert, she looks off toward the plains -- sees THE TORNADO a mile away -- and now -- to the right and left of it -- TWO SMALLER TORNADOS --

ON JUSTIN. PANIC. Faraday's out in the middle of that.

She makes a decision -- the SECOND decision that will change her life forever:

To violate her parole, cross the county line, and go after him. As she WHEELS her pickup around on the highway with a SCREECH --

EXT. CULBERTSON PLAINS - MAGIC HOUR

The three tornadoes MERGE INTO ONE -- 500 feet away From Faraday now. GRINDING towards him. Towering, slow revolutions. Its size inhibiting speed --

And here comes Justin, gunning her pickup across the plains at top speed --

Through her windshield, she SEES *Faraday walking toward the Tornado* --

She SKIDS to a stop -- as close as she can get to him -- jumps out, SHOUTING against the impossible ROAR:

JUSTIN
STOP! STOP! WHAT ARE YOU...!

Justin keeps YELLING for him to stop -- but it's a lost cause. He doesn't stop. He doesn't look back.

ON FARADAY

Staring up as THE TWISTER TOWERS ABOVE HIM, dust swirling. Still, he doesn't even blink.

SOUND IS DEAFENING

Justin, SCREAMING, unable to stand, has no choice but to race back into her truck for cover...

Faraday keeps walking ahead peacefully, not even flinching...

INT. JUSTIN'S PICK UP - CONTINUOUS

Justin rips the door open, manages to dive in and SLAM the door shut -- the pickup itself is SLIDING, rocked by the gale force winds --

HER POV: she watches in horror as Faraday steps INTO THE EYE OF THE TORNADO AND IS CONSUMED BY IT --

INT. THE EYE - CONTINUOUS

The WALLS of the eye, the FUNNEL, the impossible ROARING.

All things we've never seen, but now Faraday is seeing them. He stands in the middle, arms outstretched...

His head drops back. He looks up. And suddenly --

SILENCE

FARADAY'S POV - LOOKING UP

Toward the top of the twister, the LIGHT in the eye above:

IT'S A SPIRAL

And in the surreal silence... another SOUND rises... a TONE, faint at first, but growing louder...

The Tornado begins to SING. Like a Tibetan Singing Bowl.

TIGHT ON HIS EYES AS THEY CLOSE. A sound so deep, he's letting it fill his lungs... and then, a VOICE:

Not his voice. Not Justin's. A voice we've not yet heard... but a voice we know very, very well:

THE VOICE

Open your eyes.

And when Faraday does -- his EYES have returned to their ORANGE CAT SLIT FORM. BRIGHT LIGHT is burning from the pupils. He sees:

The tornado is GONE.

FARADAY IS BACK ON HIS HOME PLANET OF ANTHERA.

In the distance, like a mirage... a FIGURE is walking toward him across the dark desert... OUT OF FOCUS... coming closer... INTO FULL VIEW NOW:

THOMAS JEROME NEWTON. When we last saw him, he was exquisite. Pristine and pale, wondrous.

No more...

After years of living among humans, his strawberry hair has gone WHITE and his porcelain skin is cracked. Some of his fingernails are missing. Like a human man weathering PTSD.

Faraday doesn't know what to make of him... looks around, takes in the space:

FARADAY

This isn't a memory. This isn't the past.

NEWTON

No. It's where we can communicate safely, for now. They watch me.

Edge of paranoia. Newton wears dark glasses. Faraday perks:

FARADAY

Why are you hiding your eyes?

NEWTON

They're just two of the many things I lost here.

FARADAY

It doesn't matter what you've lost.

NEWTON

Says the destroyer of worlds. Did you get here by stacking all the corpses? Did you stand on top of them like a mountain?

Again, Faraday perks at the unrecognizable tone. Sarcasm is entirely lost on him -- especially from a fellow Anthean. He takes a step closer to Newton, seeing something that confuses him -- a bead of SWEAT on his forehead:

FARADAY

What is that?

Newton wipes at his forehead:

NEWTON

NaCl with a 1:1 ratio of Sodium and Chloride ions. The chemical formula for fear. The most primal human emotion, inevitable as rain.

FARADAY

But you aren't human.

Newton lights a cigarette with a cynical shrug:

NEWTON

Yes. That was my understanding.

Faraday clocks Newton's shaking hands, and begins to feel a slow squeeze he can't yet identify....

FARADAY

You smell like them. Like... sickness.

(beat)

You've become prey.

NEWTON

Oh, we're all prey here. Like a dolphin stuck in a net -- which is something that really sends them into a tizzy, by the way.

Tizzy? Faraday wants this back on track:

FARADAY

What do you have for me?

NEWTON

There's what I have for you, and what you deserve --

-- *WHACK!* Newton BACKHANDS him. Faraday's head SNAPS sideways, then his eyes come back up slowly, without a discernible facial reaction. Newton GRINS:

NEWTON (CONT'D)

That's called a colloquialism. Did it hurt?

Faraday blinks. *What's going on here?*

FARADAY

You led me here. Just give me--

NEWTON

-- *Give me, give me.* Give you... the means to build the prototype? The means to repeat your 'Grand Experiment?' The one that ravaged our planet?

Newton steps closer, closing the gap -- toying with him:

NEWTON (CONT'D)

Because you've come here believing you can use the humans to correct that failure, do I have that right?

FARADAY

Failure is an Earthly concept.

Newton laughs -- LAUGHS! Faraday reacts: an Anthean laughing is impossible to him --

NEWTON

Arrogance. Hubris. Also Earthly concepts.

He EXHALES smoke in Faraday's face:

NEWTON (CONT'D)

To build the prototype, you need an empire. My Empire.

FARADAY

The World Corporation.

NEWTON

(a nod)

There's just one, little problem: It isn't mine anymore. It was taken from me by the very same people who took my eyes. Diluted, stripped, and liquidated into tiny pieces.

(beat)

You'll have to put the pieces back together -- drop by bloody drop. They'll try and stop you. But if you succeed, your reach will be so great, the world won't know anything without World knowing it first. You'll control the tidal flow of information, their economies, their allegiances. You'll become... *their next God*.

FARADAY

They invent Gods because they're desperate.

Newton POKES him in the chest:

NEWTON

They're lethal. Humanity... is an infection. The longer you're here, the sicker you'll get. Sick with mercy. Rage. Desire. *Chaos* --

FARADAY

I won't become you.

He says it, but for the first time in his Anthean life, isn't actually sure. Newton reads it in a blink and grins, pulls off his sunglasses -- revealing the same orange sclera and cat slits Faraday has, but WARPED AND SHATTERED:

NEWTON

For more than fifty years, I've absorbed this poison. And I want to go home. So listen to me. Look at me --

Faraday SEES HIMSELF in the shards of Newton's eyes:

NEWTON (CONT'D)

To survive them, you must deceive them. With hope. Give them hope! Unite them! Disguise yourself so completely as their dreams, even you won't be able to tell the difference. *But.* That's... where the real danger is. You'll begin to see this planet through their eyes. And when you do, when that time comes, you'll have to choose:
(beat)
Between *our future... or theirs.*

FARADAY

My choice is made.

NEWTON

Ah! Yes. You're the universal wolf. You know what happened to the universal wolf? He ate himself.

Newton slips his sunglasses back on:

NEWTON (CONT'D)

Get to work. We'll be seeing each other again.
(beat)
If you can hold onto your sight long enough.

He turns, and walks away -- seems to VANISH into the silent, churning winds and --

EXT. CULBERTSON PLAINS - DUSK

ROARING SOUND SLAMS BACK AS WE RETURN TO --

Justin, hiding in her pickup, watching the tornado DISAPPEAR:

The earth settles. And finally..... there is CALM.

ON JUSTIN -- as she peers out the windshield.

What she sees makes her face DROP. She can't believe it...

Faraday is still standing there, alive. Unharmed.

In shock, Justin stumbles out of her truck. Tripping over a sign impaled upside down...

He turns to her. His pupils remain ORANGE.

She sees that. Staggered back. Terrified. Mind imploding. Barely manages to say...

JUSTIN

... what... what are you?!

ON FARADAY. Staring back. And then, utilizing what he's learned, he does something for the first time in his life...

He SMILES. A smile he can now manipulate. A smile that, with a little more practice, anyone on earth would believe:

FARADAY

It's going to be alright.

(beat)

Justin.

And that's where we leave them. As --

FARADAY'S VOICE

Mercy exists when we're able to fully see each other...

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY - FUTURE

Faraday on stage, SMILING beautifully now -- *it has become the most incandescent smile. Wide as the blue sky. As he brings it home:*

FARADAY

We are, all of us, so lonely. And we don't have to be. For all our technological brilliance, why is it harder to hold onto what really matters? We've never been more connected. So why have we never been farther apart?

(beat)

Which brings us to why we're here. The point of my story.

LIGHTS, MUSIC. The stage changes. We can feel the ANTICIPATION in the audience. This is, clearly, the moment they've all been waiting for...

FARADAY (CONT'D)

When people talk about my work, about World -- they often use the word 'revolution.'

(a grin)

But today, this one drops the "R" --

And then, strangely... he pauses. Like someone who's forgotten his lines. He raises his hand slowly to his forehead...

CLOSE ON HIS FINGERS: *SWEAT*. Faraday is *sweating*.

No human would have cause for alarm. But Faraday, the Anthean, understands what this tiny bead of moisture could mean: the onset of 'infection' --

-- and BOOM, the spell is BROKEN as several DOORS at the back of the auditorium open at once, and in walk HALF A DOZEN MORE FEDERAL AGENTS. Faraday whirls, glad for the surprise, glad to be further from the most naked moment he's had on earth:

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Ah, right on time... Ladies and Gentlemen, more friends from the Alphabet Agencies have decided to grace us with their presence!

DOWN-SPOTS beam harshly on the agents, followed by BOOS from the crowd. The agents endure the spotlight and jeers as they cluster themselves along the exits. Faraday grins...

FARADAY (CONT'D)

They're here because they're afraid, and they should be.

(beat)

If my words are weapons, *then let this be a declaration of war*. Because my knowledge... can be everyone's. Should be everyone's. But I need your help. Are you ready to join the battle?

A ROAR of YESSSES AND RAPTUROUS FACES --

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Please take the hand of the person next to you. Connection. Synapses firing. Skin on skin. Can you feel it?

HANDS. Clasping. Everywhere...

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Touch the person next to you and listen closely...

They can. Faraday holds up his hand, curled into a fist -- there's something inside it we can't see. The RISING ENERGY of a tent revival --

FARADAY (CONT'D)

In my hand, I hold the next step on the Great Timeline. The ability to connect us as we've never been connected before. Everyone on the planet. United in instant, effortless understanding. We will be, for the first time in human history, one.

He looks at his closed hand. The crowd begins to CLAP and STOMP --

The faces of the spotlit agents exude threat --

Faraday radiates light, hope, love:

FARADAY (CONT'D)

What I'm asking you... is this:

Finally, he OPENS his hand and holds it up. Mirrored on the massive Jumbotron behind him, between his two fingers --

-- IS A MICROCHIP. The very one he drew in the diner.

FARADAY (CONT'D)

Are you ready to meet the next evolution of your mind?

The ROAR of 10,000 voices is DEAFENING as it ECHOES into:

BLACKNESS.

END OF PILOT