

OVER BLACK:

Street noise. The honking cacophony of city, just beyond a closed window. Joined by the BUZZING of an ALARM CLOCK...

FADE IN ON:

A NUMBER fills the screen.

6

Brilliantly lit up in RED. The LCD of the alarm clock. We PULL BACK to see the clock is buzzing at 6:30 A.M...

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. APARTMENT -- MORNING

AN UPPERCLASS EVERYMAN lies next to the clock. On a bed. No sheet. Already dressed in a suit. His eyes snap open at the sound. Eyes that show this man never sleeps very deeply.

Except for the eyes, he looks like a regular JOHN DOE, so that's what we'll call him. The apartment, incredibly Spartan. Doe pulls the blinds to reveal the view - 20 STORIES UP, overlooking a spectacular vista of WASHINGTON D.C.

Doe rises. Every move he makes is deliberate - a man who knows *exactly* where he's going. Grabs a leather BRIEFCASE. Stops by the door to look in a mirror. Takes one deep breath.

He's out the door.

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. GLASS HIGHRISE -- MORNING

A tall unmarked OFFICE BUILDING. Doe pilots his Mercedes into the PARKING GARAGE. Probably just another ad exec, going to work. He locks the car and heads for the elevators.

INT. DOE'S BOSS'S OFFICE -- MORNING

Doe's BOSS, a bespectacled older man, sits behind a desk. Reading a piece of paper. Frowning. He looks up at Doe.

BOSS
Your resignation.

Doe nods. The Boss sighs and takes off his bifocals.

BOSS (CONT'D)
I can't pretend I'm not disappointed.

Doe doesn't respond.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Well, I wish you the best of luck in whatever you decide to do next. If you need any recommendations-

Doe turns on his heel and is out the door.

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) -- MORNING

Doe drives out of the building. Smile on his face. Getting into the FREEWAY ON-RAMP lane, he begins to WHISTLE.

Checks his rear-view mirror...

THREE BLACK FORD EXCURSIONS are following him. Dark tinted windows. No way to see who's inside. Interesting.

Doe gets onto the freeway. The Excursions, still with him.

Still whistling, Doe casually yanks the wheel left JUMPING the FREEWAY DIVIDER...

EXT. FREEWAY -- MORNING

The Mercedes lands in a SHOWER OF SPARKS, headed directly into ONCOMING TRAFFIC! TIRES SQUEALING as other cars SLAM INTO one another as Doe weaves between them expertly.

I don't think this guy's an ad exec.

THE EXCURSIONS - Trying to keep up. One jumps the divider after him only to plow HEAD-ON into a MACK TRUCK!

It goes AIRBORNE, flipping END OVER END through the air above traffic, finally SMASHING DOWN through an overhead ROAD SIGN.

The other two pull in behind Doe, narrowly avoiding the same fate. One gets SIDESWIPE by a passing Ferarri but manages to stay on the road.

INT. LEAD EXCURSION (MOVING) -- MORNING

A TEAM OF SIX GUYS in the car. The Driver tries to keep pace as ahead, Doe swerves from one lane to the other, missing every car he flies past. The others are suiting up in POLICE UNIFORMS. It's pretty clear, though, they aren't police.

INT. LAST EXCURSION (MOVING) -- MORNING

DRIVER

Christ, who *is* this guy, James Bond?

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) -- MORNING

Doe, still whistling. Checks the rearview - the Lead Excursion right behind him. He props his KNEES up on the wheel to steer with, then dips his hands beneath his coat...

And pulls out TWO DESERT EAGLES, .50 caliber each. Holy *shit*.

Not turning around, he points each one back over a shoulder and OPENS FIRE, his trigger fingers doing their best to emulate FULL-AUTO....

INT. LEAD EXCURSION (MOVING) -- MORNING

The Driver SCREAMS as the windshield BLOWS INWARDS and his chest is suddenly ventilated. Losing control of the wheel...

EXT. FREEWAY -- MORNING

The Lead Excursion FLIPS. Doing about eight somersaults down the concrete before WRECKING against the divider.

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) -- MORNING

Doe drops the guns into his lap and grips the wheel, steering back to the right side of the road. The Last Excursion, still with him. Coming up fast. Twenty yards behind it, a CAR CARRIER.

MACHINE GUN FIRE from the Excursion, chewing away the Mercedes' trunk. Doe doesn't even seem to notice.

He reaches down and pulls his PARKING BRAKE. Twisting the wheel, sending the Mercedes into a wicked LEFT HAND SKID...

EXT. FREEWAY -- MORNING

Decelerating like a motherfucker, he's done a 180 when the Excursion FLIES PAST HIM...

Still skidding, pulling another half revolution, he SLAMS INTO the side of the CAR CARRIER, halting the spin.

Doe's just executed a PERFECT 360 and the Last Excursion is now DEAD AHEAD.

Reaching down to his lap, gripping BOTH GUNS. Raising them up, FIRING THROUGH HIS WINDSHIELD...

The REAR TIRES of the Excursion turn into shredded cheese.

Doe PUNCHES THE GAS and RAMS the wounded SUV, which loses control, smashing OFF THE EDGE of the ELEVATED ROADWAY...

FOOM! A TREMENDOUS FIREBALL rises up from behind Doe.

On Doe. His face blank. *And he's still fucking whistling.*

EXT. SKIES ABOVE FREEWAY -- MORNING

THREE BLACK HELICOPTERS swoop into view.

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER -- MORNING

The PILOT, SIGHTING DOE through some cool looking high-tech goggles. We see the P.O.V. of Doe's car.

PILOT

ABLE 3, ground units compromised, we have eyes on.

BRITISH FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(through radio)

Attempt neutralization.

The CO-PILOT hefts a SNIPER RIFLE tipped with tranquilizer darts. The Pilot pushes the stick forward, DESCENDING...

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) -- MORNING

The worse for wear. Doe sees the choppers overhead. Notes the one SWOOPING IN - the CO-PILOT balancing one leg on the strut trying to get a shot off...

Doe DUCKS. A split second later a TRANQ DART WHIZZES over his head and embeds itself in the HEADREST behind him. He pulls it out. Why aren't they shooting bullets?

THWACK! Another dart hits the dash. TWO MORE blow out his FRONT TIRES. SPARKS SHOOT off the smoking rims as they rip across the highway. Doe swerves desperately, trying to maintain control. It won't last...

Passing a roadsign - NEXT EXIT TWO MILES. That's too far.

Doe HITS THE BRAKES. Screeching to a halt. Thrown, the choppers fly past overhead turning to come back at him.

Doe throws it in REVERSE and PEELS OUT...

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- MORNING

PILOT

Ah, shit, he's getting creative again...

EXT. FREEWAY -- MORNING

The Mercedes weaves through traffic BACKWARDS. The choppers, turning to keep up. THWACK! Another dart, this time in the hood. Doe readjusts his rearview. Steering towards an ON-RAMP fifty yards behind that is CHOKED WITH TRAFFIC...

He TWISTS the wheel at the last moment, missing the on-ramp cars, PLOWING BACKWARDS through the GUARDRAIL and down a GRASSY EMBANKMENT...

INT. MERCEDES (MOVING) -- MORNING

Doe pulls a 180 on the grass and shoots onto a surface street. Headed for a large PARKING GARAGE...

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- MORNING

As the Mercedes DISAPPEARS into the Parking Garage.

PILOT
Cover all exits and get a team on
the roof.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE -- MORNING

One of the choppers, HOVERING fifty feet over the eight story garage. The CARGO DOOR slides open and SIX GUYS clad in black shock-troop outfits RAPPEL OUT OF THE HELICOPTER.

Expertly sliding down ropes to the concrete roof. They unclip and unsling the tranq rifles from their backs...

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- THIRD FLOOR -- MORNING

The Mercedes SCREECHES to a halt next to a PARKED AUDI. Doe leaps out, clutching his briefcase. Not running, but still moving quickly and deliberately. He POPS open the case...

Revealing every MINI HIGH TECH GADGET and SPY DEVICE known to man. He grips one - a tiny LIQUID NITROGEN TANK. Sprays the Audi's doorlock with it. Fits a small corkscrew-like tool over it and PUNCHES OUT the frozen lock...

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- FIFTH FLOOR STAIRWELL -- MORNING

The BAD GUY SWAT TEAM, whipping around corners as they fly down the stairs towards their target...

PILOT (O.S.)
(through radio headset)
Objective's on the third floor.
Engage.

INT. PARKING GARAGE -- THIRD FLOOR -- MORNING

Doe, behind the wheel of the Audi. He jacks an ELECTRONIC KEY into the ignition. The digital readout jumbles, trying to find the right electronic frequency to start the car...

Twenty feet away, the SWAT TEAM pours out of the stairwell and books it to the car...

The readout solidifies and the AUDI ENGINE roars to life. Doe stamps the accelerator, PEELING OUT BACKWARDS...

SWAT BAD GUY LEADER
 (into his headset)
 Contact, Target in an Audi, D.C.
 Plates VT364-

BAM! Cut off as the Audi PLOWS INTO HIM, knocking him UP and OVER THE ROOF! Doe shifts to drive, dodging tranq darts as he blasts down the ramp towards the exit...

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- MORNING

The Pilot keys his headset.

PILOT
 Say again, Ten, I didn't get that.
 Ten?

He looks down at the garage - CARS of all shapes, sizes, and colors are pouring out of the exits. Doe's got to be among them somewhere. The Pilot sighs.

PILOT (CONT'D)
 He's heading to Dulles. Set up a
 roadblock.

EXT. FREEWAY -- MORNING

As more "COPS" cordon off the exit ramp to DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT. Commuters honk angrily, backed up. The "cops" conduct car to car searches.

INT. AUDI (MOVING) -- MORNING

Doe sees the traffic jam up ahead. Knows it's for him. He swings into the BREAKDOWN LANE and guns it towards the roadblock...

EXT. FREEWAY -- MORNING

The "cops" dive out of the way as Doe SMASHES THROUGH the barrier and roars down the exit ramp. Looking up. The BLACK HELICOPTERS are with him again. He smiles.

Hitting the surface streets, he spins the wheel and BLOWS THROUGH a chainlink fence, taking an ACCESS ROAD towards the terminals that runs alongside a RUNWAY...

INT. BLACK HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- MORNING

Overhead. Tracking Doe.

PILOT
 Why would he come this way-

He's cut off by a DEAFENING ROAR...

EXT. RUNWAY FOUR -- MORNING

A BEHEMOTH 747, coming in for a landing ABOVE THE HELICOPTERS. The JETWASH, stealing all the air around them...

The helicopters flutter to the ground like leaves. The Pilots manage to CRASH LAND them next to the runway.

But they've lost Doe.

EXT/INT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- MORNING

Doe pulls up to the curb. Exits the car. Walks into the terminal. Heads for the

SECURITY CHECKPOINT

Puts his briefcase on the X-Ray machine. We see the MONITOR - it looks like the case contains nothing more than sweaters and a copy of *"Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance."*

Doe walks through the METAL DETECTOR - palming a SMALL DEVICE with a button. As he steps through, he presses the button. The light on the detector goes GREEN. He's allowed to pass.

Grabbing his briefcase, he walks to the GATES. Looking up at a TV SCREEN which shows the departures:

SEVEN FLIGHTS - Leaving in the next ten minutes for destinations all over the globe.

Doe reaches into his coat and extracts

SEVEN TICKETS - One for each of the flights. He examines them, trying to decide which one to get on. Two flights are currently boarding; one to CANCUN, the other to PARIS. Doe looks at the gates and decides...

He heads for Paris.

A FLIGHT ATTENDANT at the gate takes his boarding pass.

FLIGHT ATTENDANT
Have a good trip, sir.

Doe nods and walks down the JETWAY as she ZIPS his boarding pass THROUGH THE COMPUTER...

INT. AIRPORT BAR -- MORNING

FIVE MEN in black, sitting around a LAPTOP. The screen blinks, displaying new information.

LEAD MAN
He's going for Paris!

The Team leaps up and races towards the PARIS GATE...

INT. JETWAY -- MORNING

Doe casually strides down the enclosed ramp towards the plane. Looks around. Instead of boarding the plane he OPENS A DOOR that leads a METAL STAIRWAY down to the runway...

EXT. JETWAY -- MORNING

Doe steps out the door and swings up ON TOP OF THE JETWAY. Walks across it's roof back to the airport roof...

INT. PARIS FLIGHT -- MORNING

As the Team STORMS ONTO the plane, scaring PASSENGERS, scanning their number for Doe...

EXT. AIRPORT ROOF -- MORNING

Doe strides across the gravel, down to the Jetway for THE CANCUN FLIGHT. Walks down that, vaults down to the door and

INT. CANCUN FLIGHT JETWAY -- MORNING

Doe steps in through the door and walks the rest of the way to the Cancun Flight. A smiling STEWARDESS greets him.

 STEWARDESS
 You barely made it! We're about to
 take off.

Doe smiles at her and steps onto

INT. CANCUN FLIGHT 747 -- MORNING

He takes a left, pushes through the curtains, and STOPS DEAD. Seeing...

PASSENGER CABIN

There are no other passengers there. There are no other *seats* there. The entire plane, empty save for him.

It's a trap.

And as GAS pours into the cabin, knocking him cold...

EXT. DULLES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT -- MORNING

Doe's plane LIFTS OFF. Heading for parts unknown...

SLAM CUT TO:

TITLE CARD - **THE PRISONER**

OVER BLACK:

Street noise. The honking cacophony of city, just beyond a closed window. Joined by the BUZZING of an ALARM CLOCK...

FADE IN ON:

INT. WASHINGTON D.C. APARTMENT -- MORNING

AN UPPERCLASS EVERYMAN lies next to the clock. On a bed. No sheet. Fully dressed in a suit. His eyes snap open.

The *exact* same scene as the beginning.

Doe looks around. *Immensely* confused. He gets up slowly. Takes in the apartment. It's his.

He goes to his front door. Twists the knob. LOCKED.

The briefcase, sitting in its rightful position on the counter. He opens it. It contains nothing more than sweaters and a book - *"Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance"*.

Doe goes to his phone. Picks it up. No dial-tone. He walks to the window. Grasps the cord and PULLS UP THE BLINDS...

Washington D.C. is nowhere to be found.

Instead his view looks out on an incredibly odd looking seaside VILLAGE. Next to the window, a REEL-TO-REEL tape player emits the street sounds of a city. Doe turns the machine off. Opens the window and begins to CLIMB OUT...

ZAP! An ELECTRIC SHOCK THROWS HIM halfway across the room. He lies on his back on the floor. Breathing hard.

And then the DOORBELL RINGS.

Doe gets up slowly. Walks to the door. Five feet away when it SWINGS OPEN ELECTRONICALLY. Revealing a HUGE MAN in a Servant's Tux standing there. At least seven feet tall.

This is THE BUTLER.

Whenever he meets someone new, Doe's body language betrays his first thought - *"Can I kill this person if I had to?"* It's clear the Butler would be pretty tough to kill.

So instead, for the first time in the movie, DOE SPEAKS:

DOE
Where am I?

The Butler extends a SILVER TRAY by way of answer. Sitting on it is an envelope, addressed to

NUMBER 6, THE VILLAGE

Doe takes it. Opens it.

Dearest Number 6,

Apologies for the inconvenience. You are cordially invited to breakfast with me at the Green Dome where all we be explained. Be seeing you,

Number 2

Doe looks over at the Butler, who merely turns and walks out. Doe follows.

EXT. THE VILLAGE -- DAY

A beautiful day. The Butler leads Doe through THE VILLAGE.

Let's take a moment, shall we? Get the lay of the land:

The Village is situated on a steep hillside that rolls down to THE SEA. On two sides are STEEP MOUNTAINS, on the other, WATER. At first, the Village seems fairly open, but then one realizes that there are no access roads out - the mountains and water effectively buttress the entire thing.

The buildings are a hodgepodge of architectures, from British Gothic to Middle Eastern to Japanese, with no one style emerging as the central theme. All manner of flora and fauna are to be found - banyans, weeping willows, exotic hibiscus.

As the Butler and Doe walk, they pass OTHER VILLAGERS, each wearing some different form of garb with a NUMBER emblazoned on their breast. Each is cheery and greets Doe as he passes:

VILLAGER 1
Morning, Number Six!

VILLAGER 2
Lovely day, isn't it?

VILLAGER 3
Stop by for some dinner later, won't you?

VILLAGER 4
Be seeing you!

The path curves up the hill and Doe spies their destination...

THE GREEN DOME

Positioned like a castle above every other structure. Four stories high, painted a brilliant emerald green. The Butler leads Doe through the GIANT ARCHED ENTRANCE...

INT. GREEN DOME -- DAY

Vaulted stone ceilings. A series of anterooms and chambers, each decorated in a different style. Doe and the Butler seem to walk through the SAME ROOM THREE TIMES before reaching a LARGE CIRCULAR DOOR. Over it is a sign that reads

"WELL COME"

The door retracts into the wall as they get there. The Butler motions for Doe to enter.

Doe does.

INT. NUMBER 2'S OFFICE -- DAY

A MASSIVE CURVED ROOM with no angles whatsoever - not even furniture. Even the floor is curved.

Like living inside a giant egg.

At the room's center is a large chair - a half egg with it's back turned. In front of it, a control panel. A RAMP leads from the door down to the floor. Doe walks it, cautiously. When his foot touches the floor, a LOW HUM emanates. Announcing his arrival. The chair swivels towards him. Sitting in it is an ELDERLY BRITISH WOMAN.

This is the FEMALE NUMBER 2. She rises, smiling.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

I trust you slept well?

She extends her LEFT HAND, which has a large BIRTHMARK on it. Doe stares at it. Does not shake.

DOE

Where am I?

FEMALE NUMBER 2

Right to business, are we? I'd heard that about you. But first, some breakfast. What'll you have?

DOE

(insistent)

Where *am* I?

FEMALE NUMBER 2

In the Village, dear boy.

DOE

Who are you?

FEMALE NUMBER 2

I am Number Two.
(MORE)

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
 For official purposes, everyone here
 has a number. You are Number Six.
 I'm sorry, I'm frightfully hungry,
 you don't mind if we make this a
 working breakfast?

She presses a button on her console and The Butler enters,
 pushing a cart of THREE SILVER PLATTERS.

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
 How many eggs would you like?

Doe just stares at her. Trying to get a handle on all this.

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
 I'm not asking for national secrets
 dear boy, just a breakfast order.
 How many eggs?

DOE
 Two. Over easy.

FEMALE NUMBER 2
 Bacon?

DOE
 Fine.

The Butler removes a platter top. Revealing TWO EGGS OVER
 EASY with BACON. Doe stares at it.

FEMALE NUMBER 2
 Tea or coffee?

A beat.

DOE
 Tea.

FEMALE NUMBER 2
 Indian or China?

DOE
 Indian. With lemon.

The Butler pulls off a second platter top to reveal a cup of
 hot INDIAN TEA with LEMON. Doe takes it.

DOE (CONT'D)
 Mind games.

FEMALE NUMBER 2
 Do you know of any games that do *not*
 involve the mind?
 (MORE)

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

(re: sugar)

You take two lumps, if I'm not mistaken.

Doe deliberately drops THREE LUMPS of sugar into the tea. She chuckles. The Butler pulls the top off her platter, revealing a single GLASS OF MILK. She sips it.

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

I suppose you're wondering what you're doing here.

DOE

The thought had crossed my mind.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

The information in your head is priceless. You have no idea what a man like you would fetch on the open market.

She presses another BUTTON and a VIEWSCREEN appears on the far wall. Displaying a range of PICTURES from DOE'S LIFE - from when he was a baby all the way up until yesterday.

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

You speak ten languages, write seven, you're proficient in five different martial arts disciplines, you've been shot three times, stabbed four, the last of which precipitated the rather troublesome removal of your left lung which is why you gave up smoking, and you take *two* lumps of sugar with your tea. Not three.

(pause)

There isn't a lot they don't know about you.

DOE

Who's "they"?

FEMALE NUMBER 2

I know how you feel, believe me. And they have taken quite a liberty.

DOE

Who do you work for?

She smiles at him.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

That would be telling. Suffice it to say, a lot of people are curious about your resignation.

(MORE)

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
You had a brilliant career. They
want to know why you suddenly left.

Doe puts down his tea.

DOE
It was a matter of conscience.

Number 2 stares at him.

FEMALE NUMBER 2
You know what? I believe you. But
it doesn't really matter what I
believe, does it?

DOE
I have nothing to say to you.
Absolutely nothing, is that clear?

FEMALE NUMBER 2
Oh, be reasonable, dear boy. Sooner
or later you'll tell me. Sooner or
later you'll *want* to. Let's make a
deal - you cooperate, tell us what
we want to know, and this can be a
very nice place. You may even be
given a position of authority.

Doe turns to her, angry.

DOE
I will not make any deals with you.
I will not be pushed, filed, stamped,
indexed, briefed, debriefed, or
numbered. My life is my own.

FEMALE NUMBER 2
Is it?

DOE
Yes. You won't hold me.

She smiles again.

FEMALE NUMBER 2
Excellent. Are you up for a tour?

DOE
Do I have a choice?

FEMALE NUMBER 2
There's *always* a choice, Number Six.
But right now, I'm choosing to go
for a walk.

She rises and heads up the ramp. After a moment, Doe follows.

INT. GREEN DOME -- ANTEROOM -- DAY

A DIFFERENT ROOM than the one Doe entered through.

DOE

This is a different room then when I came in.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

We'll look into it.

EXT. VILLAGE TAXI (MOVING) -- DAY

An OPEN AIR CAR that looks like the bastard child of a Humvee and a Lexus. Doe and Number 2 sit in the back as the Butler drives, piloting them down WINDING ROADS towards the shore.

As they go, Number 2 points out various places of interest. Passing a thick acre of JUNGLE FOLIAGE:

FEMALE NUMBER 2

...and to your left is the park.

DOE

Not very inviting.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

It's not that kind of park. I'd advise to stay on the path in this area, especially at night. To your right you'll find the Citizen's Assistance Bureau. Top notch over there, can help you find anything you need. We have every amenity here - food, water, electricity-

DOE

How about clocks? I noticed my watch is missing.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

We prefer not to bother our citizens with regimented time tables.

DOE

How thoughtful.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

Think of the Village as a retirement home. After a long life of dedicated service, you finally get a rest.

They drive on.

DOE

I must admit to being surprised. I'd heard the stories.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

Stories?

DOE

About this place. Myths, handed
down from generation to generation
of people in our field.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

Your field. I wouldn't go anywhere
near what you do.

DOE

When you leave the service, don't
let them find you, or they'll take
you away to "The Village".

FEMALE NUMBER 2

(curious)

Never to return?

DOE

I doubt that.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

Why?

DOE

Because someone *must* have returned.
In order to start the stories.

Number 2 points up ahead.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

The beach club's just down here.

EXT. BEACH CLUB -- DAY

A country club like veranda outside a small restaurant that
sits above the beach. Various VILLAGERS lounge under
umbrellas, eat at tables, or play chess with one another.

Sitting below the club is an ENORMOUS SPANISH GALLEON, beached
upon the shore. Doe and Number 2 walk across the veranda.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

It's a bit of an exclusive membership,
but I'll see if I can pull a few
strings.

DOE

You're too kind.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

Not at all. You meet all sorts down
here. Take Number Fifty-Five - he
used to be an Admiral.

Doe looks to see a hulking man - THE ADMIRAL.

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
Number Fifty-Five? This is Number
Six.

THE ADMIRAL
(thick Russian Accent)
Delighted. Come for dinner sometime.

DOE
Wouldn't miss it.

Doe turns to see an ELDERLY BRITISH GENTLEMAN (for that is
what he must be called) sitting alone, playing chess with
himself. Quite rapidly. This is NUMBER 9.

DOE (CONT'D)
Who's that?

A slight look of distaste comes over Number 2's face.

FEMALE NUMBER 2
That is the infamous Number Nine.
Our longest resident.

DOE
How long's he been here?

FEMALE NUMBER 2
Not long enough.

They go over. Number 9 doesn't look up.

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
Number Nine, I'd like to introduce
you to Number Six.

NUMBER 9
For obvious reasons. Game of chess?

DOE
Thanks, but I'm too busy figuring
out ways to escape.

NUMBER 9
Best of luck, then.

Doe and Number 2 walk on. We hold briefly on Number 9.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)
(to himself)
American. Figures.

EXT. THE VILLAGE -- DAY

Number 2 leads Doe away from the beach club and over towards a HELIPAD which sits heavily guarded on top of a ROCKY OUTCROPPING above the sea.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

Care to see the grounds from the air?

DOE

Lead the way.

INT. HELICOPTER -- DAY

A futuristic whirlybird, built for speed rather than sturdiness. Doe and Number 2 climb aboard. The PILOT fires up the rotors and lifts off.

CLIMBING into the sky, it begins circling FIVE HUNDRED FEET over the Village. Number 2 continues the tour.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

Quite a lovely place, really.

DOE

I'll miss it when I'm gone.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

That's the Labour Exchange, that's the Palace of Fun, and there's the Theater. The Village Dramatist's Guild mounts amateur theatricals four times a year. Mostly Sartre.

DOE

I'd love to see what's on the other side of those mountains.

Number 2 smiles.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

No choice in that matter, I'm afraid.

DOE

Come now, there's *always* a choice.

And Doe GRABS the Pilot by the NECK - SMASHING HIS HEAD down into the control panel! Reaches for the door handle and OPENS IT - The Helicopter fills with a howling wind.

Doe THROWS THE PILOT OUT OF THE CHOPPER! Taking the controls. Number 2, in the back:

FEMALE NUMBER 2

Now, that's just *tacky*.

INT. GREEN DOME -- CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

A MAMMOTH set up - Three rung levels of computers, video screens that ring an oval shaped dais. TECHNICIANS bustle to and fro, all under the command of THE SUPERVISOR who stands at the middle of all of this. One of TECHNICIANS speaks up:

TECHNICIAN

There's a problem with Bird Four,
sir.

WHAM! Something lands on the roof of the dome. The Supervisor looks up.

THE SUPERVISOR

What was that?

TECHNICIAN

The pilot.

INT. HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- DAY

Doe pulls back on the stick. Climbing in altitude. Headed for the top of the mountains.

DOE

Just sit back and relax.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

And if I don't?

DOE

I've killed women before.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

Yes, you have. Four, to be precise.

The chopper continues to rise...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

The Supervisor watches its progress on a GIANT VIEWSCREEN.

TECHNICIAN

Coming up on two thousand feet...

INT. HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- DAY

On the ALTIMETER - 1925, 1950, 1975... 2000 FEET.

And the chopper TURNS. Begins DESCENDING AGAIN under it's own control. Doe, fighting the stick. To no avail. He pries off the CONTROL PANEL. Going through the wiring.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

Careful, now, you'll give yourself a
shock...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

The Supervisor, now watching this scene through a CAMERA mounted on the HELICOPTER'S DASH. Turns to a TECHNICIAN.

THE SUPERVISOR

Shock.

The Technician twists a KNOB...

INT. HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- DAY

SPARKS FLY off the control panel, and Doe yelps and pulls back his injured hand.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

I'm not one to say I told you so...

Doe looks out the window - THE HELIPAD coming up below. The GUARDS waiting for him. Number 2 sighs.

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

Let me guess what comes next - we land, you take me hostage and demand to be released, otherwise you'll kill me. Really, Number Six, I expected more from you.

DOE

Like what?

FEMALE NUMBER 2

I don't know... something surprising.

Doe looks down again. The Chopper at 500 feet now, coming in over the sea. And Doe opens the door and LEAPS OUT!

On Number 2. Staring at the open door.

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

I'd say that qualifies.

EXT. HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- DAY

We TRACK WITH DOE - FLYING out of the helicopter, flipping in mid-air into a perfect JACKKNIFE DIVE, closing his eyes as he plummets hundreds of feet towards the SEA...

SPLASH! He enters the water perfectly.

EXT. BEACH CLUB -- DAY

THE CITIZENS and Number 9 look up at the splash.

NUMBER 9

This should be interesting...

Abandoning the chess game, he settles in to watch the fun.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

THE SUPERVISOR

Get me boats.

EXT. BOATHOUSE -- DAY

A ramshackle looking structure next to the beach club. THREE CIGARETTE BOATS ROAR out of it, doing at least 70. Each has a LETTER emblazoned on the side - "A", "B", and "C".

They SPEED towards Doe...

EXT. SEA -- DAY

Doe sees them coming. Swimming away from shore...

EXT. "A" BOAT (MOVING) -- DAY

THREE MEN - one driving, the other two standing on the deck. They extend a long POLE with a NET on it; sort of like an OVERSIZED POOL SKIMMER.

Cutting through the sea, towards Doe. Lowering the net till it skims across the top of the water...

SNATCH! They get him. Pulling the net up, swinging Doe UP ONTO THE DECK...

Exactly what he wanted. Doe plants his feet, grabs hold of the pole, and WHIPS IT AROUND, CATAPULTING the TWO MEN off the other side!

He turns the pole and JABS the DRIVER in the chest, FLIPPING him back OUT OF THE BOAT! Alone, Doe takes the wheel.

INT. HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- DAY

Number 2, now at the controls. Watching from above.

FEMALE NUMBER 2

Not bad...

EXT. "A" BOAT -- DAY

Heading out to sea. Doe glances over his shoulder - "B" and "C" Boats are in hot pursuit, gaining fast...

Doe TWISTS the WHEEL. The Boat, doing a 180, heading back towards "B" and "C". Like a game of chicken...

EXT. BEACH CLUB -- DAY

The Admiral leans over to Number 9.

THE ADMIRAL

What is he-

Number 9 shushes him. Engrossed.

EXT. "A" BOAT (MOVING) -- DAY

Flying across the whitecaps, on trajectory for a head-on collision with "B" Boat. Doe extends the pole like a lance.

Jousting with motorboats.

100 yards between them. "B" Boat, not flinching. 75 yards. Doe, still coming. 50 yards. 25 yards. Nobody's blinking.

10 YARDS...

AT THE LAST POSSIBLE MOMENT - Doe gooses the wheel *slightly*. Swinging the pole out PERPENDICULAR to him so that it SWEEPS OVER "B" Boat AS THEY PASS...

He catches all three bad guys at chest level. CLOTHESLINING THEM off "B" Boat.

"C" Boat roars past on the opposite side. All that's left between Doe and freedom.

Doe pulls another WIDE TURN and comes in BEHIND THEM...

EXT. "C" BOAT (MOVING) -- DAY

The DRIVER, completely surprised.

BOAT DRIVER

Why is *he* chasing *us*?

He twists his wheel back and forth, trying to shake him...

EXT. "A" BOAT (MOVING) -- DAY

Doe, staying with him. Looking for something else to use as a weapon. Sees it. Reaches down and struggles to lift it...

EXT. "C" BOAT (MOVING) -- DAY

As Doe PULLS ALONGSIDE. Something HEAVY in his hands. He HEAVES IT into "C" Boat, just as the Driver turns the wheel away. He looks down at the deck and his jaw drops.

DOE'S ANCHOR - Now embedded in his deck...

And it's still attached by a chain to "A" Boat.

Doe, speeding away in the opposite the direction, the chain paying out and finally PULLING TAUT...

CRACK! The Driver is thrown to the ground and the Crewmen
PITCHED OVERBOARD as

Doe DRAGS "C" BOAT SIDEWAYS towards the shore at 70 MPH!

EXT. "A" BOAT (MOVING) -- DAY

Doe makes a long slow turn away from shore...

And then YANKS his wheel back the other way, CRACKING THE
WHIP. The BOLT the chain is attached to SNAPS, and "C" Boat
rams straight into..

EXT. SHORELINE -- DAY

"C" BOAT BEACHES at 85 MPH, FLIPPING as it strikes the land.
CITIZENS scream and scatter as it TUMBLES over and over,
past them, RIPPING INTO THE VILLAGE!

It finally SMASHES INTO a HOUSE on the corner of Sycamore
and Elm and lies still.

EXT. BEACH CLUB -- DAY

THE ADMIRAL
That was *my house!*

Number 9 bursts out laughing.

EXT. "A" BOAT (MOVING) -- DAY

His pursuers disposed of, Doe heads out to sea. Above - the
HELICOPTER comes into view. Number 2 flying it.

FEMALE NUMBER 2
(through loudspeaker)
Quite impressive, Number Six, but
you really *should* be turning around.

Doe ignores her. He's not turning.

INT. HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- DAY

Number 2 shakes her head and keys her headset.

FEMALE NUMBER 2
Orange Alert.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

Shouts of "*Orange Alert!*" go up from the various Technicians.

CUT TO:

BENEATH THE SEA

We're somewhere DARK. And we hear a RUMBLING. On the floor of the ocean SOMETHING BEGINS TO FORM...

It's white. It seems to *breathe*. Growing larger, detaching itself from the sea bottom, rising up through the water...

EXT. OCEAN -- DAY

...and the thing BURSTS FORTH out of the water - a SHIMMERING WHITE BALL that is definitely biological.

We call it ROVER.

Doe sees it coming - his jaw drops. It STREAKS over the water towards him, much faster than his boat. Accompanied by some UNHOLY SCREECH that fills us with dread...

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (O.S.)
(over the loudspeaker)
Don't struggle when it hits you,
it's been known to snap bones!

INT. HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- DAY

Number 2 keys the radio.

FEMALE NUMBER 2
Prep the medical team and dump the
sea.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

THE SUPERVISOR
Dump the sea!

The Techs spring into action....

INT. BOAT "A" (MOVING) -- DAY

Rover, ten feet away. It will have him in a second. Doe, opening the throttle up to full, roaring away...

And then the ENTIRE SEA EMPTIES underneath him.

All of the water, somehow sucked away.

The Boat SLAMS into an exposed REEF, flipping UP and OVER, throwing Doe clear...

Rover gets him. In *mid-air*.

The ball SHRINK WRAPS around him as he screams and suddenly it's in his mouth, in his nose, in his eyes...

It's substance, like a heavy liquid. Absorbing him while at the same time invading him. His scream, swallowed up as his AIRWAY FILLS WITH IT...

CUT TO:

STROBING LIGHTS

Of all different colors. Filling the screen, faster and faster. An epileptic's nightmare. Fused with them are images of a WOMAN and CHILD. Family pictures. The woman and child, smiling. Like stream of consciousness. Which it is...

After a bit, we hear the TWO VOICES the Female Number 2 and someone we shall come to know as THE DOCTOR.

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (O.S.)

His family.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Possibly he's using their images to block us out... but it's more likely he's repressed them as deeply as he has the Information.

The images continue. We begin to PULL BACK and realize that these pictures are being shown on a GIANT VIEWSCREEN.

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (O.S.)

Can you go deeper?

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

Not without damaging the tissue.

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (O.S.)

(sharply)

If that were to happen there would be *severe* consequences.

THE DOCTOR (O.S.)

For us.

FEMALE NUMBER 2 (O.S.)

He's too important. And it seems conventional methods aren't working. We're going to have to do this the hard way...

INT. MEDICAL LAB -- LATER

On Doe. His eyes, blinking open. Groggy from the drugs. He tries to move. Can't. He's strapped into something...

A VERTICAL GURNEY. He's standing stock straight, arms out at his sides like he's been crucified. A network of I.V.'s go in and out of his arms, feeding him God knows what.

On the other side of the room, stands the MALE NUMBER 2 (think Anthony Hopkins). He smiles now that Doe's awake.

NUMBER 2

Welcome back, Number Six. We almost lost you there.

Doe looks at the new man. Confused.

DOE

(slurring)

Who'r... who're you?

Number 2 frowns at this.

NUMBER 2

Still slurring a bit.

He picks up a FUTURISTIC PHONE. Speaking into it:

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

Doctor, will you join me?

(to Doe)

It was a near thing, let me tell you. Not everyone survives a Rover attack. We were lucky the medical team reached you in time. I told you not to fight it. Tea?

DOE

Who... are you...

The DOOR slides open and THE DOCTOR enters. A kindly old man with spectacles. The kind of guy who still makes housecalls in the real world.

THE DOCTOR

How is he?

NUMBER 2

Memory loss, maybe induced by the attack. He claims not to know me. Is that common?

The Doctor steps up to the foot of the gurney and shines a PENLIGHT in Doe's eyes. Checking his pupils.

THE DOCTOR

Sometimes. Go slow with him.

Number 2 speaks to Doe as if he's a child.

NUMBER 2

I am Number Two. We had breakfast together not an hour ago.

DOE
No... Woman...

NUMBER 2
How's that?

DOE
Number Two... is a woman...

Number 2 and the Doctor exchange a look and laugh.

NUMBER 2
I apologize, it's just... we haven't
had a female Number Two in over twenty
years.

Doe stares at the man and then notices his

BIRTHMARK - on the top of his left hand. Identical to the
one the Female Number Two had. Doe can't accept it.

DOE
What... do you want?

NUMBER 2
Information.

DOE
Won't get it...

NUMBER 2
By hook or by crook, we will.
(to the Doctor)
Is he up for the test, you think?

THE DOCTOR
I don't see why not.

NUMBER 2
Level One only, please.

THE DOCTOR
Of course. He's still fragile.

NUMBER 2
(to Doe)
We'll speak again later. Be seeing
you.

He exits. Leaving the Doctor alone with Doe. He wheels
over a cart that contains a LARGE VAT and several TUBES.

THE DOCTOR
This is merely the truth test.
There's no reason to be alarmed.
Everything you think here is in the
strictest of confidence.

He holds up the TUBES. Doe recoils. The Doctor makes a note of it on his pad.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
You're afraid, aren't you? Afraid
of pain, afraid of death. You are...

He pauses. Thinking on it. Then he smiles. Understanding.

THE SUPERVISOR
Yes. You are afraid of yourself.
You know that, don't you?

Doe doesn't respond. The Doctor smiles.

THE DOCTOR
Good, you are honest. That is of
use here. Honesty attracts confidence
and confidences are the core of our
business. See how honest I'm being
with you? Open.

Doe clenches his jaw. The Doctor reaches up and pries his mouth wide open. FEEDING the tubes into it. Doe GAGS as they go down his throat.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
(soothing)
Relax... We're almost done... There.

He walks back to the cart and pulls a small RED BALL from his pocket. Placing it on the cart.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Now, Number Six, if you would be so
good as to tell me what color this
ball is.

DOE
Red.

The Doctor frowns.

THE DOCTOR
This is just a base line question in
order to get a reading, there's no
reason to be disagreeable.

DOE
Red.

The Doctor gives the KNOB on the side of the vat a QUARTER TURN. A THICK GREYISH LIQUID pours out of it. Doe watches as it snakes through the tubing towards him. Finally going into his mouth, down his throat...

Doe JOLTS in pain. The gurney RATTLING as his body contracts.

THE DOCTOR
Truth has it's rewards, lying has
it's drawbacks. It's plain to see
the ball is blue.

He twists the knob off. The liquid stops.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
What color is the ball, Number Six?

On Doe, bathed in sweat.

DOE
Red.

The Doctor shakes his head. Twists the knob again. A HALF
TURN this time. More liquid. Darker. Doe, CONVULSING.

THE DOCTOR
Fighting only makes it harder.

He shuts off the liquid. Doe, slumping in his restraints.
Breathing hard.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)
Do yourself a favor and just tell
the truth. What color is the ball?

Silence. Doe dreading it, but....

DOE
Red.

The Doctor twists the knob a FULL TURN. The liquid, now
fully BLACK. Doe goes into SPASMS. Beginning to scream:

DOE (CONT'D)
Red! It's red! It's red!

He's FILLING UP. BLACK GOOP begins to spill out of the side
of his mouth. Choking and suffocating...

THE DOCTOR
What color?

P.O.V. DOE

Staring at the ball through the pain. *It now looks Blue.*

DOE
IT'S RED! IT'S RED! IT'S RED!

The Doctor smiles and shuts off the machine. Doe collapses.

THE DOCTOR
Good work, Number Six. I'm glad to
see you finally told the truth.

Doe stares up at him for a moment, smiling through the liquid and then PASSES OUT...

INT. DOE'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

The alarm clock, buzzing. 6:30. Doe wakes, fully dressed. The *third* time we've seen this scene. Doe rubs his eyes. Getting sick of this.

SARAH (O.S.)
Coffee's almost ready!

Doe turns, startled to see a woman in the kitchen. This is

SARAH - A few years younger than Doe and beautiful in a tomboy way. Hair swept back in a pony tail, she looks more like a colleague of Doe's than a conquest. She busies herself, getting mugs out of the cabinet.

SARAH (CONT'D)
There's no caffeine in it of course,
just like there's no alcohol in the
scotch, or nicotine in the cigarettes.
They say you get used to it, but I
haven't.
(offering)
Creamless cream and sugarless sugar?

Doe stares at her in disbelief.

DOE
Sarah...

SARAH
In the flesh.

DOE
What are you doing here?

SARAH
I was about to ask you the same
question.

Doe stares at her.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I was on assignment in Budapest when
they grabbed me. Six months ago, I
think. Time has a funny way of not
making sense around here. When they
told me you'd been brought in, I
couldn't believe it.

She brings the coffee over to him. He ignores it.

DOE
Why would they tell you anything?

SARAH
I'm supposed to be your Transitional.
Ease you into the rhythm of Village
life. I thought you'd be glad to
see me-

He reaches over. Taking her hand.

DOE
What do you know about this place?

SARAH
I think it's an island-

DOE
Where?

SARAH
I don't know-

DOE
Who runs it?

SARAH
Somebody called Number One.

DOE
Have you met him?

SARAH
No.

DOE
Seen him?

SARAH
No.
(re: her hand)
You're gauging my pulse rate. You
think I'm lying?

DOE
Just answer the questions. Which
side runs it? Ours?

SARAH
I don't *know*.

She pulls her hand away. Staring at him.

SARAH (CONT'D)
After all we've been through, you
still don't trust me.

DOE
They know a lot about me here, Sarah.

SARAH
I never talked. Not even under
torture. Have they given you the
red ball blue ball test?

Doe nods.

SARAH (CONT'D)
It gets worse.
(shuddering)
A *lot* worse...

DOE
Is that how they turned you?

SARAH
They didn't *turn me!* When I heard
you were here, I thought maybe...
maybe you'd come to get me out.

She looks up at him. Close to tears. Hoping...

DOE
No.

SARAH
You used to tell me you loved me...

DOE
Yes. I did.

SARAH
I was sorry to hear about your family-

DOE
(softly)
Get out.

She stares at him. Incredibly hurt. Gets up.

SARAH
Go to hell!

She slams the door behind her.

DOE
(to himself)
I believe I'm already there.

Looking around for the cameras he knows are hidden.

DOE (CONT'D)
You're going to have to do a little
better than an ex-girlfriend.

PULL OUT from this angle to reveal we are

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

Number 2 and the Supervisor, watching this on the VIEWSCREEN.

THE SUPERVISOR
It's going better than expected.

NUMBER 2
Than *you* expected, perhaps.

The Supervisor bristles at this.

ONSCREEN - Doe leaves the kitchen, walking out of the shot.

THE SUPERVISOR
Six Camera Five track, please.

The VIEW pans over to watch Doe walk into his BATHROOM.

THE SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
Six Camera Twenty-One.

The VIEW CUTS TO inside the bathroom. Doe lifts the lid on the toilet up. FLUSHES it once. Stares at the water swirling down. Flushes again. Just to make sure.

Number 2 smiles. Impressed. The Supervisor, confused.

THE SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
What's he doing?

NUMBER 2
Checking the correalis effect. Water drains in opposite directions on each side of the equator. He's just found out what hemisphere he's in.

EXT. THE VILLAGE -- DAY

Doe exits his apartment. Going out for a walk. Passing Various Villagers as he goes:

VILLAGER 1
Lovely day, isn't it, Number Six?

VILLAGER 2
You must come for dinner, Number Six!

VILLAGER 3
Out for a walk, Number Six?

He ignores all of them as he goes on his way.

VILLAGER 4
Be seeing you, Number Six!

A QUICK MONTAGE - Doe, on his stroll through the Village. Stopping at various trees and bushes writing their names down on a pad of paper (*Weeping Willow, Sycamore, Hibiscus...*). Picking up different stones on the path and pocketing them. Finally ending up at

EXT. VILLAGE GARDEN -- DAY

A perfectly maintained acre of paths and plants. Doe stands in the midst, recording their names. Then he kneels down. Examining the SOIL. Sniffs it. *Tastes* it.

DOE

Sulfur...

Puts some in his pocket.

NUMBER 9 (O.S.)

Doing a little research?

Doe looks up to see Number 9 strolling towards him, wearing a sun hat and carrying an UMBRELLA.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

When abducted to an unknown location, make it your primary focus to discover where you are. Use at everything at your disposal - check the rocks, check the soil, check the angle of the sun in the sky. Figured anything out yet?

Doe straightens up.

DOE

Quite a bit, actually.

NUMBER 9

You're lying.

They stare at each other. Sizing the other one up. A beat.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

I know because I did the same thing myself, thirty-five years ago. There are over six hundred twelve different flora and fauna in the Village, ranging from trees commonly found in the Appalachian Mountains to a particular type of bush that only grows biennially in Southern Indonesia. Rocks are the same, I've discovered everything from slate, to topaz, to lava. No geographical pattern. You *have* picked some rocks already?

Doe nods. Trying to read the man.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

You were in the water. Temperature?

DOE

I'd say around eighty.

NUMBER 9

Somewhat equatorial.

DOE

Yes.

NUMBER 9

And the toilets?

DOE

Flush counter-clockwise.

NUMBER 9

Northern hemisphere.

DOE

That's right.

NUMBER 9

The sun?

Doe looks up at the sun.

DOE

In the correct position for a location
in the northern hemisphere near the
equator in June.

NUMBER 9

Who said it was June?

Doe stares at the older man.

DOE

It *is* June.

NUMBER 9

How do you *know*?

DOE

I-

NUMBER 9

How many times have you been
unconscious since you were taken?

DOE

Twice.

NUMBER 9

For how long each time?

Doe opens his mouth to reply... and then closes it again.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

Maybe an hour, maybe a month. As long as they cut your hair and shaved you, you'd be none the wiser.

(off Doe's look)

You're beginning to see. Not like your earlier display - running hither and thither, bonking people in the head, generally making a mess of property value. Quite American.

(imitating Doe)

"If only I had a bazooka, *then* I'd get out of this place."

DOE

If you're the expert on the subject, what are you still doing here?

Number 9 raises an eyebrow.

NUMBER 9

What indeed?

Doe shakes his head. Beginning to walk away.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

Do me a favor and remember one thing?

DOE

What?

NUMBER 9

In this place, it's not who you know. It's who knows you.

Doe stares at him.

DOE

Why are you telling me all this?

NUMBER 9

Because you'd only figure it out for yourself eventually.

DOE

Why should I trust you?

Number 9 looks at him and chuckles.

NUMBER 9

My dear boy, who said I trusted *you*?
(MORE)

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

I wouldn't be a bit surprised if
you were another one of Number 2's
people.

He pats Doe on the shoulder and turns to walk away. Then
stops. Thinking better of it. Leaning in, conspiratorially.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

You want my advice? Build a clock.

DOE

Excuse me?

NUMBER 9

Build a clock and go take in some
sunsets. If you can get that far,
then we'll talk. Be seeing you.

He walks away, whistling. Doe, watching him go.

EXT. DOE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

The first time we see NIGHT in the Village. It's deathly
quiet. The sky above, brilliant. No city lights to drown
it out. Doe sits outside on his veranda, A PAD in his lap.

He sketches the layout of the STARS above. He hears something
behind him. Turns to see Sarah approach, tentatively.

SARAH

I wanted to apologize for earlier.
I should have known you'd react that
way to me being here. It *does* seem
too convenient, doesn't it?

Doe puts down the pad.

DOE

And now you're going to tell me that's
why I should trust you. You're going
to say Number 2 is way too smart to
think I'd be fooled so easily.
Therefore the suspicious coincidence
of you being here must be, in fact,
an actual coincidence.

(pause)

That *is* what you were going to say,
isn't it?

Sarah stares at him.

SARAH

Sooner or later, you're going to
have to trust somebody.

DOE
And why is that?

SARAH
Because it's the only way you're
going to get out of here.

And she walks away. Doe waits for a bit and then gets up.
Going for a walk himself.

EXT. BEACH CLUB -- NIGHT

Deserted. Doe walks down the path towards "THE PARK"...

EXT. "THE PARK" -- JUNGLE TERRAIN -- NIGHT

An OVERGROWN RAINFOREST. Doe makes his way carefully through
the lush green growth, looking for something...

He finds it. A CAMERA INSTILLATION. Nestled in a GROVE OF
TREES. He stops, a hundred feet from it. It hasn't spotted
him yet. He stares at it. A RED LIGHT blinks on it's frame.

DOE
Motion sensitive.

He reaches into his pocket. Pulls out a ROCK. Tosses it
over the camera. It lands and the camera PIVOTS towards it.
Doe starts running forward, his feet CRUNCHING TWIGS...

The camera PANS BACK towards him! Doe trapped, nowhere to
go, and he's about to be seen...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

On a BANK OF MONITORS. One screen, showing the CAMERA'S
P.O.V - As it swings around to show Doe's position...

Nothing there. He's disappeared.

EXT. THE PARK -- NIGHT

At ground level. Nothing but the camera. Then we RISE UP...

To find Doe, hanging from a TREE BRANCH. Fifteen feet off
the ground. He pulls himself up. Breathing hard.

DOE
Audio sensitive...

The Camera PANS again at this. Now showing the TRUNK of
Doe's TREE. Above, Doe grins.

DOE (CONT'D)
It can't look up.

Doe gauges the situation - NINETY FEET to the camera. TWELVE TREES between him and it. And he can't touch the ground.

He takes a deep breath. Slowly rising, standing upright on his branch. Balancing. He takes a deep breath, focusing.

And then he leaps.

He moves from tree to tree, stepping on some branches, grabbing others. He never falls and he *never stops*. Like some unholy cross between Crouching Tiger and Tarzan. At the eleventh tree, he plants his feet and FLIPS TOWARDS the TWELFTH...

Catching a low branch with the back of his knees, upside down. He HANGS THERE, swinging back and forth.

Directly above the camera.

Reaching down, he unscrews the casing. Within the camera's guts is a small DIGITAL READOUT. He YANKS IT OUT...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

The screen showing the camera's view goes STATIC.

TECHNICIAN
Park Eight Four Six is down. Should
I send a technician?

The Supervisor, about to respond when:

NUMBER 2 (O.S.)
No. Get me a visual on the placement.

The Supervisor turns to see Number 2 enter. As the Tech gets to work, Number 2 takes his place next to the Supervisor.

THE SUPERVISOR
Don't you ever sleep?

NUMBER 2
No.

EXT. THE PARK -- NIGHT

Doe, still hanging there. As an afterthought, he snatches the camera's LENS. Then swings up. Sitting on his branch. Begins rewiring the camera guts when he hears a LOW WHINING...

ROVER

Below him. Slowly bouncing. It's sound, growing deeper. Like it's been angered...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

A NEW CAMERA ANGLE - Going up on the big screen. Showing the entire Village. The Tech, typing away.

TECHNICIAN
Magnification and...

He strikes a key. On the VIEWSCREEN - The shot suddenly ZIPS THROUGH the Village. Traveling at dizzying speeds into the jungle, landing on...

Doe. In his tree. Rover below. Whining. Mad.

THE SUPERVISOR
Should we-

NUMBER 2
No. Let's see this.

EXT. THE PARK -- NIGHT

Doe, watching as Rover's COLOR begins to CHANGE. Deepening into a FIERY ORANGE as the whine becomes a LOW ROAR...

DOE
That can't be good...

And then Rover FLIES UP TOWARDS HIM! Doe, SCRAMBLING UP the branches, Rover coming fast...

Doe looks over his shoulder as he climbs to see

Rover, coming up fast. As it touches each branch they SNAP OFF and BURST INTO FLAME.

Apparently, Orange Rover sets fires.

DOE (CONT'D)
Really not good...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

As they watch the chase. The Supervisor, nervous.

THE SUPERVISOR
He could be-

NUMBER 2
He *won't* be. Prep the Subduers for when he clears the forest.

He turns and heads for the door.

THE SUPERVISOR
Where are you going?

Number 2 doesn't respond as he walks out.

EXT. THE PARK -- NIGHT

Doe, *flying* up the tree, Rover literally hot in his heels. Eighty feet up now. Getting to the top, running out of branches. Doe lets go and LEAPS...

TWISTING as he FALLS between trees, passing Rover, who immediately reverses direction. The ground, rushing up to meet him. Sixty feet, fifty feet, *forty*...

Doe reaches out, GRABBING a passing branch, SWINGING in. Leaping tree to tree, branch to branch now, like running across a windy wooden staircase with huge gaps - sometimes going up, sometimes going down.

Rover, right behind him, plowing through everything, setting the jungle ablaze.

Doe, two hundred feet from the forest's edge. Rover, maybe six feet behind. Doe steps off the next branch and DROPS TEN FEET to another - Rover misses him overhead.

Doe, still scrambling, as Rover zooms in from above. A BIG GAP between branches coming up. Doe speeds up and JUMPS IT...

MISSING the next branch. Doe FALLS...

WHAM! Landing thirty feet below. Hard. Then, inches from his face - THUNK!

A FLAMING BRANCH. Slices into the ground. Like a BLAZING SPIKE. Three inches from impaling his head. Doe LOOKS UP...

The ENTIRE TREE LINE above, ON FIRE. More wood CRACKING. A host of more branches on their way down to skewer him...

Doe, bolting to his feet, no time to lose, booking towards the forest's edge. THUNK, THUNK, THUNK - The flaming branches landing *everywhere* around him...

His path blocked by fire ahead, Doe takes a left. Heading for the BLUFFS above the SEA. *Another* branch almost takes off his arm, and sets Doe's jacket ON FIRE. He strips it off, still running, the bluffs only fifty feet away...

And then they're blocked, too. By a WALL OF FLAME.

Doe, completely surrounded by fire now, Rover zooming in from overhead for the kill...

One chance. The trees again. But the trees are *on fire*. Doesn't matter. Doe LEAPS UP, grasping a flaming branch and another and another, releasing them as they SNAP AWAY, VAULTING ACROSS THEM towards the bluff.

His pantlegs, on fire now. Screaming in pain as he scrambles across the burning latticework towards freedom...

EXT. VILLAGE BLUFFS -- NIGHT

He's there! He clears the blazing forest twenty feet above the bluff and arcs out, falling...

Hits the steep sandy embankment hard, rolling over and over down it finally coming to the bluff's edge...

And plummeting down INTO THE SEA. Splash. Then silence.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- NIGHT

The Supervisor surveys the damage.

THE SUPERVISOR
Contain it. And tell the subduers
to move in.

EXT. VILLAGE SKIES -- NIGHT

A large BLACK HELICOPTER hovers over the fire. Carrying a holding tank on it's underbelly. The tank opens and WHITE FOAM douses the blaze below.

EXT. THE PARK'S EDGE -- NIGHT

A TEAM of men clad head to toe in flame retardant suits. Each, holding a ten foot CATTLE PROD. Waiting. They look like animal tamers. These are the SUBDUERS.

The Orange Rover emerges from the ruined forest. GROWLING at the men. Unafraid, the Subduers move in, their prods CRACKLING blue electricity...

EXT. SHORELINE -- NIGHT

Soaked to the bone, Doe emerges from the surf. Alive. Checks his pocket. The digital readout, still there. Wet, but functioning. He rewires some of it. The readout blinks once and then displays a new set of numbers. "10:02:35".

The time. To the second.

INT. DOE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Doe stumbles inside. Limp into the living room to find NUMBER 2. Sitting in an easy chair with a tumbler of scotch.

NUMBER 2
Rough night out?

DOE
I've had worse.

NUMBER 2

I told you to stay on the path.

He holds up a second tumbler.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

Hope you don't mind, I poured you one.

DOE

Not at all.

Doe takes the drink and sits. Number 2 toasts.

NUMBER 2

To your health. We'll be billing you for the park, by the way.

DOE

Who is Number One?

On Number 2's face. Smiling broadly.

NUMBER 2

See? I *knew* I liked you. Who told you about Number One?

DOE

Your friend Sarah.

NUMBER 2

She's not my friend, I assure you.

DOE

You sent her to me.

NUMBER 2

Why would I do that?

DOE

Information. By hook or by crook.

NUMBER 2

And which do you think she is?

DOE

Judging from her past exploits? I'd say crook.

NUMBER 2

Why *did* you resign, anyway?

DOE

To travel to interesting places and meet interesting people like yourself.

Number 2 LAUGHS at this.

NUMBER 2

Oh, Number Six... You'll be the death of me.

A gleam in Doe's eye.

DOE

There is that possibility.

Number 2 stops laughing. Putting down his drink.

NUMBER 2

You really want to keep up with all this? The lying, the games? When all I'm asking from you is so *simple*.

DOE

And that is?

NUMBER 2

Cooperation.

DOE

Conformity.

NUMBER 2

Your hypocrisy is stunning.

DOE

My hypocrisy?

NUMBER 2

You, who worked for the U.S. government for fifteen years, claim to be non-conformist?

DOE

Maybe I had a change of heart.

NUMBER 2

I've read your file. I've seen what you've done. You don't have a heart. You imagine yourself to be an individual, a hero? The vocation you chose was *taking lives*.

(pause; almost sad)

You became nothing more than a weapon. A gun that men more powerful than you can choose where to point, and pull the trigger.

DOE

And who do you work for?

NUMBER 2

No, we're talking about you, now.

(MORE)

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

I've seen your aptitude scores - you could have been *anything*. You could have been a doctor and healed people, a builder and provided shelter, a farmer and created food. But you chose none of these things. You chose to destroy.

(pause)

You did have a family once, though. And they were destroyed too.

Doe says nothing.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

Killed by who? Foreign nationals? Someone seeking revenge on you? You never found out, did you?

He leans in closer.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

Or maybe you didn't need to. Maybe it was inconsequential who actually pulled the trigger because you weren't supposed to have family, you weren't supposed to have *anything* in the world that would give someone leverage over them. But you did. And because of that they died. Your wife. Your son.

DOE

Michael.

NUMBER 2

Named after your grandfather. And your name... Your name no longer matters.

Doe stares at him. Clearly shaken. Trying not to show it.

DOE

You know... I don't think I'm going to escape.

NUMBER 2

No?

DOE

No. I'm going to escape and then come *back*. I'm going to bring an army with me. And I'm going to wipe this place off the face of the Earth. You along with it. Make no mistake...
(smiling)

I am going to watch you die.

A beat. Number 2 stands.

NUMBER 2

Well, this *has* been a lovely visit
and I hope you get a good night's
sleep. Before I go, there is one
little matter we must resolve.

(extends his hand)

Give it to me.

DOE

Give what?

NUMBER 2

Whatever you took off that camera.

DOE

I don't know what you're talking
about.

Number 2 sighs and picks up the TV remote. Clicks the set
on. ON SCREEN - Sarah. Locked in a small silver room.
Weeping. Number 2 presses a button - Sarah SCREAMS.

NUMBER 2

The floor's electrified.

DOE

You're faking this.

NUMBER 2

You're sure?

DOE

She's one of yours.

NUMBER 2

Even if she was, you don't believe I
would torture one of my own people
to death in front of you to get what
I wanted?

Doe stares at the man. Knowing he *would*.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

Give it to me.

Doe hesitates. Number 2 raises the remote to shock her
again...

DOE

Okay.

Number 2 lowers the remote, smiling.

NUMBER 2

Apparently, you have a heart after
all. Who would have thought?

Doe reaches into his pocket. Pulls something out. Presses
it into Number 2's hand. Number 2 opens it, looking down...

THE LENS from the camera. Number 2, satisfied.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

Be seeing you.

He exits. Doe looks over at the TV - Still showing the
terrified Sarah. Guards come to collect her from the room.
Doe turns off the television.

EXT. VILLAGE PATH -- EVENING

The next day. The sun, low in the sky.

Doe walks down towards the beach. Past "The Park". The
ruined jungle, already replaced by a fully grown acre of NEW
ENGLAND FOREST. Doe raises an eyebrow and keeps going.

EXT. BEACH -- EVENING

Doe sits on a dune when Sarah approaches.

SARAH

I heard what you did. Thank you.

DOE

You really think I did it for you?

SARAH

Yes. I do.

Doe looks up at her.

DOE

What do you want from me?

SARAH

For starters, I want you to take the
compliment like a normal human being
and say "you're welcome."

A beat.

DOE

You're welcome.

SARAH

(suddenly)

Why did you marry her instead of me?

Doe looks away.

SARAH (CONT'D)
I knew our business. I knew our
secrets. Why an outsider?

DOE
Because she was an outsider.

SARAH
Did you love me as much as her?

DOE
Almost.

Sarah smiles at this.

DOE (CONT'D)
But that was a long time ago.

Sarah's smile fades. She turns and leaves. Doe watches her
go down the beach. The sun, almost set. Doe pulls the clock
from his pocket and checks the time.

7:30. On the dot.

EXT. DOE'S APARTMENT -- EVENING

The next evening. Doe, on the porch. The sun slips below
the horizon. He checks the clock.

7:30 again. To the second.

EXT. BEACH CLUB -- EVENING

The next evening. Doe sits, chewing on a piece of toast.
The sun sets. He glances into his pocket at the clock.

7:30 again. Not a second's difference from before. Doe
rises and scans the other guests. NUMBER 9 sits, playing
chess with himself. Doe walks over. Number 9 gestures to a
CHINESE MAN sitting at an adjacent table, smoking a CIGARETTE.

NUMBER 9
Number Forty-Two. Smoked three packs
a day before they brought him here.
That's how they broke him. Once he
gave them what they asked, he could
smoke all the cigarettes he wanted.
I, on the other hand, haven't been
allowed a cigarette in over thirty
years.

DOE
We need to talk.

NUMBER 9
Not here.

He gets up, leaving the club. Doe follows.

EXT. VILLAGE CLIFFS -- DUSK

High above the sea. Doe finds Number 9 sitting there alone. Looking up at the dying orange of the sky. He takes a seat next to him. Before Doe can speak, Number 9 pulls out a small DEVICE. Clicks it on. It emits a constant STATIC.

NUMBER 9

A little trinket I built. White noise. They can't listen in.

DOE

Where in the world does the sun set at exactly the same time every day?

Number 9 smiles.

NUMBER 9

Technically? Nowhere.

DOE

So maybe we aren't in the world.

He looks out at the sea. Waves, rolling into the beach below.

NUMBER 9

Sometimes, getting the answer just provides more questions, doesn't it?

Doe sighs.

DOE

I need you to do me a favor. I need you to be the one person in this place who doesn't talk in goddamn riddles.

Number 9 stares at him. Deciding something.

NUMBER 9

Number Two wants something from both of us. For all you know, I'm working for him. For all I know, *you're* working for him. But that's what he craves. Distrust. Paranoia. If there's strength in numbers, you isolate the intelligent by stripping them of allies. You make them distrust everyone they meet and everything they see. You make it so they can't even trust the sky.

He looks up at it. The orange glow, dying.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

We speak of nothing personal - no names, no relations, *nothing* that Number 2 could possibly want from us or use against us, is that clear?

DOE

Yeah.

NUMBER 9

Make no mistake, we are in the world. We are *somewhere*. And if there's a somewhere here, it stands to reason that we can get to where we want to go.

DOE

Which is?

NUMBER 9

Somewhere *else*.

EXT. VILLAGE PATH -- NIGHT

Doe and Number 9 walk along the path, talking. The white noise still going.

DOE

What about building a radio?

NUMBER 9

Already tried it. They jam every frequency. There's no calling for help.

DOE

Then we're left with escape. What's the easiest way?

NUMBER 9

You're asking the wrong question again. It's what's the *hardest* way? Easy, they know about. Easy, they're expecting.

Doe looks around.

DOE

The sea versus the mountains. Water versus four thousand foot cliffs.

(pause)

You want to go with the cliffs.

NUMBER 9

It can be done. Helicopter.

DOE

Tried it.

NUMBER 9

And it wouldn't go above two thousand feet.

DOE

The auto-pilot kicked in.

NUMBER 9

It can be bypassed.

DOE

Rewired?

NUMBER 9

No. They don't keep the auto-pilot onboard, it's controlled remotely from inside the Green Dome.

Doe stops walking, exasperated.

DOE

Then *how*?

NUMBER 9

There's something called an Exit Key. You slot it into the helicopter's computer and it allows you to take manual control above two thousand feet. It's how they bring in new arrivals, food, and supplies.

DOE

I don't suppose you have one on you?

NUMBER 9

Not exactly.

He looks over to the GREEN DOME. Doe follows his gaze.

DOE

In there?

NUMBER 9

Under there. Deep underground.

DOE

Great...

NUMBER 9

You've got to break in to break out. But it won't be easy.

DOE

I had a feeling.

Number 9 looks him up and down.

NUMBER 9

How long can you hold your breath?

EXT. VILLAGE BEACH -- NIGHT

Doe and Number 9 stand on the sand looking over to the bluffs.

NUMBER 9

Fifty feet below the surface is an intake pipe which leads to a water filtration center under the Green Dome. The pipe is only open for fifteen minutes twice a day and feeds into a series of three interlocking chambers.

Through this section we SEE EVERYTHING Number 9 is describing:

INT. FIRST CHAMBER -- NIGHT

A huge UNDERGROUND CAVERN. A PIPE ten feet in diameter fills the chamber with a TORRENT of sea water, which rises over our heads, all the way up to the ceiling.

NUMBER 9 (V.O.)

In the first, the sea water is collected.

We're UNDERWATER now, looking at the far wall...

NUMBER 9 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Once that is full, the second chamber opens.

A KLAXON sounds and the wall RUMBLES OPEN. We RUSH FORWARD with the water into...

INT. SECOND CHAMBER -- NIGHT

Identical to the first, but lower. The sea water, creating a WATERFALL as it spills into the Second Chamber which is BISECTED by a thick horizontal mesh screen.

NUMBER 9 (O.S.)

There, the water is strained through a heavy mesh screen. You'll have to cut through that.

The water SLAMS DOWN onto the screen, FILTERING through the tiny holes in it.

NUMBER 9 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Once all the water is through the screen, the third chamber opens.

Another KLAXON sounds.

BELOW THE SCREEN - the wall RUMBLES OPEN, the filtered water tidal waving into...

INT. THIRD CHAMBER -- NIGHT

Identical to the other, but with HEAT PLATES on the floor. As the chamber fills, they begin to GLOW ORANGE...

NUMBER 9 (O.S.)

That's where the water is purified
by boiling.

A DIGITAL COUNTER on the wall displays the RISING TEMPERATURE - 80 degrees, 90, 100... The water, bubbling to a BOIL...

NUMBER 9 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's a small hatch at the top of
this chamber that's used for
maintenance work.

ABOVE THE SURFACE - A clearance of maybe three feet between the boiling water and the HATCH in the ceiling.

NUMBER 9 (O.S.) (CONT'D)

That's how you get out.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

Back to the scene. Number 9, speaking to Doe.

NUMBER 9

But if you're still inside by the
time the water reaches a boil-

DOE

I'm Number Six Thermadore.

NUMBER 9

And then some. Now, here comes the
tricky part-

DOE

There's a *tricky* part?

NUMBER 9

The water spends precisely ninety
seconds in each chamber before moving
on, meaning the next chamber will
not open until the previous one has
closed. You have to spend a full
ninety seconds in the first two
chambers - but any more than that
and you'll be trapped.

DOE

And dead.

NUMBER 9

And dead, yes.

(pause)

It gets worse.

DOE

Tell me.

INT. HIGH SPEED ELEVATOR SHAFT -- NIGHT

An ELEVATOR car ROCKETS PAST us as we speed up the narrow twenty five story shaft from the bottom.

NUMBER 9 (O.S.)

The hatch leads to the bottom of a high speed elevator shaft. The Exit Key is ten floors up, but you *can't take the elevator* or you'll be seen by cameras.

On the shaft walls - completely flat. No handholds of any kind. Over this:

DOE (O.S.)

Is there a service ladder?

NUMBER 9 (O.S.)

No.

DOE (O.S.)

No other way up?

NUMBER 9 (O.S.)

No.

We reach the TENTH FLOOR. The elevator doors open for us...

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

If you can figure out a way to reach the floor, the elevator doors open up onto a fifty foot corridor...

INT. PRESSURE CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

A nearly blinding stainless steel hallway. At the far end is another DOOR. We begin MOVING towards it, TILTING DOWN to the FLOOR as we go...

NUMBER 9 (O.S.)

The floor is pressure sensitive, recalibrated daily to the Number 2's exact weight. If you're an ounce under or over, the alarm will sound.

DOE (O.S.)
What about the ceiling?

We TILT up to the ceiling.

NUMBER 9 (O.S.)
Also pressurized. Any additional weight hanging from it will trip the alarms. Same with walls. But one way or the other, you're going to have to get down that corridor.

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

DOE
And then?

NUMBER 9
And then, nothing. The Exit Key's behind that door. Of course, the door requires Number 2's twenty digit personal code that changes hourly, but after the water chambers and the unclimbable elevator shaft, I figured that part would be no problem. How soon can you be ready?

DOE
I need at least a week.

Number 9 holds up a FLYER advertising a performance by the Village Dramatist's Society.

NUMBER 9
How's three days?

DOE
That's good too.
(pause)
This isn't exactly gonna be a walk in the park.

NUMBER 9
I should hope not. You blew up The Park.

EXT. VILLAGE -- EVENING

Three days later.

FLYERS and BANNERS for tonight's Dramatist's Guild performance are *everywhere*. Various Villagers, attired in evening gowns and black tie shuffle down the path's towards the theater.

EXT. VILLAGE PATH -- EVENING

Doe stands dressed in a TUXEDO near the Green Dome. He holds a copy of the VILLAGE NEWSPAPER under one arm.

Number 9 approaches, similarly attired.

NUMBER 9

The performance starts in ten minutes.
Are you all set?

DOE

Almost. Borrow your glasses?

Number 9 hands Doe his glasses. Doe casually pops out the TWO LENSES. He places them in the newspaper and ROLLS IT UP into a tube - effectively creating a MAKESHIFT TELESCOPE.

P.O.V. TELESCOPE

We see a tuxedoed Number 2 exit the Green Dome and turn to punch in his code to seal the entrance. His fingers, moving *incredibly* fast, but...

DOE

Eight Four Six Nine Eight Four Six
Two Three Four Eight Eight One One
Eight Nine Nine Nine Eight Zero.

NUMBER 9

You're sure you can remember that?

Doe turns to him.

DOE

Eight Four Six Nine Eight Four Six
Two Three Four Eight Eight One One
Eight Nine Nine Nine Eight Zero.

NUMBER 9

You're sure. Let's go see a play.

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

Before curtain. An exact recreation of "*The Globe*" in London. The aisles, clogged with Villagers. We realize that all the women's evening gowns are *exactly the same*. Doe and Number 9 head towards their seats. Doe scans the crowd as they go.

NUMBER 9

Who are you looking for?

Doe doesn't respond.

ELSEWHERE IN THE CROWD

The Supervisor pulls Number 2 aside.

THE SUPERVISOR

You should know that some of us are
of how displeased Number One has
been with you recently.

NUMBER 2

Are you now?

THE SUPERVISOR

If you were to fail with this subject-

NUMBER 2

You could scoop up my job?

The Supervisor blinks at the bluntness.

THE SUPERVISOR

No- not at all. I'm merely trying
to *warn* you that people are talking.

NUMBER 2

Ah, I apologize. Thank you for
warning me.

The Supervisor smiles, satisfied.

THE SUPERVISOR

Not at all.

Number 2 claps on the back and gives him a hug. WHISPERING
cheerily into his ear:

NUMBER 2

And Supervisor? If I ever that talk
is coming from you, I'll gut you and
leave you for the crows.

He releases the Supervisor who's gone white. Number 2 smiles
broadly and turns away, bumping into Doe and Number 9.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

Number Six and Number Nine! I must
say, the sight of the two of you
together fills me with such a warm
sense of... is it dread?

(pretending to think)

Yes, dread. I'm quite sure of it.
Incidentally, Number Nine, the Doctor
and I were speaking the other day
about your legendary reticence to
cooperate and he assures me that by
removing a very small portion of
your brain we can speed the process.
Is Tuesday good for you?

NUMBER 9

I'll have to check my book.

NUMBER 2

And Number Six, you really should begin associating with people more your station. Why don't you join me for dinner after the performance? A small intimate gathering, nothing special. Your friend Number Eighty-Four is coming as my escort.

DOE

You mean Sarah.

NUMBER 2

She's Number Eighty-Four to me. Enjoy the show.

He moves to get past them - when Number 9 sticks his foot out so that Number 2 STEPS ON IT.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

Frightfully sorry-

NUMBER 9

Quite all right.

Number 2 heads off. Number 9 turns to Doe.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

One hundred and ninety two pounds.

DOE

To the ounce?

NUMBER 9

I'd bet my life on it.

DOE

You're betting *my* life on it.

The lights flash and Doe and Number 9 take their seats at the theater's rear. Doe examines the program. On the cover, the play's title - "NO EXIT".

DOE (CONT'D)

Cute.

The houselights dim and the crowd quiets. The curtain rises and the play begins.

NUMBER 9

(whispering)

Intake pipe opens precisely at 8:05.

DOE

I know.

He moves to get up but Number 9 stops him.

NUMBER 9

You have to be in and out in fifteen minutes, or the pipe will close and you'll be trapped.

Doe stares at him in disbelief.

DOE

Why didn't you tell me this before?

NUMBER 9

I didn't want to worry you.

Doe considers this. Then:

DOE

How long am I gonna have to be underwater again?

NUMBER 9

Almost three minutes.

DOE

I only have one lung.
(off Number 9's look)
I didn't want to worry you either.

With that, Doe's out of his seat and out the door.

EXT. VILLAGE -- NIGHT

Deserted. Everyone's at the play. Doe hurries down a path towards the bluffs, PICKING UP ROCKS as he goes. Putting them in his pockets. Making himself HEAVIER.

DOE

One hundred and ninety two pounds.

Doe checks his makeshift clock - 8:04. One minute till the pipe opens. He reaches the bluffs. Looks down at the water.

He jumps.

EXT. SEA -- NIGHT

Doe surfaces. Prepping himself. Taking GULPS of air...

DOE

You can do this... You can *do* this...
(pause)
Don't die.

And with that, he goes UNDERWATER.

He SWIMS DOWN. Reaches the BOTTOM and pulls himself along it towards the shore. Spots the INTAKE PIPE. Closed. He goes to the edge of it. The pipe's door OPENS...

And Doe is sucked in along with the water around him.

INT. INTAKE PIPE -- UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

Doe flies through the pipe. It seems to stretch on forever. Doe tries to swim with the current... too strong. The speed picks up. He begins to be bashed off the pipe's walls - jagged and gooey with coral and algae. Drawing blood.

Doe, bloody, beginning to need air. He's getting the shit kicked out of him. The pipe twists and turns, finally shooting him out into

INT. FIRST CHAMBER -- UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

Doe rockets out of the pipe and looks up - the water's surface above is climbing towards the ceiling. A POCKET OF AIR is left there. He swims up towards it...

ON THE SURFACE - The water rising, almost at the ceiling...

BELOW - Doe swimming up, desperate to grab one lungfull of air before it disappears...

He reaches the top...

His hand hits the slate CEILING. The chamber is full. The AIR IS GONE. Doe's eyes are bulging. He turns to look at the CLOSED WALL to the SECOND CHAMBER. Realizing it'll be another 90 SECONDS before he can take a breath...

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

ONSTAGE - Two VILLAGE ACTORS are essaying the roles of the "VALET" and "GARCIN" at the opening of "*NO EXIT*". The Valet has just shown Garcin to his room in Hell.

"GARCIN"

Is it daytime now?

"VALET"

Can't you see? The lights are on.

"GARCIN"

Ah, yes, I've got it. It's *your* daytime. And outside?

IN THE SEATS - On Number 9 as he watches.

"VALET"

Outside?

"GARCIN"

Damn it, you know what I mean. Beyond that wall.

Number 9 looks to the back of the theater. To the wall.

"VALET"
There's a passage.

INT. FIRST CHAMBER -- UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

Doe, *desperate* for air. Counting down the seconds...

"GARCIN" (V.O.)
And beyond that passage?

"VALET" (V.O.)
There's more rooms, more passages,
and stairs.

He stares at the CLOSED WALL to the Second Chamber.

"GARCIN" (V.O.)
And what lies beyond them?

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

ONSTAGE - The Valet smiles wickedly at Garcin.

"VALET"
That's all.

INT. FIRST CHAMBER -- UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

A KLAXON SOUNDS and the wall finally OPENS. Doe is sucked down towards it as he and the water RUSH INTO

INT. SECOND CHAMBER -- NIGHT

Doe SHOOTs THROUGH the doorway into the OPEN AIR. He FREEFALLS along with thousands of gallons of water until...

WHAM! Doe impacts on a HEAVY METAL MESH SCREEN that bisects the chamber horizontally. The water around him roars down through the screen which strains debris out of it.

Below him, the strained water collects, waiting to go onto the next chamber.

ON DOE - Pinned to the screen by the continuing deluge of water from above. He can barely move because of it. Taking ragged gulps of air, trying to orient himself.

With a great effort, he gets a hand to his pocket and pulls out a makeshift KNIFE whittled from rock. He JAMS IT down through the screen, and begins trying to saw a hole for himself to slip through...

The waterfall continues from above, POUNDING his body. The work with the knife is excruciating slow, and then...

THE KLAXON SOUNDS.

Doe stares through the mesh, seeing the wall to the Third Chamber RUMBLE OPEN. He's gotta work faster...

The water, disappearing into the Third Chamber below him. The waterfall above, slowing to a trickle. Doe's managed to cut a "U" shape into the mesh. He SLAMS his weight down on it, trying to bend the mesh and push through...

BELOW - The wall to the Third Chamber BEGINS TO CLOSE...

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

Onstage, "Garcin" speaks privately with "INEZ".

"GARCIN"
It's a trap. They're watching you,
to see if you'll fall into it...

INT. SECOND CHAMBER -- NIGHT

SLAM! SLAM! SLAM! All of Doe's weight against the mesh, which is starting to bend...

BELOW - The wall HALFWAY CLOSED now...

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

On Number 9. Watching the show.

"INEZ" (O.S.)
I know. And you're another trap.

INT. SECOND CHAMBER -- NIGHT

With a groan, the mesh finally gives and DOE PLUMMETS into the water below. SPLASH!

UNDERWATER - Doe swims downwards towards the CLOSING WALL...

INT. THIRD CHAMBER -- UNDERWATER -- NIGHT

Doe makes it through just as the door SLAMS SHUT behind him. He tries to swim away... he can't. He turns around and sees:

His shoelaces are stuck in the closed wall.

The HEAT PLATES on the Chamber's bottom begin to GLOW ORANGE...

Doe wrestles to pull his foot out of the trapped shoe. Can't. The water around him, beginning to BUBBLE from the heat. Plus, he's running out of air again...

Pulls the knife out of his pocket and begins to saw at the shoe leather. Making progress when it SLIPS from his hand...

We watch the knife flutter away, sinking to the bottom.

ON THE SURFACE - THICK STEAM, coming off the bubbling water...

UNDERWATER - With a final PULL, Doe gets his foot free from the shoe. Swimming upwards as the temperature skyrockets around him...

DOE SURFACES, gasping. A clearance of only two feet between the ceiling and the near boiling water. Through the thick steam, Doe spies the CLOSED MAINTENANCE HATCH. Swims for it. Gets there. Yanks the latch, and it falls OPEN...

"INEZ" (V.O.)

And of course, there's a whole nest
of pitfalls that we *can't* see...

Revealing the BOTTOM of an ELEVATOR CAR. Blocking Doe's exit. *There's no way out.*

"INEZ" (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Everything in here's a bobby-trap.

With no other option, Doe grapples onto the undercarriage of the car and LIFTS the rest of his body out of the water. Trying to keep himself hanging there horizontally in the two feet between the CEILING and the BOILING WATER.

His arms so tired, they're shaking. His shoulder DIPS into the water. Doe SCREAMS but manages to hold on.

But he won't last much longer...

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

"INEZ"

I'm in a trap myself, all the way up
to my neck.

INT. THIRD CHAMBER -- NIGHT

Filled with steam. Doe, about to lose his grip...

"INEZ" (V.O.)

And I know it.

Suddenly, the elevator SHOOTS UPWARDS and Doe is yanked out of the chamber...

INT. HIGH SPEED ELEVATOR SHAFT -- NIGHT

THE CAR - FLYING up the shaft, doing at least 50. Doe, struggling to hang on as the wind whips around him.

He looks over at the PASSING FLOORS, counting.

DOE

Four, Five, Six...

They're whizzing by, almost too fast to see.

DOE (CONT'D)
Seven, Eight, Nine...

He lets go with one hand and REACHES OUT at the passing tenth floor elevator door. Grabbing it, he's nearly RIPPED OFF the undercarriage.

He manages to hang onto the doorway, his heels landing on the TWO INCH LIP between the closed door and the rest of the shaft. He stands there, breathing hard.

DOE (CONT'D)
Ten.

Wind howls through the shaft. Doe's got to turn around and open the door. But there's no room to maneuver on the lip.

Doe steels himself. Closes his eyes and then he JUMPS. About a foot straight up and he TURNS IN MID AIR...

Landing facing the closed door, his TOES now teetering on the lip... He gets his balance. Exhales.

Wedges his feet into the lower corners of the door and moves his hands to the center, trying to get his fingers into the wedge between the doors. He gets it. Pries the FIRST SET of doors apart. Giving him an inch more on the lip. He grins, and starts to work on the SECOND SET.

A NOISE from above. Gears turning. Doe looks up.

The Elevator Car is *coming back down*.

It'll reach him in twenty seconds, and if he's not through the door, it'll scrape him off the side of the shaft.

On Doe, trying to pry the reaming doors apart. Won't budge. He looks down between the doors - WIRES. Grabs them, yanks them out. But he's got nothing to cut them with.

The elevator, ten floors above. Ten seconds.

Doe BITES the wires. Severing them cleanly.

Five seconds.

No time to reconnect them. He stares at the copper threading. Only one way to reestablish current this fast.

He puts them in his mouth.

Doe SEIZES as the electrical current runs through him.

And the DOORS OPEN. Doe spits the wires out and steps through just as the elevator SHOOTs PAST behind him.

INT. PRESSURE CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

A blinding silver. Fifty feet long. DOE'S FEET, an inch from where the pressure plates start. A DIGITAL READOUT displaying weight on the floor. Currently at ZERO.

Doe checks the rocks in his pockets. All still there.

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

"INEZ"
Don't forget Garcin, there are traps
for you too in this room. All nicely
set.

INT. PRESSURE CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Doe raises a foot, about to take his first step onto the pressure floor...

He stops. Something is wrong. He stands there, stock still.

Drip... Drip... Drip...

He looks down. Water, dripping off his jacket.

DOE
Water. Water adds weight.

He strips off his jacket. Measures the weight in his hand. Discards it down the open shaft behind him. Pulls a rock out of his pocket. Measures it. Pulls out another. Measuring both, trying to decide which one to keep...

He stares at the floor.

DOE (CONT'D)
One hundred and ninety two pounds.

He tosses the smaller rock, pockets the bigger one.

DOE (CONT'D)
Here we go...

He steps ONTO THE PRESSURE FLOOR. The digital readout JUMBLES, calculating the weight. Finally settling on...

191.

Quick as he can, Doe SUCKS IN all of his breath and the counter JUMBLES AGAIN...

192.

Doe strides down the corridor.

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

"Garcin" professing his love to "Estelle".

"GARCIN"

Then I snap my fingers at them all,
those below and those in here...

INT. PRESSURE CORRIDOR -- NIGHT

Still holding his breath, Doe enters the twenty digit code into a KEYPAD by the door. As the door and Doe STEPS THROUGH...

"GARCIN" (V.O.)

I swear it. Together, we shall climb
out of hell.

INT. MEDICAL LAB -- NIGHT

Doe steps into the dark room. Blinking as his eyes slowly adjust. The place is filled with EXAMINING TABLES and GURNEYS. The room where the red ball/blue ball test occurred.

Doe suddenly notices - *he's not alone*. A lone person sits at a computer workstation. Staring up at him. Shocked.

SARAH.

Her presence, telling him everything he needs to know.

DOE

Where are the Exit Keys?

She's too surprised by his sudden appearance to respond.

DOE (CONT'D)

I'm out of time, *where are they?*

She looks to a GLASS CASE on the wall. Doe runs to it, opens it. And takes one...

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

Number 2 casually raises a cell phone to his lips.

NUMBER 2

Now.

INT. MEDICAL LAB -- NIGHT

THE ALARM SOUNDS. Doe looks around, startled. Sarah, confused. He runs back to her.

SARAH

I didn't do that-

He presses the key into her hand.

DOE
You have to take it out for me.

SARAH
I can't-

DOE
They'll search me, they won't search
you.

On Sarah, torn...

DOE (CONT'D)
Please...

Sarah TAKES IT. Slips it into her pocket just as

TWO OTHER DOORS slide open revealing a TEAM OF TEN GUARDS,
led by the Butler.

GUARD ONE
Freeze!

Doe turns to face them. Just plain fed up.

DOE
Or what?

The Guard charges him. Doe grabs him, spins him around, and
SNAPS HIS NECK. The body clatters to the floor. Doe turns,
looking at the others.

DOE (CONT'D)
Next?

The Butler SMILES. And they all charge him at once.

Doe, backpedalling, grabbing a PHONE off the nearest table.
Holding onto it by the cord he uses it like a MACE, whipping
it around, knocking the two nearest guards down...

Sarah, running to the doorway, stepping out of the room.
Looking back at Doe, shouting:

SARAH
Get off the floor!

Doe jumps to the nearest table and so do some of the guards,
knowing what's coming next...

SARAH (CONT'D)
Electrify!

ARCS of BLUE ELECTRICITY shoot across the metal floor, FRYING
the three guards who didn't make it to a table in time.

Silence, save for the crackle of electricity.

Five guards and the Butler left. All on different tables and gurneys. Staring at Doe. They're about to play King of the Mountain. The rules are simple - stay elevated.

You touch the floor, you die.

THE FIGHT - Incredibly kinetic. Doe and the others, leaping from table to table and gurney to gurney, which slide across the room on their wheels Every time someone lands on them.

Doe whips the phone around, knocking two more to an electric death. Another kicks him from behind and he falls, lands on a gurney, sliding across the lab towards the Exit Keys...

The Butler KICKS OUT, sending Doe's gurney spinning in a different direction. Doe grabs a passing table and rolls onto it, kicking up, stopping another guard in mid-air, who falls screaming to the floor.

Two guards left. Coming at Doe from different directions. Doe ducks, the first sails over him, missing his target. One guard left. Doe whips the phone card around his neck and yanks, pulling the guard from his perch.

Only The Butler and Doe remain. On opposite ends of the lab. The floor crackles beneath them. The Butler smiles. Cracks his knuckles. He's been waiting for this.

They LEAP onto gurneys, FLYING towards each other...

They connect in the middle of the room. A flurry of punches and kicks. They CARTWHEEL off the gurneys and onto a table. Both men fighting their hearts out. Evenly matched.

The Butler does a FLIP over Doe, his feet touching the ceiling, and LANDS BEHIND HIM. Grabs Doe's arm and LOCKS IT IN behind his back. A submission move.

Doe drops to his knees. The Butler wrenches his arm up farther and farther...

And we hear an audible SNAP as DOE'S ARM BREAKS. Doe screaming as he PASSES OUT FROM THE PAIN...

INT. THEATER -- NIGHT

As the curtain falls.

The entire AUDIENCE rises to it's feet in a STANDING OVATION. Number 2 claps the loudest.

INT. DOE'S APARTMENT -- MORNING

The alarm clock, buzzing. 6:30. Doe wakes, fully dressed. Back at the beginning *again*.

NUMBER 2 (O.S.)
Coffee's almost ready!

Doe sits up to see Number 2 bustling around in the kitchen.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
There's no caffeine in it of course,
just like there's no alcohol in the
scotch, or nicotine in the cigarettes.
(offering)
Creamless cream and sugarless sugar?

Doe flexes his left arm, the one that broke. It moves fine.

DOE
What happened to my arm?

NUMBER 2
I don't know, what happened to your
arm?

DOE
Your butler broke it.

NUMBER 2
Oh, come on, that's ridiculous. If
he'd done that, it would be broken.

Number 2 sits and passes Doe the coffee.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
Last night you killed seven of my
best men in just under eighty-nine
seconds. Not to be too forward, but
I was wondering if you'd tell me
why. What were you looking for?

Doe just sips his coffee.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
Or perhaps you're just not a fan of
the theater.

DOE
That's it.

NUMBER 2
I have a theory about your retirement.

DOE
I'm sure you do.

NUMBER 2
Your family's death. That's it,
isn't it? Something so easily
explainable.

Doe smiles, cheerily.

DOE

You're going to have to do better than that.

NUMBER 2

A little of the old quid pro quo, eh? After we provide you with full room and board, you still want something more. Very well...

(leans in; whispering)

I know who killed them.

DOE

You're getting desperate.

NUMBER 2

Not just who gave the order, the name of the man who carried it out. Wouldn't you like to know who took your wife and son away from you?

Doe leans back. Rattled, struggling not to show it.

DOE

Even if you *did* know, what good what it do me? Nobody leaves the Village. There's nothing I could do about it.

NUMBER 2

Wrong again. Because the man who did it isn't 'out there' anymore. He's in here. With us.

DOE

You're lying-

NUMBER 2

You *know* I'm not. You've probably already passed him on the street-

DOE

Tell me-

NUMBER 2

As soon as you tell me why you resigned.

On Doe. In agony over this. A long beat. Finally...

DOE

(whispering)

No...

NUMBER 2

What was that, I couldn't hear-

DOE

I said *no*.

Number 2 smiles and rises.

NUMBER 2

I understand. You need some time to think it through. I'll be in my office in the Green Dome when you decide. You *do* know how to get into the Green Dome, don't you?

Doe just looks away. Number 2 leaves. Doe gets up...

And then notices there have been some additions to his apartment. FRAMED PHOTOS of his family. *Everywhere*.

He goes to the mantle. Tries to take one down. It's BOLTED IN PLACE. So are the others. He's stuck with them.

Doe stands there for a moment. Anger building. He strides out the door. Going to see an old friend.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Sarah answers the DOORBELL. It's Doe. Before she can speak, he steps past her into the apartment. Pissed.

DOE

Why did you help me?

SARAH

They're watching-

DOE

Then they can watch this.

He SLAMS HER up against the wall. Bracing his forearm against her neck...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

Number 2 and The Supervisor, WATCHING as Doe shouts to the cameras:

DOE

Aren't you going to send someone to save her? She works for you, doesn't she?

Number 2 smiles.

INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Sarah hisses to him through the pressure on her neck:

SARAH
You think you're going to flush him
out? He'll watch you kill me and
then have a glass of milk to
celebrate.

A tense beat... then Doe releases her. Sarah rubs her neck.

SARAH (CONT'D)
If you're not gonna kill me, I'm
going to finish making my tea.

She goes into her kitchen. Doe follows.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

THE SUPERVISOR
Eighty-Four Camera Twenty, please.

The ONSCREEN VIEW shifts to

INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Sarah stands by the STOVE with a kettle. Doe comes in.

DOE
What about what I gave you?

SARAH
I gave it back.

Doe, about to reply when he notices - a PAD OF PAPER next to
the stove. Sarah is SCRIBBLING something on it:

CAMERAS CAN'T SEE PAD

He catches her eyes - Don't blow this.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

ONSCREEN - the view of the pad, BLOCKED by Doe and Sarah.

NUMBER 2
What are they doing?

THE SUPERVISOR
Making tea.

INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN -- DAY

She's writing again: **MEET TOMOR. AT DAWN BY THEATER**

DOE
So why did you help me?

Doe takes the pen and writes: **TRAP**

SARAH
Call it a momentary lapse of sanity.
I was disciplined well for it.

Sarah takes the pen back. Writes: **NO. HAVE TO TRUST**

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

NUMBER 2
Why are their arms moving like that?

We see ONSCREEN - Sarah's RIGHT ARM, moving like it's writing.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
Zoom in.

The camera zooms in and Sarah's RIGHT HAND comes into view...
Holding a simple TEABAG. Dunking it in the water.

INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN -- DAY

We realize Sarah's actually writing with her LEFT HAND.

SARAH
I saw you in there, I panicked.
I... I still feel that-

All the while, she's writing: **I'M NOT WHO YOU THINK I AM**

SARAH (CONT'D)
We can still be happy. We can still
make a life together.
(pause)
I helped you because I love you.

Doe looks down to see she's written: **I'M NOT SARAH**

On Doe, thunderstruck. And Sarah leans in and KISSES HIM.
Long and tender. Doe kisses back for a moment...

And then breaks it.

DOE
I- I'm sorry.

He leaves in a hurry.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

The Supervisor turns to Number 2.

THE SUPERVISOR
She really is quite good.

INT. SARAH'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Still blocking the camera, Sarah crumples up the paper.
Dropping it into the boiling water. Destroying the evidence.

EXT. VILLAGE PATH -- DAWN

The next morning. Behind the theater. Doe and Sarah walk,
with a WHITE NOISE machine masking their conversation.

DOE

Who are you?

SARAH

A double. Whenever a new Prisoner
arrives, I assume the role of someone
they love in order to get Information
out of them. A combination of deep
research and heavy reconstructive
surgery tends to do wonders.

DOE

So she was never here?

Sarah stops walking.

SARAH

Sarah Townshend *died* here three years
ago. After she told us everything
about her life. About *you*.

On Doe. Trying to cope with this. Tightly:

DOE

You tortured her?

SARAH

No. That's the Doctor's area. If
it makes you feel any better, she
didn't suffer much.

DOE

He killed her.

SARAH

She died trying to escape. She's
buried somewhere around here.

Doe looks at the passing ground with new eyes. Then looks
away. Refocusing. Trying to be logical.

DOE

Give me one good reason I should
believe you.

SARAH

What would I have to gain from lying?

DOE

The same thing you wanted to gain
before. Information.

SARAH

Your information doesn't mean shit
to me. All I want is out.

She pulls something from her pocket and presses it into Doe's
palm. The EXIT KEY.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I gave him back a fake. Three cameras
on the right, they can't see it but
you should put it away quick.

Doe does, stashing the keycard.

SARAH (CONT'D)

I've had my face cut so many times I
don't even remember what I really
look like anymore. But I'm good at
being other people. So good, that
they'll never let me go.

(pause)

I'm a prisoner too.

DOE

Do you know who runs the Village?

Sarah nods.

DOE (CONT'D)

Tell me everything.

SARAH

If I do that, you won't need me
anymore-

DOE

No deal.

He turns to walk away...

SARAH

I can tell you where we are.

He turns back.

SARAH (CONT'D)

A small island off the coast of Sri
Lanka. Once we get over those
mountains, we're home free.

DOE

Why does the sun set at the same
time everyday?

SARAH
It doesn't.

DOE
I've timed it.

SARAH
You built a clock with parts from a village camera, right? And you don't think that all the electronics in this place, *including* your clock, are controlled by Number Two?

Doe rubs his forehead.

DOE
It's been a weird couple of days-

SARAH
Three months.

DOE
Excuse me?

SARAH
You've been here three months. They kept you sedated, waiting for your arm to heal. Just another mindfuck from Number Two. You only see what he wants you to, and every piece of "information" you've gained has only been designed to confuse you more. The building of the clock, the finding of a lost love, the discovery of an elder ally.

Doe takes a step closer.

DOE
What are you saying?

SARAH
I'm saying your precious Number Nine is working for the enemy.

Doe can't believe it. *Won't* believe it.

DOE
No-

SARAH
Yes. I've already told you I work for Number Two. If anyone would know it's me.

Doe takes a step back from her.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Sarah died three years ago and Number Nine's been here for thirty. He knew about it. We all did. So he's known all along who I really am and *he didn't tell you.*

EXT. BEACH CLUB -- DAY

Number 9 sits with the Admiral, playing chess when Doe approaches. Walking with a purpose.

THE ADMIRAL

Number Six, you never come for dinner-

DOE

(ignoring him)

We have to talk. Not here.

NUMBER 9

Admiral, if you'll excuse me?

EXT. BEHIND THE BEACH CLUB -- DAY

Doe leads Number 9 down a path. They stop in a small GROVE OF TREES. Number 9 looks around, nervous.

NUMBER 9

This is a blind spot. The cameras can't see us- Who told you to bring me here?

Doe reaches into Number 9's coat and pulls out the WHITE NOISE DEVICE. Switches it on. Number 9 stares at him.

DOE

Why didn't you tell me she was dead?

NUMBER 9

Oh, Jesus...

DOE

Answer the question.

NUMBER 9

We had a deal. No information about *anything* except escape. That included her.

DOE

That's bullshit-

NUMBER 9

She wasn't a factor in our plan-

DOE

She is now.

And with that, Sarah steps out from behind the trees.

NUMBER 9

What have you done...

DOE

They were waiting for me in the Dome.

NUMBER 9

You must have tripped the alarm-

DOE

I didn't-

NUMBER 9

Then she did-

SARAH

He's lying again-

Number 9 whirls on her, angrily.

NUMBER 9

This isn't *about* you! This about
him and the choice he has to make
now!

Sarah falls silent. Nods, slowly. Doe stares at them.

DOE

What is he talking about?

NUMBER 9

Didn't she tell you this was a kill
spot? A place where the cameras
couldn't pick up a murder?

Doe turns to Sarah.

SARAH

If one of us is working for Number
2, that person already knows way too
much about what you're intending to
do-

NUMBER 9

Allow me to clarify - She's saying
you have to kill one of us. And you
have to decide which *right now*.

On Doe. Can't believe it.

DOE

I could take both of you-

NUMBER 9

One of us would betray you. This is what it comes down to. This is endgame.

SARAH

Trust one of us, kill the other.

Silence. Doe looks from one to the other.

NUMBER 9

I had a wife once-

SARAH

He's trying to save himself-

NUMBER 9

Time is short and he *needs* to hear this!

(to Doe)

I had a wife once. And they took her from me. I'd have done anything, said anything, *told them anything* to turn back the clock. But I didn't. I was *too proud* to cooperate. To conform. And now she's gone forever.

He pulls a MAKESHIFT KNIFE from his pocket. The others, taking a step back.

SARAH

What are you doing?

NUMBER 9

Giving him the information he needs to survive.

(to Doe)

Don't make the same mistake I did. Don't give them anything to let them get to you. You run quick, you do what you have to, and you *never* look back.

He presses the knife into Doe's hand. So emotional that he's shaking.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

That's all I have left to teach you.

On Doe. Standing there with the knife in his hand. Looking from Sarah to Number 9 and back again.

DOE

I won't-

NUMBER 9

You *will*.

SARAH

You have to.

(pause)

Whoever it is, just... make it quick.

Doe nods. On the knife, gleaming. Sarah closes her eyes.
Number 9 does the same.

On Doe. Taking a deep breath. And then he LUNGES...

EXT. VILLAGE FOREST -- DAY

A FLOCK of BIRDS take flight. Heading towards the sun...

EXT. GROVE OF TREES -- DAY

Back to Doe. Standing, breathing hard. A BODY lies on the ground in front of him.

Number 9.

PAN DOWN to the knife, still in Doe's hand. No blood on it.

SARAH

Why didn't you kill him?

Doe doesn't respond. Just stares down at the body. A WELT on Number 9's forehead. Doe knocked him cold. Sarah moves forwards to take the knife.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Give me the knife, I'll finish it-

DOE

I'll leave you lying next to him.

Sarah stops. Looking at him, questioning.

SARAH

You're leaving loose ends.

DOE

My decision.

(holds up EXIT KEY)

Let's go.

EXT. ROCKY OUTCROPPING -- DAY

On the bluffs high above the sea sits the HELIPAD. The CHOPPER sitting on it, guarded by SIX MEN and surrounded by a 20 foot high CHAINLINK FENCE tipped with BARBED WIRE.

Doe and Sarah stand thirty feet away in the VILLAGE GARDEN. Taking in the layout.

SARAH
Six guards with tranq guns and the
fence is electrified. I'm thinking
we need a diversion-

She trails off as Doe STARTS WALKING. Straight for the
Helipad. The FIRST GUARD coming up to him. Doe grabs him
by the throat and SNAPS HIS NECK. Never breaking stride.

SARAH (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Or, we could take the direct
approach...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

Number 2 enters, vaguely perturbed.

NUMBER 2
What?

THE SUPERVISOR
The helipad.

ON THE VIEWSCREEN - Doe making short work of more guards.

THE SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
Why would he go for the helicopter
again? He knows it won't work unless-

He stops, seeing SARAH on the viewscreen.

NUMBER 2
Orange alert.

EXT. ROCKY OUTCROPPING -- DAY

On Doe. Two Guards on the left raise their tranq guns.
WHAM! WHAM! Two guards, now on the ground. Another TACKLES
DOE from behind...

SARAH
We have to figure out a way to short
the fence!

Doe FLIPS the Guard from behind over his shoulder and INTO
THE FENCE! Sparks everywhere. Fence, shorted. Guard, fried.

SARAH (CONT'D)
That'll do it.

The fence deactivated, Doe SCALES IT. Up the twenty feet
like a cat, vaulting the barbed wire. Lands between the
remaining two guards, who both raise their TRANQ GUNS.

GUARD FIVE
You don't want to do this-

Doe grabs both men, SLAMMING their heads together! They fall, unconscious.

DOE

Yeah, I do.

He turns to see Sarah has unlocked the gate and is holding a tranq gun, TRAINED AT HIS HEAD. A beat, where we think she's going to shoot him...

She lowers the weapon and hands it to him.

And that's when he *turns it back on her*.

DOE (CONT'D)

Who runs the Village?

SARAH

There isn't time for this-

DOE

Who is Number One?

SARAH

You won't need me anymore-

Doe cocks the weapon.

DOE

I don't need you *now*.

She stares at him.

SARAH

You wouldn't do it. You wouldn't leave me.

Interrupted by a familiar HIGH PITCHED WHINE...

ROVER

Coming STRAIGHT FOR THEM! Sarah DIVES into the helicopter, toggling switches, STARTING THE ENGINE.

Doe tries to follow but is CUT OFF. He books away from the chopper, Rover hot on his heels. Doe looks back over his shoulder to see

The Helicopter TAKING OFF. Sarah, leaving *him* behind.

Doe curses and keeps running. Heading for the CLIFFS. Rover, herding him. He reaches the edge. Looks down. 100 feet to jagged rocks. Certain death. No way out of this and Rover will have him in another second...

And that's when the Chopper SWOOPS IN from above!

SARAH (CONT'D)

Jump!

Doe LEAPS off the cliff and GRABS ONTO the helicopter's STRUT. Rover, going over the edge PAST DOE and tumbling towards the rocks below.

INT. HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- DAY

Doe climbs into the passenger seat. Sarah smiles at him.

SARAH

And I wouldn't leave you either.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

Number 2 watches as the chopper climbs towards the mountains.

NUMBER 2

Get me on the radio.

INT. DOE'S CHOPPER (FLYING) -- DAY

The radio in the cockpit CRACKLES:

NUMBER 2 (O.S.)

Number Six, if you do this, I can't
guarantee your safety-

Doe clicks the radio off.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

Number 2 turns to the Supervisor.

NUMBER 2

Put them in the air.

EXT. THE VILLAGE -- DAY

As a GROUP of THREE BLACK HELICOPTERS take off. Heading after Doe and Sarah.

INT. DOE'S CHOPPER (FLYING) -- DAY

Doe, looking back down at the Village - the other helicopters, coming for them.

DOE

Switch places with me.

Sarah does. Doe takes the stick, pulling it up into a HARD CLIMB towards the mountains. The other choppers follow suit.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

THE SUPERVISOR
They're at 1800 feet...

INT. DOE'S CHOPPER (FLYING) -- DAY

Sarah slots the Exit Key into the onboard computer. The
ALTIMETER - 1950, 1975, 2000... 2025. And still climbing.

EXT. VILLAGE SKIES -- DAY

The OTHER CHOPPERS, closing. They're faster than Doe's.

INT. DOE'S CHOPPER (FLYING) -- DAY

Watching the others coming fast for them.

DOE
We have any onboard weapons?

SARAH
Other than you? No.

And Doe suddenly pushes the stick FORWARD. Going into a
STEEP DIVE toward the mountainside. Sarah, getting nervous.

SARAH (CONT'D)
You, uhhhh, you know there's a
mountain there, right?

DOE
Yeah.

SARAH
Okay, just checking.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

As they watch Doe's altitude lower.

THE SUPERVISOR
You think he's giving up?

Number 2 shoots him a look - Are you really *that* stupid?

THE SUPERVISOR (CONT'D)
Sorry.

INT. DOE'S CHOPPER (FLYING) -- DAY

Still diving towards the mountain. The other helicopters
coming in from behind and ABOVE. The mountainside, now
FILLING the windscreen. About three hundred feet away.

SARAH
 (re: impending crash)
 I don't mean to nag you about this-

DOE
 Hang on.

He BANGS the stick left. Twisting the chopper back towards their pursuers.

SARAH
 Okay, I give up. What are you doing?

DOE
 Getting underneath them.

SARAH
Underneath?

EXT. VILLAGE SKIES -- DAY

The helicopters ROAR TOWARDS one another...

INT. DOE'S CHOPPER -- DAY

DOE
 Helicopters stay aloft because their main rotor is constantly pressing against the air beneath it.

SARAH
 So?

DOE
 So what happens when there *isn't* any air beneath it?

He PUSHES the stick forward, DIVING BENEATH the lead pursuer...

EXT. VILLAGE SKIES -- DAY

Doe's chopper passes 50 FEET BELOW the lead bad guy chopper, *stealing its air*. The lead pursuer begins to WOBBLE. And suddenly it's FALLING like a STONE...

INT. DOE'S CHOPPER -- DAY

Doe YANKS the stick left into the hardest turn yet...

DOE
 Only one problem.

SARAH
 Which is?

SECONDS LATER - The bad guy chopper PLUMMETS PAST them, through the space they just occupied.

DOE
Getting out of the way.

THE BAD GUYS - In too steep a dive to pull out of. They become a FIREBALL 2000 FEET below.

SARAH
What now?

DOE
You're not gonna like it...

He pulls the stick back, and we begin our

BAD ASS HELICOPTER CHASE

Hugging cliffs, missing outcroppings by inches, Doe expertly pilots them through CANYONS and RAVINES. All the while, trying to get his pursuers to slam into something.

INT. DOE'S CHOPPER (FLYING) -- DAY

Whipping through the mountain canyons at *incredible* speeds. Sarah, whiteknuckling, terrified.

SARAH
You were right.
(re: pursuers)
They're both still there-

Cut off as we hear a LARGE EXPLOSION behind them.

SARAH (CONT'D)
My mistake.

Only one chopper left. Doggedly sticking with Doe. They come out of the canyon and Doe pulls the stick back.

Heading for the summit.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

Watching as Doe's chopper nears the top of the mountain.

THE SUPERVISOR
They're at 3800 feet. They're going to make it.
(sneering)
Was *that* part of your plan?

NUMBER 2
Prep the Pulse.

TECHNICIANS scramble to ready it, slotting in keycards, depressing codes. Almost as if a missile launch was ordered.

THE SUPERVISOR

But our men-

Number 2 shrugs.

TECHNICIAN

Pulse is ready, sir.

NUMBER 2

Initiate.

EXT. VILLAGE SKIES -- DAY

A blue EMP ENERGY WAVE courses ACROSS THE SKY. As it PASSES THROUGH both HELICOPTERS...

The electronics die. The sticks go dead. The rotors STOP SPINNING. A moment of utter silence...

And then they begin to PLUMMET.

INT. DOE'S CHOPPER (FALLING) -- DAY

In FREEFALL. Doe KICKS OPEN the door, GRABS Sarah and DIVES OUT...

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE -- DAY

A near SHEER ROCKFACE (think El Capitan). Doe and Sarah SLAM DOWN hard onto a PRECARIOUS LEDGE. The last bad guy chopper, falls away behind them. The Pilot, leaping for the ledge himself... He MISSES.

We track down ALL 4000 FEET with him to his death.

Doe and Sarah, safe for a moment...

Until the ledge CRACKS. Sarah FALLS AWAY, screaming...

Twenty feet below, she manages to GRAB onto an outcropping. By her fingernails. Won't be able to hold on very long.

Doe looks UP - The SUMMIT, only 100 feet above. He could make it...

Looks DOWN - Sarah, in trouble. He decides. And begins climbing down the sheer rockface.

Going back for her.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

NUMBER 2

Get the retrieval team up.

EXT. VILLAGE HELIPAD 2 -- DAY

A PILOT and A SNIPER climb aboard a HELICOPTER. It takes off, headed for the mountain...

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE -- DAY

Doe, ten feet above Sarah. Searching for another foothold to continue his descent. There is none. But he spies another ledge, 30 feet below her. Another decision to make.

On Doe. Closing his eyes.

DOE

Don't die.

And then he LETS GO. Doe, FALLING backwards, doing a FULL FLIP in mid-air, PASSING SARAH...

GRABBING onto the ledge thirty feet beneath her. Plenty of handholds here. He begins scrambling up the rockface towards her, and is ten feet below her when SHE SLIPS...

He reaches out and GRABS HER as she passes. Swinging her in to safety. They hang there, huddled for a second. Both in disbelief that they're still alive.

DOE (CONT'D)

Don't do that again, okay?

SARAH

(breathing hard)

Deal.

Doe looks out to see - the NEW HELICOPTER, fast approaching.

DOE

We've gotta hurry.

They begin climbing for the top.

INT. NEW HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- DAY

Heading for the two climbers - specks on the mountain side. The Sniper casually loading tranq darts into his rifle. He opens the CARGO DOOR and takes position on the STRUT...

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE -- DAY

SIXTY FEET below the summit. Doe and Sarah, making good progress when the New Helicopter PULLS LEVEL with them.

DOE

Keep going!

The Sniper FIRING, the rockface, PEPPERED with darts. Doe winces. Looks down at his shoulder...

A tranquilizer dart is sticking out of it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

The Supervisor smiles.

THE SUPERVISOR

He'll be unconscious in three minutes.

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE -- DAY

Doe rips the dart out of his shoulder and snatches up a BASEBALL SIZED ROCK from the mountainside. Turns to face

The Sniper, getting a bead on him. Doe HURLS the rock...

It hits the Sniper square in the jaw. Dropping his rifle, he PLUMMETS out the open cargo door...

His descent stopped by his SAFETY ROPE. Twenty feet below the chopper, tethered in...

And then Doe LEAPS OFF the rockface! Landing ON THE SNIPER. The two men, grappling, one tied into the chopper, the other not. Swinging back and forth. Doe snatches a KNIFE out of the Sniper's boot and CUTS THE ROPE...

The Sniper FALLS. Doe hangs onto the severed rope. Begins climbing, hand over hand up to the Chopper...

INT. NEW HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- DAY

The Pilot, alone now. He maneuvers the chopper closer to the mountain. Begins ascending. He going to use the ROTOR BLADES to cut Sarah off the side...

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE -- DAY

Sarah, seeing the rotor blades coming up from below. She's about to be pureed...

She FLATTENS herself against the rockface as they WHIP PAST HER, the tips only inches from her back.

INT. NEW HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- DAY

The Pilot curses and readjusts for another pass. This time he *won't* miss. About to do it when...

We realize DOE IS STANDING BEHIND HIM.

He grabs the Pilot by the neck. They struggle, pitching forward onto the CONTROL PANEL...

EXT. NEW HELICOPTER (FLYING) -- DAY

The chopper wobbles and DIPS, the blades STRIKING THE MOUNTAIN! SHEARED OFF, they fly in a hundred different directions. The chopper body itself slams into the mountain side, TWISTING as it falls...

ONE STRUT catches on a ledge thirty feet below. The chopper hangs off the mountain sideways.

INT. NEW HELICOPTER (HANGING SIDEWAYS) -- DAY

Doe and the Pilot SMASH ONTO the WINDSCREEN as the fall is halted. About to go after each other again when they notice

THE WINDSCREEN - Is spiderwebbing with CRACKS. One sudden move from either of them, and the glass will break, sending them four thousand feet down to their deaths.

On Doe's eyes, drugged out. The tranq, taking effect...

The Pilot, reaching into his pocket for a KNIFE, *incredibly slowly*. But with each tiny move, the glass SPIDERWEBS and the windscreen SAGS more.

DOE

Don't...

Another small move. Spiderweb. Sag.

DOE (CONT'D)

We will both *die*.

Move. Spiderweb. Sag.

The knife, almost out. A matter of centimeters...

Move. Spiderweb. Sag. The safety glass, stretched to it's breaking point, but the knife is out. The Pilot, about to stab Doe when...

WHAM! Something comes in from above SMACKING HIM in the head. It's SARAH, holding a crowbar.

She came back for him.

SARAH

Give me your hand!

Doe does and she HAULS HIM UP, off the windscreen. The Pilot, dazed, about to stab again, when he notices

Sarah, above. Holding the crowbar out in front of her, over the glass. She DROPS IT...

It cuts STRAIGHT THROUGH the safety glass, shattering the windscreen. The Pilot FALLS AWAY, screaming.

Doe and Sarah, clinging to the side of the sideways cockpit.
Doe's eyes, lolling back into his head.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Can you climb?

He manages a nod. *Very* weak now. She helps him up.
Beginning to climb out of the ruined helicopter...

The entire chopper SHUDDERS. Metal twisting...

EXT. MOUNTAIN SIDE -- DAY

Doe climbs out the cargo door onto the rockface, Sarah right behind him...

And that's when the landing strut SNAPS. The entire chopper GOES. Plummeting down the cliffside.

Doe, hanging onto the rockface with one hand, and Sarah with the other. He's anchoring them both, about to pass out. Sarah kicks her feet. Trying to find a foothold. Can't.

Doe's eyes, swimming. Grip, slipping.

He can't hold both their weight. She looks up at him. Understanding. Smiles once and *lets go*.

SARAH FALLS

And the last thing we see is her smile as she disappears down the mountain side, Doe screaming in protest.

In a heartbeat, she's gone.

Doe, barely clinging to the rocks. Deathly quiet now, save for the howling wind. He's all alone.

With a herculean effort, he climbs the last thirty feet to...

EXT. MOUNTAIN'S SUMMIT -- DAY

Covered with SNOW. Doe hauls himself up and stands there in a daze. Looking out at what's beyond the mountains...

A VAST JUNGLE

Begins below the snowline. This side of the mountain isn't sheer it all, it's a gentle rolling hill. Doe begins to stumble down it, desperate to get as far away from the Village as possible before the drugs knock him out.

Just putting one foot in front of the other is an epic task. He makes it only several hundred feet before he COLLAPSES.

His body, ROLLING down the hill now, through the snow. Past bushes. It finally comes to a halt by

EXT. ICY MOUNTAIN STREAM -- EVENING

Doe lies there. Unconscious. A beat. And then we hear FOOTSTEPS crunching through the snow. We pan up to see

NATIVES, clad in crude winter dress. They speak to one another in their language. Make a decision. They hoist Doe up out of the snow...

A QUICK MONTAGE

As Doe fades in and out of consciousness, he PERCEIVES being CARRIED through the ice, down the mountain. Then he's being carried through the JUNGLE. Passing other NATIVES. Over all of this, we hear the clicks and clacks of their language.

INT. JUNGLE HUT -- MORNING

Doe wakes on a bed of reeds. Blinking at the hot sun streaming in through the window. Still very groggy.

The NATIVE keeping watch over him calls to the others that their guest is awake.

DOE

Phone... I need... phone...

He tries to get up. Can't. Bathed in sweat. The CHIEF enters the hut. Doe tries to get up again, but the Chief pushes him back down.

DOE (CONT'D)

No... People are coming for me...

CHIEF

You are very sick. Move, you could die.

DOE

I need to contact my government...

The Chief hands him a CELL PHONE. Doe blinks in surprise.

CHIEF

(off Doe's look)
Ericsson.

Doe dials...

EXT. PENTAGON -- ESTABLISHING -- NIGHT

The Postcard view. All lit up. We hear a PHONE RINGING...

INT. PENTAGON -- NIGHT

A bored AIR FORCE OFFICER picks up the line at a SWITCHBOARD.

AIR FORCE OFFICER
Clearance Pin.

DOE (O.S.)
Five Seven Five Juno One.

The Officer types it into his computer... the screen comes back with "HIGHEST CLEARANCE". The Officer speaks into the phone with reverence now.

AIR FORCE OFFICER
Yes, sir?

DOE (O.S.)
GPS this transmission, I need Level
One Evac *now*.

EXT. JUNGLE VILLAGE -- DAY

THREE MARINE HELICOPTERS come in for a quick landing. The Natives scatter. Several platoons of MARINES pour off the choppers, rifles up. Good ol' U.S. Cavalry to the rescue.

The Chief and several MARINES carry Doe's bed into one of the choppers. They load him in and the chopper takes off.

INT. ARMY HELICOPTER -- DAY

MEDICS attach various I.V.'s to Doe as a Marine COLONEL shouts above the rotors to him.

COLONEL
*Sir, we are air lifting you to the
U.S.S. Indianapolis! From there
we'll-*

Doe manages to put a weak hand on the Colonel's arm. Trying to speak. The Colonel removes Doe's OXYGEN MASK.

DOE
How close are we to Sri Lanka?

COLONEL
*Two hundred kilometers, sir! Now,
you've gotten very weak, so a medical
team is waiting to administer...*

Doe tunes out the rest, smiling. That's all he needed to know. Sarah told the truth.

EXT. U.S.S. INDIANAPOLIS -- DAY

Doe, vaguely aware as the helicopter touches down. The Medical Team rushes his gurney across the FLIGHT DECK. Doe looks up to see an AMERICAN FLAG flying from the halyard...

INT. CARRIER HOSPITAL -- DAY

Doe, fading in and out of consciousness as NAVY DOCTORS work on him. Different injections. He PASSES OUT again...

INT. BEDROOM -- EVENING

Doe wakes in a plush queen size bed. Blinks, trying to figure out where he is. A LOW HUM emanates all around him. He realizes - he's on a plane.

His clothes sit folded on a chair. He goes to them.

INT. PRIVATE JET (FLYING) -- EVENING

Dressed, Doe steps cautiously out into the MAIN CABIN. Plush leather chairs and desks - almost like Air Force One.

BOSS (O.S.)
Welcome back to the land of the
living.

Doe looks to see his former BOSS standing over by a wet bar.

BOSS (CONT'D)
It was touch and go for awhile, there.
Doctors on the carrier had never
seen the drugs in your system.

DOE
Where am I?

BOSS
Plane back to D.C.. The Director
wanted me to bring you back myself.
What the hell happened to you?

DOE
You mean you don't know?

The Boss comes from behind the bar and takes a seat.

BOSS
Whatever occurred, I can assure you
we were not involved.

DOE
I walked out of your office and ten
minutes later I'm taken. Forgive me
if I don't believe you.

The Boss leans forward in his chair.

BOSS
You quit your job, drop off the face
of the earth, and three months later
(MORE)

BOSS (CONT'D)

we get a Level One Evac call from some uncharted island off of Sri friggin' *Lanka*. Now we got over a hundred people from all different countries wanting to be returned and about nineteen international incidents waiting to happen because of this place-

DOE

You liberated the Village.

BOSS

That's what they called it to. Yeah, we "liberated" it.

DOE

Do you have any proof?

The Boss rolls his eyes and puts a cassette into the VCR.

ONSCREEN - MARINES storming through the Village. Small arms fire exchanges with the guards. Villagers, being led away by the Marines. Rescued.

BOSS

Good enough for you?

DOE

No.

The Boss glances at his watch and tosses Doe the TV REMOTE.

BOSS

We released to the press a half hour ago. Flip around.

Doe does. Different NETWORK SPECIAL REPORTS, all featuring stories on The Village. Doe settles on NBC.

TOM BROKAW

(on TV)

...reports that a prison of sorts was maintained there for over thirty years. The State Department had no comment, but several highly placed sources indicate that this "Village" may have been a relic of the former Soviet Union's Cold War internment facilities-

Doe switches the TV off and takes a seat. Still cautious.

DOE

That could just be a video feed you set up for me.

The Boss puts up his hands in mock surrender.

BOSS

You've figured it out. We actually got *Tom Brokaw* to do a phony news report just for you because he's in on the "conspiracy". Jesus, what did they *do* to you in there, give you paranoia lessons?

Doe just stares at him.

BOSS (CONT'D)

(softening)

Look, I know you've been through a lot... but you have to let it go. Look out the window.

Doe does - the familiar D.C. SKYLINE coming into view. Washington Monument. The Capitol. The Mall.

BOSS (CONT'D)

You're almost home, now. You're free. It's *over*.

Doe continues to stare at the approaching skyline.

DOE

You say you're holding the other prisoners?

BOSS

Yeah.

DOE

You have an old British man there?

BOSS

We have lots of old British men there. What's your guy's name?

Doe opens his mouth to answer... and then closes it. Realizing.

DOE

I don't know.

(pause)

They used Numbers. His was Nine. I practically left him for dead and I didn't even know his name...

And suddenly, he's near tears. A flood of emotion, building up for the last three months, about to come out.

DOE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, Bill.

(MORE)

DOE (CONT'D)
 It's just that they...
 (tries to smile)
 I was out there a very long time...

BOSS
 Hey, it's okay. You're safe now.

Doe nods. Overcome with emotion. Looking back at the approaching skyline. Looking back at home.

BOSS (CONT'D)
 Think you're up to filling in some blanks for us?

Doe notices the SUN is SETTING. Gratefully:

DOE
 Yeah, sure, whatever you need...

BOSS
 Everything that occurred between the time you quit and three days ago when you made that call. Why *did* you quit, anyway?

The hair on the back of Doe's neck, standing up. He slowly turns back to look at the Boss, who's got a pad and pen out, ready to start taking notes.

DOE
 What?

BOSS
 Why you quit. You never told me.

Doe looks back to the window. The SUN, almost SET.

DOE
 What time is it?

BOSS
 What does that matter-

DOE
 The *time*.

The Boss glances at his watch.

BOSS
 Seven-thirty. Did it have to do with your-

Doe's out of his chair, heading for the front of the cabin.

BOSS (CONT'D)
 Where are you going?

DOE

Out.

BOSS

What do you mean "out", we're-

Doe stops at the EMERGENCY EXIT DOOR.

BOSS (CONT'D)

Oh, Jesus... Jesus, don't-

DOE

Where does the sun at seven-thirty
everyday?

BOSS

You've had a traumatic experience,
you're experiencing a breakdown-

DOE

Nowhere. None of it's real, Bill.

He smiles and puts a hand on the door. THREE SAFETY CATCHES
need to be undone to pull the handle and open the door.

BOSS

It *is* real. We are in a real plane
that is really at 35,000 feet and if
you open that door-CLUNK. Doe releases the first safety catch. The Boss
swallows hard.

BOSS (CONT'D)

If you open that door, you're not
only going to kill yourself, you're
going to kill me, the pilots, and
the crew. Six people.

DOE

Six, huh?

CLUNK. Second safety catch. One more to go. The Boss pulls
a GUN from his desk. Training it on Doe, shakily. Terrified.

BOSS

Don't make me do this-

DOE

You won't shoot. I'm too valuable-

The Boss COCKS the weapon. Almost crying.

BOSS

Please step away from the door, *please*-

CLUNK. Third safety catch. All that's left is the handle.

BOSS (CONT'D)
You'll kill us all!

DOE
 But at least I'll know that I'm free.
 (smiles)
 Be seeing you.

And he PULLS THE HANDLE...

A DEAFENING ROAR as air fills the cabin...

And for a moment, we think he's actually killed himself...

And then the roar BEGINS TO FADE. Cycling down. A bank of WIND MACHINES being turned off. And we realize Doe is in

INT. HANGAR -- NIGHT

An entire 707 PLANE on GYMBALS, with wind machines and PROJECTION SCREENS all around it, showing the view of Washington perceived from the window.

OFFSCREEN VOICE (O.S.)
 Shut it down!

The gymbal ceases motion. The screens go dark. Doe blinks. His eyes, adjusting to the light. A metal staircase leads from the plane down to the hangar floor. Doe takes it.

Number 2 waits at the bottom of the stairs. Grinning as Doe comes towards him. Someone standing with him...

NUMBER 2
 Congratulations. You passed the final test.

And Doe realizes who is his companion is...

NUMBER 9

The old man lights a cigarette and smiles. The BOSS appears behind Doe and sticks a SYRINGE into Doe's neck. Pressing the plunger. Doe staggers forward...

Tries to lunge for Number 9. Doesn't make it. Passing out.

Several guards collect Doe's body. As they do:

BOSS
 I'm sorry. I did the best I could-

NUMBER 2
 Not at all. Since arrival, he's proven difficult. Your superiors know nothing?

BOSS
No. And yours?

NUMBER 2
They're very pleased with how
cooperative you've been throughout
this. You'll be duly compensated.

The Boss smiles. Pleased.

BOSS
I should be getting back.

NUMBER 2
We'll arrange transport. Number
Nine?

Number 2 walks out of the hangar, followed by Number 9.

INT. GREEN DOME CORRIDORS -- DAY

Number 2 and Number 9 pass the guards who wheel Doe down the
hall on a gurney.

NUMBER 9
What happens to him now?

NUMBER 2
It's really none of your concern.

NUMBER 9
I'd like to know.
(Number 2 shrugs)
I did what you told me-

NUMBER 2
Yes, you did, didn't you? He trusted
you right up to the end.

On Number 9's face. It's clear that this alliance with Number
2 does not sit well with him. They walk through a door into

INT. NUMBER 2'S OFFICE -- DAY

The BUTLER hands Number 2 a glass of milk as he walks down
towards his chair.

NUMBER 2
Supervisor.

The SCREEN blinks on - Showing The Supervisor in the CONTROL
ROOM. He smiles thinly, embarrassed at his earlier argument
with Number 2.

THE SUPERVISOR

I had no idea your plan for Number Six was so- so ingenious! What I said earlier-

NUMBER 2

Won't be forgotten. Inform the Doctor that Number Six is on his way down and ready to begin Level Two.

THE SUPERVISOR

Right away.

The SCREEN clicks off.

NUMBER 9

When can I see my wife?

NUMBER 2

Thirty years without giving us a single piece of Information, and now you want me to do you a favor?

NUMBER 9

I played your game. I helped break him. You *promised*.

NUMBER 2

(sighing)
Oh, very well.

He nods to the BUTLER who exits the room.

NUMBER 9

It's not just Information you want from Number Six, is it? It's something more...

Number 2 stares at him.

NUMBER 2

You're very much like him, you know that? You both crave answers. That was his downfall - his need to believe in something, *anything*, as long it was concrete. The truth is what he sought. And the truth is what he'll ultimately get.

(smiling)
But as I said, it's none of your concern. Ah, *here* she comes...

The Butler reenters the room, pushing a WHEELCHAIR. Sitting in it is

AN ELDERLY WOMAN - Her body terribly scarred with burns and cuts.

Networks of tubes run in and out of her and she's hooked up to a loud BREATHING RESPIRATOR.

Number 9, *horrified*. Staring at this pile of bones held together by technology that used to be the woman he loved.

NUMBER 9

What... what did you do...

NUMBER 2

It's what *she* did, dear boy. Resisted the treatments. I'm afraid the Doctor went a little overboard. We all make mistakes.

(smiling)

You can take her home now.

INT. MEDICAL LAB -- DAY

The FOUR GUARDS enter, carrying Doe. The Doctor is waiting.

THE DOCTOR

Put him over there.

The Guards strap Doe into a WICKED LOOKING TORTURE CHAIR. The Doctor flips a switch and the Chair HUMS to life. Doe groans. The Doctor stands in front of him.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

It's good to see you again, my friend. But I'm afraid this procedure's going to be a little more... shall we say "taxing" on you than the last.

He picks up an unholy looking medical instrument - a sort of combination scalpel/bone spreader. It gleams in the light.

THE DOCTOR (CONT'D)

Open his mouth.

One of the guards forces Doe's mouth open. The Doctor leans down, sticking the instrument in...

NUMBER 9 (O.S.)

Excuse me.

The Doctor stops. Turns to see Number 9.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

Can you count to ten?

THE DOCTOR

You're not cleared to be here-

NUMBER 9

Can you *count*... to *ten*?

(MORE)

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)
Because that is the number of breaths
you have left to take in this
lifetime.

The Doctor takes a breath before saying:

THE DOCTOR
This is absurd-

NUMBER 9
That's one.

And he LEAPS FORWARD...

Charging the guards. Four on one. But Number 9 is a
tremendous fighter. We CUT BETWEEN THIS and

THE DOCTOR - Breathing. And we're counting his breaths:
Two, Three, Four...

One Guard falling, then another...

Breathing faster now - *Four, Five, Six...*

The Last Two Guards down as Number 9 races towards the
defenseless Doctor...

Hyperventilating - *Seven, Eight, Nine...*

Number 9 grabs the scalpel thingy and PINS the Doctor up
against the wall, raising it to strike...

He STOPS.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)
That was only nine. You've got one
more.

The Doctor, pinned to the wall, holding his breath.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)
You can't hold it forever. One last
breath of air before I take your
life for what you did to her.

The Doctor WHIMPERS. His face turning red. His eyes bulging
out. Number 9, waiting patiently, scalpel thingy raised.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)
Better make it a good one...

The Doctor can't hold it anymore. He finally GASPS...

And Number 9 STABS the thing down into the Doctor's chest.
TWISTING it VISCIOUSLY. The Doctor GURGLES, sliding down to
a dead heap on the floor.

Number 9 runs over to a shelf and grabs a SYRINGE and then unstraps Doe from the chair. Doe, groggy, unable to stand. Number 9, about to inject Doe when the younger man PUTS A SCALPEL to Number 9's neck.

The needle, hovering above Doe's vein.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)
It'll wake you up.

Doe shakes his head - you stick me, I cut you.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)
They'll be coming for us and I can't
carry you out of here-

Doe presses down a little with the scalpel. Drawing blood.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)
You want to slash my throat, go ahead
and do it, but *I'm injecting this.*

He does. Doe JOLTS suddenly, going into seizure. After a few seconds he stabilizes. Recovered. Holds up the scalpel.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)
If you'll put off killing me for a
little while, you may be able to
live through this. I'll explain
everything, but we have to go now-

DOE
No. No more games.

NUMBER 9
Fine. We can stay here and chat and
you'll become a very well informed
dead person-

Cut off as THREE MORE GUARDS run into the room, attacking. Doe and Number 9 take them out *immediately*. Turning back to each other as if nothing happened.

DOE
Where do you want to go?

NUMBER 9
To meet Number One.

That's good enough for Doe and they're out the door.

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

The Supervisor's going through some paperwork, while techs scan different cameras in the Village. One comes upon the MED LAB CAMERA - Showing the Doctor and the Guards, DEAD.

TECHNICIAN

Sir!

The Supervisor comes over to see it.

THE SUPERVISOR

Christ! Get Number Two!

NUMBER 2 instantly comes up on another screen. INTERCUT:

NUMBER 2

Yes?

THE SUPERVISOR

Are you seeing this?

Number 2 glances at the screen behind the Supervisor - Dead Doctor and guards.

NUMBER 2

(calmly)

Yes.

THE SUPERVISOR

Shouldn't we declare an alert?

NUMBER 2

No.

THE SUPERVISOR

But they've-

NUMBER 2

Supervisor, will you come down here
for a moment?

He CUTS the connection. The Supervisor stunned. As he heads
for the door:

THE SUPERVISOR

I'll contact you from Number 2's
office, meantime get me locations on
Six and Nine.

INT. GREEN DOME -- CORRIDORS -- DAY

Doe and Number 9 hurry through a labyrinth of hallways.

NUMBER 9

It's been the same game since the
beginning - Who runs the Village?
Who is Number One? For twenty years,
I struggled with those questions.
And then I met Irena. Russian,
absolutely beautiful...

They reach a SET OF STEEL DOORS with a keypad. Number 9 punches in a code. The doors rumble open to reveal...

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR -- DAY

Glass from floor to ceiling. Curved, like a giant cigar tube. Number 9 steps inside. Doe doesn't. Looking up, he sees there are no ropes or pulley - how does this thing work?

NUMBER 9

It runs on air pressure above and below the car. Get in.

Doe does. The doors slam shut. The control panel shows they're on the highest floor the elevator goes to - 50. Number 9 presses the button marked "ONE".

They begin their descent.

Doe watches through the glass as they pass a variety of tunnels and rooms, all carved out of rock. The maze of machinery beneath the village that helps it to run.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

I thought Irena was planted for me, like the others. But she wasn't. She was real. And we fell in love, and I stopped caring about my number. About being a "free man". And then one day, they took her away from me. Told me I'd only get her back if I cooperated, conformed. If I helped break another prisoner.

(looking out the glass)

I used to be Number Six, you know. But when they flipped me, they flipped that too...

He shakes his head, as if clearing the thought away.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

I started hearing things, little bits of information. I started piecing it together. And I finally figured out what this place is all about.

DOE

Which is?

They reach the bottom - another set of steel doors. They RUMBLE OPEN.

NUMBER 9

Information. By hook or by crook.

They step out of the elevator and into

EXT. CENTRAL CAVERN -- DAY

An ENORMOUS CAVERN, much bigger than the water chambers.
This thing is nearly a HALF MILE ACROSS.

A SINGLE METAL WALKWAY leads across it from the elevator to
the other side. 1000 feet above is the cavern's rocky
ceiling. Below seems to be nothing - a BOTTOMLESS PIT.

Doe gazes at the grandeur of it.

NUMBER 9

Come on. Let's go meet the Master.

Number 9 begins jogging across the walkway. Doe follows.
Their footsteps on the metal echo heavily off the walls...

INT. NUMBER 2'S OFFICE -- DAY

The Supervisor enters at a near run.

THE SUPERVISOR

We've located them in the central
cavern, they're on their way to Number
One-

NUMBER 2

Tea?

THE SUPERVISOR

I- Are you *listening* to me? We need
to send a team down-

NUMBER 2

Low levels aren't cleared for the
central cavern, you know that.

The Supervisor stares at him like he's mad.

THE SUPERVISOR

You won't send people after Number
Six because they're not *cleared* for
it?

NUMBER 2

Protocol.

THE SUPERVISOR

But they could kill him! What if-

NUMBER 2

What if nothing. You have your
orders.

A beat. The Supervisor, shocked. Makes a decision and
reaches for the phone on Number 2's desk.

THE SUPERVISOR

I'm sorry, but I can't let you put
Number One in danger-

Cut off as Number 2 plunges a KNIFE into the Supervisor's stomach! The Supervisor gapes at the wound. Number 2 cradles him in his arms and lowers him slowly to the floor.

NUMBER 2

(softly)

You should know... I never really
liked you.

The Supervisor sputters and DIES.

The BUTLER watches him from his post, impassive as always. Number 2 punches up a CAMERA ANGLE - Doe and Number 9, almost across the walkway.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

Now we're getting somewhere...

INT. CENTRAL CAVERN -- DAY

Doe and Number 9 reach the other side - a five story tall METAL DOOR with the Number "1" emblazoned on it. Number 9 punches in one last keycode and as the DOOR OPENS...

NUMBER 9

Welcome to the center of the world...

INT. NUMBER ONE -- DAY

A huge BALL SHAPED ROOM with thousands of VIDEO SCREENS making up the walls, the ceiling, the floor. Each showing a different view of something - hands making breakfast, someone talking to the camera, etc.

Doe takes a step towards one of the walls. Noticing that all the screens show POINT OF VIEW shots. Almost as if...

DOE

Oh my God... They see through
people's eyes...

(to Number 9)

How-

NUMBER 9

Nanotechnology. Tiny machines,
injected into the bloodstream,
collected in the retina.
Undetectable. And unremovable.

DOE

(noticing)

These- these aren't all in the
Village-

NUMBER 9

No. They're not.

Doe zeroes in on one particular screen.

DOE

That's the House of Representatives...
(and another)
Parliament... All these people-

NUMBER 9

Don't know about it.

DOE

How could they not know?

NUMBER 9

Because they never knew they were
injected. After receiving anesthesia
to undergo surgery. After a night
of drinking that induces a blackout.
While grabbing a catnap on Air Force
One. How did *you* not know?

He points to one screen in particular. Doe looks at it and
gapes... It's his P.O.V. *He's got one in his head too.*

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

The best informants are the ones who
don't know they're informing and the
best marionettes are the ones who
don't know they have strings attached.
(pause)

He who controls the Information
controls the world.

DOE

You're talking about world domination-

NUMBER 9

Not domination, *modification*.
Consider this - in 1989, if you had
enough Information, you could make a
few financial moves and cause the
bottom to drop out of the Soviet
Union. You could end the Cold War.

DOE

No...

NUMBER 9

Yes. In the first half of the
Twentieth Century, globalwide conflict
erupted *twice*. In the second half?

DOE

No-

NUMBER 9

Yes. We haven't had a World War in almost sixty years; why do you think that is? The Village isn't about keeping people in, it's about looking *out*, and not just looking, but *doing, shaping, changing* - people always complaining that the world's become too conformist and no one ever stops to wonder what it's conforming *to*?

Doe doesn't respond. *Can't* respond. He's too floored.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

Seen or unseen, he who controls the Information controls the world.

(softly)

Now, finally, you see.

DOE

We have to stop it. We have to shut it down.

NUMBER 9

I'm in total agreement.

DOE

So all of this... Is Number One.

Number 9 smiles at him.

NUMBER 9

Not all.

There's a sudden WHIRRING SOUND from the ceiling. Some of the video screen SLIDE ASIDE revealing an opening. Something MECHANICAL is coming down towards them...

A GLUT OF CABLES descends through the hole and hangs in the middle of the room. Attached to them, in them, *part* of them is the UPPER HALF OF A MAN.

Metal and flesh, fused together. And when it breathes, the cables *expand*.

DOE

Oh, Jesus...

NUMBER 9

Close, but not quite.

Doe takes a tentative step towards the MAN-THING. It's eyes focus on him. Not aggressive. Just examining. Doe stops. And then it open it's mouth and SPEAKS in a liquidy mechanical rasp:

NUMBER ONE
*I haven't seen... through these
 eyes... in a very long time...*

Doe stares at it.

NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)
Here... to kill me...

DOE
 That's right.

The Man-thing's mouth curls into a horrible smile.

NUMBER ONE
To unplug me... Like his wife...

Doe turns to Number 9, who just looks at the floor.

NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)
 (to Number 9)
*I always thought... it would be you...
 and not another...*
 (to Doe)
Do... what you were sent... to do...

DOE
 Nobody sent me.

The Man-Thing LAUGHS and sputters into a cough.

NUMBER ONE
Wrong again...

Doe steps forward and grasps the WIRE-TUBE that runs into the Man-Thing's neck. It looks up at him. Smiling.

NUMBER ONE (CONT'D)
This won't change a thing, you know...

DOE
 It's a hell of a start.

And he PULLS the tube OUT. The Man-Thing going briefly into convulsions... And finally stops. NUMBER ONE IS DEAD.

INT. NUMBER 2'S OFFICE -- DAY

A message BLINKS on Number 2's computer screen.

NUMBER 2
 Round up your best, get down there,
 and kill them both.

The Butler nods and heads for the door.

INT. NUMBER ONE -- NIGHT

The screens all still running. Number 9 pushes past Doe, and begins unhooking other wires from the dead HALF BODY.

NUMBER 9

We have to overload the system, blow it out from the inside.

DOE

How?

DOE (CONT'D)

This machine runs on only one thing.

He taps his head. Then holds up a WIRED NEEDLE that was previously embedded in the small of the Man-Thing's neck.

NUMBER 9

Wire me in.

DOE

Are you sure?

Number 9 looks at the needle. It looks really *long*.

NUMBER 9

No, but do it anyway before I lose my nerve.

Doe takes the needle. Number 9 turns away and lowers his head. Doe grits his teeth and aims the needle for the back of Number 9's neck. He thrusts it FORWARD...

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR -- DAY

A burly team of guards PILE IN to the elevator. Pressing the button for the bottom floor...

INT. NUMBER ONE -- DAY

Number 9's eyes shoot open - he's now jacked into the machine. Talking is difficult with all the power surging through him.

NUMBER 9

Get to Number 2's office... Only way to shut down the Village's power... Once you do that... You can escape... Oh, God, the things *I can see*...

DOE

I'm not leaving you-

NUMBER 9

They're coming *right now*...

INT. CENTRAL CAVERN -- DAY

The team of guards step off the elevator and begin to sprint across the half mile long walkway...

INT. NUMBER ONE -- DAY

NUMBER 9

Can't be seen... I can take out The Village cameras... but *your* eyes...

Doe nods. Rips off a piece of his coat. A blindfold. Number 9 smiles.

NUMBER 9 (CONT'D)

Run quick... do what you have to...

DOE

Never look back.

Number 9 nods. Speaking becoming increasingly difficult.

NUMBER 9

Together... we shall... climb out of hell...

Doe walks to the door. Turning back for one last look.

DOE

I guess I'll be seeing you.

Number 9 smiles sadly.

NUMBER 9

I don't think so.

Then he closes his eyes and SCREAMS in a huge effort...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

Every screen in the place GOES STATIC. The Techs in an uproar as Number 2 enters.

TECHNICIAN

We just lost every stationary in the Village-

NUMBER 2

Go to ocular, punch up Number Six.

TECHNICIAN

We're not cleared to-

Number 2 inserts a KEYCARD into a console and types in a code. Immediately, the screens spring back to life - all P.O.V. shots now. On the BIG SCREEN - Doe's P.O.V. as he steps into the CENTRAL CAVERN.

Suddenly he raises the blindfold and covers his eyes. The screen GOES BLACK.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
What's he doing?

NUMBER 2
Blinding us. Ocular Thirty-One.

The screen flips to another P.O.V. IMAGE - Running down the cavern's metal walkway. We're seeing through the eyes of one of the approaching guards.

INT. CENTRAL CAVERN -- DAY

Doe, now WEARING THE BLINDFOLD. He takes a deep breath. And begins running.

We see a WIDE SHOT - Doe and the Guards, an eighth of a mile apart. Running full tilt towards one another. Doe, blindfolded, the Guards not. This is gonna be interesting...

Every move Doe makes, every attack and defense from here on in, will be predicated on sound alone (even if every sound isn't described here).

Doe and the Guards, about to meet in the middle of the walkway...

Doe LEAPS UP, planting a foot on the railing, and FLIPS OVER THEM. Landing behind, and engaging them in a flurry of fists and feet. As they defend themselves...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

ONSCREEN - NUMBER 31's P.O.V. as he fights Doe. Knocked upside the head, and suddenly the view plummets off the walkway as he goes down SCREAMING...

NUMBER 2
Ocular nineteen.

The screen FLIPS to ANOTHER P.O.V. - Another henchman fighting Doe. WHAP! He's flipped OVER THE EDGE too...

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
Sixty-Eight.

ANOTHER P.O.V. - Behind Doe, grabbing his neck, as Doe FLIPS HIM over the railing as well. Number 2 sighs.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
Twenty...

INT. CENTRAL CAVERN -- DAY

Doe is *decimating* the remaining guards. Only seven men left... wait, make that five... no, two...

He's done it. As the last guard falls away screaming...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

The screen goes black again. A TECH turns to Number 2.

TECHNICIAN
That's it. We've lost him.

INT. CENTRAL CAVERN -- DAY

Doe, getting his bearings. He sprints on towards the Glass Elevator...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

NUMBER 2
Pull up systems analysis for the
elevator and sound the general alarm.

TECHNICIAN
Elevator's ascending.
(pause)
He's going to make it up here.

Number 2 looks down at the man and smiles.

NUMBER 2
No. He's not.

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR (ASCENDING) -- NIGHT

Doe, standing in the car. It reaches the TOP FLOOR and the doors DING open...

The BUTLER. Standing there. Waiting.

BAM! He KICKS Doe in the face, forcing him back into the car, beginning the rematch...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

NUMBER 2
Ocular One Hundred.

ONSCREEN - The Butler's P.O.V., kicking Doe's ass.

TECHNICIAN
Something's wrong...

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR (DESCENDING/ASCENDING) -- DAY

The doors are closed now as the blindfolded Doe and the Butler fight in the enclosed space, their bodies MASHING into the floor buttons, causing the car to SHOOT DOWN and then UP and then DOWN again...

Doe gets a hand on the Butler's throat, but the Butler grabs him by the belt, raising him up, SMASHING HIM again and again INTO THE CEILING...

ON THE GLASS - Beginning to CRACK...

Suddenly there's a HISS of AIR followed by a WHOOSH as...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

TECHNICIAN

The car's cracked, the air pressure's going!

EXT. GLASS ELEVATOR (FALLING) -- DAY

With no more pressure to keep it aloft, gravity takes over and the car FLIES DOWN THE SHAFT!

INT. GLASS ELEVATOR (FALLING) -- DAY

Doe and the Butler fighting in ZERO GRAVITY as the car plummets - On the floor, on the walls, on the CEILING...

Twisting and turning, each just trying to kill each other before the fall takes care of both of them.

Doe's feet, running across the curved wall to KICK the Butler in the stomach, which flips him upside down, hanging in the center of the car, his eyes flitting to the CONTROL PANEL...

He punches an ORANGE BUTTON and...

EXT. GLASS ELEVATOR (FALLING) -- DAY

CLAMPS shoot out from the side of the car and SLAM ONTO the shaft's sides. Halting the car THREE FEET from the bottom.

INT. CENTRAL CAVERN -- DAY

Back down at the bottom. The elevator doors DING open and Doe's body FLIES OUT - The victim of a roundhouse kick.

Landing hard on the walkway, scrambling to his feet...

BAM! BAM! BAM! The Butler takes him down again, advancing on him menacingly.

Beaten and bloody, Doe tries to crawl away...

The Butler grabs him by the scruff of the neck and HEAVES HIM OVER THE SIDE...

Doe's hand catches the railing. He hangs there, above the seemingly bottomless abyss. The Butler grabs Doe's fingers, trying to PRY THEM OFF the railing...

And that's when Doe swings his lower body up and KICKS the Butler in the side of the HEAD! Knocking him back - Doe, on the walkway again, UNLOADING on him...

The Butler, staggering now, both of them LEAPING to STAND ON THE RAILINGS as they continue the fight...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

Number 2, watching the fight through the Butler's eyes.

NUMBER 2

Dump the sea.

The Tech swivels to look at him.

TECHNICIAN

Sir, are you sure-

Number 2 pushes the Tech aside and lays in the keystrokes himself.

INT. CENTRAL CAVERN -- DAY

A GREAT RUMBLING comes from ABOVE...

The cavern ceiling is OPENING. And suddenly we realize - *this is where the sea goes when it's emptied.*

EXT. VILLAGE BEACH -- DAY

As the water retreats from the shore...

INT. CENTRAL CAVERN -- DAY

A WALL OF SEAWATER

Coming down towards them with a deafening roar, wall to wall, obliterating *everything* in it's wake.

Doe, hearing it, knows something bad is coming - he LEAPS OVER the railing and SWINGS UNDER the WALKWAY. The Butler, realizing that he should do the same but it's too late...

The WATER HITS FULL FORCE - BLASTING The Butler OFF THE WALKWAY, down towards oblivion.

UNDER THE WALKWAY - Doe, clinging for dear life as the water shoots past around him. It seems endless.

Finally, after an eternity, it subsides.

Silence.

Doe pulls himself back up onto the walkway. Stumbles over to the elevator - ruined, ripped away by the deluge.

SUNLIGHT, streaming in from above. Doe feels the warmth on his face. Gripping the rocky side of the cavern, he begins climbing up towards it.

EXT. DRY SEA BED -- DAY

Several ONLOOKERS on the beach crane their heads as they see

Doe, climbing out of the gigantic hole in the sea floor. Still blindfolded. Clothes torn. Dripping wet. And bloody.

He HEARS the people shouting from the beach. His brow furrows, realizing they're shouting warnings...

AN ARM shoots around his neck, grasping him in a CHOKE HOLD!

The Butler. Climbed out after him. Still alive.

And *pissed*.

Doe, losing oxygen. Passing out. He manages to grab a rock from the ground and SMASH IT into the Butler's head. Doe collapses on the ground as the Butler stumbles back, stunned.

The Butler KICKS Doe in the ribs. Again and again. Somehow, Doe manages to get to his feet. Fighting back.

One last brutal hand to hand battle, just a few feet away from the EDGE OF THE PIT...

The Butler LOCKS Doe's arm behind his back - just like before when he broke it. Applying pressure...

Doe KICKS OUT with his feet, pulling the Butler down, on top of him. Rolling him. Right on the edge now...

The Butler, RIPPING OFF Doe's BLINDFOLD...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

NUMBER 2

Ocular Six.

ONSCREEN - Doe's P.O.V. as...

EXT. DRY CREEK BED -- DAY

Doe up, behind the Butler and he grabs the Butler's arm and LOCKS IT IN. Pulling upwards with all his strength and...

SNAP. The Butler's arm breaks cleanly. Doe KICKS HIM in the back, sending him OVER THE EDGE and as he falls, we hear the Butler make his very first sound in the movie...

He SCREAMS. All the way down.

On Doe. Takes a step back and COLLAPSES. Exhausted. Trying to catch his breath.

DOE
If he's not dead, I quit...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

Suddenly, the screen begins to FLICKER...

NUMBER 2
What's happening?

TECHNICIAN
The system's overloading!

INT. NUMBER ONE -- DAY

Number 9, now fully jacked into all of the wires. Hanging from them in the middle of the room, screaming with effort as ALL THE SCREENS around him FLICKER...

And our view is obstructed as the whole room suddenly EXPLODES in a SHOWER OF SPARKS...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

The screens go black. The Tech slumps in his chair.

TECHNICIAN
We've lost every ocular feed, inside the Village and out. There's nothing more we can do-

Number 2 begins typing. The Tech sees what he's doing.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)
All of them? That's insanity! We won't be able to control-

NUMBER 2
It's already done.

EXT. DRY SEA BED -- DAY

A faint WHINING sound, coming from deep in the pit. Doe crawls over to the edge. Looking down. His face goes slack.

DOE
Ohhhhhhhhhh, *shit*.

And he's up, running FULL-TILT away from the pit and towards the beach. The sound from the pit, growing LOUDER...

DOE (CONT'D)
 (screaming at
 beachgoers)
Go! Run!

ON THE BEACH

THE ADMIRAL
 Why is he-

And suddenly we see

ONE HUNDRED ROVERS

POURING out of the pit behind Doe. All different colors. The whining almost combines into a SCREAM. And they're all coming *straight for him*.

The Beachgoers scatter, screaming. Doe, leaping over rocks, finally reaching the sand, the Rovers two hundred feet behind, but gaining fast. Doe spies

A VILLAGE TAXI - Sitting empty on the edge of the sand. He leaps in and starts the ignition, PEELING OUT.

THE ADMIRAL (CONT'D)
Help!

The Admiral, about to be taken out by the Rovers. Doe spins the wheel and the Admiral LEAPS IN as Doe speeds past. The Rovers, still coming for him, Doe FLOORS IT and twists the wheel, heading up the hill and into the Village.

EXT. VILLAGE STREETS -- DAY

The Taxi, CAREENING through the narrow Village streets. Right behind, the Rovers destroying everything in the path, BLASTING THROUGH BUILDINGS in their relentless pursuit.

THE ADMIRAL
 (American accent)
Go, left! Left!

Doe twists the wheel again, screeching around another corner. Then realizing:

DOE
 I thought you were Russian.

The Admiral's eyes go wide at the slip and he pulls a TRANQ GUN from his coat. Doe grabs it before he can fire and the two struggle for the wheel.

The Taxi, SCRAPING off the sides of buildings as Doe and the Admiral fight for control. Doe finally ELBOWS HIM in the face, knocking him OUT OF THE TAXI.

The Admiral lands hard on the pavement and SCREAMS as the Rovers ENVELOP HIM...

Doe guns the engine, heading for the Green Dome, the Rovers still hot on his tail...

INT. CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

The Techs, suiting up in SUBDUER outfits, loading weapons. Doe's BOSS enters, confused. Going to Number 2.

BOSS

What the hell is happening-

NUMBER 2

The end of the world.
(re: the others)
You're going with them.

BOSS

You mean... out *there*?

NUMBER 2

All the cameras are out, we have to
rely on hearsay and sightings to
track Number Six.

BOSS

But the Rovers-

Number 2 grabs him, losing composure.

NUMBER 2

If he manages to get in here and
shut down the power, everything *ends*,
do you understand?

BOSS

Number One wouldn't let that-

NUMBER 2

Number One is dead.

The Boss blinks in shock. Number 2 shoves a rifle at him.

INT. GREEN DOME CORRIDORS -- DAY

The Boss, walking with all the other Green Dome Personnel towards the front door. Fifteen people in all. The Boss hefts his rifle. Sweating. Nervous.

They push through the giant double doors...

EXT. GREEN DOME -- DAY

Stepping out into the sunlight.

BOSS
Fan out and maintain radio contact-

DOE (O.S.)
Hi, Bill!

The Boss spins around to see

ABOVE THE DOORS - Doe. Swinging down behind them into the Dome and pulls the doors closed, LOCKING THEM.

The Boss screams in frustration and FIRES a FULL CLIP into the doors. No use. Bulletproof. He reloads to fire again...

A WHINING behind them. The Boss slowly turns back around...

ALL HUNDRED ROVERS

Hover in a semi-circle. Surrounding the men. Their whining grows more angry...

And the Boss is too stunned to even scream as the Rovers FALL UPON THEM.

INT. GREEN DOME -- DAY

Doe, hearing the SCREAMS from outside. He shakes his head.

DOE
Bye, Bill.

INT. NUMBER 2'S OFFICE -- DAY

The Dome is empty, now. The screens dark. Number 2, alone. He pours himself a glass of milk. Hearing the door.

NUMBER 2
I told everyone to go-

He stops when he sees who it is. Doe. Holding the Admiral's Tranq Gun. He FIRES ONCE - The dart hitting Number 2 square in the chest. The glass of milk, SHATTERING on the floor.

Number 2 falls back into a chair. Staring at the dart in his chest. Doe walks down the ramp to the control panel.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
What is it you want?

DOE
Information.

He types some commands - MANACLES spring from the armrest, clamping down on Number 2's wrists.

DOE (CONT'D)
By hook or by crook.

NUMBER 2
You don't have to do this-

DOE
Oh, no? You're going to talk just like that? You wouldn't have made a very good prisoner.

NUMBER 2
I *am* a Prisoner. We're *all* prisoners.

DOE
My family.

NUMBER 2
Still in the ground, last I heard.

DOE
Who killed them?

NUMBER 2
You did. Just like you kill everything you touch.

Number 2 looks up at him and *smiles*.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
Just like you killed Number One.

On Doe. Stops walking. Realizing.

DOE
You *wanted* him to die...

NUMBER 2
You were my gun...

DOE
You wanted him dead this whole time...

NUMBER 2
I just pointed you and pulled the trigger.

DOE
That's what all of this was *about*?

NUMBER 2
That's what *everything's* about!
(MORE)

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)

He was getting old, starting not to trust me! If Number Two kills Number One, his life wouldn't be worth a cent. But if *prisoner* does it... Well, bad luck all around, isn't it? So I brought you in and we played our little game, round and round and round...

(mocking him)

"Sarah and Number 9, Number 9 and Sarah, who can I possibly *trust*?" Both of them. Neither of them. I gave you clues, I kept you alive, I practically carried you across the finish line but you came *through* for me! You did the deed, did what you *always* do best...

Doe presses the barrel of his gun up to Number 2's ear.

DOE

And what makes you think I'm not gonna do it again?

Number 2 smiles and looks offscreen.

NUMBER 2

My dear?

FOOTSTEPS from a dark corner. Doe looks up to

SARAH

Walking into the light. Gun in hand. Doe gapes.

DOE

You're dead. *Twice*.

SARAH

I guess you just can't keep a good woman down. FYI, your gun fires darts, mine fires bullets.

DOE

On the mountain-

SARAH

My double. She really did take quite a shine to you, didn't she?

DOE

She told me you were dead.

SARAH

She didn't know I wasn't.

(MORE)

SARAH (CONT'D)

We knew you'd suspect me instantly,
so we sent her in instead. And she
fell in love with you. Just like I
did.

NUMBER 2

Sarah came to us three years ago.
She didn't fight it, she came
willingly. After she understood
that this is how the world works.
And when I told her of my plans to
kill Number One-

SARAH

I said I knew just the guy.

Doe takes a step back. Mind reeling.

NUMBER 2

He's served his purpose. Get rid of
him.

SARAH

No.

Doe looks up at this.

NUMBER 2

No?

SARAH

Who is Number One?
(to Doe)
You are, Number Six.

On Number 2. Confused.

NUMBER 2

Have I missed a step? You're supposed
to be shooting him now-

Sarah whirls, pointing the gun at Number 2.

SARAH

Do you really think I'd let you take
all that power? I didn't do this
for you, I did it for *him*. One world.
One Village.
(to Doe)
Your world. *Your* Village.

NUMBER 2

Have you gone *mad*-

Sarah COCKS the gun and Number 2 shuts up.

SARAH

(to Doe)

What's your alternative? Escape?
Escape to *what*? "Out there"? What's
out there is controlled by what's *in*
here, there is no out there anymore.
It's like he said - we're all of us
prisoners. Except for Number One.

She takes a step towards him. Softly, almost pleading:

SARAH (CONT'D)

There's nothing left for you in the
world. But there's love for you
here. There's *life* for you here.
It really is the only way...

Doe smiles. Reaches out slowly and brushes her cheek with
the palm of his hand. She closes her eyes, smiling at the
tenderness of the touch. He leans in and kisses her cheek,
then WHISPERS in her ear:

DOE

No, it's not.

Then he steps past her, to the console, locating the MASTER
POWER SWITCH. Sarah levels the gun at him.

SARAH

What are you *doing*?

DOE

Resigning.

And he FLIPS THE SWITCH.

EXT. THE VILLAGE -- DAY

It's simple yet gigantic - everything stops.

The rivers stop flowing. The wind stops blowing. The Rovers
deflate into nothingness...

And the SKY GOES OUT.

The deep blue dotted with puffy white clouds fades and in
it's place we see

NIGHT

BRILLIANT STARS blazing down on us.

The hologram gone, we see HUGE CANYON WALLS that rise up all
around, encompassing the "island" - The Village, it seems,
resides inside some sort of CRATER twenty miles in diameter.

The Villagers outside SCREAM at the revelation...

INT. NUMBER 2'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Sarah holds the gun on Doe.

SARAH
You've ruined everything!

NUMBER 2
He's ruined *nothing*. Because he's
done nothing. They'll rebuild it,
make it better - a different Village,
a different prison. We'll reactivate
the cameras, we'll continue to get
Information, to exert influence, to
control. What was begun here is
bigger than him, bigger than us,
bigger than any Number One.
(staring at Doe)
And he knows it.

Doe just shakes his head and turns to walk away. Sarah
extends the gun at him. Shaking.

SARAH
You *can't* leave-

Doe WHIRLS and SNATCHES the gun right out of her hands!
Turning it back on them.

DOE
Yeah, I can.

NUMBER 2
What are you waiting for, then?
Finish us off.

DOE
I told you...

He pops the clip and pulls the firing pin. The gun, useless.

DOE (CONT'D)
I resigned.

And he walks out of the room.

EXT. VILLAGE -- NIGHT

Chaos. People trying to figure out what the hell is going
on. Doe walks among them. A smile on his face. Happy, for
the first time since arriving.

INT. NUMBER 2'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Sarah's gone, too. Number 2, still manacled into the chair.
He HEARS someone come in.

NUMBER 2
Who is it? Who's there?

The footsteps, getting closer. The visitor steps into view...

NUMBER 9. Face, badly burned. Walking with a limp. But smiling at the sight of Number 2 in chains.

NUMBER 2 (CONT'D)
Thirty-five years. Now you get to go home.

Number 9 types commands into the control console.

NUMBER 9
I *am* home.

With one final keystroke...

INT. CENTRAL CAVERN -- NIGHT

The SEAWATER, rushing BACK UP towards the night air...

EXT. VILLAGE -- NIGHT

Doe, seeing the OCEAN ERUPT from the pit in the sea bed. Realizing what's happening, he shouts to the others:

DOE
The ship! Get to the ship!

And they do. Villagers, grappling onto the sides, helping each other up onto the beached ship's deck...

The WATER, rising past the beach and onto the roads. Rising towards the Green Dome...

The SHIP'S MOORINGS SNAP FREE as it is floated off the ground.

INT. DOE'S APARTMENT -- NIGHT

Sarah sits alone, crying in Doe's LIVING ROOM, staring at the pictures of Doe's WIFE, the woman who took him away.

The water's up to her knees. She doesn't seem to notice.

We're not going to see her again.

EXT. THE VILLAGE -- NIGHT

The WATER, up to the Green Dome, now. ENGULFING the Village...

INT. NUMBER 2'S OFFICE -- NIGHT

Number 9 stands stock still. Number 2, still shackled to the chair.

Staring at each other as the water RISES OVER THEIR HEADS...

EXT. SHIP -- NIGHT

Floating on top of the water. Nothing remains of the Village.

CUT TO:

EXT. ARIZONA DESERT -- NIGHT

A PATROL CAR, driving across a rural road.

INT. PATROL CAR -- NIGHT

Skynyrd blares from the radio. A COP munches a brownie and sings along.

COP

"Lord, I'm comin' home to you..."

Trailing off as sees something BIG in the desert flats next to him. It's a beached SHIP. His jaw drops. So stunned that he PLOWS into a CACTUS. Shaking off the impact he reaches for the radio...

EXT. WASHINGTON D.C. -- DAY

Several TWO ROTOR TRANSPORT CHOPPERS cut through the air, landing at the PENTAGON.

INT. PENTAGON BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY

Several well dressed AIDES stand as the SECRETARY OF DEFENSE enters the room.

LEAD AIDE

Mr. Secretary-

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

John, sit- All of you, please.

They sit. The Secretary opens a file folder.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE (CONT'D)

This shit's out of the Twilight Zone.

LEAD AIDE

Yes, sir.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Seventy-one people on a beached ship in the middle of the *desert*. And they all corroborate the story?

LEAD AIDE

Not only that, all of them are known operatives. Some have files going back to the O.S.S.-

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

What you're saying is, every missing spy in the world just turned up in Arizona.

LEAD AIDE

Pretty much, sir.

The Secretary rubs his forehead. Headache, coming on.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Where's *our* guy?

LEAD AIDE

Under lock and key.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

I want to see him.

INT. MILITARY PRISON -- SOLITARY WING -- DAY

The Secretary and Lead Aide walk with a GUARD through the dank corridor. The guard, unlocking the METAL DOOR at the end of it...

The cell is EMPTY. A beat.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

I thought you said he was in here-

LEAD AIDE

He *was*.

The guard, chattering into his RADIO sounding the general alarm. He runs to get the others. Suddenly we hear a cell phone RINGING. Lying on the bunk.

The Secretary picks it up.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Hello?

DOE (O.S.)

(on phone)

I take it you don't believe my story.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE

Where *are* you?

DOE (O.S.)

I've told you everything I know, I'm leaving it to you to do the rest.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
We checked those coordinates you
gave us. There's no crater, no
village, just a bunch of empty desert-

DOE (O.S.)
Then they've already moved on to
somewhere else.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Who is "they"? What the hell are
you talking about-

DOE (O.S.)
You'll figure it out. Be careful
who you trust. Goodbye.

The Secretary, panicked Doe's going to hang up.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
Wait! At least give me a number I
can reach you at!

INT. 747 AIRLINER (FLYING) -- NIGHT

High above the ocean. Doe sits in a window seat, holding
the air phone to his ear. He smiles.

DOE
I don't have a number.

And he hangs up.

FADE TO BLACK

SUPERIMPOSE - **ONE YEAR LATER**

FADE IN:

EXT. MARAKESH MARKETPLACE -- DAY

A third world STREET MARKET. Camels and shawls everywhere.
Amongst all the trade walks a single American.

Doe. At home here. Walks up to a NEWSPAPER SELLER.

DOE
Um fallah ka jah de?

NEWSPAPER SELLER
Ne malaches winnit.

Doe LAUGHS. It's clear the two know each other. Doe points
to several papers.

DOE
Wenne leel leel...
(thinking)
Hajun.

The Newspaper Seller nods and gives him the papers. Doe
digs out some money and pays the man. Bidding him farewell:

DOE (CONT'D)
Kallah me.

And the Newspaper Seller replies in PERFECT ENGLISH:

NEWSPAPER SELLER
Be seeing you.

Doe turns back at this. Wide eyed.

Staring at the Seller, who just smiles and wheels his cart
away down the street.

ROLL CREDITS

FADE OUT