

JUMPER

by David S. Goyer

Based on the novel by Steven Gould

June 23, 2005

OVER BLACK:

DAVID (V.O.)

My name is David Rice. And this is the story of how I became a hero. In order to make sense of it, you need to see all of it. Even the embarrassing parts.

(beat)

Even the parts I wish I could take back.

FADE IN:

EXT. CYPRUS AIRPORT - TARMAC - DAY (VIDEO FOOTAGE)

A 767 sits on a runway, surrounded by local Army and Police vehicles, the emergency chute extending from an open door.

DAVID (V.O.)

My mother died when I was twelve. She was a flight attendant for Trans-Global Airlines. There was a hijacking. Maybe you remember it. Flight 932 out of Greece.

We cut to a CLOSER VIEW. RASHID MATAR (30s) stands in the open doorway, holding a gun to the head of the CAPTAIN. He is clean-shaven, with dark, bushy eyebrows and deep, remote eyes. On the tarmac below, an OFFICIAL pleads with him.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

The lead hijacker was a man named Rashid Matar. While he was negotiating, he decided to let one of the hostages go.

ANOTHER VIEW, closer still. MARY NILES, an attractive woman in her late-30s, wearing a rumpled stewardess uniform. She looks distressed as Matar handcuffs a briefcase to her wrist.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

Matar said he wanted her to carry a message. Something in a briefcase --

Matar PUSHES Niles from the doorway. She tumbles down the emergency chute, landing awkwardly. A beat, then she stands, shakily heading towards officials who move in to receive her.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

When my mother was a hundred feet from the plane Matar blew the briefcase up.

Our view ZOOMS IN again, into a tight close-up of Niles, the image now granular and pixelated. Suddenly, it FREEZES.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 I said I'd show you all of it, but you don't need to see this part. Just know this: behind every hero there's a tragedy. And now you've learned mine.

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"MY SECRET ORIGIN"

INT. CLEARY HIGH-SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

AN IMAGE OF THE MOON. The image changes to A CLOSER VIEW. MR. BOWKER (50s), a rumped but affable teacher, mans a slide-projector, providing commentary for his STUDENTS.

BOWKER  
 The lighter terrain, called the highlands, is more heavily cratered and older than the darker maria -- a latin word meaning "seas."

DAVID (V.O.)  
 The first time it happened was on my seventeenth birthday.

ANGLE ON DAVID RICE (17). A loner. Small in stature, possessing a distinct lack of self-confidence. The kind of kid who's friends with the girl, but never actually gets her. Case in point: David is stealing glances at --

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 April ninth, the same day Hugh Hefner was born, the guy who owns the Playboy Mansion?

-- MILLIE HARRISON (18), a fresh-faced beauty sitting near the front. Millie is the prototypical girl-next-door.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 I wish I could say Hef and I have a lot in common, but the fact is, we don't.

MARK KOBOLD (18), a smirking jock in a Huron River Rats jersey mouths a silent kiss at David. Other kids SNICKER.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
That's Mark Kobold, my competition.  
He's everything I'm not --

The BELL RINGS and the students rise. Mark makes his way over to Millie, throwing his arm around her shoulder.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
-- which is why he's dating Millie  
Harrison and I just help her study.

BOWKER (O.S.)  
David.

Mr. Bowker motions David over. David watches Mark and Millie kissing, then turns to Mr. Bowker, who sips from a coffee mug that reads: "...AND THE GEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH".

BOWKER (cont'd)  
Got another riddle for you. You're  
in a room with three monkeys. One  
has a banana, one has a stick, one  
has nothing. Which primate in the  
room is the smartest?

DAVID  
Me. I'm a primate too.

Mr. Bowker gives a knowing nod towards Mark and Millie.

BOWKER  
We all are. Never forget that.  
Don't worry. You'll get your day  
in the sun.

DAVID  
You think?

BOWKER  
Guaranteed. Now beat it, before I  
get anymore Obi-wan on you.

INT. CLEARY HIGH-SCHOOL - HALLWAY/LOCKERS - DAY

David is at his locker, distinctly not part of the social fabric. He sees Millie approaching. She smiles at him.

DAVID (V.O.)  
I'd known Millie since grade  
school. And even though she'd gone  
on to win the popularity lottery,  
she was still cool enough to give a  
nobody like me the time of day.

MILLIE

Seven more weeks, David. One more set of finals, then it's over. I am so ready for that. The moment summer's here, I'm gone.

DAVID (V.O.)

Millie was going to Europe after graduation. A bike trip. The kind of thing I never would've had the money for. Or the guts.

DAVID (cont'd)

Speaking of summer --

David reaches into his pocket, handing Millie a small box. She looks up at him, curious?

DAVID (cont'd)

Open it.

Millie does, pulling out a gold charm of the Eiffel Tower.

DAVID (cont'd)

It's for a charm bracelet. I figured you could start one. You can keep adding more -- all the different places you'll be seeing.

Millie stares at David, genuinely touched.

MILLIE

You didn't need to do this, David.

DAVID

I know your birthday's coming up. And we're friends, right? So --

David shrugs, pleased by her response but still self-conscious.

DAVID (cont'd)

The Eiffel Tower's got one-thousand six hundred and sixty-five steps. I looked it up.

MILLIE

(playfully)

Like the proud bookworm you are. You keep your nose buried in those pages, you'll end up falling down a rabbit hole one day.

DAVID

I like the rabbit hole. It's safe  
in there.

MARK (O.S.)

Head's up, Ricebowl!

WHAM! David is side-swiped by Mark Kobold. He falls against  
the lockers, dropping his backpack. Beside Mark are two  
other jocks, BERKHOFFER and JEFFERSON.

MARK (cont'd)

Ooh, fumble!

Mark scoops up David's backpack, tosses it to Berkhoffer.

MILLIE

Mark, come on. Leave him alone!

David lunges for his backpack, but Berkhoffer lifts it out of  
reach, tossing it back to Mark, who LAUGHS --

MARK

Relax, Millie. Brain Boy could use  
the workout.

-- and runs down the hall. David takes up pursuit.

EXT. CLEARY HIGH-SCHOOL - DAY

Spring thaw has yet to come. Mark and his cronies race down  
the school steps, WHOOPING. They head across the snow-covered  
commons, making for the woods at the edge of the schoolyard.

David follows, but he's not as fast as his tormentors. They  
pause, toying with him, allowing him to catch up. Mark  
extends the backpack towards an out-of-breath David --

MARK

Okay, okay, don't have a C-section,  
Rice. We're just having fun --

-- but then he takes off again, plunging into the woods.

EXT. WOODS - HURON RIVER - DAY

Mark breaks from the trees, slipping down a hillside towards  
the frozen Huron River. He skids to a stop, then flings the  
backpack out onto the ice. Shortly, Mark is joined by his  
boys. Then David. On the hill above, Millie and a few OTHER  
STUDENTS gather, watching.

David angrily pushes past Mark to the edge of the river.

DAVID

Why do you have to be such an asshole?

MARK

I don't know. Maybe it's genetic.

David tests the ice with his foot. It seems thick enough. Gingerly, he starts towards the backpack, one step at a time.

MILLIE

David, don't -- it's not safe!

David looks back at her. He's already twenty feet out. He continues to his backpack, picks it up. Grins triumphantly --

DAVID

It's fine, see?

-- as the ice CAVES IN beneath him.

EXT. HURON RIVER - UNDERWATER - DAY

David panics, trying to claw his way to the surface, reaching towards the light shining in through the break in the ice.

EXT. HURON RIVER - DAY

Mark and his friends linger on the riverbank, shocked. But Millie rushes forward down the hill, onto the ice itself.

MILLIE

Someone do something! Get some help!!!

As we rise above her, we glimpse of David beneath the translucent ice below her feet. She drops to her knees. David futilely beats against the underside of the ice, trying to free himself. But the current is dragging David deeper and further down-river. Away from Millie.

EXT. HURON RIVER - UNDERWATER - DAY

We briefly see Millie through the ice, her CRIES muffled as David is being pulled downward.

DAVID (V.O.)

I remember the sound. A whining noise, like the world was turning itself inside-out. And then --

We hear David's HEARTBEAT, then the WHINING NOISE as it overtakes everything else. Darkness closes in.

INT. ANN ARBOR PUBLIC LIBRARY - STACKS - DAY

CLOSE ON David as he COUGHS up water. The noise vanishes. David sits up, finding himself on a carpeted floor.

DAVID (V.O.)  
-- everything was normal again.

David is at the rear of the library stacks, shivering, a pool of water beneath him. Books are scattered around him, having been knocked from the shelves. A BOY stands at the end of the aisle, clutching a Dr. Seuss book, staring open-mouthed.

David picks up a book on the floor. There's a stamp inside the cover: "Property of Ann Arbor Public Library".

ANGLE ON A NEARBY POSTER

with a bespectacled badger amidst a pile of books. It reads: "ESCAPE TO YOUR LIBRARY -- OPEN A WORLD OF WONDER".

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
I couldn't explain it. I'd read about people having seizures, losing time, things like trauma-induced amnesia --

INT. ANN ARBOR PUBLIC LIBRARY - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

David makes his way past the front desk, drawing stares from the STAFF. His clothes are dripping and he's leaving wet footprints behind him, his Nikes SQUISHING as he walks.

DAVID (V.O.)  
Maybe I had some kind of brain tumor. Maybe I was just going insane. Whatever had happened, I figured it couldn't be good.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK

A swath of lower-income tract homes. Streetlights flicker on as the sun dies. A half-dissolved snowman holds vigil. A BUS pulls to a stop at the end of the street. David exits, clutching himself to fend off the chills, making his way to --

AN UNASSUMING RANCH-STYLE HOUSE

Shabby and depressing. A rusty PICKUP in the driveway.

DAVID (V.O.)  
To make matters worse, my Dad was home.



INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David ducks his head down as he crosses the living room.

DAVID (V.O.)

He'd never been the best of fathers. But after Mom died, life at home had gotten worse.

WILLIAM RICE (40s), a brooding alpha-male gone to seed, is parked on the sofa. He's nursing a beer, wears a work-shirt with the name "BILL" embroidered on it.

WILLIAM

What the hell happened to you?

DAVID

Just some stupid kids at school.

WILLIAM

Jesus, it's always something with you, isn't it?

(gazing downward)

You're tracking crap all over the carpet!

David ignores him. Best to keep moving.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

You listening to me, David? You'd better clean that up!

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

David showers, scalding himself in the steaming spray.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

David pulls two plates of leftovers from the oven. He sets one in front of his father, who is slouched at the table, smoking. David sits opposite him, starts in on his dinner. Silence. We sense this is a typical dynamic for these two.

DAVID

How was work?

WILLIAM

It sucked. I got laid off again.

David glances up, concerned.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

Don't give me that look.

DAVID

What --?

WILLIAM

I know what you're thinking.

DAVID

I wasn't thinking anything.

WILLIAM

Sure you were. You were thinking your old man's a loser. You were thinking "Why can't he hold onto a job?" Isn't that right?

David pushes his food around with his fork, doesn't respond. He looks at a nearby clock -- it's just after seven.

WILLIAM (cont'd)

What, you can't answer me?

DAVID

Just let it go, Dad.

William stares at his son for a beat, then flicks his cigarette across the table, onto David's plate.

WILLIAM

Answer the question, David.

David looks up, eyes pleading:

DAVID

Dad, please. You're upset, you've been drinking. Don't you think you should just --

In a flash, William LAUNCHES from his chair. He grabs hold of David's shirt, shoving him back against the wall.

WILLIAM

Don't you start on me, David Rice!  
Don't you dare!

William SLAPS David across the face, then raises his hand again. David pushes back, tears stinging his eyes --

DAVID

Get away from me!

William loses his balance, then comes CHARGING BACK. David tries to shield himself.

We hear the WHINING NOISE again, intensifying as David slides to the floor. He shuts his eyes, expecting the blows any moment --

INT. ANN ARBOR PUBLIC LIBRARY - STACKS/READING AREA - NIGHT

-- but they don't come. David opens his eyes --

DAVID (V.O.)  
When it happened a second time, I  
really started getting scared.

Once again, David is in the library stacks -- only now it's night and the library is empty. David rises, taking stock of himself. He glances at his watch. Then his eyes fall on --

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
It was six minutes after seven. No  
time had passed. None. One second  
I was in my kitchen and the next --

-- the poster with the bespectacled badger: "ESCAPE TO YOUR LIBRARY -- OPEN A WORLD OF WONDER".

DAVID (cont'd)  
The Public Library. Again.

David shakes his head, starts towards the end of the aisle.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
There's an old Sherlock Holmes  
saying -- "When you have eliminated  
all which is impossible, then  
whatever remains, however  
improbable, must be the truth".

David looks around the darkened library, his mind racing.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Did I just teleport --?

David lifts a trembling hand, studies it.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
Ever since I could remember, the  
Public Library had been my escape.  
In a way it made sense -- that of  
all places, I'd wind up where I was  
most comfortable.

(beat)  
So the next question was, having  
done it twice -- could I make it  
happen again?

David shuts his eyes. Every fiber of his being focuses. With a flourish he opens his eyes again -- only to discover that he hasn't moved. Dejected, he makes his way to --

INT. ANN ARBOR PUBLIC LIBRARY - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

-- the front doors. David tries them. They're locked.

INT. ANN ARBOR PUBLIC LIBRARY - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

An emergency exit with an "ALARM WILL SOUND" sign. The door is chained. David pounds the door in frustration. Then he kicks it for good measure, unleashes a barrage of blows.

In his current state he doesn't hear the STRANGE NOISE as it swells up around him. Then, too late, he realizes that the door is no longer in front of him. And so he falls --

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

-- onto the kitchen floor. The kitchen is as he left it -- plates and silverware on the floor, a chair overturned. From the livingroom we hear the TV. Then FOOTSTEPS --

WILLIAM (O.S.)

David, that you?

Panicked, David hauls himself up. He needs to get out fast --

INT. ANN ARBOR PUBLIC LIBRARY - STACKS/READING AREA - NIGHT

WHOOSH! He finds himself back in the stacks by the poster.

DAVID (V.O.)

That's when I realized I could make it happen on purpose. Or at least under the threat of fear.

This time, David consciously tries to conjure up the NOISE. He shuts his eyes. The WHOOSHING overtakes the sound track.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

I just needed practice.

EXT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

David APPEARS. The world reels. He wasn't ready for the change. After steadying himself, he moves to a window --

DAVID'S POV

William stands in the kitchen, puzzled. He picks up the chair. Moves to a cabinet and retrieves a bottle of scotch.

BACK TO DAVID

He concentrates once more, conjures the WHOOSHING NOISE --

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David APPEARS in his bedroom. This time, the world doesn't spin quite so much. The room is a typical boy's domain with an emphasis on astronomy -- a poster of Armstrong by the moon lander, a photograph of a spiraling galaxy. David quietly opens his door. Through the crack he spies --

HIS FATHER,

Settling onto the living room couch, taking a swig of scotch.

David closes the door. His eyes fall on a PHOTO resting on the dresser. David (7) with his PARENTS. Happier times.

DAVID (V.O.)

Before my mother died, I used to fantasize about the two of us running away, leaving Dad one day.

David removes the picture from the frame. He tears off the portion that includes his father, retaining just the part with himself and his mother.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

David creeps in. He's dressed to go outside, has a duffle bag hanging from his shoulder. It's late and only the television is on, casting a sickly glow over --

DAVID'S FATHER

Asleep on the couch, shoes and one sock off, the half-empty scotch bottle resting on the coffee table by his wallet. The man is dead to the world -- mouth open, breathing heavily.

DAVID (V.O.)

I thought about all the times Dad had hit me and Mom --

Anger wells up in David. He reaches for the scotch bottle. For a moment, he considers striking his father with it --

-- but then William shifts slightly, moving his lips in a dry-mouthed stupor. Like a baby might. And somehow, this simple, vulnerable action deflates David's fury.

David sets the bottle back down. His eyes fall on the wallet. He reaches for it, pulls out a few hundred dollars, tucks them in his pocket, looks to his father again.

DAVID (cont'd)  
Goodbye, Dad.

EXT. DAVID'S STREET - NIGHT

David passes the half-dissolved snowman, his breath puffing out in frosty plumes, a sense of confidence in his stride that was lacking the day before.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - DAWN

A Greyhound bus escapes the outskirts of Ann Arbor, headlights piercing through the fog-bound morning air.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAWN

David sits near the back of the near-empty bus, slumped against one of the windows. Blissfully asleep.

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"MY NOT SO BRILLIANT CAREER"

EXT. LAMPLIGHTER HOTEL - LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

A run-down transients hotel in Alphabet City.

DAVID (O.S.)  
I'd like a room.

INT. LAMPLIGHTER HOTEL - LOBBY - DAY

The place is a dive. Dirty and depressing, with a few RESIDENTS slumped in lobby chairs. David stands before the glassed-in manager's window. The CLERK, a shifty-looking grump, is reading a tattered Clive Cussler paperback.

CLERK  
We don't take runaways.

David slips a hundred through the gap at the bottom of the glass. The clerk uses a marker to check if it's counterfeit. Satisfied, he grudgingly slides a registration card back.

CLERK (cont'd)  
Fifty-eight a night, five-buck key deposit, bathroom's down the hall.

DAVID

Fine.

CLERK

(handing David a key)

Don't deal here. I don't care what you do away from the hotel, but if I see anything that looks like a deal, I'll turn you in myself.

David pockets his change and the key, turns to leave --

CLERK (cont'd)

And don't bring home any tricks!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

David enters the cramped room. It's noisy, with sounds of TRAFFIC, bass-heavy RAP MUSIC, and assorted SHOUTING.

A window looks out onto a narrow alley. David ducks his head out -- SEES a mountain of garbage below, a slice of the street outside the hotel to the right.

David retreats back inside. He pulls the torn photo of he and his mother from his coat, tucks it into the frame of a grimy wall mirror.

DAVID (V.O.)

For the first time in my life I was free. And I was still terrified.

David sits on the narrow bed. He pulls his duffle bag over. Then he counts his money, bills first, then his change.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

After paying for the room I had two hundred and sixty dollars to my name.

DAVID (cont'd)

(aloud, glum)

And fifty-nine cents. Now what, genius?

INT. FAST-FOOD RESTAURANT - DAY (MONTAGE)

A FAST-FOOD MANAGER sits across from David, an application in front of him. (NOTE: With each interview, David becomes more dejected, slouching in his chair a bit more.)

## FAST FOOD MANAGER

Looks good, you seem bright to me.  
All we need is a social security  
number for the W-2 and we're set.

## DAVID

What if I don't have that?

## INT. SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE - DAY (MONTAGE)

A DRUDGE sits across from David, pushing forms towards him.

## DRUDGE

-- fill out these forms and bring me  
a copy of your birth certificate.

## DAVID

And if I don't have that?

## INT. COPY STORE - DAY (MONTAGE)

A harried MANAGER sits across from David, shaking his head.

## COPY STORE MANAGER

I don't care how smart, talented,  
or hardworking you are. If you  
don't have a high-school diploma or  
a GED, we can't hire you.

## INT. STATE EDUCATION OFFICE - DAY (MONTAGE)

ANOTHER FEMALE EMPLOYEE sits across another desk from David.

## SECOND EMPLOYEE

I'm sorry, but if you're under  
eighteen, you need permission from  
a parent or legal guardian in order  
to take the GED. You also need  
verification of attendance from the  
last school you went to. You come  
back with those or a birth  
certificate and we can talk.

David just stares back at the woman, defeated.

## EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

David shuffles along, finishing off a hotdog. He passes a  
convenience store, SEES an ad for lotto tickets, considers  
it, then spots "MUST BE 18 IN ORDER TO PLAY" and moves on.

He passes an alley. A PANHANDLER stands in a nearby doorway.



PANHANDLER

Hey buddy, you got a subway token  
to spare? Any change?

DAVID

(fishing in his pocket)  
Sure, why not?

Out of the corner of his eye, David registers MOVEMENT in the alley. Then someone STRIKES him on the back of the head with a piece of wood. David falls, consciousness snuffing out.

DOGWALKERS'S VOICE

Oh my God, are you alright?

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

David's eyes flutter open. He's lying on the sidewalk, blood drying beneath his face. He sits up, tenderly exploring his scalp. A WOMAN with a French Bulldog crouches nearby, concerned. A few other PEOPLE are gathered around them.

DOGWALKER

What happened to you?

DAVID

I think I was mugged --

David winces, checks his pockets -- sure enough, they're empty. A JOGGER reaches for his cell phone.

JOGGER

You just hold on, I'll call 911.

DAVID

(standing, unsteady)  
No, that's alright -- they're not  
going to be able to do anything --

David takes a few uneasy steps -- the others are concerned.

DOGWALKER

Are you sure? You don't look so  
good --

DAVID

I'm fine, I'm cool, really. Thanks.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

David rounds a corner, woozy. He tries to visualize his hotel room. For a split-second, we actually SEE a FLASH of it. Then he JUMPS, and he's --

INT. DAVID'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

-- there, clutching at the dresser to steady himself. He looks to the vanity mirror, probing under his hair.

Then he SEES a FLASH of ANOTHER MIRROR -- one that opens into a bathroom cabinet, revealing, band-aids, aspirin --

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

WHOOSH! David's hand is still outstretched, but now it touches the bathroom mirror in his father's house. He freezes, on high alert. Is his father home?

David opens the medicine cabinet, grabs gauze, hydrogen peroxide. He opens a bottle of Advil, swallows a few pills.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

David creeps out, moving towards his father's room. He looks in -- William Rice is passed out on top of the bedspread.

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David shuts the door behind him, locks it. He moves to his bed. On the ceiling above is the poster of a spiraling galaxy. David stares at it, relief and sleep overtaking him.

WILLIAM'S VOICE

David?! You in there?!

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

David wakes, disoriented. Someone is POUNDING on the door. Then it hits him -- he's home and his father is out there.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

Damnit, David! I know you're --

David sits up just as his father throws his shoulder against the flimsy door, FORCING it open. For a split-second, David and his father are face-to-face. Then David JUMPS --

INT. ANN ARBOR PUBLIC LIBRARY - STACKS - DAY

WHOOSH! David appears by the reading poster, startling a LIBRARY WORKER who is re-shelving books. She SHOUTS and --

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

WHOOSH! David jumps into his shoe-box room. Everything is as it was, muffled RAP MUSIC still coming from next door. David sinks onto his sagging bed, breathing a sigh of relief.

DAVID (V.O.)

So now I had no money. And if I didn't figure out something soon, I'd be out on the street by the next morning.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - STRAWBERRY FIELDS - DAY

David sits against a tree. He studies a New York City guidebook, making notes. We SEE: **home, library, hotel room.** David flips to an entry on the Statue of Liberty.

DAVID (V.O.)

So far, I'd only jumped to places I was familiar with. But I wondered --

David studies the photo of the Statue of Liberty intently.

DAVID (cont'd)

Statue of Liberty. OK, here we go.

David closes his eyes, bracing himself. After a moment he opens them -- but he's still in park. He frowns, then flips to a picture of the EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.

David (cont'd)

Empire State Building. Been there, done that.

David stares at the picture, zeroing in on the observation deck. As he does, VOICES trickle in from the past:

YOUNG DAVID'S VOICE

*Look Mom, you can see the whole world from up here!*

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - OBSERVATION DECK - DAY (MEMORY)

DAVID (8) and his mother on the windy observation deck. She looks beautiful, vibrant. She LAUGHS, hugging her son close.

YOUNG DAVID

You can see the ocean and everything!

MARY

If you're lucky, maybe we'll even see King Kong.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - STRAWBERRY FIELDS - DAY

David relaxes as the memory washes in, hearing the rush of air and traffic from a high elevation and --

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

WHOOSH! We are there for real, eighty-six floors up. The sound of DISTANT TRAFFIC, everything. David stares, amazed.

DAVID

Ouch. Ears popping --

He cups his ear, opening his mouth to equalize the pressure.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

So pictures alone wouldn't work. It had to be places I'd actually seen with my own eyes. Landmarks I could memorize first-hand.

VOICE (O.S.)

*Obake* --

David SEES a JAPANESE TOURIST just behind him, mouth agape.

TOURIST

*Obake* --

(in accented English)

You ghost -- ?

DAVID

Yeah.

David grins and BLINKS away.

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"PUBLIC ENEMY"

EXT. NEW YORK - FORTY-FIFTH STREET - NIGHT

David wanders, coming upon an electronics store. He gazes through the security bars, noting the layout, then he glances down the street. It's deserted.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - NIGHT

David JUMPS into the darkened store. Immediately, a SIREN SHRIEKS. He must have tripped a motion-detector.

EXT. NEW YORK - FORTY-FIFTH STREET - NIGHT

David JUMPS back outside, panicked. He stumbles off the curb, landing on his ass. But as he picks himself up, he notices that no one is yet responding. Girding himself--

## INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - NIGHT

-- David JUMPS back inside again, wincing at the siren, trying to keep his cool. He hurries to a shelf loaded with VIDEO CAMERAS, takes one. Moves to a display of TREOS, knocking down dozens of them in his nervous haste. He picks one up, looking around -- anything else? He spies an Apple Powerbook, loads that into his arms, BLINKS AWAY.

## INT. DAVID'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

David APPEARS in his dumpy room, setting the stolen goods on the floor. Paranoid, he pulls down the window shade. He stares at the loot, like he can't believe what he just did -- then he promptly rushes to the wastebasket and throws up.

DAVID (V.O.)

Having flawlessly graduated to master criminal status, I decided I was ready for bigger game.

Off David dry-heaving over the wastebasket we --

DISSOLVE TO:

## INT. BANK OF NEW YORK - DAY

A GUARD stands on duty at the entrance of the bustling bank.

DAVID (O.S.)

Is there a bathroom for customers?

The guard sees David standing next to him, shakes his head.

GUARD

Up the street at the Trump Tower.  
They have a rest room in the lobby.

DAVID

(grimacing)

Look, I don't mean to be a pain, but me and my Dad are meeting with the Branch Manager in a couple minutes and I really gotta pee. I'm begging you -- isn't there an employees' bathroom I could use?

The guard sighs, points to a door along the wall.

GUARD

Through there and straight back.  
Be quick with it, though.

INT. BANK OF NEW YORK - HALLWAY - DAY

David enters, notes the WASHROOM. He's got his new camera phone out. Then he sees what he's really looking for --

THE BANK VAULT

Its steel door hangs open on enormous hinges. The inside of the vault rests behind a secondary door of bars, manned by an IRON-FACED GUARD. He looks at David coldly.

VAULT GUARD

Can I help you?

David stammers, trying to see the interior of the vault. Surreptitiously, he lowers the phone to his side.

DAVID

Just looking for the bathroom.

The Vault Guard looks at the door directly to the right of the vault, clearly labeled as the men's rest room.

VAULT GUARD

You mean that one?

David ignores the sarcasm and gives his best boy scout smile.

DAVID

Yeah, thanks.

David edges closer, gaining a better view of the vault. He sees CARTS inside. The carts hold canvas BAGS and stacks of banded MONEY. Gray steel shelves line the back wall.

DAVID (cont'd)

That sure is a big door. Do you know how much it weighs?

VAULT GUARD

A lot. Now beat it.

INT. DAVID'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

David sits on the floor, studying the screen of his new Powerbook, which is attached to his camera phone. He clicks open PHOTOS featuring the vault and the surly guard.

He checks his watch -- 2:34 AM. He slips a pair of gloves on, then a black ski mask over his head. Finally, he picks up a flashlight, takes a deep breath --

DAVID  
Here goes nothing.

INT. BANK OF NEW YORK - VAULT - NIGHT

WHOOSH! Darkness. David's flashlight CLICKS on, illuminating the inside of the vault. The heavy door is shut over the bars and the air is deadly still.

David waits. No alarms sound. He pans the light around. The carts spied earlier are stacked high -- with bundled piles of money, trays of rolled coins, and canvas bags with "Bank of New York" stenciled on them.

David's eyes bulge. It's like a treasure trove. He sets the flashlight down and goes to work. At the first cart he picks up a stack of hundreds. The band around the middle reads "\$5,000". David picks up the entire box and JUMPS--

INT. DAVID'S HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

-- dumping the box onto his bed. David JUMPS away again --

INT. DAVID'S HOTEL ROOM/BANK VAULT - CONTINUOUS

WHOOSH! David reappears, grabs more boxes and JUMPS.

WHOOSH! David dumps dozens of bundles on the hotel bed. By now there's a virtual coverlet of money. He JUMPS.

Faster and faster the scene repeats itself. From the vault to his room and back again.

Finally, having emptied the vault of all available money, David pulls a note from his pocket, setting it on one of the now empty carts. The note reads:

"SORRY -- I'LL PAY IT BACK SOME DAY"

INT. DAVID'S HOTEL ROOM - LATER

David stands in his room, a sea of bundles and money bags covering every surface. Breathing heavily, he pulls off the ski mask, staggered by the sheer volume of loot.

Not sure where to start, he opens a bag, finding it full of HUNDRED-DOLLAR BILLS. He clears a space next to the wall opposite the bed and stacks the hundreds together.

A SERIES OF DISSOLVES

David continues counting -- ones, then fives, fifties, and so on. In no time the stacks are knee-high. He frowns.

INT. ANN ARBOR PUBLIC LIBRARY - NIGHT

David BLINKS IN behind the checkout desk. He rifles through the drawers a moment and finds what he needs: a CALCULATOR.

INT. DAVID'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

David JUMPS back and starts to count all the layers of money.

ALMOST AN HOUR LATER,

David stares at the calculator's readout. He shakes his head, then re-types a list of numbers penned on a napkin. His fingers tremble as he hits the final addition.

ON THE CALCULATOR DISPLAY

1,053,050.42. The number barely fits on the screen.

DAVID

Holy shit.

On the SOUNDTRACK we hear "Baby You're A Rich Man" as we --

BEATLES (V.O.)

*How does it feel to be One of the  
beautiful people?*

CUT TO:

INT. JEWELRY STORE - DAY

David stands at the counter as a SALES CLERK shows him an array of high-ticket watches. David selects a sexy dual analog-digital model, the Tag Heuer Kirium Formula 1.

BEATLES (V.O.)

*Now that you know who you are.  
What do you want to be?*

INT. CLOTHING STORE - DAY

David stands with his arms out as TAILORS measure him.

BEATLES (V.O.)

*And have you traveled very far?  
Far as the eye can see.*

INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

David is trying pair after pair of fine Italian shoes.



BEATLES (V.O.)

*Baby you're a rich man, Baby you're a  
rich man, Baby you're a rich man too.*

INT. UPPER WEST SIDE APARTMENT - DAY

A REALTOR shows David around a spacious apartment with gorgeous views of Central Park.

BEATLES (V.O.)

*You keep all your money in a big  
brown bag inside a zoo.*

Later, they shake hands, the realtor handing over the keys.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - LOBBY - DAY

David enters, wearing a newly-tailored suit, looking like a dashing young prince. He tips the DOORMAN a hundred.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - ATELIER RESTAURANT - DAY

David sits at a table in the restaurant, a copy of the New York Times before him. A waiter, LEO (50s), approaches.

LEO

Good afternoon, sir. Have you decided on your order?

DAVID

What's the most expensive thing on the menu?

LEO

Well -- the two and a half pound Maine lobster, the Beluga caviar. And the Chateaubriand, of course. But that normally serves two.

DAVID

Great. I'll take them all.  
(explaining)  
I'm making up for lost time.

LEO

Very good, sir.

As David settles back in his chair he peruses the Times. There's a STORY on the front page about the bank robbery.

CUT TO:

INT. FORT MEADE - NSA HEADQUARTERS - HALLWAY - DAY

OWEN ANDERS (30s), an NSA functionary, hurries down a hallway, a copy of the Times tucked under his arm. He arrives at an office, KNOCKING briefly --

INT. FORT MEADE - NSA HEADQUARTERS - OFFICE - DAY

BRIAN COX (50s) sits at a desk. He looks like an ex-linebacker, big in the shoulder. Anders sets the Times in front of Cox, who quickly scans the article.

ANDERS

Locked-room bank theft. Dinged one of our VICAP trip-wires. One of the data miners found it. Seemed to meet the profile.

Cox nods, picks up the phone, dials. After a beat:

COX'S VOICE

Reactivate the 'Spirit' file. We may have some movement.

CUT TO:

INT. DAVID'S WEST SIDE APARTMENT - NIGHT

David sits surrounded by building supplies -- in the process of sealing up one of the closets. In the background are various newly unboxed toys -- a plasma TV, a high-end stereo.

DAVID (V.O.)

After I got settled in my new home, I decided to stash my money in a place where no one would find it.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

As David works -- nailing the drywall sheets in, plastering over the seams, re-painting the newly sealed off wall.

David stands back, surveying his work. All evidence of the closet is gone. David JUMPS.

INT. SEALED OFF CLOSET - NIGHT

David REAPPEARS inside the secret closet. The shelves are lined with stacks of the stolen money. Satisfied, David turns out the light and JUMPS back out again.

DAVID (V.O.)

But the old saying was definitely true -- money can't buy everything. I was rich, but I was lonely. Were there other people like me? Had a jumper ever existed before? I had a million questions --

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"GHOST BOY"

EXT. NYC HUMANITIES AND SOCIAL SCIENCES LIBRARY - DAY

David approaches the Beaux Arts building at 5th Avenue.

DAVID (V.O.)

-- so I escaped to the library.  
That's what I'd always done before.

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - PUBLIC CATALOG ROOM - DAY

David sits at a research station, books scattered around him. He googles "TELEPORTATION", CLICK ON an ARTICLE:

*"...scientists from the University of Innsbruck have been able to transfer the quantum state of one atom to another without any physical connection, essentially teleporting..."*

INT. LIBRARY - MAIN REFERENCE DESK - DAY

David approaches a FEMALE LIBRARIAN.

DAVID

Hi, um -- I'm trying to do some research on teleportation. Like on *Star Trek*?

LIBRARIAN

Well, we've got an extensive collection on Occult Sciences and Parapsychology --

DAVID

I've been there already. I mean real teleportation.

LIBRARIAN

Maybe you should try Fiction.

INT. LIBRARY - MAIN READING ROOM - DAY

LIBRARY PATRONS populate a reading room that spans two city blocks, studying at enormous tables. Overhead, massive murals depict vibrant skies and billowing clouds.

David aimlessly wanders the open-shelf reference section. A breeze kicks up, rustling the magazine he's flipping through.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

Nightcrawler.

A young man, GRIFFIN (18), stands beside him. Griffin has sparkling eyes and an air of nervous energy about him. He's got a roll of Mentos in hand which he compulsively works at, peeling the wrapper, chewing the candy.

DAVID

I'm sorry --?

GRIFFIN

The blue guy from *The X-men*, has a tail? He's a teleporter.

(off David's alarmed look)

I overheard you back at the reference desk. It's not hard with the acoustics in this place.

David nods, relieved. Griffin offers a hand.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

My name's Griffin. What's yours?

DAVID

David.

GRIFFIN

You ever read that Dr. Seuss story? *Too Many Daves*? Some woman's got, like, fifty-seven kids, all named Dave. She keeps getting confused, a bunch of crap happens --

Griffin glances up at the clouds on the mural ceilings.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

You think they got vertigo when they painted those clouds?

DAVID

I don't know.

Griffin shrugs, looks at David. There's something "off" about Griffin -- but then he smiles again, disarming David.

GRIFFIN

So you a big reader?

DAVID

Yeah.

GRIFFIN

Me too. I come here all the time.  
Place is crawling with regulars.  
Like Sasquatch-face over there --

Griffin points to a large, unkempt MAN in a flannel shirt hunched over a stack of books.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

All he reads are books about flying squirrels. Hasn't taken a shower in a bajillion years, stinks like zombie turd. But he's here every day.

David smiles. Then a new thought occurs to Griffin:

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

You know, there's this book by Alfred Bester, *The Stars My Destination*. It's a sci-fi classic. It's about a teleporter, all these people hunting him. You should check it out.

DAVID

I will.

GRIFFIN

Cool. Well maybe I'll catch you around here again sometime.

DAVID

Sure.

GRIFFIN

Later, gator.

Griffin points to something behind David. David turns, doesn't see anything in particular, looks back -- but Griffin is gone. A SCHOOL BELL pre-laps over from the next scene.

INT. HIGH-SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

As STUDENTS exit, David enters, finding Mr. Bowker at his desk, still nursing his "GEEK INHERIT THE EARTH" mug.

DAVID  
Hey, Mr. Bowker.

Bowker looks up -- and jumps like he's seen a ghost.

BOWKER  
My God -- David?! What are you  
doing here?!  
(grabbing David by the  
shoulders)  
At first we thought you were dead,  
but then we heard you'd run away --

DAVID  
I know. It's a long story.

What can David say? He settles for a version of the truth.

DAVID (cont'd)  
The short version is things weren't  
good at home and I needed to get  
out.

BOWKER  
But where are you living? Are you  
safe?

DAVID  
Yeah, totally. Don't worry. I've  
made a whole new life for myself  
back East. That's why I'm here,  
actually. I'm in science-fiction  
now and I've got a project I'm  
researching -- I was sort of hoping  
I could pick your brain for a few  
minutes.

Bowker looks a bit skeptical, smelling bull-shit.

BOWKER  
You disappear for months -- and  
suddenly you want to pick my brain?

DAVID  
Just a little.

BOWKER  
Alright, David. Fire away.

DAVID

What can you tell me about teleportation? I mean, people teleporting. Not just quantum photons and stuff being moved around. How would it work?

BOWKER

Well, from an information theory point of view real teleportation should be impossible. You could never *beam* someone up. You'd have to rip them into a trillion particles, then reassemble them at another location. All the computing power in the universe could never put someone back together in the right way.

(MORE)

DAVID

Okay, but we're playing "what if".

Bowker scratches his head, mulling it over.

BOWKER

Well, two thoughts come to mind. The first is space-folding. Essentially your teleporter would be able to open miniature black holes -- a kind of quantum tunneling, from one space-time coordinate to another.

DAVID

And the second thought?

BOWKER

Probability density functions.

(off David's look)

In the subatomic world you can never know for sure where a particle is.

All you can guess is where it

probably will be. We've got Heisenberg to thank for that.

Bowker reaches for a teaching display -- a large-scale ATOM with orbiting electrons. He pokes an electron.

BOWKER (cont'd)

Electrons move around. They wiggle. We call that the Uncertainty Principle.

BOWKER(cont'd)

And since everything is made up of electrons, let's extend that wiggle to the world at large. Probability tells us that these things won't move very far. But there's an infinitesimal chance --

Bowker detaches the electron in question from the rest of the atom and tosses it to David, who catches it in his hands.

BOWKER (cont'd)

-- that these things will move a huge amount. Now let's take your hypothetical teleporter. What if he could control those probability waves? Theoretically, he could travel anywhere in the universe.

David considers the implications of Bowker's words.

BOWKER (cont'd)

There's just one problem, though. Whether it's probability waves or wormholes, you poke that many tunnels in the fabric of space-time, there's a chance you wouldn't be able to plug them up again.

DAVID

Meaning what?

BOWKER

Meaning the whole universe could implode. But like I said, teleportation's impossible, so I wouldn't lose any sleep over it.

David nods, somewhat sobered now.

BOWKER (cont'd)

So in your story, David, what ends up happening to your hypothetical teleporter?

DAVID

I haven't figured that out yet.

BOWKER

You will. Just trust your gut. The right path always presents itself.

David is touched by the subtext of Bowker's words.



DAVID

Thanks, Mr. Bowker. You've been a lot of help.

Bowker writes a number on an index card, hands it to David.

BOWKER

Listen, you ever need to pick my brain again, about anything, you give me a call. Alright? It doesn't have to be just science, either. I'm pretty good at real-world stuff too. Okay?

DAVID

Okay.

Bowker smiles, but the concern he's feeling is evident and he's reluctant to see him go. So as David moves to exit:

BOWKER

One last riddle? For old times?

David nods okay.

BOWKER (cont'd)

The more you take, the more you leave behind. What are they?

David doesn't know.

BOWKER (cont'd)

Footsteps.

EXT. THE DIAG - UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN CAMPUS - DAY

David watches STUDENTS moving across the Diag, a vast common area of networking paths and wooded lawns.

DAVID (V.O.)

I wanted advice, it was true. But there was another reason I'd come home.

ANGLE ON MILLIE HARRISON (19)

The girl David used to pine over. She's making her way through the crowd, clutching an armful of books. At the moment, she's quite far away.

David ducks behind a tree, checks to see if anyone is looking --

-- and JUMPS closer, behind another tree. Now he's parallel to Millie. Matching her stride. He checks his surroundings --

-- and JUMPS a second time, putting himself even closer still, studying her. She checks her watch, hurries, then seems to stumble, her books spilling from her hands --

WHOOSH! David jumps a THIRD TIME, right in front of Millie, catching the books before they hit the ground. He stands --

MILLIE

Thanks, I'm such a klutz --

-- and Millie just stares, unable to fathom his presence.

DAVID

I know. You thought I was dead. Or joined the circus. Or abducted by aliens.

MILLIE

Where have you been all this time?

DAVID

New York. My father was kind of abusive and --

(shrugging)

It just seemed like a good opportunity to wipe the slate clean, you know? Reinvent myself.

Now that Millie is over the shock, annoyance creeps in.

MILLIE

And you couldn't call? I thought we were friends, David. I mean, do you have any idea how worried everyone was?

DAVID

I'm realizing that now.

MILLIE

I saw you under the ice, falling away from me --

DAVID

I remember.

Millie is still wary, but lets it go for the moment.

MILLIE

So what are you doing now?

DAVID

I'm in -- banking, I guess you could call it. Financial stuff. It's pretty boring, actually.

(changing the subject)

But what about you? How was Europe? I bet it was amazing.

Millie's face briefly clouds over.

MILLIE

I never got to go.

(off David's expression)

My Dad, well I guess you didn't hear -- he passed away this last year. Leukemia.

DAVID

(stunned)

You're kidding me.

MILLIE

It's okay. I mean, we had time to say goodbye, which was definitely a blessing.

(after a beat)

It's funny, so many things you think are important and then -- I'm in pre-med now, pediatrics. I want to help people. Do something unselfish.

DAVID

That's great.

They've reached a natural pause in their conversation -- one of those points where things would normally wind down.

MILLIE

Listen, I don't know how long you're in town for -- but there's a party tonight at Sue Kimmel's, if you're interested. You remember her?

DAVID

Sure. I mean, I never really ran with that crowd, but --

MILLIE

Come on. That was high-school. You should come with me.

David is thrilled but cautious.

DAVID

What about Mark? Aren't you two still --?

MILLIE

Are you kidding?! I fired that jerk a week after you disappeared. Give me a little credit.

DAVID

(laughing)

Alright, then. Count me in.

Millie smiles. And as the two of them start walking we --

ANGLE ON

Griffin, whom we met in the New York Public Library. He's been sitting on a nearby bench, watching the couple.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE LAWN - NIGHT

David and Millie wind their way through an outdoor party. MUSIC blares as STUDENTS swirl around them. David grins from ear to ear. He can't believe he's experiencing this.

MILLIE

(over the noise)

I can't get over how much you've changed!

DAVID

I'm the same loser I always was! Trust me!

Millie LAUGHS, threading her arm through David's.

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

It's much later and the party is more subdued. David and Millie are tucked in a corner, deep in conversation.

DAVID

Favorite cartoon character?

MILLIE

Underdog, definitely.

DAVID

Favorite book?

Millie thinks for a moment, then:

MILLIE

"I Married Adventure". It's this old autobiography I picked up at a garage sale. It's by a woman named Osa Johnson. She married this safari guy back in the twenties. They travelled all over the world, making nature films, getting into all sorts of crazy situations. They even have a safari museum somewhere.

(shrugging)

I don't know -- it seemed romantic. So what about you, David Rice? Where do you want to go?

DAVID

The Sea of Tranquility.

(off her look)

It's on the moon. It's the spot where Neil Armstrong landed. There are other "seas" too -- the Sea of Serenity, the Sea of Crisis.

Millie widens her eyes, "ooing" in mock-fear. David laughs.

MILLIE

So why the moon?

DAVID

I don't know. I was obsessed with it when I was a kid. I remember seeing *Close Encounters* and so wanting to be Richard Dreyfuss -- the guy who's taken away by aliens at the end? I used to fantasize about that all the time. Take me someplace else -- where people'll understand me, where I'll fit in.

MILLIE

I've felt like that before.

DAVID

(surprised)

But you did fit in. You were popular.

MILLIE

So? That means I'm immune to feeling alone? Everybody wants to be understood, David. You don't have a monopoly on that.

Just then, a VOICE, loud and deep, interrupts them.

MARK (O.S.)  
Holy crap! Is that you, Ricebowl?

ANGLE ON MARK KOBOLD,

Towering over them, beer cup in hand. He's the worse for a few beers, eyes locked onto David. Then he sees Millie.

MARK (cont'd)  
So what, you two are like a "thing" or something now?

MILLIE  
Go away, Mark.

MARK  
No, no, I want to hear the story. It's gotta be good, right? Like National Enquirer good? Ricebowl disappears, then suddenly shows up a year later and starts making the stinkbug with Millie-vanilli --

Mark manages to slosh his beer onto them. David rises --

DAVID  
Just leave us alone, alright?  
You're drunk.

MARK  
I'm not drunk! I'm cool. I'm totally, one-hundred and ten percent cool!

Now Millie rises as well as other PARTYGOERS take notice.

MILLIE  
Get out of here, Mark!

MARK  
Do me a favor and shut up, okay?

Mark shoves Millie. That's it for David. But as he reaches for Mark -- Mark PUNCHES him in the face. David retaliates, CHARGING at Mark, grabbing him around the waist --

DAVID AND MARK

TUMBLE off the porch into some bushes. Mark flails, smacking David in the eye, but David doesn't let go as they both JUMP.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - STRAWBERRY FIELDS - NIGHT

WHOOSH! David and Mark appear on the grass, still struggling. David releases Mark, rising up --

DAVID

Have fun in the Big Apple.

Before Mark even realizes what's happened, David JUMPS back--

EXT. SORORITY HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

-- amidst the bushes. He stands, brushing himself off as Millie and the other partygoers come rushing to his aide.

DAVID (V.O.)

That was when I realized I could take people with me.

MILLIE

Where's Mark?

DAVID

He took off.

David touches his eye, wincing. Millie tilts his head back, inspecting the damage. David has a bloody nose as well.

MILLIE

We better put some ice on that.

EXT. MILLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A sprawling house built in the 20s that has been segmented into separate apartments. Millie's unit is on the second floor. And as we drift towards her window we hear:

MILLIE'S VOICE

I'm sorry about that.

INT. MILLIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is candle-lit. David and Millie sit on her bed. She dabs at his cheek with gauze, cleaning an abrasion. MUSIC plays in the background.

DAVID

It wasn't your fault.

MILLIE

I dragged you there. I said it would be fun.

David reaches for her hand, gently pulling it from his face.

DAVID

It was. It still is. Don't worry about it. What are we listening to?

MILLIE

Magnet. This song's called 'Everything's Perfect'.

DAVID

I like it.

MILLIE

Good. If you didn't, I'd have to fire you.

As David laughs, Millie suddenly moves to her dresser --

MILLIE (cont'd)

Hey, look at this --

She returns with a CHARM BRACELET. On it is the Eiffel Tower charm David gave her, along with others: the Arch of Triumph, Big Ben, the Great Pyramid.

DAVID

You made a whole bracelet.

MILLIE

(nodding)

All the places I'll go one day, hopefully. You inspired me.

After another pregnant pause, more music, then:

DAVID

I used to fantasize about this. Being on a date or something, working up the nerve to kiss you.

MILLIE

Every day, do one thing that scares you. That's what my Dad used to say.

David slowly leans in and kisses her. As they part:

MILLIE (cont'd)

I hate that you live in another city, you know that?



DAVID

Yeah, but I travel back and forth  
for work all the time.

MILLIE

So we do the long-distance thing?  
You know those things never work.

DAVID

Look, I just want to see you again.  
It doesn't have to be a "thing".  
Let's just figure out a way to hang  
out and have fun.

Just then, Millie's cell phone RINGS. She glances at her  
dresser. David shrugs. Millie picks it up --

MILLIE

Hello?

Millie listens for a minute, baffled.

DAVID

Who is it?

MILLIE

(laughing)  
It's Mark -- he says he's in New  
York. Whatever --

Millie shakes her head, then disconnects the call, tosses her  
phone aside. She moves back to David's side.

MILLIE (cont'd)

Okay.

DAVID

Okay what?

MILLIE

Let's hang.

As the song "Everything's Perfect" grows in volume, David  
moves in to kiss Millie again.

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"HEAVEN"

INT. JFK AIRPORT - ARRIVALS - NIGHT

SLOW-MOTION. PASSENGERS disembarking, meeting loved ones.  
ANGLE ON Millie, looking around expectantly --

DAVID (V.O.)  
So we hung. Eventually, I  
convinced her to visit New York.

David is there to meet her, holding a bouquet of flowers. A  
LIMO DRIVER with a "MS. HARRISON" sign stands next to him.  
After David kisses Millie, nods in the driver's direction.

DAVID (cont'd)  
This is Laurence. He's our driver  
for the weekend.

EXT. WOLLMAN RINK - CENTRAL PARK - DAY

David and Millie ice skate against a backdrop of autumn  
foliage and the New York City skyline.

DAVID (V.O.)  
And for a couple of months, I was  
on cloud nine.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - ATELIER RESTUARANT - NIGHT

David and Millie sit at a table as Leo, David's previous  
waiter, attends them.

LEO  
Nice to see you again, Mr. Rice.  
Would you care to order the  
Chateaubriand for two?

DAVID  
Absolutely. And an order of beluga  
caviar as well.

As Leo leaves, Millie lowers her voice --

MILLIE  
I have a confession to make. I've  
never had caviar before.

DAVID  
It's kinda gross, if you want the  
honest truth.

MILLIE  
So why are we ordering it?

DAVID  
Cause I'm trying to impress you.

MILLIE

I'm impressed, trust me. I'm completely freaking out here.

Later, as they dine:

MILLIE (cont'd)

You've got money. I can accept that. But I still don't understand where it comes from.

DAVID

I invest. After my Mom died there was an insurance settlement, that gave me some money to start with.

MILLIE

Why do I get the feeling you're not telling me everything?

INT. ROSE CENTER FOR EARTH AND SPACE - DAY

David and Millie stroll down the Cosmic Pathway, a multisensory walkway chronicling the origin of the universe.

Later, David and Millie stand before a photo from the Apollo 11 Mission. Buzz Aldrin on the moon. In the background is the Lunar Module and the flag that he and Armstrong planted.

MILLIE

So that's where you want to go?

DAVID

One day.

As they move on, Griffin steps from a knot of people on the pathway.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David and Millie are in bed, under the covers. David is staring straight up at the ceiling, tense.

MILLIE

What are you thinking about?

DAVID

The Big Bang.

(off her look)

How the universe started and stuff.

How it's going to end --

Millie rises up on one elbow.

MILLIE  
You've never done this before, have  
you?

DAVID  
(sighing)  
No.

MILLIE  
Do you want to do it?

DAVID  
Of course, I mean, yeah, totally.

MILLIE  
Then you need to relax.

DAVID  
I'm trying.

MILLIE  
Close your eyes. Trust me.

David closes them. Millie draws closer, leaning over him.

MILLIE (cont'd)  
Think about the Sea of Tranquility.

And David starts to relax, trusting her.

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"HELL"

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON David's plasma TV. Grainy images of a plane on a runway, surrounded by Cypriot Army vehicles. Matar stands in the doorway of the plane, waving a gun. We realize these are the same images we saw earlier.

David sits in the middle of the floor, transfixed. Millie wanders in, wearing a bathrobe, clutching a mug of coffee.

MILLIE  
What's going on?

David turns up the volume. We see a still of BEKKHAN KHADISOV (30S), a dark-featured man with piercing blue eyes.

## NEWSCASTER

-- Bekkhan Khadisov, one of four men wanted for the hijacking of Trans-Global Airline Flight 932 has been apprehended in Northern Iraq by Coalition Forces.

The screen cuts to Khadisov, now more gaunt and possessing a thick beard, being lead in handcuffs by U.S. SOLDIERS.

## NEWSCASTER (cont'd)

Khadisov will be extradited to the United States where he will be charged under a U.S. Federal indictment with seven terrorism-related offenses. In addition, Khadisov also faces charges of first-degree murder, stemming from the death of ~~MONA~~ <sup>MONA</sup> Rice. Rashid Matar, the so-called mastermind of the hijacking, remains at large --

David looks back at her, haunted.

## DAVID

We need to talk.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - THE RAMBLE - DUSK

David and Millie sit on the Ramble, looking out over the lake. This is obviously a difficult subject for David.

## MILLIE

I never understood how those men could've gotten away.

David stares into the distance, hardened by the memory.

## DAVID

After Mom was killed they flew to Algeria, started negotiating again. Eventually the rest of the hostages were released and the terrorists were taken away under armed escort.

## MILLIE

They weren't arrested?

## DAVID

(shaking his head)  
That was the price for the hostages' release -- free passage.

DAVID(cont'd)

The U.S. has been looking for them ever since, especially Matar.

David's thoughts are in turmoil. He turns to look at Millie now, a new breed of conviction simmering within him.

DAVID (cont'd)

If you were given the chance to do something about your mother's killers, would you?

INT. JFK AIRPORT - DEPARTURES - DAY

David and Millie are at a security gate, saying good-bye.

MILLIE

Am I going to see you again?

DAVID

Give me a couple of days. There's something I have to do first.

MILLIE

More mysteries?

David wants to level with her, but where would he begin?

DAVID

Look, I know I have no right to ask this -- but I want you to trust me.

MILLIE

I'm trying, David. But you're not making it very easy on me. Trust has to be earned, you know. It goes both ways.

DAVID

I know.

She kisses him, then turns. David watches her rise up an escalator.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

I'd been given a gift. The kind of power people dream about. And I was wasting it on kid's stuff.

EXT. COLORADO HIGH DESERT - NIGHT

Lugging a backpack, David trudges through the arid wasteland. Presently, he crests a rise. In the distance, he SEES --

DAVID (V.O.)

According to the papers, Khadisov was being held in the ADX-Supermax prison in Florence, Colorado. They called it the 'Alcatraz of the Rockies' and it was built to house the worst of the worst.

THE SUPERMAX PRISON

An intimidating, triangular-shaped fortress surrounded by guard towers, razor-wire, and rows of electrified fencing.

EXT. SUPERMAX PRISON YARD - COLORADO - NIGHT

David approaches, being mindful to stay just beyond the pools of light cast by the security towers. In addition, there are GUARDS patrolling the outer perimeter.

DAVID (V.O.)

Foot patrols. Dogs. Electrified fencing. Infrared motion and underground sensors --

On the other side of the chain-link and razored fencing is a walkway patrolled by GUARD DOGS. Beyond that, more fencing, then a courtyard, and then the prison building itself.

David takes his video camera from his backpack.

DAVID'S POV (VIA CAMERA)

The view zooms further in, isolating a shadowed area of the yard. Nearby is a door leading into the main building of the two-story prison. A narrow window-slit sits in the door.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

The prison officials had planned for every conceivable possibility --

David puts his camera away, pulls out a black ski mask. He slips it on, then glances at the guard tower. The SECURITY OFFICER inside isn't looking in the direction of the door. David waits for the guard dogs to pass, then JUMPS --

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

-- except me.

EXT. SUPERMAX PRISON - BUILDING ENTRANCE - NIGHT

David APPEARS inside the prison yard, alongside the door. He checks to see if the tower or the dogs noticed his arrival. They didn't.

David looks through the window-slit in the door. At the end of a hall is another door with a window-slit. TWO SECURITY OFFICERS sit within a glassed-in watch-station.

INT. SUPERMAX PRISON - HALLWAY - WATCH STATION - NIGHT

A bank of monitors offer surveillance views of cells and corridors. The cells themselves are arranged in pods, which surround the central control booth. Officer #1 munches on a packet of Skittles. He pours a handful into his open palm.

SECURITY OFFICER #1  
-- I'm just saying the Raiders  
suck. Their offense is a joke.

SECURITY OFFICER #2  
And the Broncos are any better?

SECURITY OFFICER #1  
We've got Plummer, Kanell --

SECURITY OFFICER #2  
You got nobody. Not since Elway--

We're CLOSE ON Officer #1 when we hear the high-pitched WHINE and implosive RUSH OF WIND. Both sounds coincide with a GASP as Officer #2 is cut off mid-sentence. Officer #1 turns, notices his partner is gone, sits forward --

SECURITY OFFICER #1  
Brad --?

We hear the WHINE and RUSH OF WIND again, then glimpse David APPEARING just behind Officer #1.

CLOSE ON

The packet of Skittles falling to the floor, the multi-colored candy spilling and bouncing about like marbles.

WHOOSH! David REAPPEARS once again. Now he's alone. He quickly looks for an inmate roster, finds one. He runs his finger down until he finds "KHADISOV, BEKKHAN - B-11".

David locates the cell on the monitors, then BLINKS away.

INT. SUPERMAX PRISON - LEVEL ONE ISOLATION AREA - NIGHT

David REAPPEARS inside a hallway lined with steel doors, which in turn, lead to a series of isolation cells. David removes his video camera, records some footage.



He spots a security camera mounted overhead. No doubt he's being recorded. The question is, how long until he's noticed? David finds B-11. The door is solid steel, with only a narrow slit to allow a food tray through.

Suddenly, an ALARM rings. A CHEMICAL AGENT starts issuing from nozzles within the walls. Then a door opens. ARMED SECURITY OFFICERS wearing gas masks rush in, SEE David --

MASKED SECURITY OFFICER

Hey!

David flips open the slit in the cell door. He SEES a tiny twelve-by-seven foot cell. The lights are on. David reaches into a side-pocket of his backpack and JUMPS.

INT. SUPERMAX PRISON - ISOLATION CELL - NIGHT

David BLINKS in. The cell is windowless, with a bed, desk, and stool made of poured concrete. A lidless toilet.

BEKKHAN KHADISOV (30s),

A gaunt man with blue eyes and a thick beard rests on his concrete bed. Upon seeing David, he SCREAMS. David fires a canister of PEPPER SPRAY into Khadiso's face. As Khadiso curls up, GASPING and rubbing his eyes --

DAVID

Bek Khan Khadiso -- you're coming with me!

-- David pulls a nylon cable tie from his backpack. He binds Khadiso's hands and YANKS him up, JUMPING them both away --

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

They APPEAR on the deserted deck. Unprepared for the jump, Bek Khan falls to the ground. He looks around, bewildered.

BEKKHAN

Who are you?!

David pulls his ski mask off.

DAVID

Your worst nightmare. Now listen close. We're on the observation deck of the Empire State Building, about a quarter mile above Fifth Avenue. If you don't answer my next question truthfully, I'm dropping you.

DAVID(cont'd)  
 (drawing closer)  
Where is Rashid Matar.

BEKKHAN  
*Paashol v'chorte!* Go to hell!

David LUNGES at Bekkhan, gripping him tightly, and suddenly --

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - NIGHT

-- they're in FREE-FALL! Bekkhan WAILS. The WIND threatens to tear him from David's grasp as --

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - OBSERVATION DECK - NIGHT

WHOOSH! David JUMPS them back to the safety of the deck. Having anticipated the jump, David manages to keep his footing -- but Bekkhan tumbles end over end. The man curls into a ball, muttering in Chechen as David approaches.

DAVID  
 Again. Where is Rashid Matar? I  
know you're his Number Two.

Bekkhan looks up at David, hissing in Chechen:

BEKKHAN  
 Poshol na khui.

DAVID  
 (grabbing him)  
 Where is he?!

Bekkhan CRIES OUT, then caves, the words coming in a torrent.

BEKKHAN  
 Tigzirt! Tigzirt, Algeria!

David pulls his ski mask back on, crouches down --

DAVID  
 If you're lying, I'll be back. And  
 I won't save you next time.

INT. SUPERMAX PRISON - ISOLATION CELL - NIGHT

David JUMPS them back to Bekkhan's cell where ALARMS can still be heard. A second later, David JUMPS away again.

INT. ANN ARBOR PUBLIC LIBRARY - READING AREA - NIGHT

David BLINKS into the reading area. He tears off his ski-mask, hyperventilating.

Feeling queasy, he realizes that his nose is BLEEDING. He stares at his bloody fingertips, concerned.

DAVID (V.O.)

That night I realized I had limits. The more I jumped, the bigger the toll it took on my body. I couldn't help wondering what price I was paying each time I turned the world inside out. Was I slowly killing myself?

GRIFFIN (O.S.)

So you get nosebleeds too, huh?

David whips around, startled --

GRIFFIN

is standing behind him. On instinct, David JUMPS AWAY --

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

-- only to find Griffin BLINKING IN on the couch before him!

GRIFFIN

Boo.

Even more startled, David JUMPS yet again --

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - MAIN READING ROOM - NIGHT

-- REAPPEARING in the reference section. We hear the telltale NOISE that signals a jump. Feeling the hairs on his neck stand on end, David turns as a breeze kicks up behind him -- and Griffin is there once again.

GRIFFIN

We can keep doing this all night, if you want.

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"MY PARTNER IN CRIME"

INT. NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY - MAIN READING ROOM - NIGHT

As before. David stands still, astonished.

DAVID

You can jump.

Griffin nods.

DAVID (cont'd)

How?

GRIFFIN

Hell if I know. It just happened one day. Same as you, I'm guessing.

David's head is reeling, so many questions.

DAVID

But how did you find me?

GRIFFIN

Practice. When we jump we leave a kind of -- quantum trail, I guess you could call it. Like an energy signature. The point is, it can be sensed, tuned into. Maybe you've felt it before -- a feeling like you're being watched?

David nods, the notion registering with him.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

Well that was me. You probably felt the same thing when I jumped, but you just didn't know what it was. After your bank robbery in New York, it didn't take me long to track you down. Now it's easy. Any time you jump, I can feel it. Anywhere you leap, I can follow.  
(gesturing)  
Go ahead. Try it again.

David thinks of a target, then BLINKS away.

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - DAY

David APPEARS atop a snow-covered summit. The view is spectacular and -- there's Griffin, right beside him.

GRIFFIN

Neat, huh?

CUT TO:

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - BILLBOARD - DAWN

David and Griffin sit atop a billboard overlooking the expressway, watching traffic stream beneath them. As before, Griffin works at a roll of Mentos.

GRIFFIN

For the longest time I thought I was alone. I was super careful, always keeping what I could do a secret. But a secret's only cool if you can share it, right?

David nods, understanding all too well.

DAVID

Do you think there are others like us?

GRIFFIN

I don't know. I haven't sensed any. Maybe it was a fluke thing. Maybe we're it.

DAVID

When's your birthday?

GRIFFIN

December twenty-second.

DAVID

So we're not twins separated at birth.

Griffin studies the flow of traffic down below.

GRIFFIN

No. But we are different than other people. We could spend our whole lives trying to describe to them what jumping's like and they'd never get it. It sets us apart, you know? It makes us unique.

Griffin finishes the last of his Mentos, then drops the wrapper, watches it twirl down towards the traffic below.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

Sometimes I like to play chicken. I'll stand in a road, see how close a car can get before I jump. You should see the look on some of the drivers' faces. Like they're going to crap their pants.

Griffin grins at David, his sense of mischief infectious.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

I took a photo of Paris Hilton naked. Got her coming out of the shower, right? Then I thought it'd be fun to get the entire cast of *Beverly Hills 90210*. You know, like a scavenger hunt?

DAVID

(laughing)

You could do the old *Brady Bunch* cast, too. Alice, everybody.

GRIFFIN

Or *Star Trek*. Naked Spock.

(MORE)

David winces as they both crack up. After the laughter ebbs:

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

I watched you pull that stunt at the prison. Pretty impressive. You planning more of those?

DAVID

Why?

GRIFFIN

Cause what you've been doing so far is only the tip of the iceberg. You're still on training wheels when it comes to this. I could definitely teach you more.

DAVID

Like what?

GRIFFIN

Like you probably think you need to be someplace before you can jump there, right?

(shaking his head)

But a photo works just as well. Or a videotape. It's all about making a mental map in your head. You need to start training yourself. Keep a library of jump-sites, places you can go on instinct.

(beat)

But be careful.

GRIFFIN(cont'd)

There are people out there who'd  
kill for someone with our talents.  
Trust me, I've met a few.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUPERMAX PRISON - COLORADO - DAY

Establishing.

INT. SUPERMAX PRISON - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Cox and Anders, the men who activated the 'Spirit' file,  
stand before an observation window. In the room beyond,  
Khadisov sits at a table, handcuffed, talking to NSA AGENTS.

Nearby, ANOTHER AGENT sits before a monitor, step-framing  
through high-angle surveillance footage of Khadisov's cell.

ANDERS

(re: Khadisov)

He says he wanted information on  
the whereabouts of Rashid Matar.  
You think he's working free-lance?

COX

I'm not sure yet.

Cox turns to the monitor showing the step-frame footage. In  
one frame Khadisov sits by himself. In the next, a GRAINY  
SMUDGE appears in the air before him. In a later frame,  
David (wearing his ski-mask) resolves out of the smudge.

COX (cont'd)

Stop.

Cox studies the frozen frame. Slowly, a smile creeps across  
his face -- like he's hooked a real live one here.

COX (cont'd)

Son of a bitch.

The sound of a JET pre-laps over from the next scene.

SUEPR TITLE OVER BLACK:

"INTERNATIONAL MAN OF MYSTERY"

INT. BRITISH AIRWAYS JET - DUSK (MONTAGE)

BEGIN MONTAGE. David sits in First-Class, studying his  
laptop, which features slideshow images of Matar.

DAVID (V.O.)

I flew out of Kennedy to London's Gatwick South Terminal. On the way, I studied up on Rashid Matar.

INT. GATWICK AIRPORT - LONDON - DAY (MONTAGE)

Having cleared Customs, David makes his way through the terminal, pausing now and then to record various jump sites.

INT. GATWICK AIRPORT - BATHROOM - DAY (MONTAGE)

David opens one of the empty bathroom stalls, records that.

DAVID (V.O.)

While I waited for my connection to Madrid, I took Griffin's advice and recorded as many jump-sites as I could.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - DAY (MONTAGE)

David slips a tape from his camera. He writes "LONDON, GATWICK" on the label, then places it on a bookshelf.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - BILLBOARD - DAY (MONTAGE)

Griffin and David back on the billboard catwalk.

GRIFFIN

Once you've recorded a place, you won't need to fly there anymore. You can cut out Immigration, Customs, everything -- which is good, cause a guy buying that many tickets last-minute is gonna raise a lot of red flags.

INT. BARAJAS - MADRID AIRPORT - VARIOUS - DAY (MONTAGE)

In Madrid, David records unpopulated areas -- a vestibule behind some pay-phones, a cleaning supply cabinet, etc.

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - BILLBOARD - DAY (MONTAGE)

Griffin and David on the billboard catwalk again. Griffin hands a storage locker key to David.

GRIFFIN

In the basement of the New York Library there are storage lockers. You want to reach me, leave a note there. I'll check it twice a day.



INT. BARAJAS - MADRID AIRPORT - VARIOUS - DAY (MONTAGE)

David continues recording jump-sites in Madrid.

DAVID (V.O.)

In Madrid, my connection to Algiers  
didn't leave for six hours, so --

MOMENTS LATER,

David sits in a chair, talking on his cell phone.

DAVID (cont'd)

Millie? It's David. I know it's  
short notice, but I was hoping you  
might be able to go out tonight?

INT. MILLIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Millie ushers David in. She kisses him, then heads towards  
the small kitchen where she has dinner underway.

MILLIE

I was wondering if you were okay.

DAVID

I'm fine. I've just been a little  
busy. So what are we making?

David surveys the counter, which is crowded with groceries.

MILLIE

Chicken kiev, pasta. Salad.  
(handing David a knife)  
You get to chop vegetables.

DAVID

That I can do.

MILLIE

Now if I can just find the damn  
measuring cup we can get moving --

Millie hunts through the kitchen cabinets, her back to David.

MILLIE (cont'd)

-- I just don't know where it is.

David JUMPS --

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

-- back to his own kitchen. He pulls open a drawer, grabs a measuring cup and --

INT. MILLIE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

-- JUMPS BACK just as Millie is turning around. He offers her the measuring cup.

MILLIE  
Where'd you get that?

DAVID  
In one of the drawers.

MILLIE  
Weird. Never seen it before.

Millie shrugs and gets to work. David just smiles impishly.

LATER,

The lights are down and dinner is done. David and Millie sit on her couch, warming themselves in front of her fireplace.

DAVID  
That was amazing.

MILLIE  
Thanks.  
(beat)  
Do you want to stay over?

David is agony. He'd love nothing more at the moment.

DAVID  
Actually, I should probably get going. I've got a pretty important meeting tomorrow.

Millie nods, not sure whether or not she should be offended.

MILLIE  
What kind of meeting?

DAVID  
Just a business thing.

Millie stares at David, clearly not believing him. He looks away, knowing he's doing a bad job of covering.

MILLIE

What are you keeping from me? Are you dating someone else too?

DAVID

No, it's nothing like that.

MILLIE

Then what is it?

DAVID

I've just -- ever since my Mom died, I've never really been able to rely on anyone else, you know?

MILLIE

Look, at some point, you have to risk getting hurt again. That's why they call it "falling in love". Not walking, not strolling. Falling. You have to give up control. You have to jump and hope the other person catches you.

DAVID

What if they don't?

MILLIE

It could happen. They could let you down. They could leave you. They could die.

(beat, more tenderly)

But what's the alternative? Being alone? Isn't that worse?

EXT. MILLIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Millie walks David out onto the front porch.

MILLIE

Hey, how come I never see your car?

DAVID

I usually take cabs. Or walk. Gives me more time to think.

MILLIE

Well, think of me.

Millie kisses David and steps through the front door. He quickly checks to see if anyone is watching and --

INT. BARAJAS MADRID AIRPORT - CONCOURSE - DAY (MONTAGE)

-- steps out from the pay-phone alcove he had previously recorded. He re-sets his watch from Michigan to Madrid time, then starts towards his gate.

DAVID (V.O.)

Back in Madrid, I caught my flight to Algeria. Khadisov said that was where Matar was laying low, so --

INT. ALGIERS-HOURARI BOUMDIENNE AIRPORT - DAY (MONTAGE)

David changes U.S. dollars into Algerian dinars.

David quickly records a number of jump-sites.

EXT. ALGIERS-HOUARI BOUMEDIENNE AIRPORT - DAY (MONTAGE)

David emerges. The area is crowded with BEGGARS. Cold, wet, and green, with mountains climbing up from the Mediterranean. If it weren't for the MEN in caftans and djellabas and a few WOMEN in veils, we'd never think we were in North Africa.

EXT. N24 ROAD - ALGERIAN COAST - DAY (MONTAGE)

A ramshackle *Entreprise Publique de Transport de Voyageurs* bus crowded with LOCALS winds its way along an azure coastline. The Tellian Atlas Mountains rise in the distance.

INT. ALGERIAN BUS - DAY (MONTAGE)

David sits near the back, tuning out his FELLOW PASSENGERS who chatter away in FRENCH, ARABIC, and BERBER as he continues reading up on Matar.

DAVID (V.O.)

Supposedly, Matar had forged a coalition with a number of extremist organizations, and not just Islamic groups -- Maoist insurgents in Nepal, Chechen separatists like Khadisov. Like an All-Star team of terrorists. And the one thing they had in common was a hatred of the U.S.

INT. MIRZANA HOTEL - TIGZIRT - DAY (MONTAGE)

END MONTAGE. David is at the front desk of a modest Algerian beach resort, talking to a CLERK who speaks halting English.

MIRZANA CLERK

-- most sorry, sir, but we have no room available --

DAVID

I don't need a room. I'm looking for someone.

David slides a crisp U.S. \$100 across the desk. The Clerk takes the bill, looking more attentive.

MIRZANA CLERK

Who is it you are looking for?

David produces a photocopy of Matar's PHOTO.

DAVID

This man. Rashid Matar.

MIRZANA CLERK

(blinking nervously)

I have no knowledge of this person.

David studies the Clerk's face. He doesn't believe him.

DAVID

Are you sure?

CLERK

Sorry, yes.

DAVID

Well, thank you for your time.

EXT. SEASIDE ROAD - TIGZIRT - VARIOUS - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS as David dips in and out of various cafes, asking questions, showing Matar's photo.

At one cafe, the WAITER shakes his head, looking visibly frightened. David pulls out another \$100 U.S., but the man backs away. Wants nothing to do with it.

INT. ANOTHER HOTEL - TIGZIRT - NIGHT

David sits in the lobby, drinking mint tea, scanning the PEOPLE who come in and out -- GERMAN TOURISTS, FRENCH. The occasional ARABS coming through look nothing like Matar.

PRESENTLY,

TWO UNIFORMED MEMBERS OF THE DARAK AL WATANI, the national gendarmerie, enter through the door. With them is the Clerk from the Hotel Mirzana. The Clerk spots David and points.

*Son of a bitch!* David rushes to the door. Behind him:

OFFICER  
Arrêtez! Arrêtez!

EXT. HOTEL - TIGZIRT - NIGHT

David turns right, colliding with some TOURISTS. As soon as he rounds a corner, he JUMPS --

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - DAY

-- back to his apartment in New York. He flops down on the couch, knees weak. Takes a deep breath.

DAVID (V.O.)  
The next day I started all over again.

EXT. SKIES - DUSK

An Air France 767 streaks into a cloud-heavy sunset.

EXT. CHARLES DE GAULLE INT'L AIRPORT - PARIS DAY (MONTAGE)

David clears Customs, starts videotaping more jump-sites.

DAVID (V.O.)  
I continued playing hop-scotch around the world, acquiring as many jump-sites as I could.

INT. INTERNATIONAL AIRPORTS - VARIOUS - DAY

David makes his way through a dizzying array of airports as more STAMPS accumulate in his passport. He records jump-site after jump-site, changing his World-time watch as he goes.

EGYPT -- Cairo International Airport

JORDAN -- Queen Alia International Airport

BAHRAIN -- Bahrain International Airport

TURKEY -- Atatürk International Airport.

KUWAIT -- Kuwait International Airport

TUNISIA -- Tunis-Carthage International Airport

LEBANON -- Beirut International Airport

SAUDI ARABIA -- King Khalid International Airport

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - NIGHT

David places another videotape on the bookshelf, where it joins a growing collection of labeled JUMP-SITE TAPES.

DAVID (V.O.)

When I was ready, I returned to  
Algeria --

EXT. MIRZANA HOTEL - TIGZIRT - DAY

David, now dressed in an upscale linen suit and glasses, JUMPS into the courtyard of the Mirzana hotel. He makes his way to a window, where he SEES inside -- the Clerk who sold him out to the police before.

EXT. TIGZIRT - BEACH - DAY

David makes his along the beach, stopping to question various SUNBATHERS, showing them Matar's photo. David continues along a garden wall, then stoops to tie a shoelace.

A BLACK MAN,

perhaps a hundred yards away, has a camera with a very large telephoto lens on it. He's pointing it at David.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - UPPER WEST SIDE - NIGHT

Back in Manhattan, David walks towards his apartment building, carrying a bag of groceries.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

David starts up the common stairway, checks to see if anyone is watching and --

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

-- JUMPS into the kitchen. He sets his groceries on the counter and heads into the neighboring living room where --

BRIAN COX AND OWEN ANDERS

are waiting for him. Each has a glass of water. On the table before them are the jump-site tapes David has recorded.

COX

Good evening, Mr. Rice.  
(lifting up his glass)  
We helped ourselves to some water.  
I hope that's alright with you?

DAVID

Who the hell are you?!

COX

My name is Brian Cox. This is Mr. Anders. We're with the National Security Agency. We'd like you to answer a few questions for us, if you wouldn't mind.

Cox nods to a nearby chair.

COX (cont'd)

Please, won't you have a seat?

David hesitates, considering his options -- he's just too caught off guard at the moment to do anything. David sits.

COX (cont'd)

Excellent. Let's start at the beginning, shall we? On April ninth of last year you fell into the Huron River. Shortly thereafter you disappeared. Since that time, you've been living in New York, with no visible means of financial support. Am I correct so far?

David squirms. Cox takes a note from his briefcase -- the one David left in the bank: "SORRY, I'LL PAY IT BACK SOME DAY".

COX (cont'd)

What about this note? Is this your handwriting?

DAVID

I think I should talk to my lawyer.

COX

You're not under arrest.  
(beat, more serious)  
What have you been doing in Algeria, Mr. Rice?



David doesn't answer. Cox removes a PHOTO from his briefcase -- David tying his shoelaces. He's looking at the camera, suspicious, wearing the same clothes that he's wearing now.

COX (cont'd)

This picture was taken four hours ago in Tigzirt.

Cox produces ANOTHER PHOTO. In this one, David is at an airport, videotaping. Again, he is wearing the same clothes.

COX (cont'd)

This picture was taken three hours before the first, in King Khalid International Airport. Curiously, the authorities there have no record of you actually clearing immigration or customs. Moments after this photo was taken, you were seen entering a washroom. But when the washroom was searched, you had disappeared.

Cox sets the photos aside, studying David.

COX (cont'd)

Who are you working for? You're not one of ours. We've asked all the other agencies. No one's claiming you.

DAVID

I'm not working for anyone.

Cox storms up from his chair, moving nose to nose with David.

COX

Don't bullshit me, Rice! We've talked to Khadisov! We've seen the surveillance tapes!

David flinches, glancing about for an escape.

DAVID

Look, if I'm not under arrest, I want you out of my place now.

COX

We're not going anywhere.

DAVID

Then I'm leaving!

David stands, expecting Cox to try to stop him, but he just watches as David opens his front door --

THREE MEN stand outside. Two of them have their hands inside their suit jackets. The third holds a pair of handcuffs.

COX

Start talking, David. Or so help me God, you'll never see the light of day again.

Five witnesses. Better make it good. David smiles.

DAVID

Fine. You want me to talk? I've got just one thing to say, then. We mean no harm to your planet.

David JUMPS.

EXT. MILLIE'S HOUSE - DUSK

David APPEARS in the backyard, in full-scale panic-mode. He moves around the side of the house, wary. Then he spots --

-- two agents, WARD and SHELBY. One across the street, another at the edge of the front yard. Both have radios.

David JUMPS across the street,, appearing alongside Ward. David grabs the startled agent and JUMPS them both away --

INT. TIGZIRT - MIRZANA HOTEL - DAY

The clerk who ratted David out stands duty at the desk. David APPEARS with Ward, shoving across the counter, then JUMPING away --

EXT. MILLIE'S HOUSE - DUSK

Shelby, having heard the commotion, moves across the street, gun in hand.

David REAPPEARS at the side of the house, takes a second to get his bearing, SEES Shelby and JUMPS just behind him.

EXT. TIGZIRT - BEACH - DAY

David and Shelby APPEAR at the end of a dock. David PUSHES Shelby into the water, then BLINKS away again.

EXT. MILLIE'S HOUSE - DUSK

David REAPPEARS outside Millie's door, KNOCKS. After a few torturous beats, the door opens and Millie appears --

MILLIE

David -- what's going on?! There were government agents here.

DAVID

I can explain -- can I come in?

INT. MILLIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DUSK

Millie paces back and forth in front of David, furious.

MILLIE

You lied to me!

DAVID

I know. I had to. It wasn't safe telling you the truth.

MILLIE

(incredulous)

And now it is?! They said they wanted to talk to you about an on-going terrorist operation. What the hell is that about?

DAVID

(exasperated)

Look, I know I've been keeping things from you, and it's been killing me to do it -- but there's no way I can explain with words. I have to show you.

David stops, holding his hand out to her.

DAVID (cont'd)

Will you take my hand for a second?

Millie hesitates, apprehensive.

DAVID (cont'd)

Just trust your gut about me, Millie. Please. Just listen to your heart. Whatever lies they've said about me, they're not true.

MILLIE

Then what is?

DAVID

Take my hand and you'll see. I  
promise.

Millie wavers, torn between common sense and longing.

DAVID (cont'd)

Every day you should do one thing  
that scares you. Isn't that what  
you said?

She nods, extending her hand. Time seems to dilate. For the first time, we SEE a jump in slow-motion. As the wormhole opens, David and Millie's bodies particle-ize, their bodies elongating and intertwining like two strands of taffy. We travel with them, through the rip in reality and --

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - OBSERVATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

-- David and Millie REAPPEAR in a windy stairwell, their bodies unwinding, reassembling. Millie reels, terrified, taking in the Parisian cityscape beneath them.

MILLIE

Oh my God, ohmygodohmygod --

DAVID

You're okay. You're fine, you're  
totally safe --

MILLIE

Are we at the Eiffel Tower?!

DAVID

Well, I figured since you never got  
to see it in person --

David reaches for her, but Millie backs away.

MILLIE

I'm going insane.

DAVID

You're not. We're really here.

MILLIE

In Paris? How --?!

INT. LE DAUPHIN - NIGHT

David and Millie are situated in the back dining room of an unassuming, turn-of-the-century brasserie. They're drinking wine, having nearly polished off a bottle.

DAVID (V.O.)

Three drinks later, she was calm enough to hear my story.

MILLIE

I don't believe in this stuff, David. I don't like science-fiction. I don't even like Star Trek.

DAVID

Neither do I.

Millie reaches for her glass, downing the rest of her wine.

MILLIE

So how do you --  
(searching for a word)  
-- "teleport"?

DAVID

I call it jumping and I have no idea how I do it. I just do.

Millie settles back in their booth.

MILLIE

I have to tell you -- I'm disturbed about the money you stole.

DAVID

I didn't hurt anyone.

MILLIE

What about the depositors?

DAVID

They've got insurance for that -- and besides, what else was I supposed to do? I needed money.

MILLIE

Why didn't you tell someone?

DAVID

Who? Look how the NSA's reacting. If they catch me, they'll put me to work for them, I guarantee it. Or kill me. I mean, honestly, when was the last time you trusted the Government to do the right thing?

MILLIE

So we'll go public, find a lawyer --

DAVID

Don't be naive, Millie. I'm too valuable to them. They can't afford to let me go free. Can you imagine what someone like me could do if they wanted to screw things up? I could smuggle a nuclear warhead into the White House. I could take anthrax, anything.

MILLIE

So what are you going to do?

DAVID

Find Matar. I owe my mother that.

MILLIE

And if you get him, what then? Have you even thought it through? Do you kill him?

DAVID

I don't know --  
(wrestling with it)  
A part of me wants to. I'd be lying if I didn't admit it.

David reaches for Millie's hand -- but she pulls it back. Despite feeling hurt, David pushes on, imploring.

DAVID (cont'd)

I need your help, Millie. I'm all alone here.

MILLIE

What about this other jumper?

DAVID

It's not the same. I know you. I trust you.

MILLIE

And that's supposed to make me risk my life for you? I don't trust you, David. Not anymore.

DAVID

What about falling? Letting the other person catch you?

Millie stares across the table, her eyes cold, her heart completely closed off to him.

MILLIE

Don't throw my words back at me.  
Just take me home, David. Please.

EXT. MILLIE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

David and Millie stand on her doorstep.

DAVID

They'll probably be watching you.  
Bugging your phone. If you change  
your mind, leave an add in the Ann  
Arbor News personals. Mention the  
Sea of Tranquility, okay?

Millie shoots David a look and goes inside. David's  
shoulders slump, a crushing weight settling upon him.

EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NEW YORK - NIGHT

David emerges from an alleyway, keeping to the shadows.

DAVID'S POV

Across the street, an armada of Government vehicles and  
police cruisers are parked in front of his building. TEAMS  
of LAW ENFORCEMENT TYPES mill about, cordoning off the area,  
keeping a growing crowd of BYSTANDERS at bay.

David retreats back into the shadowed alley entrance, JUMPS.

EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

David REAPPEARS on a fire escape. He edges towards a window --

INSIDE, GOVERNMENT AGENTS

swarm, turning his apartment upside down. Cox and Anders are  
among them. Additionally, TWO AGENTS are scanning the area  
with some kind of bulky, hand-held energy-detectors. Like  
next-generation Geiger counters. David JUMPS again.

EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

With his apartment still in sight, David retrieves his cell  
phone from his coat pocket and dials.

INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The phone RINGS. Everyone pauses, looks to Cox. He strides  
over and picks up the phone:

DAVID'S VOICE

Don't you think you guys are going a little overboard? I'm not harming anyone, much less threatening national security.

Cox motions to his agents, urging them to start a trace.

EXT. NEARBY ROOFTOP - NIGHT

From David's vantage point he can see the agents within his apartment hustling. And then he SEES Cox himself.

COX'S VOICE

On the contrary, Mr. Rice, you've been stirring up quite a hornet's nest overseas.

DAVID

What do you ~~WANT~~, then?

COX'S VOICE

We want your services.

DAVID

No.

COX'S VOICE

We're quite aware of your history, David. What happened with your mother. We could help you find Matar.

DAVID

In return for what?

COX'S VOICE

A favor here and there. Nothing arduous, nothing unpleasant even. Depositing listening devices, for instance. Or extracting a prisoner from a hostile regime. Certainly nothing worse than what you're already contemplating.

DAVID

Thanks, but I think I'll get Matar myself.

COX'S VOICE

And then what? Do you really believe you can hide from us forever?



## COX'S VOICE(cont'd)

We've studied this phenomenon. We have some knowledge of what you're capable of. More than you do, I'd wager. Wouldn't you like to learn more about your abilities?

## DAVID (V.O.)

It was tempting --

## DAVID'S POV

Just then, Cox comes fully into view. He's staring out the window -- seemingly having spotted David's position.

## DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

-- but then I remembered reading that people could track a cell phone, even when it was off.

## EXT. DAVID'S APARTMENT BUILDING - ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

David JUMPS back to the alleyway he first appeared in. He looks at his cell phone -- tosses it into a garbage can.

## DAVID (V.O.)

So far, they hadn't found the money --

## INT. DAVID'S APARTMENT - SEALED-OFF CLOSET - NIGHT

David APPEARS inside the secret closet. He hears Cox BARKING ORDERS on the other side of the wall.

## DAVID (V.O.)

-- but it was only a matter of time. I had to find another hiding place. Somewhere more secure.

He loads money bundles into his arms. Then he hears SHOUTS. CRUNCH! An axe tears through the plaster and lath. They've found the closet! David JUMPS.

CUT TO:

## EXT. GREAT SPHINX OF GIZA - EGYPT - DAWN

Dawn is cresting over the Eastern horizon, casting an eerie glow over the Great Sphinx which sits just down the escarpment from the pyramids of Giza. Atop the Sphinx's head sit TWO TINY FIGURES.

## GRIFFIN'S VOICE

Dude, I tried to warn you.

CLOSER,

We find David and Griffin perched, looking into the sunrise. Griffin has a small pocket-knife in his hands. He's using it to clean his fingernails.

DAVID

You could've been more specific.

GRIFFIN

I was feeling you out, being cautious.

(pointedly)

Which is something you haven't been.

DAVID

So they know about jumping?

Griffin pauses, deciding to level with David.

GRIFFIN

I started jumping a few years ago. I was stupid. I made waves. Before long, that bastard Cox had me under lock and key, his people poking and prodding me like I was some kind of lab animal, trying to figure out how I do what I do. They called their little program 'Project Spirit'.

DAVID

You couldn't just jump away?

Griffin shakes his head, then lifts up his shirt, showing David a symmetrical series of scars near his collarbone.

GRIFFIN

They put some kind of implant in me. They called it a 'governor'. When I tried to escape, it gave me seizures. I was like a dog on a leash. It took me six months to figure out how to get free. And even then, I had to cut myself open to get the damn thing out. Don't kid yourself, my friend. There's no negotiating with these people. They won't ever let up. They can't. The hunt's part of their goddamn DNA.

There's an edge to Griffin now, a sense of fury that was hidden before. And David can't help wondering just how close a call he himself might've narrowly escaped.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

So. You want Matar. And I want Cox. Maybe we could help each other out. Take it to the next level.

DAVID

Which is what?

GRIFFIN

You ever hear of *Marvel Team-up*? It was a comicbook. A combo book. Two super-heroes joining forces. They had another one too -- *Marvel Two-In-One*.

DAVID

(nodding)

I know it. And DC Comics had *The Brave and the Bold*.

GRIFFIN

Right. Now just think what the two of us could do together. Anything. I mean, no one could stop us. That million dollars you stole? That's nothing. We could take over the world, if we wanted to.

DAVID

I don't want to take over the world. I just want to be left alone.

GRIFFIN

But that's not going to happen. We're different, David. I keep telling you that. You want to make a impact? Think bigger. Pick a bad guy. Saddam Hussein? That guy in North Korea?

(snapping his fingers)

We could've taken them out like that.

Griffin gestures to the East, impassioned.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

You see that sunrise out there?  
That's ours. No one else is ever  
gonna see this view.

(closer, intense)

All those rules we grew up with  
don't apply anymore, David. We  
need to make our own rules now.

Griffin makes a compelling case.

DAVID

I need to think about all this.

GRIFFIN

You do that. And watch your back  
while you're at it, cause Cox's  
dogs are gonna be on you the moment  
you let your guard down.

Griffin JUMPS. The pocket-knife he'd been holding drops,  
drawing David's attention to an inscription Griffin just  
carved into the soft sandstone: "GRIFFIN WUZ HERE."

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE"

EXT. WEST TEXAS INTERSTATE - DAY

A Greyhound bus zooms through the Texas desert.

DAVID (V.O.)

In the comics, Superman builds  
himself a secret hideaway in a  
mountain near the North Pole.

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

David stares numbly out the bus window, watching the  
monotonous flatland streak by in a sandy blur.

EXT. MOUNTAIN ROAD - DAY

Now the Greyhound winds out of a terraced mesa. The distant  
mountainous terrain is magnificent, rough, and inhospitable.

DAVID (V.O.)

Since I wasn't keen on the Arctic,  
I settled for the Chihuahuan Desert  
on the Mexican border. Three  
thousand miles of nothingness.

EXT. EL SOLITARIO FOOTHILLS - DAY

Up close, under an intense sun, El Solitario appears even rougher, with building-sized outcroppings and narrow ledges.

Outfitted with serious climbing gear, David determinedly navigates a ledge on the face of a steeply carved formation.

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - BOX CANYON - DAY

David has stumbled on an oasis. A box canyon with high sides, the upper end blocked by an ancient rockfall. The bottom is filled with water, except for a tiny island in the middle, dotted with scrub.

DAVID (V.O.)

It took me five days to find what I was looking for --

David JUMPS --

DOWN TO THE ISLAND

The walls towering above are intimidating. Then David spots a CAVE on the southern wall, shadowed by an overhang.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

A cave. Two hundred feet up a sheer rock face. Only a technical climber could reach it. Or a jumper.

EXT/INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

David BLINKS in. The cave is about thirty feet deep, the drop to the water below a long way down.

DAVID

Perfect.

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - BOX CANYON - TIMELAPSE - DAY/NIGHT

In high-speed timelapse we race through cycles of dawn and dusk as the sun and moon chase each other across the sky above the oasis. Then the timelapse slows and we are --

INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DUSK

David has enclosed the cave front from overhang to edge with a makeshift wall to keep out the elements, complete with windows and ducting for a wood burning stove and generator.

Further in, there are sheepskin rugs, ample stocks of food, some furniture, even a bed. There are also shelving units, containing the remainder of the stolen money.

We find David on the floor of the cave, scanning the Personals section of the Ann Arbor News.

DAVID (V.O.)

Once I'd settled in, I was ready to resume my search for Matar. The fact that I was on the run from the world's most powerful spy agency should've made me question what I was doing. But it didn't. I was angry and I felt unbeatable.

David stops, his heart skipping a beat. Buried halfway down the page is an ad: "THE SEA OF TRANQUILITY IS CALMER".

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"WAR"

EXT. I-94 FREEWAY - DAY

David stands on an embankment looking over the freeway, training a pair of binoculars on the road below.

DAVID'S POV

We track across the cars until we find ONE in particular. Millie is at the wheel and she appears to be alone.

INT. MILLIE'S CAR - DAY

David suddenly APPEARS in the passenger seat alongside Millie. She SCREAMS, jerking the steering wheel, nearly broad-siding a car in the next lane.

MILLIE

Jesus Christ!!! Are you trying to get us killed?!

DAVID

(sheepishly)

Sorry, sorry! I couldn't figure out another way to reach you.

Despite her frayed nerves, Millie shakes her head. The sight of David can't help but make her smile.

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER - OBSERVATION PLATFORM - NIGHT

Millie and David stand side by side, the city lights of Paris spread beneath them. Millie is wearing her charm bracelet, fingering the Eiffel Tower charm. She sighs.

MILLIE

Okay. I'm in --

David's face brightens instantly, but she holds up her hand.

MILLIE (cont'd)

-- but I've got some conditions. I'll help you find Matar. But I won't be a party to murder. No matter how much you want revenge. That's Condition One.

DAVID

Okay.

MILLIE

Condition Two -- if we do this, we're a team. I'll be risking just as much as you, so I'm going to need something out of this as well --

She pulls a sheet of paper from within her coat and hands it to David -- it's a LIST OF NAMES. David looks up, confused.

MILLIE (cont'd)

That's Amnesty International's list of all the prisoners of conscience being held around the world. As soon as we finish with your terrorists, I want us to free these people. Every last one of them.

DAVID

(balking)

That could take years.

MILLIE

Did you think I was going to let you off easy? This is bigger than both of us, David. Bigger than the memory of your mother. You've been given a gift. And if I'm going to help you, I'm going to make damn sure we make the most of it.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - ANN ARBOR - DAY (MONTAGE)

Millie sits at a workstation, firing off an e-mail.

DAVID (V.O.)

Millie became my eyes and ears,  
scouring the news for any sign of  
Matar and his network --

INT. INTERNET CAFE - ISTANBUL - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

David sits in a starkly different internet cafe, opening and reading her e-mail. He rises, exits the cafe.

DAVID (V.O.)

-- sending me tips on the internet  
through an anonymous re-mailer.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - NEW YORK - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

David buys disposable cell phones, paying in cash.

DAVID (V.O.)

We used every trick in the book.  
We paid in cash --

INT. GRAND BAZAAR - ISTANBUL - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

David winds his way through the covered market -- a sea of shops and PEOPLE. He talks on a disposable phone.

DAVID (V.O.)

-- pre-paid phone cards, disposable  
cell phones --

EXT. THE DIAG - UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN CAMPUS - DAY (MONTAGE)

Millie walks, talking on an identical disposable phone. When she's finished, she tosses her phone in the trash.

DAVID (V.O.)

Meanwhile, I leap-frogged my way  
around the world.

INT. GRAND BAZAAR - ISTANBUL - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

David finishes his call, tosses the phone in the trash. He stops at a stall, showing a PHOTO OF Matar to the SHOPKEEPER.

DAVID (V.O.)

Of course, Millie still had concerns.



INT. LE DAUPHIN - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

David and Millie are back at their brasserie, tucked in a booth, debating over dinner.

MILLIE  
What if you get injured? What if  
you're shot?

DAVID  
I don't know. It could happen.

MILLIE  
I want you to acquire a hospital  
jump site. An emergency room.

INT. ADAMS COWLEY SHOCK TRAUMA CENTER - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

David APPEARS in a recessed nook within an emergency room. A NURSE walks by but doesn't see him as he videos the site.

MILLIE (V.O.)  
I want you to practice until  
jumping there is second nature.  
Like the library back home.

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - ATELIER RESTAURANT - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

The debate continues. Now David and Millie are back at their old table, Leo pouring a bottle of wine for them.

DAVID (V.O.)  
So we practiced.

As soon as Leo exits, Millie lifts her hand above the table, making a "gun" with her thumb and index finger.

MILLIE  
Bang!

WHOOSH! David disappears --

INT. ADAMS COWLEY SHOCK TRAUMA CENTER - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

-- REAPPEARING in the emergency room, then FLASHING AWAY again, just as quickly --

INT. RITZ-CARLTON - ATELIER RESTAURANT - NIGHT (MONTAGE)

WHOOSH! David is back, only now he's sitting beside Millie, as opposed to across from her. She has a stop-watch out.

MILLIE

Not fast enough. If I'd shot you  
in the head, you'd be dead.

EXT. MEDINA - TUNIS - DAY (MONTAGE)

David winds his way through a maze of tiny streets, showing Matar's PHOTO to a series of seedy-looking CHARACTERS.

DAVID (V.O.)

We knew Cox's people were out  
there, shadowing us.

An UNDERCOVER AGENT dressed as a peddler rises, follows David around a corner into an alley --

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

It became a game. Where could I  
take them?

-- but David is no longer there. Then David APPEARS behind the agent, tapping him on the shoulder. The agent turns.

EXT. ZOO - DAY (MONTAGE)

David JUMPS the undercover agent into the midst of an outdoor gorilla habitat, then promptly JUMPS away.

EXT. THE DIAG - UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN CAMPUS - DAY (MONTAGE)

Millie, in a different set of clothes, walks the opposite direction now, talking again on a disposable phone.

TWO AGENTS in a nearby parked car, surveil her.

DAVID (V.O.)

What was the most ridiculous  
circumstance I could leave them in?

INT. AGENT CAR - DAY (MONTAGE)

David APPEARS in the back seat of their car. He JUMPS AWAY the first agent, then the second.

EXT. ALGERIAN COUNTRYSIDE - DAY (MONTAGE)

David JUMPS both bewildered agents amidst a flock of sheep. They spin about, guns drawn and aimed at nothing.

INT. INTERNET CAFE - ANN ARBOR - DAY (MONTAGE)

Millie reads an on-line breaking news report: "...Air France flight #731 hijacked, diverted to Algiers. Unconfirmed reports link Rashid Matar's terrorist organization..."

DAVID (V.O.)

It didn't take long for Millie to flag something of interest.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NYC - NIGHT

David and Millie watch a newscast. On screen, Air France 737 sits on the tarmac at Boumdienne Airport. As David reaches for a black backpack, Millie expresses apprehension.

MILLIE

You have to come back.

They kiss. Long and deep. Millie holds David's face in her hands, leaning in so they're nose to nose.

DAVID

Why?

MILLIE

Because I love you.

DAVID

That's the first time you said that.

MILLIE

Let's hope it's not the last.

David offers a little wave and JUMPS.

INT. ALGIERS-HOURARI BOUMDIENNE AIRPORT - DAY

Inside the terminal a barrier blocks off the VIP area. DARAK AL WATANI guard it, armed with machine guns. ONLOOKERS and REPORTERS gather behind the barrier.

ON DAVID

As he edges along the periphery of the crowd. When no one is looking, he JUMPS to the other side of the barrier.

The Air France jet is parked on the taxiway a hundred yards away. The front door is open, but there's no boarding walkway by it. David pulls binoculars from his backpack.

## DAVID'S POV (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

David SEES a MAN through the door, wearing a purple bag with eyeholes over his head, clutching a machine pistol.

David shifts his view to the cockpit, seeing the PILOT and COPILOT. The shades on the passengers' windows are drawn.

Someone SHOUTS at David and he glances down to the gate. A UNIFORMED MAN is talking to him in French. David looks back at the plane, studying each detail. MORE SHOUTS. When he looks to the gate again --

-- TWO ARMED DARAK AL WATANI are walking toward him, accompanied by the other man. David looks down onto the tarmac below. There's a baggage trailer parked beneath him.

## EXT. BOUMDIENNE AIRPORT - TAXIWAY - DAY

David JUMPS to the baggage trailer, then steps around it, so he isn't visible from the VIP terminal. Using the binoculars, he studies the doorway again.

## DAVID'S POV (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

The purple-headed terrorist in the door suddenly turns and goes back toward the passengers. The entranceway is clear.

David tucks away his binoculars and JUMPS.

## INT. AIR FRANCE JET - DAY

David APPEARS in the doorway. Someone is SHOUTING around the corner. He flattens himself against the storage closet for hanging bags. Across from him, the first-class galley is empty. David edges forward, looks into the cockpit --

The Copilot SEES David. His eyes are very wide. David holds his finger to his lips, mouthing the word "quiet".

The Copilot blinks and nods. His wrists are taped to the armrests of his chair. David JUMPS --

-- INTO THE COCKPIT. The Copilot and the Pilot start violently.

PILOT

Merde!

David holds up his finger again, but it's too late. FOOTSTEPS pound up the aisle. David JUMPS away --

EXT. BOUMDIENNE AIRPORT - TAXIWAY - DAY

-- back by the baggage trailer. David SEES Purple-bag cross the entranceway to the cockpit. David lifts the binoculars --

DAVID'S POV (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

-- and watches him SLAP both pilots across the face. Then Purple-bag leaves the cockpit, pausing briefly in the doorway to survey the area around the aircraft before continuing.

David JUMPS back to --

INT. AIR FRANCE COCKPIT - DAY

This time the Pilots start, but remain silent. Again, David holds up his finger for silence. He leans in close.

DAVID  
How many hijackers?

COPILOT  
Three.

DAVID  
What weapons do they have?

COPILOT  
Pistols, machine guns, hand grenades.

DAVID  
Do they have the pins pulled?

COPILOT  
I don't know.

David takes a small dentist's mirror from his bag. He pushes it slowly around the corner, looks down the aisle.

DENTIST'S MIRROR VIEW

TWO TERRORISTS are in first-class, a THIRD is halfway down the coach section, constantly swiveling his head around.

The FLIGHT ATTENDANTS are taped to seats at the back of first class. The PASSENGERS have been herded into the rear of the coach section, forced to keep their heads down.

Each hijacker has a different-colored bag on his head. Purple-bag, the closest, carries his machine gun at the ready.

The next hijacker, ORANGE-BAG, has his machine gun slung over his shoulder and a pistol in his waistband. He LECTURES the passengers while tossing a grenade from hand to hand.

The last hijacker, GREEN-BAG, suddenly strides to the rear of the plane, STRIKING a passenger with the barrel of the gun.

David grits his teeth and marks the hijackers' positions well. He JUMPS behind Purple-bag and grabs him, JUMPING TO--

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - THE PIT - DAY

-- midair, some fifty feet above the water-filled pit. As the two of them drop, David JUMPS away. Just before he disappears, he hears the SPLASH as Purple-bag hits the water.

INT. AIR FRANCE JET - DAY

David REAPPEARS six feet behind Green-bag. He'd charged forward from where he'd been, up the aisle, SHOUTING.

David JUMPS immediately in front of Green-bag, his hand sweeping the machine-gun away from the passengers.

The gun FIRES, carving divots out of the ceiling, and Green-bag's body SLAMS into David's, carrying him backwards. Before David hits the aisleway, he JUMPS them both away --

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - THE PIT - DAY

They REAPPEAR in midair, tumbling backward --

David JUMPS to the cliff above and watches Green-bag hit the water next to where Purple-bag flails. Green-bag pulls his hood free. He's Caucasian, blond hair. But there's no time to think about it. One terrorist remains. David JUMPS --

INT. AIR FRANCE JET - DAY

David REAPPEARS in the first-class galley, peeking out --

Orange-bag SCREAMS in German. He pulls a grenade from his belt, yanks the pin, The passengers WAIL, panicking --

David JUMPS behind Orange-bag, tackling him around the mid-section as he teleports him --

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - THE PIT - DAY

-- back to the mid-air location above the pit. Orange-bag is still clutching the grenade as he falls. David JUMPS to the ledge above just in time as --

-- an EXPLOSION envelops Orange-bag, tearing him apart.

ON THE LEDGE,

David watches as the two remaining terrorists make their way to the island, collapsing in the shallows. He JUMPS --

-- down to the island. He wades into the water and drags Purple-bag onto dry land. The man struggles weakly, reaching for the pistol at his waist.

David KICKS him in the stomach. Purple-bag collapses. David frees Purple-bag of his gun, then takes a nylon cable tie out of his bag and locks the terrorist's wrists behind him. Then he drags Green-bag out and does the same to them.

David frisks them, taking away two pistols, three grenades and a knife. Only then does he pull the other hood off. European features, light coloring. Neither one is Matar.

DAVID  
Where's Matar?

They stare at him, dazed. David FIRES one of the pistols into the water, the sound echoing. They jerk, more alert.

DAVID (cont'd)  
WHERE IS MATAR?! They said he was  
linked to this!

The former green-masked one speaks with a German accent.

GREEN-BAG  
We don't know what you're talking  
about! We're Red Army Faction!

Frustrated, David JUMPS away.

INT. AIR FRANCE JET - DAY

David REAPPEARS. The passengers are coming out of their paralysis, looking fearfully up the aisle as he approaches. David calls out, pointing at the flight attendants.

DAVID  
It's over. The hijackers are gone.  
Somebody cut these people loose.

David moves back towards the open doorway, JUMPS.

INT. ALGIERS-HOURARI BOUMDIENNE AIRPORT - LATER

David stands with the Press as the plane taxis to the gate, shielding himself from the Algerians and the passengers, who disembark in a daze. He pulls out a cellphone, dials:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NYC - DAY

Millie is still glued to the television -- watching as the passengers disembark. Her cellphone rings. She picks it up:

MILLIE

Are you okay?

DAVID'S VOICE

I'm fine. But it wasn't Matar.

MILLIE

So what? You still saved a hundred and nineteen lives.

INT. ALGIERS-HOURARI BOUMDIENNE AIRPORT - DAY

David nods, exhausted, the adrenaline quickly leaving him.

MILLIE'S VOICE

*What did you do with the hijackers?*

DAVID

Oh, they're in a safe place.

INT. SUPERMAX PRISON - LEVEL ONE ISOLATION AREA - NIGHT

A HALF-DOZEN SECURITY OFFICERS rush down the corridor. They race to open one of the cell doors, weapons drawn.

INT. SUPERMAX PRISON - ISOLATION CELL - NIGHT

Inside, Khadisov crouches on his cot, staring at the German hijackers who have been deposited on the floor before him.

INT. ALGIERS-HOURARI BOUMDIENNE AIRPORT - DAY

David continues watching the passengers and crew disembark.

MILLIE'S VOICE

*So come home. You did your job.*

Just then, there's a soft COUGHING SOUND from nearby. David feels a STING, runs his hand to his leg. Embedded in his thigh is a METAL PROJECTILE, tufted with foam at the end, with a wire-thin antenna projecting from it.



David tugs the dart out. A CLEAR LIQUID drips out of the barbed tip. Confused, David looks up and SEES --

A WESTERNER IN A SUIT,

Advancing, carrying a short-barreled rifle with a huge bore.

David tries to JUMP, but something is wrong. He just FLICKERS for a moment, between his current location and his Fortress of Solitude hideaway.

MORE WESTERNERS

Are seen now, carrying the large-bore rifles and other weapons. Closing in on David. And amidst them, we see Cox as well! Belatedly, David realizes this is a trap.

MILLIE'S VOICE (cont'd)

*David?*

David swoons, dropping the cellphone. The environment around him spins. He concentrates harder. Again, he just FLICKERS. He can't successfully jump!

David collapses, trying to crawl away. The first agent is on him, raising the rifle when --

WHOOSH! Griffin appears out of nowhere, PUNCHING the agent across the face!

As the agent falls, Griffin JUMPS to the agent's other side, pulling a HANDGUN from his waistband. He FIRES at the agent.

Chaos ensues. Reporters and bystanders SCREAM. Cox's men close in, FIRING. But Griffin seems to be everywhere, rapidly appearing and disappearing again.

ON DAVID

The last thing he sees is Griffin BLINKING IN alongside him. Griffin grabs David under the armpits, JUMPS them both away.

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"CASUALTIES"

DAVID (V.O.)

In the spy movies, the hero wakes up after being shot with a tranquilizer dart completely clearheaded and aware of his surroundings.

(beat)

I didn't manage things quite so well.

INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

FADE IN on David coming to. He sits up -- and immediately doubles over, puking all onto the floor. He lies there, clutching his stomach, sick as a dog.

                  GRIFFIN (O.S.)

                  Nice one, Rice. Very smooth.

ANGLE ON GRIFFIN,

Watching from nearby. He tosses something onto the floor next to David -- the tranquilizer dart. David picks it up.

                  DAVID

                  What was that thing?

                  GRIFFIN

                  Probably some kind of homing device so they could track you wherever you jumped.

                  (off David's alarm)

                  Don't worry. I disabled it.

David sits up, holding his spinning head.

                  DAVID

                  How long was I out?

                  GRIFFIN

                  Almost a day.

                  DAVID

                  (a new thought occurs)

Millie --

                  GRIFFIN

                  I don't think you're in any shape to --

David stands, unsteady, and JUMPS --

INT. MILLIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

David APPEARS inside Millie's bedroom and immediately looks at her bedside table clock. It's just after six in the morning and her bed hasn't been slept in.

                  DAVID

                  Millie?

David hears MOVEMENT in the neighboring bathroom and starts forward. As David is about to enter, he catches sight of --

DAVID (cont'd)  
You in there, Millie --?!

-- a REFLECTION in the bathroom mirror. An AGENT, carrying a short-barreled rifle with a huge bore. David JUMPS --

INT. MILLIE'S APARTMENT - LIVINGROOM - DAY

-- REAPPEARING by the front door even as TWO MORE AGENTS KICK it in! Both are armed with short-barrelled, large bore rifles. They SEE David, take aim. David JUMPS --

INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

On instinct, David REAPPEARS in his old livingroom. MORE SHADOWS move behind him. We hear the soft COUGHING SOUND of tranquilizer darts and David FLINCHES AWAY a third time, causing the darts to harmlessly imbed in the wall.

INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

David REAPPEARS in front of Griffin, devastated.

DAVID  
They took her.

Griffins nods, not all that surprised.

GRIFFIN  
I told you they play for keeps.  
(beat)  
So. You ready to take it to the next level now?

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON, D.C. - STREET - DUSK

David is at a phone kiosk, the Washington Monument clearly visible in the background. ANDERS' VOICE comes on the line.

ANDERS' VOICE  
This is Agent Anders --

DAVID  
It's Rice. Put Cox on the line.

There's a hesitation on the other end.

DAVID (cont'd)  
What's the problem? Besides starting the trace, that is?

ANDERS' VOICE  
Hold on a minute.

DAVID  
Get him on the line. I'll call  
back from another location.

David VANISHES.

EXT. ANOTHER WASHINGTON, D.C. PAYPHONE - DUSK

Once again, David dials. Immediately, Cox himself answers.

COX'S VOICE  
Hello, David.

DAVID  
(cutting him off)  
Where is Millie Harrison?

COX'S VOICE  
Why should we tell you?

DAVID  
Because there are much more  
unpleasant places your men could  
end up than sheep fields. And it  
doesn't have to be just your men  
that I take. I could go after the  
President, for instance.

Cox is silent for a moment.

COX'S VOICE  
You wouldn't do that.

DAVID  
Try me.

COX'S VOICE  
I don't have to. We have your  
girlfriend and you don't know where  
she is. You wouldn't do anything  
to jeopardize her.

DAVID  
Let me speak to her, then.

COX'S VOICE  
You know that's not possible.

Anguish on David's face. He's no good at liar's poker.

COX'S VOICE (cont'd)  
Come talk to us, David. Help us  
figure out how you do what you do.

DAVID  
Like you did with Griffin? No  
thanks.

COX'S VOICE  
How long have the two of you been  
working together?

DAVID  
We're not.

COX'S VOICE  
Then why did he save you?

DAVID  
Because he's lonely.

COX'S VOICE  
Griffin O'Connor is not to be  
trusted.

DAVID  
And you are?  
(laughing, disbelief)  
He told me everything, Cox. He  
showed me where you operated on  
him, kept him prisoner.

COX'S VOICE  
Griffin is a sociopath. He's a  
deeply disturbed individual. He  
murdered a man at the age of  
fifteen, well before he developed  
the ability to jump. He was a time-  
bomb waiting to go off, do you  
understand? A worst-case scenario.  
The only other viable option would  
have been to kill him.

DAVID  
So now I'm supposed to believe you  
guys were just being compassionate  
when you cut into him? You are so  
full of shit!

Silence for a moment. Then Cox tries a new tactic:

COX'S VOICE

One of the agents Griffin shot died, David. Did you know that?

David knows what Cox is up to, but despite this, the information gives him pause.

DAVID

I'm sorry about that -- I am. But I didn't ask him to come after me.

COX'S VOICE

Nevertheless, your actions led to that man's death.

A car eases up the street, FOUR MEN inside. OTHERS walk the sidewalks. They wear long coats; each of them holding something beneath their coats. They stop fifty yards away.

DAVID

I see your men, Cox.

COX'S VOICE

They'll stay away while we talk. I promise.

(beat)

Listen to me, David. We've scoured over every inch of your personal history. You're not like Griffin. You're a strong person. You're resourceful and you have a highly developed sense of morality. But you're not dealing with a simple high-school bully anymore. Or even your mother's killer. This is the real world. This is high-stakes. You're too valuable an asset to be allowed to roam free. We can't afford to let you fall into someone else's hands. If we can't have you, we'll make sure no one does. Do you understand what I'm telling you?

A chill runs through David and he suddenly finds himself feeling very, very tired.

DAVID

I understand.

COX'S VOICE

Then come in. You have to believe this is in your best interest.

DAVID  
I don't believe anything anymore.  
Goodbye, Cox.

COX'S VOICE  
David, wait, please --

But David simply lets the handset fall, VANISHING from sight. A beat. Then we MOVE to the other side of the phone kiosk. Griffin is there, hidden from David and the agents' view, having listened in on the entire conversation.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROCKY CLIFFS - ATLANTIC COAST - DAY

Cox stands atop a rocky headland. He pulls off the ear-bud he'd been listening to and heads towards a nearby house nestled in a pine grove. ARMED AGENTS stand guard outside.

INT. SAFE-HOUSE - GUEST SUITE - DAY

Cox enters what would otherwise appear to be a room in a comfortably appointed bed and breakfast.

COX  
Your boyfriend is a very stubborn  
young man. He's also a stupid one.

ANGLE ON MILLIE,

Playing solitaire at a writing desk next to a window.

MILLIE  
Why? Because he won't do what you  
ask?

COX  
Because he's in danger. Because he  
doesn't know what he's doing.

Cox advances, sitting opposite Millie.

COX (cont'd)  
Griffin's a poor role model. He'll  
lead David to ruin.

MILLIE  
David'll do the right thing.

COX  
 (forceful)  
The right thing is turning himself  
in.

Millie stops playing solitaire, looks up at Cox.

MILLIE  
 Do you have kids, Mr. Cox?

COX  
 That's none of your business.

MILLIE  
 I think you do.

COX  
 And why is that?

MILLIE  
 Because you sound just like my Dad  
 used to. Like you're getting ready  
 to ground someone or something.  
 Only a part of you isn't sure  
 whether or not you really believe  
 in what you're doing.

Cox just stares at Millie. Did she strike a nerve?

MILLIE (cont'd)  
 Daughter, right?

After a beat:

COX  
 Two.

MILLIE  
 (pleased with herself)  
 Thought so.

CUT TO:

INT. CLEARY HIGH-SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

Mr. Bowker is at his desk, grading papers. He reaches for  
 his "...GEEK SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH" mug, sips coffee --

DAVID (O.S.)  
 How's it going, Mr. Bowker.

David stands in the doorway, exhausted. Mr. Bowker freezes.



DAVID (cont'd)  
 Before you freak on me, just hear  
 me out for a minute, alright?

Mr. Bowker nods, nervous. David enters, shutting the door.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 I'm assuming the Government's been  
 here? Well whatever they told you  
 is bullshit. They're after me, but  
 not because I've done what they  
 say.

BOWKER  
 Then why do they want you?

DAVID  
 Watch.

David JUMPS, REAPPEARING ten feet away. Bowker's "GEEK"  
 coffee mug drops to the floor and shatters.

INT. CLEARY HIGH-SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - LATER

David and Mr. Bowker are at the back of the classroom. Some  
 time has passed. Bowker meanwhile, is setting up a video  
 camera on a tripod, framing up a shot of David while he  
 listens. The camera is wired to a nearby monitor.

DAVID  
 -- so that's it. They took her.  
 And now they're using her as  
 leverage.

BOWKER  
 Then you need to find a way to  
 leverage them back.

DAVID  
 (re: equipment)  
 So why are we wasting our time with  
 this?

BOWKER  
 Because there may be something to be  
 seen in slow motion. Now do it again  
 -- but jump right back after a count  
 of five, alright?

David nods, JUMPS --

EXT. ALGIERS-HOUARI BOUMEDIENNE AIRPORT - DAY

David APPEARS near one of the runways. He looks around, SEES a nearby Alitalia Jet. David counts to five, then JUMPS --

INT. CLEARY HIGH-SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - NIGHT

-- back to the science classroom. Even though Mr. Bowker is expecting him, he starts when David blinks back.

DAVID

Sorry.

Mr. Bowker rewinds the tape, plays it back at normal speed.

ON THE MONITOR

David stands near a science display; then he's gone. After five seconds, he reappears ~~(more)~~ on the tape.

BOWKER

I'll try it on super slow.

He rewinds the tape again, plays it back at slower speed. They lean in close, watching David's image disappear again.

BOWKER (cont'd)

There, just as you jumped. There was a flash of something -- we'll go again. Frame-by-frame.

Bowker rewinds the tape to the moment before David jumps, then advances using the still button and the frame-advance.

BOWKER (cont'd)

There -- what's that?

The video image, held wavering on the screen, goes from David standing to a rough outline of him, a DAVID-SHAPED HOLE. Inside the hole is the Alitalia jet as seen from the tarmac.

DAVID

It's a jetway in Algeria.

Bowker advances again and the David-shaped window disappears.

BOWKER

Did you see that hole? You're not disappearing one place and appearing in another, you're going through a doorway. That explains why you can take things with you.

BOWKER(cont'd)

Now watch as I keep forwarding frame-by-frame. You should see that hole open up again --

Mr. Bowker single-frames until ANOTHER DAVID-SHAPED DOORWAY appears. The view is a different slice of the Alitalia jet, reflecting where David had stood when he jumped back.

BOWKER (cont'd)

See?

DAVID

What would happen if I couldn't go through that door? Like if I were handcuffed to something?

MINUTES LATER,

David stands by a water pipe running up the classroom wall. His left wrist has been "handcuffed" to the pipe via loops of heavy-gauge wire. Mr. Bowker has trained the camera on him.

DAVID (cont'd)

Ready?

Mr. Bowker nods. David PARTIALLY BLINKS AWAY -- for just a second -- then he FLICKERS back, SCREAMING in pain.

DAVID (cont'd)

Aaghgh --

David drops to his knees, in agony. Mr. Bowker rushes over.

MR. BOWKER

Are you alright?!

DAVID

(gasping in pain)  
Just cut me free.

Mr. Bowker reaches for a pair of wire cutters, freeing David's wrist. David cradles his left hand. The area where the wire was looped around it is bleeding, lacerated.

BOWKER

So now we know -- if you can't take something with you through the gate, it pulls you back.

Mr. Bowker pauses, ruminating over something.

BOWKER (cont'd)

But I wonder -- what if you deliberately tried to oscillate between two locations? Back and forth, as quickly as you can? Are you up for one last experiment?

DAVID

I guess --

BOWKER

Try somewhere else again.

A bit gun-shy from the memory of his last attempt, David concentrates, VISUALIZING the Chihuahuan desert.

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - BOX CANYON - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

David BLINKS in atop the ridge overlooking the box canyon. Then, just as quickly, he BLINKS AWAY again.

INT. CLEARY HIGH-SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

David returns, then FLICKERS AWAY again. Back and forth, his figure taking on a STROBOSCOPIC APPEARANCE. Presently, the DAVID-SHAPED WINDOW becomes visible, in real-time. (NOTE: This process will be referred to as "twinning".)

Mr. Bowker stares, awestruck. He can SEE through David onto the mountain plateau. Even more incredible -- WIND blows through the quantum gateway, tousling Mr. Bowker's hair.

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - BOX CANYON - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Now we are on the other side of the gateway, looking back "through" David at Mr. Bowker. Mr. Bowker's hand extends towards us, picking up a rock on the ground --

INT. CLEARY HIGH-SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

-- pulling it back through the gateway into the classroom. Mr. Bowker looks at the rock in his palm, marvelling at it.

David slows his jumps. The desert wind ebbs. The window flickers closed. David is now firmly back in the classroom.

DAVID

That was weird. It was like I was in two places at once.

BOWKER

If you kept that gateway open long enough, I imagine you could bring all sorts of things through.

We hear a HELICOPTER. Mr. Bowker moves to a window.

MR. BOWKER'S POV (OUTSIDE)

A helicopter circles overhead. POLICE CRUISERS and UNMARKED CARS are converging on the school as well, SIRENS flashing.

BOWKER (cont'd)

Looks like your friends are here.

DAVID

Griffin said they'd never stop.

BOWKER

Why should they? They've got you on the defensive. Everything you're doing is reactive. You need to turn the board around. Do something they'd never expect.

DAVID

Like what?

BOWKER

Take the battle to them. Stop screwing around with their pawns. They took your queen, fine. So go after their king.

David takes in Bowker's words.

DAVID

Thanks for helping me, Mr. Bowker.

BOWKER

The name's Don, okay? I'm not your teacher anymore. I'm your friend.

David nods and Bowker wraps him in a fatherly hug. For a moment, it looks like David might even lose it. Then they part and Bowker fixes David with a close-quarters gaze.

BOWKER (cont'd)

Listen to me. No matter what they do, no matter what kind of double-speak they throw at you -- you're still the smartest primate in the room, okay? You're clever, David. You always have been.

David nods again, knowing their time is up. He JUMPS AWAY --

CUT TO:

EXT. COX'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

A sprawling lawn in Maryland's pricey Montgomery County. A BIRTHDAY PARTY is underway, replete with clowns, balloons, an inflatable "moonwalk" bouncer, lots of PARENTS and KIDS.

BRIAN COX,

Who had been manning the barbecue station, is consoling his whining daughter, JENNY (6). He's in casual clothes, looking somewhat out of place in this domestic role.

JENNY

It's not fair, Dad. Mindy always gets better parties than me.

COX

You know that's not true, Jenny.

CINDY, Cox's wife, approaches, giving him a peck.

CINDY

Gus says we need more charcoal.  
Can you make a run to the cellar?

Cox winds his way through the party, making his way towards an old-fashioned cellar door. He opens it, heads downstairs.

INT. COX'S HOUSE - CELLAR - DAY

It's dark. Cox turns on a light -- and SEES David standing right in front of him!

DAVID

Nice family, Cox. Think they'll miss you?

Cox turns to run, but David LUNGES, JUMPING them both away.

EXT. HOWLAND ISLAND - DAY

David and Cox APPEAR along a sandy shoreline. Cox falls to his knees, reaches for his gun. David JUMPS behind him, STRIKING him across the back of the neck with a telescoping baton. Cox stumbles --

David JUMPS behind Cox again, lashing out at him, then disappearing. The gun falls from Cox's grasp. David JUMPS, scoops up the gun, trains it on Cox.

Beat. Cox stares at David warily. Then he takes his surroundings -- they are on a tiny coral atoll covered with grasses and shrubs, the occasional grove of trees.

DAVID

Take off your shirt. Your pants too.

COX

I'm sorry?

DAVID

Show me your tracking device. I know you're probably wearing one.

MOMENTS LATER,

Cox has stripped down to his T-shirt and boxers. A tiny GPS DEVICE has been taped to the inside of his thigh. He strips it off, tossing it towards David, who picks it up.

DAVID (cont'd)

Thanks. I'll make sure to drop this somewhere interesting.

COX

Where are we?

DAVID

Howland Island. It's in the middle of the North Pacific, about sixteen hundred miles from civilization. Have fun.

David JUMPS away.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NYC - DAY

David is at a pay-phone. After a moment, a VOICE picks up.

DAVID

It's me, Anders.

ANDERS'S VOICE

What did you do with Brian Cox?

DAVID

He's fine. You can have him back  
when you release Millie Harrison.

ANDERS'S VOICE

It's not our policy to negotiate  
with terrorists.

David stares at the handset, flummoxed.

DAVID

You're calling me a terrorist?

ANDERS'S VOICE

Certainly. You've taken a hostage.

DAVID

SO HAVE YOU!!!

David angrily SLAMS the handset back into its cradle.

EXT. HOWLAND ISLAND - DUSK

Cox sits near a palm tree, his pants rolled up, shoes nearby.  
He's trying to crack open a cocoanut with a chunk of coral.

DAVID (O.S.)

Don't bother.

Cox SEES David, his arms loaded with a sleeping bag, a tent,  
a gallon container of water, and a large bag of McDonald's.

DAVID (cont'd)

Got you some supplies.

David tosses the McDonald's bag onto the sand. Cox pulls out  
a Quarter Pounder, starts in on it.

COX

How do you do that?

DAVID

Puancare non-Euclidean pocket  
universes --

David JUMPS alongside Cox, the implosion kicking up sand.

DAVID (cont'd)

-- zero point vacuum holes --



David JUMPS to Cox's other side, kicking up more sand --

DAVID (cont'd)  
 -- gravity distortion --  
   (jumping again)  
 -- jungle instinct --  
   (and again)  
 -- Spider-sense --  
   (and again)  
 -- voodoo curse --

Cox wipes sand from his face, annoyed and slightly rattled.

COX  
 If I'm not heard from fairly soon,  
 things are going to get very  
 unpleasant for your girlfriend.

DAVID  
 Now who's bluffing?

David's paces back and forth in front of Cox.

DAVID (cont'd)  
 Tell me something, Cox -- was that  
 hijacking in Algeria even real?

COX  
 It was real. Just the part about  
 Matar was fabricated. We leaked  
 that, hoping it would draw you out.

David shakes his head at this, amazed at their audacity.

DAVID  
 You guys are unbelievable.

Cox averts his gaze, uncomfortable. He sighs.

COX  
 What would you have us do? We were  
 in a no-win situation. You have to  
 understand -- the idea of a person  
 like you or Griffin being loose in  
 the world is untenable. It's  
 terrifying to us.

DAVID  
 I'm not a killer, Cox. I told you  
 that.

COX  
(pointedly)  
And I believe you.

DAVID  
(frustrated)  
So why are you doing this?! I just  
want to live my life! I just want  
to be left alone!

COX  
Look, David, you may be wary of us -  
- and you'd be right to be, but  
we're still your best option right  
now. If you've got any sense at  
all, if you do nothing else, you'll  
help us stop Griffin.

DAVID  
Why?

COX  
Because no one is safe if he's  
loose in the world, including  
yourself.

David studies Cox another beat, trying to read him, then  
starts off down the beach. Cox calls out to him:

COX (cont'd)  
Try Egypt. Alexandria.

David stops, looks back.

DAVID  
What?

COX  
Our sources indicate Matar is  
planning something there.

DAVID  
How do I know your people won't be  
there.

COX  
They will.

DAVID  
Then why tell me this?

COX  
Consider it a peace offering.

DAVID (V.O.)  
It didn't take long for Cox's tip  
to bear fruit.

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"ALL FALL DOWN"

INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a TV monitor. A NEWSCASTER is reading a report.

FEMALE NEWSCASTER  
-- in a brazen attack early this  
morning the *Argos* luxury yacht was  
hijacked just off the Mediterranean  
coastline. The passengers, nearly  
all of them American, are apparently  
being held hostage by a group  
identifying themselves as the World  
Liberation Front. We take you now to  
Jeremy Fusco, who is live at the  
scene. Jeremy, what's the current  
situation?

PULL BACK to reveal David watching. The image on-screen cuts  
to the FIELD REPORTER.

REPORTER  
Jessica, I'm here at Fort Qait Bey,  
where just this afternoon, a pregnant  
woman was released from the ship.  
She confirmed that there were at  
least five terrorists on board.  
Apparently, they are quite heavily  
armed. They also claim that they've  
mined the fuel tanks with plastic  
explosive. The leader, an infamous  
man named Rashid Matar --

David feels a wind kick up behind him.

GRIFFIN (O.S.)  
How do we play this?

David turns. Griffin stands a few paces away, grinning.

DAVID  
We don't. I'm doing this alone.

GRIFFIN  
Come on, that place'll be crawling  
with NSA.

DAVID

The last time you helped me a man died.

GRIFFIN

Yeah, and you might've too, if I hadn't intervened.

But David is firm, having already made up his mind.

DAVID

I don't want your help, Griffin.

WHOOSH! Griffin jumps just in front of David and SLAPS Him across the face! Then, just as quickly, he JUMPS behind David, wrapping him into a headlock, dropping him down towards the ground. He grips David tightly, hissing.

GRIFFIN

Don't be an idiot, David. You need me. You can't do this alone.

David fumes, stinging more from the indignity of the situation than the actual blow. With a sudden move, he CRIES OUT, flipping Griffin over his shoulder, JUMPING them both --

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - OBSERVATION DECK - DAY

-- to the edge of the deck, beyond the safety railing. He pins Griffin beneath him, forcing the other boy's head over the precipice. Far below, the traffic flows. Griffin smiles, breathing heavily from exertion.

GRIFFIN

My boy grew some balls.

David stares down at Griffin, intense. Then he releases his grip on Griffin, sitting back up.

DAVID

Stay away from me, Griffin. We're done.

David VANISHES.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT QAIT BEY - EASTERN HARBOR - DAY

INTERNATIONAL PRESS and LOCAL AUTHORITIES are gathered on the parapet of the harbor, binoculars and telephoto lenses trained on a white ship anchored about half a mile off-shore.

ON DAVID,

Dressed for "work" in a bullet-proof vest, his anti-terrorist bag-of-tricks secured over his shoulder. A POLICEMAN notices him and starts over. David ducks down a staircase, JUMPS.

DAVID (V.O.)

A half-hour later and three thousand dollars poorer, I was airborne in a Bell helicopter. I knew Cox's people would be watching, but I didn't have a choice.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

David sits next to a cheerful Egyptian PILOT. As they reach the Argos and begin a wide circle, David uses his binoculars.

DAVID'S POV (THROUGH BINOCULARS)

The ship is a over a hundred yards long. A bridge deck sits forward of the smokestack, a cabin deck with a pool at the back, and below that a level with a large sunbathing deck at the back. TWO MEN with machine guns (Terrorist's #1 and #2) stand on the bridge deck roof, looking at the helicopter.

The pilot listens to his radio and looks at David, surprised.

PILOT

I'm receiving direction from the army to clear away from the ship.

David nods, training his binoculars on potential jump-sites. He chooses a spot behind the smokestack. Just then, the terrorists atop the bridge FIRE at them.

DAVID

Get out of here!

The helicopter dips and spins as the pilot takes evasive maneuvers. David loosens his safety harness and JUMPS.

EXT. ARGOS CRUISE SHIP - DAY

David APPEARS by the smokestack. Using his dentist's mirror David peers around the corner:

DAVID'S POV (IN DENTIST'S MIRROR)

He can only see one of the terrorists on the bridge. Every so often, the terrorist lifts a radio to his lips and speaks.

At the back of the bridge deck is a door. David JUMPS beside it, uses the mirror again -- a narrow, door-lined passage leads forward to the bridge itself. Nobody is in sight.

INT. ARGOS - PASSAGEWAY - DAY

David eases his way in, checking out the open doorways with the mirror. He's almost reached the radio room when he hears a CHAIR CREAK and a FOOTSTEP scruff the floor.

David JUMPS OUTSIDE by the rear door, peeks into the passage - he SEES a THIRD TERRORIST stepping onto the bridge.

David JUMPS BACK by the radio room. The mirror shows it empty. Easing forward, past the captain's cabin, David looks into the bridge itself: nobody. The wheel stands motionless.

A stairway descends on both sides of the bridge. Overhead, David hears FOOTSTEPS -- one of the men on the roof. The man from the radio room went right. David takes the left route, very slowly --

EXT. ARGOS - CABIN DECK - DAY

The stairways open on the next deck, outside. David eases the port door open and walks close to the walls, shielding himself from the two men above. A door leads to --

INT. ARGOS - CABIN DECK - DAY

-- a central compartment, a large stairwell in the middle, corridors lined with staterooms. David passes Reception. There's a MAP OF THE SHIP on the wall and David studies it.

Ahead is another stairwell, leading downward. David hears VOICES and eases down the carpeted stairway.

AT THE BOTTOM,

another hallway runs down the center of the boat. On the port side is a glass door labeled COFFEE LOUNGE. On the starboard side is a hallway leading forward, from which the VOICES are coming. David peers carefully around the corner.

DAVID'S POV (THROUGH DOORWAY)

We are looking into the main lounge. About seventy feet forward, a MAN stands, his back to us, machine gun ready.

Beyond the man we SEE PEOPLE crowded together, sitting on the furniture or the floor. The doorway frames only a small segment of that space but there are a lot of people visible.

BACK TO DAVID

He goes into the coffee lounge on the other side. It's deserted. Another glass door at the far end is labeled BAR, but that door is locked. David JUMPS to the other side.

INT. ARGO - SHIP'S BAR - DAY

This room is pure men's club, dark wood paneling and leather-upholstered chairs. A glass door at the far end is curtained. David pushes the curtain slightly aside:

DAVID'S POV (INTO MAIN LOUNGE)

The passengers look distressed. Nobody is talking. The CREW is also there, officers and deckhands in whites, waiters and waitresses in dark uniforms, maids in aprons.

The CAPTAIN sits in a chair, surrounded by his officers on the floor. His face is impassive, but his hands keep turning his hat around and around.

All told, there are SIX TERRORISTS in the lounge.

DAVID (V.O.)

The lady who'd been released was wrong. There were at least eight terrorists in all. Six in the lounge and two on the bridge deck.

Four terrorists hold guns on the crowd. Another two are in conference. One is the man from the radio room. The other:

RASHID MATAR

The radio room man leaves. As Matar turns, David sees a TRANSMITTER hanging from his neck, with a red button on it.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

Matar. I couldn't believe it. I'd finally found him.

David looks at the other terrorists. They carry Uzis, grenades, and gun belts. While they also have the holstered radios, they don't seem to have bomb transmitters.

David JUMPS back to the coffee shop to think. He's sweating bullets. In the lounge, someone is CRYING. One of the terrorists SHOUTS. The situation is escalating. David JUMPS back to the bar and peeks past the curtains:

## DAVID'S POV (THE MAIN LOUNGE)

One of the men (Terrorist #4) is taking passengers to the bathroom in relays of four.

## MATAR

paces back and forth, occasionally speaking on his radio. The detonator swings back and forth on his neck lanyard.

## INT. ARGOS - POOL DECK - DAY

David JUMPS back to the central hall and goes back through the passageway to the pool. There's another bar, poolside.

## EXT. ARGOS - POOL DECK - DAY

Shielded from the terrorists on the bridge roof by the bar awning, David looks over the side -- a thirty-foot drop to the water. David studies the railing carefully, then JUMPS --

## INT. ARGOS - CABIN DECK - DAY

-- back to the original bar. He brushes aside the curtains:

## DAVID'S POV (MAIN LOUNGE)

The next group of passengers are herded to the bathroom. This leaves three men (Terrorists #5, #6, and #7) in the lounge, and Matar pacing up and down between them.

## DAVID (V.O.)

I'd have to go after Matar first  
and pray he had the only detonator.  
So this was it -- my big chance to  
play hero.

(beat)

But everyone knows, a hero is only  
as good as his villain.

David takes a deep breath, readying himself. Behind him, we suddenly glimpse a FIGURE. Before David even knows what's happening, the figure TASERS him in the shoulder. David drops, in agony.

## SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"MY ARCH-NEMESIS"

FADE IN. David is on his hands and knees, shuddering from the effects of the voltage. Griffin stands above him.



GRIFFIN

Did you really think I was going to  
leave you alone, chief?

Griffin KICKS David. David tries to jump -- but all he can manage is a STUTTERING FLICKER, teleporting only a few feet away. Griffin follows, JUMPING after David, KICKING him again.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

I offered you my friendship! And  
you spit it right back in my face!

David manages another flickering HALF-JUMP, only a yard or so, but then he just collapses altogether.

DAVID

(gasping)

Please -- don't do this -- not now --

Griffin kneels alongside David, grabbing him by the hair, pulling his face up so they're nose to nose.

GRIFFIN

You kidding? Now is why I'm doing  
it.

In the nearby lounge one of the terrorists keeps SHOUTING. David glances in that direction with mounting tension.

GRIFFIN (cont'd)

You want to see how it's done?  
Watch this!

Griffin reaches behind his back, pulling out a pistol tucked in his waist-band.

DAVID

No --!

David LUNGES for Griffin's gun, both men simultaneously JUMPING. They re-appear behind the bar, sending bottles of booze flying in all directions from their gravity wake. A stray SHOT goes off.

WHOOSH! They JUMP again, appearing in the dining area, overturning tables. In quick succession, they JUMP around the room a half-dozen more times, locked in physical combat, wrecking the place in the process.

Griffin gets behind David, trapping him in another head-lock. But David snaps his head back, BREAKING Griffin's nose!

Griffin falls, dazed. He glares at David, angry, betrayed -- but the commotion has drawn the attention of the terrorists! We hear SHOUTS and FOOTSTEPS. David is out of time.

INT. ARGOS - MAIN LOUNGE - DAY

David JUMPS alongside Matar. Matar doesn't have time to scream or reach for the detonator as David JUMPS him away.

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - THE PIT - NIGHT

Matar DROPS from fifty feet up into the pit, but David's --

INT. ARGOS - MAIN LOUNGE - DAY

-- already back in the lounge, GRABBING Terrorist #6, next to the hallway --

-- even as Griffin APPEARS as well. Griffin FIRES his pistol at David. Terrorist #7, meanwhile, RETURNS FIRE at Griffin. Griffin wings Terrorist #7. The man staggers backwards, haphazardly spraying MACHINE-GUN FIRE as he falls --

David and Terrorist #6 wrestle and BLINK away.

EXT. ARGOS - POOL DECK - DAY

David DROPS Terrorist #6 off the port side. The man FIRES his machine gun all the way down, until he hits the water.

INT. ARGOS - CABIN DECK - DAY

David is back inside, hidden behind the curtain in the bar.

DAVID'S POV (MAIN LOUNGE)

Griffin has disappeared. Terrorist #5, the remaining terrorist in the lounge, looks around wildly. Then he drags the Captain from his chair and backs against the wall, placing his pistol against the captain's head.

ON DAVID,

GASPING, afraid Terrorist #5 is going to shoot --

INT. ARGOS - BRIDGE DECK - DAY

David JUMPS to the bridge deck. Terrorist #3, the man on radio watch, CHARGES AWAY from him, toward the stairs --

David JUMPS in front of him, tripping Terrorist #3 as he tries to catch himself. His head SLAMS into the post. David bends to pick him up and JUMPS them both --

EXT. ARGOS - POOL DECK - DAY

BULLETS tear over David's head. Someone else is FIRING at him! TWO SHOTS hit David in the back. David CRIES OUT and JUMPS away without Terrorist #3 --

BACK BENEATH THE BAR AWNING

David drops to his knees, wincing in pain. He's alive -- the vest absorbed the two shots -- but he hurts like hell. Above him, we hear SHOUTS from the bridge deck. David risks a peek:

TERRORIST #1

is still atop the bridge, but Terrorist #2 stands on the deck below, just outside the bridge.

GRIFFIN

APPEARS, exchanging GUNFIRE as he rapidly JUMPS from vantage point to vantage point. He hits Terrorist #2, wounding the man. The whole scene is disintegrating into chaos.

Terrorist #1 throws a grenade at David. It BOUNCES nearby, rolling towards him. Still trying to catch his breath, David staggers to his feet, JUMPING even as the grenade EXPLODES.

David REAPPEARS thirty feet away, just barely escaping. He pulls his telescoping baton from his backpack. Then he looks about, SPOTS Griffin again --

ON DAVID,

JUMPING behind Griffin. He STRIKES Griffin as hard as he can, then KICKS the pistol from Griffin's grasp.

TERRORIST'S #1 AND #2

Draw a bead on them, FIRING. Griffin receives a GLANCING shot to the shoulder and CRIES OUT. He clutches his wounded arm, breathing through clenched teeth.

David makes a QUICK SERIES OF JUMPS. An instant later, the two terrorists are falling from the pool deck into the water.

INT. ARGOS - BRIGE - DAY

David JUMPS back to the bridge. Terrorist #3 is just getting to his feet. David STRIKES him with the baton --

EXT. ARGOS - POOL DECK - DAY

-- DROPS him over the railing into the sea and --

INT. ARGOS - CABIN DECK - DAY

-- JUMPS back to the bar to see how things are going.

DAVID'S POV (MAIN LOUNGE)

Terrorist #4 has returned with the bathroom party. He drives them forward with kicks and GUNSHOTS into the ceiling.

The other hostages are on the floor, covering their heads. Both remaining terrorists have a hostage apiece in front of them now -- the Captain and an ELDERLY WOMAN.

BACK TO DAVID

He JUMPS to the dining room below and starts up the stairs, gripping his baton so it runs up his arm, out of sight.

MAIN LOUNGE

David enters, stepping over cowering passengers. Terrorist #4 SEES him and SCREAMS in English:

TERRORIST #4

Get down!

David keeps walking forward, toward the middle of the ship.

TERRORIST #4 (cont'd)

Get down, I said!

David studies both men carefully, awaiting the right moment --

Terrorist #4 breaks first. He jerks his gun from the woman's head, points it at David, FIRES --

-- but David JUMPS alongside Terrorist #5, SMASHING the baton across the man's gun, knocking it away from the Captain.

The gun GOES OFF by the captain's ear and David swings the baton up, BACKHANDING it into Terrorist #5's face. Then he JUMPS AGAIN --

-- behind Terrorist #4, STRIKING him in the back of the head. As Terrorist #4 pitches forward, David JUMPS him away.

EXT. ARGOS - POOL DECK - DAY

David PUSHES Terrorist #4 over the railing. All told, there are now four terrorists bobbing in the water.

INT. ARGOS - MAIN LOUNGE - DAY

David BLINKS BACK. By now, the Captain has a gun in his hand and Terrorist #5 flat on the floor. He starts as David reappears, raising the gun. David raises his hands.

DAVID

Easy. I'm one of the good guys.

David looks to the floor where Terrorist #7 (who Griffin shot) is sprawled. The man is dead.

GRIFFIN

BLINKS into the lounge, startling more passengers. He stares daggers at David, his wordless message clear.

Then we hear a SHOUT. All heads turn -- a number of people are gathered around one of the MAIDS. She's on the ground, bleeding. As David approaches, a MAN looks up:

MAN

She was hit by one of the bullets.

David shoots Griffin a lethal look. Griffin responds in kind, BLINKS AWAY.

David drops his baton. He crouches by the wounded woman and scoops her into his arms. Then he JUMPS.

INT. ADAMS COWLEY SHOCK TRAUMA CENTER - DAY

David APPEARS in a nearby alcove. He steps out, carrying the woman in his arms. A RESIDENT sees them --

RESIDENT

What --? How did you --?

David ignores him, setting the maid down on a gurney.

DAVID

She's been shot. You need to help her, RIGHT NOW!

The resident springs into action, calls for assistance. As OTHERS come running, David quietly slips away, vanishing.

CUT TO:

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - BOX CANYON - NIGHT

When David arrives, he finds Matar struggling to pull himself onto the tiny island. Upon seeing David, Matar CRIES OUT. David PUNCHES Matar. As Matar falls, David JUMPS him away.

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

David APPEARS with Matar, shoving him to the ground in front of his mother's grave. He grab's Matar by the scruff of his neck, PUSHES his face towards the headstone.

DAVID

There! Take a look! Is the name familiar, Matar? Tell me you remember her!

Matar frowns. The name rings a bell but he can't place it.

DAVID (cont'd)

She was a flight attendant. You murdered her in Cyprus. You blew her up on a runway.

(shaking him)

Tell me why you killed her! TELL ME!!!

Matar slowly nods, realization dawning on him. We think he's going to unleash a stream of vitriol in response, but his voice is remarkably calm and measured.

MATAR

Your mother was a signal and nothing more. A message to your leaders. You should be proud. She died for a just cause. She was a martyr.

DAVID

Why her? Why did you pick her?

MATAR

(shrugging)

I can hardly recall anymore --

(beat, half-smiling)

Perhaps I thought she had a pretty face.

And there it is. The sum of David's tragedy reduced to a simple, random act. David just stares at Matar -- horrified. Then he snaps --

David HITS him. Matar falls backwards, scrambles to rise -- but David JUMPS behind him, STRIKING again. Then he JUMPS to Matar's other side, PUNCHING him in the stomach.

As Matar doubles over, David KICKS him in the face. Matar crumples, rolling away into a ball, trying to cover his head. David drops onto Matar, PUNCHING him. He's crying, tears blinding him as his blows become increasingly less directed.

Finally, he collapses atop Matar, SOBBING. Then he abruptly backs away, reaching for the handgun he'd tucked in his belt. Funneling all his frustration into this moment, David brings the gun up, aiming it at Matar's head --

-- then David SCREAMS and points the gun into the trees, FIRING until it's empty. Birds take wing as the shots ECHO OUT. David lowers the gun, dropping it to the ground.

Matar is stunned to find himself still alive.

DAVID

Get up. Turn around.

Matar complies, cautiously rising to his feet, turning. David steps closer, JUMPS them away --

EXT. SUPERMAX PRISON YARD - COLORADO - NIGHT

David deposits Matar in the midst of the prison yard. Matar looks around, taking in the walls, the guard towers.

DAVID

Welcome home.

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - BOX CANYON - NIGHT

David sits atop the wind-swept cliff, staring off into nothingness. Tears streak his face. He seems dead inside.

DAVID (V.O.)

Nothing ever turns out the way you think it will. I'd found my mother's killer, but she was still gone. Now Millie was too.

(beat)

Which left me nowhere. I hadn't accomplished anything. And what was I going to do with Cox? Let him starve to death? Let his kids grow up without a father? What was the point?

David knuckles the tears from his eyes and stands. He's made a decision.

EXT. HOWLAND ISLAND - NIGHT

David walks up the beach to the grove of palm trees where Cox has been sheltered. A CAMPFIRE is burning near the tent.

DAVID  
Wake up, Cox.

No answer. David approaches the tent, looks inside. It's empty. David CALLS OUT:

DAVID (cont'd)  
COX!

Again, no answer. Then David notices something on the ground -- a HARDBACK BOOK, face-down, with the pages splayed open.

David picks it up. It's a copy of "THE STARS, MY DESTINATION". Inside the front cover is a stamp from the New York Public Library. And beneath that, a handwritten note:

"WE NEED TO TALK"

INT. LIBRARY - MAIN READING ROOM - NIGHT

David APPEARS at the end of the cavernous room. It's after-hours and the place is deserted. He's scans the tables.

GRIFFIN

Sits at the far end, waiting for David. He raises his hand. David approaches, taking his time, his FOOTSTEPS echoing.

GRIFFIN  
"Lo, There Shall Be An Ending".  
You remember that title? From  
Fantastic Four #43? You ever  
wonder why the comics used such  
crazy titles?  
(quoting more)  
"If This Be Doomsday". "Where  
Stalks The Sandman". "Frenzy At  
Fifty Fathoms".

David stops in front of Griffin.

DAVID  
Where did you take Cox?



A mostly eaten roll of Mentos rests on the table, the foil wrapper peeled away in a nice spiral. Griffin pops the final one in his mouth, chews. Smiles teasingly.

Griffin  
Why don't you see if you can follow  
me? Concentrate. Think real hard.

Griffin VANISHES, the wind shifting the Mentos wrapper.

DAVID (V.O.)  
So I did.

David stares at the space Griffin vacated, fists clenched --

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
At first, I felt nothing. He was  
gone. Without a trace.

Gradually, a subtle PATTERN OF DISTORTION emerges from the air. And within this pattern we glimpse ANOTHER PLACE.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
But then I felt something. A  
memory of a place I'd never been  
before. I tried to visualize it --

The IMAGE before David is hazy. We see MACHINERY --

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
-- and in a heartbeat --

David FLASHES from view.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
-- I was there.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - DAY

David APPEARS in a sprawling, decrepit industrial facility. Once a factory, now it's just a husk -- rusted beams and columns, crumbling walls and concrete floors.

COX

Is there, chained by his wrist to a metal column. David JUMPS closer. Cox is unkempt, unshaven. He has a bruise on his cheek, a split lip.

DAVID  
You alright?

COX

(dryly)

The accommodations you provided  
were a bit better.

David crouches, inspecting the chains that bind Cox.

DAVID (V.O.)

Griffin had been smart. The chains  
meant I couldn't jump Cox away.

We hear the subtle implosion of displaced air and David turns  
-- finding Griffin behind him, holding a pistol.

GRIFFIN

You made it. Great. Lesson One  
learned. Give yourself a gold  
star. And now, now I think it's  
time for Lesson Two.

DAVID

(tiredly)

Just let him go, Griffin. Walk  
away, stay out of my life, and I'll  
stay out of yours.

GRIFFIN

Unfortunately, that's not really an  
option anymore. See, the problem  
is, I've got plans. And the only  
person on the planet who could  
possibly interfere with those plans  
is you. So what do I do? Just go  
about my business knowing you're  
out there? Wondering whether or  
not you'll decide to jack me around  
one day? Even if you were willing  
to let me go, which I don't buy --  
what if they catch you? What if  
they force you to go after me?

(shaking his head)

I don't think so.

DAVID

Then what?

GRIFFIN

I kill you. Or --

(nodding to Cox)

-- you kill him. It's your choice.

DAVID

And what'll that accomplish?

GRIFFIN

It'll show me you're willing walk the walk. That you've got a backbone. You take a man's life, it changes you.

(beat)

I want you changed, David. I want us on the same page.

David shakes his head. That's never going to happen.

DAVID

If I kill him, I'll never see Millie again. I only have leverage on them if he's alive.

GRIFFIN

Well I don't want him alive.

A long beat. David considers his options. Then:

DAVID

You forgot one.

Griffin just stares at David, confused.

DAVID (cont'd)

Back when you wanted us to work together. All those super-hero combo books you were listing? You forgot a title.

GRIFFIN

Oh yeah?

DAVID

Super-Villain Team-Up. It starred Dr. Doom and The Submariner. They made a pact, joined forces.

GRIFFIN

And?

DAVID

Things didn't work out so well in that one.

Without warning, Griffin snaps his gun up and FIRES at David's head.

Time dilates. We witness a slow-motion jump. David vanishes, just in time. And as time ramps back up again --

WHOOSH! David REAPPEARS, opening a wormhole at Griffin's side, knocking the other man back some ten feet! Griffin goes sliding backwards on his ass, FIRING as he does so --

David KEEPS JUMPING, one step ahead of the bullets. He goes from mid-air jump to mid-air jump, like he's running along a series of invisible stepping stones. Finally, he connects with Griffin, KICKING him across the face, then vanishing.

Griffin also BLINKS AWAY. The game is on.

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - BOX CANYON - DAY

David APPEARS on the ledge overlooking the oasis. Griffin BLINKS IN alongside him, taking a moment to get his bearings --

David quickly JUMPS a half-dozen times, raining blows on Griffin from every direction. Griffin retreats --

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

WHOOSH! Griffin APPEARS in riot of tangled green, deep in the Amazon. David APPEARS as well and Griffin FIRES his gun again, narrowly missing David. David JUMPS AWAY --

INT. FORTRESS OF SOLITUDE - DAY

-- and retrieves a cannister of mace from his bookshelf.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

David RETURNS to the jungle, SPRAYING mace at Griffin's face. Griffin SCREAMS, dropping the gun. David TACKLES Griffin around the mid-section and the two of them go tumbling --

-- off a ledge into a vine-covered ravine. They TUMBLE, then Griffin manages to catch hold of David's shirt --

EXT. RIVER - DAY

WHOOSH! David and Griffin materialize amidst a stretch of river rapids. Griffin quickly JUMPS to --

SOME ROCKS ON THE SHORE,

Watching as David struggles to right himself. David goes under some white-water, VANISHES --

INT. NYC PUBLIC LIBRARY - ASTOR HALL - DAY

-- and REAPPEARS, soaking wet, near the front entrance.

Even as Griffin BLINKS IN, David JUMPS again, then a SECOND, then a THIRD TIME, appearing on the stairs, the upper balcony, then back by the doors, SUCKER-PUNCHING Griffin --

Griffin TWISTS, elbowing David in the gut. Again and again they JUMP, opening wormholes, using the energy of the expanding and collapsing mini black holes to buffet each other about.

What unfolds is a bravura performance with both young men utilizing the immensely powerful jump forces in a far more directed way than previously witnessed.

We realize that they're both completely in control of the process now -- actually directing the river of energy unleashed in each jump and not simply being carried along with it.

Once again, David manages to grab Griffin, JUMPING them both --

EXT. AVE OF THE AMERICAS - NYC - DAY

-- into the middle of the street, Downtown TRAFFIC rushing all around them. A double-decker tour bus is bearing down, about to flatten them both --

Griffin DISAPPEARS. David JUMPS six feet to the side, narrowly avoiding the bus as it ROARS PAST. He touches his nose -- it's bleeding. Already, he's pushing himself past his limits. When David looks up, he SEES --

GRIFFIN ATOP THE BUS,

Grinning as the bus speeds away. Baiting David.

David climbs to his feet, running between the speeding traffic. A car BRAKES, SLEWING TOWARDS him --

David JUMPS to the other side of the car as it side-swipes a cab. He keeps running, JUMPING dozens of yards forward every few strides, quickly catching up to the bus. He JUMPS --

-- landing atop the bus as Griffin BLINKS AWAY again, back down into the snarl of traffic!

Now Griffin and David are both in the path of an on-coming semi. David JUMPS away. But Griffin sidesteps it like a matador, deftly opening a wormhole which envelops both he and the speeding truck --

EXT. MOUNTAIN TOP - NIGHT

WHOOSH! David has jumped to safety atop the snow-covered summit -- only Griffin has followed, bringing the speeding semi along with him!

David JUMPS some twenty feet straight up, the rocketing semi plowing through just underneath him. It SMASHES into the side of the mountain, sending an avalanche of snow spraying outwards --

David JUMPS further away, into mid-air again. But Griffin is there as well, SLAMMING David --

INT. 747 - NIGHT

-- into the aisle of a completely full passenger plane! The PASSENGERS SCREAM. David gets a knee up between himself and Griffin, PIVOTING Griffin over his head.

As David somersaults back up, Griffin plants a foot into David's side, KNOCKING him backwards. Griffin continues his assault, JUMPING them both --

EXT. MID-AIR - NIGHT

-- outside the 747! Now both of them are tumbling at 30,000 feet! David spirals, concentrates --

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - BOX CANYON - DAY

-- APPEARING only a dozen feet above the water. He SPLASHES down, then surfaces and quickly JUMPS --

INT. ANN ARBOR PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

-- LANDING on the floor of the reading area with a THUD. Startled PATRONS gasp. Then Griffin appears again --

-- but David is ready. He seems to SENSE where Griffin is going to appear and STRIKES OUT with his fist, PUNCHING Griffin in the face as he BLINKS IN. Griffin drops to his knees. David follows with an UPPERCUT --

-- then Griffin manages to restrain David. He THROWS David onto the floor, straddling him as he wraps his hands around David's throat. Griffin SQUEEZES with all his strength.

Panicked, David JUMPS --

INT. ROSE CENTER FOR EARTH AND SPACE - DAY

-- onto the walkway in Hayden Planetarium. But Griffin is still atop David, squeezing his life away. David JUMPS --

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

-- beside his mother's grave. He's not thinking anymore, just jumping on instinct -- and Griffin is still there.

GRIFFIN

Die, god-damnit!!! DIE!!!

David's face is crimson. He reaches for Griffin's fingers, trying to pry them from his throat, JUMPS AGAIN --

INT. CLEARY HIGH-SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY

-- into the middle of Mr. Bowker's classroom. No one is there. Just David and Griffin -- and Griffin isn't letting up. David's efforts are lessening. He's losing strength. If he doesn't do something drastic, he'll die.

A MEMORY FLASH

Mr. Bowker in the very same room.

BOWKER

But I wonder -- what if you deliberately tried to oscillate between two locations?

Then later --

BOWKER (cont'd)

If you kept that gateway open long enough, I imagine you could bring all sorts of things through.

BACK TO HERE AND NOW

David lets go of Griffin's hands -- and FLICKERS, just like before. Back and forth, faster and faster. And as he flickers we glimpse ANOTHER PLACE -- sea water. David is twinning. Griffin sits back, releasing his death-grip --

GRIFFIN

What are you doing?!

GHOST DAVID

A trick you haven't learned yet!

EXT. TIGZIRT - BEACH - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

David APPEARS out amidst the waves -- a FLICKERING GHOST IMAGE. Through the David-shaped hole we also SEE back into the classroom, Griffin's surprised face.

INT. CLEARY HIGH-SCHOOL - CLASSROOM - DAY - (CONTINUOUS)

SEAWATER GUSHES through the David-shaped gateway, thousands of gallons at once. Griffin is BLOWN BACKWARDS, sent spinning ass-over-tea-kettle. Everything else in the room is instantly buoyed about -- desks, chairs, bookcases.

INT. CLEARY HIGH-SCHOOL - HALLWAY - DAY - (CONTINUOUS)

A DELUGE surges out the classroom door, filling the hallway waist-deep in seconds. And the water keeps coming.

EXT. CLEARY HIGH-SCHOOL - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Outside the classroom, a FLOOD EXPLODES the windows outward, sending a TIDAL WAVE of water onto the school grounds!

EXT. TIGZIRT - BEACH - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

Out at sea, David's flickering form re-solidifies. He's firmly in one place again. He DIVES beneath the waves --

EXT. TIGZIRT - BEACH - UNDERWATER - NIGHT

David swims, looking for Griffin. He SEES the other man ahead, disoriented, trying to find his way to the surface.

DAVID (V.O.)

I knew I'd only bought myself  
seconds. If I was going to end it,  
it had to be right then --

David grips Griffin's wrist. Then he reaches his other hand into his back pocket, pulling out a pair of HANDCUFFS.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)

I'd planned for it. I knew I had  
to take him someplace he could  
never return from --

David struggles in the water, locking one of the cuffs around Griffin's wrist, JUMPING them both away --

EXT. TRANQUILITY BASE - THE MOON - NIGHT

Earthrise over the moon. David and Griffin APPEAR upon a level plain dotted with craters and small boulders!



Because they were in the ocean, hundreds of gallons of saltwater pour through the wormhole with them, splashing out in slow-motion waves (due to the moon's lesser gravity), then instantly flash-freezing and shattering apart in the sub-zero environment.

DAVID (V.O.)

-- even if it meant I was stuck there as well.

Nearby is the abandoned Lunar Module. Father out, more Apollo 11 debris, including the flag that Armstrong planted.

Griffin falls to the ground, covered in ice, his eyes wide as the zero vacuum of space attacks his body. He claws at his throat, his blood beginning to boil within him.

David is succumbing as well. With all his might, he THROWS himself forward, grabbing Griffin's handcuffed wrist --

-- SNAPPING the other ring of the handcuff around one of the Lunar Module's legs! Even in his death throes, Griffin realizes what's happening. But it's too late.

David LURCHES BACK, his eyes rolling to whites. He's blacking out. As he falls, he tries to visualize safety --

INT. ADAMS COWLEY SHOCK TRAUMA CENTER - NIGHT

David APPEARS in the center of the busy emergency room, startling a number of PEOPLE. He collapses to the floor, convulsing, blood bubbling from his mouth and nostrils.

ER STAFF rush to David's side, among them is the nurse we saw before. As they struggle to determine what's wrong TIME SLOWS. Their CRIES and EFFORTS become muted.

DAVID (V.O.)

According to the experts, a person can survive in the zero vacuum of space for about a minute. After ten seconds, they would probably lose consciousness. By my count I lasted seven before the world turned black.

(beat)

I remember wondering if I'd killed myself.

CLOSE ON David's face, an oxygen mask now strapped over his mouth. His eyes flutter, then close.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. INDUSTRIAL BUILDING - DAY

FADE IN on David, having recovered, making his way towards Cox. Cox is a bit worse for the wear, having spent another day without food and water.

COX  
Where's Griffin?

DAVID  
Gone. You don't have to worry  
about him coming back.

COX  
So what now?

DAVID  
I'm going to let you go.

Cox can't hide his surprise.

DAVID (cont'd)  
You see, deep down, I think you're  
actually a real human being.  
You've got a family. I'm pretty  
sure you love them. So I'm going  
to do the right thing and hope you  
do the same by setting Millie free.  
(beat)  
We just want to be left alone, Cox.  
We just want to live our lives.

David unlocks the handcuffs binding Cox's wrist. Cox  
massages the wrist in question, still wary.

COX  
How do you know you can trust me?

DAVID  
I don't. I'm going on blind faith.  
Hopefully I'm not making a mistake.

David stands, offering his hand to Cox. Cox allows himself  
to be helped up. They JUMP --

EXT. COX'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

David and Cox APPEAR some fifty feet from the house. As soon  
as they arrive, Cox turns to David -- but he's gone.

ON DAVID,

Watching from the safety of the trees a few dozen yards away.

Cox start towards his house. His wife, Cindy rushes from the back door to meet him. They hug. A moment later, Cox's daughters also rush from the house. A happy reunion for all.

BACK TO DAVID

Somehow, both happy and saddened at the same time.

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"A SHORT WALK"

EXT. THE DIAG - UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN CAMPUS - DAY

A perfect spring day. Amidst the mill of STUDENTS we find David and Cox walking across the grounds.

COX

What if we need to contact you?

DAVID

I'll check the *Ann Arbor News* classifieds. If I see a message, I'll call. If I can help you with a transport, I'll think about it.

(emphatic)

But I'm not a spy. I'm not an agent. This has to be on my terms. We do things for the greater good or we don't do them at all. And I expect to be paid for it.

(off Cox's look)

I still owe that million dollars, right?

Cox nods. They pause, having come to the edge of the Diag. Out on the street, a BLACK LIMOUSINE pulls to a stop. After a beat, Millie climbs from the back seat, waves.

DAVID (cont'd)

Thanks for keeping your word.

COX

(shaking hands)

Good luck, David.

David JUMPS -- briefly APPEARING down the street next to Millie. Then he's gone again, JUMPING them both away.

DAVID (V.O.)

In the comics, justice always prevails and the hero always gets the girl.

EXT. EL SOLITARIO - BOX CANYON - DUSK

David and Millie stand at the edge of a cliff, watching the sun set over the mountains.

DAVID (V.O.)

In the real world, things almost never work out that way. Life is too complicated, people get scared. They want to take a chance and make a leap, but they can't.

(beat)

Every once in a while, though, you find someone who bucks the trend.

David hands Millie an envelope. Inside is a card with "CHANUTE, KANSAS" written on it. Millie looks up, puzzled.

DAVID (cont'd)

Osa Johnson, the woman that wrote "I Married Adventure"? That's where her safari museum is.

(beat)

But there's just one catch. If you want to go there --

David reaches into his pocket, pulling out a RING.

DAVID (cont'd)

-- you have to marry me first.

Millie stares at David, a tortuous beat. Then she smiles.

MILLIE

Then I guess we'd better hit Vegas along the way.

DAVID

Done.

David snaps his fingers. The air shimmers and a JUMP-WINDOW opens before them. But this time, the extreme gravitational forces involved are held in check. No violent winds. Just a gentle breeze. And revealed through the window?

A VIEW OF THE LITTLE WHITE CHAPEL

In Vegas, complete with a sign outside advertising a "24 HOUR DRIVE-UP WEDDING WINDOW".

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
My name is David Rice. I was born  
on April ninth, the same day as  
Hugh Hefner. I wish I could say  
Hef and I have a lot in common, but  
the fact is, we don't --

David takes Millie's hand. Together, they step through the  
window.

DAVID (V.O.) (cont'd)  
-- and that suits me just fine.

SUPER TITLE OVER BLACK:

"THE BEGINNING"