

INNERSPACE

Original Screenplay
by
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First Draft

A STRANGE LANDSCAPE.

Like the surface of some alien planet. CELESTIAL FORMS spin
in the distance. DROP DOWN over a topography of rolling hills.

ALVIN 5 - THE POD

A titanium alloy sphere; the strongest form to withstand
great pressures. A streamlined mantle houses propellers,
batteries, articulated arms - one containing a carbon-dioxide
laser. Maneuvering thrusters protrude next to antennae.

WEIRD SUBMARINE FORMS

glow in artificial light. We float over undulating undersea
hills. Tendrils of beautiful growths wave in the currents.

AL (VO)

...one small schlep for mankind...

INT. - ALVIN 5

THE MAN INSIDE is Al Viola, 35, ex-Marine, ex-astronaut.
He holds a doctorate in Medieval Languages from the Sorbonne.
He is worldly, highly trained. Right now he's elated as well.

AL

...but it means money in
the bank to me.

A VOICE cuts in - The Mission Control Officer - COLIN

COLIN - VO

Could you to stop counting
your profits long enough for
a systems check...

AL

This is a small breakthrough.
I've a right to make a statement.

A LAB SOMEWHERE

Technicians cluster around VIDEO SCREENS showing
feeds from LVIN'S MULTIPLE CAMERAS. One shot from the housing
faces forward. Another is of Al at the controls. Exotic equipment

surrounds him. A CLOCK is prominent. It reads: ELAPSED MISSION TIME - 1 hour, 14 minutes. A third camera fixed to a long extension arm, articulates 360% and shoots back to show the POD.

COLIN

What a pain in the...Where did we get this prima donna?... (into mike) Then do try to keep it dignified. Puns are a sign of oxygen deprivation of the brain. Now give us bank three, if you would.

AL

Alright, alright! Air filtration, 88; battery load, 76;...

Reception is perfect. Al reports full success. He reads off instrument readings rapidly. His voice is clipped and precise...a test pilot. Behind him, packed into every corner of the tiny cockpit, are computers and scientific instruments.

THE LAB TECHNICIANS are taut, organized and highly disciplined. There is a sense of purpose, of very important business.

THE SUBMERSIBLE swoops through valleys lined with stranger growths. The craft is perfectly balanced, responsive to the pilot's lightest touch.

END TITLES

SILICON VALLEY - DAWN

A peaceful setting; flowers on low, rolling hills, a high-tech building complex - UNITED SYNERGISTIC TECHNOLOGIES.

TWO MEN ON A HILL OVERLOOKING UST.

They are fooling with something. It goes off. A rocket flares out in the direction of the building, The rocketeer guides the flight of the Remotely Piloted Vehicle on a video monitor.

ABOVE THE BUILDING, retro jets slow the craft. A small braking chute blooms. It settles, braking jets fire briefly as it lands softly on the rooftop air duct.

THE ROCKETEER hits a button; blue flame shoots out the underside of the vehicle. It burns a tiny pinpoint through the duct.

INT. UNITED SYNERGISTIC TECHNOLOGIES - A HIGH-TECH LAB

THE SAME ONE, SAME TIME - A TECH turns from the video monitors and looks through a window into the main experimental area...A maze of equipment. Some bizarre, tension-filled procedure is going on. Techs in the control room smoke like fiends. Others in the clean-room are enclosed head to foot in sterile coveralls.

CONTROL ROOM

Engineers note and dismiss a READING...

ENG 1

Air temp just went up.

ENG 2

We're drawing lots of power.

INT. UST FRONT OFFICE

Salesmen, job seekers crowd the busy lobby. One applicant, Joe Doakes, 30, has a air of desperation. His tie is too tight. His hair won't behave. He's nicked himself shaving. The surveillance cameras make him nervous. He checks his watch impatiently, rises and crosses to the receptionist.

JOE

Remember me?

She barely looks up...a 40 watt smile.

JOE

Joe Doakes? It's quarter to 10...

RECEPTIONIST.

I'm sorry. We're running behind. So many applicants...so few jobs... If you'll just have a seat.

JOE

I have a seat. I've had it since nine.

RECEPTIONIST.

...Mr. Athol will be with you as soon as possible. Will you be able to wait?

JOE (he turns)

You're just lucky I need this job.

RECEPTIONIST.

Is there anything else?

JOE

A drink...

RECEPTIONIST.

Water fountain's through that door, down the hall.

JOE

Thanks.

THE ROOF

The landing craft withdraws its torch,
deploys a nozzle-arm. PSSSSCCCHHHT. A colorless gas is emitted.
- A hallucinogen; debilitating but not fatal...not even
unpleasant. t makes people highly suggestible, pliable, complacent.

INT. LAB AND CONTROL ROOM-

Slowly, almost imperceptibly,
the hubbub and chatter die off. People stand and sit
as before, but slowly slow down...Cigarettes slow halfway to the
mouth...Coffee cups stop in mid-sip. In the lab, procedures just...slow.
A man at a control board looks down as if, suddenly, it's
all Greek...the lights and buttons suddenly foreign to him. Others
seem bemused, daydreaming...They smile at each other and
try to think of something to say. Some of them giggle.

EXT. THE VALLEY

A CHOPPER glides through the pass
and settles on the UST landing pad. Five figures exit the chopper,
all dressed alike; dark coveralls and boots, motorcycle
helmets with reflectored visors...A PRECISION ATTACK.

THE INTRUDERS - walk to the access door. They are
armed, disciplined, well drilled. Movement is unhurried
but efficient. They carry submachine guns. A GUARD eyes them placidly.
Their LEADER speaks through a radio directly into the UST
intercom. He is assured and calm. The GUARD is bemused... drugged.

LEADER

Hello.

GUARD

Hello

LEADER

We'd like to come in.

The guard is lethargic. The gas has sapped his will.
One part of his brain cannot accept what he is about to do. He
giggles softly at the thought of it, even as he is compelled to
obey.

GUARD

(giggling)

You'd like...to come in...

LEADER

Open the door please.

GUARD

(still giggling)

Open the door?... Certainly.

The door pops open. They enter and pass the bemused
guard.

LEADER

Thank you.

GUARD

My pleasure.

INT. LAB AREA

Everyone is smiling...stoned. The LEADER speaks to them like children, not to be funny, but because low-key orders are the most efficient. They are completely suggestible.

LEADER

Hello.

TECH

Hello.

LEADER

We've come for the PEM114.
Where is it?

TECH 2

Right there.

LEADER

Thank you.

The INTRUDERS step up to the lab equipment. Another tech...steps forward...He is struggling against the effects of the drug.

TECH 3

Wait.

LEADER

Why?

TECH 3

You can't take that.

LEADER

Why not?

TECH 3

The experiment. The danger...

THE VOICE is soothing, calming, hypnotic, but the submachine guns are always in position.

LEADER

It's alright.

TECH 3

It is?

LEADER

It will be fine. You have another.

TECH 3
Just one. The back up.

LEADER
Could I have it, please.

TECH 3
I can't get it out. It would take hours.

LEADER
That's alright. Just tear it apart.

TECH 3
Tear it apart?

LEADER
Yes.

TECH 3
Ahhh...Okay?!!!

He tears into a complex web of electronic circuitry, ripping wires and circuit boards apart. With a POP, the circuits go out.

The lights dip, the OVERHEAD VIDEO SCREENS go out as the TECH comes up with the MAIN CIRCUIT BOARD.

THE SHRIEK of an ALARM SIREN. Suddenly a door swings open. The LEADER'S gun swings on the figure in the doorway...Joe Doakes. Joe stands in shock, looks at the gun, swings the door shut behind him. The ALARM CUTS OUT. Everyone in the room stares at him. he stands there rumpled and bemused, blinking at them; Dustin Hoffman on drugs. Finally, the LEADER sees he's no threat, relaxes his grip on the gun. The LEADER snaps out:

LEADER
What do you want?

JOE (stoned innocent)
Drink of water...?

A beat, then the LEADER relaxes...He waves Joe away...

LEADER
Go get a drink.

This has the force of suggestion...Joe turns and walks through and out of the room...looking for a drink. The LEADER motions to INTRUDER 2 to continue.

INTRUDER 2
The PEM114?

TECH 2

Yes, that's it.

LEADER

Give it to me.

He does. Another tech offers the Leader the spare.
He holds the tiny circuit board in his palm, removes one chip.

LEADER

This the only spare?

TECH 2

Yes.

LEADER

The other working.

TECH 2

Perfectly.

The Leader has something in his hand, a CLICK, a WHOOSH. A butane lighter melts the circuit board to microscopic slag. The Tech looks at his scorched hand, the destroyed silicon bead. His voice is still slightly amused.

TECH 2

Ow?...

LEADER

It'll be alright.

TECH 2

It will.

LEADER

It doesn't hurt.

TECH 2

No?

The Leader pauses for a moment, amused by their sheep-like acquiescence. His next suggestion is droll.

LEADER

It tickles.

The tech looks at his smoking hand in dismay...then incredibly finds something amusing in his second degree burn. He starts to laugh...it tickles...The other techs look confused, then it's contagious. They start to laugh too.

INTRUDER 5, steps into the room full of laughing idiots. He moves to the LEADER. They speak quickly and both leave.

INT. HIGH TECH EXPERIMENT AREA

The LEADER is surprised.

LEADER

What's this?

INT 5

They're further along
than we thought.

CU - an empty beaker on a pad surrounded by exotic
equipment.

INT 5

...Looks almost ready to go.

A WALKIE-TALKIE SQUAWKS.

W/T (V.O.)

...response to door alarm...

LEADER

Time to go...(looks at the
beaker) It doesn't matter.
We have the PEM.

They turn and exit the room. As they do, the LEADER
notices Joe aimlessly examining the wall of equipment nearby.
Joe is really stoned...He's fooling with a control panel, flicking
switches on and off. He notices the INTRUDERS. Caught, he tries
to make the best of it. He smooths his hair, spins and comes
to a half-assed kind of attention. As he turns, he knocks some wildly
expensive piece of equipment to the floor. Joe grimaces and
straightens his tie, making it much worse. The LEADER comes close
to him, stares at him, thoughtfully. Joe blinks back, trying to
clear his head in case speaking is required...The leader looks at
the smashed equipment. Joe looks at it guiltily. The Radio SQUAWKS.

The Leader decides. Abruptly, he kicks the equipment
out of his way. It smashes against the back wall. Joe winces...the
Leader turns and stalks out of the room. Joe holds his attention
position for a moment, like a good scout, then seems
to find himself lost and alone in a room full of strange
equipment.

MAIN ROOM

OTHER INTRUDERS finish taking apart the equipment.
The LEADER addresses the crowd, a James Mason-ish
air about him.

LEADER

We must be off. Goodbye.

TECHS

Goodbye...Goodbye...

They all wish them goodbye...smiles and laughter
all around. The one who struggled steps forward.

INT. CONTROL ROOM

COLIN walks up to the CHIEF DETECTIVE. He shrugs. In B.G. through a glass partition...and on TV monitors, other security men question other techs.

FINNEGAN
Who'd it look like to you?

TECH 1
My dog.

COLIN turns to the detective.

FINNEGAN
Mass hypnosis. Short term memory loss.
Some kind of hallucinogenic gas...

MYER
Kind of stuff the army's been working on.

COLIN
Surveillance Cameras?

FINNEGAN
They took the tapes.

COLIN
You have nothing...

FINNEGAN
We don't even know where
to start. What about these people?
What do we do with them?

He indicates glass wall through which they can see the bystanders, including Joe, being questioned one at a time.. Joe looks a little queasy. He burps...an uneasy stomach.

COLIN
We'll have to let them go.

FINNEGAN
Surveillance on them all.

COLIN looks uncomfortable at the thought. Tech 2 steps through a door and catches his eye. He excuses himself as the FINNEGAN turns back to study his suspects in the window.

INT. LAB. - TECH 2 is panicked. He speaks quietly, intensely.

TECH 2
The P.E.M. It's gone...
They must have it.

COLIN

How did they know? No one knew.

TECH 2

Whoever has it, can leapfrog
generations of technology.
We gotta get it back.

TECH 3

Screw the PEM...What about Al...

TECH 2

Poor bastard.

AL - IN THE POD

fighting for his life. The pod is slammed and buffeted. Al
struggles with the controls as the POD tumbles..

AL

Come in, control...Do you read me?
Come in...damn!

He flips frantically through the controls.

AL

Okay guys, what's going on?
Who turned out the lights?

He tries one system, then the other.

AL

This wasn't in the plan.

Then it dawns on him: he may be in big trouble.

AL (resigned, professional)

Damn...10:03...Something's gone wrong.
Experiencing extreme turbulence. Unable
to control the capsule.. Appear to be
tumbling. Exterior environment dark.
Lost radio contact. Cause...unknown.
Power failure?... maybe...an earthquake.

HE THROWS A SWITCH: SUCCESS! LIGHT FLICKERS ACROSS HIS FACE.

AL

Wait a minute...Got power...Going
to external floods....Holy...Shit!!!

THE POD - A different LAND...Turbulent, convulsive ...alive. THE
POD seems to drop through an enormous tunnel...like a marble in a
sewer. It churns in a mass of liquid. Semi-solid forms SLAM
against the housing and rush on. They are enormous forms...
balls, discs, rods...chains...They swirl in the ebb, then drop
away before us...WE TUMBLE, GLANCE OFF A WALL, SPIN TO SEE A NEW
WAVE DESCEND UPON US... AND . Al sets his thrusters at full
forward for maximum manoueverability in the flow and powers

through the vortexes...His voice is tight with effort, concern.

AL
Where in the....YEAOOOW!!!

THE BOTTOM DROPS AWAY. An abyss opens up before him.

THE POD - plunges through the hole and FALLS...FALLS...FALLS INTO a smoking churning cavern. It hits the surface of something, plunges through into the darker depths...of a ROARING, GROANING, BUBBLING INFERNO....

INSIDE - AL has browned out from the impact. He now comes around...dazed. He is once more in darkness...The dark masses block his floodlights, throwing weird shadows...He switches over to infrared imaging...

Infrared imaging displays THE ENVIRONMENT on his cockpit glass in a HEADS-UP-DISPLAY.

AL
CHRIS, if this is one of your jokes....

SAN FRANCISCO. EXT. STREET - A WORKING-CLASS NEIGHBORHOOD - A UNITED SYSTEMS TECHNOLOGY VAN pulls up.

INT. VAN - THE FINNEGAN DRIVES. JOE SITS CONFUSED in the passenger seat.

FINNEGAN
Now remember, your short term memory may have been affected.

JOE
What?

FINNEGAN
Your memory.

JOE
What about it?

FINNEGAN
It may have been affected.

JOE
Oh.

FINNEGAN
You may not remember things.

JOE
What things?

FINNEGAN
I don't know...the last couple of hours...last few days.

JOE
Oh...that's okay.

FINNEGAN
When you do...

JOE
Do what?

FINNEGAN
When you remember...

JOE
Remember what?

FINNEGAN
Anything....You call us
right away. You got that?

JOE
Yeah. If I remember anything...
I call ...you

FINNEGAN
Right.

JOE
Who...are you?

FINNEGAN
Sergeant Finnegan. Name's
right there on the card. Are
you sure you're alright?

JOE
How do I look?

FINNEGAN
Fine. You look fine.

JOE
Thanks.

FINNEGAN
Well...

JOE
Well what?

FINNEGAN
We're here.

JOE
Here?

FINNEGAN

Home. Your home. The address
on your form.

JOE

Oh.

FINNEGAN

Don't you want to get out?

JOE

Oh....Sure.

FINNEGAN

Why don't you lie down until
you feel better.

JOE

I feel fine.

FINNEGAN

You'll feel better

JOE

I will?

FINNEGAN

Look, we'll bring your car home.
just take it easy until the effects
wear off. You need anything,
just call this number.

He offers him a card. Joe turns away.

FINNEGAN

Joe.

JOE

What?

FINNEGAN

Take the card.

JOE

Oh yeah, thanks...

The van pulls away. Joe turns, looks up at his apartment house,
seems to forget what he's doing...and wanders off down the
street. He acts strangely. There's an odd whistling in his ear.

INT. AL IN THE POD - INFRARED IMAGING - shows where he is...A
vast submarine cavern. He moves forward, swinging the POD in an
arc through the churning waters. He turns to his computers and
sensors for an answer.

MONITORS. - A diagram appears. A wire-frame representation of
Al's environment...

AL
What the hell is this?

He programs the computer to manipulate the image. The computer program turns it inside out; gives it an external, omniscient POV and we understand: It's a man. The pinpoint representing the POD is in the stomach.

AL - ALMOST - SHOCKED INTO SILENCE.

AL
Alright guys, the joke's gone far enough.

MOLLOYS BAR - A NEIGHBORHOOD HANG-OUT. Dazed, Joe enters and sits at the bar. He's greeted like a regular.

MOLLOY.
Joe. How's it going?
How'd it go with that job?

JOE
What job?

MOLLOY (A beat)
Hey...look...this one's on me.

He sets a beer in front of Joe, moves off down the bar. On the TV at the end of the bar...a NEWS REPORT. Joe stares at the TV.

TV - A REPORTER does a STAND-UP in front of U.S.T. MAIN GATE.

REPORTER
All we know, is that something has gone wrong here, but so far...no one is talking about it. Ron Golloway, with the ACTIONCAM...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL checks his environmental analysers.

AL
Stomach acid! This stuff's caustic.

SUDDENLY, THE STOMACH CHURNS...A NEW WAVE OF FOAMY LIQUID ROARS DOWN THE ESOPHAGUS AND ENGULFS THE POD.

INSIDE - AL - ON THE ANALYSERS - A READOUT: ALCOHOL.

AL
You guy's are...DRUNK! (FURIOUS)
Okay, buster, I don't know who you are, but if I ever get out of you, you're in big trouble.

INSIDE THE STOMACH - THE POD SPEEDS TOWARD THE STOMACH WALL...THE CARBON-DIOXIDE LASER FIRES OPENING A HOLE IN THE STOMACH WALL. THE POD BLASTS THROUGH.

INSIDE A CAPILLARY - THE POD BREAKS THROUGH THE WALL AND IS CARRIED AWAY IN THE BLOOD FLOW.

INT. POD -

A WIRE-FRAME REPRESENTATION OF THE BODY guides Al as he powers the POD ahead. The capillary branches into larger and larger vessels...The pressure and speed builds with every branch...Al has to fly like crazy to avoid collision with solid particles. On the monitors he watches the sonar/computer imaging to guide his navigation.

EXT. POD

He enters a main artery. The walls bulge with each pump of the heart...then up ahead, the heart. he tries to back down, reverse his thrust but it's no good; He is being sucked in. Nowhere to turn...no way to escape...He decides and THRUSTS FULL FORWARD into the heart.

WHOOSH. He is pulled into a VENTRICAL, spun...THE WORLD BLURRS as he is expelled in a surge of blood and pushed up the artery. Spinning wildly, he fights for control, swings into a vein.

THE TUNNEL gets smaller. He checks his navigation aids...It branches..Al cuts into the --- artery and up the neck into the base of the head...before him...a barrier...a membrane appears...
INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL pulls up in an eddy and aims the laser at the membrane... It slices a neat hole through it. The FLOW bursts through the breach and carries the POD with it.

OTHER SIDE OF THE MEMBRANE - Al swings the pod around...He is in another...region...where the water is still. He swings the laser around again and spot welds the tear in the membrane....before he can complete the job...a treelike thing is swept into the hole by the flood. Other debris collect behind it until the hole is sealed shut...Slowly the current dies.

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD

Al has just slipped through the BLOOD/BRAIN barrier and has taken up residence in the left VENTRICLE - A FLUID FILLED CAVITY in the brain.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL stations himself near a nerve bundle.

AL
You'll wish you never
thought of this.

He sets a contact arm of the POD for high-voltage electrical charge...picks a nerve at random...an hits the trigger.
ZZZZAAAPPP! A charge hits the nerve.

OUTSIDE - INT. THE BAR

JOE flies off the barstool and hits the floor with a thud. He looks around, dazed...then slowly climbs back up. Molloy rushes over, concerned, but says nothing.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al's environment has been agitated a little, but not much. He takes up position again at the nerve bundle, selects another nerve...hits the charge trigger.

OUTSIDE - INT. THE BAR -

JOE shakes his head...He is seeing the weirdest shit on television... then all over the walls...VISIONS. All of a sudden it's amusing...very funny. Very very funny. He falls off the stool again in convulsive laughter.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

Is getting shaken all over the place. He cuts the circuit.

OUTSIDE - INT. THE BAR

JOE, on the floor again, stops laughing as suddenly as he began. He crawls back up on the barstool, more confused than ever.

JOE
Well, think I'll go home.

MOLLOY
Are you okay?

JOE
Fine...fine. No problem. Just tired, that's all...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD -

AL hits another nerve bundle with the probe. Now he gets DISTORTED SOUNDS...

TV REPORTER (VO)
...accident site at UNITED SYSTEMS LABS...

AL
Oh, shit.

A STRANGE LANDSCAPE - THE SAME AS SCENE ONE.

THE SAME SCENE; THE SAME SHOTS. Suddenly time RUSHES FORWARD. Al's voice squeaks, the action accelerates.

LEADER (VO)

Run past this stuff.

THE VISUALS SPEED EVEN FASTER. SOMEBODY is running the tapes of the EXPERIMENT right before the attack...FAST FORWARD.

INTRUDER
You won't believe this.

INT. LAB - The INTRUDERS SLOW the tape and watch with interest.

CU.- THE BEAKER on the pedestal surrounded by EXOTIC EQUIPMENT.

LEADER
What's the hell is this?

INTRUDER (AMAZED)
They've gone ahead. They did it.

SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV - THE ATTACK. The INTRUDERS - TAPE WINDS FAST FORWARD - Someone in authority speaks with a Scottish Burr.

BURR
The craft, that man....

INTRUDER
When we got there, it was gone...

CONTROL ROOM - ANGLE ON COLIN and TECHS.

They look ...drugged.

LEADER
What happened?

INT. LAB - PEDESTAL

- Just then, a door in the B.G. opens. Joe, dizzily enters, looks around, grabs the first liquid he sees and drinks it down... The BEAKER.

MONITOR - THE IMAGE of Al in the POD breaks up, goes off.

LEADER (VO)
That Idiot!

BURR (VO)
Who is that?

LEADER (VO)
Nobody..just wanted a drink.

BURR (VO)
Someone is the idiot...

TECH 2 (VO)
What about the pilot?

BURR (VO)
How long could his power last?

TECH 2 (VO)
In that environment, I don't think
it matters.

INT 3 (VO)
What a way to go!

BURR (VO)
Dead or alive, there's a lot
that machine could tell us.

INT 3 (VO)
We better get to him fast.

INT 2 (VO)
Yeah, one pepperoni pizza,
it might be too late.

EXT. STREET. JOE STOPS AT A BUS STOP - WAITS.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL hears the STREETSOUNDS - Is reprogramming the computer...To transmit.

AL
Hello, Hello. Can you hear me?

He throws a few more switches...

AL
Hello...Hello. Come in...
Whoever you are...Hello!

EXT. STREET - A BUS pulls up, JOE gets on it.

INT. BUS-

EMPTY EXCEPT FOR A WOMAN IN THE BACK. Joe sits a few
seats from her, holding his head. As he watches the passing
street scenes through the window, the SOUND gets louder...then
distorted...enhanced...The SOUNDS FOLD BACK, REVERBERATE on
themselves...AN ACID FLASHBACK, is Joe's first thought...The
SOUND is getting very weird. It slows up, speeds down...Filters
chop the highs, the lows off...He's definitely HEARING THINGS.

A VOICE OVER
Can you hear me?

Joe looks around...No one in the bus but him and the woman. He
turns to her.

JOE
Of course, I can.

Her eyes flick to him, nervously...Then her face becomes a mask.

She stares straight ahead, gripping her bag, tightly.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD -

AL celebrates.

AL
Yahooo! It works!!!...

Excitedly, he hits the transmit button again.

OUTSIDE - ON THE BUS -

JOE stares at his hands...blinking...

AL (VO)
You can hear me!

Joe looks up at the woman.

JOE
You don't have to yell.

She moves a seat away. Joe is confused and insulted. He turns back to the window, mumbling.

AL (VO)
Then, answer me...

Joe turns to the woman, exasperated...She looks up, worried.

JOE
I did. I said I can hear you
just fine. What do you want?

She turns to him and confronts the problem directly.

WOMAN
Who, me?

Joe looks around...yep, there's no one else there.

JOE
Yes...What is it?

WOMAN
What's what?

JOE
What do you want?

WOMAN
Nothing.

JOE
What did you say?

WOMAN
Nothing.

JOE
What?

WOMAN
I said...I didn't say..anything!

JOE
Then who did?

WOMAN
You did.

JOE
No I didn't. You said something first.

AL (VO)
I said something.

JOE
I know you did!

Joe is confused now, because, although she responded to him, her mouth didn't seem to move. And now, she does it again!

AL (VO)
No, not her. Me.

JOE (SHOUTING. FRUSTRATED)
Who's you?

The woman's now terrified. She locks eyes with Joe as she slowly rises and backs away. He shouts after her.

AL (VO)
My name is AL.

JOE
Al ???!!!

He looks wildly around the bus...under the seats. The woman scurries to the front of the bus. She has a quick word with the bus driver. The driver looks up at Joe in the rear view mirror.

JOE - A stupid grin on his face. He knows someone is fucking with him. Maybe this whole thing is a joke. He baits the voice.

JOE
Where are you,...Al?

AL (VO)
You're not gonna believe this...

JOE
Try me.

AL (VO)
I'm...inside you.

A LONG PAUSE WHILE JOE THINKS ABOUT THIS.

FRONT OF THE BUS - The DRIVER and WOMAN stare at this lunatic.

JOE - SUDDENLY, HE JUMPS UP. SCREAMING AND POINTING AT THEM.

JOE
Okay...which one of you guy's
the ventriloquist????!!!

The driver's mouth drops open...He glances back at traffic.
He's about to rear-end a car. He SLAMS the brakes and swerves to
the side...the woman SCREAMS as she's thrown down the stairs.

JOE - swings from a pole as the bus SWERVES... HORNS BLAST as
the driver SWINGS back into his lane, barely avoiding a head-on.
Joe rushes up the isle, irate.

JOE
You trying to kill us? Cut the shit and concentrate
on your driving!

INSIDE - INT. THE POD -

AL is getting bounced all over.

AL
Calm down! Don't worry!

OUTSIDE

Joe talks at the driver...who thinks he's got a madman on his hands.

JOE
Either drive or talk.
Don't do both.
Then I won't worry.

The driver pulls the bus over to the curb. Sets the brake. The
woman painfully pulls herself up.

AL (VO)
It's not him.

Joe turns to the woman.

JOE
Oh...and who is it!?

WOMAN
I didn't say anything.

JOE (answering Al)
Why not?

DRIVER
Are you alright?

AL (VO)
You'll find this hard to accept.

JOE
Try me.

The driver thinks this is a challenge.

DRIVER
Alright, get off the bus.

JOE (indignant)
It's not my stop.

DRIVER
You'll have to leave.

JOE
What for?

DRIVER
...creating a disturbance.

JOE
Me?...! You created it. I'm
the one that's being disturbed.

WOMAN
You can say that again.

Joe looks at her, innocent and hurt. He turns back to the driver. He's gotten up from his seat. He's big and mean.

EXT. BUS

JOE flies out the door, lands hard on his knees and skids into a bush.

JOE
Hey!!!

He jumps up, shakes his fist at the bus as it pulls away.

JOE
I'm reporting you to the
.....transit authority!!!

INSIDE - INT. THE POD -

AL
What's going on?

OUTSIDE - EXT. STREET

Joe, points at the retreating bus...

JOE (furious)
That fucker...he's...he's...

He stops in mid-sentence as he realizes...THE VOICE...He glances around furtively...at the voice. Now he's starting to feel that he may be talking to himself...He mumbles self-consciously.

JOE
...reporting....him...
ventriloquism...On a bus

AL (VO)
Don't do that.

JOE
Why not.

He stops in his tracks, spins around...Nobody near him. He groans, puts his head in his hands.

JOE
Arrrrgh!

AL (VO)
It wasn't him.

JOE
Who was it?

AL (VO)
Me.

JOE
Who?

AL (VO)
Al.

JOE (looks around him.)
Where are you, Al?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD-

AL struggles to find the right words.

OUTSIDE

- JOE goes rustling through the bushes...Passers-by look at him queerly. He passes a mailbox...stops. Looks at it.

JOE
Al.

AL (VO)
Yes?

JOE
This candid camera?

He peers into the mailbox. Pedestrians look at him strangely.
One man comes up to mail a letter...hesitates.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

- AL hesitates, not quite sure how to tell him.
Finally, he just blurts it out.

AL (VO)
I'm in your head.

Joe's reply is flat, toneless.

JOE
You're in my head...

AL (VO)
Yes.

JOE
Your name is Al...

AL (VO)
Yes.

JOE
I see...

Joe turns to see the letter-mailer staring at him.

JOE
No...no...it's nothing..
Rehearsing a play...
(STALKS OFF)
What light through yonder
window breaks...It is Al...
and he's in my head.

AL (VO)
What is your name?

JOE
You're in my head? You don't
know my name?

AL (VO)
I just got here.

JOE
What??? You lose your lease
on a condo?

AL (VO)

Where are we?

JOE

Where are we? We're on the street.
We're walking down the street. We're
talking to ourselves. People are
staring at us.

AL (VO)

What street?

JOE

What street?! We're walking down
QUEER STREET. We coming to Dopey Drive.
We're about to be put somewhere quiet where
they won't mind that we talk to ourselves.

AL (VO)

Why don't we go home?

JOE

Go home. Good idea. Get some rest.

AL (VO)

...I need to make a phone call.

JOE

Do me a favor, Al.

AL (VO)

Yeah?

JOE

Shut up!

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT

... that of a semi-impoverished single man.
Pictures of Baseball players taped to the walls. Half broken
electronic gear all over the place. Joe wanders/rushes in, stands
confused amidst the debris.

JOE

Somebody's been here.

AL (VO)

Where are we now?

JOE

My place, can't you see?

AL (VO)

No.

JOE

You're in my head, you can
talk to me and hear what I say,

but you can't see anything.

AL (VO)
Right.

JOE
Kind of an oversight, wouldn't you say.

AL (VO)
I'm working on it. Soon as I find
the right nerve bundle.

JOE
Nerve bundle! What are you doing?
You just leave the nerve bundles right
where they are.

INSIDE - THE POD - AL

The POD moves slightly in the intercranial fluid. Al senses movement.

AL
What are you doing?

JOE'S APARTMENT

Joe roots through his goods which are strewn all over the floor.

JOE
Wait a minute, they didn't take
anything...I'm not even worth
robbing...This...they just messed it up
(HE THINKS)... Maybe I did it.

He turns, goes into the bedroom and roots around in the closet.
A secret hiding hole behind a board, he brings out a small object
wrapped in a cloth. He opens it up...a pistol and shells.

AL
Who are you?

JOE
Who am I?

AL
Yeah...Who?

JOE
Well...If you're in my head...
to you, I'm...GOD!

Unloads clip, checks it.

AL
Quit screwing around, this is important.

JOE

It's my head, I'll be the judge
of that. Anyway, who are you?

AL
I told you, my name is Al.

JOE
What are you doing in my head, Al?

Slams clip in.

AL
I'm a test pilot...

JOE (patronizing)
...Test pilot. Uh huh.
What do you test?

AL
You've heard of the PEM114...

JOE
That a new Datsun?

INSIDE - THE POD - AL

Worried frantic, he jumps to conclusions.

AL
Don't screw with me, Buster. I don't
know how you got into U.S.T. or
where you got this crazy idea, but
you get me back to the lab right now.

Joe grabs his head in frustration.

JOE
Are you threatening me?

AL
I'm trying to get you to
listen to reason.

Flips off safety.

JOE (condescending)
Reason...Ah hah...

AL (VO)
Look! I didn't ask to be in you.
Don't blame me for it. You did it.

JOE
Me? What'd I do?

AL (VO)
Yeah. What did you do? You explain it.
...why I'm not at the lab right now,

in my tube, with my crew. Explain that!

JOE

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

AL (VO)

The Nicholson Node. I suppose you haven't heard of that either.

JOE

No.

AL (VO)

You've heard of U.S.T.?

JOE

I just went there for a job.

AL (VO)

Then how'd I get here?

Joel thinks he's nuts but finally gets mad, yells at the VOICE.

JOE

I don't know. Now Fuck Off!

Strangely, that calms Al down...

AL (VO)

I know...it sounds insane.

JOE

You said it.

Joe chambers a round...Al HEARS, he senses something.

AL (VO)

What are you doing?

JOE

Loading a gun.

AL

What for?

JOE

Kill myself.

AL

Are you crazy?

JOE

Yep.

AL

Don't do it. (thinks a second)
Don't aim at the head.

JOE
Used to be, things were bad.
No job...no money...no girl.
Now I got all that and I'm crazy too.

AL
You're not crazy.

JOE
Hear voices don't I.

AL
Of course you do!

JOE
Then I'm crazy.

He cocks the gun.

AL
You're not crazy. Don't...wait
a minute, just let me explain.

JOE
You're gonna explain.

AL
Yeah

JOE
Why there's a little man in my head?

AL
Yeah.

JOE
Why he's argumentative?

AL
Yes...Yes...I'll explain it all.
Just put the gun down.

JOE (hesitates)
What's in it for me?

AL
You'll be alive.

JOE
With a man in my head...

AL
Yeah.

JOE (slowly considers)
Well...Okay, But this better be good!

INSIDE - THE POD - AL

AL
Okay, Now, The Photon Echo Memory
Chip...You've heard of that?

OUTSIDE - INT. APARTMENT -

JOE just sits there...gun in hand, staring ahead in disbelief.
He nod's slightly in response.

INSIDE - THE POD

Al lays it all on him: the EXPERIMENT.

AL
The Photon Echo Memory chip - the PEM114.
It's the key. It's magical... It focuses
massive computing power on one event: the
creation of a mathematically induced real-
life simulacrum encoded and synthesized on
the molecular level with properties of the
real model...and the transfer of a certain
imponderable which might be called the life-
force between the two in direct symbiosis.
The effect is that man and machine are living
on the molecular level...Now that's where we
were when things went wrong. You understand...
(NO RESPONSE)... Are you listening?

OUTSIDE- Joe, exhausted, mesmerized, has dozed off, gun in hand.

INSIDE - THE POD - AL

AL
I am real, Goddamn it. Hello?!!

No response. Frustrated, he hits the charge button...an electric
pulse from a POD arm shoots to a nearby nerve bundle.

JOE'S APARTMENT.

Joe's limbs shudder. His muscles spasm...
ENORMOUS ROAR - THE GUN GOES OFF.
The shell tears through the window, raining glass and plaster...
From outside the window...a STARTLED YELL...Someone falls
away from the porch.

INSIDE - THE POD -

AL - Is buffeted by the ROAR -

AL
What was that?

JOE'S APARTMENT - JOE ON THE COUCH...GETS UP, CROSSES TO WINDOW.

JOE
Who was that? Somebody out there?

HIS POV - OUT THE WINDOW.

Movement in the bushes.

AL
You weren't listening!

JOE
Sorry...all this...buzzing in my head.
(resigned...He just wants it over)
Why don't I just take you back to UST?

AL (VO)
Why don't you?

JOE (rhetorically)
Because they'll think I'm nuts.

AL (VO)
No they won't.

JOE
Why not?

AL (VO)
I'll talk to them.

JOE
Oh...Gooooood!

AL (VO)
I'll tell you what to say.

JOE
If I get you back to the lab,
will you get out of my head?

AL (VO)
If I'm real, they'll get me out.
If I'm not, they'll treat you.
Either way you'll be better off
than you are now. You'll get a reward.

Joe looks out the front. Movement in the bushes.

JOE
Let's get out of here.

EXT. APARTMENT.

Joe sneaks out the side window, through the bushes,
around to the front.

EXT. STREET

Sitting at the curb. A well-worn old Ford.
He cracks the door, sneaks in...puts the key in, releases the
brake. The car starts to roll down the hill...Faster....Joe
swings into driving position, pops the clutch. The car roars
away. As he cuts the corner, Joe looks back... No one.

AL (VO)
Anyone there?

JOE
No one. Maybe I dreamed it all up.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - U.S.T LAB COMPLEX - in the distance.

AL (VO)
Behind us?

JOE
Still clear. Just a motorcycle.

POV - A LONE MOTORCYCLE RIDER TRAILS THEM

. Joe speeds up. The cycle accelerates, overtaking them. The cyclist
is dressed in black; dark visored helmet. An INTRUDER.
Joe doesn't recognize him. The cyclist glances at Joe, then pulls ahead.

AL (VO)
What's that?

JOE
Nothing. Just the cyclist.
He's passed us.

THE CYCLE - The rider reaches for something in his saddlebag.

JOE'S CAR - IN THE REAR VIEW MIRROR

A lone van appears behind them. It quickly catches up.

AL (VO)
What'd he look like?

JOE
He's not the problem.
It's the van in the back.

Just as he says that...

CYCLE - The cyclist has a cellophane bag. He tosses it behind
him in a sweeping motion.

THE BAG - breaks open as it hits the road spewing 4 point spikes
across the tarmac.

JOE - sees the spikes, hits the brakes.

JOE
I take that back.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Joe's car runs over the spikes. All four tires blow. Joe fights the swerve as the car threatens to go off the road. The VAN rushes up to meet them.

THE CYCLE - in front, is joined by another...an ambush.

AL (VO)
What's happening?

Joe fights the car down to 30. The van pulls off on the shoulder, around the spikes and pulls up in back of Joe.

JOE
What do I do?

AL (VO)
Outrun them.

JOE
This is a Fiesta!

UP AHEAD - another VAN cuts them off.

JOE
Now what?

AL (VO)
Whatever you do, just...don't stop.

Shredding his tires, he heads for a small gap between the van and the guard rail. He shoots through it, tearing off both side mirrors. Shots fly. The windshield SHATTERS. The car rolls down an embankment...pastured countryside...a GOLF COURSE.

THE VAN AND CYCLES follow them at high speed through the trees.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL is slammed around.

THE VAN

PULLS UP right behind...Slams into their bumper.

Joe cuts left, the van tries to follow. SPRANG! It catches, wedged between two trees. A rider flies through the windshield.

JOE HITS SOMETHING. It rolls to a stop. Joe sits there, dazed.

AL (VO)
Are we safe?

As the engine dies...HEAR motorcycles.

JOE
I wouldn't say that.

AL (VO)
Then what are you stopping for?

JOE IS OUT - running through the dark fields. Cycles, headlights off...pursue. They circle him.

He sneaks along a ridge. A ROAR! - A cycle BLASTS out of the trees, headlight impaling him.

Terrified, Joe jumps over the ridge.. The cycle leaps over him. BLAAAT! It hits the ground, stops dead. The rider is thrown over the handlebars. The cycle dies, mired in a sand trap.

JOE - runs through the woods. It grows quieter.

AL (VO)
Get your breathing down. You sound like a cement mixer.

JOE
Can't see a Goddamn thi..

He turns...BLAM! Something knocks him down. A man. Joe rolls away. The man comes at him again. Joe tries to back away. The man tackles him, driving him back into the bushes.

JOE
Help!

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL's helpless.

OUTSIDE

JOE - his arms are pinned. Under his helmet, the man's neck is bare. Joe bites him. The man SCREAMS. He slugs Joe hard in the face. Joe grabs for him again. The man kicks Joe in the side of the head. Joe spins away. The man comes at him again but slips. Joe catches him in the nuts with a boot. He groans and sinks to the ground. Joe escapes.

Running full bore, he turns to look behind, stumbles, turns back around, hits something.

JOE
Ooofff!

SIRENS - LIGHTS - he's caught on a chain link fence. Figures run up, hard to see in the GLARE. A badge...UST SECURITY.

SECURITY
Stand where you are.

Joe turns, looks behind. The pursuers melt back into the trees.

JOE
I'm not going anywhere.

GOLF COURSE - NIGHT

The PURSUERS regroup.

INTRUDER 1 (indicates UST)
He's in there.

LEADER (turns to 2)
Call it off. Sterilize this area...

INTRUDER 2
That's it? We pull out?

LEADER
Let him go. We've got the PEM.

INT. UST

COLIN, OTHER TECHS seen through a lab window, confer intently. Joe bursts in, scared, whispering frantically to Al.

JOE
I want out.

AL (VO)
Too late...They want you.

JOE
Why?
AL (VO)
You know too much.

JOE
I don't know anything. I just want to go home.

AL (VO)
You have no choice, you're involved.
Will you help?

JOE (yells)
No!

Security people move in quickly.

AL (VO)
Calm Down! Act rational.

JOE
How do you act when someone
trys to kill you?

The guards think he means the TECHS tried to kill him. FINNEGAN

recognises Joe. He pulls him away.

FINNEGAN

Now, Joe, you know it was all a mistake, don't you?

JOE

No, it wasn't, It was intentional.

FINNEGAN

Why would we want to hurt you?

JOE

Not you. Them.

FINNEGAN

Who?

JOE

I don't know Who.

FINNEGAN (condescending)

Do you know why?

JOE

I don't know...To get Al.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL (VO)

No. Don't tell the guards.

OUTSIDE - THE LAB

FINNEGAN

Al?

JOE

The little man in my...
(sees he's in trouble.)
...head...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL

Oh shit.

OUTSIDE - THE LAB - The guards exchange looks: another nut case!

AL (VO)

He doesn't know about the experiment.
He'll just think you're nuts.

COLIN enters, glances at Joe, OTHER TECHS COME UP TO COLIN.

TECH 3

The Emergency committe...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
The Emergency Committee!

OUTSIDE - THE LAB

TECH 3
...will meet at Four.

AL (VO)
Four! Why not wait till Spring!
I have to talk to them.

Joe tries to approach them, but the guard prevents him from getting close. COLIN glances at Joe, pulls FINNEGAN aside.

JOE
I have to talk to them.

COLIN
What is it., Sergeant?

FINNEGAN
Must be delayed effects of the drug...
I'll get him out of here.

COLIN
He work for us?

FINNEGAN
Ah...no sir. He was here for a job
interview.

COLIN (thinks for a moment)
Give him a job.

FINNEGAN
What Job?

COLIN
Doesn't matter. Then put him away.

FINNEGAN
Sir?

COLIN
Private clinic. Best of care. Total
privacy. We'll pay all costs.

FINNEGAN
Bit expensive, sir.

COLIN
It's the least we can do. After all,
it's our responsibility.

Finnegan sits Joe at a desk as he fills out forms.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL (VO)
Did you hear that?

OUTSIDE - THE LAB - JOE

JOE
Yeah. (to them) Al wants
to talk to you!

THE TECHS, exhausted, look more worried...They speak furtively.

TECH 2
What'd he say, how's he
know about Al?

TECH 3
What does he know?

TECH 2
Too much.

COLIN ignores it, continues his discussion.

COLIN
...You know the implications
for the lab.

TECH 2 (sarcastic)
You mean that we lost the PEM and
the POD and Al right out of the lab?
Try to get a security clearance after
that. The next government contract we
get will be for urinal handles.

TECH 3
Look, nobody knows we did it.

TECH 2
Whoever took it does.

COLIN
They're not gonna tell.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL (VO)
Hey, wait a minute. They don't
have a clue who led the attack.
Or who has the PEM. I don't like
the sound of this.

OUTSIDE

COLIN notices Joe eavesdropping and moves the TECHS into the next room. Joe can see them through a window, but cannot hear them.

JOE

I get the idea they're writing you off.

INSIDE - THE POD - AL goes crazy...Flipping dials, cutting in amplifiers and filters...no good. He cannot pick them up.

AL

What is it? What happened?

THE LAB -

The guard watches Joe closely. He can't respond. He sees the TECHS SPEAKING: Vital stuff, but we cannot hear it.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

- AL thinks frantically, mumbling to himself. He cranks up the main thrusters...

AL

I'll be out of touch for a bit.

INT. THE LAB

JOE shows surprise and confusion in as restrained a manner as possible. The guard looks over, shifts his weight.

JOE

Going somewhere?

The guard just looks at him, curiously.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL

I'll be right back. Don't go away.

INT. THE LAB

JOE - wants to respond, but can't.

INSIDE - EXT. - THE POD

Moves through a GIANT, FLUID FILLED CAVERN - THE INNER EAR. The SOUND is louder now...it rattles the POD. Al manouvers to the ORGAN OF CORTI, a ledge resting against a set of hairs sticking out of nerve cells. This is the organ where fluid vibrations are converted to electrical signals to the brain.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL triggers the SONOBUOY RELEASE.

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD -

A SONOBUOY releases from a hatch.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD -

AL programs...trying to pick up better sound. He INCREASES THE GAIN and starts to HEAR THE TECHS.

TECH 3
It'll take months.

TECH 2
So we better get started.

OUTSIDE - THE LAB - THE TECHS SPEAK SOFTLY, BUT NOW WE CAN HEAR.

TECH 3
What about Al...

COLIN
...If he was right here, what would we do? What would we tell him?

TECH 3
You're glad to get rid of him!

COLIN (ignores that)
We tell him we don't have the PEM, we can't get you back to size...?

TECH 2
We can build another.

COLIN
Look at this mess. That would take months.

JOE - He's amazed, Al's enhancement lets him HEAR it too.

AL (VO)
It can't take that long.

JOE
Why?

JOE'S POV TECH 3-

TECH3
We have to get the PEM and reverse the process...before...

JOE

AL (VO)
...the POD loses power and can no longer maintain life support.

JOE'S POV - COLIN -

COLIN
How soon?

TECH 2
WITHIN 92 HOURS...

JOE
JOE
Or what?

AL
I don't know. I don't want to find out.

COLIN looks over in Joe's direction.

AL (VO)
They'll find a way.

COLIN (dismissive)
Forget it...Al's dead. It's better...in a way.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL (indignant scream)
BETTER! You son of a bitch!

COLIN (coldly)
Beyond our control...an accident.
Nothing we can do. In a way, you
might say...Al was lost ...at Sea.

Joe HEARS a gasp of frustration from Al. He tries to make the best of it, tries to put the best face on it, to calm Al down.

JOE
They could put you back in the tube..

AL (VO)
I'd be helpless and useless.
They don't have the PEM.
Without that...there's no chance.

JOE
Well...they sure as hell aren't
gonna get it for you.

AL (VO)
They're busy covering their
asses. They're not the type
of people we need."

JOE
Yeah...Who is?

AL (VO)
I am. You are.

JOE
You are CRAZY!

AL (VO)
You're the one talking to
a little guy in your head.
(JOE SULKS)
...We'll have to do it on our own.

JOE
What do you mean we.

AL (VO)
You gotta help.

JOE
I did. I brought you back here.

AL (VO)
We're a team...My...talent.
Your... mobility.

JOE
Thanks.

AL (VO)
Think of the scientific data
we'll gain. Come on, lets
get out of here.

JOE
I'm not leaving until you do.

FINNEGAN steps in.

FINNEGAN
Nobody asked you to.

AL (VO)
You tell them about me,
they'll put us both away
for sure. Get out...now.

JOE
I'm not going anywhere until
you get this guy out of my head.

FINNEGAN
Of course you're not.
We'll take good care of you.

The guard grins at him. Joe doesn't like the way he grins.

AL (VO)

Ever think of what they might
have to do to find me?

JOE
Find You?

AL (VO)
I'm not gonna make it easy.

JOE looks away. The guard slowly pulls out his cuffs.

AL (VO)
They'll have to take you apart.
...piece by piece.

JOE
Why don't you just get out,
leave me alone.

The guards think he means them. They turn and laugh at him.

AL (VO)
I got nowhere to go. Neither
do you. You're either crazy, or...
you got a little man in your head.
Either way, they're gonna hold on
to you.

Joe looks worried. The guard moves on him, he backs away.

AL (VO)
Do these guys look like they've
got your best interests at heart.

As this thought settles into Joe's brain, one of the TECHS takes
an interest in him. He moves to Joe.

TECH 3
What seems to be the problem.

AL (VO)
Now's your chance. You want out,
just tell him.

JOE
Ahhh...nothing.

FINNEGAN
Been complainin' of hallucinations.

JOE
Not...complainin', actually.

FINNEGAN
Been hearing voices.

TECH 3

What kind of voices?

JOE

Oh...quiet ones...you would'nt
be interested, actually.

FINNEGAN

Was quite excited, when he came in...

JOE

Much better now, thank you.
Just sit here quietly...see there's
nothing to worry about...just be
my old self again....soon...

TECH 3

The gas did that

FINNEGAN nods yes. TECH 3 shakes his head...

TECH 3

Better keep an eye on him...

JOE

I'll be fine...fine..

FINNEGAN

What about all that stuff
about a man in your head?

TECH 3

Aftereffects of the gas?

AL (VO)

Sue them.

JOE

I'll sue.

FINNEGAN

Sue who?

JOE

You...him...UST.

TECH 3

Look...don't worry. You're upset.
There's no need to sue. We'll see
that you don't leave here until
you're perfectly okay.

JOE

Great!?

They leave, the door locks behind them, Joe sits alone.

JOE

I don't like the sound of that.

AL (VO) (VO)
We have to get out of here.

JOE
Door's locked.

AL (VO) (VO)
See the codelock? Punch this in. 26993

Joe tries it. The door clicks open.

JOE
Now what.

AL (VO)
Go out, take your first left.

JOE
Just walk down the hall?

AL (VO)
With Authority!

THE HALL - Joe steps out of the room and strides purposefully down the hall. There are people in sight, but they don't seem to notice him. He comes to a junction.

JOE
Which way do I go?

AL (VO)
What does it say.

JOE
Corridor A.

AL (VO)
Take a left and your next right.

JOE
Where are we going?

ANOTHER CODELOCK - JOE'S HAND PUNCHES IN. THE DOOR CLICKS OPEN.
JOE SLIDES THROUGH.

INT. ANTEROOM. THE BACK WAY INTO THE LAB. JOE snakes through equipment. through a window we can see the MICROLAB, THE PEDESTAL AND EMPTY BEACON. THROUGH AN OPPOSITE GLASS WINDOW, MORE TECHS IN THE CONTROL ROOM. TV MONITORS SHOW CLOSEUPS OF EMPTY BEAKER.

AL (VO)
What do you see?

JOE
A lab and equipment.

AL (VO)
Is it familiar? Have you been
here before.

JOE
I was thirsty. He told me to
get a drink.

AL (VO)
Who did?

JOE
The man.

He looks at the monitors. Suddenly it comes to him.

JOE
Oh my God.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL echoes Joe.

AL (VO)
Oh my God...What did he
look like, the man?

JOE
I can't remember..

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL triggers an electrical charge. JOE STARTS TO FLASH BACK.

AL (VO)
Concentrate. What did he
look like?

Finally, Joe gets an image.

JOE
Like the guys that attacked us.

AL (VO)
What do you mean?

JOE
Black suits and helmets.

AL (VO)
That's it. They know I'm in here.
We've got to find them.

JOE
That's not a good idea.

AL (VO)
They think we're safe here.
They don't really need us.
They're probably long gone.

JOE
Gone where?

AL (VO)
Don't know.

INT. LAB LOCKER ROOM - A LOCKER - JOE punches in code. The lock snaps open. Joe finds a wallet crammed with ID, credit cards.

JOE
You need ID in there?

AL (VO)
You do. To get out of here.
You're gonna be me.

JOE
I don't wanna be you.
I wanna go home.

AL (VO)
You can't go home. When UST finds
we're gone, they'll come after
you and put us away.

GOLF COURSE - DAYBREAK.

They wander through the scene of their attack...Everything is gone.
Only tire tracks and gashed trees attest to the chase.

JOE
Hopeless. Nothing here.

INSIDE INT. THE POD

AL tries to pick up something on his sensors
-different patterns of brainwaves - anything!
But there is nothing. Desperate, he quizzes Joe,
trying to zero in on wispy feelings...
to make them into hard data by computer searching.

AL
Anything...A feeling...a smell..?

JOE
Nothing!

For a moment, we are inside Joe's mind...jumbled images,
memories... feelings...vague and disjointed.....the lab, the
bar, the chase, the attack, then it's gone.

AL

Wait a minute. The fight.
Where did he get you?

JOE
Just scratched my arm, why?

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD - THRUSTERS KICK IN - IT PULLS AWAY FAST.

AL (VO)
I'll be out of touch for a while.
Just get to the airport.

OUTSIDE - JOE

JOE (VO)
The airport! Hey, wait a minute.

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD -

It pulls into the bloodstream....
Is whisked at HIGH SPEED through the arteries.
The trip is not far...He pulls into an area
of great activity: A BATTLEFIELD.

THE WOUND - White blood cells and antibodies rush past. Invading
viral agents are hunted down and destroyed.

MICROSCOPIC BITS OF MATTER - dirt carried into the wound - now
relatively ENORMOUS - Loom over him as he powers through a
FANTASTIC INNERSPACE of organic and inorganic matter.

MASSIVE MOUNTAINOUS BOULDER - scene of a RAGING BATTLE between
invading viruses and antibodies. It writhes with the ebb and flow
of the battle as Al comes in closer...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL takes videos of the virus. He records
the structure of the rock. He hits the rock with his laser and
does a spectrum analysis. He analyses on the computers.

WHAWMMM. HE is slammed and jostled...as the POD is caught in an
ebb. He looks out the windows. Things are rushing madly past.

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD

Antibodies are trapping the last of the
viruses as they try to make a getaway....Suddenly, one of the
Antibodies slows...turns...swings back at the POD.

INT. AL

. He drops everything and turns to escape.

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD

Al tries to outrun...dodging, getting

other particles between himself and his hunters...But it's no good. There's no escape. Other killers bunch to cut the POD off. Al swirls away., swings round a bit of matter. There it is...

GIANT ANTIBODY - COMING RIGHT FOR HIM. A rushing sound...like being run down by the Queen Mary. This is it.

He closes his eyes and braces. Nothing happens. He looks.

It has rushed past. Ignoring him, it hits a mass of toxins and shatters them. It breaks apart, small components attach to the germs and kill them.

AL
Under the threshold, I'm too
small to do damage.to the body
...or they'll get to me later.

He looks up, looming over him like a vast tent...is SOMETHING.

NEAR THE SKIN SURFACE

Diffused light sparkles off of blue veins and red capillaries...
A sparkling field of motion..
The THING is a deep GREEN with purple highlights...It once was alive and maybe still is...Tendrils of waving streamers trail out behind it...As antibodies attach to it...Slowly it changes, dies, becomes absorbed. It seems familiar to him...

INT. AIRPORT - LATER -

JOE sits, uncomfortable.

AL (VO)
I'm back.

JOE
I'm at the airport.

AL (VO)
Good. Get to a phone.

Joe is up and moving.

AL (VO)
Call this number in Washington.

He reaches a phone. Dials the number.

JOE
Who is it?

AL (VO)
Not who. A data bank. Just keep
your ear to the phone and don't
make a sound.

INSIDE INT. THE POD

AL plays the computers. Rapidly punching in, he connects to a Data Bank and downloads some programs.

OUTSIDE

Joe notices a man waiting for the phone.

JOE

Al..

INSIDE INT. THE POD

The program aborts. He quickly reboots it.

AL

Don't talk, I told you.
You just screwed it up.

JOE (VO)

What am I supposed to do?

AL

Nothing. You just do nothing.

OUTSIDE

The man grows impatient. He looks at his watch, pointedly. Joe points at the phone, helplessly. He does a dumb show of getting berated. Meanwhile, all he HEARS is the high pitched whistle of digital data transmission.

INSIDE INT. THE POD

AL downloads:

INSERT - SCREENS - A BOTANNICAL INDEX ; A GEOGRAPHICAL INDEX.

OUTSIDE

Joe cups his hand over the phone. Whispers conspiratorially to the impatient man.

JOE

Sorry. She's out of her mind!

MAN (hesitates...then)

It's okay. I've got one like that.

Joe smiles at him. Hand over the phonespeaker, he mumbles...

JOE

Yes dear..yes dear...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL takes a spectrum analysis. This composition data, he feeds into a data bank for correlation. He does some quick and elegant analyzing.

JOE
What is it?

AL (VO)
Composition of the sand,
...trace elements..unique...

INSERT - THE SCREEN - A STARTLING ANSWER - THE GOTO

OUTSIDE -
JOE (surprised)
Go to, What the Hell does
that mean?!!

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
GO-TOE. It's some islands.

OUTSIDE -
JOE
What does some island have
to do with this? It's a mistake?

AL (VO)
It's all we've got.

JOE
What do we do?

AL (VO)
Send a man there. A secret agent.

JOE
Who?... (He balks) Wait a minute!
I'm no agent, secret or otherwise.
And..I'm alone.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
You are not alone. But you are incon-
spicuous...and, with our abilities...

OUTSIDE -
JOE
What abilities...?

AL (VO)
Face it, we're the men for the job.
Besides, if someone is really chasing
you, the best way to avoid them is to
keep moving ...and FIND THE GODDAMN PEM.

JOE (VO)
You mean...just leave.

AL (VO)
We get on a plane.

JOE
We get on which plane?

INSIDE INT. THE POD

AL finds the answer in the GEO-DATA BANK:
GOTO are beautiful islands at the southern tip of JAPAN.

AL
The one for...JAPAN

OUTSIDE

JOE spots a sign: NORTH/NORTHWEST ORIENT - NONSTOP

JOE
What about money?

AL (VO)
What about it?

JOE
I don't have any.

AL (VO)
Use my credit cards.

JOE
I can't do that.

AL (VO)
Why not?

JOE
It's illegal.

AL (VO)
Who cares?

JOE
I'll get in trouble.

AL (VO)
You are in trouble. Now do it.

INT. PLANE - FIRST CLASS LOUNGE.

JOE watches the inflight movie.
Someone chases Cary Grant across a cornfield in a cropduster.

INSIDE INT. THE POD

AL munches trailmix while he rags Joe.

AL
Thus Joe Doakes, chronic under-
achiever, becomes Secret Agent 001..
with a desperate assignment...

OUTSIDE

- Joe is not in the best of moods.

JOE
...and a license to kill...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Well, if not to kill,
then to bother and annoy.

OUTSIDE

- Suddenly a thought occurs to Joe. He sits up and speaks loudly.

JOE
Hey...You forgot something.

The lady in the seat next to him has forgotten nothing, is startled by Joe, looks at him uneasily...He indicates he was talking to Cary Grant on the screen. Speaks under his breath.

JOE
They'll know who I am.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
We'll change your appearance.

INT. PLANE LABORATORY - MIRROR - Joe combs his hair differently.

JOE
It's just not enough.

AL (VO)
It's attitude...how you carry
yourself.

JOE
What's wrong with how I carry myself.

AL (VO)
Nothing, but it's yours. Change it.
Change your whole persona.

JOE

Oh yeah, to what?

AL (VO)
You'll be me.

JOE
I don't want to be you. I don't even
like you, why would I want to be you?

AL
Because you got my ID. Now
brace yourself. I'm gonna try
something with your glands.

JOE
You leave my glands alone!

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR - Joe yelps in alarm.

STEWARDESS (VO)
Are you alright in there?

JOE
Fine...fine.

As he says that, he looks in the mirror: his face starts to
change form...the tissues in his cheeks swell just a bit.
-- a subtle but startling change...not enough to fool a close
friend but enough enough to fool a casual glance.

GOTO - KUJUKUSHIMA -

An incredibly beautiful tropical island on
Japan's South Pacific coast. Joe crashes through the shoreline.

JOE
Now what?

AL (VO)
The beach.

JOE
The beach?

AL (VO)
How else do you get seaweed
under your nails?

JOE
Eating sushi?

AL (VO)
Just get there.

EXT. DAY

Joe emerges from the jungle onto a pristine, lovely

beach. Other small, pine covered islands dot the sparkling sea.

JOE
Holy shit!

AL (VO)
What is it?

JOE
...Just beautiful.

He runs down to the shoreline, excited.

AL (VO)
Do you notice anything.

JOE
The sky, the sun, the sea...
There's no one here.
It's deserted. What now?

AL (VO)
Swim.

JOE
Good Idea!

He tears off his clothes, charges into the surf. He pulls out into the lagoon.

INSIDE INT. THE POD

AL monitors Joe's exertion.

AL (VO)
Take it easy, now. Don't want
you in over your head.

JOE
Little late for that.

He takes a breath and dives.

UNDERWATER - JOE swims through submarine grottos grabbing bunches of seaweed. He surfaces, pulls for the shore. He stumbles up the beach covered with seaweed.

JOE
Here...all the seaweed you want.
Now, what?

AL (VO)
You eat it.

JOE
You eat it. You know what this stuff tastes like?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL (VO)
I'm living on freeze dried
limas and ham. Just eat it.

OUTSIDE

Chastised, Joe considers the seaweed, then stuffs some
of it in his mouth.

JOE
Now what?

AL (VO)
The sand.

JOE
Eat it?

AL (VO)
Eat it.

JOE (VO)
I don't want to eat it.

AL (VO)
Why not?

JOE
It's sand.

AL (VO)
For chrissakes, it's only sand. You
should see some of the stuff that's
floating around in here. That sand's
the cleanest thing in you, including
me. Now EAT it!

OUTSIDE

Joe puts some on his tongue, makes a face.

AL (VO)
Now lie down somewhere quiet and
rest, I'll be back in a while.

JOE
Where are you going? Wait!

But Al is gone.

INSIDE EXT. THE POD

AL powers through the throat region to his
palate...He ZOOMS through what look like floating gardens -
microscopic bits of seaweed, big as the Hindenberg to Al.

INSIDE INT. THE POD

AL compares the seaweed and silicon structures.

AL
It matches.

OUTSIDE

Joe looks around the deserted beach.

JOE
Good. Now what?

INSIDE INT. THE POD -

AL, for once, doesn't know what to say.

THE BEACH - SUNSET

Joe wakes, finds himself alone. In the distance a figure runs down the beach toward him. He can't make it out too well in the backlight. It gets closer...It becomes clear: an incredibly beautiful girl in a bikini - RENE.

JOE
Al, are you doing anything in there?

AL (VO)
What? What do you mean?

JOE
Are you screwing with any nerves?

INSIDE INT. THE POD - AL

- busy working at DATABASES, glances nervously at his elapsed time digital clock...44 hours gone.

AL (VO) (brusque)
What are you talking about?

OUTSIDE -

Joe shades his eyes. He sees her clearly. She is the most beautiful girl he's ever seen. She notices him.

JOE
My god...She's real!

She flashes a shy smile as she lopes by. He sits up.

AL (VO) (exited)
Your heartrate went up.
What is it?

JOE
Beautiful!

AL (VO)
What was?

JOE
A girl.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Never mind that. Get back to business.

OUTSIDE - Joe is just stunned by the receding image of beauty.

JOE
This must be business,
there's nothing else here.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Follow it.

OUTSIDE - he takes off after her, down the beach.

JOE
Good idea!

THE GIRL - She runs fast and easy. Perfect body in perfect shape. She runs up, over the rocks on the headland. The sun glimmers through pine covered islets across the lagoon.

JOE - He starts off fast and quickly slows.

INSIDE INT. THE POD

AL monitors Joe's body.

AL (VO)
What is it?

OUTSIDE - JOE

- straining. Far ahead, she glances back.

JOE
She's...pretty fast.

AL (VO)
You're out of shape.

Joe is half dead. He may not catch her at all.

INSIDE INT. THE POD -

AL stimulates his brain, releasing an organic speedlike chemical...His fatigue drops away, oxygen conversion increases...

AL
Catch up to her.

Joe
That's what I'm trying..
...Hey, what's going on?

JOE - GOING SO FAST he seems ready to explode. He burns right up to her like she's standing still. Surprised, she stumbles. He slows, matches stride with her. He GASPS:

AL (VO)
What is it?

JOE
She's beautiful...!
What do I do?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL ponders...

AL
Tell her.

OUTSIDE -

Joe is starting to pant...He looks a little crazed. She's starting to wonder about this guy. She keeps running.

JOE
You're beautiful..

AL (VO)
What's happening?

JOE
She doesn't seem to understand.

AL (VO)
Try another language.

JOE
Which language?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
How should I know?

OUTSIDE - She watches Joe curiously.

JOE
Vous etes tres beau.

RENE (she laughs)
Thanks, you're handsome too.

JOE
Now what?

She looks at him strangely... Is he some weirdo?

JOE
Help me out, will you?

INSIDE INT. THE POD - AL

AL (VO)
What can I do? You're on your own.

RENE
How can I help you?

JOE (answers them both)
Tell me what to say.

She starts to turn away, Joe panics.

JOE
Wait. Don't go...There's..more!

GIRL (turns back, half amused)
More?

An awkward silence.

JOE
What do I do?

INSIDE INT. THE POD - AL -

AL (VO)
Don't just stand there, say something.

JOE
What?

AL (VO)
Anything. Aw hell...Just tell
her the truth.

OUTSIDE - RENE

RENE
What do you do about what?

JOE
...I'm looking for someone.

INSIDE INT. THE POD - AL

AL (VO)
Not that truth!

OUTSIDE - THE GIRL

RENE
Aren't we all.

JOE
Come on...it's going to take
two of us to make this work.

The girl looks at him curiously.

JOE
...at least two.

Now she is confused.

RENE
Is someone else here?

JOE
No. No one to speak of.

RENE
I am confused. Or maybe it's you.

INSIDE INT. THE POD - AL is ripping through data banks.

AL (VO)
How about a quotation...? A poet...Blake!

OUTSIDE - Joe is babbling.

JOE
...Blake

RENE
Blake?

JOE
The poet...something he said...

RENE
Yes?

Joe looks at her helplessly.

INSIDE INT. THE POD - AL finally finds the quotation...

AL (VO)

JOE

RENE
Blake said that?

JOE
Yeah. One of the corniest lines
I ever heard.

AL (VO)
Sorry...

RENE
It'll remind me of you.

INSIDE INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Works like a charm when I use it.
You didn't say it right.

OUTSIDE -

JOE
You won't need to be reminded.

RENE
Why not?

JOE
I'll be right there.

RENE
Where?

JOE
Dinner...tonight.

RENE
Oh...I can't. Business.

She turns to go.

AL (VO)
Wait.

JOE
Wait.

She turns back.

AL (VO)
Where is she staying?

JOE
Where are you staying?

RENE
Right here.

UP THE BEACH - AN EXCLUSIVE HOTEL - set back among the trees.

RENE
And you.

JOE
...right here too.

RENE
Haven't seen you around.

She's pulling away.

JOE
I just got here. (to Al)
She's getting away.

INSIDE INT. THE POD - AL - an idea:

AL (VO)
Touch her.

OUTSIDE - JOE

JOE
What?

AL (VO)
Touch some part of her body.
Trust me. It works.

She slows to a walk. Joe joins her. He looks at her body...Up and down. She sees him looking at her.

JOE (confused)
What part?

AL (VO)
Doesn't matter.

RENE
What part what?

INSIDE INT. THE POD - AL

AL
The best part. She'll love it.

OUTSIDE - Her body. Then Joe's face.

JOE
I can't do that?

RENE

Do what?

JOE
Let you leave without it.

RENE
Without what?

He grabs her hand, she is startled, pulls back, He kisses it...her hand. She flinches, then breaks into laughter.

RENE
I've seen that before.
Never had anyone actually do it.

INSIDE INT. THE POD - AL

AL (VO)
Do what? What'd you do?

OUTSIDE - JOE

JOE
I saw it in a movie.

AL (VO)
Saw what?!

RENE
What is your name?

INSIDE INT. THE POD - AL

AL (VO)
Don't give her your name.

Joe is dumbstruck for a moment.

JOE
...Joe.

INSIDE INT. THE POD - AL

AL (VO)
No...you idiot!

OUTSIDE - She holds half a crooked smile as she measures him.

JOE
Or better yet,...Al.

She starts giggling.

JOE
What's so funny?

RENE
Nothing...Al. Why do you talk that way?

JOE
What way?

RENE
Like there's someone else here.

Joe has lost it. Al is mumbling hints and encouragements into his ear. Joe starts to babble. It starts off as bullshit, but gradually his sincerity becomes endearing.

JOE
It's...all the sun...No...
its the beach...The light....
and the water...

RENE (kidding)
I know...the flowers, the air...

JOE
Naw...It's just you.

She smiles, turns, runs up the beach.

JOE
Wait. What's your name?

RENE
...Rene.

AL (VO)
What happened?

JOE
...Rene...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD -

AL'S alarm panel flickers on, then off.

AL (excited)
What happened?

JOE (VO) (alarmed)
What is it?

AL (sarcastic)
I think your heart stopped.

NEARBY HOTEL - A little known resort for the cognoscenti. A place of beauty and solitude. Joe starts to follow her.

AL
Where are you going?

JOE
To the hotel. To register.

AL
Without your pants.

JOE
Maybe they won't stand on ceremony.
He stops, turns and heads back up the beach.

AL
Good thing I'm here to do the thinking.

JOE
Yeah. Some help. That poetry
really killed her.

AL
It worked.

JOE
I made it work.

AL
You stumbled around. Remember,
you've got my ID, you've got to
be me, not some stumblebum.

JOE
Rene...

JOE
I'm not some hot shot test pilot.
I'm not some playboy. I don't
usually pick up girls.

AL
Well you did it today.

JOE
Yeah. I did it.

AL (VO)
But, you've got to have...
sophistication ...savoir faire.

JOE (pissed)
Here, savor this.

Joe goes nuts...He screams, hops around, shakes his head.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL is being rattled all over the place.

OUTSIDE

Joe vents his frustration. He howls, punches himself in the

head...He runs down the beach, flips, lands in the surf.

JOE
Now, fuck off.

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD

Bucked all over the place by Joe's gyrations. It slams into nerve bundles, glances off.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL fights for control. Consoles are lit up. Relays are sparking. Al is suitably panicked.

AL
Mayday! Goddamn it. Stop!

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD

trampolines off a membrane, comes to rest wedged into a nerve bundle.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL - The Monitors start sparking. He's picking something up. The SCREENS show new, strange information. Al forgets his anger, everything else in his growing excitement.

AL
What is this? What is this?
Joe! Joe, are you there?

OUTSIDE - EXT. THE BEACH

JOE floats at the shoreline.

JOE
Now, where would I be?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
What are you looking at?

OUTSIDE

Joe scans the beautiful inlet. The pine covered islets are silhouetted by the waning sun that glints off the azure sea.

JOE - A BEAT

JOE
Nothing.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL - mounting excitement.

AL
But what's it look like?

OUTSIDE - JOE

JOE
What's nothing look like?
...it looks like nothing.

AL (VO)
Is something glinting?

JOE

The sun is right in his eyes. He shields them with his hand.
He's tired and cranky; more than a little annoyed at Al.

JOE
Sure something's glinting.

AL (VO) (practically shouting)
What is it?

JOE
What is it, it's nothing...
It's just the sun.

Suddenly it dawns. On Joe.

INSIDE INT. THE POD

AL squints at:

INSERT - THE MONITOR

Very low resolution, but it's there. Breaking up; all the wrong
colors; but you can make it out. Definitely...an image.

JOE (VO)
What is it?

AL
Looks like...the optic nerve.
I can see out!

OUTSIDE

Joe sits on the beautiful, deserted beach. The sun; the rocks;
the glinting waves. Suddenly...he's got to share it. It, and
everything else.

JOE (ruefully)
Oh...swell!

THE INN - THAT EVENING - EXCLUSIVE MEN'S SHOP

Joe's wearing a new sports coat; very expensive. He holds up a tie, regards it in the mirror. A slight facial tick at the intrusive voice:

AL (VO)
You really like that shirt?

JOE
This...is not going to work out.

SALESMAN
Sir?

Joe is distracted...He stumbles:

JOE
Ahh...ahh...ahh...The shirt!...

SALESMAN
The shirt?

AL (VO)
Much too blue.

JOE
Not blue enough.

The salesman...a minute hesitation.

SALESMAN
Not blue enough, sir. Right it is.

He zips off toward the shirt racks. Joe turns to the mirror.

JOE
Mind your own business.

AL (VO)
It is my business. It's my name.

JOE
But the rest is me.
I'll dress like I want.

He notices someone. The salesman has returned carrying blue shirts to find his customer mumbling to himself.

SALESMAN
How about these, sir?

JOE
...just like I want..

He turns back, holds up another tie.

AL (VO)

Not that tie with that coat.

JOE
(Exasperated, blurts out.)
Why not?!

SALESMAN
(thinks he's speaking to him)
Why not, indeed, Sir!

AL (VO)
It's much too loud.

JOE
So are you.

JOE
(indicates tierack)
And all these, too.

Salesman turns back. Joe glances up.

HIS POV - THROUGH THE WINDOW TO THE LOBBY

Rene, another woman, and three men; a slight blond; a tall, powerful, dark-haired man; and a well-dressed Japanese, walk toward the LANAI.

JOE

turns to salesman, grabs a blank bill.

JOE
Send it to my room.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Joe exits shop, moves to the LANAI.

EXT. LANAI

A Bouganvilliaed veranda overlooking the Sea. Joe appears at the door, checks out Rene's party as he waits.

AL (VO)
What did that cost?

JOE
You want sophistication,
it don't come cheap.

AL (VO)
Doesn't.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL/JOE'S POV

Both women are pretty.

AL
Which one is she?

JOE (VO)
The beautiful one.

The Maitre'D approaches, checks out Joe's clothes approvingly.

AL (VO)
They both look good to me.

JOE
You have no taste.

MAITRE'D
Sir?

JOE
I'd like a place. For one.

MAITRE'D
Yes Sir. Right this way.

AL (VO)
Get close to them.

JOE
That place. By the window.

Joe indicates a large table next to Rene's party.

MAITRE'D
I'm sorry, Sir. That's for
four persons.

JOE
I'll be four persons.

MAITRE'D
Excuse me, Sir?

Joe strides towards his objective. The Maitre'D scurries behind. He stops at the table, pulls out the chair with the best angle on Rene. The Maitre'D is about to object. Joe cuts him off.

JOE
If they don't show up, charge me
for four. Send the bill to my room.

A HESITATION. Joe acts assured. The Maitre'D checks his clothes again. Very expensive. He pulls out Joe's chair.

MAITRE'D
Yes Sir! Four it is!

Joe sits with aplomb. Grabs the plum from the bowl of fruit and

takes a big, satisfied bite. The Maitre'D bows and backs off. Joe glances at the other table. Rene looks up, sees him, seems surprised. He gives her a big smile, but his words are for Al.

JOE
How's that for fucking Savoir Fair!

WAITER
Sir?

Joe turns, the waiter looms over him. He thinks fast.

JOE
How's that Trucklouser Beer?

WAITER
We have Henekin, Kirin...(Joe nods)
Very good, sir.

JOE
This sophistication ain't tough.
All it takes is a credit card.

He smiles a bigger smile over at Rene.

AL (VO)
Don't overplay it.

The waiter comes back with the beer. Joe looks up at him, smiles, delivers a line meant for Al.

JOE
If it's sophistication you want,
I'm the man for it.

The waiter's smile freezes in place. He backs off a bit.

AL (VO)
That's Rene?

Rene, turns, sees Joe, flashes him a quick smile of recognition.

INSIDE INT. THE POD

AL - picks her up on his MONITOR. In that moment, he falls for her; an audible GROAN escapes him.

JOE (VO)
Now you know what I know.

WAITER (VO)
Sir?

OUTSIDE

The waiter. Again Joe's caught mumbling.

JOE
About cholesterol...You know what
I know, you'd have the seafood.

WAITER
Ahhh. Good choice, sir.

He turns away.

AL (VO)
You're not just after
this girl, are you?

JOE
Who, me?

AL (VO) (exasperated)
Goddamn it, there are 52 hours gone!

JOE
You got a better idea, you
tell me. Other than her, there's
no one here I know.

AL (VO)
Pan the group, will you. If
you're right, at least one
of them...is involved.

JOE
That's a big if.

HE pans the group. The second woman talks to the slight, blond man. Rene talks to the Japanese. Joe stops on the ROUGH LOOKING MAN, who sits, silently watching them.

AL (VO)
Wait. I think I know that guy.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL enhances Joe's audio input and they hear snatches of conversation... Tech-talk.

OUTSIDE

Joe's eyes keep straying to the women. They are beautiful. They're talking about perfume in French.

AL (VO)
Shit. Pay attention!

The group goes merrily about their business of cocktails and lunch as the Waiter and Captain fuss about them.

AL (VO)
Who are they? Stay on them, will you.

How can we find out...Wait. The glasses.

JOE
What glasses.

AL (VO)
The drinks...Stay on them.

The busboy clears the drink glasses.

AL (VO)
Follow that busboy.

JOE
Are you serious?

WAITER
About what sir?

The waiter has appeared. Hovers...

JOE
The fresh tuna?..

WAITER
Yessir...very good sir.

Joe is up, following the busboy...hands the menu to the waiter.

JOE
I'll have it.

HALLWAY

He grabs the busboy, spins him, grabs the glasses, and ducks into the men's room. The boy is terrified, then confused.

BATHROOM

Joe ducks into one of the stalls.

JOE
I feel like an idiot.

AL (VO)
Just hold them close and stay still.

Mumbling to himself, Joe sits on the toilet holding a cocktail glass to his eye. He feels pretty silly.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL trains his ARGON LASER, it shows fingerprints refracted off the glass surface.

MONITOR SCREEN - LATER - INTERPOL DATA BANK

One of the men's pictures comes up...along with a string of aliases and his dossier. A rough character: Jan GRUNER.

AL
Well, we know one of them's
a danger.

Joe is on the phone, listening.

JOE
Will you hurry up, I'm hungry.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL downloads data bank info.

AL
One of these guys is on file.

OUTSIDE

Another patron enters, looks at Joe, at the glass. Joe puts it down. It's one of Rene's party; GRUNER.

JOE
Which one?

AL (VO)
The blond...GRUNER. A killer.

JOE
Killer!

GRUNER (threatening)
What?

JOE
That Rene...lovely girl...a killer!

GRUNER
I noticed you staring.

JOE
Couldn't help it. No offense.
She's not your wife is she...?

GRUNER seems to lose interest...He turns away.

GRUNER
Enjoy your lunch.

LANAI

Joe reenters. Rene and the others look up at him.

JOE (mumbles)
I'm out of my league.

AL (VO)
Just don't show fear.

JOE
I don't know what's going on.

AL (VO)
It lends you an air of mystery.

As he walks by their table, Rene speaks to him.

RENE
Thought we lost you.

The older man turns around - DIETER - he's friendly.

DIETER
Who is your friend?

RENE
We met on the beach.

DIETER
Join us.

JOE
I don't want to intrude.

DIETER
We insist.

Seated, he feels all eyes on him; an object of study.

JOE
Al Viola.

DIETER
That name's familiar.

JOE
It is to me too.

DIETER
You remind me of someone. You
from the west coast?

AL (VO)
He recognises you, throw him off.

JOE
My coast is Maine, actually. We
have a place in Bar Harbor...And
a bar in Sutton Place.

AL (VO)
Don't get too cute.

DIETER

And what do you do?

AL (VO)

Let's make 'em nervous.
Tell them you're
CIA, see what they do.

JOE

...Foreign service.

DIETER

And how do you service foreigners.

JOE

Well...I try to give them whatever
they want.

RYUJI

Must be a fulfilling occupation.

JOE

It keeps me busy. Everybody always
wants something.

DIETER

What brings you here?

JOE

I came for a rest. As, I imagine,
you did. To get away with it all.

RENE

You mean from it.

JOE

Yes, of course.

The Japanese has an air of expectancy...as if he is waiting for
someone, but he doesn't know whom....

AL (VO)

Could be him. Look at that watch.

Joe looks. The man wears a high tech-programmable wrist watch.

JOE

Look at that watch...

Ryuji is pleased, quietly proud of his nation's accomplishments.

RYUJI

CMOS chips. The latest thing.
Ryuji Obe. Pleasure to meet you.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL runs RYUJI's responses through a Voice Stress Analyzer...
RYUJI is hiding quite a lot,

AL (VO)
High Tech Japanese. Highly Suspect.

OUTSIDE

Dieter turns from Gruner to introduce him.

DIETER
And...you know Jan Gruner?

JOE
I think I've heard of you.

RYUJI (laughs)
Unsavory reputation. Tech dealer.

GRUNER (no sense of humor)
I break no laws.

RENE
His country has no laws
against dealing in
strategic technology.

GRUNER
I provide service to my customers.

AL (VO)
At least he's telling the truth.

Joe turns to Rene.

JOE
And you?

RENE
I just work for the travel firm.

AL (VO)
She's hard to read, but she's
hiding something too.

Joe's gaze wanders.

GRUNER
And you, there are many places
to get away. Why here?

JOE
A little voice in my head.

AL (VO)
Joe, be careful!

JOE
...I've lost something. I must
get it back.

RYUJI
What could you find in this place?

JOE
...Piece of mind.

Gruner's had enough. He gets up abruptly...leaves...

GRUNER
You may you find all the
solitude you want.

JOE
Thanks, I appreciate that.

Then, abruptly, it's over. Gruner, Ryuji get up.

RYUJI
We have some work..
Please excuse us.

He takes the other woman, they depart. Rene smiles at Joe. He
grabs his check from the waiter and signs it.

Rene has wandered over to the far end of the Veranda. Alone. Joe
looks at her in the moonlight, slowly makes his way over to her.

AL (VO)
They're all in it.

JOE
How do you know?

AL (VO)
Voice stress analyzer.

JOE
Your data must be bad. Everyone
can't be lying all the time.

AL
Where have you been?

JOE
Even Rene?

AL (VO)
She's the toughest to read.

JOE
Maybe she's telling the truth.

AL (VO)

Can't tell. Every time I try her,
you look away. Or you make noises.
Maybe you don't want to know.

JOE
Come on...look at her. Don't you
know anything about women?...
The data is skewed. We might as
well go with instinct...

They come up to her, lovely in the moonlight.

AL (VO)
I know what your instinct is.

She turns, she is smiling for him.

RENE
You again.

JOE
Me still. They left you alone?

RENE
I waited for you.

JOE
Why?

RENE
...I...don't know.

AL (VO)
You believe that, I've got a bridge
in Brooklyn for you.

This breaks the mood, Joe starts to get pissed.

JOE (to Rene)
Well...make something up.

RENE
I guess it's a combination you
don't often see. Apparent attraction..

JOE
It's not apparent.

RENE
...and sort of...disinterest.

JOE
Disinterest?

RENE
As if your mind's not all there.

JOE
I am sort of scattered.

RENE
Can I help?

JOE
You are.

RENE
Are you alright?

AL (VO)
Yeah, are you? You're
talking nonsense.

JOE (a pause)
I'm fine, never better.
I'll get us some drinks...
Excuse me.

Steps away.

AL (VO)
What is it, your charm?

JOE
This just won't work.

AL (VO)
You're doing great with her.

JOE
Not her. You!

AL (VO)
What is it?

JOE
You can't listen.
You can't watch either.

AL (VO) (outraged)
Why not?.

JOE
It's embarrassing.

AL (VO)
What if she says something important?

JOE
I'll be right here. I'll keep
it in mind. I'll get a lot more
from her without you butting in.

AL (VO)
What am I supposed to do?

JOE
You got any books in there?

AL (VO)
Oh come on.

JOE
You shut down your sensors.

AL
Joe! It's 56 hours!

JOE
I mean it. You watch old tapes of
the ballgame, I'll fill you in...
later. I mean it.

He(they) look over at her. She is looking in Joe's direction
curiously. Al thinks it over.

AL (VO)
...Okay...okay. Just...don't
take all night!

ANGLE - RENE

She turns, he's returned with the drinks.

RENE
Promise me something.

JOE
Okay, no more poems.

She laughs.

JOE
Promise you what?

RENE
That you're not crazy.

JOE
I promise you that. I am
not crazy. Course, if I was,
I'd be the last to know.
Why do you ask?

RENE
You talk to yourself.

JOE
But I don't listen...then
I'd be crazy.

RENE

Why do you do it?

JOE
If I was with you, I wouldn't

RENE
You did.

JOE
That was then. This is now.
Who am I talking to?

RENE
You're talking to me.

JOE
And how'm I doing?

RENE
You're doing...Okay.

JOE
Just Okay...

All of a sudden, you can see it in her eyes. More than Okay. Joe can't quite believe it, but he's not going to deny it. He is, after all, a secret agent and she's got some wonderful secrets. He moves closer...She eases back into the Bougainvillea. They go through the dialogue, but their minds are on something else.

RENE
...Ummm, you really work
for the foreign service?

JOE
...Naw. Made that up.

RENE
Who do you work for?

JOE
No one. No one at all.
I'm unemployed. Who do you?

RENE
Trans Ocean Travel.

JOE
Is that Ryuji?

RENE
No. Ryuji just hires us.

JOE
Hires you for what?

RENE

To organize things. Meetings
and travel...Whenever they come
here, I handle details.

JOE
How often they come here?

RENE
He likes the quiet. They were
here last week.

JOE
And you, what do you like?

RENE
That depends...

They can't hold out a second longer. Joe cannot believe his good
luck...her beauty, his attraction...when they kiss.

ON THE BEACH. MORNING

JOE WAKES AT A VOICE YELLING IN HIS EAR.

AL (VO)
Wake up. Time to wake up.
Sixty four hours...Shit!

Joe sits up, groggy. Looks around, no one.

AL (VO)
What Happened?

JOE
I don't know!

AL (VO)
What she say. What'd you
get out of her?

Half asleep...pleasantly dazed, he just grins and mumbles to
himself.

JOE
Ahhh...works...Ryuji...
travel...just business...She's...
Fine Arts, University of Tokyo..

AL (VO)
Is that all?

JOE
Oh, you were right. They've
all been here before...
met just last week.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL is excitedly irate.

AL (VO)
Anything else!

OUTSIDE

Joe thinks...finally...

JOE
She's got the most beautiful...s

AL (VO)
Shit! You're in love.

JOE (not convincing)
I'm not in love.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

pissed.

AL
And on my time.

JOE (VO)
It's not your time. I get time off.

AL
You get time off to sleep.

OUTSIDE -

JOE
That's what I was doing..mostly.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

The frustration's getting to him. Or is something else? He's starting to rant.

AL (VO)
I've got twenty hours left.
I could die in here. And
you're falling in love.

OUTSIDE -

JOE
It's not love. It's like. It's real
strong like. And I got your
information. Now, get off my back!

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Some friend you are! You know what
I hope?

JOE (VO)
No. What do you hope?

AL (VO)
I hope. I just hope. That someday,
you're real small, and you've got
no time. And you got no one to help
you. And you depend on me. And you
know what I'll do?

JOE
No. What will you do.

AL
I...I'll got to the movies.
That's what I'll do!

Joe just stares ahead. He holds his head. Then he shakes it to
clear it. He gets up, and walks up the beach. Joe's in love. Al
is disgusted. And RENE is gone.

HOTEL DESK - SHORT TIME LATER

CLERK
Sorry sir, they checked out.

JOE
Forwarding address?

CLERK
Sorry, sir. Nothing.

INT. JOE'S ROOM

Joe enters, stops short. All his clothes have been scrambled...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
You been had. We have.

JOE
It wasn't like that.

LANAI - LATER

Joe sits alone. Brooding. Holding a phone to his ear. He winces
at the WHISTLE of data transmission. Finally he can speak to Al
as if to someone on the phone.

AL (VO)
Some agent you are.

JOE (VO)
Why don't you get out of my face.

Al runs the data...They get into the airline's computer and find

passenger lists leaving GOTO...A name pops out. R. OBE. His destination: Osaka,

AL
Bingo.

JOE (VO)
You found her.

AL
Better. I found Ryuji.

OUTSIDE - JOE.

JOE
That's good. It's not better. Where?

AL (VO)
Osaka.

JOE
Osaka?

AL (VO)
Fountainhead of High-Tech.

OSAKA - LATER - MERCANTILE, INDUSTRIAL CENTER

Home of Matsushita, Panasonic, Technics, Sharp etc. JOE jogs down the street, listening to his walkman and apparently singing along with it. He towers a foot taller than everyone else.

JOE (VO)
Don't you think I stand out like this.

AL (VO)
We are trying to stand out. Right near his address. Easier to get them to come to us, than to try and find them. ..now keep your eyes open, something might present itself.

JOE
I'm running in circles in the middle of some foreign country. I don't speak their language, they don't speak mine. I don't even know where I am. What's going to present itse.....

A Sportscar cuts across his path. The driver is RENE.

JOE
What do I do?

AL (VO)
Follow her.

JOE
On what?

AL (VO)
Run, stupid!

He follows her, running.

AL (VO)
Come on, she's getting away.

JOE
I can't keep up.

He collapses in exhaustion and she gets away.

AL (VO) (disgusted)
Your body sucks. You're out of shape.

JOE
I gotta sit down.

Joe collapses into a chair at a sidewalk cafe.

AL (VO)
I'm putting you on a training
regimen...right now.

The waiter comes.

JOE
Beer. And cakes...cookies
..anything bad.

AL (VO)
That's not funny.

The waiter has no idea what Joe wants.

JOE
Sapporo..(waiter nods, walks off)

AL (VO)
Just stay here and rest.

JOE
Where are you going?

AL (VO)
Down to your heart. I'm gonna clean
some fat out before you drop on me.

JOE
Wait a minute. Wait a minute.
Al, you leave my heart alone...

Another customer looks over at him...Joe points to his walkman

and nods like he's hearing a country song.

AL
While I'm away, just do something
safe and calm....

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - LATER

AL blasts some of the fat from the veins around the heart.

OUTSIDE

Joe sits in the Plaza drinking coffee. He notices suspicious characters...tattooed toughs; slicked hair, mean looks.

JOE
Al...can you hear me, Suspicious
characters. Al!!! Shit!

They are surrounding him and moving in. The waiter has disappeared. He's alone. Joe gets up. He calmly walks away.

SIDE STREET - EMPTY.

They follow him.

JOE
Al. Help!

The attackers look around. No Al.

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD

Joe's body reacts. The muscles tense..The blood vessels constrict - the Fight-or-Flight syndrome. The blood flow speeds up...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL senses something's up.

AL
Joe, what is it? Hang on.

OUTSIDE

Joe takes off. They block him. He takes the KUNG FU stance. The attackers take their own stances, each scarier than the other. Joe tries an attack. It is slapped aside with contempt. Joe tries another tack: He runs...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Blood flow drives Al away from the brain.

AL
Slow your pulse.

OUTSIDE

Joe being chased down alleys.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
I gotta get to a vein taking
blood to the brain or I won't
be able to help.

OUTSIDE

Joe trips, crashes into something, cuts himself.

INSIDE

The skin is broken, Joe's systems go on general alert. Vessels constrict.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL struggles to escape being drawn to the wound as:

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD

Antibodies rush into the fight against blood loss and infection.

OUTSIDE

Wounded, Joe hides from his attackers...They come closer...He holds his breath...as one plants a foot near his face. The thug hesitates, then walks on...Joe tries rise, but dizziness overcomes him and he is spotted. He faints...His head falls lower than his body.

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD

Blood rushes to his head carrying Al.

THE VENTRICAL - THE POD ENTERS.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL takes charge. He stimulates Joe's brain to produce adrenaline...He gets Joe out of physical shock.

OUTSIDE

Joe wakes.

AL (VO)
Joe. I'm here. You're Okay.

JOE (GROGGY)
What do I do?

AL (VO)
Relax. Let me do this.

OUTSIDE

The attackers are shocked, as Joe MOVES, RISES. They come at him in Kung Fu attitudes. Terrified, Joe turns to run...

AL (VO)
Relax. Make your mind a blank.

JOE
It is a blank. This is no
time for Zen.

One guy attacks; Kung Fu. In a flash, Joe blocks it with a rapid combination. He is as surprised as anybody. Without warning, his arms fly out in Karate blows. Joe looks at his hands - now deadly weapons - He can't believe it. No one is more surprised than Joe when he tears into the middle of the men and takes them apart with rapid kicks...After a while, he starts to really enjoy it...He makes threatening growls and struts around like Toshiro Mifune. Then, he counterattacks viciously. The attackers, shocked by Joe's speed, strength and fighting ability, retreat...they melt back into the alleys. He chases.

SIDE STREET - HEAVY NEON

Joe stops, finds himself in front of a PUNK CLUB - nearby, he notices a familiar Sportscar.

SOME KIDS Come out, look at his bruised and bleeding face, his torn and bloody clothes. A girl nods approvingly. He's perfectly dressed. He enters, bulls his way through the crowd.

INT. PUNK CLUB

LOUD JAPANESE ROCK MUSIC. Everyone is dancing..including a familiar figure: RENE.

AL (VO)
What are you doing? Wait a minute.
Lets think this through.

JOE
You think. That's what you're good at.

He crosses the floor, grabs Rene. He spins her around. When she sees it is him, she is shocked.

RENE
Joe! What happened to you?

JOE
Why'd you run off?

She sees someone over his shoulder.

RENE
I didn't run off.

Joe turns, it is Riuji. He is surprised to see Joe.

RYUJI
Joe! Hey...I like your outfit..

JOE (to Rene)
I got into a fight.

RYUJI
What are you doing here? You
shouldn't wander around alone...

He looks from Joe to Rene and back.

RYUJI
Oh, I see. Hey...were going to my
place for a late dinner, why
don't you join us?

EXT. THE CLUB

People disperse. Joe pulls Rene aside.

JOE
Why did you leave?

RENE
They left. I had to go with them.

JOE
Why didn't you tell me?

RENE (guilty)
I hate good-byes.

Joe takes her keys, unlocks the door to her car for her. They
get in. She drives. Joe turns to her.

JOE
Why did you stay with me?

RENE
Wanted to get to know you.

JOE
Why?

RENE
You seemed interesting.

JOE
Who else is interested in me?

RENE
What do you mean?

JOE
Your friends, did they ask about me?

RENE
They kidded me a little.

JOE
What did you tell them?

RENE
There's not much to tell.

JOE
Why did they leave?

RENE
I don't know, Ryuji said there was a change of plans.

JOE
You work for Ryuji?

RENE
Sometimes. I told you I did.

JOE
Were you working for him last night?

RENE
Last night?

JOE
Did he put you up to it?
Did he ask you to sleep with me?

RENE
No, he didn't do that.

JOE
He didn't.

RENE
No.

JOE
Who did?

RENE
You did.

A long beat. She smiles. Inside his head, Al is laughing at him.

KYOTO - the Ancient Capital. Palaces and Shrines - LATER

INT. - A GEISHA HOUSE

A banquet on tatamis. Ryuji and the others drink Sake and speak in Japanese.

ANTEROOM

Joe's on the phone...apparent long distance.

AL (VO)
I've run checks, there's nothing
on her. That along is suspicious.

JOE (angry)
Run some checks on me. I'm sure
I'm worse.

AL (VO)
Yeah...You've fallen for her.

JOE
I told you, I have a feeling...

AL (VO)
One of your instincts?

JOE
I know she's not with them.
I know something else. What's
bothering you isn't her.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al glances at the clock: 63 hours elapsed.

OUTSIDE

Rene comes along and pulls Joe away from the phone.

JOE
Bye Mom..

He hangs up. She escorts him to the dining room.

DINING ROOM

Joe and Rene sit, talking quietly. Joe is trying to make up with her. He looks over. Dieter is happily stuffing himself. He winks conspiratorially at Joe and Rene. Ryuji, Gruner and others are talking with other Japanese. They smile at Joe whenever their eyes meet, but Al is suspicious.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al works a JAPANESE LANGUAGE DATA-BASE..

AL
I think I've got it.

INSERT - MONITOR - JOE'S POV

Ryuji and another Japanese speak in Japanese - Al does a simultaneous translation.

RYUJI/Al
But who does he work for?

JAPANESE/Al
He may be freelancing. It shouldn't interfere with our business.

RYUJI/Al
I'll see that it doesn't

He calls a servant, speaks in his ear. The servant's glance flicks in our direction, then he is gone. Ryuji smiles at us then laughs at something Dieter says. Joe's gaze swings to Rene.

AL
Joe, pay attention!

OUTSIDE - THE BANQUET

JOE and RENE fool around.

JOE
Now, what?

Another course of strange wiggling food. Joe looks alarmed.

AL (VO)
Don't touch a thing.

JOE
Don't worry!

RENE
I'm not worried, I'm not going to eat it.

JOE
This is a tough place to keep Kosher.

A funny SOUND in his head. Al's voice BREAKS UP.

JOE
What is it?

Across the table, Ryuji proudly answers him.

RENE
Hakasuti!

As he slides the wriggling fish down his throat.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al is tense, momentarily distracted. He is having trouble with the pod. Sixty-four hours on the clock.

AL
The batteries are dropping.
Got to recharge them somehow.

OUTSIDE - BANQUET - RYUJI pours the wine.

RYUJI
In honor of our...unexpected guest.

Joe picks up his wineglass. RYUJI pours.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al looks up, spots a powder on the inside of the glass dissolve in the wine. He tries to warn Joe.

AL (VO)
No..Don't...

OUTSIDE

Joe already swallowing it.

AL (VO)
...drink it.

JOE
Too late.

RYUJI
Excuse me?

JOE
Could have been drunk a little sooner, but excellent...good character...What is it?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
You just got a Mickey.

OUTSIDE -

RYUJI
Bandaio. Grown near here.

JOE
What next!

AL (VO)
Drink lots of water.

Joe gulps down lots of water. They look at him strangely.

RYUJI
What next, Indeed.

AL (VO)
Now get out of here.

JOE
I can't...

AL (VO)
You have to! Quickly!

JOE
...imagine a better grape
for the region.

He reaches for the bottle, spilling it over himself...

JOE
Oh, no! I'll go wipe
this off. Excuse me.

INT. JOE'S ROOM

Joe rushes in, holding his stomach.

JOE
What are you doing?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Trying to analyze this stuff.
Now...go to the medicine shelf
and take ---- and ----.

OUTSIDE - Joe does.

JOE
Now what? Oh, No?

He runs to the bathroom and throws up.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
And after that, lie down
for a while.

AL biochemically blocks the spread by tightening muscles or rushing antigens to the proper organs.

AL (VO)
If they wanted us out,
they must be up to something.

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD - LATER

AL TRAVELS TO JOE'S EYE.

EXT. NIGHT - KYOTO - JOE'S POV

A DARKLY WOODED TRAIL OUTSIDE RIUJI'S HOUSE leads to back alleys and shrines. Stone gargoyles appear out of the mist. SOUNDS ARE ENHANCED...PART OF THE TRAIL SEEMS TO GLOW DIMLY...TO THE LEFT.

AL (VO)
...To the left. To the left.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al studies the MONITOR.

INSERT - MONITOR

The same wooded scene seen as an infrared scan...Warmer areas show in lighter colors.HE SCANS THE INFRARED SPECTRUM through the clear lens of Joe's eye.

AL
They passed this way,
the trail is warmer...Quietly now.

Joe and Al follow the residual heat trail to:

A SMALL CABIN

A workshop and Communications shack. Inside, RIUJI, GRUNER and other suspicious men.

AL (VO)
Now, be careful.

The window he's leaning on swings in. Off balance, Joe topples after it. He lands with a crash at the feet of the men. He takes the table lamp with him, plunging the room into darkness. SHOUTS and CURSES as everyone CRASHES into EVERYTHING.

JOE - on the floor, crawling.

AL (VO)
To the left, to the left.

Joe crashes into the wall.

JOE

Ow!

AL (VO)
A hard left. A hard left.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al tries to guide him by infrared.

AL
Door to the right. Get up and run.

JOE (VO)
I can't see a thing.

AL
Neither can they.

OUTSIDE

Joe gets up and runs, blind.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al sees the dim door grow closer. A figure enters and blocks it.

AL
Shit ! Look out!

OUTSIDE

At full speed, Joe tucks and hits a giant thug right in the chest. They both go down. The lights go on...RIUJI and The others stand over him.

FISTS IN THE GUT - JOE is slugged around. Strangely, it doesn't seem to bother him.

JOE
What are you doing?

The giant thug, an "animal" looks down, smiles.

THUG
I'm beating the shit out of you.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Blocking pain impulses with
Endo-Morphins. You'll be alright.

OUTSIDE - JOE

doubles up under another blow.

JOE

I won't look so good.

Another thug takes up the conversation.

THUG 1
Hell, when we get through,
you'll look like him.

He indicates the "Animal". They all laugh...as RIUJI enters. Joe leaps up and nails the Animal with a haymaker. He goes down hard. The others start to close, but Ryuji stops them. He pulls a gun out, holds it on Joe.

RIUJI
No. Never mind him, Where
is GRUNER?

THUG 1
No sign of him.

RYUJI
Keep looking.

The thugs depart. RIUJI's mood changes. He crouches close.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al works on RIUJI's identity.

OUTSIDE - RIUJI -

RIUJI
Now, who do you work for?

JOE
What can I say?

AL (VO)
I'm working on it.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al finds info in a NSA data bank.

AL
Here it is..(Japanese phrases).

OUTSIDE - JOE

RYUJI
Who are you? What do you want?

AL (VO)
(Japanese phrase)

JOE
What?

AL (VO)
Never mind, just say it.

JOE
(Japanese phrase)

RYUJI is taken aback.

RYUJI
How do you know that? CIA?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
I think he deals in...

OUTSIDE - JOE

JOE
...you deal in stolen technology.
...from...Glomsui.

RYUJI
(Shows him ID)
I am GLOMSUI! Corporate Security.

AL (VO)
(denying it)
He was with Gruner!

JOE
You were with GRUNER!

RIUJI
(exasperated)
And now he's gone! What do you
think you're doing, stumbling
through this case. I almost had
the goods in my hand!

JOE
You know what he's got?

RIUJI
Whatever it is, he's
still got it.

JOE
You going after him?

RYUJI
I can't. He didn't do anything.
Thanks to you.

JOE
Why are you on to him?

RYUJI

We've had thefts of our new stuff
...GRUNER deals in this...
A big deal is going down now. I went
to see if GRUNER had anything to sell.
But he didn't make any moves...And
when you arrived, he backed off.

JOE

Why'd you invite me here?

RYUJI

Someone is selling. You followed us.
If it's not him, it must be you. If
it's not you, it must be him...
You scared him off.

JOE

What about the others.

RYUJI

I don't know.

Ryuji puts the gun away, Joe turns to go.

JOE

Would you have bought it from him?

RYUJI (inscrutable)

We don't need to steal anything...

EXT. HOUSE -NIGHT

RENE appears. There is a disarming dizziness about her.

RENE

You're leaving.

JOE

Food doesn't agree with me.

RENE

I'm leaving too.

JOE

Why?

RENE

This business is over.

JOE

I'm sorry. What will you do?

RENE

Go back to Tokyo. Try to get another
tour....You're following GRUNER?

JOE
I'm just on vacation.

RENE
Now, so am I...What's so
interesting about him?

JOE (blurts it out)
Why don't you come and find out?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
No!

OUTSIDE -

RENE
Oh, I can't.

AL (VO)
Good.

JOE
I need a guide and you
need a client...and \$1000.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
No. You can't trust her.

OUTSIDE - Joe counts out fistfull of money.

JOE
You know where he went?

RENE
What's he done?

JOE
He stole something. From
a friend of mine.

RENE
He must be a good friend.

JOE
We're very close.

RENE
What'd he steal?

JOE
A chip. Goes in a computer.

RENE

One chip?

JOE
The most important one.
Can you help me find him?

RENE
(looks at money)
How do you know you can trust me?

JOE
Got to trust someone.

AL (VO)
Who says so?

RENE is skeptical, but fascinated.

RENE
I don't know. He mentioned a city.

JOE
What is it?

RENE
Hiroshima.

JOE
Get your things.

She runs into the house.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Hiroshima! She's going, with us?
Are you out of your mind.

JOE (VO)
Probably.

AL
I don't trust her.

JOE
Then why let her out of our sight?
Besides, she's all we've got...

OUTSIDE

She reappears, throws her bag in the car, hops in. Joe gets in after her. She laughs at him...As they pull away.

JOE
You don't believe me.

RENE

Oh sure.

JOE

Then why are you smiling like that?

RENE

Lots of my clients are rich guys...
They like danger..like playing
with drugs and things...running
around, acting mysterious.

JOE

You think I'm like that?

She shruggs.

JOE

What's Gruner like?

RENE

They'd never talk in front of me.
They'd walk away up the beach.
Nervous about something.

JOE

Who was?

RENE

Ryuji and Gruner.

JOE

And Dieter.

RENE

Friend of Gruner. Just went
along for the party.

JOE

And you?

RENE

It was a good job. Not many ways
for a foreigner to make money here.
Ryuji hires me to organize business
meetings...take care of things.

Up Ahead - a dark Mercedes. A lone figure drives, Gruner. She
turns off her headlight, pulls in close behind the moving car.

HIROSHIMA - A PORT ON THE INLAND SEA - LATER THAT NIGHT -

Gruner's car pulls into a dockside warehouse. A figure emerges
and crosses to a gangway. The FIGURE boards a SHIP. Joe(Al) and
RENE watch from a distance.

RENE

I can't even see in this light.

How do you know it's him?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL works the infrared monitor.

AL (VO)
It's him.

OUTSIDE

JOE
Come on.

RENE
Where we going?

JOE
Beats me.

INLAND SEA - THE BOAT IS A PLEASURE CRUISER

Crowded with tourists taking pictures of everything in sight.

TOPSIDE

GRUNER sits in the sun, listening to his Walkman as the islands move by. Nearby, wearing a hat and dark glasses, Joe/Al tries to stay close without being recognized. RENE slips into the seat beside them.

RENE
This boat doesn't go anywhere.
Just toots around the Inland Sea.

JOE
Must be a pick-up, a rendezvous.

RENE
Then where's the chip.

AL (VO)
If you were going to smuggle a
chip, where would you put it.

She looks over to GRUNER, he has stripped to his shorts and digital watch. He applies oil. JOE focuses on the Walkman.

AL (VO)
Plenty of circuits in a
Walkman...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
I've got an idea.

OUTSIDE

JOE
I was afraid of that.

RENE
What?

JOE
He plays it all the time.

RENE AT THE BAR

The waiter brings GRUNER's drink for a refill. Rene loads it with Vodka when the waiter turns away.

BELOW DECK LOUNGE

Filled with Japanese tourists...Joe stands uneasy...Looking sweaty and fearful.

JOE
You sure this will work?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Not sure at all.

OUTSIDE

JOE
Well at least talk it up, then.
I feel like an idiot.

AL (VO)
Just say the words. Just like I told you.

Joe gets up his courage and blurts out:

JOE
(Japanese phrase...)

Everyone turns to him with interest.

JOE
What was it? What'd I say?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
You said 100,000 yen
for the right Sony Walkman.

The people sit, frozen...

AL (VO)
haka xuki.

OUTSIDE -

JOE
haka xuki. What's that mean?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Cash.

OUTSIDE

They rush him. He is mobbed. Each Japanese waves his walkman...explaining in rapid Japanese the merits of their own model. Walkmans wave before his face like a field of corn.

TOPSIDE - AT THE BAR - THE WAITER AND RENE

WAITER
...It's Thrirrer, Micaer Jaksin.

She hands him a big tip.

ANOTHER SLAP of cash in a hand. A CASSETTE OF "THRILLER" is passed back.

INT. PASSAGEWAY

A teenager takes off with his profit, but Joe's got the Music.

DECK - UNDER THE BLAZING SUN

GRUNER's nodded off. The walkman plays on the deck beside him...Joe has eased up behind him...lying on the deck, apparently sunning...Rene is with him, in sunglasses and big hat...She covers his actions with erotic sun oil spreading of her own. Joe's got his cassette with the music rolling... and two headsets...He puts his identical walkman next to GRUNER'S. He plugs one headset into his walkman. The other, he eases into the B headset port in GRUNERS...

HEAR the two tapes, out of sync. Rapidly jockeying, Joe matches cassettes so the tapes play in sync. He nods to Rene. She gets up, walks to the Bar entrance, knocks over a tray as she exit.

AT THE CRASH, Joe switches plugs on the walkmans, rolls over, out of the way and feigns sleep, all in one motion.

GRUNER rouses for a moment, looks around: nothing. He grabs (his) walkman, holds it on his belly and slumps down again.

INT. SHIP - JOE'S CABIN

They stare at the Walkman.

RENE

Now what?

JOE

We figure out if it's in here.

RENE

How?

JOE

Why don't you get us some food.
This may take some time.

She's pissed, but she takes some cash and leaves.

JOE

How?

INT. PASSAGEWAY - OUTSIDE THE DOOR

RENE listens for a moment, hears nothing, departs.

INT. CABIN - LATER

The walkman lies in hundreds of pieces. Rene finishes dinner while Joe stares at the main circuit board.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL's sensors scan a technological terrain; the walkman circuits. He gives Joe instructions.

AL

Left...The one with
the red dot.

OUTSIDE - JOE

JOE

Well...?

AL (VO)

It's not the one...Wait...
there's a label.

Joe's eye fixes on a circuit,

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al scans in on it. It looks promising... Then he sees it on the casing... microetching... letters...a message; in Dutch. Al translates:

AL

So Long, Suckers!

OUTSIDE

JOE jumps up, darts out the door. Rene follows.

JOE
We been had.

TOPSIDE - NIGHT

A speedboats wake fades in the distance. Rene questions a deckhand, turns to Joe.

RENE
That must be him. Water taxi.

JOE
Get us one.

RENE
Too late, they won't come back
out till morning.

They slump into deck chairs.

JOE
He hung us up dry.

AL (VO)
While he makes the run.

JOE
Where?

RENE
Where what?

JOE
Where would you go to sell a chip?

AL (VO)
We've ruined his market in Japan..
Where's Dieter?

RENE
Dieter?

JOE
If Gruner led us away, Who'd
he lead us away from?

RENE
Hong Kong.

JOE
What?

RENE
Dieter's gone to shoot a
still job. Hong Kong.

HONG KONG. DAY

Joe and Rene rush up the main street. Suddenly Joe gets a thought. He grabs Rene.

JOE
Wait a minute! How'd you know
Dieter was coming here?

RENE
I asked him.

JOE
Oh.

AL (VO)
See...I don't trust her.

Stops her again.

JOE
Why'd you ask him.

RENE
He's a client of mine! What's the
matter. You can't suspect Dieter.
He's a famous photographer.
He makes millions.

JOE
Maybe I'm wrong. Then GRUNER won't
be here.

STREET

They turn the corner into an area blocked off for a still shoot. Lights are set covering a car: the famous BMW M2 prototype, RENE walks in ahead. Joe lurks in the B.G.

RENE walks up to Dieter and is greeted and hugged.

DIETER
What are you doing here,
where've you been?

RENE
I have a new client.

DIETER
That crazy guy?

RENE
Yes. Joe.

Joe watches her walk away with Dieter.

AL (VO)
She thinks a lot of you.

DIETER
Where is he now?

RENE
Oh...I came on ahead.

They set the scene.

DIETER
Well, I'm glad to see you.
Sorry things broke up like that.

RENE
It's just money.

DIETER
Hey, sit in the car. I'll get you
a fee. Make up for what you lost
on the tour.

IN THE CROWD

Joe spots someone in the B.G.

JOE'S POV - GRUNER

He scans the scene...Joe pulls back into the shadows, unseen.
GRUNER moves to Dieter. They shake hands, say a few things we
don't get. Dieter hands him a small package.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL enhances the audio. We hear one phrase. Sounds like "Chiang
Cho".

DIETER
You know Rene.

He moves, revealing Rene in the passengers seat. GRUNER'S
surprised. He pulls Dieter away.

GRUNER
There was a mixup. I got your
wristwatch.

DIETER
I knew it wasn't mine. Must have
switched them swimming.

They exchange wristwatches. As Dieter straps his on, his
assistant approaches him with the camera...He takes it and starts
to go to work. Joe watches Gruner back out of the lights.

AL (VO)

It's in the watch. He lead us
on that chase while Dieter
brought the chip into Hong Kong.

JOE
And Dieter?

AL (VO)
He must not know. GRUNER just
made the switch back.

Suddenly, GRUNER senses something. He looks directly at them.

JOE
Then, why'd he lead us here.

AL (VO)
He didn't. He left us that
walkman chip to confuse us.
Would have kept most people
busy. We were too fast for him.

Suddenly, GRUNER's gone...into the shadows.

AL (VO)
...Until now.

They take off in pursuit.

From an alley, a Porsche blasts past - GRUNER. Joe looks
around. Nothing to chase it in, just the M2.

AL (VO)
Do it.

JOE
I can't handle that thing.

AL
Don't worry, I can.

Joe knocks over the male model, hops in the M2. Starts it up,
Blasts it out through the set, through the lights and falling
backdrops, and out onto the crowded, narrow street. He careens
from side, to side...out of control; Al yelling in his head...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al working feedback motor controls...

AL (VO)
Don't fight me. Just relax...

OUTSIDE

Joe careening down the street...out of control.

JOE
RELAX?!!!

RENE emerges from the pile of haut couture into which she was thrown by his takeoff and adds her screams to his.

RENE
What?

JOE
I said just relax. I'm in full control.

He loses it on the turn, takes out a peddler's stand.

ON THE CORNICHE

A Hundred mile-an-hour chase. RENE is terrified. So is Joe, but it's Al's reflexes that are doing the driving. Rene tries to speak calmly through gritted teeth.

RENE
Done much high-speed driving?

JOE (struggling with the controls)
A bit. Why do you ask?

RENE
Oh...nothing....Why do you scream on the turns?

A particularly nasty switchback, a truck in the other lane, the rear end breaks loose...He screams again, then looks at her.

JOE
Oxygen. Good for the brain.

She seems to accept that.

They almost catch up with GRUNER when an obstruction in their lane forces them off the road...Only great skill and luck enables them to swerve back on. They round a blind corner. The PORSCHE, dead in their track. Both cars SLAM TOGETHER, careen off the road, hit a bank, separate. The PORSCHE rolls, destroying itself, PRANGS into a tree. The M2 goes through a bush, comes to rest upright.

RENE - covered with dirt and debris, looks at him, stunned.

RENE
I'll walk from here.

Joe spots GRUNER climbing out of the PORSCHE.

AL
Are you alright?

JOE
Just fine. I'll do the driving
from now on.

RENE
Not with me, you won't. He
doesn't seem to like you either.

GRUNER crawls from his car, homicide on his mind. Joe slams his
shoulder into his door. It swings open dumping him in the mud,
tangled in his seat belt.

JOE'S POV

GRUNER stands over him with a gun. Joe struggles to his feet.
Rene joins him. GRUNER holds the small package in one hand and
the gun in the other. He holds the gun lazily...not really aimed:
arrogance and a challenge.

JOE (to Al)
Do something!

RENE
Who, me?

GRUNER
Do nothing. Just give me the keys.

AL (VO)
Aim just in front of his face.

JOE
Aim what?

GRUNER thinks he means the gun.

GRUNER
At this distance, there's no
aim involved

AL (VO)
Get ready!

JOE
Don't do it!

GRUNER
Just give me the keys.

JOE
Whatever it is, don't do it.

GRUNER (exasperated)
I'm just taking your car.

JOE (to AL)
He's got a gun!

It's said with such conviction, that GRUNER goes for it; His gaze flicks to the side, At that moment. AL attacks. Joe springs at him, flips.

GRUNER'S POV

Joe's boots catch him in the face. BOOM! The gun goes off. They land in a pile. No one can believe it, least of all, Joe. As Joe looks up, stunned, GRUNER slugs him.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al is stunned by the blow.

OUTSIDE

A fight through the bushes..GRUNER attacks, fiercely. Joe defends himself, badly at first; Then Al recovers, takes a hand and smashes GRUNER..too hard.

RENE

He's out. Come on...We don't want to be found here.

He takes his watch and wallet.

AL (VO)

What about the chip?
Open the package..

OUTSIDE

Joe opens the package...

JOE

Holy...

AL (VO)

...Shit! It's just money.

Joe pries the watch open, exposing the innards. He holds it close to his eye...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD -

AL scans the chips...

AL

Nothing. It isn't here!

OUTSIDE - Slowly, it dawns:

JOE

He already made the deal..

AL (VO)

The man we want has the PEM,
and is across the border by now.

JOE
Dieter!

AL (VO)
GRUNER switched the chip to him,
not from him, then he led us
away again...to Chiang Cho.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

72 Hours Elapsed - Al's situation is becoming grave, battery
power running low...time is essential.

RENE (VO)
Chiang Cho?

JOE (VO)
...across THE BORDER. Come on!

OUTSIDE

RENE
That's not this direction.
It's back the other way.

JOE
You've been there?

RENE
I know the territory.

JOE
You coming along?

AL (VO)
I'm against it.

RENE (VO)
I insist.

JOE
So do I.

A SHADY HOTEL ROOM - ON THE BORDER.

RENE
This going to work?

JOE
Maybe they're expecting Gruner.
I'm gonna be him.

RENE
He's Dutch. You can't even

speak Dutch.

 JOE (Dutch)
 Sdkjfls fjslkdjl;

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al looks up, annoyed.

 AL (VO)
 Quit showing off.

OUTSIDE

Rene looks at him with new...(maybe even) respect.

 JOE
 There's a lot you don't know.

 AL (VO)
 And don't let her know, either.

INT. BATHROOM

Joe looks in the mirror.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al works the computer...zapping various...nerves...

 AL
 This may hurt.

 JOE (VO)
 Well, don't let it. What are
 you doing?

OUTSIDE

Joe's face swells until it has the same general configuration as GRUNER's.

 AL
 Retention of fluids...The rest
 is...

INT. BEDROOM - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Joe catches her looking at him, in awe at his physical transformation...

 JOE (lamely)
 ...Muscle control...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al is busy downloading GRUNER's Dossier.

THE BORDER - LATER - JOE

undergoing a skin search. JOE yawns, as if bored by the whole thing.

GUARD
We know who you are, GRUNER.

JOE
I've got a permit for the cash.

GUARD
We'll just make sure.

EXT. BORDER POST

Free to go, they walk a few meters; unsure . A huge black car SCREECHES UP, DOOR OPENS. RENE pulls back.

INT. THE CAR

An Oriental man. He squints at the daylight and beckons them in. Joe and Rene enter. The car pulls away. Under his robe, the man has a gun. He looks suspicious. When he speaks we are startled to hear a familiar BURR.

BURR
You didn't tell us you were coming?

JOE
Then how did you know?

BURR snorts derisively. Rene starts to sweat it...

JOE
Is something wrong?

BURR looks at him oddly, finally speaks his suspicion.

BURR
(guessing)
You've cut your hair?

JOE
I dyed it. We're all getting old.

BURR (unsure, suspicious)
Some more than others.

BURR accepts RENE's presence at face value.

BURR
Why are you here?

Joe, thinking fast, shows him his watch. He cracks it open, shows him a chip; not the chip, but how is BURR to know?

JOE
PEM115!

BURR
**?! (CHINESE EXCLAMATION)

JOE
Newer, more powerful design.

BURR gets excited. He pats the driver, speaks rapid Cantonese.
Joe looks over, smiles broadly at Rene, touches her knee.

JOE
What's happening?

She smiles, but it is Al who answers.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
We're onto something.
**?! is Cantonese for Lab.

OUTSIDE - INT. CAR

Joe seems to be commenting on Rene's smile.

JOE
About time.

LANDING PAD

The car pulls up near a familiar-looking Black Helicopter.

EXT. HIGH TECH COMPLEX - LATER

The chopper lands. They exit.-

INT. RESEARCH LAB

Nearly identical to U.S.T. Guards greet them. One speaks to BURR
in Chinese as RENE and GRUNER/JOE are escorted to the lab.

JOE
Pretty advanced, isn't it?

AL (VO)
Ought to be, they stole everything
and reverse-engineered it. Looks
like all they need is the chip.

INT. LAB

A BLACK COVERALLED figure appears. As he moves, we recognize him
as the LEADER of the INTRUDERS. He turns to them, it's Dieter.
He glances at Gruner/Joe, surprised, He speaks to Joe in rapid

Dutch.

DIETER
(What are you doing here?
Where's Joe?)

Joe responds: in dialect...Then watches for approval.

JOE
(He had another chip.)

Dieter nods and turns away. He speaks softly and rapidly to another technician in Cantonese.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al picks the sound up, runs it through a translation program. It starts to read out.

OUTSIDE - Joe HEARS the translation.

AL (VO)
He's up to something.
I have the real chip.

Slowly, Joe backs away. The chip is inserted, programming starts. The tech speaks to the guards who edge toward Joe...They grab him.

JOE
(under his breath)
Do something.

AL (VO)
What exactly?

JOE
I don't know.

As Joe is hustled out, he struggles, stalls...

JOE
(weird Chinese double-talk)

Whatever that means, it freezes them for a moment. They look to Dieter. Joe goes BERSERK. HE goes for the chip, but they tackle him. They slam him against the console, immobilizing him. One guard reaches for restraints.

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD - IN JOE'S EYE

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al sees his chance. The POD'S LASER swings round...

THE CONSOLE

open near the PEM114. The laser sweeps over the microcircuitry fusing new connections.

INSIDE

Al works frantically, surgically...one final sweep.

THE CIRCUIT BOARD

POP! - An electrical surge BLASTS through.

THE LAB

SCREAMING AND SHOUTING. Dieter lunges at Joe. An electrical chain reaction sparks. The techs kill the power.

IT GOES BLACK - In the confusion, Joe tears the chip from the console. He grabs Rene, slips out.

EXT. THE CHOPPER

They run across the tarmac, hop in.

RENE
Can you fly this?

AL (VO)
Don't worry.

JOE
Why not?

RENE
Can you?

JOE
Sure I can, can't I?

AL (VO)
Sure.

He starts it. The pursuers are coming fast. They lift off just as the pursuers reach them. They swing over the lab and off toward the border.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al flies, but the laser has drained him, he loses power..THE MISSION CLOCK FLASHES 90 HOURS PLUS...

OUTSIDE

Suddenly, Joe loses coordination. The chopper plunges...Al's voice is fading.

AL (VO)
Hang on!...

Joe goes limp. Then recovers, tries to coordinate flight. The chopper swoops all over the sky, out of control.

JOE
What happened?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Losing power. The laser
drained it.

THE CIRCUITS FAIL.

OUTSIDE

Al no longer controls it; the chopper stalls.

RENE
What happened?

JOE
I can't fly it.

RENE
What'd...you forget?

They CRASH within sight of the lab. Joe barely manages to get it down without killing them. RENE is confounded by his Jeckyl/Hyde characteristic.

RENE (VO)
What is wrong with you?

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD

Barely under power, Al grapples the POD to a junction in a vein. He turns his rudders to angle the props into the fast flowing blood stream...The props spin in the flow.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - THE MONITOR

The batteries charge.

OUTSIDE

Joe and Rene, struggling to escape the wreckage.

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD

The physical activity increases the blood flow and aids recharging. But they are easily captured...

INT. RESEARCH CENTER

Dieter's men separate them and throw Joe in a cell.

JOE (VO)
I'll tell you nothing.

GUARD
Who asked?

They slam the door, it's dark and scary. Joe calls after them.

JOE
Don't you want to torture me?.

GUARD
Later.

AL (VO)
Be quiet.

JOE
Where've you been?

AL (VO)
Never mind that, where are we now.

JOE
We are in a dungeon. How do we
get out?

AL (VO)
Gimme a minute.

JOE
Looks like you can have all
you want.

LATER - Joe sits brooding in the semi-darkness.

JOE (VO)
I can always flush you
down the toilet.

AL (VO)
Keep thinking.

JOE
I have been... I think you're
right.

AL (VO)
About what?

JOE
Dieter asked where I was.
He expected me here. Maybe
someone was assigned to bring
me here.

AL (VO)
Rene?

JOE
She works for them.

AL
Now, you're too suspicious.

JOE (VO)
You were the one who was always
suspicious of her!

AL (VO)
I was wrong. She tried to help
us get away.

JOE
No. She just stayed with us.
Like she did all along.

WHANG! The door slams open. They throw RENE in. She hits the
floor hard...

RENE
You let me out of here!!
You son of a...

WHANG! The door slams shut, cutting her off. She picks herself
up, looks at Joe...He glares back at her, suspicious. She's just
a bit hurt...expected a bigger reception than this.

RENE
Well, thanks. Nice to be
here too!

He tries to be angry with her, then seems to weaken.

JOE
Are you alright?

RENE
Yes. No. I'm...okay. They can't
do this. They can't hold us here.

JOE
Looks like they can.
What did they do?

RENE
They asked about you.

JOE
What did you tell them?

RENE
That I really don't know.

JOE
Now what?

RENE
They'll listen to what
we say in here.

RENE, lovely in a single shaft from a crack in the casement.

AL (VO)
She is beautiful.

JOE
You've changed your mind.

She turns to him.

RENE
What? Oh, about Dieter, Yes.
It was him. Gruner works for him.

JOE
Why?

She shrugs but Al answers him.

AL (VO)
Not really. Truth is...I was
..jealous. Of you.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Thing is...I think I'm
in love with her.

OUTSIDE - JOE

JOE
Oh no!

RENE
What?

She turns, crosses to him.

JOE
What a mess.

RENE
You can say that again.
What do we do?

JOE
Nothing we can do.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
I know it's no good. I've
no right to be jealous.

OUTSIDE

AL (VO)
She's in love with you.
Anyone can see that.

OUTSIDE - JOE

JOE
They can?

RENE
What?

JOE
They can hold us here forever.
Nobody knows about us.

RENE
Can't you do something?

AL (VO)
It's a real mess. I'm sorry
I got you into this.

Joe - trying to assimilate it all and master the tripartite conversation, just repeats Al's thoughts.

JOE
I'm sorry I got you into this.

RENE
It was my choice.

AL (VO)
You're a lucky man.

JOE
Yeah, sure.

RENE
Don't blame yourself, I didn't
have to come along.

JOE
Why did you, then?

RENE
For you.

AL (VO)

She's so lovely. It's all
my fault...I was wrong.

JOE
You're lovely.

RENE
I'm...scared.

AL (VO)
Look, I don't know how we're
gonna get out of this.

JOE
I don't know how we're
gonna get out of this, but
we will, somehow.

AL (VO)
I want you to know how much I
appreciate what you've done.

JOE
I want to thank you for what
you've done.

RENE
I didn't do anything.

AL (VO)
I know we fight, but I don't mean
it. You're quite a guy. No one else
could have dealt with this.

JOE
Awwww...

AL (VO)
I mean it! No one else would have
helped. I take it all back,
everything I've said about you.

RENE
I encouraged you to come here.
My fault as much as yours.

JOE
I was...crazy...desperate. I took
it out on you. I didn't mean it. I know
what she sees in you. You're kind and
you're brave. If I ever get out of you,
I'll be glad to call you my friend.

JOE
I've learned a lot. I don't
regret a thing. If it ends
here, with you that's okay with me.

RENE (holds him)
It's okay with me too.

AL (VO)
Don't worry, I owe you a lot.
I'm not gonna let us rot here.
I'm gonna find us a way out.

JOE
I'll get us out of here.

AL (VO)
Don't worry about me. You take this
time for your own, you two.....

RENE
How?

JOE
What?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Take her hand.

OUTSIDE - Joe does.

JOE
Now what?

RENE
I've never met anyone like you.

AL (VO)
Kiss her.

He does, gently.

AL (VO)
In a way, we're like brothers...
I can't have her. I want you to.

JOE
That's nice.

RENE
Nice?

AL (VO)
In my own way...I want you to know
that...I love you.

JOE
Uh...wonderful. I know I'm strange,
but in my own way, I love you

RENE
(softens)
I love you too.

She slides into his arms. The kiss.

JOE
Could we be alone?

She looks up and giggles at him.

RENE
If this isn't alone, I don't
know what is.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

AL turns off his circuits.

OUTSIDE

Joe seems just a touch confused; preoccupied. She takes matters in hand. He resists only momentarily when she seduces him. In the dark, they make love.

MORNING - The cell door slams open. Guards enter.

JOE
Don't worry.

RENE
Why not, what are you
going to do?

JOE
Escape.

As they drag him out, he seems to Rene, strangely confident.

RENE
Just like that?

JOE
I'll come back for you.

RENE
Aren't you a little optimistic?

EXT. COURTYARD

Joe is led through an exercise yard. He is joyed at the sight of a fifteen foot wall.

JOE (whispers)
Look at that wall! When I
say "Now", give me some

adrenaline. Give me
everything I've got.NOW!

He breaks from his guards, dashes across the yard and leaps.

SMASH...He hits the wall hard...four feet below the top. Slides
to the bottom, lies in a crumpled heap, stunned.

JOE
What happened?..must have slipped...

Joe falls back, they chase him around...He is startled by the
fact that he's starting to get winded.

JOE (Annoyed)
Al, come on...

They corner him...He turns and takes a Kung Fu stance. They stop
apprehensively, then come on. He takes an awkward swing and they
beat the crap out of him. He looks up, dazed and bleeding.

JOE
What happened?..Al, what the
hell are you doing?

FROM INSIDE - Al'S POV

He focuses the Monitors, sees a Room, but another room. People.
Dieter and the others...they are congratulating each other. His
P.O.V.is that of a willing participant. Dieter turns to (him).

DIETER
What do you think, Rene?

The girl, RENE. Al's now in her.

RENE (hesitant)
There's...something about him.

DIETER
What?

COURTYARD - JOE

struggling with the guards.

JOE
Come on, Al! Quit fooling around
I know you're in there...
I haven't so much as spit...

The look on his face! He just thought of something else.

JOE
You son of a bitch! You conned me!

OFFICE - RENE

RENE
You're gonna laugh.

DIETER
Yes?

RENE
He's not an ordinary man.

DIETER
Enough ROMance.

RENE
He's...more. Somehow, enhanced...
He's...zxflbbgt!

She blinks. That didn't make any sense.

DIETER
He's what?

She smiles, embarrassed, tries again.

RENE
He's...sigmmoflbbbwwggpp....

Embarrassed, confused, she sighs...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al is hitting all triggers; sending all kinds of currents through her brain, releasing chemicals that confuse her... to keep her from talking.

OUTSIDE

One more time...she tries to continue.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al lets off a charge in her brain that disrupts her motor reflexes.

OUTSIDE

She drops like a rag-doll, passes out.

DIETER
He must have drugged her.

INT. LAB - LATER - DIETER AND BURR

Rene sleeps on a gurney nearby. Joe is strapped to an Operating table. Techs prep him for an experiment. Tech1 runs a CAT scan on Joe.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al listens as they speak over her.

BURR (Indicates Joe)
You knew about him. You used him.

OUTSIDE -

DIETER
I knew he was following us.
He diverted attention,
exposed Ryuji's trap..

BURR
Rene?

DIETER
She found out what she could
...and delivered him here.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL listens.

They replace the circuit board, insert the chip, and power up.

TECH 1
Tests are negative.

DIETER
He still has the POD.

BURR
Impossible.

DIETER
I'll prove it. We'll repeat their
procedures...put a man in our POD,
bring it down, and then...inject him.

They look over at JOE. He knows they're talking about him.

INT. LAB - LATER

Their POD is heavily armed.

DIETER
If there is a POD inside him, We'll
find it, and bring it out for study.

BURR
Who's our little man?

DIETER
Me.

BURR
No. If anything happened, you'd

be stuck in there like he was.

DIETER

I take the last chip in with me.
I use it, to control re-enlargement,
from inside.

OPERATING TABLE - LATER

JOE is given the intravenous shot.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - DIETER

makes directly for the brain.

LAB - HOURS LATER

JOE on the Gurney. The techs are picking something up on the cranial monitors. Joe's leg twitches. then his body leaps into spasm. The techs are alerted...A few rush out of the control room into the lab. They lean over the unconscious form, restraints and syringes at the ready.

Suddenly his eyes snap open. His head turns, he fixes them with a riveting stare. They are taken aback. When it finally comes, his voice is amazingly calm, authoritarian, familiar.

JOE

Well, don't just stand around,
let me up.

It's Joe's face, but it's Dieter speaking. BURR is amazed.

BURR

Dieter?

JOE/DIETER

Who do you think? Now let me up,
and I'll show you what this
thing can do.

The techs are perplexed. They look to BURR for instructions. Amazed and exultant, BURR presses his face against the glass. DIETER/JOE raises his thumb and shakes it at him in a victory sign. Quickly, they turn and releases the restraints on DIETER/JOE. He gets up.

BURR

Go ahead. What can it do?

Joe hesitates only a moment. Then his face lights up. He says one word:

JOE

Escape!

WHAM WHAM WHAM. Karate blows...The tech's lie on the floor.

Joe's out the door.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - DIETER

still in the artery. Get's tumbled by the sudden activity.

DIETER
Hey, what's going on? Answer
me...Rupert.

OUTSIDE

Joe goes berserk, smashes computers and makes an escape. He has been faking it.

INSIDE JOE

Dieter is trapped in a runaway subject - Joe. Dieter tries to hamper him...slow his breathing, put him to sleep etc. Joe fights him.

BACK IN THE LAB

ALL is confusion around the sleeping RENE.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al is trapped as long as RENE is unconscious. He stimulates her.

OUTSIDE

She wakes, groggy.

RENE
What happened?

BURR
Joe's escaped. Dieter's in him.

RENE
In him?

BURR
It's a long story.

RENE
ya hyutn slulptsu?

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al has hit the wrong nerve bundle. He cuts power.

OUTSIDE -

BURR
What?

Shakes her head to clear it.

RENE

I said...He'll head for the border.

EXT. WOODS

Rene and the others pursue Joe.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al sows confusion. He stimulates parts of her brain.

OUTSIDE

She starts to act psychotic, sees everything upside down, right to left...She speaks in Navaho. Then she runs into the bush. They crash into the bush after her. She pulls out in front of the other pursuers. Soon she is alone. Far ahead, she glimpses Joe pulling away.

RENE

I know you're in there.
I'll make you a deal.

She slows, breathing hard...stops in a clearing...finally...the answer

AL (VO)

What kind of a deal?

RENE

Let us get to the border!

AL (VO)

Then what?

RENE (kidding, sarcasting)

I'll give you three wishes.

AL (VO)

I knew you were trouble.

RENE

Trouble...is, if we both get
stuck here.

She leans against the trunk of a tree, exhausted...finally:

AL (VO)

Deal.

A moment's pause, then, new life in her body, she takes off fast.

WARNING SIGNS show she is near the border when she spots a stumbling figure ahead. Joe seems dopey and dizzy yet he

struggles forward.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

DIETER tries to stop him...His blood pressure is down, brain chemicals acting up...

OUTSIDE

His mind reels. He tries to press on, but instead, staggers around in confusion. He sees a vision, makes for it.

JOE

Rene!

The OTHERS catch up. They bring up their guns.

JOE

You work for them?

BURR comes up to take him. RENE acts funny, an internal struggle of her own. When she speaks, it isn't her.

RENE

Kiss her you fool.

JOE

Her?

Then, he realizes: Al is in her...Suddenly, he moves on her. He kisses her passionately. She struggles against his embrace but he won't break the kiss.

INSIDE

Al makes a run for her mouth..too late...as:

OUTSIDE

BURR moves forward and breaks it up, pulling Joe away from her. Joe slips from his grip, staggers back looking at her.

JOE

I don't care if you do work
for them. I doesn't bother me.

RENE looks at Joe for a moment, then laughs. She turns and grins at BURR. She motions BURR forward to take Joe. As he passes in front of her, she turns, clips BURR below the ear, knocking him out. Joe is surprised. She moves to him.

She's got a knife...She slashes Joe's wrist. She wants him to bleed to death. No. She slashes her own...presses their wrists together. She understands...and is trying to help. They sink to the ground together.

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD

In a flash, Al is through...He's into Joe's bloodstream...
Chasing down Dieter...A terrific chase through the body...

OUTSIDE

Joe's on the move...with RENE.

INSIDE - EXT. DIETER'S POD

Dieter fires his laser.

OUTSIDE

Joe goes down...Rene grabs him, pulls him up, forward.

JOE
Who are you?
Who do you work for?

RENE
Doesn't matter. I'm on your side.

JOE
I knew it. I told him.

RENE
Now what?

JOE
We just don't stop.

CRASHING THROUGH THE BUSH BEHIND THEM - THE BAD GUYS.

INSIDE - EXT. THE PODS

Dieter tries to slow Joe down. Al tries to speed him up...

OUTSIDE

They come upon the DENUDED ZONE near the BORDER - a killing
ground laced with minefields, automatic shotguns, infrared
scanners, radar, sonar etc...The pursuers draw closer.

INSIDE JOE

Dieter hunts Al. ..

OUTSIDE

The pursuers catch up just as they reach the minefield. Just
when Joe needs his help the most:

INSIDE - EXT. THE POD

Al is ambushed by Dieter... A HIGH SPEED DOGFIGHT through the
body. Dieter FIRES at Al, misses, hits a nerve and sets off a

muscle seizure...not the best thing to have in a minefield...

OUTSIDE...Joe can't control his body.

JOE
Al, Help.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al's got his hands full.

AL
Can't help you now. You're on
your own.

OUTSIDE

He turns...he's stuck halfway to freedom with the girl and with
no one to save him but himself; HIS OWN ABILITIES...
He moves at them. They fall back momentarily...afraid he'll
trigger the automatic guns.

BURR
Give up, save yourself
You're in a killing zone.

Joe bluffs...buying time.

JOE
How about a deal?

BURR
We'll let you go. You leave
the pods and the PEM.

A STAND OFF - The pursuers hesitate,

JOE
(under his breath)
Do something. Gimme some power.
I'm in a minefield.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al desperately trying to repair the damage, while avoiding
Dieter. At the same time, he is analyzing the controls for the
border defenses. It doesn't seem there's much he can do, but then
he gets it:

Al starts to transmit ultrahigh frequency bursts.

JOE (VO)
What are you doing?

AL
Sending what we know
back to U.S.T. via satellite.

INT. DIETER'S POD

Dieter sets his own transmitter to the same frequency and blasts forth...jamming Al's transmission.

It's a trick. Al adds to the radio chaos, transmitting on other frequencies...a battle of the wavelengths. Then someone hits it, a frequency that:

OUTSIDE

sets off the automatic shotguns. Everyone dives for the dirt. The air above them EXPLODES - shredding the trees. Joe looks up, sees a lane of guns clicking empty...

INSIDE

Dieter gets in a lucky shot and Al's POD is damaged.

OUTSIDE

Joe hears it.

JOE
Al...you there, Al?
Now's the time. Help us.

No answer. Maybe Al's dead. Now Joe knows: If they're to be saved, it's his body and his brain that has to save them... The awful truth...It's up to him.

JOE
He can't help us.

RENE
Do something!

JOE
Do what? I don't know.
I'm no good at this.

RENE
You are, I've seen you.

JOE
It wasn't me. It was him.

RENE
It was you.

JOE
He told me what to do.

RENE
But you did it. It was you.

Joe tries to deny it.

RENE

I know one thing. If it wasn't
you...we're in big trouble...

She sees them bringing up submachineguns. She turns to Joe. His
face takes on a look of resolve.

JOE

It was me. He just told me
how...I wish he could tell me now.

RENE

If he was able, what would he say.

He gathers himself, takes her hand.

JOE

He'd say..."Don't stop now.."

He's up and running for it, with RENE close behind.

THROUGH THE MINEFIELD

He rips open barbed wire, they come to it:

THE FENCE

A LIVE WIRE - He's got to think quickly. He takes off his belt,
loops the buckle on a conductor and pulls it across until two
wires make contact. A BLAST OF SPARKS, the wire grounds out,
shorts, overloads and goes dead. ALARMS GO OFF. From the other
side, Border Police rush up, but can do nothing to help them.

JOE

Come on.

RENE

That's twenty feet high.

JOE

Like Al says..."Under stress,
the human body is capable of
impossible feats.

WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM WHAM...Submachinegun fire rattles off the
fence above them.

JOE

This...is stress.

Rene agrees. She puts her foot in his hands, he vaults her to
the top of the fence. She swings over.

He backs off...a BURST OF FIRE spurs him. He runs, leaps for the
fence, barely catches the top, tries to pull himself up. He

can't. Caught, he hangs there, watching the bad guys move up.

JOE

Al, this is your last chance..

The bad guys take aim.

BURR

Three seconds to decide. Then
we will shoot.

Caught, under their guns...Joe looks at them.

INSIDE - EXT. AL'S POD

is hit, mortally damaged...losing pressure.

INT. DIETER'S POD -

DIETER

Give up! Tell Joe to give up!

INT. AL'S POD

Desperation...to get enough power, to aim the laser. As Al swings it around,Dieter fires again. At the same moment, Al fires at Dieter. It misses...but hits a NERVE BUNDLE!

OUTSIDE

Joe breaks into laughter...The Tickle-Response.

INSIDE

The paroxysm of laughter spoils Dieter's aim...His POD is drawn into the throat by the convulsions, where it is battered. Desperate, Al brings HIS dying POD alongside, pops the hatch, swims to Dieter's pod, just as Dieter's pod is swept away, out of control. A vortex tries to tear his grip away. He hangs tough against the violent wrenches of the current, as the pod swoops out from under him and spins away. Hand over hand, he reaches a hatch and enters. Dieter, panicked, at the controls, turns on him. They fight. The pod tumbles. They tumble. Dieter grabs a wrench, raises it to slug Al, when the pod hits something solid. Dieter is slammed against the bulkhead, knocked out. Al gains control of the pod, wedges it into a crevice and waits for the paroxysms to die away.

OUTSIDE

JOE'S ON THE WIRE, laughing at something terribly funny. RENE thinks he's finally gone mad. He may have. The pursuers think so. They are so amazed by his attitude...his courage...HIS HEART in the face of death, that when he tumbles off the fence into the FREE ZONE, they don't even fire.

THE FENCE

The border police come up and cover them. They are safe and free. Incredibly, Burr shouts through the fence:

BURR
They have stolen state property.

RENE
What a nerve!

BORDER GUARD
What kind of property?

RENE (to Joe)
Just ignore them. Walk away.

BURR
I insist. Return the POD.

Joe starts to walk away, then turns to Burr.

JOE
Okay, if you really want it.

He hawks and spits through the wire onto the man's shoe. The guards lock their weapons expecting a firefight at this insult.

Burr's assistant leans down, scrapes the lunger off Burr's foot. Burr, realizing, scrapes the slime from the other's hand and cups it in his...He turns away, looking for a vessel. The border guards are flabbergasted.

They look at Joe, Joe shrugs at them as he and Rene walk away. Toward a familiar Oriental man who waits for them, in front of an idling helicopter.

JOE
Riuji?

RENE
I told you, I work for him.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD

Al is anxious to get home.

AL
Hurry up...before this guy wakes.

OUTSIDE

Rene turns to him..He is mumbling.

RENE
What is it?

JOE

We're not moving fast enough
for him.

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
I'll punch up your adrenaline...

OUTSIDE

Joe walks unsteadily off with RENE...past the guards. He seems insane...arguing with himself.

JOE
You leave my adrenaline alone.

RENE just looks ahead; a crazy-amused smile on her face.

It ends as it began, with Al and Joe bitching at each other, but all anyone hears is Joe's side:

Joe
Who's slow? ...I figured
it out...

INSIDE - INT. THE POD - AL

AL
Well, you should have said it
in Cantonese...

OUTSIDE

Joe, outraged, babbles away. The Border guards look worried, like they may have to throw a net over him. Rene starts to giggle at the whole thing.

RENE
He wants to apologise.

RENE
He should do it in person
...I mean ex person.

JOE
Yeah...I have to get away.

RENE
I know a nice island.

JOE (to Al)
What? I told you she was alright.
Who knew it right away?...and I
found the chip. Who figured out
it was Dieter?...Alright then. I ran
through the minefield, where were
you then? AW...will you get out

of my face...etc. etc.

END

INNERSPACE