

CUBE

Written by

Andre Bijelic, Vincenzo Natali
and
Graeme Manson

FINAL WHITE PAGES
NOV. 7/96

© Cube Libre Inc.

FADE IN:

1 INT. CUBE 1

1

A perfectly square, empty room. The walls are metallic, textured and symmetrical - 14 by 14 feet, with a sliding door embedded in the centre of each wall, the floor and ceiling.

Click. A door handle turns. The door in the ceiling slides open, and the limp body of a man drops through, hitting the floor with a painful thud. After a moment, he stirs.

He sits up weakly and looks around, totally disoriented. He takes in the doors, the strange grey uniform he's wearing. The nametag reads ALDERSON.

Alderson rises unsteadily, his breathing ragged and shallow. He moves to the closest door and tenuously grasps the handle. He twists it, the door slides open, he cautiously peers in.

Beyond is another cube, identical.

Puzzled, Alderson moves to the next door, opens it, sees another duplicate room. He repeats the process with the remaining doors to the same result. He stops in the centre of the room, looks from door to door a last time before returning to the first doorway.

Just then, he hears a low rumble, like distant thunder. He cringes, but the sound quickly passes. He opens the door.

2 INT. CUBE 2

2

Alderson climbs in. He takes a few steps forward, then freezes dead in his tracks. Simultaneously a violent tearing sound is heard.

Alderson just stands there, stunned - a criss-cross grid pattern of blood starts oozing from his face and body.

Alderson has just been sliced into small cubes. His fingertips separate from his hand and drop to the floor, one by one. Bits of his face slide off his head - a section of ear first, then an eye. His segmented body literally falls apart, collapsing in on itself like a building under demolition.

A bloodstained net of ultra-thin, razor-sharp wires comes into view, Alderson's bloody outline imprinted in the grid. It retracts to it's original position, melding seamlessly in the ceiling.

TITLE: CUBE

DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. CITYSCAPE - VARIOUS SHOTS DAY

3

In the gathering gloom, the wire grid pattern is echoed in the steel and glass of skyscrapers rising into an oppressive grey sky.

A steady rain falls, miring the streets below. It drums down on anonymous umbrellas that scuttle along, huddling like crabs against the towering facades.

4 EXT. STREET/ALLEY DAY

4

WORTH, 30, office-worn, stumbles as if drugged through the banal drudgery of rush hour. He's soaking wet, clutching a briefcase, suit rumpled, hair plastered against his skull. He glances over his shoulder, feeling pursued. Fighting to maintain consciousness, he lurches into a deserted alley. Brick walls and filth spin around him, the briefcase slips from his hand. Worth drops to his knees, tries to crawl, collapses.

At the alley entrance, two SILHOUETTED FIGURES appear. One of them retrieves the briefcase. The other throws Worth over his shoulder like a rag doll.

5 INT. CUBE 3

5

A new cube. The ceiling door opens. Worth, unconscious, hits the floor with a sickening thud. He sports the same uniform as Alderson, a nametag advertising WORTH.

Worth opens his eyes and focuses on the ceiling door. He turns his head one way, then the other, taking in the walls.

A mechanical groaning sound, like some tremendous engine starting up, resonates from the bowels of the structure.

The walls press in on Worth as the sonorous, hollow music of the cube fills his head. His eyes roll back and he flickers into unconsciousness again.

Click. The handle on the floor door beside him unlatches. It slowly slides open. A grunt of exertion as a hand grabs the door frame, then another. A man's head inches into view.

The eyes peer around, wide and fearful. They rise a little higher. He's mid-forties, strongly built, with close cropped hair and rugged features.

He pulls himself in. His nametag reads QUENTIN. There's a fresh, bleeding wound on his arm, but his adrenaline is running too high to acknowledge it. He turns, startled to see Worth.

QUENTIN (1)

Hey.

No response. Quentin moves to him, nudges him with his toe. He feels for a pulse at his neck, then slaps his cheek a couple times.

QUENTIN (2)

Hey!

Still no response. He stands and surveys his surroundings.

Quentin opens the closest door. Inside is another identical cube. His eyes narrow.

He turns back to see . . . Worth is gone! He whips around.

Worth sits against the wall staring back at him. Quentin opens his mouth, then closes it. He doesn't know where to begin.

Click. Quentin's eyes whip to a door handle turning beside Worth. He indicates for Worth to stay quiet and quickly takes up position on the other side of the door.

Slowly, very slowly, the door inches open. A head begins to poke through.

Quentin grabs the head and yanks, flipping the person to the floor and dropping on them, fist raised to strike.

It's a woman. She screams. Quentin backpedals, trying to calm her.

QUENTIN (3)
Sorry! Sorry. I'm sorry.

She breaks away and huddles against the wall facing them. She's early forties, quaking with fear. Her nametag says HOLLOWAY.

QUENTIN (4)
It's alright. I'm not gonna hurt you.

HOLLOWAY (5)
What do you want?

QUENTIN (6)
I didn't mean to scare you. I thought you were . . .

HOLLOWAY (7)
What?

QUENTIN (8)
I don't know.

A distant rumble, like thunder, reverberates through the cube. They stare at one another, not trusting anything. She whispers.

HOLLOWAY (9)
What is this?

Nobody has an answer. Holloway's eyes fall on Quentin's wound. Quentin notices all the blood. He gulps.

WOMAN'S VOICE (OFF) (10)
Help! Help!

They look for the source of it. Quentin's eyes go to a door. He springs for it.

6 INT. CUBE 4

6

Across the cube, he sees LEAVEN panicking at an open door. She's late teens, petite, a pretty girl-next-door. She jumps to the floor, starts desperately towards him.

QUENTIN (11)

STOP!

Leaven freezes. Terrifying stasis as Quentin's eyes scan the walls, taking in the horrible symmetry.

Holloway peers in, eyes wide. Leaven sees her fear.

LEAVEN (12)

What? What?

QUENTIN

It's okay. Come here. (13)

He hops in and pushes her through the door, trying to get out of there as quickly as possible.

7 BACK IN CUBE 3

7

Leaven comes through head first, falling awkwardly to the floor. Her glasses fly off and break. She backs to a corner and faces Worth and Holloway, insane with fear. Quentin drops in and goes to Leaven trying to reassure her with his control.

QUENTIN (14)

It's okay. Calm down. Everything's going to be fine.

HOLLOWAY (15)

What was in there?

QUENTIN (16)

Just gimme a minute to figure things out.

HOLLOWAY (17)

Why were you afraid of that room?

QUENTIN (18)

Gimme a minute, I said.

Click. Quentin whirls to see a face looking down from the ceiling door. It's an old, weathered face, squinting at them under a shock of grey hair. He's spry, but odd, maybe a little senile. His nametag reads RENNES.

QUENTIN
How many people are in this thing?

The old guy drops in to join them.

QUENTIN
Listen, we can't go climbing around in here.

HOLLOWAY
Why not?

QUENTIN
(pause)
There's traps.

Old Rennes raises an eyebrow at this. Leaven stops breathing.

HOLLOWAY
What do you mean traps?

QUENTIN
Booby traps.

He glances at Leaven, concerned how she'll take it.

QUENTIN
I looked into a room down there.
Something almost cut my head off.

Old Rennes sits down and inexplicably starts taking off his boots.

Leaven gasps, shaking uncontrollably. She's trying to speak. Quentin crouches close to comfort her and she grabs him around the neck, burying her face in his shoulder. He finds himself holding her on the floor.

Holloway stares in claustrophobic horror at their surroundings.

HOLLOWAY
Holy cats. Holy, holy cats.

Quentin sits Leaven back against the wall with gentle authority.

QUENTIN
Don't worry.

His eyes roam the cube, trying to assess the place. His gaze stops on Worth who appears dazed.

HOLLOWAY
You alright?

Holloway looks at Worth more closely.

(X)

HOLLOWAY (29)
 Mister?
 (looks at nametag)
 Worth!

Hearing his name jolts him. He looks up. He touches the back of his head, then looks at his hand. Blood.

WORTH (30)
 I hit my head.

The sight of it sobers Holloway, gives her something to focus on.

HOLLOWAY (31)
 Let me take a look at that.

Worth pulls away from her.

HOLLOWAY (32)
 It's okay. I'm a doctor.

She tends to him.

Leaven sees her glasses on the floor, picks them up. One of the lenses is spider-webbed with cracks. She touches the lens where a single shard of glass has fallen out.

Rennes has got the laces out of his boots now, and is tying one to the top eyelet of the boot. He hefts it by the lace, testing the weight.

QUENTIN (33)
 What the hell are you doing?

Rennes slides open a door.

QUENTIN (34)
 Hey old man, did you hear what I said?

Rennes casts the boot into the next room by the lace.

8 INT. CUBE 5

The boot incinerates in mid air, bursting into flames.

9 BACK IN CUBE 3

Everyone gapes at the trapped room.

LEAVEN (35)
 Oh God. Oh God.

Rennes reels the boot back in and dangles the smoking blob in front of them. They stare at him slack-jawed.

HOLLOWAY

Room numbers! They're different in each room.

WORTH

Great. There's only five hundred sixty-six million, four hundred thousand odd rooms in this thing.

(X)
(X)
(X)

HOLLOWAY

There better not be. We have about three days without food and water before we're too weak to move.

This jolts Leaven. She gets scared again.

LEAVEN

They have to feed us, don't they?

QUENTIN

(pleading)

Holloway . . .

He helps Leaven down. Holloway doesn't let up.

HOLLOWAY

We have heat, stress, physical exertion, i.e. *dehydration* - headaches, dizziness, disorientation, confused mental processes, the body eventually begins to break down it's own tissue --

Rennes suddenly reaches out and rips a button off her shirt.

RENNES

Suck on it.

Rennes sticks out his tongue, there's a button on it.

RENNES

Keeps the saliva going.

Holloway is speechless. He gives her the button, then turns and boots the next room.

The others pass by her following Rennes, each tearing a button off their shirts. Holloway sheepishly puts the button in her mouth.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

11 INT. CUBE 7 LATER

11

The floor door slides open. Half a boot lobs up through it and hits the floor safely.

Rennes pulls himself in, looking drawn and tense. He leans stiffly against the wall to rest.

Quentin follows, helping Leaven in. The place has oppressed them, taken it's toll.

LEAVEN (1)
How long have we been in here?

QUENTIN (2)
Not long. Eight or nine hours.

She wonders how he knows. He rubs the stubble on his chin.

QUENTIN (3)
The last thing I remember is shaving.

Worth drags himself in. Rennes cocks his chin to the next door. Worth rotates the handle.

WORTH (4)
I wonder what's on the other side?

12 INT. FEATURELESS CUBE

12

Light bleeds into a dark cube as the door slides open.

Worth finds himself looking into a room that is different from the others. The walls are featureless grey steel, with no handles on the doors.

13 BACK IN CUBE 7

13

HOLLOWAY (5)
Hey. Look at this.

Rennes joins them, his eyes narrow.

LEAVEN (6)
(a ray of hope)
What is it?

Quentin joins Worth and Rennes at the door. He scans the blank walls.

Rennes boots it. Nothing. Quentin holds up a hand for authority. Cautiously, he slides in.

14 INT. FEATURELESS CUBE

14

Stepping gingerly, Quentin looks around.

QUENTIN (7)
Maybe it's the end.

He goes to a door frame and pries at it with his fingernails. It won't budge.

WORTH (8)
Yeah. Dead end.

Quentin kicks the wall with a metallic clang in frustration. He shoots Worth a look and climbs back to rejoin them.

15 BACK IN CUBE 7

15

QUENTIN (9)
Go around.

RENNES (10)
This way.

He opens the door, casts the boot. Nothing. Quentin gets ready to hop through, but Rennes stops him. Everyone tenses.

QUENTIN (11)
What?

RENNES (12)
The air seems dry in there.

Rennes eyes scan the room. He sniffs at it like a bloodhound. The others peer in with trepidation.

HOLLOWAY (13)
Trapped?

RENNES (14)
Molecular chemical sensor.

QUENTIN (15)
Why the hell didn't the boot set it off?

RENNES (16)
Boot's not alive. Detects hydrogen sulphide excreted from the skin.

Quentin zeroes in on Rennes.

QUENTIN (17)
How is it you know so much about sensors, Rennes?

RENNES (18)
"Renn." Not "Renz". It's French.

QUENTIN (19)
Fine. Your French. I'm askin' how --

Quentin suddenly clicks. He doses Rennes with Cop-eye.

QUENTIN (20)

"Renn".

Rennes turns his back on him and heads for the next door.

QUENTIN (21)

Sensor expert . . . about the right
age . . . I don't believe it.

(has to laugh)

This guy's "The Wren".

Rennes boots the room. It's safe. Worth and Holloway are lost.

HOLLOWAY (22)

The what?

QUENTIN (23)

He's "The Wren". "The Bird of Attica".
Flew the coop on six major prisons.

RENNES (24)

(pride shows through)

Seven.

HOLLOWAY (25)

Your're kidding, right?

Leaven goes to him, desperate with hope.

LEAVEN (26)

You can get us out.

RENNES (27)

Maybe.

HOLLOWAY (28)

An escape artist!

Leaven and Holloway's faith is renewed. Worth remains unimpressed.
The women look to Rennes like a saviour. He's had enough.

RENNES (29)

So I'm Harry fucking Houdini! The only
reason I dragged you this far is 'cause
I need your boots. If you don't
sharpen up quick, I'll be gone like
that.

(snaps his fingers)

Don't talk. Don't guess. Don't think
about *nothing* that's not right in front
of you. That's the real challenge.

16 INT. CUBE 8

Rennes hops in.

16

RENNES (30)

You got to save yourselves from yourselves.

Rennes suddenly tenses, sensing something.

RENNES (31)

Merde.

Her whirls around to jump back to the others.

A stream of liquid gushes from the wall, spraying him in the face with a sickening searing sound. Rennes screams in agony as the liquid burns through his skin, leaving a trail of white smoke.

Holloway frantically starts to climb in to help. Quentin holds her back.

The door slides shut.

17 INT. CUBE 7

17

They're frozen, staring at the door. Click. The handle turns.

QUENTIN (32)

GET HIM OUT!

He whips open the door. Rennes is right there, his face being eaten away by the acid before their eyes. Leaven screams. Holloway and Quentin haul him into the room.

Holloway valiantly tries to mop the acid off his face with her shirt, but she only burns her hand.

Rennes' cries turn to gurgles amid their yelling. A grasping hand latches onto Holloway's bicep. She howls in pain as his body convulses violently. Quentin steps on the arm, breaking the death grip as he slows to twitches, then lies still.

Holloway holds herself in pain. They stare in horror at the sizzling face.

LEAVEN (33)

(retching)

Oh my God. Oh my God.

Leaven chokes it back. She crawls as far away from the corpse as she can and curls up in a ball.

Quentin and Holloway exchange looks of dread.

Worth just stares at them glumly, his fatalistic attitude unruffled.

18 DISSOLVE TO: LATER

18

Quentin paces. The others lie despondently on the floor.

QUENTIN (1)

So it was electro-chemical or whatever.
Right?

Nobody answers him.

QUENTIN (2)

Then he missed it. The Wren. That's
great. That's fuckin' great.

Quentin simmers. He stops pacing and stares down at the corpse. With his toe, he rolls the body over to hide the face. He turns back to them with grim determination.

QUENTIN (3)

Alright, it's time to reassess this
place.

HOLLOWAY (4)

I've been over it again and again. Why
would they throw innocent people in
here? Are we being punished?

LEAVEN (5)

I've never done anything to deserve
this.

QUENTIN (6)

Forget about all that! You can't see
the big picture from in here, so don't
try. Keep your head down, keep it
simple, just look at what's in front of
you.

WORTH (7)

(meaning Rennes)
That's what he said.

HOLLOWAY (8)

Is it a sick test? To see how
different psychologies react?

QUENTIN (9)

Holloway. You'll drive yourself
mental. Don't think about it. Let's
take it one step at a time. Who are
you? That's a question I can get a
response to.

HOLLOWAY (16)
 (thinks hard)
 Well, I'm a social activist. Maybe I was blacklisted.

QUENTIN (17)
 Maybe? Maybe the starting point for that deduction is outside these walls. We aren't. Start with us. We got an escape artist and a cop. There's gotta be a reason for that. You're a doctor, Holloway. That gives you a function, a reason, right?

HOLLOWAY (2)
 (tries to fathom it)
 No, it just makes me go why me and not one of the ten million other doctors out there.

Quentin groans and gives up on her for the time being.

QUENTIN (13)
 Leaven? What are you?

LEAVEN (14)
 (in despair)
 Nothing. I just go to school. I hang out with my friends.

QUENTIN (15)
 What else?

LEAVEN (16)
 There is nothing else! My parents are these people. I live with them. I'm boring.

HOLLOWAY (17) — STANDS
 I think we have to ask the big questions. What does it want? What is it thinking?

WORTH (18)
 One down, four to go.

Nobody finds that the least bit amusing. Quentin scowls.

QUENTIN (19)
 Why don't you tell us what your purpose is, Worth?

WORTH (20)
 I've often wondered that myself.

Quentin leans in on him, playing the heavy. Worth sees Holloway and Leaven are on Quentin's side. He wants to tell them. For an instant, it looks like he will, then he jams out.

WORTH (21)

I'm just a guy. I work in an office building doing office building stuff. Believe me, I wasn't exactly bursting with *joie de vivre* before I got here. Life just sucks in general.

HOLLOWAY (22)

I can't stand that attitude.

LEAVEN (23)

'Cause he's right.

WORTH (24)

What's your purpose, Quentin?

Quentin sees they all want to know. He turns on the quiet, personal strength.

QUENTIN (25)

Kids. Three of 'em. I haven't made my peace yet.

(pause, determined)

I'm getting out of here, no matter what. That's where my strength comes from. You people find yours wherever you got it. For Christ's sake, Worth. What do you live for? Don't you have a wife or a girlfriend or something?

CU.

WORTH (26)

No, but I have a pretty fine collection of pornography.

His deadpan obnoxiousness stupifies them again. Holloway is affronted.

HOLLOWAY (27)

Nice. Nice.

("jacks off" with her hand)

I haven't got anybody either, but I'm not giving up. I'm *pissed off*. They came into our *homes*, they stripped us bare. They took my rings. They took my --

(feels her neck)

-- amethyst. I wanna know who's responsible.

Another rumble shudders ominously through the cube. Leaven burries her head in her hands.

QUENTIN

Leaven. You gotta try. You owe it to your parents.

LEAVEN

(beyond saving)

I'd rather starve than die like that.

Quentin can't stand it. He sits her up, beseeching her, trying to get her moving. Leaven moans.

QUENTIN

Nope. Sorry, I'm not gonna let you do this. Come on.

Quentin picks up her glasses, beside her on the floor. Something suddenly occurs to him.

QUENTIN

Leaven? Your glasses.

She looks at them blankly.

QUENTIN

You don't need them.

LEAVEN

They're for reading.

QUENTIN

Well, they took off her jewelry, but they must have put those on you. If nothing's random, why are they here?

It hits him. His eyes go to the trapped door.

QUENTIN

The numbers.

(then)

Come here. Leaven.

He half drags her to the trapped door, slides it open, wipes the spattered blood off the numbers. Leaven looks at the numbers blankly, then back to Quentin. It's suddenly clear.

QUENTIN

What do you do in school?

She lets him say it.

QUENTIN

Math.

Even Worth perks up his ears. Quentin hands Leaven her glasses. She puts them on and peers at the numbers. The numbers on the inner door read: 582 434 865.

(X)
(X)
(X)

20A.

The numbers on the trapped room side read: 149 419 568. Holloway
crowds in with sudden hope.

(X)

(X)

HOLLOWAY
What can they mean?

QUENTIN
Shh.

Leaven's brow furrows in concentration.

LEAVEN
149 . . .

Leaven puzzles, lost in thought. She's onto something.

Mystified, they follow her as she moves to the next door and checks the numbers of that cube. She shakes her head in amazement.

HOLLOWAY
What?

LEAVEN
Prime numbers.
(they stare)
You know what they are?

WORTH
A number only divisible by one and itself.

LEAVEN
Right. I can't believe I didn't see it before.

QUENTIN
See what?

LEAVEN
It seems like . . . if any of these are prime numbers, the room is trapped. Okay. Um. 645 - that's not prime. 372 - no. 649 . . . Right, 11 times 59, not prime either. So this room is safe.

QUENTIN
Wait, wait, wait. How can you make that assumption on one prime numbered trap?

LEAVEN
I'm not. The incinerator thing had a prime - 083. The cheese grater had 137, Lawnmower blade had 211 --

HOLLOWAY
You remember all that? In your head?

Shuts
Door. (X)

Opens
Door

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

(X)
(X)
(X)

LEAVEN

It's like M.C. Escher.

She drops in and goes to the door he's opened for her. Her mind is working now, taking up the challenge.

LEAVEN

Like a puzzle.

QUENTIN

Right. One piece at a time.

Holloway drops in, followed by Worth. Holloway mumbles to herself, fidgety and claustrophobic. Quentin eyes her.

LEAVEN

Prime. 179. This one's trapped.

(X)

QUENTIN

This way.

Quentin slides open another door for Leaven. He smiles at her encouragingly.

QUENTIN

Doing good.

She meets his eyes, smiles shyly and turns back to the numbers. Quentin's gaze lingers. Another rumble emanates from somewhere, sending Holloway deeper into a funk.

HOLLOWAY

I need to smoke. I'd smoke a butt off the sidewalk right now.

QUENTIN

Holloway, just reel yourself in a bit. Come on. We're moving along. Things are looking up.

HOLLOWAY

Okay. Okay, your right. I quit smoking years ago, I just need to be occupied.

QUENTIN

Talk, then. Have a conversation. What kind of doctor are you, anyway?

HOLLOWAY

Oh, you know, the free kind. I diagnose shock a lot. Chit chat, chit chat. Worth masturbates. You -- what? Arrest people?

QUENTIN (12)
Sometimes.

HOLLOWAY (13)
(trying too hard)
That's nice . . . come on, help me.
Tell me about your rug rats.

QUENTIN (14)
Okay. We have three boys. Nine,
seven, and five. Hockey players.

HOLLOWAY (15)
Good God. Poor woman. There's no way
I'd survive that.

QUENTIN (16)
Well. She didn't either.

Oops. An awkward moment for everyone.

QUENTIN (17)
She's not dead, we're just separated.

HOLLOWAY (18)
(sighs, frazzled)
Sorry. I can't just shoot the breeze.
It sounds like Beckett.

LEAVEN (19)
None of these are prime.

QUENTIN (20)
Okay! Clear.

Quentin ushers Holloway through, rolling his eyes at Leaven as she climbs by. Leaven shares a smile and hops through next.

Quentin watches the women go, then he turns to Worth, staring glibly back at him. He tries to appeal to Worth as a man.

QUENTIN (21)
You could try and help me here, buddy.

Worth sighs and steps up to the door.

WORTH (22)
No, I couldn't.

Worth jumps through. Quentin watches him go through narrowed eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

22 INT. CUBE 11 LATER

22

Quentin and Leaven are looking at the numbers of an open floor door: 169 197 289. (X)

LEAVEN
This one's trapped too.

HOLLOWAY
We have to backtrack?

QUENTIN
Not yet.

Quentin looks up at the ceiling door, then to Leaven.

LEAVEN
Read them to me. (X)
(X)

Holloway can see the spark of attraction between them. She thinks it's ridiculous.

Quentin hand-over-hands across the ceiling rungs to the door. He grabs the handle, tries to twist it. (X)
(X)

QUENTIN
It's stuck. (X)

He tries again. Nothing. The others stare up at him. He gives it his all. It suddenly gives and slides open. (X)
(X)

Shouts of surprise as A YOUNG MAN falls through the doorway, almost landing on top of Leaven. She tumbles out of the way, smacking her elbow painfully. (X)
(X)

The young man sits up. His nametag says KAZAN. He has strange, boyish features.

They double take - there's something up with the guy, his movements are jerky and spastic. He stands, ignoring them, engulfed in his own strangely focussed world. Long silence as they all stare at him blankly. His hands flutter, fingertips tapping themselves. He turns away and puts his nose right against the wall.

KAZAN
This room is green.

They look at one another, dumbfounded.

QUENTIN
Holloway . . . ?

HOLLOWAY
Are you alright? Yoo hoo.

No response. Holloway moves toward him gently.

HOLLOWAY (9)
Hi, there.

KAZAN (10)
This room is green.

HOLLOWAY (11)
Yes, it is.

He turns to her, agitated, avoiding eye contact.

KAZAN (12)
I wanna go back to the blue room.

QUENTIN (13)
Is it shock or what? What's with him?

HOLLOWAY (14)
I think he's mentally handicapped.

The others look at Kazan, shifting uncomfortably with a new awkwardness.

KAZAN (15)
Blue room's best.

QUENTIN (16)
Jesus Christ.

LEAVEN (17)
He almost broke my neck!

HOLLOWAY (18)
Hey, there. Are you all alone? You want to hold my hand, honey?

KAZAN (19)
Butter first, then honey.

LEAVEN (20)
How'd he survive?

HOLLOWAY (21)
Probably hasn't moved.

KAZAN (22)
I wanna go back to the blue room.

HOLLOWAY (23)
There's lots of blue rooms. We'll find you another one soon.

Kazan reaches out and touches Holloway's hair. It's a very gentle gesture. She is smitten.

LEAVEN

This is way too bizarre.

HOLLOWAY

Well, you just worry about your numbers then.

Leaven and Quentin share a look.

HOLLOWAY

Go on. I'll look after him.

Quentin shakes his head in disbelief. Leaven points up.

LEAVEN

Safe. Obviously, since he almost fell on my head.

(X)

Quentin starts climbing the wall rungs.

HOLLOWAY

Shall we go for a walk, Kazan? Want to go for a walk?

Kazan watches Quentin climb, eyes wide in amazement and fear. Holloway sees this reaction. She gingerly steps forward.

HOLLOWAY

Um . . . Quentin?

He stops climbing and looks down at her.

HOLLOWAY

Let's not make him do the climbing thing right away.

QUENTIN

(a warning)
Holloway . . .

KAZAN

(an echo)
Holloway . . .

DISSOLVE TO:

23 INT. VARIOUS CUBES MONTAGE

23

They line up single file to climb through the door. Worth smiles dryly at their military precision. He starts whistling the theme from "Bridge On the River Kwai".

The group marches start-stop through doors, across various cubes.

Holloway joins in, whistling the marching tune.

Kazan tries to whistle too, encouraged by her.

Quentin and Leaven share a look. Leaven shrugs and whistles along. Quentin scowls at Worth, still whistling.

Leaven figures numbers.

Quentin swings through a door.

They're moving along at a good pace, but Worth is no longer whistling. He's back observing them all with detachment.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

24 INT. CUBE 12 31:00 HRS

24

Quentin helps Kazan in with distaste. Kazan is fidgetty, whining quietly to himself. Holloway follows, then the others.

QUENTIN (1)
Can't you stop him doing that?

HOLLOWAY (2)
He just needs to be occupied.

QUENTIN (3)
With what?

HOLLOWAY (4)
Give him a job. Let him open the doors.

Quentin scoffs, then reconsiders. Anything to stop that noise he's making.

QUENTIN (5)
Hey, buddy. You wanna open the doors?

HOLLOWAY (6)
Give him a signal.

Quentin rolls his eyes and waves his hand at Kazan.

QUENTIN (7)
Hey? Pay attention. Watch my hand.

Quentin "signals", pointing his finger, thumb up, like a gun, at a door. Kazan crosses and opens it. Shows him how to

HOLLOWAY (8)
See. He's very high functioning. (L. OPENS DOORS)

QUENTIN (9)
Yeah, I'm the one that looks like the idiot doing this.

Leaven is climbing in. Holloway offers her a hand, but Leaven snubs her.

LEAVEN (10)
I can do it.

Holloway huffs. Leaven crosses to the door, groaning at the sight of yet another cube.

WORTH (11)
I thought math geeks liked repetition.

LEAVEN (12)
Not when I'm part of the equation.

HOLLOWAY (13)
Where do you *hide* something this big?

Everyone ignores her. Another rumble builds, then slowly fades.

HOLLOWAY (14)
Could they have taken us all the way to New Mexico?

QUENTIN (15)
(in exasperation)
What are you talking about?

HOLLOWAY (16)
I'm talking about where do you hide this?

QUENTIN (17)
Albuquerque?

HOLLOWAY (18)
No. Inside one of those hollow mountains they got out there. A top secret military base like Roswell.

QUENTIN (19)
Oh for Christ's sake, Holloway.

Leaven shoots them a dirty look.

LEAVEN (20)
Clear.

QUENTIN (21)
Thank you. Sorry.

Kazan is waiting for the signal. Quentin gives it to him. Kazan, Leaven and Worth start through, followed by Holloway and Quentin.

TILT
DOWN

> LEAVENS
IN.

25 INT. CUBE 13

Quentin and Holloway enter behind the others. They hang back, straining to keep their voices low.

HOLLOWAY (22)

Sorry to shake your foundations, Quentin, but you have no idea where your tax dollars go.

QUENTIN (23)

Free clinic Doctors?

HOLLOWAY (24)

Only the Military-Industrial Complex could afford to build something this size.

QUENTIN (25)

Holloway. What is "The Military-Industrial Complex"? Have you been there? I'm telling you, it's not that complex.

HOLLOWAY (26)

How would you know, from where you are?

QUENTIN (27)

Who do you think the establishment is? It's just guys like me. Their desks are bigger, but their jobs aren't. They don't conspire, they buy boats. Conspiracy is rare, Holloway. That's why it gets so much attention. This place is . . . remember Scaramanga? The evil villain in "The Man with the Golden Gun"? It's gotta be some rich psycho's entertainment.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

HOLLOWAY (28)

That's what you think?

LEAVEN (29)

(irritated)

Clear.

Holloway goes for the door, trying to put distance between herself and Quentin.

HOLLOWAY (30)

Okay. You're a cop.

She looks back and gives him a "thumbs up".

HOLLOWAY (31)

Single bullet theory. Right on.

26 INT. CUBE 14 (RED)

26

Holloway drops the last couple of feet to the floor. Her eyes snap wide. Her hands go to her throat. She's unable to get a breath.

LEAVEN (32)
What's wrong?

Holloway lets out a horrible choking gasp.

27 BACK IN CUBE 13

27

All hell breaks loose.

QUENTIN (33)
Something's got her!

LEAVEN
GAS!

QUENTIN (34)
HOLLOWAY! GET BACK HERE!

Kazan whines.

28 INT. CUBE 14

28

Holloway's face turns red, her eyes bug out. Then she coughs loudly - hacking up a button. She inhales a huge breath of air.

HOLLOWAY (35)
It's okay, I just swallowed my button.

They deflate with groans in the other room.

Leaven climbs through, shaken.

LEAVEN (36)
I hate this. I hate this.

29 BACK IN CUBE 13

29

Quentin eyes Kazan with distaste. He's freaked by the next room, fidgetting and mumbling, fingers tapping madly.

30 INT. CUBE 14

30

Quentin climbs through, addresses Holloway.

QUENTIN (37)
Your boy's having a conniption fit in there.

Holloway shakes it off and starts back through to Kazan.

Worth is with Leaven, looking at the numbers: 625 729 169. She's trying to concentrate, but she's burnt out, eyes tired. (X)

LEAVEN (38)
It's like cramming without coffee.

WORTH (39)
(to Quentin)
She needs a break.

QUENTIN (40)
She can do it.

31 BACK IN CUBE 13

31

Holloway has Kazan mellowed out, stroking her hair. She leads him to the door. He looks in and starts whining.

32 INT. CUBE 14

32

Worth tries to help out Leaven.

WORTH (41)
They don't look prime to me.

QUENTIN (42)
Is that your two bits worth, Worth?

WORTH (43)
For what it's worth.

QUENTIN (44)
(to Leaven)
Well?

She comes to a conclusion.

LEAVEN (45)
Well, he's right.

Quentin gives Worth a dirty look and hops through into . . .

33 INT. CUBE 15

33

He pauses, looking around, then takes a step for the next door.

LEAVEN (46)
STOP!

Quentin freezes.

34 CUBE 14 Leaven and Worth stare in horror.

34

LEAVEN (47)
In front of you!

35 CUBE 13 Holloway's attention is snapped away from Kazan. 35

HOLLOWAY (48)
What is it?

36 CUBE 15 Quentin squints to see a wall of thin, vertical wires directly ahead. 36

He whirls away as another wall of wires materializes behind him. Holloway and Leaven both start shouting at him at once.

The wires begin to twist around each other, encircling him in a curtain of death. Survival instinct hits him with a rush.

37 CUBE 13 Kazan panics at the confusion. His fist closes on Holloway's hair and he flails, yanking her around. 37

38 CUBE 14 Worth just stares, blank, drained. 38

39 CUBE 15 Quentin spots a rapidly shrinking space between the wires, barely enough to slide through. 39

40 CUBE 13 Kazan screeches in fear, ear splitting and ceaseless. 40

41 CUBE 15 Quentin dives between the wires at the last moment. He rolls out of the way and springs for the door just as the wires twist into a tight knot. 41

42 INT. CUBE 14 42

Leaven and Holloway pull him inside, where he collapses on the floor. There's a long, narrow gash in his leg.

Holloway jumps in. Kazan is still screaming, splitting their skulls.

QUENTIN (49)
SHUUUUUT UUUUUUP!

The door slides closed on Kazan, muffling his racket.

LEAVEN (50)
I don't know what happened! It wasn't prime!

Holloway is trying to look at Quentin's leg.

HOLLOWAY (51)
Quentin! Hold still!

Quentin seethes as Holloway pokes at the wound. Leaven goes to look at the numbers again. Kazan is still howling in the next room.

QUENTIN (52)
Will somebody STOP THAT RACKET?

HOLLOWAY (53)

Worth.

She cocks her chin at the door. Worth reluctantly goes.

QUENTIN (54)

Leave the boot.

Quentin eyes him, cold and suspicious. Worth drops the boot and slides open the door. The bellowing hits them.

QUENTIN (55)

AND SHUT THE FUCKING DOOR!

43 INT. CUBE 13

43

Worth slams the door shut. Kazan stops screaming immediately, but keeps patting his ears rapidly, cutting the sound in and out.

Worth gently takes his hands.

WORTH (56)

Come on, man, don't do that. You can't hear what I'm saying.

KAZAN (57)

Noisy.

WORTH (58)

Not anymore. See? Everything's quiet.

Quiet enough to hear the low murmur of voices from the next room.

44 INT. CUBE 14

44

Leaven is rechecking the numbers. Holloway rips the sleeve off Quentin's shirt and uses it to bandage his leg.

QUENTIN (59)

I had a feeling about that fucking guy. He knew about that trap.

LEAVEN (60)

But these numbers aren't prime.

QUENTIN (61)

Then your number system failed, but he knew.

HOLLOWAY (62)

Knew what? How would he know?

QUENTIN (63)

You're the paranoid one, think about it. His only function so far has been to kick us when we're down.

HOLLOWAY (64)

So he has a bad attitude. Are you saying that makes him a spy?

QUENTIN (65)

Trust me on this, it's my job to read people like an X-ray.

Click. They clam up. Worth slides open the door. Kazan is beside him, hands covering his eyes.

WORTH (66)

He doesn't like the red rooms.

Worth helps Kazan in and sits him down.

The mood has become hostile. Quentin glares at him. Leaven hides in the numbers. Holloway attends to Quentin's leg, exchanges a glance with him.

WORTH (67)

So what happened?

QUENTIN (68)

(scoffs)

You saw what happened.

HOLLOWAY (69)

Quentin.

She makes him sit still while she wraps his leg.

LEAVEN (70)

The numbers must be more complicated than I thought.

WORTH (71)

Maybe they mean nothing at all.

LEAVEN (72)

No. They're just more involved. They worked up 'till now, didn't they? I just need some time with them.

HOLLOWAY (73)

We need to rest anyway.

QUENTIN (74)

Well that's handy, 'cause there's not a fuck of a lot else we can do.

Leaven sighs and goes back to the numbers. Quentin fixes Worth with Cop Eye, Worth has to look away.

45 FADE OUT/FADE IN:

Sitting still has made the place press in on them. Their dry lips are splitting, faces ashen. Quentin paces like a caged animal, trying to keep his faculties. He looks at Worth, laying on the floor, eyes closed, breathing shallow.

Kazan waits for the signal, watching Quentin go back and forth, back and forth

Holloway hangs desperately on Leaven, still at the numbers: 517 478 (X)
565. (X)

HOLLOWAY

How's it coming?

LEAVEN

It would come a lot better if you stopped asking me that.

QUENTIN

Leave her alone. You wanted to rest, so rest.

Another rumble echoes, twisting the knife in Holloway.

HOLLOWAY

Man oh man. Enclosed spaces really aren't my thing. I start getting antsy if I can't see the sky.

She wipes the sweat off her brow.

HOLLOWAY

Is it my imagination or is it getting warmer in here?

They all realize they've been sweating.

WORTH

I think it is.

QUENTIN

It's probably just us.

Holloway doesn't buy it. Her mind is racing.

HOLLOWAY

Remember those CIA mind control experiments?

QUENTIN

Unless you were in them, I don't wanna hear about it.

Suddenly he stops and boils over at Kazan.

QUENTIN
Will you stop staring at my hand?

Worth opens his eyes sourly.

QUENTIN
Oh, I'm sorry, Worth. Did I wake you?

Holloway can't stop bothering Leaven.

HOLLOWAY
Are they telling you *anything*?

LEAVEN
They're not tarot cards. Do you have any idea how many variables I have to consider before I can decipher numbers this size? They don't reveal themselves right away.

QUENTIN
(to Worth)
They're like people.

Worth doesn't bite. Leaven shakes the cobwebs out of her head. Suddenly her eyes widen.

LEAVEN
Oh gross.

Off Leaven's disgusted expression, they turn to see Kazan, hand in his fly up to his elbow, fishing around with a blissful look on his face. Holloway spins him away just as he whips it out.

HOLLOWAY
Not here, honey. Over in the corner.

She leads him to the corner, looks back to the others.

HOLLOWAY
He's just *peeing*.

QUENTIN
Jesus Christ.

Kazan does his business. Leaven can't watch. It's about the last straw for her.

LEAVEN
That's excellent, now it totally reeks in here.

Worth finds the situation somewhat amusing, but when he looks back, Quentin is still staring at him coldly.

QUENTIN
You find this all pretty funny, don't
you?

Quentin advances on him, gets nose to nose.

QUENTIN
What's your fucking *problem*, Worth?

Worth shrugs, indicating their surroundings like it's a stupid question.

QUENTIN
Even Holloway's holding up better than
you. Get over there and help her with
him. That's your job - babysitter.

Quentin means business. He starts pacing again. Worth gives him a military salute.

WORTH
Jawohl, Kommandant.

QUENTIN
(stops pacing)
Somebody has to take responsibility
around here.

WORTH
And that somebody has to be you.

QUENTIN
Not all of us have the luxury of
playing nihilist.

WORTH
Not all of us are conceited enough to
play hero.

Quentin controls his anger.

QUENTIN
This is a will to live. Everybody's
got it, Worth. Even you. Especially
you, hiding behind that cynical front.

WORTH
A will to live. *That's* the warm, cozy
feeling deep inside. Thanks Quentin.
I'm a new man.

QUENTIN
Poor Worth. Nobody loves me. If
that's the chip on your shoulder why
did you lug it all this way? Why
didn't you just lie down and die?

Worth can't answer that. Quentin opens the door to the trapped room.

QUENTIN

Do it. Show us you have some backbone and jump in the sushi machine. Be a man.

Worth is finally showing some emotion.

WORTH

I don't wanna die, I'm just being realistic. Do you think *They* would go to all the trouble of building this thing if we could just walk out?

QUENTIN

Do you think *They* would have left us clues and let us beat it so far if there wasn't a way out.

WORTH

What makes you think we even matter? We don't.

QUENTIN

Put us out of your misery so we can get on with getting out of here.

WORTH

You're not getting out of here!

QUENTIN

Yes we are!

WORTH

NO YOU'RE NOT!

QUENTIN

YES WE ARE!

WORTH

THERE IS NO WAY OUT OF HERE!

Dead silence. Worth gulps and goes pale. He said it with such conviction, they know it's true. Quentin leans in, smiling grimly.

QUENTIN

Gotcha.

He was playing rope-a-dope, suckering him in. Worth reels. Holloway and Leaven stare at him in horror.

HOLLOWAY

(whispers)

How do you know that?

A low rumble. Quentin leans in - gentle now, sympathetic.

QUENTIN
Answer the question, Worth.

Worth swallows, slowly breaking down. He glances at Holloway sadly.

HOLLOWAY
Oh, God.

QUENTIN
Who are you?

WORTH
(whispers)
I'm the poison . . . I designed the
outer shell.

Dead, terrified silence.

HOLLOWAY
The what?

WORTH
The shell. The sarcophagus.

LEAVEN
You *built* this thing?

Worth heaves a big, shaky sigh, blinking away the tears.

WORTH
Not *this* part. The exterior. I don't
know anything about the numbers or
anything else in here. I was
contracted to draw plans for a hollow
shell. A cube.

LEAVEN
A cube?

The symmetry around them takes on a new horror.

LEAVEN
Why didn't you tell us?

Holloway looks deeply into him, seeing the truth.

HOLLOWAY
For God's sake, Worth. You knew what
it was.

WORTH
No.

QUENTIN
(calm, quiet)
Worth. You're lying.

He cracks, sobbing again.

WORTH
Not at first.

HOLLOWAY
Who's behind it?

WORTH
I don't know.

QUENTIN
Who hired you?

WORTH
I didn't ask. I never even left my office. I talked on the phone to some people, other guys like me, specialists, working on small details. Nobody knew what it was. Nobody cared.

The story hangs in the air.

QUENTIN
I don't buy that for a second.

LEAVEN
Didn't you wonder?

WORTH
That's why I'm here.

QUENTIN
Bullshit. You knew from square one. Look at him. He's up to his eyeballs in this thing.

HOLLOWAY
No, Quentin.
(dawning on her)
That's how they stay *hidden*. Keep everyone separated so the left hand doesn't know what the right is doing. The brain never comes out in the open.

QUENTIN
Whose brain?

HOLLOWAY

It's all the same machine, right? Pentagon, Multinational Corporations, the police. You do one little job, you build a widget in Saskatoon, and the next thing you know it's two miles under the desert, the essential component of a death machine.

(energized)

I was right. All along. My whole life, I knew. I told you, Quentin. Nobody is ever gonna call me paranoid again. We gotta get out of here and blow the lid off this thing.

Worth has to laugh at that, sad laughter from his ruined soul.

WORTH

Holloway. You don't get it.

HOLLOWAY

Then help me. Please. I need to know.

WORTH

This may be hard for you to understand, but there is no conspiracy. No one is in charge. It's a headless blunder operating under the illusion of a master plan. Can you grasp that? Big brother is not watching you.

Pause. They stare at him.

QUENTIN

What kind of explanation is that?

WORTH

The best you're gonna get. I looked. They only conclusion I could come to is that there's nobody up there.

QUENTIN

Somebody had to say yes to this thing.

WORTH

What thing? Only we know what this is.

QUENTIN

We have no idea what it is.

WORTH

We know more than anybody else. Somebody might have known sometime, before they got fired, or voted out, or sold it.

(MORE)

cm

2.51487

WORTH (Cont'd)

But if this place ever had a purpose, it got miscommunicated, lost in the shuffle. This is an accident. A forgotten, perpetual public works project. Do you think anybody wants to ask questions? All they want is a clear conscience and a fat paycheck. I leaned on my shovel for months on this one. It was a good job.

QUENTIN

But . . . why put people in it?

WORTH

Because it's here. You have to use it or you admit it's pointless.

QUENTIN

But . . . it is pointless.

WORTH

Quentin. That's my point.

A bleak window of understanding is opening up for Holloway.

HOLLOWAY

What have we come to? It's so much worse than I thought.

WORTH

Not really. It's just more pathetic.

QUENTIN

It can't be accidental. Look around. It's perfect.

WORTH

That's the funny part, the really fucking sick part: This turkey works.

Quentin can't grasp it. He fumes.

QUENTIN

You make me sick, Worth.

WORTH

I make me sick too, but we're both part of the system. I drew a box, you walk a beat. It's just like you said: keep your head down, keep it simple, just look at what's in front of you. Nobody wants to see the big picture. Life is too complicated. I mean let's face it - the reason we're here is . . . it's out of control.

Handwritten notes:
 Growth
 Q in
 FL
 2/2/5
 1-2-7

Quentin reels, lost. But it's sunk into Holloway like a stone.

HOLLOWAY

This is how we ruin the world?

Leaven groans. Worth's cosmology doesn't seem to bother her at all.

LEAVEN

Well, duh! Have you been on glue your whole lives? I've felt guilty for ruining the world since I was like seven. God. There's five billion people on the planet. If you need someone to blame, throw a rock.

Bleak silence. Quentin simmers. Worth sighs.

WORTH

Well, I feel better.

HOLLOWAY

That's why you stayed. To confess.

She's right. Quentin is hyperventilating now.

WORTH

You still looking for someone to bust, Quentin?

Quentin snaps. He punches Worth once brutally in the ribs, instantly incapacitating him, then throws him up against the wall and lays into him with a flurry of body punches. Leaven watches, enjoying the feeling of revenge. Holloway tries to pry him off.

HOLLOWAY

Quentin! Stop it! STOP IT!

Quentin's fist draws back for a knockout punch. A hand grabs his arm. It's Leaven.

LEAVEN

We need him.

QUENTIN

What for?

HOLLOWAY

Have you gone absolutely mad? He's the only one who knows anything about the place!

Quentin hesitates, then drops him in disgust. Leaven squats beside Worth. She's not very sympathetic.

LEAVEN
Worth.

WORTH
Hi.

LEAVEN
So there's this outer shell.

WORTH
Yeah.

LEAVEN
And it's a cube, right? Like this?

WORTH
Yeah.

LEAVEN
Are there doors?

WORTH
There's one door.

LEAVEN
Where?

WORTH
Wherever the door guy put it. Six guesses. And it's sealed from the outside.

LEAVEN
Okay. Does it follow, geometrically, that this cube is part of a larger cube within the outer shell?

WORTH
I assume so.

LEAVEN
And. What are the dimensions of the outer shell?

WORTH
434 feet square.

(X)

Leaven stands up and paces off the width of the room. Kazan is sitting on the floor in her line

LEAVEN
May I?

HOLLOWAY
(moving Kazan)
Come on, honey, slide over.

Leaven reaches the end of her line.

LEAVEN
14 by 14 by 14.

Her brow furrows. Worth has caught on to what she's thinking.

WORTH
The inner cube can't be flush to the
shell wall. I know that. There's a
space.

LEAVEN
One cube?

WORTH
I don't know, but it makes sense.

LEAVEN
Okay. Well . . . that means the
biggest the cube could be is . . .
26 rooms high, 26 rooms across . . .
17,576 rooms.

(X)
(X)
(X)

HOLLOWAY
17,576 rooms?
(sits down heavily)
Oh, that makes me queasy.

(X)

Leaven's eyes light up with inspiration.

LEAVEN
DESCARTES!

She rushes to a door and looks at the numbers.

LEAVEN
Leaven, you are a genius.

QUENTIN
What? What?

But Leaven is lost in the numbers, making mental calculations.

LEAVEN
Cartesian co-ordinates. Of course!
Coded Cartesian co-ordinates. They're
used in geometry to plot points on a
three dimensional graph.

QUENTIN
In English, slower.

LEAVEN

Bonjour? These numbers are markers, a grid reference. You know, like latitude and longitude on a map. The numbers tell us where we are in the cube!

QUENTIN

Well, where are we?

Leaven spits out her button and starts scratching calculations on the floor with it.

LEAVEN

It works! All I need to do is add the numbers together. Now, we're here. The X co-ordinate is nineteen, Y is . . . okay, twenty six rooms across, that places us . . . seven rooms from the edge.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Quentin steps up to reassert his authority.

QUENTIN

Well, let's go.

WORTH

Just out of curiosity, you know, don't hit me again or anything, but what are you gonna do when you get there?

QUENTIN

Maybe we can get the door open.

WORTH

Wrong.

HOLLOWAY

What we need to do is figure out how to get around the traps.

QUENTIN

(straining)

I'm dealing with that, Holloway. I'm looking for practical solutions here.

HOLLOWAY

Well, you haven't found any yet.

He glares at her coldly, controlling his anger.

QUENTIN

We cut the risk with the numbers and the boot. Worth will go in first.

HOLLOWAY

No, he won't, Quentin! We take turns.

QUENTIN

Relax.

(to Leaven)

Well, is it clear?

He means the next room. She shrugs.

LEAVEN

It's not prime.

Quentin tosses the boot. A beat. Nothing but another distant rumble. He gives Holloway a dirty look and hops through the door.

DISSOLVE TO: SHORT WHILE LATER

46 INT. PASSAGEWAY

46

Leaven reels in her boot while checking the numbers of the new room. She's puzzled. Quentin waits in the space behind her.

(X)

QUENTIN

What's the matter?

She taps the numbers with her finger: 248 999 842.

(X)

LEAVEN

These co-ordinates. 14. 27. 14.

(X)

QUENTIN

What about them?

LEAVEN

They don't make sense. Assuming the cube is 26 rooms across, there can't be any co-ordinate larger than 26. If this were right, we'd be outside the cube.

(X)

(X)

She looks around for his benefit

LEAVEN

No. Not outside the cube.

Quentin shifts uncomfortably.

QUENTIN

Oh.

She passes through the passageway. The others follow.

(X)

DISSOLVE TO:

(X)

46A INT. CUBE 16A

46A

Quentin winds up with a boot as the others gather. He tosses it. A horrible grinding noise! Kazan freaks. Quentin braces a foot against the door frame and yanks on the lace. He gets jerked forward, then stumbles backwards with just the lace in his hands.

(X)

QUENTIN
Fuck those things. Gimme that.

He grabs a boot from Worth - his last.

HOLLOWAY
(comforting Kazan)
It's okay, Kazan. It's just a trap.

KAZAN
Traps are bad. Very bad. The worst.

Quentin is signaling at Kazan to open the next door.

QUENTIN
Hey! Signal! Hey, buddy, do you still
want your job, or what?

47 INT. CUBE 17

The door opens, revealing Kazan's wide eyed face. He gets elbowed
aside by Quentin. Quentin tosses the boot. A whoosh and their
faces are lit by flames.

48 BACK IN CUBE 16

They turn back to the others, Kazan fluttering his fingertips,
blinking at the spots imprinted on his eyeballs.

KAZAN
Trap. Trap. Trap. Trap.

Leaven opens the floor door and peers in.

KAZAN
Trap.

49 INT. CUBE 18

The instant Kazan speaks, hundreds of spindly metal spikes spring
out of the walls. After a second, they recede back inside.

50 BACK IN CUBE 16

Kazan stares dumbfounded at the room.

KAZAN
Trap.

He sees the metal spikes spring out and retract. Kazan turns to
the others wide eyed. Suddenly he bursts into high pitched nervous
laughter.

Quentin glares at him. Leaven pinches Kazan's lips together like
a big sister, not to be messed with.

* MAKE OUT FROM
KAZAN.

WORTH CHASE A
DOOR.

W: 5 DOWN ONE
TO 40.

W. OPENS

FLOOR DOOR
WHILE HE SAYS
'TRAP - TRAP'... 47

48

49

50

QUENTIN
(whispers)
It's sound activated.
(a little louder)
Boo.

The spikes spring out, thin as needles. Quentin slides the door shut.

QUENTIN
Lovely.

LEAVEN
How come the sound of the door opening
doesn't set it off?

QUENTIN
Must be rigged to ignore it.

HOLLOWAY
So that's it. The edge is surrounded
by traps.

They're exhausted, crushed by the news. Leaven sighs.

LEAVEN
We'll have to backtrack and try
somewhere else.

They hate that idea.

QUENTIN
Who knows how many times we'll have to
detour? I say we cross the bitch.

They look at him like he's crazy.

HOLLOWAY
Right.

QUENTIN
Holloway. How many boots have we got
left?

She looks around. The only remaining boot is on Kazan's foot.
Quentin's made his point.

QUENTIN
Get it off him.
(to the others)
We know how it works. We just have to
be quiet.

WORTH
That's pretty fucking quiet.

QUENTIN
I'm glad you're on side, Worth, 'cause
you're up.

Kazan starts whining as Holloway tries to remove his boot.

QUENTIN
And he's not coming.

HOLLOWAY
Of course he is.

QUENTIN
NO WAY.

HOLLOWAY
We are not leaving him behind!

QUENTIN
He's unpredictable! When we get to the
edge we can come back for him, but
he'll get somebody killed here. Am I
right?

He looks to Leaven and Worth for support. They're torn. After
all, he's got a point. Holloway is absolutely aghast at all of
them.

HOLLOWAY
Shame on you.

They roll their eyes as she winds herself up.

HOLLOWAY
Will you look at yourselves? What have
you turned into? Jeez Louise, they may
have taken our our lives away, but
we're still *human beings*. It's all we
have left.

LEAVEN
(weakly)
We'll come back for him.

HOLLOWAY
That is a lie and you know it.

Quentin squeezes his head in his hands in frustration.

Worth looks over Kazan, barefoot now, whining quietly.

WORTH
He'll be quiet.

QUENTIN
What did you call me?

HOLLOWAY
Quentin. You let that innocent boy go.

Quentin drops him and turns his full simmering wrath on Holloway.

QUENTIN
You listen to me, woman. Every day, I mop up for your bleeding heart. The only reason you even exist is because I keep you. I know your type - no kids, no man to fuck you - so you go around outraged, sticking your nose up other people's assholes, sniffing their business.

He leans close, sexually menacing, examining every wrinkle in her face.

QUENTIN
You missed your boat, Holloway.
(pokes her stomach)
You're all dried up in there, aren't ya? That's your fucking problem.

Holloway is laid bare. Her lip quivers. Leaven is outraged. She barges in, her anger suprising Quentin

LEAVEN
How dare you say that to her. You don't know her, Quentin. None of us know each other here.

QUENTIN
Oh, I do.

LEAVEN
No you don't!

HOLLOWAY
(quietly)
No wonder your wife left you.

Quentin seethes. She zeroes in, beyond fear.

HOLLOWAY
All that bottled up anger. And a thing for young girls.

In a flash, Quentin smacks Holloway with an open hand across the face.

She holds the cheek in shock. Her eyes brim, but she stands straight.

HOLLOWAY
 God help you, Quentin. Did you smack
 your kids around too?

Quentin reels. He did. It's written all over his face.

Silence falls on them, alone and exposed to one another. Quentin knows he went too far.

Holloway sinks to her knees, her carefully buried self laid out before her.

LEAVEN (17)
 (disgusted with them)
 Is anybody besides me interested in
 what's on the other side of that door?

They all look at the door, remembering the edge. Worth is closest to it.

QUENTIN (18)
 Open it.

WORTH (19)
 Door number six? Not number one? Door
 number two?

QUENTIN (20)
 Open the fuckin' thing.

Worth takes hold of the handle. He turns it.

Holloway kneels there, begging as the door slides open.

HOLLOWAY (21)
 Sunshine . . .

69 EXT. CUBE

69

A crack of light appears in a sea of utter darkness. It slowly widens, silhouetting Worth in the open doorway.

70 BACK IN CUBE 19

70

They stare out at the dark, hollow void. Wind ruffles their hair. They whisper in the face of it.

KAZAN (22)
 Nighttime.

QUENTIN (23)
 See anything?

Worth's eyes probe the depths.

WORTH (24)
 It's there.
 (shouts brightly)
 Morning!

His voice echoes back at them. Worth's old friend The Outer Shell - a giant black wall extending to infinity - lurks out there on the edge of darkness. The others peer over his shoulders.

LEAVEN (25)
 Whoa.

HOLLOWAY (26)
 (turns away)
 Oh God, I'm going to be sick.

QUENTIN (27)
 Hang on to me.

They grab hold as Quentin leans way out to look.

QUENTIN (28)
 I can't see shit!

He feels around on the wall below them.

QUENTIN (29)
 There's nothing to hang on to.

Quentin pulls himself back in grimly.

QUENTIN (30)
 We gotta try something. We gotta see
 if the door's over there.

Holloway overcomes her fear and looks back into the void. The others argue behind her as she faces her sad, lonely self out there.

QUENTIN (31)
 Someone has to swing out there and
 look.

WORTH (32)
 Swing?

QUENTIN (33)
 We make a rope, out of clothes.

Quentin starts undressing.

QUENTIN (34)
 Take 'em off. I'll tie it around
 myself.

LEAVEN (35)
Oh, yeah, you're gonna go. You weigh
like five hundred pounds, it'll snap in
four seconds. I'm the lightest.

QUENTIN (36)
Forget it.

HOLLOWAY (37)
(quietly)
I'll go.

QUENTIN (38)
I'm going, Holloway.

Holloway turns away from the void and looks at them, empty and resigned.

HOLLOWAY (39)
She's right, Quentin, you're too heavy.
I'm the lightest after Leaven. Anyways
. . . it's my turn.

71 MOMENTS LATER

71

Kazan examines his underwear in surprise - drab grey shorts and T-shirt.

They're all stripped down to the same grey underwear. Leaven and Quentin are knotting their clothes together into a rope.

Worth is on the other end of the rope, securing it around Holloway. She watches him intently.

HOLLOWAY (1)
How long did you know people were being
put in here? In your heart. Before
you tried to get out.

He meets her eyes. In spite of himself, emotion catches up.

WORTH (2)
A couple of months.

Holloway watches him, feeling the depths of his guilt.

HOLLOWAY (3)
It's not long. If you consider your
whole life.

WORTH (4)
I am.

HOLLOWAY (5)
You opened my eyes, Worth. That's
something.

WORTH (6)
(nods, then)
David.

It's his name. Holloway is touched.

HOLLOWAY (7)
Helen.

Worth nods. He has to chuckle.

WORTH (8)
You're such a Helen.

MOMENTS LATER

Holloway climbs out the doorway. The others stand in a row holding on to the rope. She looks down, battling vertigo.

HOLLOWAY (10)
Holy cats.

72 EXT. CUBE

72

Holloway is lowered into darkness.

73 CUBE 19 They run out of rope to lower her down.

73

QUENTIN (OFF) (11)
That's as far as you go.

74 EXT. CUBE She runs her hands along the outer surface.

74

HOLLOWAY (12)
There's nothing down here.

She fumbles about in the dark, looks across to the dim wall.

HOLLOWAY (13)
Hold tight. I'll try swinging over there.

She launches herself into space, swinging outward like a pendulum.

75 CUBE 19 Quentin, Leaven, Kazan and Worth are yanked forward by Holloway's shifting weight.

75

76 EXT. CUBE Holloway's momentum swings her back into the wall.

76

HOLLOWAY (14)
Brace yourselves! I'm gonna try again.

She pushes herself out even harder.

77 CUBE 19 The group struggles to hold onto the rope. 77
 One of the shirts in the rope starts rubbing against the sharp edge of the door frame.

78 EXT. CUBE Holloway slams back into the wall at the end of her arc. 78
 HOLLOWAY (15)
 Okay, one more time.

79 CUBE 19 They brace themselves, getting a more solid footing. 79
 WORTH
 Hurry, you're getting heavy.

80 EXT. CUBE Holloway pushes herself out mightily. 80

81 CUBE 19 The shirt starts to fray. 81

82 EXT. CUBE Holloway's outstretched fingers brush the wall. 82
 HOLLOWAY (16)
 Got it!

83 CUBE 19 Suddenly, the room shakes with the force of an earthquake 83
 The thunderous rumble echoes around them, full of the hollow menace of the void.

The group stumbles backwards, the rope slipping through their fingers.

84 EXT. CUBE Holloway starts to fall. She screams, then stops with a 84
 jerk.

85 CUBE 19 Quentin leans out of the doorway, holding the very end 85
 the rope. The others pick themselves up and rush over to help him.

86 EXT. CUBE Holloway is momentarily stunned. 86
 HOLLOWAY (17)
 What the hell's going on?

87 CUBE 19 The others grab onto Quentin desperately. 87
 QUENTIN (18)
 Get up here NOW.

88 EXT. CUBE Holloway grabs the rope and starts climbing upward. 88

89 CUBE 19 They all strain to pull her in. 89

90 EXT. CUBE The shirt rips further. Holloway drops a foot. She 90
 sees that not much more than a thread prevents her from tumbling into the abyss. She lunges for the door frame, just missing.

The shirt rips apart! A hand lashes out.

Quentin has a weak grip on the end of the rope. Holloway hangs precariously looking up at him. She starts to pull herself up.

A knot in the rope starts coming undone. Everyone is yelling at once.

Holloway reaches up for Quentin.

The knot breaks.

Holloway seems suspended in mid-air for a moment. Instantly, Quentin's hand grabs her wrist.

Holloway looks up at him. She smiles in relief.

Quentin smiles back - then the smile drops.

Holloway sees it in his eyes, her expression changes to disbelief.

Quentin lets go.

Holloway falls, disappearing out of sight, consumed by the blackness below. Her scream echoes, fading in the void.

91 INT. CUBE 19

91

Quentin pulls himself back inside. They stare at him in shock.

QUENTIN (19)
She slipped.

Leaven drops to the floor and buries her face. Kazan looks out the door.

KAZAN (20) > EMOTION?
Holloway?

Quentin slams the door shut. Kazan starts whining. Worth is staring at Quentin.

QUENTIN (21)
What are you lookin' at?

Worth picks up the remains of the rope. Kazan's whine rises to a terrible drone. Quentin glares at him, about to snap. Worth drops to the floor by Kazan, exhausted, half heartedly trying to mellow him out.

WORTH (22)
Hey. Shh. Come on, Kazan.
(suddenly snaps)
KAZAN WILL YOU PLEASE STOP DOING THAT.

Kazan shuts up in surprise. Worth lays back, exhausted.

Quentin looks to Leaven, spent on the floor. It's painful to see her so devastated.

QUENTIN (25)
Leaven? Be strong, Sweetheart.

LEAVEN (26)
Don't even talk to me.

QUENTIN (27)
We gotta go down to the bottom. It'll be easier to get onto the shell from there. It's a long fuckin' way with only one boot, but we gotta do it before we get too weak. You gotta keep cracking the numbers, Leaven.

LEAVEN (28)
I can't think anymore.

QUENTIN (29)
Sure you can. It's your gift.

LEAVEN (30)
It's not a gift. It's just a brain.

WORTH (31)
Let her sleep for a while. We haven't slept in fuck knows how long.

Quentin considers them, laying about on the floor beneath him.

QUENTIN (32)
Alright. One hour.

WORTH (33)
How the fuck are you gonna know how long an hour is?

QUENTIN (34)
An hour is as long as I say.

92 FADE OUT/FADE IN: LATER 45:00

92

The cube groans and sings, emanating it's dreamlike music. *This* could be a dream.

Quentin's asleep, his head lolling back against the wall.

Kazan sleeps restlessly, sucking the thumb of one hand, fingertips still twitching on the other.

Leaven is in deep REM, dry mouth open, cheeks sunken.

Worth is curled up on the floor, the boot now cradled in his arms. Slowly, gently, the boot is pulled away by the lace.

Back on Leaven. A hand sneaks in and covers her mouth. Her eyes snap open, she's totally confused by sleep.

It's Quentin, crouched over her, eyes burning.

Keeping her mouth covered, he picks her up in his arms and carries her silently to a door, already open. Leaven is paralyzed.

93 INT. CUBE 20

93

Quentin slides her through. He motions to be silent. She nods. He takes his hand off her mouth and climbs in after her. He checks Worth and Kazan, sleeping soundly, and quietly slides the door closed. She whispers, frightened.

LEAVEN (1)
What are you doing?

QUENTIN (2)
We have to make it down to the bottom.
It'll be quiet there and you can concentrate.

LEAVEN (3)
You want to just leave them?

QUENTIN (4)
They're traps, Leaven. We are the key.
I'll get us down there. You think us out. Believe in me. Try and see what I see, how my mind works. The flash when I look into a someone's head like a *fucking X-ray*.

With horror, Leaven is realizing Quentin is losing it. *STANDS*

QUENTIN (5)
I looked through the walls. I dreamed him at his desk, designing everything. He can't let you solve the puzzle, see, because there is a purpose. We are the purpose. *The cube is us.*

LEAVEN (6)
Quentin --

He puts his fingers to her lips, touches her face, breathing raggedly. She fights to stay calm as his hands start to wander.

QUENTIN (7)
We fit. Like numbers - a man and a woman. Two halves of the equation. I take you down, the perfect key, I slip you in the lock . . .

She breaks away. He sees the fear in her eyes. Quentin hefts the boot by the laces.

QUENTIN (8)
Leaven, it's time to go down.

He fiegns a lunge, then grabs her as she tries to slip by. Leaven screams, dropping to the floor as he tries to cover her mouth and drag her to the floor door.

Suddenly, Worth launches through the door and hits Quentin with his whole body.

Quentin lands on his spine on the door handle. He's momentarily incapacitated by the agony.

LEAVEN (9)
He wanted to take off. He *flipped*. He totally *flipped*.

Quentin is horrified to see her near him.

QUENTIN (10)
Get away from her!
(then)
Leaven . . . they're fuckin' spies.
Him. The retard. Holloway had outside
information about my family, but she
slipped up, didn't she? She crossed
the line.

It lands like a bomb. Worth knew it. Leaven didn't.

LEAVEN (11)
You dropped her.

They inch to the door, Worth keeping Leaven behind him.

WORTH (12)
Just go, Quentin.

LEAVEN (13)
Give us the *boot*, you pig!

Quentin hates that word. Leaven realizes what she said.

Quentin swings the boot by the lace in a vicious arc that connects with Worth's temple, dropping him.

Quentin advances on Leaven. He backs her into a corner, reaches out, and gently closes her eyelids with his finger tips.

QUENTIN (14)
You don't want the boot.

Worth struggles to get up again. Quentin gives the boot a good foot and a half of lace, hefting it in both hands. Then he swings it like a nightstick, laying into Worth in sadistic Rodney King form.

Kazan lets loose his high pitched scream.

Leaven joins in, eyes clenched tightly shut.

Quentin keeps working until Worth no longer tries to fend off the blows.

The beating stops. The screaming ends with it. Breathing hard, Quentin drops the boot and opens the floor door next to Worth.

Horrificed, Leaven watches Quentin roll Worth through the door.

She cringes. A thud, then a scream, long and drawn out, that ends by stuttering into - laughter. It builds.

Leaven looks down to see him lying splayed out on the floor, the laughter rolling out of him.

QUENTIN (15)
What the fuck's with him?

Leaven scrambles down.

94 INT. CUBE 21

45:00 - THEN ARE EXHAUSTED .

94

She hits the floor beside Worth. She sees it.

WALKING DEAD

Kazan plummets in. He takes in whatever they're staring at, decides it's bad, and scuttles crab-like to the far wall.

Quentin hits the floor like a sumo. His jaw drops open, mouth working, no sound.

A body, barefoot, lies in the corner. Slowly, with trepidation, Quentin moves towards it.

He rolls it over - a hollow skull, faceless, dished out by acid. The nametag reads Rennes. Worth hoots with laughter at the horrifying sight

WORTH (16)
Rennes! The Old Wrenster!

QUENTIN (17)
How did -- ? How could -- ?

WORTH (18)
We've been going in circles!

QUENTIN (19)
THAT CAN'T BE!

Suddenly another enormous rumble shakes the room like an earthquake. Worth throws back his head and laughs at the madness.

Quentin is gasping, sobbing. He grabs Leaven desperately.

QUENTIN (20)
Where are we?

LEAVEN (21)
I don't know!

He opens a door and presses her up against the numbers.

QUENTIN (22)
WHERE ARE WE?

LEAVEN (23)
YOU FIGURE IT OUT! You haven't done anything. All you've done is freak out, you . . . murderer!

Leaven collapses, the will to live beaten out of her.

Quentin paces the room like a caged animal. He stops in the centre and releases a scream so primal it barely seems human.

He withers to the floor, all the energy sapped from his body. A long pause.

QUENTIN (24)
Well, I guess you were right, Worth.

That stops Worth's laughter. A sound - Quentin, starting to weep.

A hand rests on his shoulder.

It's Kazan, eyes filled with concern.

QUENTIN (25)
(pleading)
Get away from me . . .

Kazan ignores him and sits by his side, stroking his hair.

Leaven wipes the tears from her eyes. She's hit rock bottom.

LEAVEN (26)
There. I cried. I'm the youngest one here and I didn't cry once. I even lasted longer than him.
(lies down to die)
That's enough. It can stop now.

Worth looks over the scene, strangely detached. He takes in the corpse, then looks at a door. A light bulb goes on for him.

WORTH (27)
Wasn't Rennes killed in that room?

QUENTIN (28)
Can't you just let us die in peace,
Worth?

Worth steps to the door and slides it open, revealing blackness.

WORTH (29)
How come there's nothing out there?

QUENTIN (30)
It's the edge.

WORTH (31)
We weren't at the edge before. Where's
the room that killed Rennes?

QUENTIN (32)
FUCK OFF!

Quentin throws the boot at Worth in frustration. It sails out the open door into the void. They all stare after it.

WORTH (33)
Oh, that was good.

QUENTIN (34)
What difference does it make? We're
dead anyways.

Leaven and Quentin collapse again. Worth claps his hands together loudly.

WORTH (35)
Hey! Listen to what I'm saying! There
was a room there before.

Quentin and Leaven try to fathom it.

WORTH (36)
We haven't been moving in circles. The
rooms have.

Leaven slowly clues in.

LEAVEN (37)
Of course.

QUENTIN (38)
The rooms?

LEAVEN (39)
It's the only logical explanation.

WORTH (40)
That explains the thunder and shaking.
They've been shifting the whole time.

LEAVEN (41)
I'm such an idiot!

Leaven pours over the numbers.

WORTH (42)
What are you on to, Leaven?

LEAVEN (43)
Gimme a minute. The numbers are
markers. Points on a map, right?

WORTH (44)
Right.

LEAVEN (45)
How do you map a point that keeps
moving?

WORTH (46)
(dawns slowly)
Permutations.

QUENTIN (47)
Permu-what?

LEAVEN (48)
Permutations - a list of all the co-
ordinates the room passes through.
Like a map that tells you where the
room starts, how many times it moves,
and where it moves to.

QUENTIN (49)
The number tells you all that?

LEAVEN (50)
I don't know yet . . . I've only
been looking at one point on the map,
which is probably the starting
position. I only saw what the cube
looked like before it started to move.

QUENTIN (51)
(getting excited)
Okay . . . okay, so it's moving!
(then, hopelessly)
How do we get out?

Worth raises an eyebrow at her. It is, after all, the real
question. It comes to her in a flash.

LEAVEN (52)
Twenty seven.

(X)

QUENTIN (53)
What?

LEAVEN (54)
I know where the exit is.

Quentin slowly rises and approaches them.

QUENTIN (55)
Where?

LEAVEN (56)
Stay away from me.

WORTH (57)
Back off, Quentin.

Quentin raises his hands in surrender.

QUENTIN (58)
I just wanna know. Don't you wanna know?

LEAVEN (59)
(to Worth)
Remember that room we passed through before - the one with a co-ordinate larger than twenty six?

(X)

WORTH (60)
What about it?

LEAVEN (61)
That co-ordinate placed the room outside the cube.

WORTH (62)
A bridge . . .

LEAVEN (63)
Right. But only in it's original position.

QUENTIN (64)
Whaddaya talking about?

LEAVEN (65)
Look, the room starts off as a bridge, then it moves all the way through the maze - which is when we ran into it. At some point, it must return to it's original position.

WORTH (66)
So the bridge is only a bridge--

LEAVEN (67)
-- for a short period of time. The cube is a giant combination lock. When the rooms return to their starting positions, the lock opens. When they move out of alignment, the lock closes.

WORTH (68)
With a structure this size, it must take days for the rooms to complete a full cycle.

QUENTIN (69)
So, when does it open?

They all look to Leaven. Around them, the cube moans ominously.

95 DISSOLVE TO: LATER

95

Quentin paces as Leaven feverishly scratches formulae into the floor with a button. Kazan sits nearby, mesmerized by her calculations. The pacing stops. Quentin's about to speak.

LEAVEN (1)
Don't.
(mutters to herself)
To find the original co-ordinates, the numbers are added together. To find the permutations, they're subtracted from one another . . . That's it!
This room moves to 0, 1 and -1 on the X-axis; 2, 5 and -7 on Y. 1, -1 and 0 on Z.

(X)
(X)
(X)

QUENTIN (2)
And what does that mean?

LEAVEN (3)
You suck at math?
(to Worth)
I need the room numbers around us as reference points.

Worth goes to a door and opens it to get the numbers. Quentin blunders to another door, pissed at her.

WORTH (4)
666. 897. 466.

(X)

She gets them down. Looks to Quentin.

QUENTIN (5)
Don't give me any more lip!

LEAVEN (6)
Can I have the numbers, please!

QUENTIN (7)
567. 898. Okay?

(X)

LEAVEN (8)
Yes!

QUENTIN (9)
And 545. Did you get that?

(X)

She rolls her eyes and looks to Worth at the next door.

WORTH (10)
656. 778. 462.

(X)

LEAVEN (11)
That's enough.

They hang on Leaven, flying through her calculations. She stops and examines her answer.

LEAVEN (12)
X is 17. Y is 25. Z is 14.

(X)

(pause, looks up)
Which means this room makes two more moves before returning to its starting position.

Leaven and Worth lock eyes, keyed in to the same wavelength.

WORTH (13)
Do we have time?

LEAVEN (14)
Maybe.

QUENTIN (15)
Then let's go!

WORTH (16)
Can you work the traps into this system?

QUENTIN (17)
Fuck the traps, let's get to the bridge!

WORTH (18)
You threw out our last boot, you fuckin' idiot!

LEAVEN (19)
Technically, I can identify the traps.

WORTH (20)
Technically?

LEAVEN (21)
First I thought they were identified by prime numbers. But they're not. They're identified by numbers that are the power of a prime.

QUENTIN (22)
Okay . . . so . . .

WORTH (23)
Can you calculate that?

LEAVEN (24)
The numbers are huge.

QUENTIN (25)
But you can, right? She can.

LEAVEN (26)
I'd have to calculate the number of factors in each set. Maybe if I had a computer --

QUENTIN (27)
-- You don't need a computer --

LEAVEN (28)
Yes I do!

QUENTIN (29)
FIGURE IT OUT!

LEAVEN (30)
I CAN'T!

QUENTIN (31)
I'M NOT DYING IN A FUCKING RAT MAZE!

Leaven has had enough of this fool.

LEAVEN (32)
Look. Nobody in the whole world could do it mentally. Look at those numbers: 567, 898, 545. There's no way I can factor that. I can't even start on 567. It's astronomical.

(X)
(X)
(X)

KAZAN (33)
Two.

Pause. They look at him, his fingertips fluttering madly.

KAZAN (34)
Astronomical.

WORTH (35)
What did you say?

KAZAN (36)
Astronomical.

WORTH (37)
Before that.

KAZAN (38)
Factors.

LEAVEN (39)
How many factors, Kazan? Of 567?

(X)

KAZAN (40)
Two.

WORTH (41)
Is he right?

QUENTIN (42)
What are you fucking kidding?

Leaven and Worth hone in on Kazan.

LEAVEN (43)
Kazan? How many factors does 30 have?

(X)

KAZAN (44)
3.

LEAVEN (45)
How about 7?

KAZAN (46)
1. Yup.
(holds out hand)
Gum drop.

(X)

LEAVEN (47)
I don't have any gum drops.

(X)

KAZAN (48)
Gum drop.

(X)

WORTH (49)
Kazan, I'll give you a whole box of gum
drops for each answer.

(X)

(X)

KAZAN (50)
Gum drops are in bags.

(X)

WORTH (51)
You want them in bags, you got them in bags.

KAZAN (52)
I don't like red ones.

WORTH (53)
No! You don't want those. We'll pick those out. Look here, see the numbers?

LEAVEN (54)
898, Kazan.

(X)

KAZAN (55)
2.

(X)

LEAVEN (56)
545.

(X)

KAZAN (57)
2.

(X)

LEAVEN (58)
He's giving us the factors.

KAZAN (59)
Astronomical.

They look at his distant expression, his tapping fingertips.

LEAVEN (60)
He's counting.

KAZAN (61)
(echoes)
Counting.

QUENTIN (62)
You're telling me Telethon Boy is a genius?

(X)

LEAVEN (63)
By those numbers, the room should be safe.

Worth and Leaven look in at it with trepidation.

Worth gets yanked off his feet.

QUENTIN (64)
Only one way to find out.

LEAVEN
Don't!

96 INT. CUBE 22

96

Worth flies in, hits the floor and lies still, wracked with pain. He's nearing the end of his ability to withstand the abuse.

WORTH

Safe.

Quentin looks through at him, turns to Kazan with a wolfish smile.

QUENTIN

Kazan, my man.

Leaven enters, followed by Quentin who drags Kazan in.

Leaven kneels beside Worth, concerned for his life. Worth opens his eyes and looks hard at her. Something has to be done. Digging deep, he stands up with her help.

QUENTIN

Hurry up and get that door open.

Leaven opens it. Quentin puts Kazan in front of the numbers. He gives him the signal.

QUENTIN

What's the number, buddy boy? Hey?

Right here. Look here.

(to Leaven)

Make him do it.

Choking back her fear, she gently addresses Kazan.

LEAVEN

It's okay, Kazan. We'll just do some numbers. We like to get lost in the numbers, don't we?

KAZAN

Prime numbers.

LEAVEN

That's right. Can you tell me the factor of 656?

(X)

KAZAN

2. 2.

LEAVEN

Okay. 779?

(X)

KAZAN

2.

(X)

LEAVEN

462?

(X)

3. Yup. KAZAN
 Clear. LEAVEN
 Move! QUENTIN

97 INT. CUBE 23

97

Worth catches Leaven as Quentin pushes her in behind him. Kazan is harried through next. Then Quentin sticks his head in. Worth slams the door shut on his neck, trapping him like a vise.

Oh, Jeez. LEAVEN
 Go! WORTH

Leaven pulls Kazan to the next set of numbers.

Worth grabs Quentin by the hair, slides open the door, and slams it shut on his neck again. Quentin growls.

Worth . . . QUENTIN
 Hurry! WORTH

Leaven is trying to make Kazan calculate.

563! LEAVEN

(X)

Kazan whines.

Please, Kazan! LEAVEN
 563.

(X)

Quentin's face bulges, turning red. Worth slams the door again, kicking at Quentin's hands as he tries to reach through.

Quentin gasps.

You fuckers. QUENTIN
 You're dead . . .
 Leaven . . .

Clear! LEAVEN

Quentin growls horribly at Worth - Worth gives his head one last crunch and releases him.

Quentin falls back into his room and Worth slams the door.

98 INT. CUBE 24

98

Kazan and Leaven are already at the next door. Worth jumps in, slams his door and holds it closed.

1. KAZAN (20)

Trapped! LEAVEN (21)

WORTH (22)
Try the floor.

She whips open the floor door.

LEAVEN (23)
Is he dead?

A tremendous howl and Worth is almost pulled off his feet. The door inches open. Quentin's snarling face peers through like "Here's Johnny!" Worth manages to slam it closed.

WORTH (24)
Not quite.

A massive rumble shakes the room. Worth loses his grip on the door.

99 INT. CUBE 23

99

Quentin is knocked off his feet by the thunderous quake. It subsides. He lunges back at the handle and flings open the door.

Leaven and Kazan stand frozen in the room. Worth is nowhere in sight.

100 INT. CUBE 24

100

Quentin dives through the door, rolls and faces an attack from behind. Worth is not there.

QUENTIN (25)
Where is he? WHERE IS HE?

Kazan snaps. He flails at Quentin like a frantic, screaming child. Never shifting his attention from Leaven, Quentin grabs him by the face with one hand and pushes him aside.

QUENTIN (26)
I asked you a question.

Leaven trembles, backing away across the floor door.

QUENTIN (27)
Come here.

She edges further away.

QUENTIN (28)
I SAID COME HERE RIGHT NOW!

He starts for her - one step, two steps - suddenly he drops out of frame!

101 INT. CUBE 25

101

Quentin tumbles into the room. He plummets past Worth, who's hanging from the ceiling rungs.

WHUMP! He cracks his head on the floor.

102 BACK IN CUBE 24

102

Leaven helps pull Worth in. The effort leaves him breathless with pain. They look down at his handiwork.

Quentin lies still. Blood spreads over the floor around his head. The door slides closed, erasing him.

They gulp, unable to suppress smiles.

WORTH (29)
That way.

103 INT. CUBE 26 MOMENTS LATER

103

2. KAZAN (1)

Clear! LEAVEN (2)

104 INT. CUBE 27 MOMENTS LATER (3)

104

4. Clear! KAZAN (4)

105 INT. CUBE 28 MOMENTS LATER

105

Leaven whips open a door to find one of the featureless rooms. She sticks her head in.

LEAVEN (5)
Whoa!

106 INT. FEATURELESS SHAFT

106

Worth sticks his head in with her.

A rumble echoes distantly through the cube.

114 BACK IN CUBE 29

114

The rumble subsides. Leaven paces tensely. Suddenly she winces - she's stepped on something. She gingerly pulls a sharp object out of the sole of her foot. She puts on her glasses and examines it. It's a bloody shard of glass - the missing piece from her cracked lens. The implications sink in. She opens a door and studies the numbers - 644 989 446. She is struck by an important realization.

(X)
(X)

LEAVEN

14 . . . 26 . . . 14.

(X)

(shouts)

Worth, get back here right now!

115 BACK IN CUBE 31

115

Worth is getting desperate.

WORTH

Five bags of gum drops.

(X)

KAZAN

27 bags total.

(X)

LEAVEN (OFF)

Listen to me, Worth. This room's next move takes it to the bridge!

WORTH

27 bags. Deal.

(X)

Kazan starts climbing.

KAZAN

1,114 gum drops total. Minus red ones - approximately one sixth.

(X)

116 BACK IN CUBE 29

116

LEAVEN

Do you hear me? It's coming into alignment! All you have to do is get back here and we'll ride it out.

117 INT. CUBE 31

117

Worth hauls Kazan in and ushers him up to the next door.

WORTH

(shouting to Leaven)

We're coming!

KAZAN

One sixth - 185.66666667 red ones.

118 INT. CUBE 25

118

Quentin lies still in his pool of blood. A thunderous rumble and the room starts to shake. Quentin's eyes open. The room begins moving.

119 INT. CUBE 30

119

Worth pulls himself in after Kazan and lurches to his feet. He looks around from door to door, disorientated. He stumbles to one and slides it open.

LEAVEN (31)
Over here!

He whirls to see her at a different door. The rumbling starts, building quickly to shaking.

Worth stumbles and goes down. Kazan grins, just happy to see her.

KAZAN (32)
Leaven!

LEAVEN (33)
Move it!

Kazan weaves crazily toward her as the floor shakes.

Worth is messed up, stunned, unable to get his footing.

Leaven's hand snakes out and grabs Kazan by the ear, hauling him in.

Worth crawls along the floor, his vision blurry, Leaven seemingly miles away. The shaking increases in violence.

Leaven sees he won't make it. She takes her life in her hands, leaps in, grabs him, and hauls him into . . .

120 INT. CUBE 29

120

They tumble in. The door slams. The quake crescendoes, and the room takes off like a rocket, pinning everyone to the floor. After a few seconds, it comes to an abrupt halt.

Kazan and Leaven shake out the cobwebs and look around.

Worth lies still, eyes closed, blood trickling from his nose and mouth.

LEAVEN (34)
Worth? Worth?

WORTH (35)
(without moving)
This better be it.

Leaven is vastly relieved.

LEAVEN (36)
It should be.

Worth pulls himself up.

WORTH (37)
Where?

Leaven slides open the door. Blackness.

WORTH (38)
Oh, well.

LEAVEN (39)
Give it a minute. Be patient. So
guess what?

WORTH (40)
No.

LEAVEN (41)
This is the room we started in.
(Worth just stares)
I was right. We never should have
moved in the first place.

They stare at one another. They can't help but find it grimly
amusing. A deafening rumble rolls over them.

The blackness is gradually replaced by another entrance as the
bridge room slides into position.

KAZAN (42)
Bridge!
(then he realizes)
Red.

Leaven bursts into spontaneous laughter. Kazan thinks he's the
funny one, which makes her laugh harder. Worth just stares at the
red bridge like he's meeting his maker.

INT
BRIDGE
Leaven starts in. She hesitates.

LEAVEN (1)
Kazan.

She gets him to look at the numbers.

LEAVEN (2)
(to Worth)
Wouldn't that suck?

KAZAN (3)
Clear!

121 INT. BRIDGE CUBE

Leaven hops in, then helps Worth in. Kazan joins them, trying not to look at the walls.

Leaven just stares at the door, too scared to see what's out there.

Worth gives Kazan the signal. Kazan opens it. Brilliant light bleeds in, engulfing the room

Worth and Kazan stare out.

There is a short passageway, the end of it lost in the blinding light.

Worth turns back to Leaven and smiles weakly.

WORTH (4)
You made it.

He slips to the floor.

LEAVEN (5)
Worth . . . ?

WORTH (6)
Go ahead.

LEAVEN (7)
What are you doing? You can't quit now.

WORTH (8)
Look at me.

LEAVEN (9)
We'll get you to a hospital. You can make it.

WORTH (10)
Look deeper, Leaven. A lot deeper.

She does, looking into his eyes.

LEAVEN (11)
It's not your fault.

Worth swallows, the emotion welling up. He looks around at the banal, evil thing he helped build.

WORTH (12)
Go.

A tear runs down her cheek.

LEAVEN (13)
You have to come. Please.

He shakes his head. Smiling sadly.

WORTH (14)
I've got nothing to live for out there.

Leaven absorbs this. She sniffles and looks into the light.

LEAVEN (15)
What is out there?

WORTH (16)
Suburbs. Strip malls. Apartment buildings.

LEAVEN (17)
Same old shit?

WORTH (18)
Boundless human stupidity.

She pulls herself together a bit. She wipes her eyes.

LEAVEN (19)
I can live with that.

Suddenly, a sharp metal object bursts through her chest. She looks down at it uncomprehendingly, then at Worth. Kazan whimpers. The object retracts. Her eyes close and Leaven falls, revealing Quentin behind her, holding a bloody, broken door handle.

Worth lets out an animalistic scream, every last ounce of his strength directed into a violent rage.

Kazan cowers in a corner.

Quentin comes snarling at Worth through the door, his weapon raised.

Worth launches himself with super-human strength, driving his shoulder into Quentin's mid-section and knocking him back into the door frame. He grabs Quentin's wrist and repeatedly slams his hand into the wall - the weapon clatters to the floor.

Quentin punches Worth viciously with his free hand, then knees him in the stomach. Worth doubles over and Quentin drives him head first into the wall.

Worth goes down. He looks at Kazan, huddled in the corner.

WORTH (20)
Get out, Kazan.

Worth gets yanked back up. Quentin's hands wrap around his throat, and smash him into the wall. Worth's kicking feet rise off the floor. They strain, nose to nose.

Worth is thrown against another wall. He slithers to the floor.

WORTH (21)
Through the door, Kazan.

Kazan sees the door. He understands.

Worth's eyes snap wide open in horrible shock.

Quentin has driven the door handle deep into his guts. He grinds it around savagely. Worth groans, then gurgles, spitting up blood. His body twitches.

Quentin rises to his feet and faces Kazan, who's slowly backing through the exit door. Quentin holds up his bloody hands.

QUENTIN (22)
Red, Kazan.

Another rumble sounds. The room shakes.

122 INT. EXIT PASSAGE

Kazan falls through the door into the passage. The bridge CUBE slowly starts to move out of position.

123 BRIDGE CUBE Fear comes into Quentin's eyes. He weaves across the shaking room toward the shrinking exit.

124 EXIT PASSAGE Kazan stands up, sees him approaching.

125 BRIDGE CUBE Quentin lunges forward, his upper body landing on the door frame.

126 EXIT PASSAGE Quentin grabs Kazan by the shirt front, pulling himself out. But he can't. He can't move. He looks back.

127 BRIDGE CUBE Worth, a grinning, victorious corpse, holds tight onto Quentin's foot.

Quentin tries desperately to kick him off. The entrance constricts, closing to within inches of his torso. His eyes widen in horror. He screams.

The bridge room drops away from the exit, cutting Quentin in half. His legs and lower body fall to the floor with Worth.

The room drops faster and faster. Worth smiles amid the carnage and howling rush of noise. His eyes flutter closed in death.

128 INT. EXIT PASSAGE

128

Silence. Kazan unlatches Quentin's fingers from his shirt front. He looks at Quentin's dead face, his mouth lolling open. Carefully, Kazan position Quentin's fingers in the "signal" - a gun.

He gently places the thumb in Quentin's mouth. Then Kazan stands and looks at what he did. He giggles.

Kazan turns and looks down the corridor into the light. He starts toward it, unaware, unafraid. He begins to whistle "Bridge on the River Kwai".

Slowly, Kazan disappears, consumed by the brilliance.

129 DISSOLVE TO:

129

A metallic, textured wall. Kazan enters frame and puts his nose against it.

PULL BACK. He is wearing different clothes. He is not in a cube, he is on a BUSY STREET. Shoppers and Suits mill around him, oblivious to the retarded man.

Fingers tapping, Kazan turns away and slowly is swallowed by the crowd.

130 EXT. CITY - VARIOUS SHOTS DAY

130

Glittering towers of glass and steel rise over the city, horrifyingly precise.

Row upon row of identical houses stretch to the horizon of suburbia.

The streets are an infinite grid where traffic is jammed up, thousands of people enclosed in their cars.

Another day at the office.

FADE TO BLACK