

# **CUBE**

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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

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

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

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

It's alright. I'm not gonna hurt you.

HOLLOWAY

What do you want?

QUENTIN

I didn't mean to scare you. I thought you were . . .

HOLLOWAY

*What?*

QUENTIN

*I don't know.*

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

HOLLOWAY

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)

Help! Help!

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

6 INT. CUBE 4

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

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

What? What?

QUENTIN

It's okay. Come here.

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

7 BACK IN CUBE 3

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

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

HOLLOWAY

What was in there?

QUENTIN

Just gimme a minute to figure things out.

HOLLOWAY

Why were you afraid of that room?

QUENTIN

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

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

I hit my head.

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

HOLLOWAY

Let me take a look at that.

Worth pulls away from her.

HOLLOWAY

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

What the hell are you doing?

Rennes slides open a door.

QUENTIN

Hey old man, did you hear what I said?

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

8 INT. CUBE 5

8

The boot incinerates in mid air, bursting into flames.

9 BACK IN CUBE 3

9

Everyone gapes at the trapped room.

LEAVEN

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.

RENNES  
Motion detectors. Integrated into the  
walls. Tough to spot.

He drops the boot. The door slides shut behind him. He puts the  
lace of his other boot in his teeth and slides open the next door.  
Quentin's hand locks on his shoulder.

QUENTIN  
Wait a second. Let's all just relax  
for a minute.

Rennes rolls his eyes and dryly waits for them with his arms  
crossed.

QUENTIN  
Does anybody remember how they got  
here?

Rennes shrugs, no idea. The others stare at one another, drawing  
blanks. Holloway volunteers.

HOLLOWAY  
I was eating dinner. Perogies. Cheese  
and potato. I ran out of sour cream so  
I went to the fridge . . . then I  
don't know.

QUENTIN  
You?

Leaven doesn't respond, her mind racing. He checks her nametag.

QUENTIN  
*Leaven?*

LEAVEN  
I -- I just went to bed and. . .

QUENTIN  
(to Worth)  
What about you?

WORTH  
Just woke up here.

HOLLOWAY  
(with dread)  
It's like Chile. Middle of the night.  
They always come in the middle of the  
night.

LEAVEN  
(weakly, pleading)  
*Who?*



The question hangs in the air. Holloway's wide eyes take in the cube.

HOLLOWAY  
Only the government could build something this ugly.

QUENTIN  
It ain't *government*.

HOLLOWAY  
Then what is it?

QUENTIN  
I don't know.

HOLLOWAY  
(full of dread)  
*Aliens.*

The distant rumble echoes through the cube again.

QUENTIN  
Please. We're scared enough as it is. Let's rule out *aliens* for now and concentrate on what we know.

LEAVEN  
My mom's gonna freak.

QUENTIN  
Rennes?

Rennes looks at him, annoyed with all the chit chat.

LEAVEN  
I just won't be there. They'll freak.

QUENTIN  
Whaddaya think, Rennes?

RENNES  
We won't solve jack shit sittin' still. I'm moving in a straight line 'till I get to the end.

QUENTIN  
Alright, I tend to agree.

LEAVEN  
(weakly)  
Shouldn't we wait here?

HOLLOWAY  
For what?

LEAVEN  
To see if anybody comes.

WORTH  
No one's going to come.

Leaven sinks lower.

QUENTIN  
Look, there's a way *in* here, so there's  
gotta be a way out. We can avoid the  
traps using the boot. Holloway is it?  
(she nods)  
What do you think? Look for an exit?

She measures her options.

HOLLOWAY  
Okay.

QUENTIN  
(to Worth)  
What about you?

WORTH  
It can't be that simple.

RENNES  
It won't be that simple.

Everyone's attention turns to Rennes.

RENNES  
Look around. Take a good long looksee.  
'Cause I got a feeling it's looking at  
us.

He's probably right. They shift uncomfortably, naked beneath an  
all seeing eye. Leaven huddles in total despair.

LEAVEN  
*I just want to wake up.*

Quentin kneels down to her and pulls out all the stops.

QUENTIN  
Leaven. We can do this. We just have  
to stay calm and work together, as a  
team. There's gonna be a lot of people  
looking for us on the outside. I'm a  
cop, alright?

LEAVEN  
(pause, faint hope)  
You're a cop?

QUENTIN

Yeah. And I'm sitting here with four other missing persons. My department is gonna be pretty curious about what went on last night.

(intensely)

I'm gonna get you out of here. I promise. You gotta be with me on this one.

Leaven makes a big effort to pull herself together. It almost works. She nods bravely.

LEAVEN

Okay.

QUENTIN

Okay.

He helps her to her feet.

(X)  
(X)

Quentin and Rennes lock eyes, sussing one another other out. Quentin opens the door for him. A truce.

QUENTIN

Boot it.

Everyone holds their breath. Rennes casts the boot in. It lands with a pronounced squeak.

RENNES

Clean.

They start climbing through. Holloway pulls up the rear, sees Worth still sitting against the wall.

HOLLOWAY

What's wrong?

Worth scoffs. What isn't?

HOLLOWAY

Are you dizzy?

WORTH

No.

HOLLOWAY

Are you nauseous?

(Worth shakes his head)

Well . . .

She holds out her hand to help him up. He stares at her for a long moment, trying to find the will to live.

HOLLOWAY

*Come on.*

She's not taking no for an answer. He sighs and grabs her hand.

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

10 INT. CUBE 6 LATER

10

A boot hits the floor. Rennes' bare feet follow it.

Quentin hits the floor, also barefoot, a makeshift bandage on his wound now. He ushers Worth and Holloway in, their boots strung around their necks by the laces.

Quentin reaches back to help Leaven in. She is considerably calmed. She takes his hand and starts through, but her attention is caught by something engraved on the inner edge of the door - a series of numbers. She runs her finger across their relief. 476 804 539.

(X)

Just then, the distant rumble reverberates through them.

HOLLOWAY

That one sounded closer.

RENNES

Mechanical. Seems to come at regular intervals.

QUENTIN

Maybe it's a ventilation system.

RENNES

No vents.

HOLLOWAY

No kidding, I'm boiling.

Leaven puts her glasses on for a better look at the numbers.

They come into focus: 476 804 539.

(X)

Quentin sees her squinting out of her broken lens.

QUENTIN

What is it?

Quentin checks the door on his side. Another set of numbers. 566 472 737.

(X)

(X)

QUENTIN

Serial numbers?

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

How long have we been in here?

QUENTIN

Not long. Eight or nine hours.

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

QUENTIN

The last thing I remember is shaving.

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

WORTH

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

Hey. Look at this.

Rennes joins them, his eyes narrow.

LEAVEN

(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

Maybe it's the end.

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

WORTH  
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  
Go around.

RENNES  
This way.

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

QUENTIN  
What?

RENNES  
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  
Trapped?

RENNES  
Molecular chemical sensor.

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

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

Quentin zeroes in on Rennes.

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

RENNES  
"Renn." Not "Renz". It's French.

QUENTIN  
Fine. Your French. I'm askin' how --

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

QUENTIN

"Renn".

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

QUENTIN

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

The what?

QUENTIN

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

RENNES

(pride shows through)

Seven.

HOLLOWAY

Your're kidding, right?

Leaven goes to him, desperate with hope.

LEAVEN

You can get us out.

RENNES

Maybe.

HOLLOWAY

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

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.



RENNES

You got to save yourselves from yourselves.

Rennes suddenly tenses, sensing something.

RENNES

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

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

(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

So it was electro-chemical or whatever.  
Right?

Nobody answers him.

QUENTIN

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

Alright, it's time to reassess this  
place.

HOLLOWAY

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

LEAVEN

I've never done anything to deserve  
this.

QUENTIN

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

(meaning Rennes)  
That's what he said.

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

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

QUENTIN  
 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  
 (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  
 Leaven? What are you?

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

QUENTIN  
 What else?

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

HOLLOWAY  
 I think we *have* to ask the big  
 questions. What does it want? What is  
 it thinking?

WORTH  
 One down, four to go.

Nobody finds that the least bit amusing. Quentin scowls.

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

WORTH  
 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

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

I can't stand that attitude.

LEAVEN

'Cause he's right.

WORTH

What's your purpose, Quentin?

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

QUENTIN

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?

WORTH

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

His deadpan obnoxiousness stupifies them again. Holloway is affronted.

HOLLOWAY

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)

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 . . .

(X)

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.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

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 --

(X)

(X)

(X)

HOLLOWAY  
You remember all that? In your head?

LEAVEN  
 (shrugs, irritated)  
 I have a facility for it.

QUENTIN  
 Leaven, you beautiful brain.  
 (to Holloway)  
 Boot it.

Holloway flings her boot in. Nothing. Quentin screws himself up for the real test - going in it.

QUENTIN  
 Okay, outa the way.

But Leaven jumps in before he can get to the door.

19 INT. CUBE 9

19

She hits the ground. A moment of stasis. She laughs.

LEAVEN  
 Safe!

She sings out, doing a little bump-and-grind victory dance.

LEAVEN  
 Prime numbers! Prime numbers!

20 OMITTED

20 (x

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

21 INT. CUBE 10 LATER

21

Quentin peers through a ceiling door and jumps in. Leaven looks in after him, shakes her head in amazement at another identical room.



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  
Sometimes.

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

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

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

QUENTIN  
Well. She didn't either.

Oops. An awkward moment for everyone.

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

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

LEAVEN  
None of these are prime.

QUENTIN  
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  
You could try and help me here, buddy.

Worth sighs and steps up to the door.

WORTH  
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)

(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  
Hi, there.

KAZAN  
This room is green.

HOLLOWAY  
Yes, it is.

He turns to her, agitated, avoiding eye contact.

KAZAN  
I wanna go back to the blue room.

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

HOLLOWAY  
I think he's mentally handicapped.

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

KAZAN  
Blue room's best.

QUENTIN  
Jesus Christ.

LEAVEN  
He almost broke my neck!

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

KAZAN  
Butter first, then honey.

LEAVEN  
How'd he survive?

HOLLOWAY  
Probably hasn't moved.

KAZAN  
I wanna go back to the blue room.

HOLLOWAY  
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 . . .

23 OMITTED

FADE OUT/FADE IN:

24 INT. CUBE 12

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

QUENTIN  
Can't you stop him doing that?

23(x)

24

HOLLOWAY

He just needs to be occupied.

QUENTIN

With what?

HOLLOWAY

Give him a job. Let him open the doors.

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

QUENTIN

Hey, buddy. You wanna open the doors?

HOLLOWAY

Give him a signal.

Quentin rolls his eyes and waves his hand at Kazan.

QUENTIN

Hey? Pay attention. Watch my hand.

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

HOLLOWAY

See. He's very high functioning.

QUENTIN

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  
I can do it.

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

WORTH  
I thought math geeks liked repetition.

LEAVEN  
Not when I'm part of the equation.

HOLLOWAY  
Where do you *hide* something this big?

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

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

QUENTIN  
(in exasperation)  
What are you talking about?

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

QUENTIN  
Albuquerque?

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

QUENTIN  
Oh for Christ's sake, Holloway.

Leaven shoots them a dirty look.

LEAVEN  
Clear.

QUENTIN  
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.

25 INT. CUBE 13

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

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

Free clinic Doctors?

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

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

HOLLOWAY

How would you know, from where you are?

QUENTIN

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

That's what you think?

LEAVEN

(irritated)

Clear.

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

HOLLOWAY

Okay. You're a cop.

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

HOLLOWAY

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

What's wrong?

Holloway lets out a horrible choking gasp.

27 BACK IN CUBE 13 27

All hell breaks loose.

QUENTIN

Something's got her!

LEAVEN

GAS!

QUENTIN

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

It's okay, I just swallowed my button.

They deflate with groans in the other room.

Leaven climbs through, shaken.

LEAVEN

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

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 (X)  
trying to concentrate, but she's burnt out, eyes tired.

LEAVEN  
It's like cramming without coffee.

WORTH  
(to Quentin)  
She needs a break.

QUENTIN  
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  
They don't look prime to me.

QUENTIN  
Is that your two bits worth, Worth?

WORTH  
For what it's worth.

QUENTIN  
(to Leaven)  
Well?

She comes to a conclusion.

LEAVEN  
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  
STOP!

Quentin freezes.

34 CUBE 14 Leaven and Worth stare in horror. 34

LEAVEN  
In front of you!

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

HOLLOWAY  
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  
SHUUUUUT UUUUUUP!

The door slides closed on Kazan, muffling his racket.

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

Holloway is trying to look at Quentin's leg.

HOLLOWAY  
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  
Will somebody STOP THAT RACKET?

HOLLOWAY

Worth.

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

QUENTIN

Leave the boot.

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

QUENTIN

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

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

KAZAN

Noisy.

WORTH

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

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

LEAVEN

But these numbers aren't prime.

QUENTIN

Then your number system failed, but he knew.

HOLLOWAY

Knew what? How would he know?

QUENTIN

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

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

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

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

So what happened?

QUENTIN

(scoffs)

You saw what happened.

HOLLOWAY

Quentin.

She makes him sit still while she wraps his leg.

LEAVEN

The numbers must be more complicated than I thought.

WORTH

Maybe they mean nothing at all.

LEAVEN

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

HOLLOWAY

We need to rest anyway.

QUENTIN

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:

45

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)

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.

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 as 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! Signall! Hey, buddy, do you still want your job, or what?

47 INT. CUBE 17

47

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

48

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

49

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

50

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.

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.

- 51 INT. CUBE 16 SHORT WHILE LATER 51  
 Worth slings the boot over his shoulder, preparing to be lowered through the open door. He gives Kazan an encouraging nod. Kazan has his hands clasped tightly over his mouth, much the same way he was covering his eyes.
- 52 INT. CUBE 18 (X)  
 Worth dangles in, held by Quentin.
- 53 INT. CUBE 16 (X)  
 Holloway and Leaven support Quentin, holding him by the legs as he lowers Worth through. Suddenly, Holloway's grip slips. Quentin lurches forward.
- 54 INT. CUBE 18 (X)  
 Worth drops a few inches, then jerks to a stop. He shoots Quentin a look.
- 55 INT. CUBE 16 55  
 Holloway and Leaven regain their purchase on Quentin.
- 56 INT. CUBE 18 (X)  
 Worth grabs hold of the ceiling rungs and monkey-bars towards the left wall. He carefully climbs down to the floor. Worth moves to the left door, but freezes as a rumble shudders through the cube - louder and closer this time. It passes. Worth breathes a slow sigh of relief.
- 57 INT. CUBE 19 57  
 The door opens. Worth gently lowers the boot to the floor. Nothing happens, so he wedges the boot in the door frame to prop it open.
- 58 INT. CUBE 18 (X)  
 Worth moves back to the centre of the room and waves down Leaven. Quentin lowers her in. She repeats Worth's move to the left wall. Worth helps her to the floor and ushers her over to the next cube.
- 59 INT. CUBE 16 59  
 Quentin gets ready to lower Holloway. She gives him a "don't you dare drop me" look. He smiles dryly.
- 60 INT. CUBE 18 60  
 Worth helps Holloway down, indicates for her to join Leaven. Holloway refuses, waving Worth away. They bicker silently. She won't back down.
- 61 INT. CUBE 19 61  
 Worth climbs through to join Leaven.

62 INT. CUBE 18

(X)

Holloway beckons up at Quentin when Worth is safe. Quentin dangles Kazan in. Kazan makes it difficult because he wants to keep a hand over his mouth. Quentin glares at him. Kazan takes his hand away from his mouth, grips the ceiling rungs and starts moving towards the right wall. He begins climbing down the right wall. Holloway helps him silently to the ground.

She starts to lead him across the room. Kazan suddenly stops in the middle of the cube. Holloway looks down to see the hem of Kazan's pant leg caught on the handle of the floor door. He starts to open his mouth. Holloway shoots him a look. He puts his hand over his mouth again. She smiles reassuringly and bends down, slightly rotating the door handle to untangle the cloth.



The door handle is left in the "open" position.

63 CUBE 19 Leaven and Worth help Kazan and Holloway in. 63

64 CUBE 16 Quentin grips the door frame and lowers himself in. 64

65 CUBE 18 He grabs the ceiling bars and hand-over-hands toward the door. 65

Suddenly Quentin looks down. He sees the door handle, still in the "open" position. It starts to slide back.

He swings for the exit. Before he has time to reach them, the handle snaps back with an amplified "click".

They cringe in anticipation. Quentin hangs motionless. Nothing happens.

66 CUBE 19 Everyone relaxes. Kazan, caught up in the moment, lets out a nervous giggle, instantly triggering . . . 66

67 CUBE 18 The spikes! Which shoot out of the walls . . . 67

Simultaneously, Quentin swings for the door . . .

68 INT. CUBE 19 68

Quentin takes them all down in a heap on the floor. Trembling with adrenaline, he stands and drags Kazan out of the pile by the collar. He throws him up against the wall like he's going to cuff him, kicks his legs apart.

QUENTIN

You . . . fucking . . . FUCK!

Holloway plants herself in beside Quentin.

HOLLOWAY

That's enough!

QUENTIN

He's a TRAP!

HOLLOWAY

Let him go right now!

QUENTIN

Law of the jungle, Holloway. He's endangering the pack.

HOLLOWAY

Let him go YOU NAZI!

That cuts dangerously deep. He stares at her.

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 surprising 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  
 (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  
 Open it.

WORTH  
 Door number six? Not number one? Door  
 number two?

QUENTIN  
 Open the fuckin' thing.

Worth takes hold of the handle. He turns it.

Holloway kneels there, begging as the door slides open.

HOLLOWAY  
 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  
 Nighttime.

QUENTIN  
 See anything?

Worth's eyes probe the depths.

WORTH  
 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  
 Whoa.

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

                  QUENTIN  
 Hang on to me.

They grab hold as Quentin leans way out to look.

                  QUENTIN  
 I can't see shit!

He feels around on the wall below them.

                  QUENTIN  
 There's nothing to hang on to.

Quentin pulls himself back in grimly.

                  QUENTIN  
 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  
 Someone has to swing out there and  
 look.

                  WORTH  
 Swing?

                  QUENTIN  
 We make a rope, out of clothes.

Quentin starts undressing.

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

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

QUENTIN  
Forget it.

HOLLOWAY  
(quietly)  
I'll go.

QUENTIN  
I'm going, Holloway.

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

HOLLOWAY  
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  
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  
A couple of months.

Holloway watches him, feeling the depths of his guilt.

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

WORTH  
I am.

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

WORTH  
(nods, then)  
David.

It's his name. Holloway is touched.

HOLLOWAY  
Helen.

Worth nods. He has to chuckle.

WORTH  
You're such a Helen.

71A MOMENTS LATER

71A

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

HOLLOWAY  
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)  
That's as far as you go.

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

74

HOLLOWAY  
There's nothing down here.

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

HOLLOWAY  
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  
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  
 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  
 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  
 What the hell's going on?
- 87 CUBE 19 The others grab onto Quentin desperately. 87  
 QUENTIN  
 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

She slipped.

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

KAZAN

Holloway?

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

QUENTIN

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

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  
Leaven? Be strong, Sweetheart.

LEAVEN  
Don't even talk to me.

QUENTIN  
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  
I can't think anymore.

QUENTIN  
Sure you can. It's your gift.

LEAVEN  
It's not a gift. It's just a *brain*.

WORTH  
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  
Alright. One hour.

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

QUENTIN  
An hour is as long as I say.

92 FADE OUT/FADE IN: LATER

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

What are you doing?

QUENTIN

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

LEAVEN

You want to just leave them?

QUENTIN

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.

QUENTIN

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

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

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

Leaven, it's time to go down.

He feigns 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

He wanted to take off. He flipped. He totally flipped.

Quentin is horrified to see her near him.

QUENTIN

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

You dropped her.

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

WORTH

Just go, Quentin.

LEAVEN

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

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.

Horrified, 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

*What the fuck's with him?*

Leaven scrambles down.

94 INT. CUBE 21

94

She hits the floor beside Worth. She sees it.

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

Rennes! The Old Wrenster!

QUENTIN

How did -- ? How could -- ?

WORTH

We've been going in circles!

QUENTIN

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  
Where are we?

LEAVEN  
I don't know!

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

QUENTIN  
WHERE ARE WE?

LEAVEN  
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  
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  
(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  
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  
Wasn't Rennes killed in that room?

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

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

WORTH  
How come there's nothing out there?

QUENTIN  
It's the edge.

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

QUENTIN  
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  
Oh, that was good.

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

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

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

Quentin and Leaven try to fathom it.

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

Leaven slowly clues in.

LEAVEN  
Of course.

QUENTIN  
The rooms?

LEAVEN  
It's the only logical explanation.

WORTH

That explains the thunder and shaking.  
They've been shifting the whole time.

LEAVEN

I'm such an *idiot*!

Leaven pours over the numbers.

WORTH

What are you on to, Leaven?

LEAVEN

Gimme a minute. The numbers are  
markers. Points on a map, right?

WORTH

Right.

LEAVEN

How do you map a point that keeps  
moving?

WORTH

(dawns slowly)  
Permutations.

QUENTIN

Permu-what?

LEAVEN

*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

The number tells you all that?

LEAVEN

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

(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  
Twenty seven.

(X)

QUENTIN  
What?

LEAVEN  
I know where the exit is.

Quentin slowly rises and approaches them.

QUENTIN  
Where?

LEAVEN  
Stay away from me.

WORTH  
Back off, Quentin.

Quentin raises his hands in surrender.

QUENTIN  
I just wanna know. Don't you wanna know?

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

(X)

WORTH  
What about it?

LEAVEN  
That co-ordinate placed the room outside the cube.

WORTH  
A bridge . . .

LEAVEN  
Right. But only in it's original position.

QUENTIN  
Whaddaya talking about?

LEAVEN  
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

So the bridge is only a bridge--

LEAVEN

-- 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

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

QUENTIN

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

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

And what does that mean?

LEAVEN

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

666. 897. 466.

(X)

She gets them down. Looks to Quentin.

QUENTIN

Don't give me any more lip!

LEAVEN  
Can I have the *numbers*, please!

QUENTIN  
567. 898. Okay?

LEAVEN  
Yes!

QUENTIN  
And 545. Did you get that?

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

WORTH  
656. 778. 462.

LEAVEN  
That's enough.

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

LEAVEN  
X is 17. Y is 25. Z is 14.

(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  
Do we have time?

LEAVEN  
Maybe.

QUENTIN  
Then let's go!

WORTH  
Can you work the traps into this system?

QUENTIN  
Fuck the traps, let's get to the *bridge*!

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

LEAVEN  
Technically, I can identify the traps.

WORTH  
Technically?

LEAVEN  
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  
Okay . . . so . . .

WORTH  
Can you calculate that?

LEAVEN  
The numbers are huge.

QUENTIN  
But you can, right? She can.

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

QUENTIN  
-- You don't need a computer --

LEAVEN  
Yes I do!

QUENTIN  
FIGURE IT OUT!

LEAVEN  
I CAN'T!

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

Leaven has had enough of this fool.

LEAVEN  
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  
Two.

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

KAZAN  
Astronomical.

WORTH  
What did you say?

KAZAN  
Astronomical.

WORTH  
Before that.

KAZAN  
Factors.

LEAVEN  
How many factors, Kazan? Of 567?

(X)

KAZAN  
Two.

WORTH  
Is he right?

QUENTIN  
What are you fucking kidding?

Leaven and Worth hone in on Kazan.

LEAVEN  
Kazan? How many factors does 30 have?

(X)

KAZAN  
3.

LEAVEN  
How about 7?

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

(X)

LEAVEN  
I don't have any gum drops.

(X)

KAZAN  
Gum drop.

(X)

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

(X)

(X)

KAZAN  
Gum drops are in bags.

(X)

WORTH  
You want them in bags, you got them in bags.

KAZAN  
I don't like red ones.

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

LEAVEN  
898, Kazan. (X)

KAZAN  
2. (X)

LEAVEN  
545. (X)

KAZAN  
2. (X)

LEAVEN  
He's giving us the factors.

KAZAN  
Astronomical.

They look at his distant expression, his tapping fingertips.

LEAVEN  
He's counting.

KAZAN  
(echoes)  
Counting.

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

LEAVEN  
By those numbers, the room should be safe.

Worth and Leaven look in at it with trepidation.

Worth gets yanked off his feet.

QUENTIN  
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. You're dead . . . QUENTIN  
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.

KAZAN

1.

LEAVEN

Trapped!

WORTH

Try the floor.

She whips open the floor door.

LEAVEN

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

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

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

I asked you a question.

Leaven trembles, backing away across the floor door.



QUENTIN  
Come here.

She edges further away.

QUENTIN  
I SAID COME HERE RIGHT NOW!

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

101 INT. CUBE 25

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

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  
That way.

103 INT. CUBE 26 MOMENTS LATER

2. KAZAN

LEAVEN  
Clear!

104 INT. CUBE 27 MOMENTS LATER

4. KAZAN  
Clear!

105 INT. CUBE 28 MOMENTS LATER

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

LEAVEN  
Whoa!

106 INT. FEATURELESS SHAFT

Worth sticks his head in with her.

WORTH

Whoa.

It is another grey room as before - only this one extends at least ten stories upward.

LEAVEN

It's some kind of --

An ear splitting roar fills the space. Leaven glances upward just in time to see a room rocketing down the shaft.

107 BACK IN CUBE 28

107

Leaven yanks Worth out of the opening just as a room fills the empty space. The door slides shut. They all gape at it. Worth opens the door again to reveal a normal cube in place of where the space used to be. Kazan laughs.

WORTH

Guess that proves our theory.  
(gives Kazan the signal)  
Numbers.

Grinning, enjoying his job, Kazan peers at the numbers. His fingers flutter. He jumps up and down.

KAZAN

Clear! Clear!

Leaven hops into the newly arrived room. As Worth gets part way inside, the room begins to shake violently.

108 INT. CUBE 29

108

Worth falls in. Kazan looks through the door at them, his laughter turning abruptly to paralyzing fear. His room begins to move, slowly sinking out of sight.

LEAVEN AND WORTH

Kazan!

He cries out as he's carried off. The shaking stops. Worth and Leaven reel, fathoming the disaster. Then . . .

WORTH

Listen!

They can hear him faintly in the distance.

LEAVEN

He hasn't moved far.

What to do? Worth decides. He slides open a door.

WORTH  
I'll go find him.  
(peers in room)  
What do you think?

LEAVEN  
You don't have a lot of lives left.

109 INT. CUBE 28

Kazan whines in horror. Alone, the cube seems to press in on him.  
Then, faintly, he hears . . .

WORTH (OFF)  
Kazan!

Kazan shouts out to him in gibberish.

110 INT. CUBE 30

Worth, on the move, hears his cry. He goes for the floor door.

111 INT. CUBE 28

Kazan looks around at the doors hopefully.

WORTH (OFF)  
Don't move!

Kazan does as he's told, huddling on the floor.

112 INT. CUBE 31

Worth hits the floor and groans in agony. The pain is getting worse. Fighting to stay conscious, he slides open the floor door.

113 INT. CUBE 28

Kazan looks up at him and grins.

KAZAN  
Worth.

WORTH  
Hey, bud.

KAZAN  
I didn't move.

WORTH  
Good. But now you're gonna have to climb up here, okay?

KAZAN  
I don't like that.

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.

(shouts)

Worth, get back here right now!

(X)

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

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

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

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

Leaven!

LEAVEN

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

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

Worth? Worth?

WORTH

(without moving)

This better be it.

Leaven is vastly relieved.

LEAVEN  
It should be.

Worth pulls himself up.

WORTH  
Where?

Leaven slides open the door. Blackness.

WORTH  
Oh, well.

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

WORTH  
No.

LEAVEN  
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  
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.

Leaven starts in. She hesitates.

LEAVEN  
Kazan.

She gets him to look at the numbers.

LEAVEN  
(to Worth)  
Wouldn't that suck?

KAZAN  
Clear!

121 INT. BRIDGE CUBE

121

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

You made it.

He slips to the floor.

LEAVEN

Worth . . . ?

WORTH

Go ahead.

LEAVEN

What are you doing? You can't quit now.

WORTH

Look at me.

LEAVEN

We'll get you to a hospital. You can make it.

WORTH

Look deeper, Leaven. A lot deeper.

She does, looking into his eyes.

LEAVEN

It's not your fault.

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

WORTH

Go.

A tear runs down her cheek.

LEAVEN

You have to come. Please.

He shakes his head. Smiling sadly.

WORTH

I've got nothing to live for out there.

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

LEAVEN

What is out there?

WORTH

Suburbs. Strip malls. Apartment buildings.

LEAVEN

Same old shit?

WORTH

Boundless human stupidity.

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

LEAVEN

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 his head first into the wall.

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

WORTH

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

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

Red, Kazan.

Another rumble sounds. The room shakes.

- |     |                                                                                                       |                                                                                                          |     |
|-----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----|
| 122 | INT. EXIT PASSAGE                                                                                     |                                                                                                          | 122 |
|     | 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.             | 123 |
| 124 | EXIT PASSAGE                                                                                          | Kazan stands up, sees him approaching.                                                                   | 124 |
| 125 | BRIDGE CUBE                                                                                           | Quentin lunges forward, his upper body landing on the door frame.                                        | 125 |
| 126 | EXIT PASSAGE                                                                                          | Quentin grabs Kazan by the shirt front, pulling himself out. But he can't. He can't move. He looks back. | 126 |
| 127 | BRIDGE CUBE                                                                                           | Worth, a grinning, victorious corpse, holds tight onto Quentin's foot.                                   | 127 |

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 positions 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