

COMPANY MAN

Written By

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A CORPORATE COMPLEX:

Walled in on all sides, separated from the rest of humanity. Tall buildings made of black glass reflect back the sun.

We are somewhere in Silicon Valley. Sometime in the 21st century.

FOLLOWING A CAR, an unassuming Honda, as it nears the front gate of the complex. Upon a wide grass slope are the giant pillared letters:

"DIGICORP"

CUT TO:

MORGAN SULLIVAN, an ordinary man, moving through a dark tunnel, red laser lights aiming down from all sides.

Morgan emerges from what is a scanning machine of some kind. Uniformed GUARDS monitor a set of controls and video screens.

CUT TO:

MORGAN'S MOUTH, wide open, as one of the guards probes a detector rod inside. The guard finally pulls it out.

SECURITY GUARD

You're clean, Mr. Sullivan. As always.

Morgan closes his mouth, massages his jaw.

MORGAN

Thanks Bernie.

SECURITY GUARD

They still got you interviewing on the fourth floor, huh?

MORGAN

Yeah.

SECURITY GUARD

You've been at it a while now.

MORGAN

It's a long process.

SECURITY GUARD

The job must be pretty important.

Morgan half smiles at the guard, says nothing else...

CUT TO:

A human brain.

On a monitor. A sonar-graphic image depicted in hues of pulsating blues, reds and yellows.

MALE VOICE

I'm going to ask you a series of questions. Answer each one as truthfully as you know how. Do you understand?

MORGAN

Yes...

The monitor is one of several, displaying varied angles of the brain, with charts and read outs to the side.

MALE VOICE

What is your name?

MORGAN

Morgan Sullivan.

Branched from the monitors are tangles of wires and cables, plugged into machines and devices.

MALE VOICE

Where were you born?

MORGAN

Madison, Wisconsin.

From the machines are a set of electrodes and sensors.

MALE VOICE

Are you married?

MORGAN

Yes.

The electrodes and sensors are attached around Morgan's head.

MALE VOICE

Do you have any children?

MORGAN

No...not yet.

Across from Morgan is his interrogator, a TECHNICIAN, reading from a clipboard. The technician pauses, casually asks--

TECHNICIAN

Are you a corporate spy?

Morgan takes in a quick breath, steadies his voice.

MORGAN

No.

TECHNICIAN

You are not an agent from another company?

MORGAN

No.

TECHNICIAN

You were not paid to steal confidential data from DigiCorp?

MORGAN

No.

TECHNICIAN

You are not an undercover operative from Sunways Technologies?

MORGAN

No.

TECHNICIAN

What about Tangent Systems?

MORGAN

No.

TECHNICIAN

Prophesy Media Incorporated?

MORGAN

I'm not a spy or agent or undercover operative for anyone. I've never worked for any of those companies.

The technician checks his readings again, turns to the next page of the clipboard.

TECHNICIAN

Just a few more questions, Mr. Sullivan.

A bead of sweat slides down Morgan's forehead...

CUT TO:

A RESUME. Morgan's name is at the top of the page, a list of jobs below.

FINSTER (O.S.)

You should be very proud, Mr. Sullivan.

Pull back--

An executive corner office.

ED FINSTER, mid-forties, well dressed, behind an oak desk, reading from the resume. Morgan sits across from him.

FINSTER (CONT'D)

Not many applicants ever reach my office. Most are weeded out early on. Your determination has been very impressive.

MORGAN

If there is anything more I can tell you about myself, anything that has not already been checked by DigiCorp--

FINSTER

We're satisfied with your background records. And you've passed our neuro-graph four times.

He pauses.

FINSTER (CONT'D)

I do have one final question, however.

Morgan looks at him--

FINSTER (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

MORGAN

I'm sorry--?

FINSTER

You have no experience in this line of work. You've never been in the corporate espionage trade in the past, correct?

MORGAN

Yes, that's true, but-

FINSTER

You've been married four years, you live in a respectable neighborhood, you've had stable jobs the last ten years. Everything in your life seems fine and normal.

He leans closer.

FINSTER (CONT'D)

So why this? Why now?

Morgan says nothing at first, then clears his throat.

MORGAN

I suppose I've become a bit tired of what you call fine and normal, Mr. Finster.

Finster turns quiet, leans back in his chair, broods a moment.

FINSTER

You may never discuss the work you do for DigiCorp to anyone outside of the company.

MORGAN

Yes, that's been made very clear.

FINSTER

You'll have to deceive others about what you do for a living.

MORGAN

I understand.

FINSTER

Even your own wife.

MORGAN

Yes...

FINSTER

You don't mind lying to her?

Morgan pauses.

MORGAN

No...no I don't mind.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Morgan steers his Honda into the driveway of a house in a quiet suburban neighborhood. He parks behind a second, more expensive car.

AMY'S VOICE

I need you take my car into the shop tomorrow morning, Morgan...

CUT TO:

A WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH:

Morgan in a tux, his wife, AMY, in a white gown. Morgan's smile is awkward, crooked. Amy's smile barely registers.

AMY'S VOICE

...You can drop me off at work first.

Morgan sits on the edge of a bed, in boxer shorts and a tee-shirt, his eyes focused on a television.

AMY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

...then pick me up from the office at the end of the day

MORGAN

Uh huh.

Morgan is watching a James Bond movie: Sean Connery making love to a beautiful woman.

AMY'S VOICE

...don't forget the plumber will be here around three to fix the shower drain.

MORGAN

Right...

Amy stands across the room, undressing, her demeanor dispassionate as she talks.

AMY

Make sure he also checks the sinks.

MORGAN

Okay.

Amy slips into a nightgown, walks across the room, picks up a remote off the bed.

AMY

You don't mind watching downstairs, do you?

She clicks off the TV. Morgan now stares at a blank screen where Sean Connery once was.

AMY (CONT'D)

I talked to the doctor today. He said next Thursday.

Morgan glances back at her as she gets into bed.

MORGAN

Next Thursday?

AMY

When I start ovulating. I cleared my schedule for that evening. I'd like us to finish up by 10:00.

Morgan's face tightens. She makes a kissing sound. Not to him. A poodle trots over, hops into bed with her.

AMY (CONT'D)

Hello sweetie.

(to Morgan)

Did you take him on his walk?

MORGAN

Yes, I--

Amy rolls over, clicks off the light.

AMY

Good-night, honey.

It's not clear if she's talking to Morgan or the dog.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan sits behind a small desk in a cramped basement room. This is his "office". He opens a bottom drawer with a key.

He reaches inside, takes out a pamphlet--

A TRAVEL BROCHURE. The cover displays a beautiful tropical island.

Morgan scans a toll free number on the bottom of the brochure. He picks up a phone, dials. The line rings--

FEMALE VOICE

"Getaway Travels".

Morgan speaks in a quiet voice--

MORGAN

This is Morgan Sullivan. I've been inquiring the last few weeks about a trip to the South Pacific.

FEMALE VOICE

Let me find your file, Mr. Sullivan. Was your trip for just yourself?

MORGAN

Yes...

FEMALE VOICE

One moment.

Muzak comes on the other line--

Morgan glances back down inside his desk drawer. It is filled with other travel books, all of them about the South Pacific.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Mr. Sullivan? I've found your file. It was a one way ticket. No return, correct?

MORGAN

Yes, uh, I'm afraid I have to cancel it.

FEMALE VOICE

Oh, that's too bad.

MORGAN

A job offer has come up, and I won't be able to go anywhere soon so--

FEMALE VOICE

I see. Well maybe another time then?

Morgan gazes down at the brochure, at the tropical island.

MORGAN

Yes...another time.

CUT TO:

A WHITE FLASH!

MALE VOICE

That's a good one.

INT. DIGICORP LAB ROOM - DAY

Morgan stands in front of a white screen. A DigiCorp technician has just taken his picture with a digital camera on a tripod.

Morgan rubs his eyes from the flash, glances around the rest of the room--

The room is large and humming with activity. Other technicians busily work on hi-tech devices. The area is a corporate espionage headquarters of some kind.

FINSTER (O.S.)

Keep it out of view until the convention speeches actually start.

Morgan turns. Finster walks over. He holds up a metallic pen.

Morgan hesitates, takes the pen, examines it, not sure what to do with it.

FINSTER (CONT'D)  
Press the back notch.

Morgan puts his thumb against the back of the pen, clicks it.

FINSTER (CONT'D)  
See the flash?

Morgan notices a small LED screen in the pen's corner. It is flashing.

FINSTER (CONT'D)  
It's now on. Click it again.

Morgan does. The LED screen turns dark.

FINSTER (CONT'D)  
It's now off. It's that easy.

MORGAN  
And it really makes a clear transmission?

FINSTER  
Within fifty yards. Just keep it out front for good reception.

Morgan hesitates, clips the pen to his front shirt pocket.

FINSTER (CONT'D)  
A built-in sensor will pick up the speeches, convert them into a digital signal.

MORGAN  
Where does the signal go?

FINSTER  
Up to our satellite network, then back down here to our data banks.

MORGAN  
I guess the speeches are pretty important. The company who hired us must really want this infor--

Finster's eyes sharpen--

FINSTER

The company who hired us is of no concern to you. Your job is simply to follow our instructions. Nothing else. Understand?

Morgan swallows.

MORGAN

Yes, yes I understand. I didn't mean to--

DIGICORP TECHNICIAN

Ready!

NEARBY: The DigiCorp technician holds up a laminated card next to a printing machine. A rattled Morgan steps over to him.

DIGICORP TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Careful. It's still a little hot.

Morgan takes the card by the edges, examines it--

A DRIVER'S LICENSE. Or at least, a perfect replica of one. The digital picture that was just taken of Morgan is in the middle, the name "Jack Thursby" below it.

MORGAN

Jack Thursby?

FINSTER

That's what you will be called from now on. As far as DigiCorp is concerned, Morgan Sullivan doesn't exist. We've never met him. We never will.

Morgan stares at the license another moment.

MORGAN

Who is he?

FINSTER

Pardon?

MORGAN

"Jack Thursby". What's he like? What is his personality?

FINSTER

He's whoever you want him to be.

ON MORGAN, as he considers this...

AMY'S VOICE

Wichita?

INT. SULLIVAN KITCHEN - EVENING

Amy stands behind Morgan as he unloads groceries at the counter.

MORGAN

It's just for two days. I'll be home Tuesday night.

AMY

Why do they need you to go all the way to Wichita?

MORGAN

They want me to tutor them on that accounting software I was using at my last job.

AMY

And you'll be paid freelance for this?

MORGAN

Independent contractor. If things work out, there could be more trips down the road.

AMY

I thought we agreed you weren't going back to work yet. Not until the position at my father's firm opened up.

MORGAN

I can do this in the mean time, can't I?

AMY

I really need you at home right now, Morgan. With me being so busy and all.

MORGAN

It's just temporary. I won't be gone for long.

She looks at him, says nothing. Morgan smiles to ease the tension.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Why don't I make us some dinner?

He turns to the groceries...

INT. TAXI CAB - MORNING

Morgan sits in the back of a taxi, his travel bag next to him, a cell phone to his ear--

FINSTER (O.S.)

Your DigiCorp contact will drop off your materials at the designated location.

MORGAN

The designated location, okay.

FINSTER (O.S.)

After the convention, you can confirm the transmission on your returning flight.

MORGAN

My returning flight, got it.

FINSTER (O.S.)

Good luck, Mr. Thursby. We're counting on you.

MORGAN

Thank--

Click. Morgan sets down the cell phone, now looking even more nervous. He glances ahead--

Outside, an airport comes into view, a plane taking off in the sky...

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Morgan walks through a metal detector, retrieves his travel bag. He sees a men's room nearby, walks towards it--

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Morgan enters, stops. The men's room is empty except for a PILOT washing his hands at the sink.

Morgan goes to another sink, starts to wash his own hands. He glances around anxiously.

A stall door opens.

A BUSINESSMAN comes out, goes to the sink next to Morgan. Morgan looks over at him. The businessman doesn't look back, washes his hands, leaves the men's room.

PILOT

Mr. Thursby?

Morgan turns back to the pilot.

PILOT (CONT'D)

I left it in the second stall.

The pilot walks out of the bathroom. Morgan hesitates, goes to the second stall, pushes open the door--

INSIDE: A black briefcase rests on the floor.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Morgan sits in a first class seat. He turns the dials of the lock on the briefcase, presses a button. The briefcase clicks open. Morgan pulls back the lid--

INSIDE: A single yellow folder. It is labeled: "Wichita".

Morgan opens the folder. It contains various packets and files of information. He removes a brochure--

THE BROCHURE: An ad for a business convention: "two days, two nights", "the Wichita Sheraton", "sponsored by the Cosmetic, Toiletry and Fragrance Association..."

Morgan studies the brochure another moment, sets it aside. He takes out a laminated pass card from the folder--

The card reads: "Jack Thursby, Sales, Fairway Fragrances".

STEWARDESS

Something to drink, Mr. Thursby?

Morgan looks up, sets aside the folder.

MORGAN

I'll, uh, have a ginger ale.

The stewardess turns to her drink cart, picks up a soda can--

BACK TO MORGAN, as he stares at the selection of drinks on the cart a moment.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Actually, I'll have a scotch.

The stewardess stops, looks back at him.

STEWARDESS

Scotch?

MORGAN

On the rocks. With lime.

STEWARDESS

Yes, Mr. Thursby.

She turns to make the new drink. Morgan pauses, smiles slightly to himself...

INT. WICHITA AIRPORT TERMINAL - NIGHT

Morgan emerges from a jetway with his travel bag and briefcase. He searches through the crowd of people, stops--

UP AHEAD: A man in a DRIVER'S UNIFORM holds up a sign: "Jack Thursby".

INT. SHUTTLE CAR - NIGHT

Morgan sits in the back seat as the car drives away from the airport.

DRIVER

Your hotel's straight ahead, Mr. Thursby.

Morgan looks out the window. A Sheraton Hotel comes into view. Posted on its main billboard: "Welcome Conventioneers!"

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Mind if I smoke, Mr. Thursby? I'll keep the window open.

MORGAN

...go ahead.

The driver takes out a cigarette pack, puts one in his mouth. Morgan watches the driver a moment, hesitates.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I have one?

The driver smiles, hands back the pack to Morgan.

DRIVER

Hope you don't mind Lucky's.

Morgan takes the pack.

MORGAN

That's fine.

He removes a cigarette, puts it in his mouth, pauses--

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Although I prefer Chesterfields.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Morgan stands at a check-in desk. The DESK CLERK types on a computer, the "Jack Thursby" credit card next to him.

DESK CLERK

You're all checked in, Mr. Thursby.

The clerk tears off a printed slip--

DESK CLERK (CONT'D)

I just need your signature.

Morgan picks up a pen, starts to sign "M-O-R-G-" on the slip, then hastily crosses it out. He signs "Jack Thursby".

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Morgan comes down the hall with his bags, stops at a room, takes out a key card--

A clinking sound. Morgan pauses, looks further down the hall--

A YOUNG WOMAN stands at an ice machine, putting cubes in a bucket. She has red hair, wears a red robe. She is quite beautiful. She stands out against the bland decor of the hallway.

BACK TO MORGAN, gazing at this woman, struck by her beauty.

The woman pauses, returns Morgan's gaze. Morgan stiffens, quickly turns back to his room door...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan sits on the edge of his hotel bed, a phone to his ear--

AMY'S VOICE

...I need you to get the lawn mowed when  
you return home tomorrow and the bushes  
should be trimmed as well--

Morgan closes his eyes. Amy's voice fades from his mind...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NEXT MORNING

DING! Morgan emerges from an elevator into the hotel lobby. He wears a new suit. Up ahead is a table with a sign overhead: "Welcome Convention Guests!".

Morgan walks over. A stern faced woman sits behind a table.

MORGAN

Good morning...I'm, uh, Jack Thursby,  
Fairway Fragrances.

The woman scans a list in front of her.

WOMAN

I need to see your pre-approved pass. We  
should have mailed it to your company.

Morgan opens his wallet, removes the laminated pass card he took earlier from the yellow folder. The woman examines it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
And photo identification, please.

Morgan removes his Jack Thursby driver license. She studies the picture, looks back at Morgan, finally nods.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Welcome, Mr. Thursby. The first speaker is scheduled for 10:00.

MORGAN  
Thank-you.

Morgan takes back his license and pass card, starts for the convention room--

WOMAN  
Mr. Thursby.

Morgan stops. The woman holds up a name tag. "Jack Thursby" is printed on it.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
You want people to know your name, don't you?

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - DAY

Morgan steps inside the convention room, the "Jack Thursby" name tag on his suit jacket. The room is filled with other business people, holding drinks, talking.

A WAITER approaches.

WAITER  
Something to drink, sir?

Morgan turns, tries to conceal his nervousness.

MORGAN  
Is it too early for a scotch?

WAITER  
We don't serve alcohol at any time, sir. I'm sorry.

MORGAN  
I'll just have a water then.

WAITER  
Mineral water, all right?

MORGAN

Uh, sure--

The waiter promptly walks off.

MALE VOICE

Ain't that a bitch?

A BUSINESSMAN appears. He holds a cup of coffee.

BUSINESSMAN

I wanted a Jack and Coke.

He grins, holds out his hand.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

Fred Garfield.

Morgan shakes.

MORGAN

Morgan...I mean, Jack Thursby.

The businessman gives him an odd glance, examines his name tag.

FRED GARFIELD

Fairway Fragrances. Now where are they located exactly?

MORGAN

Oklahoma...Tulsa, Oklahoma.

FRED GARFIELD

That so? I've got family from Tulsa. You don't have much of an accent.

MORGAN

No...I didn't actually grow up there--

FRED GARFIELD

Oh, where did you grow up?

Morgan's face starts to strain.

FRED GARFIELD (CONT'D)

I said where'd you grow up?

A beat.

MORGAN

The South Pacific.

Fred Garfield laughs slightly.

FRED GARFIELD  
I'm sorry, where?

MORGAN  
The South Pacific Islands. French  
Polynesia. The Tuamotu Archipelago.  
Tahiti. Papeete.

FRED GARFIELD  
I see...well, that's pretty unusual--

MORGAN  
I plan to go back someday. When I retire.

FRED GARFIELD  
Uh huh. It must be a nice place to--

MORGAN  
I played a lot of golf there.

Fred Garfield's eyes now light up--

FRED GARFIELD  
Golf? Really? What's your handicap?

MORGAN  
Four over. Some of the best courses are  
on the Northern Cook islands, you know.

FRED GARFIELD  
Hm, I'll have to remember that next time  
I plan a vacation.

WAITER  
Here you are sir.

The waiter returns, hands Morgan a glass of mineral water.

FRED GARFIELD  
Let me introduce you to some friends of  
mine, Mr. Thursby.

Fred Garfield pats Morgan on the back, leads him across the  
room--

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - LATER

Morgan stands among a group of businessmen. He talks and  
laughs, now looking more comfortable and relaxed...

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - LATER

Morgan sits at one of the round tables near the podium, his  
glass of mineral water next to him.

AT THE PODIUM: A SPEAKER arrives before a microphone--

SPEAKER

Good morning everyone, my name is Robert Tuttle, I'll be your first speaker.

Morgan reaches in his jacket pocket, takes out his DigiCorp metallic pen. He glances around, then clicks the back-notch. The LED screen flashes on.

Morgan clips the pen to his front shirt pocket.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

I will first discuss shaving cream distribution outlets in North American markets...

Morgan leans forward, eager to hear what will be said next--

INT. CONVENTION BALLROOM - LATER

Another speaker is now at the podium--

NEXT SPEAKER

...these two soap companies have made great strides into Canadian speciality stores...

ON MORGAN, now looking a bit bored. He checks his pen. It still flashes. He takes a sip of his mineral water...

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - LATER

A third speaker, talking in the same monotone rhythm as the last two--

THIRD SPEAKER

...fragrance distributors have objected to these extra shipping charges of--

Morgan yawns, rubs his eyes, tired...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATE DAY

Morgan emerges from the convention room with the others. He stretches his arms, walks over to the clerk at the hotel desk.

MORGAN

Jack Thursby, room 201. I'm ready to check out now.

CLERK

Yes, Mr. Thursby.

The clerk begins to type on his computer. Morgan massages the back of his neck, glances to the side--

NEARBY: Several other businessmen pass by. They also look tired. One of them yawns. Another rubs the back of his neck...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Morgan sits in a first class seat, an airplane phone to his ear, his face anxious. The line clicks.

FINSTER (O.S.)  
The transmission came through, the signal was clear. The speeches are now stored in our data bank.

Morgan lets out a relieved sigh.

FINSTER (O.S.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Excellent work, Mr. Thursby. We'll be in touch with your next assignment.

MORGAN  
My next--?

FINSTER (O.S.)  
Knoxville, next Tuesday. That isn't a problem is it?

Morgan stares ahead--

INT. DINING ROOM - SULLIVAN HOUSE - EVENING

Morgan sits across from Amy, a plate of pasta in front of each of them. Amy doesn't look happy.

AMY  
When do you leave?

MORGAN  
Tomorrow afternoon. I'll only be gone for one night.

AMY  
I'm still unclear what you're doing on these trips.

MORGAN  
I told you, they need a tutor to--

AMY  
Why can't they find a tutor in Knoxville?

MORGAN  
They just can't.

She says nothing a moment.

AMY  
You aren't hiding anything from me?

MORGAN  
Hiding?

She reaches down, picks up a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes.

AMY  
I found these in your pants pocket this morning.

Morgan's face tightens.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Since when did you start smoking?

MORGAN  
...I just had a few.

She stares at him a moment, then turns back to her dinner.

AMY  
I called my father. He said you can start working at his office next Monday.

MORGAN  
Monday--?

AMY  
This trip tomorrow will have to be your last one.

She resumes eating. Morgan looks helplessly at her...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan lies asleep in bed next to Amy and the poodle.

A buzzing noise.

Not very loud. A fluctuating tone to it.

Morgan opens his eyes. The buzzing noise stops.

Morgan sits up, glances around the room. Amy and the poodle remain asleep. Neither has reacted to the sound.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Morgan sits in a first class seat, opens a black briefcase, takes out a yellow folder. It is labeled: "Knoxville".

He opens the folder, removes a laminated pass card. It reads: "Jack Thursby, Munson Pharmaceutical Products".

STEWARDESS

Here you are, Mr. Thursby.

The stewardess hands him a scotch and lime...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Morgan signs "Jack Thursby" on a credit card receipt, this time more effortlessly than before. He receives a key card from the desk clerk.

DESK CLERK

Room 411, Mr. Thursby.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The buzzing noise.

Louder than before. It sounds almost electronic.

Morgan rolls over in bed, unable to get to sleep. He rubs the back of his neck. He finally sits up, pauses--

The buzzing noise fades.

Morgan gets out of bed, reaches for his pants hanging from a chair--

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Morgan sits at the hotel bar, a scotch and lime in front of him, a lit Chesterfield in one hand.

FEMALE VOICE

Bourbon on the rocks, please.

Morgan looks over--

A woman has stepped up to the bar next to him. She has red hair, a red dress. She half-glances at Morgan.

She is the same woman from Wichita.

ON MORGAN, stunned to see her, and once again struck by her beauty.

The woman looks away, waits for her drink. Morgan hesitates, clears his throat.

MORGAN

I've seen you somewhere before.

She rolls her eyes.

REDHEAD

You'll have to come up with something more original than that.

MORGAN

You were in Wichita last Monday. The Sheraton.

She looks at him with surprise.

REDHEAD

How did you know that?

MORGAN

You were at the ice machine near my room.

REDHEAD

The ice machine? You've got a good memory.

MORGAN

It's quite a coincidence.

She shrugs.

REDHEAD

I travel a lot.

MORGAN

What brings you to Knoxville?

REDHEAD

Is that where we are? I've lost track.

The bartender returns with a bourbon on the rocks. The Redhead picks it up, sips, glances at Morgan's cigarette.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)

You don't have a spare, do you?

Morgan reaches in his pocket, takes out his pack of Chesterfields, hands one to her. She takes out a lighter, lights it.

REDHEAD (CONT'D)

Rita Foster.

MORGAN

Jack Thursby.

She drags off her cigarette, pauses.

RITA

I do health inspections of hotel restaurants. That's what brings me to Knoxville.

MORGAN

Sounds interesting.

RITA

No it doesn't. You're just saying that because you want me to talk to you.

MORGAN

Why would I want you to talk to me?

RITA

You're away from home, stuck in a hotel, bored.

MORGAN

What else do you know about me?

She gazes at him a moment.

RITA

You work for a big company of some kind. You're in...marketing.

MORGAN

Sales.

RITA

Sales. You travel a lot. Which you like. It makes you feel free, unburdened by an office. You tell yourself you're seeing the "real" world.

ON MORGAN, becoming intrigued as he listens.

RITA (CONT'D)

But all you really see are a bunch of airports, hotels and cabs. It's all the same. You want something different. Something more exciting. Something new.

She smiles slightly.

RITA (CONT'D)

And now you're here.

Morgan smiles back. He picks up his drink to take a sip. A MAN suddenly bumps into him, knocks over his drink.

MAN

Watch where you're standing!

The man keeps walking. Morgan now has scotch all over his shirt. Rita takes a napkin, starts to wipe the spill.

RITA

Jeez, what a jerk. You should have told him to fuck off.

She wipes along his shirt, shakes her head.

RITA (CONT'D)

You'd better run cold water on it. Before it sets.

Morgan nods, embarrassed, his confidence now shaken. He stands.

RITA (CONT'D)

But don't be gone too long.

He pauses, looks at her. She smiles coyly at him...

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Morgan hurriedly cleans his suit jacket with a paper towel and running water. He starts to wipe his hands clean, stops--

He gazes down at the wedding band on his finger--

He hesitates, pulls on the ring to remove it. It doesn't budge. He pulls harder. No luck.

He puts the ring under the running faucet, tries to use soap to loosen it. It still doesn't come off.

A look of guilt now comes over Morgan's face...

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Morgan emerges from the men's room, gazes across the bar. Rita still sits at her seat, smoking her cigarette.

Morgan looks down at his finger. The ring is still there.

Morgan sighs. He turns, walks out of the bar before she can see him leave...

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - NEXT DAY

Morgan sits at a convention table, his face tired, his DigiCorp pen clipped to his shirt pocket. A speaker at a podium drones on--

SPEAKER

...the decline of cough and flu products  
in these markets has led to further...

Morgan yawns, takes a sip of his mineral water...

The buzzing noise begins.

IMAGE FLASH:

*A suburban house. Not Morgan's house, but one that looks vaguely similar. As all suburban houses do.*

*Morgan goes up the walkway of the house. He arrives at the front door, grasps the knob, turns. The door is locked.*

*Morgan feels around his pockets, takes out a key. He sticks it into the lock slot, turns--*

*The key doesn't work.*

*Morgan sees a doorbell. He reaches over, presses it--*

The buzzing turns into a high pitched shriek--

MALE VOICE

Mr. Sullivan?

INT. TAXI CAB - EVENING

Morgan opens his eyes. He sits in the back seat of a taxi cab, his travel bag and briefcase next to him.

CAB DRIVER

Mr. Sullivan?

Morgan sits up, bleary eyed. He rubs the back of his neck.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

Your address.

MORGAN

Huh--?

CAB DRIVER

To your home.

Morgan looks out the window. The cab is driving down a street in his neighborhood, passing a series of houses that all look the same.

CAB DRIVER (CONT'D)

I need the number.

MORGAN

Oh, right, it's uh--

Morgan pauses, his face perplexed.

CAB DRIVER

You do remember where you live, don't you?

Morgan doesn't answer, still stares out the window...

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Morgan sits in a chair, his gaze fixated on a golf program on television. He massages the back of his neck as he watches.

Amy's voice comes from somewhere behind--

AMY'S VOICE

Did you take the trash cans out to the curb? The garbage men come tomorrow.

MORGAN

Uh huh...

AMY'S VOICE

We need more coffee. Can you buy some at the store?

MORGAN

Sure...

AMY'S VOICE

Are you listening to me, Morgan?

Morgan still stares at the golf program.

AMY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Morgan.

Morgan finally looks over. Amy sits on a nearby couch, legal files on her lap, the poodle next to her.

AMY

What's wrong with you? You've been in a real haze lately.

MORGAN

Sorry...I was just watching--

He pauses. She looks over at the television.

AMY

When did you ever care about golf?

She picks up a remote, turns it off. She checks her watch.

AMY (CONT'D)

We'd better get up to bed for our appointment.

MORGAN

Our appointment--?

AMY

You didn't forget, did you?

Morgan looks cluelessly at her.

AMY (CONT'D)

It's Thursday. The doctor said this would be the first prime day of ovulation.

MORGAN

Oh...

AMY

We can't stay up too late. My father wants to give you a tour of his office tomorrow morning.

Morgan says nothing at first, then clears this throat.

MORGAN

I've been asked to go on another business trip next week.

Amy's eyes harden.

AMY

I thought we already discussed--

MORGAN

To Omaha. They really need my help.

AMY

You're not going to Omaha or anywhere else, Morgan. That's final.

ON MORGAN, as he just stares at her.

AMY (CONT'D)  
Morgan? Did you hear me? You're not--

MORGAN  
Tell your father to go fuck himself.

Amy reacts with shock.

AMY  
What did you just--?

Morgan stands, turns, walks out of the room--

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

Morgan stands over the bed, opens a suitcase, feels around inside. Amy appears in the doorway behind him.

AMY  
Say you're sorry, Morgan!

Morgan remains focused on the suitcase. He reaches inside an inner pocket--

AMY (CONT'D)  
Morgan!

Morgan removes a pack of Chesterfield cigarettes and a lighter from the suitcase.

AMY (CONT'D)  
If you don't apologize, I want you out of this house!

Morgan puts a cigarette in his mouth, lights it--

AMY (CONT'D)  
Morgan! Are you listening to me!

Morgan finally turns around, the lit cigarette hanging from his lower lip. He looks at his wife with an unaffected gaze.

AMY (CONT'D)  
What in god's name has gotten into you?

Morgan drags off his cigarette, says nothing, his face calm, cool, unafraid.

The face of Jack Thursby.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Morgan signs his name on a motel registry. He starts to write "Jack Thurs--", stops himself, crosses it out. He writes "Morgan Sullivan".

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

The buzzing noise.

Morgan rolls over in bed, rubbing the back of his neck, trying to sleep as the buzzing fills his head...

IMAGE FLASH:

*Morgan stands inside a bedroom. Nondescript. Some flowers in the corner. A bland painting on the wall.*

*The sound of running water. Coming from an adjacent bathroom.*

*Morgan steps forward, pushes open the bathroom door. A wave of steam engulfs him--*

FINSTER (O.S.)  
Everything all right, Mr. Thursby?

CUT TO:

INT. FINSTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Morgan, his eyes bloodshot, sits across from Finster.

MORGAN  
Yes...I'm just a little tired.

FINSTER  
My assistant tells me you've changed your residence to a motel.

MORGAN  
It's a personal matter.

FINSTER  
Perhaps DigiCorp could help you until things are back to normal.

Finster opens his desk drawer, takes out a glossy brochure.

FINSTER (CONT'D)  
We own a set of luxury apartments near the headquarters.

He slides the brochure over to Morgan. A tall highrise is on the cover.

FINSTER (CONT'D)  
It's very affordable.

Morgan opens the brochure. The inside shows photos of modern apartment interiors.

FINSTER (CONT'D)  
I can reserve a one bedroom under Jack Thursby today.

MORGAN  
Jack Thursby--?

FINSTER  
You'd have to use that name. That's all right, isn't it?

Off Morgan's face...

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Morgan stands in the middle of a new apartment, his travel bag on the floor next to him.

He goes to a window, gazes outside--

MORGAN'S POV: The apartment is on a top floor of the building. It is located somewhere within a neighborhood of other modern corporate buildings.

Morgan turns from the window, walks to a bar area in the corner. He checks the shelves and drawers. They are empty.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

Morgan stands at a counter, pays for two bottles of scotch, some limes, a carton of Chesterfield cigarettes...

INT. CAR - DAY

Morgan drives, his shopping items next to him, a lit cigarette in his mouth. He stops at a red light, glances to the side, pauses--

NEARBY: The edge of a golf course is visible.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - DAY

Morgan stands at a tee-off spot, a set of rented clubs next to him. He takes out a 3-Wood, positions it next to a golf ball on a tee--

He stares at the ball for a long moment...

He pulls back his club, swings forward--

WHACK! The golf ball sails ahead perfectly--

BACK TO MORGAN, as he watches the ball fly, stunned by the strength and accuracy of his swing...

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Morgan sits in a first class seat, a black briefcase opened, a yellow folder labeled "Omaha".

Morgan pauses, glances down at the wedding band on his finger. He turns the ring gently. This time, it moves.

He slides the ring off his finger...

The sound of running water.

CUT TO:

IMAGE FLASH:

*Morgan is back inside the bathroom of his last dream, moving through a fog of shower steam.*

*The shower comes into view. Behind a glass screen is the silhouette of a woman.*

*Morgan reaches out, grasps the shower screen handle, pulls it back--*

*The woman inside the shower turns to look at him--*

The buzzing noise rings out sharply.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan jolts up in his hotel bed, gasps for air, his body in a cold sweat.

He calms his breathing, closes his eyes. He starts to massage the back of his neck...

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NEXT MORNING

Morgan emerges from his hotel room, now dressed in a suit. He closes the door, starts to go down the hall--

A clinking sound. Morgan stops, turns around--

FAR END OF THE HALL: A woman stands at an ice machine, her back turned, her face out of view. She has red hair, a red dress on. She looks like Rita.

ON MORGAN, frozen in place.

The woman turns away, not looking in Morgan's direction. She disappears around a corner--

INT. NEXT HALLWAY - MORNING

Morgan turns the corner, arrives at the next hallway, stops--

The hallway is empty. A door in the middle of the hallway suddenly shuts.

Morgan goes over to the door. It's to a stairwell.

INT. STAIRWELL - MORNING

Morgan treks up the stairwell. He can hear footsteps above. He reaches the top, arrives at another door, pushes it--

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - MORNING

Morgan emerges outside onto the hotel's large roof. He looks across the roof, stops, his face turns to confusion--

A helicopter is parked on the far side. It is black and sleek looking.

Click. A gun barrel appears behind Morgan's head.

RITA'S VOICE

Turn around slowly please.

Morgan slowly turns around--

Rita stands before him. Next to her are TWO MEN in suits, wearing ear-pieces. One holds the gun to Morgan's head.

RITA

Where is your transmission device?

Morgan just stares at her, too stunned to speak.

RITA (CONT'D)

Your transmission device. Your pen. Where do you keep it?

Morgan still says nothing. The man holding the gun presses the barrel harder against his head.

MAN WITH GUN

Answer her question!

Morgan hesitates--

MORGAN  
 ...My shirt pocket.

Rita nods at the second man.

The second man goes over to Morgan, feels around Morgan's shirt pocket, removes the DigiCorp pen. He examines it, clicks the back notch twice, nods to Rita.

SECOND MAN  
 That's it.

RITA  
 Do it.

The second man holds up the pen by its two ends, breaks it in half.

Morgan reacts with horror--

RITA (CONT'D)  
 Go down to the convention.

MORGAN  
 What--?

RITA  
 Follow your routine. Sit at a table,  
 listen to the speeches.

She reaches in her purse, takes out a metallic pen of her own. It looks identical to Morgan's.

RITA (CONT'D)  
 Here's your replacement.

She holds out the pen to Morgan. He doesn't move a muscle.

RITA (CONT'D)  
 Don't worry, it won't hurt you. It  
 writes, nothing else.

Morgan hesitates, takes the pen.

RITA (CONT'D)  
 On your flight home, make your call to  
 DigiCorp to check the transmission. Just  
 as you always do.

Morgan stares down at the new pen in his hand, pauses, then looks back at her.

MORGAN  
 What the hell is this?

RITA

We need you to trust us. This is our way of doing that.

MORGAN

Trust you--?

RITA

Don't tell DigiCorp about this meeting. You'll regret it if you do.

She looks intently at him.

RITA (CONT'D)

Have you been hearing strange noises lately?

Morgan's face blanches.

RITA (CONT'D)

Do you forget things? Are you losing a sense of who you are? Do you feel removed from the people closest to you? Your wife, for example?

She steps closer to him.

RITA (CONT'D)

Are you having strange dreams? Dreams that are familiar and unfamiliar at the same time? Visions and flashes that cause you to wake up in a cold sweat?

Morgan is at a loss for words. Rita nods to the second man. He reaches in his pocket, takes out a pill vial.

SECOND MAN

Take two every six hours.

Morgan hesitates, takes the vial.

RITA

Remember who you are.

He looks at her, confused.

MORGAN

Who I--?

RITA

You are Morgan Sullivan.

Morgan reacts upon hearing his name.

RITA (CONT'D)  
You are not Jack Thursby.

An engine roar.

The second agent has started up the helicopter. The rotor blades make a swooshing, stealth-like noise.

RITA (CONT'D)  
We'll be in touch in Boise.

MORGAN  
Boise--?

She turns, walks towards the helicopter. The man holding the gun follows her.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Wait!

She stops, turns around.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Who are you?

RITA  
I was hired to find you.

MORGAN  
Hired? By whom?

RITA  
Just follow your routine. That's the first step.

MORGAN  
The first step to what?

RITA  
Enlightenment.

She turns, gets inside the helicopter. The helicopter's engine revs, the blades spin faster. It lifts into the air--

VROOM! The helicopter darts forward, speeding away from the hotel at an incredible speed, quickly disappearing from view.

BACK TO MORGAN, as he watches in helpless disbelief...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Morgan stands over his hotel bed, unscrews the metallic pen that Rita gave him--

INSIDE THE PEN: A tube of black ink, a metal spring, nothing else. No transmission device of any kind.

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - MORNING

Morgan sits at a table, his face tense, a "Jack Thursby" name tag on his jacket. He glances uneasily at the other business people.

WAITER  
Here you are, sir.

A waiter sets down a mineral water in front of him.

AT THE PODIUM: A SPEAKER steps up to a microphone--

SPEAKER  
Good morning everyone. I'm Ethan Dobson.  
I'll be your first speaker.

Morgan glances down at his shirt pocket. The pen Rita gave him hangs from it...

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - DAY

ANOTHER SPEAKER is now at the podium--

NEXT SPEAKER  
...these three flavors of snack foods  
have proven especially popular in such  
grocery store markets as...

ON MORGAN, still looking uneasy, the pen still hanging from his shirt pocket.

He takes a sip of mineral water, rubs his eyes, yawns...

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Morgan sits in a first class seat, his face on the border of panic. He has an airplane phone to his ear. It rings several times, finally picks up.

FINSTER (O.S.)  
Ed Finster speaking.

Morgan tries to keep his voice steady.

MORGAN  
It's Jack Thursby.

FINSTER (O.S.)  
Hello, Mr. Thursby. Are you on your  
returning flight?

MORGAN

Yes.

FINSTER (O.S.)

Any problems at the convention?

Morgan pauses.

FINSTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Mr. Thursby?

MORGAN

No, no problems.

FINSTER (O.S.)

How's your transmission device working?

Morgan closes his eyes, bites his lip.

MORGAN

It's working fine.

FINSTER

Good. I'll call down to the lab to make sure the transmission went through.

A click. Muzak plays on the other line.

Morgan clenches the phone tighter, his forehead now sweating, his heart racing.

The line finally clicks again--

FINSTER (CONT'D)

Excellent work, Mr. Thursby.

MORGAN

What--?

FINSTER

The transmission came through perfectly. Just as clear as the last two times.

Morgan stares ahead with shock.

FINSTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I want you to take another trip tomorrow. Boise, Idaho.

MORGAN

Boise...?

FINSTER

That's not a problem, is it?

Morgan clenches the phone...

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

Morgan sits in back of a cab as it pulls away from the airport. He pauses, leans forward to the driver.

MORGAN

I've changed my mind. I want you take me to Brookwood. Not the Grand Royale apartments.

CAB DRIVER

Brookwood? You mean the suburb?

MORGAN

I'll give you directions.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

The cab drives down Morgan's suburban street, stops at a curb in front of Morgan's house.

Morgan opens the back door, starts to get out, pauses--

MORGAN'S POV: A Mercedes is parked in his driveway, behind Amy's car.

Morgan looks towards his house--

MORGAN'S POV: The curtains are drawn in the living room. Amy's outline can be seen inside. She stands across from a man. They are embracing.

ON MORGAN, his face stunned.

CAB DRIVER

You getting out or what, buddy?

Morgan just stares ahead.

The buzzing noise begins--

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan rolls over in his apartment bed as the buzzing resonates. He grasps the back side of his neck.

He finally sits up, pushes off the covers, gets out of bed--

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan opens the pill vial Rita gave him. He removes two pills from it, stares at them a moment.

He swallows the two pills with water...

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Morgan removes the scotch bottles from the bar shelf. He opens one of them. He begins to pour out the scotch in a nearby sink...

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Morgan sits in a first class seat, stares down at a yellow folder labeled: "Boise".

STEWARDESS

Something to drink, Mr. Thursby?

Morgan looks up nervously, shakes his head.

MORGAN

No, no thank-you.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Morgan signs "Jack Thursby" on a credit card receipt.

HOTEL CLERK

Room 418, Mr. Thursby.

Morgan takes his key card, glances towards the bar area--

MORGAN'S POV: The bar is half full. No Rita.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan sits in his hotel bed, changes TV channels with a remote. He pauses--

A golf program is on the screen.

Morgan stares at the screen a long moment. He then blinks, comes out of his daze, turns off the TV--

INT. HOTEL BATHROOM - NIGHT

Morgan swallows two more pills with water...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

RING! RING! RING!

Morgan opens his eyes. He lies on the hotel bed, still in his clothes.

RING! RING! RING! Morgan sits up, groggy. He gropes for the phone, picks it up--

MORGAN  
...Yes?

RITA'S VOICE  
Go to the roof.

Click.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - MORNING

Morgan comes down the hotel hallway. He arrives at the roof stairwell door. He glances around, pushes the door open--

INT. HOTEL ROOF - MORNING

Morgan emerges onto the roof. He steps forward, stops--

Rita and her two associates stand before him. The helicopter is parked behind them.

Morgan just stares at them a moment, clears his throat.

MORGAN  
Why did DigiCorp tell me they received  
the transmission?

RITA  
There are no transmissions.

MORGAN  
What--?

RITA  
Your job of secretly bugging speeches is  
a just diversion. A way to keep you  
preoccupied. It doesn't serve any real  
purpose.

Morgan now looks even more confused.

MORGAN  
But why would they send me to the  
conventions if--

RITA  
There are no conventions.

MORGAN

No--?

RITA

They're pretenses. Charades. Con jobs.

She steps closer to him.

RITA (CONT'D)

DigiCorp orchestrates everything. The industries are made up. The hotels under their payroll. It's all a facade.

Morgan is now speechless.

RITA (CONT'D)

You and the other convention guests all work for DigiCorp. You are all spies. Or at least, you think that's what you are.

MORGAN

We're all spies--?

RITA

DigiCorp flies you from city to city. They use a rotating schedule to make sure you don't encounter each other twice at different conventions.

She nods at Morgan's shirt pocket.

RITA (CONT'D)

You use a pen for your "transmission". Another person will use a tie clip. Or a ring. Or a watch. It doesn't matter. Nothing ever gets transmitted. It's a phony assignment.

MORGAN

But we would figure out--

RITA

Why would you figure it out? You are all so wrapped up in your secret agent fantasies, so preoccupied with fooling each other, you never realize what is truly going on.

A beat.

MORGAN

What is truly going on?

Rita nods to the second man, who promptly opens an oblong case, reaches inside. He pulls out a NEEDLE SYRINGE.

Morgan reacts. The second man raises the syringe. A clear liquid can be seen inside the chamber.

SECOND MAN

The best spot is your forearm vein. Roll up your sleeve first.

MORGAN

Are you insane? You're not going to stick that into me.

RITA

He has EMT training, Mr. Sullivan.

MORGAN

I don't care if he's a fucking brain surgeon!

Morgan steps back towards the stairwell.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I won't let you people drug me.

RITA

Actually, we're "un-drugging" you.

MORGAN

What?

SECOND MAN

The syringe contains Penthol-Phynthon. It will block the DigiCorp narcotic.

MORGAN

The--?

RITA

The chemical that's been put into your bloodstream at every convention.

MORGAN

I've never taken any--

SECOND MAN

Do you usually drink something inside the convention room?

Morgan pauses.

MORGAN

...just mineral water.

SECOND MAN

The DigiCorp narcotic is odorless and tasteless. You wouldn't have known.

MORGAN

That's crazy...that's--

Morgan's body starts to tremble, his fear and paranoia taking its toll. Rita senses this, soothes her voice.

RITA

We're here to help you, Mr. Sullivan. To make you better again.

MORGAN

Better--?

RITA

Did you take the pills we gave you?

He just looks at her.

RITA (CONT'D)

Have the noises in your head started to go away? And the reoccurring dreams?

Morgan hesitates, slowly nods.

RITA (CONT'D)

So trust me on this.

Morgan stares at the syringe. She checks her watch.

RITA (CONT'D)

We don't have much time. You're supposed to be down there in a few minutes.

She nods to the syringe.

RITA (CONT'D)

Take it if you want more answers. Don't if you prefer ignorance. It's your choice.

Morgan looks over at the syringe, his face conflicted...

MORGAN'S FOREARM:

As the syringe needle enters his vein--

MORGAN'S FACE:

As he winces in pain--

INT. HOTEL STAIRWELL - DAY

Morgan follows Rita down the stairwell--

RITA

When you're inside the room, act as you always act. Order the mineral water. Drink it. Don't make them suspicious. The shot we gave you should protect you.

MORGAN

"Should"?

They reach the stairwell door to the fourth floor hallway. Rita turns to him, her face intense.

RITA

Whatever happens around you in there, show no reaction, no emotion, no surprise. Do nothing. No matter what you see.

MORGAN

What will I see?

A pause between them...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

DING! Morgan emerges from the lobby elevator, his face scared--

INT. CONVENTION BALLROOM - MORNING

Morgan enters the ballroom, now wearing a name tag, "Jack Thursby, Corona Savings and Loan".

He glances around at the other convention guests. He eyes their watches, their tie clips, their pens...

WAITER

Something to drink, sir?

Morgan turns, clears this throat, tries to act calm.

MORGAN

Mineral water, please.

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - LATER

Morgan sits at a table. He stares down at his glass of mineral water. He hesitates, then takes a sip--

AT THE PODIUM: A SPEAKER steps before the microphone--

SPEAKER

Good morning. My name is Brad Stillman.  
I'll be your first speaker.

Morgan gazes around the room. Other convention guests listen, casually sip from their own drinks.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

I'll start by talking about home buying  
and federal interest rate fluctuation in  
the last economic quarter...

He drones on. Morgan tries to listen like the others...

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - LATER

Another SPEAKER now talks at the podium--

SECOND SPEAKER

...investments into condominium markets  
have proven especially lucrative...

ON MORGAN, still in his seat, gazing around the room again.

MORGAN'S POV: A businessman nearby yawns. So does another one at a different table.

Morgan glances down at his mineral water, then at his forearm vein where he received the shot.

He takes another sip...

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - LATER

A third speaker, talking in the same monotone rhythm as the last two--

THIRD SPEAKER

...over the course of last year interest  
rates have caused...

ON MORGAN, as he tries to remain focused.

He glances at the businessman next to him. The businessman stares blankly ahead at the podium.

Morgan shifts his gaze--

Everyone else at the table also has the same blank faced expression.

Morgan gazes towards the other side of the room. His eyes freeze--

AT ANOTHER TABLE: A waiter kneels in front of a businessman.

The waiter shines a small flashlight into the businessman's eyes.

The business man stares straight ahead at the podium, not reacting to the flashlight or to the waiter. He just listens to the speech--

BACK TO MORGAN, his face tightening--

MORGAN'S POV: The waiter moves to a businesswoman, shines the flashlight into her eyes. She also doesn't react. Indeed, no one at her table reacts. Everyone just stares ahead at the podium, listening--

SPEAKER

...lending outputs have also stabilized,  
but not for as long a period of...

ANOTHER WAITER arrives at Morgan's table. He holds a small flashlight as well.

MORGAN'S FACE, as he tries to display no awareness of what is going on, keeping his stare directly ahead at the podium like the others.

The waiter steps in front of Morgan.

He raises the flashlight, shines it directly into Morgan's eyes--

ON MORGAN, as he remains still, his eyes open, resisting the urge to blink...

The waiter pauses, moves on to the next person--

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

...home equity loans nearly tripled in  
this market over the last two years...

Activity.

From the side of the room. Morgan carefully glances in that direction without moving his head--

A GROUP OF MEN have emerged. They wear white coats. One of them pushes a wheeled cart. On the cart are METAL OBJECTS.

The cart stops at a table. The men in white coats proceed to pick up the metal objects off the cart, walk over to the convention guests seated at the table.

They begin to strap the metal objects over each guest's head, one at a time.

The metal objects are eyeglass devices of some kind. They have straps and attachments that extend all the way around each person's head.

The men in white coats move very quickly with routine expertise. Soon, every person at the table has an eyeglass device attached to his or her head.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

...mortgage rates did decrease that month, but not until a home shortage had...

The men in white coats spread out to the other tables. One of them goes to Morgan's table.

ON MORGAN, as he still doesn't move, staring ahead at the podium speaker.

A man in a white coat steps in front of Morgan. He checks Morgan's name tag, then turns to the cart.

"Jack Thursby" is labeled on the cart next to one of the eyeglass pairs. The man picks up that pair--

THE EYEGLASSES: A bizarre looking technological device with various layers of lenses, small buttons, LED screens, thin wires. Each wire has a small suction point at its end.

The man in the white coat attaches the wires to Morgan's head. One wire is attached to his temple, another to his chin, another inside his ear. A final wire is inserted into Morgan's nostril--

Morgan flinches.

The man in the white coat pauses, studies Morgan, waves to one of the waiters--

The waiter hurries over, kneels in front of Morgan, clicks on his flashlight, shines it in Morgan's eyes--

Morgan stares straight ahead, not blinking, not moving a millimeter. The waiter finally nods.

WAITER

Just a reflex.

The man in the white coat brings the eyeglass frames down over Morgan's eyes--

EVERYTHING TURNS BLACK.

Morgan is trapped within pitch darkness a moment. His heart beats faster and faster--

A mechanical grind.

Short metal prods emerge from the inside of the eyeglass frames.

The prods mechanically position themselves under Morgan's eyebrows and lower eyelid. The prods prevent Morgan's eyes from being able to close or blink.

BEHIND MORGAN'S HEAD: Thin needles emerge from the rear side of the eyeglass straps. The needles insert themselves into the back of Morgan's neck--

MORGAN'S FACE: He winces as the needles prick his skin. He is not overwhelmed with pain, however--

ON THE NEEDLES, as they move deeper into the back of Morgan's neck, not drawing any blood, like acupuncture needles.

The buzzing noise begins.

It resonates from within the eyeglasses, from the wires, from the needles, honing into all parts of Morgan's head.

Flashes of color.

Red, green, blue, yellow, orange.

The flashes turn quicker, more elaborate, like some kind of nightmarish kaleidoscope.

The buzzing turns louder, changes range and fluctuation--

The colors turn into images--

Faces. Objects. Places. They come and go too quickly to discern what they are exactly.

Morgan remains in this terrified existence for a long moment, a world of disorienting sounds and visuals...

Everything then stops.

Silence, darkness...

A grinding noise.

The eye-prods withdraw, the needles eject from Morgan's neck, not leaving any noticeable marks.

Room light returns.

The eyeglasses are lifted off Morgan's face. The convention room comes back into focus--

SPEAKER  
...after prime interest rates were  
adjusted for inflation...

Morgan tries to adjust his eyes to the room light--

AROUND THE ROOM: The other convention guests are also having their eyeglasses removed. They still stare ahead at the podium, not showing any knowledge of what just transpired.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)  
...without these changes in equity loans,  
brokerage firms have been unable to...

SIDE OF THE ROOM: The men in white coats have collected all of the eyeglasses, placing them back on the cart. They wheel the cart out of the room, departing the way they came.

Meanwhile, the waiters resume their routine of filling water glasses.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)  
...and in conclusion, a cautious approach  
is always the best strategy.

The speaker pauses. The room remains absolutely silent. The speaker then raises his voice slightly.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)  
Thank-you for you time.

The room breaks out into sudden applause.

Morgan reacts, looks around--

The convention guests clap away. They no longer have their blank gazes. They act as if nothing has happened, as if they had been listening to the speech the entire time.

A hand on Morgan's shoulder--

MALE VOICE  
Excuse me.

Morgan startles, turns. The businessman next to him smiles.

BUSINESSMAN  
Do you have the time?

Morgan just stares at him.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)  
The time? Your watch...

Morgan looks down at his watch, has trouble speaking--

MORGAN  
It's, uh, three-thirty.

BUSINESSMAN  
Already? Gosh, the last speech flew by.  
Did you enjoy it?

Morgan pauses--

MORGAN  
Yes, I found it quite interesting.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - LATE DAY

Morgan emerges from the convention room. The others come out with him. They look tired, bleary eyed. A few of them yawn, rub the backs of their necks...

Morgan shows no emotion. He turns, walks towards a set of elevators--

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - DAY

Morgan walks down the fourth floor hall, his face still impassive--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - LATE DAY

Morgan enters his hotel room, shuts the door. He doesn't move a moment. He then darts forward, races for the bathroom--

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgan falls to his knees next to the toilet, proceeds to throw up. All of his built-up panic, fear and shock released...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Morgan packs his bags, his face frantic, desperate--

The phone RINGS. Morgan freezes. The phone RINGS again, and again.

Morgan goes over, picks up the phone, doesn't say anything--

RITA (O.S.)  
DigiCorp has guards posted outside the hotel. If you try to flee now, they'll kill you.

Morgan remains quiet.

RITA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Finish packing, go down to the lobby, check out, go to the airport, fly home. Do your normal routine.

Morgan hesitates, then speaks in an urgent whisper.

MORGAN  
What the hell happened back there?

RITA (O.S.)  
The technical term is "synaptic-neocortex modification".

MORGAN  
What the fuck is that?

RITA (O.S.)  
They've been erasing your identity. Erasing Morgan Sullivan and replacing him with Jack Thursby.

Morgan clenches the phone tighter--

RITA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
If we hadn't interfered these last two trips, if we hadn't protected you with our medication, you'd be fully converted right now.

MORGAN  
Fully converted--?

RITA (O.S.)  
You would think you were Jack Thursby. You wouldn't know who Morgan Sullivan was anymore. You wouldn't know he ever existed.

MORGAN  
Who are you? Where did you come from?

RITA (O.S.)  
DigiCorp believes they've changed you into Thursby. That's how you must act.

MORGAN

Why are they doing this to me?

RITA (O.S.)

If they approach you, if they talk to you, you are Jack Thursby. You are not Morgan Sullivan. Never waver. Understand?

Morgan's body begins to shake.

RITA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We'll see you at Sunways.

MORGAN

Sunways? What is Sun--?

Click. The line hangs up. Morgan doesn't lower the phone, remains frozen in place...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

DING! Morgan emerges from the lobby elevator with his briefcase and travel bag. He shows no emotion. He goes to the front desk, nods to the clerk.

MORGAN

I'm Jack Thursby, room 409. I'd like to check out please.

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Morgan passes through a metal detector, retrieves his bags from an x-ray machine. He heads to a nearby men's room--

INT. AIRPORT MEN'S ROOM - DAY

Morgan splashes cold water on his face.

MALE VOICE

Mr. Sullivan?

Morgan pauses, looks over. A UNIFORMED PILOT stands a few sinks over.

PILOT

There's been a change of plans, Mr. Sullivan. You need to come to DigiCorp's local office.

ON MORGAN, as he just stares at the pilot, says nothing.

PILOT (CONT'D)

Mr. Sullivan? Mr. Sullivan, are you all right?

Morgan pauses--

MORGAN

I'm sorry, but you're mistaken. My name isn't Sullivan.

PILOT

You're not Morgan Sullivan? You don't work for DigiCorp?

MORGAN

My name's Thursby. Jack Thursby. I've never heard of Morgan Sullivan. Or DigiCorp. You're looking for somebody else.

The pilot stares at Morgan a moment, then slowly nods.

PILOT

I'm sorry, my mistake.

Morgan nods back, picks up his travel bag and briefcase off the floor. He turns, heads out of the men's room--

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Morgan receives a glass of water from the stewardess, his hand now shaking. He discreetly removes two pills from the vial. They are the final ones in the vial.

He swallows the pills...

INT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Morgan emerges from the jetway into an almost empty terminal. He starts across the terminal, pauses--

NEARBY: Finster stands by a pay-phone. He is watching Morgan.

Morgan looks away, continues walking, picks up his pace slightly--

EXT. AIRPORT - NIGHT

Morgan emerges outside the airport at the front curb. He glances back--

MORGAN'S POV: Finster is now walking straight towards him--

TAXI DRIVER

Need a ride, sir?

A cab has just pulled up next to Morgan. Morgan nods quickly, opens the back door, gets inside--

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

The cab pulls away from the airport. Morgan gazes out the back window--

MORGAN'S POV: Finster emerges from the airport, searches around in all directions. Another man in a suit comes over to him, says something in his ear.

BACK TO MORGAN, watching, feeling disturbed--

A low mechanical grind.

Morgan turns around. A glass partition has just risen between himself and the cab driver.

MORGAN  
What's going on?

A hissing sound. Coming from a vent in the upper corner of the cab.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Hey!

The cab driver doesn't look back.

Morgan reaches for the window handle, turns it. It doesn't budge. The window won't go down.

Morgan tries opening the back door. It won't budge either.

The hissing continues. Morgan now begins to cough, tears filling his eyes.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Let me out!

Morgan BANGS on the glass partition. It is solid, unbreakable...

Morgan is overcome by fumes. He covers his mouth and nose with his hands.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Let me--

He passes out...

EVERYTHING TURNS BLACK.

Silence...

IMAGE FLASH:

*Morgan gazing upward, lying on his back, in a white room...*

IMAGE FLASH:

*Several men in white coats hover over him. One of them nods to Finster standing nearby...*

MAN

He's ready...

*The eyeglasses come into view. Morgan tries to scream--*

*Darkness...*

The buzzing noise starts.

*Flashes of colors.*

The buzzing turns louder.

*IMAGES: a woman's face...a house...a car...a neighborhood...*

*These images speed up faster and faster--*

The buzzing stops.

*Blackness again. A long, dark silence...*

*...and then, a faint female voice:*

FEMALE VOICE

Jack...?

MORGAN'S FACE:

*As he slowly opens his eyes. His head rests against a pillow. Morning sunlight streams through a window.*

*He doesn't move a moment, trying to collect his thoughts. He slowly starts to sit up, gazes around--*

A BEDROOM:

*Nondescript. The walls decorated with bland paintings, a flower vase in the corner. It is the bedroom from his dream.*

*BACK TO MORGAN, as he focuses his vision. He glances to the side, pauses--*

*An indentation in the pillow and the sheets next to him, as if someone had been sleeping there.*

A panting sound. Morgan looks towards the front of the room--  
A poodle sits in the doorway. A poodle very much like Amy's  
 back home.

FEMALE VOICE

Jack? Are you up?

Morgan's eyes dart towards the bathroom. The sound of running  
 water comes from inside.

Morgan slowly gets out of bed, trying to keep his face calm.  
 He looks at himself in the mirror. He is dressed in a tee-  
 shirt, boxer shorts.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Jack? I need you in here please.

Morgan hesitates, starts towards the bathroom door, opens it--

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Steam comes out of a shower. The silhouette of a woman is  
 behind the glass screen. The image from Morgan's dream.

ON MORGAN, as he walks into the fog of steam, reaches out  
 towards the shower screen, grasps the latch, pulls the door  
 open--

The woman inside the shower turns towards him, her face now  
 coming into view--

A dark haired woman.

A woman Morgan has never seen. She bears a vague resemblance  
 to Amy. She does not look the least bit surprised to see him.

DARK HAIREd WOMAN

Could you get me my shampoo, honey? I  
 left it over by the sink.

Morgan just stares at her.

DARK HAIREd WOMAN (CONT'D)

Jack? You all right?

Morgan hesitates, turns around, goes to the sink, picks up a  
 bottle of shampoo. He turns back to the shower. She takes it,  
 smiles.

DARK HAIREd WOMAN (CONT'D)

I'm almost done in here, don't worry.

She closes the shower screen--

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan goes to the bedroom window, opens the shutters. His eyes squint from sunlight hitting his face--

OUTSIDE: A suburban neighborhood. One that looks like his neighborhood back home.

Morgan notices a wallet on a nearby table. He picks it up, opens it. He takes out a driver's license.

THE LICENSE: A photo of Morgan is in the middle, the name "Jack Thursby" below. The address is a street in "Redmond, Washington".

Morgan sets down the license, glances to the side, freezes--

A WEDDING PHOTOGRAPH:

Nearly identical to the one of him and Amy, except that the dark haired woman is now posed in Amy's place.

DARK HAIREd WOMAN (O.S.)

Your turn.

Morgan turns around. The dark haired woman has come out the bathroom, now in a robe.

DARK HAIREd WOMAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)

There's not much hot water left. Sorry.

She nonchalantly removes her robe, starts to dress. Morgan can't help but stare at her. She pauses, looks over at him.

Morgan promptly turns, heads for the bathroom--

INT. SHOWER - MORNING

Morgan stands under a hot spray of water, his eyes filled with fear. He closes his eyes, nearly hyperventilating as the water pours down on him...

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

The dark haired woman sits at the kitchen table, reading from a magazine, a cup of coffee in her hand. Morgan enters, now dressed. She looks at him.

DARK HAIREd WOMAN

Could you make dinner a half-hour earlier tonight?

Morgan pauses, clears his throat.

MORGAN

Sure...

DARK HAIREd WOMAN

I wrote down a list of errands I need you to do.

She returns to her coffee and magazine.

DARK HAIREd WOMAN (CONT'D)

Your car keys are in the foyer where you left them. Next to your briefcase.

Morgan glances over towards the foyer. A black briefcase is on a table.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Morgan steps out the front door of the house, the briefcase in hand.

Parked in the driveway is a car, a Honda, the same model he owned before. The license plate is "Washington".

INT. CAR - MORNING

Morgan sits in the driver seat, staring into space a moment, not sure what to do now.

He picks up the briefcase. He turns a combination lock, the same combination from before. The lock clicks, opens.

Inside the briefcase is a yellow folder. He takes it out, opens it. Inside is a slip of paper--

A RESUME.

Similar to Morgan's when he interviewed at DigiCorp. The top heading reads: "Jack Thursby". Below is a listing of jobs.

Morgan reaches back in the briefcase, removes an address book. He opens it, flips through the pages, stops--

A single listing. It reads: "Interview, Sunways Technologies, 9:30".

Morgan's eyes focus on "Sunways". A set of street directions follows...

INT. CAR - MORNING

Morgan drives through the neighborhood, checking a street sign outside with the directions from the address book...

INT. CAR - MORNING

Morgan now drives down a wider boulevard, passing by rows of office buildings. He gazes ahead, pauses--

AN OFFICE COMPLEX. Upon a grass slope are the giant pillared letters:

"SUNWAYS TECHNOLOGIES"

EXT. SECURITY GATE - MORNING

Morgan's car pulls up to the Sunways front gate. A GUARD steps out of a booth.

GATE GUARD  
May I help you, sir?

Morgan stares at the guard a moment.

MORGAN  
My name is Jack Thursby.

The security guard checks a computer, nods.

GATE GUARD  
Yes, Mr. Thursby. You can park in Lot C,  
take the elevator to the second floor.  
They're waiting for you there.

INT. SECURITY AREA - DAY

FOLLOWING MORGAN, his face dazed, as he walks through a scanning machine. Red laser lights aim down from all sides.

Morgan emerges from the other side. A uniformed SECURITY GUARD walks over to him, holds up a thin detection prod.

SECURITY GUARD  
Open your mouth please, Mr. Thursby.

CUT TO:

A human brain.

On a monitor. A sonar-graphic image depicted in hues of pulsating blues, reds and yellows.

MALE VOICE  
I'm going to ask you a series of  
questions. Answer each one as truthfully  
as you know how. Do you understand?

Morgan sits at a table, electrodes and sensors attached to his head.

MORGAN

Yes...

A TECHNICIAN sits across from him.

TECHNICIAN

What is your name?

Morgan pauses.

MORGAN

Jack Thursby.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Morgan sits in a conference room, his face near panic. A door opens. Morgan quickly stands--

A GROUP OF MEN enter, all wearing suits, their faces all serious. One of the men steps forward.

MAN

Hello Mr. Sullivan. My name is Frank Carlsburg. I'm in charge of the hiring process for Sunways agents.

Morgan just stares at Carlsburg with no idea what to say.

CARLSBURG

According to the neuro-graph, you are lying. You are lying when you say your name is Jack Thursby. You are lying when you say you're not an undercover spy. You are lying when say you did not work for DigiCorp.

Morgan doesn't move a muscle. Carlsburg then smiles.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)

I can't tell you how happy we are.

Off Morgan's face...

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Morgan sits across from Carlsburg and the other Sunways agents at the conference table.

CARLSBURG

We hired Rita to track you down at the hotels, to pull you out of the brainwashing.

MORGAN

Why did DigiCorp do this to me?

CARLSBURG

You mean given you a new identity?

Morgan looks at him. Carlsburg shrugs.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)

So that you would pass our neuro-graph, of course.

MORGAN

I don't understand.

One of the other Sunways agents speaks up--

SUNWAYS AGENT

The neuro-graph scans your brain's uncontrolled responses to questions. Even the best liar in the world cannot trick the sensors.

MORGAN

So--?

CARLSBURG

So the only way for a DigiCorp spy to pass that test is if he doesn't know he's lying. If he doesn't realize he is spy.

Morgan reacts to this.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)

Right now, you are supposed to believe you're Jack Thursby. The woman you woke up with this morning is Diane, your wife of five years.

MORGAN

Diane...

CARLSBURG

Thursby is a bored husband stuck in an unhappy marriage in the suburbs. He's decided to get out of his rut by going into the corporate espionage trade. He's come here to Sunways to interview for a job.

MORGAN

This is insane.

CARLSBURG

No, this is the identity DigiCorp tried to implant into your mind. They've provided you with a new house, a new wife, a new life. If we hire you as our agent, they'll be able to infiltrate our operations.

MORGAN

And what if you don't hire me?

CARLSBURG

DigiCorp will kill you. That is the fate of most agents like you.

MORGAN

Most agents like me--?

CARLSBURG

The ones who get brainwashed at the conventions.

Morgan turns quiet a moment, then mutters--

MORGAN

It's not him...

CARLSBURG

What?

MORGAN

The man I'm supposed to be. He's not Thursby.

Carlsburg and the other Sunways agents share glances.

CARLSBURG

What do you mean he's not Thursby?

MORGAN

I mean the bored husband in the suburbs is me. Morgan Sullivan. Not Jack Thursby.

SUNWAYS AGENT

Thursby was created to be just like you. DigiCorp monitored and duplicated your original life. In order to ease the psychological transition.

MORGAN

But what happened to the other Thursby?

CARLSBURG  
The other Thursby?

Morgan pauses.

MORGAN  
The one who drinks scotch. Smokes  
cigarettes. Plays golf.

Carlsburg smiles slightly.

CARLSBURG  
I'm afraid he came from your own  
imagination. He's your creation, not  
DigiCorp's.

Morgan turns quiet again. Carlsburg checks his watch.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)  
Are you ready to go back home?

MORGAN  
Home--?

CARLSBURG  
Your first interview is over. We'll call  
you when we want you to come back.

Morgan just looks at him...

INT. UNDERGROUND PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

Morgan walks with Carlsburg past a row of parked cars. Morgan  
is silent, his face sullen.

CARLSBURG  
I know what you're thinking right now.  
The moment you drive out of here you can  
make a break for it. Speed to the nearest  
highway. Never look back. Forget this  
whole nightmare ever happened.

Morgan says nothing as he walks.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)  
You won't stand a chance. DigiCorp is  
watching you at all times on the outside.  
The moment they realize you're not  
converted, that you're not Thursby, they  
will capture you. And then they'll  
eliminate you. Fast. Quick. Ruthless.

They arrive at Morgan's parked Honda, stop. Carlsburg turns  
to him.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)

If you go along with our plan, if you remain patient, you'll not only live through this but you'll be better off.

MORGAN

Better off? How could I possibly be better off?

CARLSBURG

When your mission for us is over, we'll pay you back for your services. We'll provide you with a new identity. A new life. You'll live in place far away and safe from DigiCorp.

MORGAN

What if I don't want a new life? What if I want to be Morgan Sullivan again.

CARLSBURG

I'm afraid Morgan Sullivan doesn't exist anymore.

MORGAN

Pardon--?

CARLSBURG

DigiCorp erased him from the world. It's what they do to their agents like you. The apartment they provided you has been emptied. Your belongings destroyed. As we speak, a lawyer for your wife is searching for you, trying to serve you notice. But you're nowhere to be found.

MORGAN

Wait a minute...a lawyer for my wife--?

CARLSBURG

She filed for divorce last week. She apparently met someone else.

Morgan's face pales.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)

A brand new life provided by us is really your best option.

Morgan is speechless.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)

Look on the bright side.

MORGAN

The bright side?

CARLSBURG

When this is over, you'll get to drink  
all the scotch, smoke all the cigarettes,  
and play all the golf your heart desires.

Morgan's body begins to tremble--

INT. CAR - DAY

Morgan drives away from the Sunways complex, his face still dazed.

He stops the car at a red light. He looks out the window--

MORGAN'S POV: A freeway sign entrance. A sign reads:  
"Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles".

Morgan just stares at the exit ramp, then glances at people in nearby cars. At people walking along the sidewalk.

Are they watching him?

The light turns green--

Morgan's car remains idle as he tries to decide what to do...

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Morgan pulls the Honda back into the driveway of the Thursby suburban home...

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

Morgan sits across from Diane, a plate of pasta in front of each of them. They eat in silence...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan sits on the edge of the bed, wearing boxer shorts and a tee-shirt. He stares at a James Bond movie on television: Roger Moore speeding from a bad guy in a sports car.

DIANE

Jack...

Morgan turns around. Diane sits on the bed, legal files spread out on her lap, the poodle next to her.

DIANE (CONT'D)

I talked to the doctor this morning. He's going to put together a schedule next month.

Morgan pauses, tries to conceal the dread in his voice.

MORGAN

A schedule--?

DIANE

For the days when I'll be ovulating.

ON MORGAN, his mind reeling...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is now dark. Morgan lies in bed next to Diane. Diane is asleep. Morgan stares up at the ceiling.

The buzzing noise.

Not very loud. But enough to make Morgan wince.

Morgan reaches back, begins to massage the back of his neck...

EXT. THURSBY HOME - DAY

Morgan pushes a lawn mower across the front lawn...

EXT. THURSBY NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Morgan walks Diane's poodle down a sidewalk...

EXT. THURSBY HOME - DAY

Morgan takes out the garbage behind the house...

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

Morgan brushes his teeth at the bathroom sink while Diane puts on make-up behind him...

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan sits at a desk in the basement. He turns a key, opens a bottom drawer, reaches inside--

He pulls out a book. It is a travel guide for the South Pacific.

ON MORGAN, as he stares at the cover, a picture of a beautiful tropical island...

The phone rings. Morgan startles, reaches over, picks up the phone--

MORGAN  
Hello?

FEMALE VOICE  
Mr. Thursby?

Morgan hesitates.

MORGAN  
Yes--?

FEMALE VOICE  
We want you to come into Sunways for  
another interview. Is tomorrow all right?  
Two o'clock?

Morgan pauses, glances carefully around the basement room.

MORGAN  
Yes...yes that will be all right.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan lies in bed next to Diane. She reads from a magazine.  
The poodle lies between them.

DIANE  
Who were you talking to on the phone?

MORGAN  
...Hm?

DIANE  
Down in the basement. I heard you talking  
to someone.

MORGAN  
Oh...uh, no one. Just a telemarketer.

Diane sets aside the magazine, rolls over, clicks off the light.

DIANE  
Good-night, honey.

Morgan stares into the dark...

INT. SUNWAYS LAB ROOM - DAY

Morgan follows Carlsburg through a large, busy room. It is an espionage headquarters of some kind, similar to the one at DigiCorp.

Carlsburg stops at a table. A Sunways TECHNICIAN comes over.

CARLSBURG

Hello, Jim. I need the bugging devices for the Thursby home.

TECHNICIAN

Yes, Mr. Carlsburg.

The technician turns away--

MORGAN

Bugging devices?

CARLSBURG

DigiCorp has your house wired to the gills with surveillance equipment. It's their personal espionage outpost.

MORGAN

Come again?

CARLSBURG

When we "hire" you as our agent, DigiCorp will use your home to monitor your spy activity. Your computer. Your phone calls. Your e-mails. They'll know about your assignments. They'll tap into our intelligence reports. They'll try to learn about our covert operations.

The technician now returns with a small red case. He sets it on the table, opens it. Inside, are a set of tiny electronic devices.

Carlsburg pulls out one of the devices--

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)

Audio surveillance up to fifteen yards. One for each room.

Before Morgan can examine it Carlsburg takes out another device--

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)

Phone monitor. Installing it into the receiver is easy as pie.

He removes a third device--

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)

For your computer. It'll allow us to tap into the Internet lines DigiCorp will be using.

Morgan stares at these devices, at the red case.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)

It's our move now. While DigiCorp monitors you, we will monitor them.

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

Morgan sits across from Diane, a plate of pasta in front of each of them. Morgan glances across at her. She eats, doesn't look back at him.

Morgan reaches in his pocket, carefully removes one of the bugging devices from Sunways--

He hesitates, reaches over for the salt--

He slips the bugging device underneath the table...

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - THURSBY HOME - EVENING

Morgan sits behind his basement desk, flipping through a travel book. He pauses for a moment, carefully glances around the empty room--

He reaches in his pocket, takes out another surveillance device. He reaches over to the side of his computer--

He inserts the device into one of the computer ports...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan lies in bed next to Diane. He glances over at her. She appears to be fast asleep.

Morgan rolls over, quietly reaches over, removes the bedroom phone from the cradle. He carefully unscrews the back end.

He takes out another Sunways surveillance device, inserts it into the phone receiver...

INT. SUNWAYS LAB ROOM - DAY

Morgan watches as Carlsburg and a TEAM of technicians hover over a set of controls and monitors. One of the technicians presses a button--

Voices come out over a speaker. Conversational. Garbled and hard to hear.

The technician nods at Carlsburg.

TECHNICIAN

We got audio in all the rooms.

Morgan steps closer to the speaker, trying to listen.

MORGAN

That's really coming from my house?

CARLSBURG

When you're gone, DigiCorp agents get together to discuss strategy.

Morgan keeps listening by the speaker. Meanwhile, the technician checks a computer screen, presses a button, grins.

TECHNICIAN

We also got their phone and Internet lines tapped.

Carlsburg turns, pats Morgan on the back.

CARLSBURG

Excellent work, Mr. Sullivan. It turns out you have true spy skills after all.

Off Morgan's face...

INT. SUNWAYS PARKING STRUCTURE - LATE DAY

Morgan walks by a row of parked cars. He stops at his Honda. He reaches in his pocket for his keys, glances to the side, freezes--

MORGAN'S POV: Rita stands at a nearby elevator. She talks on a cell phone. She doesn't see him.

BACK TO MORGAN, frozen a moment. He then starts to walk towards her--

ON RITA, now seeing Morgan, her face turning anxious. She hangs up the cell phone, quickly presses the call button on the elevator--

BACK TO MORGAN, picking up his pace, reaching her--

MORGAN

Where are you going!

Rita presses the elevator button again.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Another assignment? Another sucker to play?

She sighs, turns to him.

RITA

It was just business, Mr. Sullivan. Nothing personal.

MORGAN

Easy for you to say.

RITA

Would you rather be brainwashed right now? Walking around thinking you're Jack Thursby? You should thank me.

MORGAN

Thank-you?

RITA

I won't hold you to it.

DING! The elevator doors open. She steps inside the elevator--

MORGAN

Will Sunways let me live when this is all over?

She pauses, looks back at him.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Will they give me a new life? Or are they like DigiCorp? They'll kill me when I'm no use to them.

She says nothing for a moment.

RITA

I'm sorry for what's happened to you...I really am.

For a moment, her face looks sincere, caring.

RITA (CONT'D)

Good-bye.

She pushes a button inside the elevator. The doors now start to close--

Morgan reacts, thrusts out his arm, stops the doors from closing.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Mr. Sullivan!

Morgan lowers his voice to an urgent whisper--

MORGAN  
Can you help me?

RITA  
What--?

MORGAN  
Can you do something to get me out of here?

RITA  
That's not my job.

MORGAN  
But could you?

She shakes her head.

RITA  
No, I--

MORGAN  
Please.

She looks at him, her face conflicted.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
I'll do whatever it takes. Whatever you want in return.

She hesitates another moment, then presses the button inside the elevator again.

RITA  
I'm sorry--

The elevator doors shut. Morgan now stands alone...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

The room is dark. Morgan lies in bed next to Diane. She is asleep.

The buzzing noise begins. Louder than the last time.

Morgan winces, reaches towards the back of his neck, begins to massage it...

INT. SUNWAYS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Morgan sits across from Carlsburg and the technicians. His face is tired. He rubs his eyes.

CARLSBURG  
Congratulations, Mr. Sullivan. Your  
interview process is finally over.

Morgan looks up.

MORGAN  
What?

CARLSBURG  
You're hired as one of our agents.  
DigiCorp will be thrilled.

Morgan looks him, at the technicians at the table.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
Your first assignments will be to Grand  
Rapids.

MORGAN  
Grand Rapids?

CARLSBURG  
Michigan. You'll have to make up a lie to  
your wife of course. You're still playing  
the part of the husband who keeps his spy  
work a secret from her.

ON MORGAN, as he registers this...

DIANE (O.S.)  
Grand Rapids?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Morgan stands at the kitchen sink, washing dishes. Diane sits at the table behind him. She does not look happy.

DIANE  
Why do they want you to go all the way to  
Grand Rapids?

MORGAN  
I'll be a tutor for that accounting  
software I was using at my last job.

DIANE

What about working in my father's office next month?

MORGAN

This is just temporary, Diane. I promise.

She just looks at him...

INT. TAXI CAB - DAY

Morgan sits in the back seat of a taxi. He has his wallet opened. He stares at a driver's license.

THE LICENSE: A picture of Morgan in the middle, the name "Steven Phillips" below it.

Carlsburg's voice is now heard off screen--

CARLSBURG (O.S.)

"Steven Phillips" will be your espionage alias for all Sunways assignments.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

Morgan sits in an airport gate area. He watches as a BUSINESSMAN nearby stops at a locker, inserts a key. He then turns and leaves without taking the key.

CARLSBURG (O.S.)

You will pick up your materials at the designated location.

Morgan stands, goes over to the locker. He turns the inserted key, opens the locker--

INSIDE: A brown briefcase.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Morgan sits in a first class seat. He opens the briefcase, takes out an orange folder--

INSIDE: A brochure for a computer software convention in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

CARLSBURG (O.S.)

DigiCorp will be monitoring you each step of your trip.

Morgan pauses, glances behind him, at other passengers on the plane...

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

Morgan stands at a hotel desk. A clerk tears off a credit card receipt, slides it to Morgan.

CARLSBURG (O.S.)  
Just as long as you play your role as a  
Sunways spy, you'll have no trouble.

Morgan starts to sign "Jack Thurs--" on the receipt, crosses it out, quickly write in "Steven Phillips"...

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENTION ROOM - NEXT DAY

A crowded convention hall filled with people milling about, talking, laughing...

Morgan passes by a row of booths and tables sponsored by different hi-tech companies. A name tag is on his suit jacket. It reads "Steven Phillips, Horizon Technologies".

CARLSBURG (O.S.)  
Your contact will be a programmer for a  
small start up firm in Toledo, Ohio.

Morgan spots a NERDISH MAN glancing over at him. Morgan hesitates, walks over--

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK OF HOTEL - DAY

Morgan stands outside the hotel with the nerdish man. Morgan opens his briefcase, presses a button. A hidden compartment opens up--

Morgan removes a shiny blue disk from his briefcase. He hands the disk to the nerdish man. The nerdish man promptly inserts the disk into his own handheld computer device.

CARLSBURG (O.S.)  
Your contact will download classified  
software data from his firm. Or at least,  
that's what it will look like he's  
doing...

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan lies in bed next to Diane, his eyes closed--

CARLSBURG (O.S.)  
Your contact was actually one of our  
operatives. But DigiCorp doesn't know  
that.

Diane suddenly sits up in the bed. She looks over at Morgan,  
pauses.

DIANE  
Jack--?

Morgan doesn't stir. Diane slips out of bed, quietly leaves  
the room--

ON MORGAN, as he opens his eyes, listens to Diane heading  
downstairs...

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE - NIGHT

Diane removes Morgan's briefcase from under his office desk.  
She turns around--

Finster and several other men stand before her.

CARLSBURG (O.S.)  
DigiCorp will eagerly make a copy of the  
data they think you stole...

Finster takes the briefcase, sets it on the ground, opens it.  
He removes the blue disk from inside. He hands it to one of  
his men--

The man inserts the disk into a handheld computer device. He  
begins to make a digital copy of the information...

CUT TO:

INT. SUNWAYS OFFICE - DAY

Morgan now sits across from Carlsburg and the Sunways agents.  
The blue disk and briefcase are set on the table.

CARLSBURG  
That little deception will cost them at  
least a few million down the road.

Carlsburg and the agents all chuckle to themselves. Morgan  
doesn't join in. He leans forward.

MORGAN  
So am I a through?

CARLSBURG  
Pardon?

MORGAN  
Is my job over? DigiCorp has been  
tricked, yes? It's time to let me out of  
here, right? To get me to that safe new  
life you were talking about?

Carlsburg just stares at Morgan for a moment.

CARLSBURG  
I'm sorry, Mr. Sullivan. But your  
services are still needed.

Morgan just stares back at him.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)  
This was only your first assignment.  
There is a lot more false information we  
can feed DigiCorp through you.

One of the Sunways agents speaks up--

SUNWAYS AGENT  
Our technicians are still accessing the  
bugging equipment in your house. They're  
learning more each day about DigiCorp's  
intelligence network. We can't give that  
up that access now.

CARLSBURG  
Your life as Thursby must go on for a  
little longer.

MORGAN  
How much longer?

A beat.

CARLSBURG  
A little longer.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Morgan sits in a first class seat, staring at a brochure for  
a convention at "Harrisburg, Pennsylvania"...

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

Morgan signs "Steven Phillips" on a credit card receipt at a hotel...

INT. HOTEL BAR - NIGHT

Morgan sits in a booth. A WOMAN walks by, casually drops a shiny blue disk on Morgan's table, keeps walking.

Morgan takes the blue disk, puts it inside his briefcase...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan is back home, in bed, alone, his eyes open--

INT. BASEMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Diane stands by as Finster and his men remove the disk from Morgan's briefcase to make another copy...

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Morgan sits in another first class seat, staring at a brochure for a convention in "Santa Fe, New Mexico"...

The buzzing noise begins--

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan rolls over in his hotel bed, unable to get to sleep. The buzzing turns louder--

IMAGE FLASH:

*A tropical island.*

*It looks like one of the islands from one of Morgan's travel books.*

*Crystal blue waves lap against a white sand beach. The sun is setting.*

*We hold a moment on this beautiful, tranquil vision...*

FEMALE VOICE

Mr. Sullivan?

Morgan opens his eyes. He is back in his hotel bed. He gazes ahead, reacts with shock--

Rita stands before him at the foot of the bed.

Morgan jolts up, opens his mouth to shout--

RITA

Shh! You've gotta be quiet.

She walks over, kneels next to him, puts her finger to his lips. Morgan just stares at her.

RITA (CONT'D)

You asked me for my help, remember?

He still says nothing.

RITA (CONT'D)

You were right about Sunways. They're no different than DigiCorp. They'll kill you when they can't use you anymore.

She leans in closer, lowers her voice to an intense whisper--

RITA (CONT'D)

I told my boss about your plight. About how you asked me for help.

Morgan hesitates, whispers back--

MORGAN

Your boss--? You mean Carlsburg?

RITA

No, Carlsburg isn't my boss. I don't work for Sunways.

Morgan looks at her with confusion.

RITA (CONT'D)

Sunways hired my boss to find how DigiCorp was sending agents their way. That's how Sunways knew about the brainwashing. And you.

MORGAN

Who is your boss?

RITA

A freelance corporate spy. Different companies use his services at different times. That's all you need to know.

MORGAN

And he can help me? How?

RITA

He has resources. He'll be able to keep you safe, give you a new life. All he wants is your help in return.

Morgan sits up straighter.

MORGAN  
My help--?

RITA  
Sunways will send you to Raleigh on your next assignment. I'll get in touch with you before you leave.

She abruptly stands, turns.

MORGAN  
Wait a--

RITA  
See you soon.

She walks towards a balcony screen door. She slides it open--

BACK TO MORGAN, as he gets out of bed, starts to follow her--

ON RITA, as she steps outside onto the balcony, reaches up. She grabs hold of a cable that is hanging above in the air.

Her body is pulled upward--

BACK TO MORGAN, now reaching the balcony, peering up--

IN THE SKY: A black helicopter speeds away, taking Rita with it...

INT. SUNWAYS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Morgan sits across from Carlsburg and the Sunways executives--

CARLSBURG  
Excellent work in Santa Fe, Mr. Sullivan. DigiCorp's intelligence operations have been significantly breached thanks to you.

MORGAN  
Does that mean my job is over?

CARLSBURG  
I knew you would ask that.

He smiles slightly.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)  
Almost. There is just one final assignment. A very important one.

Morgan stares at him. One of the executives speaks up--

SUNWAYS EXECUTIVE

According to our surveillance of your house, DigiCorp is very interested in a biotech firm called New Path Medicine.

MORGAN

A biotech firm?

ANOTHER EXECUTIVE

They're located in Raleigh, North Carolina.

Morgan reacts upon hearing "Raleigh".

SUNWAYS EXECUTIVE

The firm's cutting edge disease research will be highly profitable when brought to market next year. DigiCorp would love to steal their data now.

CARLSBURG

We will fly you out to Raleigh tomorrow. You will go to New Path headquarters at 2:30 a.m. A New Path executive will greet you, take you inside their secured programming sector to steal the data.

MORGAN

Is the data I'm stealing real?

CARLSBURG

Of course not. We've already made a secret alliance with New Path. Your trip is another ploy to fool DigiCorp.

Morgan now turns quiet.

CARLSBURG (CONT'D)

If you pull this mission off, DigiCorp will go down hard. And we won't forget it. We'll be in eternal gratitude.

Morgan looks at him, at the other executives, says nothing...

INT. CAR - LATE DAY

Morgan drives away from the Sunways complex, his face distraught. He stops the Honda at a red light. He glances out the window--

MORGAN'S POV: The freeway sign: "Portland, San Francisco, Los Angeles".

ON MORGAN, staring intently at the exit ramp...

RITA'S VOICE  
You'll never make it.

Morgan startles, checks his rear-view mirror--

Rita is crouched low in the back seat.

RITA  
Keep your eye on the street ahead. Don't  
talk. Don't make any gestures.

Morgan pauses, looks back ahead.

RITA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
There will be a car wash two blocks on  
your right...

EXT. CAR WASH - DAY

Morgan's Honda pulls into the front entrance of a drive-through car wash tunnel...

INT. CAR - DAY

The Honda goes slowly through the tunnel along a set of tracks. Water and suds hit the windows from the outside.

Rita has moved up to the front seat next to Morgan.

RITA  
When do you leave for Raleigh?

MORGAN  
...Tomorrow.

Rita reaches in her purse, pulls out a blue disk. It is identical to the disks Morgan has been using on his trips.

RITA  
Switch your Sunways disk with this one  
before your meeting at New Path.

Morgan stares at the disk in Rita's hand.

RITA (CONT'D)  
After you've left New Path, meet with me,  
give me the disk. I'll then deliver it  
and you to my boss.

MORGAN  
Why does your boss want a disk loaded  
with false data?

RITA

Not false data. Real data. My boss put a search program on here. To locate and steal New Path's real files. You'll be taking it from right under their noses.

Morgan considers this, pauses.

MORGAN

Why should I trust you more than DigiCorp or Sunways?

RITA

I can't give you a reason. You'll just have to take a risk.

He looks at her, hesitates. He then reaches out, takes the disk from her hand. She nods, smiles regretfully.

RITA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

MORGAN

Sorry?

RITA

If there was another way I could help you, a less dangerous way, I would. My boss made these conditions for your freedom, not me.

MORGAN

Are you saying you actually care about me?

She pauses.

RITA

I shouldn't. I don't know why I do.

MORGAN

Can I kiss you?

RITA

What?

MORGAN

I've wanted to the moment I first saw you.

She looks at him with surprise, says nothing. Morgan now feels self-conscious.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

That was a stupid thing to say. I don't  
know why I--

She leans forward. They kiss. It lasts a moment. She abruptly  
pulls back--

RITA

...Good luck.

She opens the passenger side door, gets out, car wash water  
spraying everywhere. She closes the door behind her--

BACK TO MORGAN, dazed, as he watches her disappear somewhere  
within the tunnel...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan lies in bed next to Diane. He stares up in the  
darkness...

The buzzing noise starts.

Morgan winces in pain, closes his eyes--

IMAGE FLASH:

*Morgan sits in the middle of an empty room. An eyeglass  
device is strapped around his head--*

*A grinding noise. Thin needles insert themselves into the  
back of Morgan's neck--*

The buzzing turns into a shriek--

FEMALE VOICE

Something to drink, sir?

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Morgan opens his eyes. He sits in a first class seat. A  
stewardess stands over him. He looks at her, pauses.

MORGAN

I could really go for a scotch and lime.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - EVENING

Morgan stands at the check-in desk, signs "Steven Phillips"  
on a credit card receipt...

INT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Morgan sets the briefcase on the room floor. He sits down on the edge of the hotel bed. He rubs his eyes, tired--

MALE VOICE  
How was your flight?

Morgan opens his eyes, jumps to his feet--

Finster stands in the bathroom doorway. He aims a gun.

Morgan doesn't move an inch, too stunned to speak or move.

FINSTER  
You don't have to pretend you're Thursby.  
I know you're not converted. I know  
Sunways has been using you as their  
double agent against DigiCorp.

Morgan looks at Finster's gun, hesitates.

MORGAN  
Are you going to kill me?

FINSTER  
Not if you turn your loyalty back to me.  
Instead of Sebastian Rooks.

MORGAN  
Who--?

FINSTER  
Rita Foster's boss. I'm sure she's  
mentioned him by now.

Morgan says nothing.

FINSTER (CONT'D)  
Rooks is the best spy in the business. He  
has no loyalty to any company. He plays  
one side against the other, knows all the  
angles. Sunways hired him to track you  
down, to pull you out of DigiCorp's  
brainwashing. He found you through me.

MORGAN  
You--?

FINSTER  
I'm his inside source at DigiCorp. He  
paid me to hire you. So you could be his  
pawn once you were sent off to Sunways.

Morgan is now dumbstruck.

FINSTER (CONT'D)

It's a clever plan. Rooks knew you would eventually end up here in Raleigh. To be sent into New Path. The biotech data is what he's been after the whole time.

Finster steps closer to Morgan.

FINSTER (CONT'D)

The only factor he didn't consider was me. He underestimated my talents. He didn't realize I could also play the angles.

He nods down to the briefcase on the floor.

FINSTER (CONT'D)

Switch the disks like you were told. Follow Rooks' plan. Steal the New Path data. But then give the disk to me when you're outside.

MORGAN

And then what happens?

FINSTER

I let you live. The company will sell the disk to provide you with a--

MORGAN

A new life and new identity? I've heard it before.

FINSTER

Yes, but my offer is genuine. Rooks will kill you the second you give him the disk. No one ever meets him face to face lives to tell about it.

MORGAN

What are you talking about?

FINSTER

Rooks is a deep cover operative. A Yuri in the cyberspace. A phantom. He has his operatives do his dirty work. Not even I have seen him.

Morgan reacts to this.

FINSTER (CONT'D)

The only person who does know him is Rita Foster. His lover.

MORGAN

Lover--?

Finster sees he's hit a nerve.

FINSTER

If she said she cares about you, she's lying. Her devotion is only to Rooks. No one else. Trust me, she's using you like a wind-up doll.

Morgan turns quiet, his mind racing. Finster reaches in his pocket, takes out a white card.

FINSTER (CONT'D)

I'll be outside New Path to get the disk...but in case we get separated.

He sets the card on the bed, starts for the door--

FINSTER (CONT'D)

Do the smart thing, Mr. Sullivan.

Finster opens the door, leaves--

Morgan goes to the bed, picks up the card. There is a single phone number in the middle...

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Morgan stands outside the hotel. A cab pulls up next to him. He opens the back door, gets inside, nods to the driver--

MORGAN

Briarpatch Road, please.

INT. CAB - NIGHT

Morgan opens his briefcase. He removes the Sunways disk from the inside compartment. He then reaches in his jacket pocket, takes out the disk Rita gave him.

He pauses--

He starts to make the switch...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The cab drives down a wide, empty boulevard--

AN OFFICE COMPLEX comes into view. Upon a grass slope are the pillared letters:

"New Path Pharmaceuticals"

EXT. NEW PATH COMPLEX - NIGHT

The cab stops at a curb. Morgan gets out, pays the driver. The cab speeds away--

FOLLOWING MORGAN, as he walks up to the front entrance of the complex. No one is there. He glances around. It is very quiet.

MALE VOICE

Mr. Phillips?

Morgan turns around. A MAN IN A SUIT emerges from the shadows. Morgan pauses.

MORGAN

Yes...?

The man in the suit smiles.

MAN IN SUIT

Fred Dunhill. Your New Path contact.

INT. CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Morgan follows "DUNHILL" down an empty corridor.

DUNHILL

How was your flight in?

MORGAN

Fine...

DUNHILL

The hotel you're staying in is nice?

MORGAN

Yes...

They arrive at a thick metal door. Dunhill reaches in his pocket, takes out a magnetic strip card, swipes it through a black slot above.

There is a beep. A green light appears. The thick door clicks open--

DUNHILL

This way.

INT. SECURITY CHAMBER - NIGHT

Morgan and Dunhill arrive at a scanning machine. A team of GUARDS nearby monitor a set of video screens and controls.

Dunhill gives the guards a friendly wave, turns to Morgan.

DUNHILL

After you.

Morgan hesitates, steps forward--

ON MORGAN, as he walks through the machine, beams of red laser lights aiming down from all directions.

Morgan comes out the other side--

MALE VOICE

Open your mouth please, sir.

Another GUARD steps over. He holds up a small flashlight. Morgan hesitates, opens his mouth--

The guard inserts the flashlight into Morgan's mouth, shines it around, then pulls it out, nods to Dunhill--

SECURITY GUARD

He's clean.

Dunhill smiles at Morgan.

DUNHILL

So, Mr. Sullivan. Are you ready to steal some data from us?

Morgan just looks at him...

INT. NEW PATH OFFICE COMPLEX - NIGHT

A vast and sterile work complex. Rows of cubicles extend endlessly in all directions. Right now, the area is empty of employees.

DUNHILL

As you can see, our programming sector is quite large.

Morgan stares ahead, awed by the sheer size of the place.

DUNHILL (CONT'D)

There's no way to hack into our data files from the outside.

DUNHILL (CONT'D)

A rival company must physically infiltrate this area to steal information. That's what DigiCorp thinks you're doing right now.

Dunhill starts down a middle aisle--

DUNHILL (CONT'D)

Come on. Let's get this theft started.

INT. NEW PATH OFFICE - NIGHT

Morgan follows Dunhill inside a medium sized office. Dunhill closes the door, turns to him.

DUNHILL

I can take the disk now.

Morgan opens his briefcase, removes the blue disk from the inside compartment.

DUNHILL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

You wait here while I put it into our system, download the false data.

Morgan eyes the disk in Dunhill's hand, the disk that Rita gave him.

DUNHILL (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Something wrong, Mr. Sullivan?

Morgan pauses, shakes his head.

MORGAN

No, no problem.

INT. NEW PATH OFFICE - NIGHT

Morgan paces in the office, glances up at the clock, keeps pacing...

The buzzing noise starts.

Morgan stops, winces in sharp pain, rubs his eyes. He sits down on the couch, feeling groggy--

IMAGE FLASH:

*The tropical beach again. The sun setting over the water.*

*A FIGURE now appears, walking along on the sand, coming towards us. A woman.*

*She wears a bathing suit. The sun rays from behind block out her face.*

*She moves closer. Her face now starts to come into view--*

Click.

INT. NEW PATH OFFICE - NIGHT

Morgan opens his eyes. He is back on the couch.

The office door opens. Dunhill returns inside, the blue disk in hand. He smiles.

DUNHILL  
Getting a few winks, huh? Don't blame  
you. It's late.

Morgan stands as Dunhill goes over to the table, opens the briefcase, opens the hidden compartment inside--

DUNHILL (CONT'D)  
The false data downloaded perfectly. No  
hitches.

Morgan stares at the disk, waiting for Dunhill to put it inside the compartment.

Dunhill starts to slide the disk into the compartment...

ON MORGAN, holding his breath...

Dunhill then pauses...

An odd expression now takes over his face. He gazes at the corner edge of the disk--

DUNHILL (CONT'D)  
Where is the--?

He hesitates.

MORGAN  
What?

Dunhill carefully removes the disk from the compartment, turns it over in his hand.

DUNHILL  
There's usually a small red mark on the  
back side.

Morgan's face tenses.

DUNHILL (CONT'D)  
Sunways always puts one there. To prevent  
their disk being mistaken for another--

He looks at Morgan--

DUNHILL (CONT'D)  
--one.

Morgan looks back at him--

Dunhill steps back, reaches inside his suit jacket--

Morgan grabs a paper weight off the desk--

Dunhill pulls out a gun, aims it at Morgan--

Morgan swings forward--

THUMP! Morgan strikes Dunhill across the head with the paper  
weight--

Dunhill drops the gun, collapses to the floor, his head  
bleeding. He groans--

THUMP! Morgan strikes him again--

MOMENTS LATER:

Morgan re-opens the briefcase, slips the blue disk inside. He  
kneels next to the Dunhill on the floor.

He takes Dunhill's gun, then his magnetic strip card--

INT. OFFICE COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan emerges from the office, the briefcase in hand. He  
closes the door.

He looks towards the rows of endless empty cubicles. A  
janitor is in the distance, sweeping up.

Morgan quickly walks forward--

INT. SECURITY SECTOR - NIGHT

Morgan arrives at the security check-point. The guards are  
still behind the set of monitors and controls. One of them  
looks oddly at Morgan.

SECURITY GUARD  
Where's Mr. Dunhill?

MORGAN

He had to take care of some things in his office. He told me to meet him outside.

The security guard gazes at Morgan a moment, then nods.

SECURITY GUARD

All right, go ahead sir.

Morgan steps forward. The exit door is across the room, about twenty yards away--

BOM! BOM! BOM! BOM!

A ear-piercing ALARM from overhead--

SECURITY GUARD (CONT'D)

Jesus!

ANOTHER GUARD

Shut it down!

Morgan's eyes dart around wildly. There is now commotion from behind, from the work area--

The first guard turns to a control panel, presses a button--

THUNK! Up ahead, a metal grate starts to lower--

BEHIND MORGAN: Dunhill appears, his head bleeding, several other guards behind him.

CARLSBURG

Grab him!

Morgan darts forward. He races towards the lowering metal grate. The grate is about to reach the floor--

Morgan dives to the ground, lands on his side, rolls underneath the grate just as it hits the ground--

OTHER SIDE: Morgan returns to his feet, grabs the briefcase, races ahead to the thick metal door. He takes out the metallic strip card he stole from Dunhill--

GUARD

Freeze!

FROM BEHIND: The guard on the other side of the grate has his gun out, aimed at Morgan--

Morgan swipes the card through the slot--

Beep. The thick metal door clicks, unlocks--

BLAM! A bullet fires, just missing Morgan's head--

Morgan pushes the door open, races ahead--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Morgan sprints down the hall, arrives at the elevator area. He is about to press the call button--

DING! The elevator doors start to open on their own--

Morgan steps back, spots a nearby stairwell door--

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Morgan races down a set of cement stairs. The sound of pursuing guards comes from above--

EXT. COURTYARD - NIGHT

Morgan bursts outside into a courtyard area. He is still inside the New Path complex--

FROM BEHIND: More guards can be heard approaching--

Morgan reaches in his suit jacket, takes out Dunhill's gun. He starts to run again--

EXT. COMPANY COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan sprints across the Sunways complex, both arms pumping. Alarms blares out from all sides, shouts of guards.

Morgan passes through a grass quad area, stops, glances around, runs to his right--

EXT. COMPANY COMPLEX - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan arrives at the back end of the complex--

A chain linked fence is before him. At least thirty feet high. Barbed wire runs along the top.

Shouts and yells. From nearby. The guards are closing in.

Morgan quickly unlocks the briefcase, removes the blue disk from inside, slips it in his pocket.

Morgan tucks Dunhill's gun down into his pants.

He starts to climb the fence--

ON MORGAN, as he moves foot by foot up the tall fence, his hands straining as they clench the chain links.

He nears the top, arriving at the barbed wire--

Morgan tries to slip his head under the barbed wire, can't fit it through--

He grasps the barbed wire with his fingers, tries to lift it, jerks back in pain, his hand now bleeding--

BELOW: The guards are in view. They see Morgan at the top of the fence, run towards him--

Morgan looks like a trapped animal stuck on the fence. He has absolutely nowhere to go...

A swooshing sound.

Morgan looks up--

A black helicopter appears in the sky.

It hovers over Morgan. Rita sits in the passenger seat.

A cable lowers down to Morgan--

ON MORGAN, as he frantically reaches his hand out to grab the cable a few feet away--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The guards below start firing--

Morgan LEAPS off the fence, flying through the air, his arms flailing--

He grabs the bottom hook of the cable, just in time. His whole body strains to hold on...

The helicopter rises further into the air, carrying Morgan with it--

BELOW: The Sunways guards set to fire again--

VROOM! The helicopter speeds away with Morgan in tow...

EXT. SKY - DAY

Morgan grips the cable as the helicopter races ahead. The cable is mechanically lifted back into the helicopter. Morgan moves up with it--

INT. HELICOPTER - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan reaches the inside of the helicopter. Rita helps pull him in. Morgan collapses to the floor, exhausted.

RITA  
You did it, Mr. Sullivan!

He looks up at her. She pauses.

RITA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)  
You did do it, right?

Morgan reaches in his suit jacket, pulls out the blue disk.

MORGAN  
I did it.

Rita smiles, reaches out, takes the disk...

EXT. DOWNTOWN AREA - NIGHT

The helicopter flies over a series of downtown office buildings. It turns to approach the roof of a very large and old hotel...

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - NIGHT

The helicopter parks on a designated landing pad. Right next to it is a SECOND HELICOPTER, identical to the first.

Rita and Morgan emerge from the first helicopter. Rita turns, shouts to the PILOT over the rotor noise.

RITA  
Call me when its delivered!

The pilot gives her a thumbs up. He pulls back the control stick. The helicopter rises back in the air, speeding away--

MORGAN  
Where's he going?

RITA  
Taking the disk to our technicians.

Morgan glances around the hotel roof--

MORGAN  
Where are--?

RITA  
He's waiting.

Morgan looks at her.

RITA (CONT'D)  
My boss. He's eager to meet you in person.

Morgan's face tightens--

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Morgan and Rita stand inside a large elevator as it descends--

MORGAN  
Your boss lives in a hotel?

RITA  
He moves around a lot.

MORGAN  
What's his name?

She looks at him.

RITA  
It varies.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

DING! The elevator doors open. Morgan and Rita emerge into a hallway. Rita nods ahead--

RITA  
That way.

She motions for Morgan to go forward--

INT. HOTEL SUITE - DAY

Rita and Morgan enter a hotel suite. It is very large, luxurious. Tastefully furnished and decorated.

Rita closes the door, presses several buttons on a keypad on the wall.

RITA  
I'll be back in a moment.

She turns, walks across the marble floor. She enters a hallway, disappearing from view.

Morgan turns back around, tries turning the door knob. It doesn't budge. The keypad locked it somehow.

Morgan looks around frantically, then goes to a phone on a table. He picks it up--

He quickly dials, his finger shaking--

The line rings several times, picks up, the reception poor--

FINSTER (O.S.)  
...Finster.

MORGAN  
(urgent whisper)  
It's Morgan Sullivan.

FINSTER (O.S.)  
Sullivan! Jesus where are you!

MORGAN  
I'm in a suite. An old hotel. The top  
floor. Room 3010.

FINSTER (O.S.)  
What hotel--?

Morgan spots a match book on the table. It has the hotel  
insignia. He picks up, opens it, finds an address.

MORGAN  
1904 Fifth Street. The Biltmore.

FINSTER (O.S.)  
Where's Rooks?

MORGAN  
I'm about to meet--

FINSTER (O.S.)  
Christ, get off the phone before he sees  
you. He'll kill you, understand?

Footsteps. Coming from the hall.

FINSTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Hold onto the disk. We're on our way.

Morgan hangs up the phone. He reaches down to his pants,  
pulls out the gun he took from Carlsburg--

Rita returns from the hall, stops in her tracks--

Morgan aims the gun at her.

MORGAN  
Don't come any closer.

She looks at the gun. Morgan's hand trembles.

RITA  
You're not gonna shoot me. You're not a  
killer.

She steps forward. Morgan reaches in his suit jacket, takes out a blue disk.

MORGAN  
I'll kill this.

She stops when she sees the disk. Morgan holds it against his palm, ready to snap it in half--

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
I gave you the DigiCorp disk. This one is yours.

She stares at the disk a moment.

RITA  
You're bluffing.

MORGAN  
Am I?

He starts to bend the disk harder with his palm. Rita reacts.

RITA  
No!!!

He stops, keeps his palm poised, still ready break it at any moment.

MORGAN  
You used me. You set me up from the start.

RITA  
My boss used you. It was his plan to steal the New Path data.

Morgan glances further down the hall--

MORGAN  
Where is he? Where's Sebastian Rooks?

Rita reacts with surprise.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
I was told all about him by Finster.

RITA  
Finster--?

MORGAN  
He's on his way right now. To get this disk. I just called him.

She shakes her head with alarm.

RITA

Oh God, Mr. Sulli--

MORGAN

I don't trust Finster anymore than I trust you. But if Rooks wants this disk, if he wants to escape before his enemies arrive, then unlock that door.

RITA

Listen to me. Rooks will help you--

MORGAN

Rooks will kill me. He's a ruthless spy.

RITA

That's what Finster told you to scare you. To manipulate you.

MORGAN

He's as good at it as you are.

Rita's face becomes more urgent.

RITA

You've come too far, you've worked too hard to ruin everything now.

Morgan looks at her, his face conflicted, confused, scared.

RITA (CONT'D)

Mr. Sullivan, please. You must--

MORGAN

I'm tired of being tricked! I'm tired of being lied to! Now open the goddamn door!

RITA

Only Rooks can open it.

MORGAN

Then go get him!

Rita stares at Morgan, at the disk in his hand; she hesitates...

She lunges forward, tries to snatch the disk from Morgan--

Morgan reacts, presses the gun trigger--

BLAM! The gun fires--

The bullet hits Rita in the shoulder. Blood sprays. She collapses backwards, hits the floor--

Morgan keeps the gun aimed, doesn't move--

Rita grasps her bleeding shoulder, paralyzed with pain--

Morgan glances down the hallway--

RITA  
Go and see him...

He looks back down at her. She struggles to speak--

RITA (CONT'D)  
He's waiting for you.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Morgan steps into the hallway, his gun raised. A bedroom is at the end of the hall, its door ajar...

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Morgan cautiously enters the bedroom, the gun still raised. He stops as he peers ahead--

The room is empty. No one is there. No Sebastian Rooks.

Morgan goes to an adjacent bathroom, peers inside. It is empty as well.

Morgan turns, freezes--

A set of golf clubs is in the corner of the room.

Morgan stares at the clubs a moment. He then looks across the room, at a bar area in the corner. He steps towards it--

ALONG A SHELF: There are six or seven bottles lined up next to each other.

They are scotch bottles.

Morgan glances down at an ash tray. He reaches into it, pulls out a cigarette butt.

The "Chesterfield" logo is printed on the charred yellow end.

ON MORGAN, trying to register what he is seeing--

The buzzing noise starts.

Morgan's winces in pain, shuts his eyes. The buzzing turns louder--

IMAGE FLASH:

*A tropical beach in the South Pacific...*

IMAGE FLASH:

*Morgan in a chair, the eyeglass device attached around his head, needles pricking into the back of his neck...*

IMAGE FLASH:

*Morgan hooked up to the neuro-graph machine, the DigiCorp technician asking him questions...*

IMAGE FLASH:

*Morgan pushing a lawn mower across the grass of his suburban front lawn...*

RITA'S VOICE

I tried stopping you.

BACK TO MORGAN, as he opens his eyes, turns around--

Rita stands in the bedroom doorway, gripping her bleeding shoulder, her voice angry, in pain.

RITA

I thought it was the craziest fucking idea I'd ever heard. But you insisted. You said it was the only way.

Morgan shakes his head.

MORGAN

The only--?

RITA

To steal the New Path data.

He stares at her, still overwhelmed. He glances to the side, reacts with astonishment--

A photograph of Morgan and Rita is on the wall.

They are posed like the two previous wedding photos, but their smiles here are warm, loving. Rita wears a red dress.

ON MORGAN, now overcome with stunned realization...

Rita steps closer him--

RITA (CONT'D)  
Welcome home, Mr. Rooks.

The blood drains from Morgan's face.

The room turns silent a moment...

BAM! A loud, jarring thump--

Rita spins around, looks towards the hallway--

BAM! Another thump. It's coming from the main room of the hotel suite.

RITA (CONT'D)  
You didn't really call in Finster, did you?

Morgan just stares at her--

INT. HOTEL SUITE - MOMENTS LATER

Rita presses her palm against an old metal latch, trying to force open a window in the main room of the suite--

RITA  
Damn it, it's stuck.

Morgan stands behind her, his face still dazed and distraught by the events of the previous scene.

BAM! BAM! The pounding continues. It comes from the other side of the room's thick wooden door, from the hallway.

MORGAN  
Who's out there?

RITA  
An assassination squad. Sent by whatever company Finster sold out to. They'll kill us both to take the disk.

She presses harder to push open the window, still can't budge it. Morgan comes over to help her. They both strain--

MORGAN  
How could I be Sebastian Rooks?

RITA  
You knew you could steal New Path's data by becoming a DigiCorp spy. But you would have to pass their neuro-graph first.

MORGAN

So I turned myself into Morgan Sullivan?

Rita lets go of the window latch, lets out a breath--

RITA

You used the same brainwashing process DigiCorp uses. You carefully fabricated Morgan Sullivan's life in the suburbs. An unhappy man stuck in an unhappy marriage.

MORGAN

...Amy?

RITA

One of your operatives. You assigned her to play the part of your unloving wife.

Morgan's mind is spinning.

MORGAN

Why didn't you tell me this sooner?

RITA

You ordered me not to.

MORGAN

I--?

RITA

Your instructions were very clear. You wanted yourself to believe you were Morgan Sullivan the whole time. Not until the New Path data had been secured could I bring you here to reveal the truth.

BAM! BAM! BAM! The pounding becomes louder--

Rita, frustrated, frantic, grabs the window latch again, pulls as hard as she can--

RITA (CONT'D)

Come on you bastard!

The window suddenly flies open.

Rita lets go of the latch, leans forward, pokes her head out the window, glances upward--

RITA (CONT'D)

We can grab hold of the ledge above, reach the roof

She starts to climb out the window, then stops, glances back--

Morgan remains inside the hotel room. He stares at the blue disk in his hand.

MORGAN  
All this trouble, all this scheming. For this?

RITA  
You'll get a good price for the data.

MORGAN  
A good price...

RITA  
Money's never been your only motivation.

MORGAN  
What else is there?

RITA  
Winning.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Wood splinters now begin to fly from the room door. It is starting to crack in from the other side--

RITA (CONT'D)  
Look at it this way. You're not the miserable person you thought you were. In fact, you're the exciting and interesting person you always dreamed of being.

Morgan tries to fathom this concept.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Do you still want to win?

He looks at her...

EXT. HOTEL BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Rita maneuvers her body onto the small ledge that runs along the side of the hotel. She turns, reaches her arm up.

RITA  
I can't reach--

Morgan emerges onto the ledge, peers down. The ledge is very high up, thirty stories to the street below.

RITA (CONT'D)  
Help me.

Morgan turns, takes hold of Rita by the waist. He strains as he hoists her upward--

Rita reaches up, grabs hold of a ledge crevice above. She pulls herself up. She manages to climb on the above ledge--

BAM! BAM! BAM! The hotel door inside is now coming apart--

RITA (CONT'D)

We can make the roof from here. Hurry.

Morgan turns his body around to face the side of the building. He reaches up. His fingers just barely miss the upper crack of the ledge.

BAM! BAM! BAM! Through the door cracks, a battering ram can be seen in the hallway--

BACK TO THE LEDGE, as Morgan takes in a deep breath, jumps upward--

MORGAN'S FINGERS, as they grab hold of the upper crevice--

The rest of Morgan's body dangles over the thirty story drop--

BAM! The door inside finally bursts open--

ON MORGAN, as he musters all his strength, pulls himself up--

INSIDE: A team of black suited agents charge into the suite, laser scope rifles in hand--

Morgan gets a better grip. Rita grabs one of his arms, pulls--

INSIDE: Finster enters the suite, sees the opened window, points--

FINSTER

There!

OUTSIDE: Morgan manages to get himself onto the upper ledge, rolls on his side, tries to catch his breath--

RITA

Get up!

She is already climbing to the roof just above--

EXT. HOTEL ROOF - NIGHT

Morgan and Rita reach the hotel roof. Up ahead is the second helicopter. They run towards it--

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Morgan and Rita get inside the cockpit. Rita fumbles around in her purse, takes out a set of keys. She sticks it in the ignition.

MORGAN  
You know how to fly it?

RITA  
Not at all.

MORGAN  
Then how--?

RITA  
You know how to fly it.

MORGAN  
Me?

RITA  
You designed it.

Morgan's face blanches.

MORGAN  
I did--?

EXT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Finster and the assassination squad rush down the hotel hallway, their guns pointed.

They arrive at the stairwell door, push the door open--

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

--Back to Morgan, as he looks helplessly at the helicopter's sophisticated array of controls. He shakes his head.

MORGAN  
But I don't know what to do!

RITA  
Morgan Sullivan doesn't know. Sebastian Rooks does.

MORGAN  
I can't remember Sebastian Rooks!

RITA  
You remembered he drank scotch, didn't you? And that he smoked cigarettes.

RITA (CONT'D)

And that he played golf. Those traits came through to you despite the brainwashing.

MORGAN

Flying a helicopter is a little more complicated, don't you think?

RITA

You remembered you loved me.

He looks at her...

She turns the key in the ignition. The helicopter's engine ROARS to life.

RITA (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

Fly it.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Finster and the agents rush up the stairwell, nearing the top to reach the roof...

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Morgan still searches over the controls, reaching for one knob, pulling his hand back, reaching for another switch, pulling back again--

RITA

Hurry!

ON MORGAN, looking at a complete loss.

MORGAN

Jesus, how can I remember...how can I...

RITA

Think!

Morgan pauses, closes his eyes, trying to concentrate--

The buzzing noise starts.

OUTSIDE: The agents emerge from the stairwell. Finster spots the helicopter on the other side, rushes towards it--

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER: Rita sees the agents coming, looks desperately at Morgan--

ON MORGAN, his breathing slower, the buzzing noise in his head louder--

OUTSIDE: The agents line up in a formation, surrounding the helicopter. Finster shouts out to Morgan and Rita.

FINSTER

Come out! Hands above your head!

IN THE HELICOPTER: Rita reaches in her purse, takes out her gun, ready for a desperate final stand--

FINSTER (CONT'D)

Give it up, Rooks! You're surrounded!

ON MORGAN, his eyes still closed--

A pause...

The buzzing noise abruptly stops.

Morgan opens his eyes--

MORGAN

I'm Sebastian Rooks.

With sudden expertise, Morgan reaches out, turns a knob on the control board, then another knob, then flicks a switch, and another--

Rita watches him with amazement--

OUTSIDE: Finster raises his arm to signal the other agents to open fire--

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER: Morgan grabs hold of the control stick. He looks at Rita, his face now at an eerie calm.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Fasten your seat belt.

She does. He presses a red button--

OUTSIDE: The helicopter blades REV and SPIN, kicking up wind everywhere. The agents step back, shield their eyes.

FINSTER

Open fire!

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER: Morgan pulls back the control stick. The helicopter starts to take off into the air--

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Bullets fly everywhere from all sides.

Rita ducks for cover. Morgan remains focused, keeps the control stick back, raising the helicopter higher and higher--

BELOW: The agents raise their guns up at the helicopter to fire off another round--

INSIDE THE HELICOPTER: Morgan keeps the stick poised, gazes ahead at the clear line of sky before him.

MORGAN

We're out.

He pushes forward on the control stick.

ZOOOMMMMM! The helicopter races through the air, darting ahead with lightning quickness--

ON THE ROOF: Finster and his team watch helplessly as the helicopter speeds off into the moonlit night sky, moving out of range of their weapons...

We pull away from the roof--

...from somewhere off screen, the notes of calypso music--

DISSOLVE TO:

MORGAN'S FACE:

He sits in a chair, sunglasses on, rays reflecting off the dark frames as he gazes ahead--

Pull back--

We are on a secluded beach. In the South Pacific. It is the island from Morgan's dream.

The sun is setting over crystal blue water. Waves lap against the shore. A tranquil, beautiful image.

ON MORGAN, as he gazes out at the sunset, then removes his sunglasses, shifts his gaze--

FURTHER DOWN THE BEACH: A woman approaches, walking on the sand towards him. She wears a bathing suit, the sun's rays behind her.

Her face comes into view--

Rita.

Looking more beautiful than ever. She holds two drinks. Her shoulder is bandaged. She arrives before Morgan.

RITA  
Scotch with lime.

Morgan smiles at her.

MORGAN  
You got here just in time.

She hands him one of the drinks, sits in a chair next to him. They both gaze out at the sunset a moment...

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
So this was my favorite thing to do?

RITA  
Every evening.

Morgan glances around the rest of the beach. A modest beach house is nearby.

MORGAN  
How long do I usually stay?

RITA  
Until your next job. It depends.

MORGAN  
Perhaps I should stay longer this time.

She looks over at him.

MORGAN (CONT'D)  
Given the circumstances.

She smiles.

RITA  
You do have a lot of catching up.

He looks back at her, into her eyes, in love. She leans towards him. They share a long kiss...

Rita settles back in her chair, returns her gaze out at the setting sun.

BACK TO MORGAN, as he picks up a pack of Chesterfields off the sand. He pulls one out, puts in his mouth, lights it--

The sun slips under the ocean horizon...

MORGAN'S FACE, as he watches the day come to an end. He drags deeply from the cigarette, sips from his scotch.

He savors the taste of both...

FADE OUT:

THE END