

CUBE

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Our knowledge will take it's revenge on us.

Friedrich Nietzsche

FADE IN:

INT. CUBE

A perfectly square, empty room. The walls are metallic, textured and symmetrical - 15 by 15 feet, with a sliding door embedded in the centre of each wall, the floor and ceiling.

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

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

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

Beyond is another cube, identical.

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

INT. CUBE 2

The door slides open. Alderson peers inside. He cautiously enters and looks around.

He steps to the nearest door and grasps the handle. Just then, he hears a low rumble, like distant thunder. He cringes, but the sound quickly passes. He opens the door.

INT. CUBE 3

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

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

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

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

TITLE: CUBE

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CITYSCAPE - VARIOUS SHOTS DAY

In the gathering gloom, the wire grid pattern is echoed in the steel and glass of skyscrapers rising into an oppressive grey sky. A steady rain falls, miring the streets below. It drums down on anonymous umbrellas that scuttle along, huddling like crabs against the towering facades.

EXT. STREET DAY

WORTH, 30, office-worn, gapes in horror at the banal drudgery of rush hour. He's soaking wet, his suit rumpled, hair plastered against his skull. He looks in disgust at the briefcase he carries in one hand and throws it into the nearest waste basket.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER LATER

Moving against the last trickle of suits, Worth is swallowed by a cavernous doorway.

INT. OFFICE FLOOR NIGHT

A large "veal pen" area, it's vacant cubicles still and dim. A light is on in one of the glass walled offices around the perimeter.

INT. WORTH'S OFFICE NIGHT

In his tiny office, Worth rifles his desk drawers one by one, feeding documents into a paper shredder.

Something makes him start. He checks the dimpled glass wall that divides him from the veal pen. Nothing.

He tries to break a computer disk with shaking hands. It snaps, the jagged plastic cutting him. He instinctively puts the wound to his mouth.

Worth sits at his desk, slides open the last drawer and looks gravely at what lays inside. He swivels his chair to face the window. The grid of the city is laid out before him, thousands of other offices, some dark, others brilliant and empty.

Worth checks his hands - steady now. He reaches into the drawer and takes out the gun.

He clicks off the safety, considers the weapon bleakly.

Worth closes his eyes, everything slows down as he narrows his focus to his last breath.

He raises the gun to his head - suddenly four strong hands grab the weapon and pin his arms. He tries to scream, but a hand covers his mouth.

Through the door, blurry figures struggle in Worth's office. The door slams shut.

INT. CUBE 4

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

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

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

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

FADE OUT

FADE IN: SHORT WHILE LATER

Worth hasn't moved.

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

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

He pulls himself in. His nametag reads QUENTIN. He turns, startled to see Worth.

QUENTIN

Hey.

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

QUENTIN

Hey!

Still no response. Quentin gives up. He stands and surveys his surroundings.

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

INT. CUBE 5

Quentin leans in, carefully scanning the space through the doorway.

Suddenly, a wire-thin pattern camouflaged into the walls springs to life, snaking out, spindly and mechanical.

Quentin pulls back just as a razor-sharp tendril slices past, tearing the flesh on his forearm.

BACK IN CUBE 4

Quentin falls back into the room and scrambles away. The door slides shut automatically. He turns to see . . .

Worth is gone! Quentin whips around.

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

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

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

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

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

QUENTIN

Sorry! Sorry. I'm sorry.

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

QUENTIN

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

HOLLOWAY

What do you want?

QUENTIN

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

HOLLOWAY

WHAT?

QUENTIN

I DON'T KNOW.

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

HOLLOWAY

What is this?

Nobody has an answer. Then . . .

WOMAN'S VOICE (OFF)

Help! Help!

They look for the source of it.

Quentin's eyes fall on the door to the trapped room. He springs for it.

INT. CUBE 5

Across the trapped cube, LEAVEN panics at an open door. She's late teens, a pretty girl-next-door. When Quentin appears, she immediately starts coming through.

QUENTIN

NO!

Quentin dives into the room as the insect-like wall comes to life. He clears the deadly arms and hits the floor. Leaven is frozen at the sight of a vicious tendril reaching for her. Quentin rolls and springs, steel nipping at his heels. He tackles Leaven back through the doorway.

INT. CUBE 6

Quentin lands on top, driving the wind out of her. Her glasses fly off, breaking on the floor. She gasps for air.

QUENTIN

Oh God, I'm sorry. Hang on, it'll come back.

She's trying to speak, he leans in to hear, but she grabs him around the neck and buries her face in his shoulder. He finds himself holding her on the floor. The gravity of it all begins to really sink in.

QUENTIN

Oh, Jesus.

BACK IN CUBE 4

Holloway backs away, horrified, starting to hyperventilate, eyes taking in the horrible symmetry of the cube. The door slides shut. Her gaze falls on Worth, his head hung in his hands.

HOLLOWAY

Hello? Mister? Mister?
(looks at nametag)
Worth!

Hearing his name jolts him. He looks up, into her eyes. The questions overwhelm her, she can't put them into words. Worth can only shrug at her in despair. She sinks to her knees.

INT. CUBE 6

Quentin switches into emergency response, trying to reassure Leaven with his control.

QUENTIN

I'm gonna sit you up, alright?

He leans her against the wall.

QUENTIN

Everything's going to be fine. Just gimme a minute to figure things out and we'll --

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

QUENTIN

How many people are in this thing?

LEAVEN

(gasps)

What was that?

QUENTIN

Some kind of trap.

This gets Rennes' attention. The old guy clambers into their cube.

BACK IN CUBE 4

Holloway levels her breathing, trying to get a hold of herself.

HOLLOWAY

Holy cats. Holy, holy cats. Okay.

(a deep breath)

How long have you been in here?

WORTH

I don't know.

Worth explores the back of his scalp with his fingers. They come back bloody. The sight of it sobers Holloway, gives her something to focus on.

HOLLOWAY

Let me take a look at that.

She probes the scalp wound, checks his pupils.

HOLLOWAY
Can you see okay?

Worth doesn't respond.

QUENTIN (OFF)
HEY!

HOLLOWAY
He's calling.
(Worth is blank)
YEAH?

INTERCUT: CUBE 4 AND 6

Quentin's got the door to the trapped room open. He stands well back from it.

QUENTIN
OPEN THE DOOR!

Leaven sees her glasses on the floor, picks them up. One of the lenses is spider-webbed with cracks. She touches the lens where a single shard of glass has fallen out, then watches uncomprehendingly as Rennes starts taking off his boots.

Quentin sees the door slide open a crack, Holloway peeks in. They carry on a conversation over the trapped room.

QUENTIN
It's okay, just stay back.

HOLLOWAY
Is she alright?

QUENTIN
Yeah. We found someone else.

Rennes is taking the laces out of his boots now.

QUENTIN
We have to get back together.

HOLLOWAY
Okay . . .

QUENTIN
Why don't we circle around and meet over there.

HOLLOWAY
Oh, I don't know. No, I don't think that's a very good idea.

Rennes has tied the end of the lace to the top eyelet of the boot. He hefts it by the lace, testing the weight.

Leaven watches, baffled.

Rennes slides open the floor door. He dangles the boot into the room by the lace, jigs it like he's fishing.

LEAVEN

Hey . . .

Quentin turns to see Rennes drop into the room below.

QUENTIN

Come back here!

Holloway's left hanging as Quentin disappears from the doorway.

Quentin calls down after Rennes.

QUENTIN

You'll get yourself killed.

Holloway's wants to know what's happening.

HOLLOWAY

Hello?

Quentin reappears at the door.

QUENTIN

Stay there.

He disappears again.

HOLLOWAY

Hey!

INT. CUBE 7

Quentin drops to the floor as Rennes climbs up to the next door.

QUENTIN

What are you doin'?

RENNES

Leaving.

Rennes hops into the next cube.

Leaven peers down from above fearfully. Quentin is torn between helping her and catching Rennes. He beckons her down, trying to hurry her along without appearing anxious.

QUENTIN

Lower yourself down, I got ya.

Leaven dangles from the ceiling. Quentin grabs her by the waist and practically carries her to the door.

QUENTIN

There you go, doing great.

INT. CUBE 8

Quentin opens the door to see Rennes across from him, already climbing into the next cube.

QUENTIN

Slow down, will ya?

INT. CUBE 9

Rennes grasps the next door handle. Quentin sticks his head through behind him.

QUENTIN

Stop!

Rennes finally stops. He sighs and turns to face Quentin.

The ceiling door slides open and Holloway scowls down at them.

HOLLOWAY

Don't just walk away without telling me! I thought you took off on us!

Holloway dangles in and is helped to the floor.

Worth awkwardly hangs through and drops, almost wiping them out. Quentin is concerned for him.

QUENTIN

Alright, buddy?

Worth shrugs him off and deflates against the wall.

Leaven eyes the newcomers. She doesn't trust anyone here but Quentin.

Rennes isn't waiting for introductions. He slides open the next door, draws back the boot to cast it in.

QUENTIN

Look old man, why don't you --

Rennes flings the boot into the next cube.

INT. CUBE 10

The boot hits the floor, triggering an iris that snaps open in the wall. A stream of liquid nitrogen spews from a thin nozzle. The boot instantly turns white, frozen solid.

BACK IN CUBE 9

Everyone gapes at the trapped room. Rennes reels the boot back in and dangles it in front of them.

RENNES

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

Rennes drops the boot. It shatters into a thousand shards on impact.

They stare at him slack-jawed. Leaven shakes uncontrollably.

Rennes puts the lace of his other boot in his teeth and slides open the next door. Quentin's hand locks on his shoulder.

QUENTIN

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

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

QUENTIN

Does anybody remember how they got here?

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

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

Leaven?

She doesn't respond, her mind racing.

QUENTIN

Leaven?

LEAVEN

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

QUENTIN

(to Worth)

What about you?

WORTH

Just woke up here.

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

LEAVEN
(weakly, pleading)
Who?

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

HOLLOWAY
Only the government could build
something this ugly.

QUENTIN
It ain't *government*.

HOLLOWAY
Then what is it?

QUENTIN
I don't know.

HOLLOWAY
(full of dread)
Aliens.

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

LEAVEN
My mom's gonna freak.

QUENTIN
Rennes?

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

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

QUENTIN
Whaddaya think, Rennes?

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

QUENTIN
Alright, I tend to agree.

LEAVEN
(weakly)
Shouldn't we wait here?

HOLLOWAY
For what?

LEAVEN
To see if anybody comes.

WORTH
No one's going to come.

Leaven sinks lower.

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

She measures her options.

HOLLOWAY
Okay.

QUENTIN
(to Worth)
What about you?

WORTH
It can't be that simple.

RENNES
It won't be that simple.

Everyone's attention turns to Rennes.

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

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

LEAVEN
I just want to wake up.

Quentin kneels down to her and concentrates all his energy into
propping her up.

QUENTIN

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

LEAVEN

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

QUENTIN

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

(intensely)

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

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

LEAVEN

Okay.

QUENTIN

Okay.

He helps her to her feet, then glares down at Worth.

QUENTIN

And let's try and stay positive.

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

QUENTIN

Boot it.

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

RENNES

Clean.

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

HOLLOWAY

What's wrong?

Worth scoffs. What isn't?

HOLLOWAY
Are you dizzy?

WORTH
No.

HOLLOWAY
Are you nauseous?
(shakes his head)
Then come on.

Holloway holds out her hand to help him up. He stares at her for a long moment, trying to find the will to live. She's not taking no for an answer. He sighs and grabs her hand.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CUBE 11 LATER

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

Quentin hits the floor, also barefoot now, his boots strung around his neck by the laces. There's a makeshift bandage on his wound. He reaches back to help Leaven through the door.

Leaven is considerably calmed. She takes his hand and climbs through.

Worth and Holloway wait their turn as Leaven passes through ahead of them. Worth is flagging. Holloway keeps an eye on him.

Leaven's attention is caught by something engraved on the inner edge of the door - a series of numbers. She runs her finger across their relief.

Just then, the distant rumble reverberates through them.

HOLLOWAY
That one sounded closer.

RENNES
Mechanical. Seems to come at regular intervals.

QUENTIN
Maybe it's a ventilation system.

RENNES
No vents.

HOLLOWAY
No kidding, I'm boiling.

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

They come into focus: 341 812 142.

Quentin sees her squinting out of her broken lens.

QUENTIN
Whaddaya got there?

LEAVEN
Numbers.

Everyone gathers to look.

HOLLOWAY
They're different on this side.

QUENTIN
Serial numbers?

HOLLOWAY
Room numbers! They're different in each room.

WORTH
Great. There's only three hundred-forty-one million, eight hundred thousand odd rooms in this thing.

HOLLOWAY
There better not be. We have about three days without food and water.

This jolts Leaven. She gets scared again.

LEAVEN
They have to feed us, don't they?

QUENTIN
(pleading)
Holloway . . .

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

HOLLOWAY
We have heat, stress, physical exertion - like every major cause of dehydration. You can defer to me on this one, I am a doctor.

Rennes suddenly reaches out and rips a button off her shirt, exposing a little more cleavage. Holloway is shocked.

RENNES
Suck on it.

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

RENNES
Keeps the saliva going.

Holloway is speechless. He gives her the button.

Rennes hops through into the next cube.

Worth is mildly impressed.

Holloway turns to Quentin, dumbfounded by the man. Quentin shrugs.

Leaven looks down at her buttons, then suddenly rips one off and stuffs it in her mouth.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CUBE 12 LATER

The door slides open, framing Holloway. Quentin is at her shoulder. Their appearances have degenerated dramatically.

HOLLOWAY

How many rooms is that?

Rennes elbows them aside, looking drawn and tense too.

RENNES

Twenty-eight.

He lobs the boot - it's only half a boot now, but it lands safely.

He climbs in stiffly and leans against the wall to rest.

They're all barefoot now, carrying their boots. The place has oppressed them, taken it's toll.

Holloway mumbles, talking herself over her crisis.

Quentin waits for Leaven, straggling. He waves Worth through.

QUENTIN

Go.

Worth drags himself in, followed by Holloway. He sees Rennes leaning against the wall. The old guy's having trouble, but he's not going to admit it. He cocks his chin to the door closest to Worth. Worth rotates the handle.

WORTH

I wonder what's on the other side?

INT. FEATURELESS CUBE

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

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

HOLLOWAY

Hey. Look at this.

Rennes joins them, his eyes narrow.

LEAVEN

What is it?

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

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

INT. FEATURELESS CUBE

Stepping gingerly, Quentin looks around.

QUENTIN

Maybe it's the end.

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

WORTH

Yeah. Dead end.

Quentin kicks the wall with a metallic clang in frustration.

QUENTIN

Well, I don't know what the hell it is.

BACK IN CUBE 13

HOLLOWAY

It's gotta be sealed for a reason.

WORTH

Sure. To keep us from getting out.

Quentin shoots him a look as he climbs back to rejoin them.

QUENTIN

Go around.

RENNES

This way.

He opens the door. Leaven is frazzled, her brief glimmer of hope crushed.

LEAVEN

How long have we been here?

QUENTIN

Not that long. Eight or nine hours.

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

QUENTIN

The last thing I remember is shaving.

LEAVEN

(distantly)

My parents are getting up.

QUENTIN

Good. The sooner they report it, the better.

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

QUENTIN

What?

RENNES

The air seems dry in there.

Rennes sniffs at it like a bloodhound and backs off, scratching his head. His eyes roam over each of them in turn. They're a befuddled, motley crew. Suddenly he reaches out and rips the bandage off Quentin's arm.

QUENTIN

OW!

Rennes tosses the bandage into the room.

INT. CUBE 13

A wire-thin mechanism springs up from the floor. A stream of flame explodes from the nozzle, incinerating the cloth in mid-air.

INT. CUBE 12

Leaven gapes in disbelief. The door slides shut. Quentin glares at Rennes in pain.

QUENTIN

(through his teeth)

You could have asked for it.

HOLLOWAY

Who thinks this stuff up?

QUENTIN

Forget about that. Why the hell didn't the boot set it off?

RENNES

Boot's not alive. Molecular chemical sensor. Detects hydrogen sulphide excreted from the skin.

HOLLOWAY

(dryly, to Quentin)
You produce more of it when you're nervous.

Quentin zeroes in on Rennes.

QUENTIN

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

RENNES

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

QUENTIN

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

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

QUENTIN

"Renn".

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

QUENTIN

Sensor expert . . . about the right age . . . I don't believe it.
(has to laugh)
This guy's "The Wren".

Rennes boots the room. It's safe. Leaven twigs.

LEAVEN

The Wren? That Wren?

Worth and Holloway are lost.

HOLLOWAY

The what?

She looks to Worth for an explanation.

WORTH

Sorry.

QUENTIN

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

RENNES
(pride shows through)
Seven.

HOLLOWAY
Your're kidding, right?

LEAVEN
He has his own web site.

Leaven goes to him, desperate with hope.

LEAVEN
You can. You can get us out.

RENNES
Maybe.

HOLLOWAY
An escape artist!

LEAVEN
He's like *the best*.

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

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

(snaps his fingers)
Don't speak. Don't speculate. Don't think about *nothing* that's not right in front of you. This here is a prison of the mind. That's the real trap.

INTERCUT: CUBE 19 AND 18

Rennes hops in.

RENNES
Thinking will kill you every time.

A tearing sound. He stops dead. He's been impaled through the side by a spike extending from the floor.

A metallic hose drops cobra-like from the ceiling.

The others gape at it, then all start yelling at once.

Rennes struggles to free himself. The metallic hose comes to a stop inches in front of his face.

RENNES

Merde.

A stream of liquid gushes out of the nozzle, spraying Rennes in the face with a sickening searing sound.

Holloway tries to climb in, they hold her back. Rennes screams in agony as the liquid burns through his skin, leaving a trail of white smoke.

The door slides shut.

INT. CUBE 18

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

QUENTIN

GET HIM OUT!

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

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

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

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

LEAVEN

Oh my God. Oh my God.

QUENTIN

What happened?

Leaven starts to retch.

HOLLOWAY

Don't. Leaven, don't! You'll dehydrate even faster!

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

Quentin and Holloway exchange looks of dread. The shit just got a lot deeper.

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

DISSOLVE TO: LATER

Quentin paces. The others lay despondent on the floor.

QUENTIN

So it was electro-chemical or whatever.
Right?

Nobody answers him.

QUENTIN

Did he, or did he *not* boot that room?

HOLLOWAY

He *did*.

QUENTIN

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

Quentin simmers. He stops pacing and stares down at the corpse.

QUENTIN

(simmers)

Of all the *sickness* and evil things
I've seen, this is . . .

Beyond words. He rolls the body over with his toe to hide the face.
He turns back to them with grim determination.

QUENTIN

Alright, it's time to reassess this
fucking place.

HOLLOWAY

I've been over it again and again . . .
. . . are we being *punished*?

LEAVEN

I've never done anything to deserve
this.

HOLLOWAY

Why would they throw innocent people in
here?

QUENTIN

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

WORTH

(meaning Rennes)

That's what he said.

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

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

HOLLOWAY

(thinks hard)

Well, I'm a social activist. Maybe I was blacklisted as a lefty, a threat to the establishment.

QUENTIN

Maybe? Maybe the starting point for that deduction is outside these walls. We aren't. Start with us. Like do you think we're here *randomly*?

Holloway and Leaven try to wrap their brains around it.

QUENTIN

I don't. We got an escape artist and a cop. There's gotta be a reason for that.

(they're still lost)

Holloway, you're a *doctor*. That gives you a function, a *reason*.

HOLLOWAY

(tries to fathom it)

No, it just makes me go *why me* and not one of the ten million other doctors out there.

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

QUENTIN

Leaven? What are you?

LEAVEN

(in despair)

Nothing.

QUENTIN

Come on, work with me.

LEAVEN

I just go to school. I hang out with my friends.

QUENTIN

What else?

LEAVEN

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

HOLLOWAY

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

WORTH

One down, four to go.

Nobody finds that the least bit amusing. Quentin scowls.

QUENTIN

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

WORTH

I've often wondered that myself.

Quentin leans in on him, playing the heavy.

QUENTIN

Well?

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

WORTH

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

HOLLOWAY

I can't *stand* that attitude.

LEAVEN

'Cause he's right.

WORTH

What's your purpose, Quentin?

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

QUENTIN

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

(pause, determined)

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

WORTH

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

His deadpan obnoxiousness stupifies them again. Holloway is affronted.

HOLLOWAY

Nice. Nice.

("jacks off" with her hand)

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

(feels her neck)

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

QUENTIN

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

LEAVEN

(beyond saving)

I'd rather starve than die like that.

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

QUENTIN

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

He hands her her glasses, beside her on the floor. She takes them dejectedly, but doesn't get up.

Something suddenly occurs to Quentin

QUENTIN

Leaven? Your glasses.

She looks at them blankly.

QUENTIN

You don't need them.

LEAVEN

They're for reading.

QUENTIN

Then why are they here? They took off her jewelry, but they must have put those on you.

LEAVEN

So?

QUENTIN

So if nothing's random, why are they here?

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

QUENTIN

The *numbers*.

(then)

Come here. Leaven.

He half drags her to the trapped door.

LEAVEN

What? Don't.

He slides open the door and wipes the spattered blood off the numbers. Leaven looks at the numbers blankly, then back to Quentin. It's suddenly clear. She focusses her attention on the numbers.

QUENTIN

What do you do in school, Leaven?

She lets him say it.

QUENTIN

Math.

Even Worth perks up his ears. Holloway crowds in with sudden hope.

HOLLOWAY

What can they mean?

QUENTIN

Shh.

Leaven's brow furrows in concentration.

LEAVEN

751 . . . no . . .

HOLLOWAY

What?

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

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

HOLLOWAY

What?

LEAVEN

Prime numbers.

(they stare)

You know what they are?

QUENTIN

Sorta.

WORTH

A number only divisible by one and itself.

LEAVEN

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

HOLLOWAY

See what?

LEAVEN

It seems like . . . if any of these are prime numbers, the room is trapped. Okay. Um. 532 - that's not prime. 254 - no. 931 . . . Right, 7 times 133, not prime either. So this room is safe.

QUENTIN

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

LEAVEN

I'm not. The freezer thing was prime - 777. The cheese grater had 371, Lawnmower blade had 935 --

HOLLOWAY

You remember all that? In your head?

Leaven shrugs, irritated to have to explain.

LEAVEN

I have a facility for it.

QUENTIN
Leaven, you beautiful brain.

He eyes the room beyond the door. He nods to Holloway.

QUENTIN
Boot it.

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

QUENTIN
Okay, outa the way.

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

INT. CUBE 14

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

LEAVEN
Safe!

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

LEAVEN
Prime numbers! Prime numbers!

BACK IN CUBE 12

Quentin has to laugh. The girl's got spunk. He heads through after her.

Worth and Holloway eye one another, Worth blasé as usual. Holloway can't relax yet. She looks at the body.

HOLLOWAY
We might need that.

She retrieves the boot slung around it's shoulder, then stands, ready to go.

WORTH
One size fits all.

Rennes' barefoot corpse lies facedown in the empty, groaning room. The door slides closed.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CUBE 15 LATER

Quentin slides open a door for Leaven. She shakes her head in amazement at another identical room.

LEAVEN

It's like M.C. Escher.

She pours over the numbers. Her mind is working now, taking up the challenge.

LEAVEN

Like a *puzzle*.

QUENTIN

Right. One piece at a time.

Quentin eyes Holloway pointedly - she's mumbling, fidgety and claustrophobic.

HOLLOWAY

I'm trying *not* to think.

QUENTIN

It's a matter of *focus*.

HOLLOWAY

How can I *focus* and not *think*? I'm not a Buddhist.

QUENTIN

Neither is Leaven. Neither am I.

Worth loiters apart from them, presiding with detachment.

WORTH

Are there any Buddhist cops, Quentin?

Quentin scowls at him. Worth shrugs.

WORTH

I'm just asking. It's an interesting question.

QUENTIN

No, it's not.

LEAVEN

Prime. 777. This one's trapped.

They peer into it with sick fascination. Holloway fingers her boot.

HOLLOWAY

I wonder what it is?

QUENTIN

Don't waste the boot. Over here.

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

QUENTIN

Doing good.

She meets his eyes, smiles shyly and turns back to the numbers. Quentin's gaze lingers, but is drawn away by . . .

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

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

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

Talk, then. Have a conversation.

WORTH

I just tried that.

QUENTIN

No, you made a wisecrack.
(to get ball rolling)
What kind of doctor are you, Holloway?

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

Sometimes.

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

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

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

Well. She didn't either.

Oops. An awkward moment for everyone.

QUENTIN

She's not *dead*, we're just not together anymore.

HOLLOWAY

(a little relieved)
Oh, I'm sorry.

Quentin shrugs it off, exasperated.

HOLLOWAY

There's no way I can just chat. It sounds like Beckett.

LEAVEN

None of these are prime.

QUENTIN

Okay! Clear.

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

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

QUENTIN

You could try and help me here, buddy.

Worth sighs and steps up to the door.

WORTH

No, I couldn't.

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

INT. CUBE 16 LATER

Quentin and Leaven are looking at the numbers of an open floor door.

LEAVEN

This one's trapped too.

HOLLOWAY

We have to *backtrack*?

QUENTIN

Not yet.

He looks up at the ceiling door, then to Leaven. She knows what he's thinking. She steps closer.

LEAVEN

Okay.

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

Leaven rises to the ceiling door, standing on Quentin's shoulders. She grabs the handle, tries to twist it.

LEAVEN

It's stuck.

QUENTIN

Reef on it.

She tries again. Nothing. The others stare up at her. She gives it her all. It suddenly gives and slides open.

Shouts of surprise as A YOUNG MAN falls through the doorway on top of them. They land in a heap on the floor.

LEAVEN

Owww!

Quentin immediately goes to help her. She's smacked her elbow painfully on the floor and she's pissed.

LEAVEN

You total idiot!

The young man sits up. His nametag says KAZAN. He has strange, boyish features and his movements are jerky and spastic.

LEAVEN

Oh.

There's something up with the guy. He stands, ignoring them, engulfed in his own strangely focussed world. His hands flutter, fingertips tapping themselves. They all stare at him blankly.

QUENTIN

What the fuck, over?

Kazan turns his back on them puts his nose right against the wall.

LEAVEN

Too wierd.

Holloway moves toward him gently.

HOLLOWAY

Hi, there.

(no response)

Are you all alone?

KAZAN
This room is green.

HOLLOWAY
That's right.

KAZAN
This room is green.

HOLLOWAY
Yes, it is.

He turns to her, agitated, avoiding eye contact.

KAZAN
I wanna go back to the blue room.

QUENTIN
Holloway?

HOLLOWAY
Green rooms are nice too.

QUENTIN
Holloway, what's with him?

HOLLOWAY
He's mentally handicapped, if that's
what you're referring to.

QUENTIN
A retard?

KAZAN
(bursts out)
Re-tard! Re-tard!

The outburst passes as quickly as it came. They gape at him.

KAZAN
Blue room's best.

QUENTIN
Jesus Christ.

LEAVEN
He almost broke my neck!

HOLLOWAY
It's not his fault.

LEAVEN
No?

HOLLOWAY
 (comforting Kazan)
 Hey, honey. Can you hold my hand?
 There. Everything's okay.

Worth moves in, trying to suss out Kazan. Kazan won't make eye contact.

WORTH
 How'd he survive?

HOLLOWAY
 He probably hasn't moved.

KAZAN
 I wanna go back to the blue room.

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

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

LEAVEN
 This is way bizarre.

HOLLOWAY
 Well, you just worry about your numbers then.

Leaven and Quentin share a look.

HOLLOWAY
 Go on. I'll look after him.

Quentin shakes his head in disbelief. Leaven points up.

LEAVEN
 Safe. Obviously, if he fell on my head.

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

QUENTIN
 (quietly, to Leaven)
 Whatever keeps her "occupied".

Leaven agrees. Quentin starts climbing the wall rungs.

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

HOLLOWAY
Um . . . Quentin?

He stops climbing and looks down at her.

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

QUENTIN
What?

HOLLOWAY
We only have to backtrack a little.

QUENTIN
(a warning)
Holloway . . .

KAZAN
(an echo)
Holloway . . .

INT. CUBE 17 LATER

Everyone is waiting for Leaven to crack the numbers.

Kazan is still echoing Quentin's inflection.

KAZAN
Holloway . . . Holloway . . .
Holloway . . .

Leaven shoots Holloway a glance.

HOLLOWAY
Shh, honey.

KAZAN
Butter first, then honey.

LEAVEN
Clear.

They line up single file to climb through.

Worth smiles dryly at their military precision. He starts whistling the theme from "Bridge On the River Kwai".

INT. VARIOUS CUBES MONTAGE

The group marches start-stop in single file through the cubes.

Holloway joins in, whistling the marching tune.

Kazan tries to whistle too, encouraged by her.

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

Leaven figures numbers.

Quentin swings through a door.

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CUBE 18 LATER

A door opens on a dim cube, framing Leaven, increasingly tired and frayed. With a sigh she looks to the numbers.

INT. CUBE 19

The others are collapsed in various stages of disrepair, waiting for Leaven. Worth looks at the numbers over her shoulder.

WORTH

I thought math geeks liked repetition.

LEAVEN

Not when I'm part of the equation.

(doesn't like him at her
shoulder)

Do you mind?

Quentin eyes Kazan, who paces, fluttering his finger tips, making annoying little whining noises.

Holloway looks over the cube nervously, slipping back into the big questions.

Kazan stops next to Leaven, too close for comfort. He stares at her.

KAZAN

Girl.

LEAVEN

(with distaste)

Yeah.

HOLLOWAY

Kazan, you have to let her work, okay?
Come over here with me.

Kazan does as he's told, moving back to Holloway.

HOLLOWAY

(to Leaven)

He's actually quite high functioning.

QUENTIN

Right.

HOLLOWAY

Sit down, honey.

He can't. He's too fidgety. He whines.

QUENTIN

Can't you get him to stop doing that?

HOLLOWAY

He's scared.

WORTH

He's *bored*.

QUENTIN

Then why don't you play patty cake with him, Worth.

HOLLOWAY

He's not a two year old. He wants to be included.

QUENTIN

In *what*?

HOLLOWAY

Give him a job. Let him open the doors.

Quentin scoffs. Then he looks at Kazan again. Anything to stop that noise he's making.

QUENTIN

You wanna open the doors, Kazan?

KAZAN

Doors.

QUENTIN

You want a job, you have to do what I say. You can *open* the doors, but you can't go *through* them, okay? Not 'till I say.

HOLLOWAY

Give him a signal so he knows which door.

QUENTIN

A "signal"? Christ Almighty.

Quentin points his finger, thumb up, like a gun, at a door.

QUENTIN

Okay, that's the signal. When I do that, you open the door.

Kazan goes to open the door.

QUENTIN

Not yet!

HOLLOWAY

Next time, honey.

Leaven turns away from the numbers, exasperated.

LEAVEN

You could try and help me concentrate.

QUENTIN

Sorry.

(to the others)
We're sorry.

LEAVEN

Clear.

QUENTIN

Kazan.

He gives the signal to a door in the next cube.

QUENTIN

Go open that door. *Don't do anything else.*

Kazan clambers through. Leaven follows, rolling her eyes. Quentin shakes his head at Holloway.

HOLLOWAY

What?

INT. CUBE 20

Quentin hops in. Holloway follows. Kazan opens the door for Leaven. She looks in on yet another identical cube.

LEAVEN

What a surprise.

HOLLOWAY

Where do you *hide* something this big?

They ignore her. She can't leave it alone.

HOLLOWAY

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

Quentin turns to her in exasperation.

QUENTIN

What are you talking about?

HOLLOWAY

I'm talking about where do you hide this?

QUENTIN

Albuquerque?

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

Oh, Jesus. Come in, Holloway? You're breaking up out there in the stratosphere.

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

Free clinic Doctors?

HOLLOWAY

Pah!

LEAVEN

Excuse me.

They're not finished with one another, so they move away from Leaven. Worth is getting some amusement from their whispered argument.

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

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

HOLLOWAY

How could you know, from where you are?

QUENTIN

Who do you think the establishment is?
It's just guys like me. Their desks
are bigger, but their jobs aren't.
They don't *conspire*, they buy boats.

LEAVEN

Safe?

QUENTIN

Thank you.

Quentin gives Kazan the signal - he's been staring at Quentin's hand, waiting for it.

Leaven climbs through behind Kazan. Worth gives Quentin and Holloway a dry smile and follows. They are left alone.

QUENTIN

Conspiracy is rare, Holloway. That's
why it gets so much attention. This
place is . . . it's gotta be like
"The Man with the Golden Gun" - some
rich psycho's entertainment.

HOLLOWAY

That's what you think?
(sighs and gives up)
Okay. You're a cop. Single bullet
theory. Right on.

LEAVEN (OFF)

Hey!

INT. CUBE 21

Quentin and Holloway collide trying to climb in.

QUENTIN AND HOLLOWAY

What?

Leaven stares into a room. She throws open the door.

LEAVEN

Another room!

Another cube. Holloway deflates.

HOLLOWAY

Oh, Jesus, I thought we made it.

Worth finds it amusing. Holloway snaps at Leaven, over reacting.

HOLLOWAY

Don't ever do that again!

LEAVEN
(taken aback)
I was just kidding.

HOLLOWAY
Well, *don't*. Please, my nerves are way
too frayed for that.

LEAVEN
I *guess*.

She goes back to the numbers. Holloway's been thrown for a loop.
She tries to justify her outburst.

HOLLOWAY
Man oh man. I'm sorry, but enclosed
spaces really aren't my thing. I start
getting antsy if I can't see the sky.

She wipes the sweat off her brow.

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

They all realize they've been sweating a bit.

WORTH
I think it is.

QUENTIN
It's probably just us.

Leaven finishes with the numbers and rubs her eyes. She turns to
Holloway, who's closest, and nods her through.

LEAVEN
Safe.

INT. CUBE 22 (RED)

Holloway climbs in.

HOLLOWAY
Wouldn't that be great? You can avoid
all the traps, but it turns out to be a
giant oven.

She drops the last couple of feet.

Holloway hits the floor. Her eyes snap wide. Her hands go to her
throat. She's unable to get a breath.

LEAVEN
What's wrong?

Holloway lets out a horrible choking gasp.

BACK IN CUBE 21

All hell breaks loose.

QUENTIN
Something's got her!

LEAVEN
GAS!

QUENTIN
HOLLOWAY! GET BACK HERE!

Kazan whines.

INT. CUBE 22

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

HOLLOWAY
It's okay, I just swallowed a button.

They deflate with groans in the other room.

Leaven climbs through, shaken.

LEAVEN
I hate this. I hate this.

Worth comes through next, chuckling at her expense.

BACK IN CUBE 21

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

INT. CUBE 21

Quentin climbs through, addresses Holloway.

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

Holloway shakes it off and starts back through to Kazan.

Worth is with Leaven, looking at the numbers. She's trying to concentrate, but she's burnt out, eyes tired.

LEAVEN
It's like cramming without coffee.

WORTH
(to Quentin)
She needs a break.

QUENTIN
She can do it.

BACK IN CUBE 20

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

INTERCUT: CUBE 21 AND 20

Worth tries to help out Leaven.

WORTH
They don't look prime to me.

QUENTIN
Is that your two bits worth, Worth?

WORTH
For what it's worth.

QUENTIN
Go ahead then.

He nods into the cube. Worth doesn't trust his calculations that much. He declines. Leaven concentrates harder.

Kazan's whining rises in pitch, making them cringe.

QUENTIN
What are you doing to him, Holloway?

Holloway turns Kazan away from the door. He quiets.

QUENTIN
(to Leaven)
Well?

She comes to a conclusion.

LEAVEN
Well, he's right.

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

INT. CUBE 22

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

LEAVEN
STOP!

INTERCUT: CUBE 22, 21 and 20

Quentin freezes.

Leaven and Worth stare in horror.

LEAVEN
If front of you!

Holloway's attention is snapped away from Kazan.

HOLLOWAY
What is it?

He squints to see a wall of thin, vertical wires directly ahead.

He whirls away as another wall of wires materializes behind him.

Holloway and Leaven both start shouting at once.

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

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

Worth just stares, blank, drained.

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

Kazan screeches in fear, ear splitting and ceaseless.

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

INT. CUBE 24

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

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

QUENTIN
SHUUUUUT UUUUUUP!

The door slides closed on Kazan, muffling his racket.

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

Holloway is trying to look at Quentin's arm.

QUENTIN

Oowww!

HOLLOWAY

Quentin! Hold still!

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

QUENTIN

Will somebody STOP THAT RACKET?

HOLLOWAY

Worth.

She cocks her chin at the door. Worth loiters helplessly.

HOLLOWAY

Do it.

He reluctantly goes to the door.

QUENTIN

Leave the boot.

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

QUENTIN

AND SHUT THE FUCKING DOOR!

He slams it shut from the other side.

INT. CUBE 23

With a sinking feeling, Worth realizes Quentin's closing in on him. He turns to Kazan, screeching in the middle of the room, rapidly banging his ears with his hands, cutting the sound in and out.

BACK IN CUBE 24

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

QUENTIN

He knew about that trap.

HOLLOWAY

(to Leaven)

Did he?

LEAVEN

I . . . I don't think so.

QUENTIN

Oowww!

HOLLOWAY

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HOLLOWAY

(to Leaven)

Did he?

LEAVEN

I . . . I don't think so.

QUENTIN

I had a feeling about that fucking guy.

LEAVEN

These numbers are not prime.

QUENTIN

Then your number system failed, but he *knew*.

HOLLOWAY

Knew what? How would he know?

HOLLOWAY

You tell *me*. You're the paranoid one, Holloway.

INT. CUBE 23

Worth cringes at Kazan's noise, trying to get his attention.

WORTH

Hey. Hey? You wanna keep it down?
Hello? KAZAN!

Kazan stops screaming suddenly, but keeps patting his ears. Worth gently takes his hands.

WORTH

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

KAZAN

Noisy.

WORTH

Not anymore. See? Everything's quiet.

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

INT. CUBE 24

QUENTIN

Think about it. His only function so far has been to kick us when we're down.

HOLLOWAY

So he has a bad attitude. You think that makes him a *spy*?

Quentin doesn't know what to think. Leaven shrugs, remaining neutral.

BACK IN CUBE 23

Worth knows he has no choice but to go back in there and face them. But all Kazan's body language says he doesn't want to go near the place.

WORTH

You got a problem with that room too?

KAZAN

Yeah.

WORTH

What's wrong with it?

KAZAN

Red is worst.

WORTH

Red is?

KAZAN

Yeah. Blue is better.

BACK IN CUBE 24

Worth slides open the door on the red room. Kazan is beside him, hands covering his eyes.

WORTH

He doesn't like the red rooms.

Worth stoically helps Kazan in and sits him down.

The mood has become hostile. Leaven hides in the numbers. Holloway attends to Quentin's leg, they exchange glances.

WORTH

So what happened?

Quentin scoffs at him.

LEAVEN

It wasn't prime.

QUENTIN

You saw what happened.

HOLLOWAY

Quentin.

She makes him sit still while she wraps his leg.

LEAVEN

The numbers must be more complicated than I thought.

WORTH

Maybe they mean nothing at all.

LEAVEN

No, they're more involved. I'm sure.
I just need some time with them.

HOLLOWAY

We need to rest anyway.

QUENTIN

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

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

DISSOLVE TO: LATER

Quentin paces like a caged animal. He looks at Worth, who lays on
the floor, eyes closed.

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

Holloway waits on Leaven, still at the numbers.

HOLLOWAY

How's it coming?

LEAVEN

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

QUENTIN

Leave her alone.

HOLLOWAY

We're gonna go nuts in here.

QUENTIN

You wanted to rest, so rest.

HOLLOWAY

(holds her head)

Remember those CIA mind control
experiments?

QUENTIN

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

He paces sullenly, driven nuts with inactivity, growing irritated
with each of them. Suddenly he stops and boils over at Kazan.

QUENTIN

Will you stop staring at my hand?

Worth opens his eyes sourly.

QUENTIN

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

Holloway can't stop bothering Leaven.

HOLLOWAY

Are they telling you *anything*?

LEAVEN

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

QUENTIN

(to Worth)

They're like *people*.

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

LEAVEN

Oh *gross*.

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

HOLLOWAY

Not here, honey. Over in the corner.

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

HOLLOWAY

He's just *peeing*.

QUENTIN

Jesus Christ.

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

LEAVEN

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

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

QUENTIN

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

Quentin advances on him, gets nose to nose.

QUENTIN

What's your fucking *problem*, Worth?

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

QUENTIN

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

Quentin means business. He starts pacing again.

WORTH

Are you taking charge now, Quentin?

QUENTIN

Somebody has to take responsibility around here.

WORTH

And that somebody has to be you.

QUENTIN

Not all of us have the luxury of playing nihilist.

WORTH

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

Quentin stops dead, controlling his anger.

QUENTIN

This is a will to live. Everybody's got it, Worth. Even you. *Especially* you.

WORTH

That's the warm, cozy feeling deep inside. Thanks Quentin. I'm a new man.

QUENTIN

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

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

QUENTIN

Do it. Be a man. Make a decision.
Show us you have some backbone.

Worth is finally showing some emotion.

WORTH

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

QUENTIN

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

WORTH

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

QUENTIN

You're *pitiful*. Put us out of your
misery so we can get on with getting
out of here.

WORTH

You're not getting out of here!

QUENTIN

YES WE ARE!

WORTH

NO YOU'RE NOT!

QUENTIN

YOU'RE NOT!

WORTH

NOBODY IS! THERE IS NO WAY OUT OF
HERE!

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

QUENTIN

Gotcha.

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

HOLLOWAY
(whispers)
How do you know that?

Quentin leans in - gentle now, sympathetic.

QUENTIN
Answer her, Worth. It's okay.
Worth can't. He's speechless, frozen.

QUENTIN
You know you can't go on like this.
Worth swallows, slowly breaking down. He glances at Holloway sadly.

HOLLOWAY
Oh, God.

QUENTIN
Who are you, Worth?

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

Dead, terrified silence.

HOLLOWAY
The what?

WORTH
The shell. The sarcophagus.

LEAVEN
You *built* this thing?

He's crying now. Quentin's sympathy is chilling.

QUENTIN
Easy, son. It's all out in the open
now.

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

HOLLOWAY
You *designed* it?

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

LEAVEN

A cube?

They symmetry around them takes on a new horror.

LEAVEN

Why didn't you tell us?

WORTH

I couldn't.

Holloway looks deeply into him, seeing the truth.

HOLLOWAY

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

WORTH

No.

QUENTIN

(calm, quiet)

Worth. Don't lie.

He cracks, sobbing again.

WORTH

Not at first.

HOLLOWAY

Who . . . created it? Who hired you?

WORTH

(shrugs sadly)

I don't know. I didn't ask.

QUENTIN

Worth . . .

WORTH

It's true! I never even left my office. I talked on the phone to some people, other guys like me, specialists, working on small details. Nobody knew what it was. Nobody cared.

The story hangs in the air.

QUENTIN

I don't buy that for a second.

LEAVEN

Didn't you wonder?

WORTH

That's why I'm here.

QUENTIN

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

HOLLOWAY

No, Quentin.

(dawning on her)

That's how they stay *hidden*. Keep everyone separated so the left hand doesn't know what the right is doing. The brain never comes out in the open.

QUENTIN

Whose brain?

HOLLOWAY

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

(energized)

I was right. All along, I knew. I swear to God, the number of friends I've lost who said I was paranoid. We've got to get out of here and blow the lid off this thing!

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

HOLLOWAY

What?

(pitifully)

Don't laugh at me.

WORTH

Holloway. You don't get it.

HOLLOWAY

Then help me. Please.

WORTH

This may be hard for you guys to understand, but there *is no conspiracy*. No one is responsible. Can you grasp that? Big brother is *not* watching you. When you get to the top, there's no one there - not the military, not banks or Masons or little green men.

(MORE)

WORTH (Cont'd)
All there is, at the top of the
mountain, is boundless human stupidity.

QUENTIN
What kind of explanation is that?
Somebody had to say yes to this.

WORTH
To what?

QUENTIN
This!

WORTH
What is *this*?

QUENTIN
This fucking thing.

WORTH
Only we know what this is.

QUENTIN
We have *no idea* what it is.

WORTH
We know more than anybody else.
Somebody might have known sometime,
before they got fired, or voted out, or
sold it. But if this place ever had a
purpose, it got miscommunicated, lost
in the shuffle. This is an accident.
A forgotten, perpetual public works
project. Do you think anybody wants to
ask questions? All they want is a
clear conscience and a fat paycheck. I
leaned on my shovel for months on this
one. It was a good job.

QUENTIN
But . . . why put people in it?

WORTH
Because it's *here*. You have to use it
or it's pointless.

QUENTIN
But . . . it is pointless.

WORTH
Quentin. That's the point.

A bleak window of understanding is opening up for Holloway.

HOLLOWAY

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

WORTH

Not really. It's just more pathetic.

Leaven has been taking all this in skeptically. Worth's cosmology doesn't seem to bother her at all.

LEAVEN

I'm sorry. This place is way too precise to be accidental.

WORTH

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

HOLLOWAY

This is how we ruin the world?

LEAVEN

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

QUENTIN

It's *his* fault, not ours. You make me sick, Worth.

WORTH

I make me sick too, but you're just like me. We're guys with jobs. I drew a box, you walk a beat. The world is *complicated*. It's just like you said: keep your head down, keep it simple, just look at what's in front of you. Nobody wants to see the big picture. I mean let's face it: *we're out of control* . . . that's why we're here.

Quentin simmers, unable to grasp it.

WORTH

Well, I feel better.

HOLLOWAY

That's why you stayed. To confess.

She's right. Quentin is hyperventilating.

QUENTIN

You still looking for someone to bust,
Quentin?

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

HOLLOWAY

Quentin! Stop it! STOP IT!

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

LEAVEN

We need him.

QUENTIN

What for?

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

He's a fucking collaborator.

LEAVEN

I have to ask him some questions.

Quentin hesitates. Worth offers no resistance. Quentin drops him in disgust.

He paces, mumbling. What happened? The interrogation was good, but the confession went all wrong. He realizes everyone is watching him.

QUENTIN

You wanna ask him questions, or what?

Leaven squats beside Worth. She's not very sympathetic.

LEAVEN

Worth.

WORTH

Hi.

LEAVEN

So there's this outer shell.

WORTH

Yeah.

LEAVEN

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

WORTH

Yeah.

LEAVEN

Are there doors?

WORTH

There's one door.

LEAVEN

Where?

WORTH

(shrugs)

Six guesses. And it's sealed from the outside.

Quentin starts listening angrily.

LEAVEN

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

WORTH

I assume so.

LEAVEN

By the looks of things.

WORTH

Yeah.

LEAVEN

So. What are the dimensions of the outer shell?

WORTH

(He gives the dimensions)

Leaven stands up and paces off the width of the room.

QUENTIN

What are you doing?

Kazan is sitting on the floor in Leaven's line

LEAVEN

May I?

HOLLOWAY

(moving Kazan)

Come on, honey, slide over.

Leaven reaches the end of her line.

LEAVEN
15 by 15 by 15.

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

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

LEAVEN
One cube?

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

LEAVEN
Okay. Well . . . that means the biggest the cube could be is . . . twenty rooms high, twenty across . . . eight thousand rooms.

HOLLOWAY
Eight thousand rooms?
(sits down heavily)
Oh, that makes me queasy.

Leaven's eyes light up with inspiration.

LEAVEN
DESCARTES!

She rushes to a door and looks at the numbers.

LEAVEN
Leaven, you are a genius.

QUENTIN
What? What?

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

LEAVEN
Cartesian co-ordinates. Of course!
Coded Cartesian co-ordinates.

HOLLOWAY
Coded what?

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

QUENTIN
In English, slower.

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

QUENTIN
Well, where are we?

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

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

Quentin steps up to reassert his authority.

QUENTIN
Well, let's go.

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

QUENTIN
Maybe we can get the door open.

WORTH
Wrong.

QUENTIN
Well, if it's *pointless* you won't have any problem with going to see anyways.

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

QUENTIN
(straining)
I'm dealing with that, Holloway. I'm looking for practical solutions here.

HOLLOWAY
Well, you haven't found any yet.

He glares as her coldly, controlling his anger.

QUENTIN

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

HOLLOWAY

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

QUENTIN

Relax. Fuck.

(to Leaven)

Well, is it clear?

He means the next room. She shrugs.

LEAVEN

It's not prime.

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

INT. CUBE 26

Leaven checks the numbers of the new room. She's puzzled. The others are climbing in.

QUENTIN

What's the matter?

She taps the numbers with her finger: 596 786 479.

LEAVEN

These co-ordinates. 20. 21. 20.

QUENTIN

Are they safe?

LEAVEN

(getting fed up)

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

She looks around for his benefit

LEAVEN

No. Not outside the cube.

She goes back to the numbers. Quentin shifts uncomfortably.

QUENTIN

Well, maybe it's a little bigger.

LEAVEN

If it's "a little bigger", the entire formula is toast.

QUENTIN

Oh.

She offers him the door to check with his boot. He casts it in.

A horrible grinding noise! Kazan freaks. Quentin braces a foot against the door frame and yards on the lace. He gets jerked forward, then stumbles backwards with just the lace in his hands.

QUENTIN

Fuck those insect things. Gimme that.

He grabs a boot from Worth - his last.

HOLLOWAY

(comforting Kazan)

It's okay, Kazan. It's just a trap.

KAZAN

Traps are bad. Very bad. The worst.

Quentin is signaling at Kazan to open the next door.

QUENTIN

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

INT. CUBE 27

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

BACK IN 26

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

KAZAN

Trap. Trap. Trap. Trap.

Leaven opens the floor door and peers in.

KAZAN

Trap.

INT. CUBE 28

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

BACK IN CUBE 27

Kazan stares dumbfounded at the room.

KAZAN

Trap.

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

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

QUENTIN

(whispers)

It's sound activated.

(a little louder)

Boo.

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

QUENTIN

Lovely.

LEAVEN

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

QUENTIN

Must be rigged to ignore it.

HOLLOWAY

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

LEAVEN

We'll have to backtrack and try somewhere else.

HOLLOWAY

Who knows how many times we'll have to detour.

They're exhausted. They hate that idea.

QUENTIN

I say we cross the son of a bitch.

They look at him like he's crazy.

HOLLOWAY

Right.

QUENTIN

Holloway. How many boots have we got left?

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

QUENTIN

Get it off him.

(to the others)

We know how it works. We just have to be quiet.

WORTH

That's pretty fucking quiet.

QUENTIN

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

Kazan starts whining as Holloway tries to remove his boot.

QUENTIN

And he's not coming.

HOLLOWAY

Of course he is.

QUENTIN

NO WAY.

HOLLOWAY

We are not leaving him behind!

QUENTIN

He's un-fucking-predictable. When we get to the edge we can come back for him, but he'll get somebody killed here. Right?

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

HOLLOWAY

Shame on you.

They roll their eyes as she winds herself up.

HOLLOWAY

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

LEAVEN

(weakly)

We'll come back for him.

HOLLOWAY

That is a lie and you know it.

Quentin squeezes his head in his hands in frustration.

Worth looks over Kazan, barefoot now, whining quietly.

WORTH

He'll be quiet.

INTERCUT: CUBE 27 AND 28

Worth slings the boot over his shoulder, preparing to be lowered through the open door. He gives Kazan an encouraging nod. Kazan has his hands clasped tightly over his mouth, much the same way he was covering his eyes.

Quentin and the others lower Worth in. Quentin whispers in his ear.

QUENTIN

I feel a sneeze coming on.

Worth dangles in then drops. His bare feet hit the floor with an audible slap. He holds his breath, nothing happens.

Worth moves toward the next door, but freezes as a rumble shudders through the cube, louder and closer this time. It passes. Worth breathes a low sigh of relief.

INT. CUBE 29

The door opens, Worth gently lowers the boot to the floor. Nothing happens, so he wedges the boot in the door frame to hold it open.

INTERCUT: CUBE 27, 28 AND 29

Worth moves back to the centre of the room and waves down Leaven. Leaven waves him out of the room.

Leaven has further to drop, but she lands quietly. She creeps over to join Worth in the next cube.

Quentin gets ready to lower Holloway. She gives him a look like "don't you dare drop me". He smiles dryly.

Holloway drops to all fours as soon as she touches the floor. She crouches, waiting.

Leaven and Worth wave her over, but she slowly stands and mouths up at Quentin: "Kazan".

Quentin dangles Kazan in. Kazan makes it difficult because he wants to keep a hand over his mouth. Holloway helps him to the ground. She tries to lead him away, but Kazan won't move.

She looks down to see the hem of Kazan's pant leg caught on the handle of the floor door. He starts to open his mouth, Holloway shoots him a look, he puts his hand over his mouth again. She smiles reassuringly and bends down, slightly rotating the door handle to untangle the cloth. The door handle is left in the "open" position.

Leaven and Worth help Kazan and Holloway into the connecting cube.

Quentin grips the door frame and lowers himself in. He grabs the ceiling bars and hand-over-hands toward the door.

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

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

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

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

The spikes! Which shoot out of the walls . . .

Simultaneously, Quentin swings for the door . . .

INT. CUBE 30

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

QUENTIN

You . . . fucking . . . F.U.C.K!

Holloway plants herself in beside Quentin.

HOLLOWAY

That's enough!

QUENTIN

He's a trap! He's here to get us killed!

HOLLOWAY

Let him go right now!

QUENTIN

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

HOLLOWAY

Let him go YOU NAZI!

That cuts dangerously deep. He stares at her.

QUENTIN

What did you call me?

HOLLOWAY

Quentin. You let that innocent boy go.

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

QUENTIN

You listen to me, woman. Every day, I mop up for your bleeding heart. I know your type. The only reason you even exist is because I keep you. I can smell that thing from here. No man to fuck you. Nothing but other people's assholes to stick your nose up, sniffing their business.

(pokes her stomach)

You're all dried up in there, aren't ya? That's your fucking problem.

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

LEAVEN

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

QUENTIN

Oh, I do.

LEAVEN

No you don't!

(voice cracking)

She's way braver than you, you know. You're just mean and repressed.

That really hurts. Quentin is speechless.

QUENTIN

Leaven . . . ?

HOLLOWAY

No wonder your wife left you.

Quentin seethes. She zeroes in, beyond fear.

HOLLOWAY

All that bottled up anger. And a thing for younger women.

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

HOLLOWAY
What's out there?

KAZAN
Nighttime.

QUENTIN
See anything?

Worth's eyes probe the depths.

WORTH
It's there.

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

LEAVEN
Whoa.

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

QUENTIN
Hang on to me.

They grab hold as Quentin leans way out to look.

QUENTIN
I can't see shit!

He feels around on the wall below them.

QUENTIN
There's nothing to hang on to.

LEAVEN
(to Worth)
There has be a bridge doesn't there?

Worth doesn't know. Quentin pulls himself back in grimly.

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

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

QUENTIN
Someone has to swing out there and
look.

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

HOLLOWAY

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

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

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

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

LEAVEN

(disgusted with them)

Is anybody besides me interested in
what's on the other side of that door?

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

QUENTIN

Do it.

WORTH

This one?

QUENTIN

Open it.

WORTH

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

QUENTIN

Open the fuckin' thing.

Worth takes hold of the handle. He turns it.

Holloway kneels there, begging as the door slides open.

HOLLOWAY

Sunshine . . .

EXT. CUBE

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

BACK IN CUBE 30

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

WORTH

Swing?

QUENTIN

We make a rope, out of clothes.

WORTH

(to Leaven)

Now he thinks he's McGyver.

Quentin starts undressing.

QUENTIN

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

LEAVEN

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

QUENTIN

Forget it.

WORTH

We need your brain.

HOLLOWAY

(quietly)

I'll go.

QUENTIN

I'm going, Holloway.

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

HOLLOWAY

She's right, Quentin, you're too heavy. I'm the lightest after Leaven. Anyways

. . .

(she shrugs)

It's my turn.

MOMENTS LATER

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

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

Worth is on the other end of the rope, securing it around Holloway. She watches him intently, their silence full of things both said and unsaid.

HOLLOWAY

How long did you know? In your heart.
Before you tried to get out?

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

WORTH

A couple of months.

Holloway watches him, feeling the depths of his guilt.

HOLLOWAY

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

WORTH

I am.

HOLLOWAY

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

WORTH

(nods, then)

David.

It's his name. Holloway is touched.

HOLLOWAY

Helen.

Worth nods. He has to chuckle.

WORTH

You're such a Helen.

MOMENTS LATER

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

HOLLOWAY

Holy cats.

INTERCUT: EXT. CUBE AND INT. CUBE 30

Holloway is lowered into darkness. She runs her hands along the
outer surface of the cube.

QUENTIN

That's as far as you go.

HOLLOWAY

There's nothing down here.

She fumbles about in the dark. Looks across to the dim wall.

HOLLOWAY

Hold tight. I'll try swinging over there.

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

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

Holloway's momentum swings her back into the wall.

HOLLOWAY

Brace yourselves! I'm gonna try again.

She pushes herself out even harder.

The group struggles to hold onto the rope.

One of the shirts in the rope starts rubbing against the sharp edge of the door frame.

Holloway slams back into the wall at the end of her arc.

HOLLOWAY

Okay, one more time.

They brace themselves, getting a more solid footing.

WORTH

Hurry, you're getting heavy.

Holloway pushes herself out mightily.

The shirt starts to fray.

Holloway's outstretched fingers brush the wall.

HOLLOWAY

I touched it!

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

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

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

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

Holloway is momentarily stunned.

HOLLOWAY

What the hell's going on?

The others grab onto Quentin desperately.

QUENTIN

Get up here NOW.

Holloway grabs the rope and starts climbing upward.

They all strain to pull her in.

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

The shirt rips apart! A hand lashes out.

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

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

Holloway reaches up for Quentin.

The knot breaks.

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

Holloway looks up at him. She smiles in relief.

Quentin smiles back - then the smile drops.

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

Quentin lets go.

Holloway falls, disappearing out of sight, consumed by the blackness below. Her scream echoes in the void, ending abruptly in a dull thud.

INT. CUBE 30

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

QUENTIN

She slipped.

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

KAZAN

Holloway?

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

QUENTIN

What are you lookin' at?

Worth picks up the remains of the rope. Quentin looms into his face.

QUENTIN

It's not my fucking fault.

Kazan's whine rises to a terrible drone.

QUENTIN

Be a man, Worth. You better pull yourself together and do what I tell you, starting with chilling out the retard *before I break his fucking neck.*

Worth backs down. He drops to the floor by Kazan, exhausted, half heartedly trying to mellow him out.

WORTH

Hey. Shh. Come on, Kazan.

(suddenly snaps)

KAZAN WILL YOU PLEASE STOP DOING THAT.

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

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

QUENTIN

Leaven? Be strong, Sweetheart.

LEAVEN

Don't even talk to me.

QUENTIN

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

LEAVEN

I can't think anymore.

QUENTIN

Sure you can. It's your gift.

LEAVEN

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

WORTH

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

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

QUENTIN
Alright. One hour.

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

QUENTIN
An hour is as long as I say.

Leaven and Worth share a look. They don't have the energy to stand up to him.

Leaven turns away and passes right out. Quentin sits down against the wall, red-eyed, mumbling at the cube. Worth watches him, not wanting to turn his back on him. He curls up facing him, putting the last boot under his head as a pillow.

INT. CUBE 30 LATER

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

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

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

Leaven is in deep REM.

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

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

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

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

INT. CUBE 31

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

LEAVEN
What are you doing?

QUENTIN

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

LEAVEN

You want to just leave them?

QUENTIN

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

With horror, Leaven is realizing Quentin is losing it.

QUENTIN

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

LEAVEN

Quentin --

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

QUENTIN

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

She breaks away. He sees the fear in her eyes.

INTERCUT: CUBE 30 AND 31

Kazan twitches at the muffled voices. He flickers to consciousness
in fits and starts.

Quentin hefts the boot by the laces.

QUENTIN

Leaven, it's time to go *down*.

Kazan gets up in a daze and follows the sound to the door. The
muffled voices rise in intensity. He reaches for the door handle.

The door opens with a blast of screaming.

Worth sits bolt upright.

Leaven struggles on the floor as Quentin tries to cover her mouth and drag her to the floor door.

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

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

LEAVEN

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

Quentin is horrified to see her near him.

QUENTIN

Get off her!

(then)

Leaven . . . they're fuckin' spies. Him. The retard. Holloway had outside information about my family, but she *slipped up*, didn't she? She crossed the line.

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

LEAVEN

You dropped her.

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

WORTH

Just go, Quentin.

LEAVEN

Give us the *boot*, you pig!

Quentin hates that word. Leaven realizes what she said.

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

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

QUENTIN

You don't want the boot.

Leaven stands frozen, her eyes tightly shut. All she can do is listen.

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

Kazan lets loose his high pitched scream.

Leaven joins in, eyes clenched tightly shut.

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

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

Horrified, Leaven watches Quentin roll Worth through the door.

She cringes. A thud. She rushes to the door and looks down.

INT. CUBE 32

He's lying on his back, eyes closed, not moving.

Leaven is pushed aside. Kazan plummets through the opening and lands on Worth.

Leaven drops in beside them. She's sobbing. Worth opens his eyes and looks at her.

LEAVEN

I don't know what to do. I don't know
how to help you.

Quentin's feet land heavily beside them, shaking the floor with his bulk.

Quentin whips open the floor door. Worth smiles at Leaven.

WORTH

You can't help me.

Quentin smiles too. This is the end. Worth rolls over the edge voluntarily.

Leaven closes her eyes. THUD!

A scream, long and drawn out, that ends by stuttering into -
laughter. It builds.

Worth lies splayed out on the floor, the laughter rolling out of him.

QUENTIN

What the fuck's with him?

Leaven scrambles down after him.

INT. CUBE 33

She hits the floor beside Worth. She sees it.

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

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

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

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

WORTH
Rennes! The Old Wrenster!

QUENTIN
How did -- ? How could -- ?

WORTH
We've been going in circles!

QUENTIN
THAT CAN'T BE!

Suddenly another enormous rumble shakes the room like an earthquake. Worth throws back his head and laughs at the madness. The quake subsides. So does Worth's laughter

Quentin is gasping, sobbing.

QUENTIN
No . . . no . . .

WORTH
I told you, Quentin. Life sucks.

Quentin grabs Leaven desperately.

QUENTIN
Where are we?

LEAVEN
I don't know!

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

QUENTIN
WHERE ARE WE?

LEAVEN
YOU FIGURE IT OUT! You haven't done anything yet, you . . . murderer!

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

Quentin paces the room like a caged animal. He stops in the centre and releases a scream so primal it barely seems human. He withers to the floor, all the energy sapped from his body.

A sound - Quentin, starting to weep.

A hand rests on his shoulder.

It's Kazan, eyes filled with concern.

QUENTIN

(pleading)

Get away from me . . .

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

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

LEAVEN

There. I cried. I'm the youngest one here and I didn't cry once. I even lasted longer than *Quentin*.

(lies down to die)

That's enough. It can stop now.

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

WORTH

Wasn't Rennes killed in that room?
Quentin?

QUENTIN

Fuck off.

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

WORTH

How come there's nothing out there?

LEAVEN

It's the *edge*.

WORTH

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

QUENTIN

FUCK OFF!

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

WORTH

Oh, that was good.

QUENTIN

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

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

WORTH

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

Quentin and Leaven try to fathom it.

WORTH

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

Leaven slowly clues in.

LEAVEN

Of course.

QUENTIN

The rooms?

LEAVEN

It's the only logical explanation.

WORTH

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

LEAVEN

I'm such an *idiot*!

Leaven pours over the numbers.

WORTH

What are you on to, Leaven?

LEAVEN

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

WORTH

Aren't they?

LEAVEN

How do you map a point that keeps moving?

Worth doesn't know.

LEAVEN

Permutations.

QUENTIN

Permu-what?

LEAVEN

Permutations - a list of all the coordinates the room passes through. Like a map that tells you where the room starts, how many times it moves, and where it moves to.

QUENTIN

The number tells you all that?

LEAVEN

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

QUENTIN

(getting excited)

Okay . . . okay, so it's moving!

(then, hopelessly)

How do we get out?

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

LEAVEN

Twenty one.

QUENTIN

What?

LEAVEN

I know where the exit is.

Quentin slowly rises and approaches them.

QUENTIN

Where?

LEAVEN

Stay away from me.

WORTH

Back off, Quentin.

Quentin raises his hands in surrender.

QUENTIN

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

LEAVEN

(to Worth)

Remember that room we passed through before - the one with a co-ordinate larger than twenty.

WORTH

What about it?

LEAVEN

That co-ordinate placed the room outside the cube.

WORTH

A bridge . . .

LEAVEN

Right. But only in it's original position.

QUENTIN

Whaddaya talking about?

LEAVEN

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

WORTH

So the bridge is only a bridge--

LEAVEN

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

WORTH

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

QUENTIN

So, when does it open?

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

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CUBE 32 LATER

Leaven feverishly scratches formulae into the floor with a button.

Worth watches her intently, a ray of hope driving him now.
 Quentin paces. Worth and Leaven share a glance over him.
 Kazan sits nearby, mesmerized by her calculations.
 The pacing stops. Quentin's about to speak.

LEAVEN

Don't.

(mutters to herself)

To find the original co-ordinates, the numbers are added together. To find the permutations, they're subtracted from one another . . . That's it! This room moves to -2, 2 and 2 on the X-axis; 3, 1 and -4 on Y. -2, 2 and 0 on Z.

QUENTIN

And what does that mean?

LEAVEN

You suck at math?

(to Worth)

I need the room numbers around us as reference points.

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

WORTH

666. 565. 463.

She gets them down. Looks to Quentin.

QUENTIN

Don't give me any more lip!

LEAVEN

Can I have the *numbers*, please!

QUENTIN

775. 664. Okay?

LEAVEN

Yes!

QUENTIN

And 464. Did you get that?

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

WORTH

855. 535. 463.

LEAVEN

That's enough.

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

LEAVEN

X is 19. Y is 16. Z is 13.

(pause, looks up)

Which means this room makes two more moves before returning to its starting position.

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

WORTH

Do we have time?

LEAVEN

Maybe.

QUENTIN

Then let's go!

WORTH

Can you work the traps into this system?

QUENTIN

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

WORTH

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

LEAVEN

Technically, I can identify the traps.

WORTH

Technically?

LEAVEN

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

QUENTIN

Okay . . . so . . .

WORTH

Can you calculate that?

LEAVEN

The numbers are huge.

QUENTIN

But you can, right? She can.

LEAVEN

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

QUENTIN

-- You don't need a computer --

LEAVEN

Yes I do!

QUENTIN

FIGURE IT OUT!

LEAVEN

I CAN'T!

QUENTIN

I'M NOT DYING IN A FUCKING RUBIK'S CUBE!

Leaven has had enough of this fool.

LEAVEN

Look. Nobody in the whole world could do it mentally. Look at those numbers: 866, 367, 535. There's no way I can factor that. I can't even start on 866. It's astronomical.

KAZAN

Two.

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

KAZAN

Astronomical.

WORTH

What did you say?

KAZAN

Astronomical.

WORTH

Before that.

KAZAN

Factors.

LEAVEN

How many factors, Kazan? Of 866?

KAZAN

Two.

WORTH

Is he right?

QUENTIN

What are you fucking kidding?

Leaven and Worth hone in on Kazan.

LEAVEN

Kazan? How many factors does 6 have?

KAZAN

3.

LEAVEN

How about 7?

KAZAN

1. Yup.

(holds out hand)

Gummy bear.

LEAVEN

I don't have any gummy bears.

KAZAN

Gummy bear.

WORTH

Kazan, I'll give you a whole box of gummy bears for each answer.

KAZAN

Gummy bears are in bags.

WORTH

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

KAZAN

I don't like red ones.

WORTH

No! You don't want those. We'll pick those out. Let's just look at the numbers here, okay? See that one?

KAZAN

Yeah.

WORTH

You're not even looking at it.

KAZAN

3.

WORTH

No look, 367.

QUENTIN

Come on, the guy's a retard.

KAZAN

RE-tard. RE-tard.

LEAVEN

367, Kazan.

KAZAN

3.

LEAVEN

535.

KAZAN

4.

LEAVEN

He's giving us the factors.

KAZAN

Astronomical.

They look at his distant expression, his tapping fingertips.

LEAVEN

He's *counting*.

KAZAN

(echoes)

Counting.

QUENTIN

You're telling me Telethon Timmy is a genius?

LEAVEN

By those numbers, the room should be safe.

Worth and Leaven look in at it with trepidation.

Worth gets yanked off his feet.

QUENTIN

Only one way to find out.

LEAVEN

Don't!

Leaven beats on Quentin ineffectually with her fists. He tosses Worth in.

INT. CUBE 34

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

BACK IN CUBE 33

Quentin looms over Leaven.

QUENTIN

Safe.

She goes through voluntarily.

Quentin turns to Kazan with a wolfish smile.

QUENTIN

Kazan, my man.

INT. CUBE 34

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

QUENTIN

Hurry up and get that door open.

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

QUENTIN

What's the number, buddy boy? Hey?

Right here. Look here.

(to Leaven)

Make him do it.

Choking back her fear, she gently addresses Kazan.

LEAVEN

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

KAZAN

Prime numbers.

LEAVEN

That's right. Can you tell me the factor of 782?

2. 2. KAZAN

Okay. LEAVEN
963?

4. KAZAN

854? LEAVEN

3. Yup. KAZAN

Clear. LEAVEN

Go! QUENTIN

Leaven helps Worth through first, they share a secret glance.

INT. CUBE 35

Worth catches Leaven as Quentin pushes her in behind him. Kazan is harried through next.

Worth and Leaven lock eyes. Here it comes. Quentin sticks his head in. Worth slams the door shut on his neck, trapping him like a vise.

Oh, Jeez. LEAVEN

Go! WORTH

Leaven pulls Kazan to the next set of numbers.

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

Worth . . . QUENTIN

Hurry! WORTH

Leaven is trying to make Kazan calculate.

527! LEAVEN

Kazan whines.

LEAVEN
Please, Kazan! 527.

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

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

LEAVEN
Clear!

Quentin growls horribly at Worth - Worth gives his head one last crunch and releases him. Quentin falls back into his room and Worth slams the door.

INT. CUBE 36

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

KAZAN
1.

LEAVEN
Trapped!

WORTH
Try the floor.

She whips open the floor door.

LEAVEN
Is he dead?

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

WORTH
Not quite.

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

INT. CUBE 35

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

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

INT. CUBE 36

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

QUENTIN

Where is he? WHERE IS HE?

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

QUENTIN

I asked you a question.

Leaven trembles, backing away across the floor door.

QUENTIN

Come here.

She edges further away.

QUENTIN

I SAID COME HERE RIGHT NOW!

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

INT. CUBE 37

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

The floor door is open. Quentin cracks his head on the door frame and cartwheels into the cube below. WHUMP!

Worth dangles, looking down at his handiwork.

INT. CUBE 38

Quentin lies still with a shocked expression, his wide eyes staring up in death. Blood spreads over the floor around his head. The door slides closed, erasing him.

INT. CUBE 36

Leaven helps pull Worth in. The effort leaves him breathless with pain. They stare at one another in shock.

WORTH

Holy shit.

They are unable to suppress smiles. Smiling hurts Worth.

LEAVEN

Oh, my God.

WORTH
 (acting tough guy)
 Scratch one bad cop.

Leaven giggles.

KAZAN
 Bad Quentin. Bad Quentin.

LEAVEN
 That's right. You're a very brave boy.

WORTH
 Cool, but we have a *serious* plane to catch.

LEAVEN
 That way.

INT. CUBE 39 MOMENTS LATER

KAZAN
 2.

LEAVEN
 Clear!

INT. CUBE 40 MOMENTS LATER

KAZAN
 4. Clear!

INT. CUBE 41 MOMENTS LATER

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

LEAVEN
 Whoa!

WORTH
 This is not a good time for jokes, Leaven.

INT. "SPACE" ROOM

Worth sticks his head in with her.

WORTH
 Whoa.

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

LEAVEN
 It's some kind of --

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

INT. CUBE 41

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

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

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

KAZAN
Clear! Clear!

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

INT. CUBE 42

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

LEAVEN AND WORTH
Kazan!

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

WORTH
Listen!

They can hear him faintly in the distance.

LEAVEN
He hasn't moved far.

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

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

The dangers are obvious.

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

Worth shouts into the room. Nothing happens. He hops in and quickly hops out again. It appears safe.

WORTH
Stay here, I'll be back.

INT. CUBE 41

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

WORTH (OFF)
Kazan!

Kazan shouts out to him in gibberish.

INT. CUBE 43

Worth hears his cry. He goes for the floor door.

INT. CUBE 41

Kazan looks around at the doors hopefully.

WORTH (OFF)
Don't move!

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

INT. CUBE 43

Worth peers through the floor door. He waves an arm in. Nothing happens. He shouts. It looks okay. He gulps and drops in.

INT. CUBE 44

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

INT. CUBE 41

Kazan looks up at him and grins.

KAZAN
Worth.

WORTH
Hey, bud.

KAZAN
I didn't move.

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

KAZAN
I don't like that.

WORTH
I know, but--

A rumble echoes distantly through the cube.

BACK IN CUBE 42

The rumble resides. Leaven's eyes probe the room, feeling the whole cube beyond.

LEAVEN
Hurry up, Worth! Time's running out!

BACK IN CUBE 44

Worth is getting desperate.

WORTH
Five bags of gummy bears.

KAZAN
21 bags total. 1,114 gummy bears --

WORTH
If you climb.

Kazan starts climbing.

KAZAN
1,114, approximately. Minus red ones -
approximately one sixth.

INT. CUBE 38

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

BACK IN CUBE 42

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

LEAVEN
20 . . . 20 . . . 20.
(shouts)
Worth, get back here right now!

INTERCUT: CUBE 44 AND 42

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

WORTH
This way. Quickly. Follow me.

KAZAN
185.66666667 red ones. That will never
do.

Leaven calls out.

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

Worth is hanging from the ceiling in great pain. He's trying to
work up the effort to open the door. Kazan dangles behind him.

LEAVEN
Do you hear me? All you have to do is
get back here and we'll ride it out.

Worth lunges for the door handle. It starts sliding, he goes with
it, ending up dangling from the handle with the door in the open
position. He's losing it. Kazan faces him, smiling sweetly.

WORTH
Go, Kazan. Climb through.

Kazan swings his legs through.

Leaven is getting scared.

LEAVEN
Worth? Did you hear me Worth?

Worth can't hold on anymore. His fingers slip.

Kazan reaches through and grabs his wrist.

KAZAN
I helped you.

WORTH
Pull!

Kazan realizes there's more to it. He manages to pull Worth through
into . . .

INT. CUBE 43

Worth lurches to his feet. He looks around from door to door,
disorientated. He stumbles to one and slides it open.

WORTH
Leaven?

A snapping, insect-like claw whips out at his face. He stumbles backward, losing his footing, whacking his head on the floor.

LEAVEN

Over here!

She's at a different door. The rumbling starts, low and a ominous, slowly building. Kazan doesn't notice at first, just happy to see her.

KAZAN

Leaven!

LEAVEN

Move it!

Kazan weaves crazily toward her as the floor shakes.

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

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

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

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

INT. CUBE 42

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

Kazan and Leaven shake out the cobwebs and look around.

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

LEAVEN

Worth? Worth?

WORTH

(without moving)

This better be it.

Leaven is vastly relieved.

LEAVEN

It should be.

Worth pulls himself up.

WORTH

Where?

Leaven slides open the door. Blackness.

WORTH
Oh, well.

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

WORTH
No.

LEAVEN
This is the room I started in.

WORTH
What?

A deafening rumble rolls over them.

LEAVEN
I'll explain it to you later.

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

KAZAN
Bridge!
(then he realizes)
Red.

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

Leaven starts in. She hesitates.

LEAVEN
Kazan.

She gets him to look at the numbers.

LEAVEN
(to Worth)
Wouldn't that suck?

KAZAN
Clear!

INT. BRIDGE CUBE

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

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

Worth goes to the door. He gives Kazan the signal. Kazan opens it. Brilliant light bleeds in, engulfing the room

Worth and Kazan stare out.

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

Worth turns back to Leaven and smiles weakly.

WORTH

You made it.

He slips to the floor.

LEAVEN

Worth . . . ?

WORTH

Go ahead.

LEAVEN

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

WORTH

Look at me.

LEAVEN

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

WORTH

Look deeper, Leaven. A lot deeper.

A tear runs down her cheek.

LEAVEN

You have to come.

He shakes his head sadly.

LEAVEN

It's not your fault.

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

LEAVEN

Please.

He smiles, resigned.

WORTH

Go.

Leaven's crying harder now, realizing the price he must pay. She sniffles and looks into the light.

LEAVEN
What's out there?

WORTH
Suburbs. Strip malls. Apartment
buildings.

LEAVEN
Same old?

WORTH
Same old.

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

LEAVEN
I can live with that.

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

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

Kazan cowers in a corner.

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

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

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

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

WORTH
Get out, Kazan.

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

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

WORTH
Through the door, Kazan.

Kazan sees the door. He understands.

Worth's eyes snap wide open in horrible shock.

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

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

QUENTIN

Red, Kazan.

Another rumble sounds. The room shakes. Kazan falls through the door into the exit passage. The bridge room slowly starts to move out of position.

INTERCUT: BRIDGE ROOM AND EXIT PASSAGE

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

Kazan stands up, sees him approaching.

Quentin lunges forward, his upper body landing on the door frame. He grabs Kazan by the shirt front, pulling himself out. But he can't. His leg won't move. He looks back.

Worth, a grinning, victorious corpse, holds tightly onto Quentin's foot.

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

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

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

EXT. CUBE - EXIT

Silence. Kazan unlatches Quentin's fingers from his shirt front. He looks at Quentin's dead face, his mouth lolling open. Carefully, Kazan position Quentin's fingers in the signal - a gun. He gently places the thumb in Quentin's mouth. Then Kazan stands and looks at what he did. He giggles.

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

Slowly, Kazan disappears, consumed by the brilliance.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

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

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

EXT. CITY - VARIOUS SHOTS DAY

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

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

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

Another day at the office.

FADE TO BLACK