

SECURITY ACT 2070

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO SKYLINE - 2080

All buildings have a silver, aluminum exterior. Every tall building flaunts colorful billboards. Buy this, buy that, it will make you happy.

The Golden Gate Bridge is distinctly different, its colors untouched.

TEACHER (O.S.)

Good, children, ready, right hand
in our pockets, left hand holding
our wallets or purses.

TEACHER AND CHILDREN (O.S.)

I pledge allegiance to the flag of
the United States of Consumerism.

INT. FOURTH GRADE CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dressed in rainbow colored uniforms, the CHILDREN stand with the TEACHER, in gold, facing two flags. One looks similar to the USA flag, though the star section is larger with about eighty stars. The other is a replica of the \$100 bill.

TEACHER AND CHILDREN

And to the happiness which
materialism brings, I strive. One
Nation under Money with bliss and
enjoyment for all.

The children sit.

TEACHER

Now what is our best friend?

CHILDREN

Money!

TEACHER

And what is our most terrible
enemy?

CHILDREN

Anyone who says materialism isn't
the true way to happiness.

TEACHER

Very good, children. Those people
are diseased, so report them
immediately or else you may become
contaminated.

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

BUDDY, 24, beard and long hair tied back, solid built, paint splattered white pants and T-shirt, strides along the sidewalk past stores, displaying countless SPECIALS.

A MAN, eyes wide, obsessed and clutching a large plastic block, races by, bumping Buddy, onward toward shoppers waiting at the lights. Curious, Buddy pursues.

Toting large shopping bags, the crowds' eyes remain riveted to the lights. It changes from red to a Green dollar (\$) sign. The man obstructs the crosswalk, yells.

MAN

Stop!

The confused people halt as he throws down his block, clambers on it. Concerned, Buddy edges to the front.

MAN

It's not right! We're being
brainwashed!

The frightened crowd scatter. Some SCREAM. Everyone races off, except Buddy.

MAN

Listen to me! There's no such thing
as Scire-sapere's disease!

He grabs his block, speeds after them.

MAN

It's just being honest!

SIRENS.

The man drops his block, barrels toward a freeway entrance.

Police cars come from every direction.

MAN

You won't cut open my brain!

The police close in on him. He sprints into the speeding freeway, arms wide, eyes closed. Car horns BLARE. Brakes SCREECH.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Police mill around the covered corpse.

DR. FRANK MORGAN, 35, "nose-in-the-air" medical scientist, barges in. A police LIEUTENANT follows on Frank's heels.

LIEUTENANT
Doctor, I'm sorry--

FRANK
Hell! I wanted him alive. What is
wrong with the--

LIEUTENANT
Sir, he raced onto the freeway, we
had no chance. The driver couldn't
stop in time.

Frank calms down.

FRANK
Okay, okay.

Frank looks under the sheet at the man's face.

FRANK
We can try the brain experiments
again with the corpse, but we're
not getting anywhere. It's
absolutely essential to get a live
specimen.

EXT. BUILDING, THIRTY STORIES UP - DAY

Buddy dabs the last strokes on a huge underwater sea mural.
Dolphins, turtles, seahorses.

His COWORKER sits on the scaffolding, takes in the view.

BUDDY
Yesterday I saw a Scire-sapere
fellow.

COWORKER
Didn't get too close, did you?

Buddy pauses, shuts his eyes momentarily.

BUDDY
Y'know, ever since my folks died, I
get moments like I know what those
people feel. I'd just like to shout
to everyone how stupid they are.

COWORKER
Sure way to get yourself killed or
into a nut house. Better off buying
yourself something special. Have
some fun tonight.

BUDDY

Yeah, they'd probably think I have
the disease, eh?

Buddy surveys his work, sits down. The area where he was painting shows a small caterpillar near the bottom and a butterfly near the top. Both are too small to be noticed from ground level.

COWORKER

I always reckoned you're
borderline. Put your signature on
it?

The Coworker glances at the mural, shakes his head.

COWORKER

A butterfly and caterpillar under
the sea, yeah, right.

They laugh.

COWORKER

Buddy, serious, one of these days,
they'll catch you. What the hell
are you going to do then?

Buddy's laughter disappears, his eyes peer over the city.

BUDDY

Fight my way out of hell, I guess.

The borders of the scene change into being viewed through binoculars, which narrow onto the caterpillar and butterfly.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

SID, 75, neat, pleasant appearance and in good shape, lowers his binoculars. He turns to a driver, standing next to a car, smiles, nods and gets in.

EXT. KARATE SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

The exterior shows no sign. Just another of the many silver doors along the city street. A young man, carrying a bag, approaches on the sidewalk. He stops, looks around in all directions, darts in the door.

Sid's car drives up. He steps out.

INT. KARATE SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

The large room beats with the concentration of twenty Western STUDENTS, all young adults. Practice warm-up. Tense muscles, hard blows and kicks.

The Asian MASTER stands at one end. His serenity emanates, hiding his age, anywhere between 50 and 90. He bows toward Sid, who sits in an observation section. Sid nods in return.

The Master CLAPS his hands. SILENCE. The students bow towards him. He walks over to an elaborate setup of bricks, boards and candles.

Placed around a circle with a diameter of fifteen feet, stand eight arrangements. Four stools with candles alternate with two stacks of bricks and two vertical thick boards.

The Master and students form a second outer circle ten feet away from the bricks, boards and candles. A student next to the Master holds a stopwatch.

MASTER

Buddy.

Buddy steps into the circle, bows toward the Master. Using a matchbox, Buddy lights the four candles, bowing at each one. He pauses, both hands hold the matchbox.

BUDDY

NOW!

Buddy throws the matchbox up in the air. With lightning speed he kicks one board in two, catches the matchbox in his mouth, smashes one set of bricks, kicks the other board, smashes the other bricks.

His right foot whips out, extinguishes one candle, his right hand does another, the left foot, the left hand. All flames out, without disturbing the candles.

Buddy takes the matchbox out of his mouth, bows toward the Master. The student shows the stopwatch to the Master, who smiles and looks toward Sid. Sid nods, rises and leaves.

EXT. KARATE SCHOOL HALL - NIGHT

Sid exits, approaches his driver, who presses a button on a futuristic cell phone and hands it to Sid.

SID

Harp?

(pause)

Everything matches now. I have no doubts.

Sid gets in the car.

SID

Maybe six years for the disease to
fully manifest, if no one kills him
first.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Toting bags, LISA BAKER, 22, attractive, longhair, steps out of a store to hear a little girl BAWLING. Lisa turns. A six-year-old GIRL bashes a red haired doll on the sidewalk.

GIRL

It's the wrong color!

Her MOTHER tries desperately to console the girl.

MOTHER

There, there, sweetie, Mommy will
buy you a new one.

The mother tosses the doll into a clear recycling bin, with a top "dissolving" half and a bottom half divided into four: "PAPER, METAL, WOOD, LIQUID." Rays zap the doll and it dissolves dropping parts into the bottom sections.

The mother approaches a large vending machine loaded with dolls. In goes some money, out comes a blond. She gives it to the gleeful girl. They walk past a shaken Lisa. The mother laughs.

MOTHER

Money solves everything.

Lisa's eyes squint.

EXT. SAN DIEGO PSYCHIATRIC UNIVERSITY - DAY

Students wear blue uniforms. Professors wear black.

Sid's car drives in past a security gate. He steps out, enters the Control Building.

INT. CONTROL BUILDING - DAY

Sid strolls down the silver, aluminum corridor, stops in front of the door to the SUPERIOR DEAN room.

INT. SUPERIOR DEAN ROOM - DAY

Wood paneled room. Antique wooden furniture. DEAN, 70, feminine but tough, rocks in her leather recliner.

Photos of seven young women adorn a bulletin board. Center is Lisa.

A KNOCK on the door.

DEAN

Sid, you're three seconds early.

Sid enters, smiles.

DEAN

If only we were forty years younger.

SID

Who volunteered?

Dean points to the photos, hands Sid some papers.

SID

And who's closest to breaking?

DEAN

The center one's too quiet.

INT. UNIVERSITY CLASSROOM - DAY

Lisa takes notes.

PROFESSOR

Yes, a good question. Scire means 'to be wise' and sapere means 'to know.' Thus Scire-sapere's disease makes a person incapable of speaking anything but the truth. It has now been recognized as an enemy to society for ten years. There's still no cure. But Miss Baker's going to change that, eh, Lisa?

LISA

I hope so, sir.

PROFESSOR

For those of you who don't know, Lisa has been chosen to be the next expert on the disease.

Students murmur.

PROFESSOR

It's imperative to remember that those inflicted with Scire-sapere have disrupted societies, caused governments to fall, invented new religions, and, in short, threatened our human selfishness - oh, excuse me - our self preservation with an honesty and ethical level which is actually very admirable--

The bell RINGS.

EXT. UNIVERSITY BUILDING - DAY

Students pile out, head toward their next class. Others crash on the grass and mill around. Lisa strolls with a female FRIEND.

FRIEND

You ever get the feeling that San Diego's a dump? Wanna transfer to Berkeley with me?

LISA

And date San Fran guys? You're nuts. They love you and leave you.

FRIEND

When was the last date you had?

Lisa frowns.

FRIEND

You need to get your head out of those books for a while.

LISA

Come on--

FRIEND

Yeah, yeah, okay, what're your plans for the break, two weeks in the library as normal?

LISA

Thailand.

Her friend drops her books, peers at Lisa in surprise.

FRIEND

To a fifth world country?

LISA

I'm not thrilled but it's part of my new training, then a conference in Seattle.

INT. BUDDY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Plastic furniture contrast sharply with Buddy's Nature paintings. Buddy steps out of the hallway, approaches his younger brother, JAMIE, 19, matted hair, underdeveloped, slight build, totally out of it, lying half on the couch.

Buddy checks Jamie's vitals as if he's done it many times before. He shrugs, shifts Jamie's legs up on the couch.

He turns to the front door and some mail slid in, lying on the floor. He flips through it. Only junk mail.

BUDDY

2070 and they still post this crap.
Buy me, buy me, buy me.

He walks over to a computer. Opens the email program. He stares long at a gold and maroon email, YOU HAVE WON!

INT. SAN FRANCISCO AIRPORT - DAY

HARPINGTON, 40, a strong, stocky African-American, glances up from his paper as Buddy breezes by with Jamie.

JAMIE

Thailand, Thailand, wow.

BUDDY

I still keep wondering who bought the lottery ticket for me.

JAMIE

Who cares? You won! Wish I was going, their Gungy-plus is...
(his eyes roll)
ab-so-lute-ly heaven.

BUDDY

And get locked up in jail in a country where progress has been stopped for fifty years, no thanks. I want to come home in two weeks.

JAMIE

Well, yeah, you know what Mom and Dad would have said--

They reach the Customs' doors, stop, point at each other.

BUDDY and JAMIE
 (together)
 You be careful now.

They LAUGH.

BUDDY
 And, hey, you really should get
 away from your computers some.

JAMIE
 Yeah, after I'm crowned "Mad IT
 wizard"!

BUDDY
 Right. And quit smoking so much.
 Join a softball team or something.
 Get outdoors.

Jamie looks away, frowns.

BUDDY
 Okay, sorry, you know I love you.

Jamie turns back, grins wide. They hug.

Buddy disappears through the doors.

INT. TOKYO AIRPORT - DAY

Airline hub. Buddy strides off his San Francisco flight,
 approaches a large sign displaying gate numbers for the
 westbound flights, BANGKOK, GATE 23.

He hustles with the masses of travelers.

Approaching Gate 23, he spots Lisa, standing in the boarding
 line. He stops, watches her. She shows her pass, strolls
 down the ramp. Buddy joins the line.

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Buddy sits in an aisle seat. Lisa sits two rows ahead, on
 the other side of the aisle. His eyes rest on her. He
 shrugs, lays back and shuts his eyes.

EXT. BANGKOK STREET - DAY

Though the USA has changed, Thailand is the same as 2020.

Buddy steps out of a Guest House. He looks around in wonder.
 Bustling street stalls, Westerners and Thais merge along the
 crowded pavement.

A bus passes by, crammed full with Thai students hanging precariously out the door.

A large moving van pulls up. Buddy notices the bald tires as the Thai DRIVER bounces out.

BUDDY

Hey, you need new tires.

THAI DRIVER

You buy them for me?

Buddy's taken aback. The driver races into a shop.

Buddy walks on, approaches an old, wrinkled, bent over beggar, puts coins in her cup. She bows with hands together in front of her face.

BUDDY

Someday I'll do more.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Buddy approaches. He spots Lisa, sitting on the grass reading a psychology book.

BUDDY

Buddy, my boy, if this ain't fate,
what is?

(he smiles)

You chickened out on the plane. You
going to do it now?

A butterfly flutters around him.

BUDDY

Yeah!

He puts out an open palm, the butterfly lands in it. He cups his other hand over the butterfly.

He walks to Lisa, passes by a man with an ice cream stall.

BUDDY

Hi, mind if I sit down?

Lisa coyly nods.

BUDDY

Want to see my pet caterpillar?

LISA

Is that your come-on?

BUDDY
His name is Irving.

Buddy holds out his hands, opens them. The butterfly flies off. Buddy's eyes light up with surprise.

BUDDY
Gee, he grew up fast.

Lisa smiles. Buddy smiles. Their eyes hold. He quickly leans forward, kisses her on the cheek. Startled, she pulls back.

BUDDY
I'm sorry.

LISA
That was fast, too.

BUDDY
Did I blow it?

He smiles innocently. She fans herself with a soft folder.

LISA
Bit hot today, isn't it?

BUDDY
Yeah, me too. How about a frozen
delight - some ice cream. Bet I
know exactly which flavor you like.

Buddy jumps up, races to the Ice Cream Man.

Lisa gazes after him, wondering what to make of him.

Buddy buys a strawberry and a chocolate cone. He eyes each one over as he returns to Lisa.

BUDDY
Here.

He hands her the strawberry.

LISA
Nope.

BUDDY
Right, that's why I bought you
chocolate.

He swaps, hands her the chocolate. She LAUGHS.

BUDDY
Imagine that the present is all
that exists...

Lisa unwraps her ice cream, looks into Buddy's eyes.

BUDDY

And it's important for us to get to know each other without being influenced by what has happened to either of us in the past.

LISA

So you're with the Mafia.

BUDDY

That's my uncle. What I mean is--

LISA

You're a billionaire and you want to make sure I'm not after your money.

BUDDY

Wrong again, that's my cousin. So no real names either, okay? Everything will be totally fresh.

Lisa cocks her head, forgets her ice cream.

BUDDY

I'm Bill.

Buddy hoes into his ice cream.

LISA

I think you're a nut.

Buddy feigns being hurt. She smiles.

LISA

But... sounds cool.

So absorbed in him, she doesn't notice her dripping ice cream. Buddy points at the drips.

BUDDY

You're melting.

Lisa licks the ice cream, smiles.

LISA

I'll try it. I'm... Judy.

Buddy licks the strawberry syrup.

BUDDY

Sweet.

MONTAGE

-- FLOATING FRUIT MARKET - Long boats filled with tropical fruits in abundance. Buddy stretches over a railing to buy Longans from a boat seller. He peels one, pops it into Lisa's mouth.

-- TUK-TUK THREE WHEELED TAXI - Faces aglow, they sit in the back as it weaves its way through a narrow street. Thai kids kick a cane woven ball over a badminton net.

-- THAI HANDICRAFT MARKET - From small soap carvings to Teak furniture. Buddy pays the vendor for a handmade belt. He puts it around Lisa's waist.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

They amble along the street, hand in hand. Lisa wears a red blouse.

BUDDY

Judy--

Lisa turns, he kisses her. Rain falls. While Thais and Westerners race by, Buddy and Lisa kiss deeply, oblivious to their surroundings and the rain.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lisa lies in Buddy's arms. Their wet clothes hang over a chair and table. Lightning flashes outside the window. Thunder BOOMS.

EXT. RIVERSIDE - DAY

Wearing her red blouse, Lisa poses near a water fountain while Buddy draws her with crayons on a sketchpad.

LISA

So, another guess, you're Renoir's son.

BUDDY

That would make me 150 years old.

LISA

And you've been drinking from this fountain to keep young.

Buddy puts the finishing highlights on a caterpillar that crawls on Lisa's arm and a butterfly that flies into the sky. He signs "B.I.L.L." and shows it to Lisa.

She races to him, they hug. A tear rolls down Lisa's cheek.

They amble to a railing, watch the boats drift by.

BUDDY

I've always felt like I don't belong here. Like a caterpillar. I'd like to transform into a butterfly and fly free.

LISA

Don't belong here in Bangkok, here on earth or here with me?

BUDDY

Bangkok and earth. Will you fly free with me? Maybe we could start a new world, breed a whole race of loving people.

LISA

You're such a dreamer.

They kiss.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Buddy finishes fingertip pushups. He rises, glances around, checks his watch. He shuts his eyes, flexes, squeezes his hands shut, opens them, shut, open, shut, open.

Lisa races over.

LISA

Bill!

Buddy turns, she runs into his arms. They kiss and relax.

LISA

What were you doing with your hands?

BUDDY

Exercise.

LISA

Odd exercise.

Buddy caresses her hair.

BUDDY

Judy, when we make love, my hands are soft. If anyone bothers you, my hands will be hard.

LISA

What if someone bothers you?

BUDDY
They'll need a doctor.

Lisa's eyes go wide. Buddy LAUGHS.

BUDDY
Don't worry, self-defense only.

They stroll, hand in hand.

BUDDY
My agent said he's certain I'll get
on the Seattle flight.

LISA
We still don't know--

BUDDY
At the airport, okay?

They stop. Buddy strokes her cheek.

BUDDY
At the airport, we tell each other
who we are, where we live,
everything... and... I'm going to
ask you to marry me.

They kiss.

INT. GUEST HOUSE ROOM - DAY

Buddy bounces and sings a marriage song. He ties up his
backpack, swings it on his shoulders. Out the door and

DOWN THE STAIRS

two at a time. He hands a key to an Asian RECEPTIONIST.

RECEPTIONIST
Bye, bye, Mr. Buddy.

BUDDY
I'm going to get married!

Buddy LAUGHS and dashes out the door.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Buddy skips down the sidewalk.

The moving van barrels from the other direction.

A tire BLOWS.

It swerves onto the sidewalk, straight at Buddy.

INT. BANGKOK AIRPORT CHECK-IN - DAY

Lisa stands at the check-in, glances all around. Her face shows her dismay. An OLDER TRAVELER WOMAN, 40, waits behind her. Lisa takes her boarding pass, walks away.

The Older Woman approaches the counter. Her brashness indicates a world-wise lady.

OLDER WOMAN

Ya got a seat next to that young gal? I think she needs an older sister tonight.

EXT. BANGKOK AIRPORT CUSTOMS - LATER

Lisa walks toward the Customs' entrance. Tears stream down her cheeks. She stops, her eyes look everywhere and see nothing.

The Older Woman approaches. The softness of her face overwhelms Lisa, whose body shakes.

OLDER WOMAN

Honey, you okay?

Lisa looks at her with no hope left. She BAWLS. The older woman hugs her.

OLDER WOMAN

I'm gonna guess, and it ain't nice. Some traveler guy told you he loved you and he'd meet you here.

Lisa can't stop crying, nods her head, yes.

OLDER WOMAN

Don't cha worry, dear. There's more fish in the sea.

They walk through the Customs' entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Doors swing open. Nurses and assistants YELL as they rush a gurney down the hallway.

Buddy lies unconscious, his head bandaged, one leg elevated and a blood bag dripping into his arm. They wheel him into the Operating room.

INT. HOSPITAL BEDROOM - DAY

Buddy lies in bed, one leg in a cast, elevated. A bandage covers his right cheek. He stirs.

BUDDY
Judy... Judy...

Buddy opens his eyes, spots his leg.

BUDDY
Shit.

INT. BANGKOK AIRPORT - DAY

Exasperated and on crutches, right cheek bandaged, Buddy talks to a cold AIRLINE REPRESENTATIVE.

BUDDY
Please--

REPRESENTATIVE
Sir, I simply cannot give you the names of every woman on that flight.

Buddy hobbles away, downtrodden.

From a distance, Harpington watches. He pulls out a cell phone, dials.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

Jamie gazes lovingly at his large computer screen on the wall. A joint hangs from his mouth.

He fondles the computer "keyboard", which consists of two softball-sized balls, one in each hand. As he presses buttons and rotates the balls, the screen changes.

JAMIE
I am the world's greatest, crazy, stoned out web master!

Buddy watches. His right cheek sports an inch long scar. The screen shows a good drawing of Lisa with the words, PLEASE HELP ME FIND THIS WOMAN. More text follows.

BUDDY
Looks real good, Jamie.

Jamie sits back, his wide, red eyes twinkle as he sucks in long. He wets his finger, sticks it in a cup. Out it comes coated in blue powder. He licks it off, offers the cup to Buddy, who declines.

JAMIE
Gungy-plus super delicious, Buddy.

BUDDY
Go easy, kid, you're going to kill
yourself one day.

Jamie smiles inanely.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Buddy enters, in his paint-splattered overalls. He walks
with a permanent limp.

BUDDY
Hey, Jamie, anyone respond today?

JAMIE (O.S.)
One.

BUDDY
Yeah, they know her?

Jamie pops out of the kitchen, pulls a joint out of his
mouth.

JAMIE
Nah, just some guy calling you a
pervert.

Buddy's excitement fades.

BUDDY
Thanks.

He staggers into the KITCHEN. They sit down to dinner. Jamie
hoses in. Buddy stares at the food.

JAMIE
Hey... six months, crazy brother.
Time to find a new girl.

BUDDY
Yeah...

Buddy rises, walks away.

INT. STUDY - NIGHT

He enters, shuts the door. His computer glows in the
otherwise dark room. He sits, gazes at his "Find Judy"
website. He grabs one of the ball keyboards, hits the off
key. The screen and the room go black.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - TWO YEARS LATER

Black. The refrigerator door opens. Buddy grabs a Coors beer. The room light comes on.

JAMIE (O.S.)

So?

Buddy grabs another, hands it to Jamie.

BUDDY

Yeah.

Buddy looks over the can, puts his finger on Coors' address.

BUDDY

Denver's as good as anywhere, just got to get out, have a change. You be okay on your own?

JAMIE

Hey, I'm the big twenty-one now. Got a job, got money, got gungy-plus and...

Jamie opens the beer with gusto.

JAMIE

I can open a beer can!

INT. HOSPITAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank pours some wine, hands a glass to his superior, BART, 70.

FRANK

Another dead one, Sir. I'm positive I could discover the cause, but how many times are these guys going to kill themselves?

BART

Frank, one day we'll grab someone with Scire-sapere's disease who has no family. Don't worry, it will surely happen.

FRANK

But will I be dead first?

BART

Frank.

FRANK

I'm sorry, Sir, my wait's been nothing compared to yours.

BART

So what about the new young psychologist expert? I hear she's quite cute.

Frank smiles.

FRANK

Her name's Lisa.

EXT. DENVER APARTMENT - DAY

Against the backdrop of the vast Rocky Mountains, Buddy parks his paint splattered, dented, old pickup truck in front. He gets out with a duffle bag, checks some papers, the address and a key. He approaches the door.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - DAY

Buddy fondles his beard and long hair in front of the mirror. He reaches for scissors next to a razor, picks them up.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - LATER

The razor drops down next to the scissors. Buddy reaches up, runs his hand over his clean-shaven face and short hair. He looks long in the mirror.

MONTAGE

-- TAVERN - Winter - Snow falls outside as Buddy sits alone.

-- BUILDING - Summer - Short sleeves and sweaty, Buddy paints a mural on the sidewall.

-- APARTMENT - Autumn - Leaves swirl off the trees as Buddy drives up, gets out, ambles inside.

-- MOUNTAIN WOODS - Winter - Boots trudge through six-inch snow. Buddy spots an empty caterpillar cocoon with a hole on one end. He pulls it off the tree, slides it in his coat.

EXT. DENVER CITY STREET - NIGHT - THREE YEARS LATER

Stop lights, McDonald's, Hotel. Small shops, all with SALE signs. Many people out for the evening. Everyone carries shopping bags. Their jackets indicate Autumn with a chill.

Buddy limps along the sidewalk. Now 30, yet the years have taken their toll and he appears much older. He stops at an ATM window.

Large Dollar, Yen and Euro symbols grace the machine. He puts his thumb to a code reader, punches "50" below the \$ sign, takes his money.

He turns, only to be bumped by a young husky LINEBACKER, walking briskly with his WIFE, ten feet in front of their five-year-old DAUGHTER.

The little girl races to keep up, trips and falls into the street, in line of oncoming traffic.

Buddy snatches the girl out of the way of a truck. Eyes wide, she gapes at Buddy in fright, unable to speak or yell. As Buddy brings her back to the sidewalk, she lets it out.

DAUGHTER
MOMMY! DADDY!

Her parents turn around, spot their daughter in Buddy's arms.

LINEBACKER
Bastard! Let her go!

BUDDY
She fell--

Buddy releases the girl but the man's fist smashes Buddy's face. The force throws him down against a store door. The father goes in for the kill.

HARPINGTON (O.S.)
Stop!

Harpington grabs the father's arm. The father tries to shake Harpington off, but can't, the grip's too tight.

HARPINGTON
I said, stop. He saved your daughter.

LINEBACKER
Like hell.

The father swings at Harpington. Harpington dodges, catches his arm, spins him around and gives him a shove.

HARPINGTON
So don't believe the truth, jerk.
But leave him alone.

The wife grabs her husband.

WIFE

Honey, let's get out of here.

With daggers in his eyes, the Linebacker reluctantly turns, picks up his daughter and they rush off.

Buddy looks up at Harpington, but can't see his face as the streetlight shines behind Harpington's head.

BUDDY

I didn't need help.

HARPINGTON

Maybe.

BUDDY

Do I know you?

Harpington smiles.

HARPINGTON

Not yet.

He walks off.

Buddy peers after him. A street dog moseys up to Buddy, licks his face. A skinny bitch, tits hang down.

BUDDY

Hey, c'mon.

Buddy gets up, holds his jaw.

BUDDY

Shit, save a life and get whacked.

Buddy crosses the street, heads towards the McDonald's, oblivious to the traffic.

BUDDY

Tell the truth, no one believes it.

A horn BLARES. The DRIVER slams on the brakes. Buddy jumps out of the way.

DRIVER

Hey, watch where you're going!

BUDDY

Shit! Yes, sorry, thanks.

Shaking, Buddy heads into the McDonald's.

BUDDY

Once is enough, Buddy. Keep your damn wits about you or you're going to get killed.

EXT. MCDONALD'S - LATER

Buddy comes out with dinner. The bitch confronts him with soulful eyes. Buddy stops.

BUDDY

I'm hungry.

The dog shakes her head.

BUDDY

You're hungry.

She wags her tail.

BUDDY

The world's hungry.

She cocks her head.

Buddy pulls a burger out of his bag, gives half to the dog. He hoes into the rest as he walks off.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Dirt mixed with seashells and driftwood give a cold country appearance. Cows graze on the overlooking hills, barren of trees. Wild flowers abloom. Sid strolls on the beach, a cell phone's headset on his ear.

SID

Yes, Harp, your job is arranged.

He stops, glances out to sea. A storm brews.

SID

Jamie's fate is his making. And if Lisa doesn't come good, they both might as well be dead.

Sid waves toward a helicopter parked further down the beach. It rises and flies off. A light rain falls.

SID

The storm's coming. Be extra careful.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - DAY

Rain pelts on the window. Exasperated, Buddy holds his phone.

JAMIE RECORDING (V.O.)
 Hey, I'm out, leave a word or two
 or seventeen. Ha! Ha!

BEEP.

BUDDY
 Jamie, you alright? You there? I've
 been trying to call for weeks. Call
 me back, okay? And... Happy 25th
 tomorrow.

Buddy hangs up, shuts his eyes.

EXT. SAN DIEGO COMMUNITY PRE-SCHOOL - DAY

'HAPPY BIRTHDAY' singing rings out of open windows of the
 rainbow painted school. A car drives up in front.

KIDS AND TEACHER (O.S.)
 Happy birthday to Will, happy
 birthday to Will.

BOBBY'S FATHER, 30, hops out, strolls to the pre-school.

INT. SAN DIEGO COMMUNITY PRE-SCHOOL - DAY

The pre-school TEACHER, 35, and a dozen KIDS wear party hats
 and costumes, huddle around WILL, 5, smiling wide. A
 birthday cake with five candles await his blowing.

KIDS AND TEACHER
 Happy birthday to Willie, happy
 birthday to Will! Hip, hip, hurray!

BOBBY, 5, gives Will a playful shove.

BOBBY
 Make a wish!

Bobby's father enters. Bobby races for a hug.

BOBBY
 Daddy!

BOBBY'S FATHER
 Hey, who's birthday?

BOBBY
 Will's!

TEACHER

Come join us, Mr. Harris. Now Will,
go ahead, make a wish.

Will's forehead furrows as he stares at the candles. He looks over at Bobby sitting in his father's lap. Eyes back to the candles, he takes a big breath and blows. All out.

BOBBY

What did you wish for?

Will bites on his bottom lip.

WILL

I, I wish my daddy was alive.

Dead silence. The Teacher gives Will a hug.

EXT. SAN DIEGO COMMUNITY PRE-SCHOOL - DAY

Will and two other kids stand by the door with the Teacher as the rest of the children walk off with a parent. Another car pulls up. One of the two kids races to it. The Teacher pats Will as his eyes search the road for his mom.

TEACHER

Will, you do know that when people
are dead, they can't come back to
earth, right?

Will looks down. He scuffs his feet.

WILL

Maybe.

HONK. Lisa smiles from her car window.

WILL

Mom!

Will races to her.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - DAY

Buddy holds the phone.

BUDDY

Right, Officer. Can someone please
check the house?

(pause)

Yes, he works at home, does
programming.

(pause)

Thanks very much.

Buddy ends the call, dials another.

BUDDY

Hey, can you finish painting the mural on your own?

(pause)

Yeah, I have to go to San Fran.

(pause)

Thanks, see you when I get back.

Buddy hangs up, glances over at a photo of him and Jamie. He pulls out his duffel bag, opens a drawer.

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Buddy throws his duffel bag in the back of his pickup, hops in. He turns on the key. DEAD.

BUDDY

No, no, not today.

He turns the key, nothing. Again. It kicks over.

BUDDY

One more trip, okay, baby. You can die in San Fran.

INT. BUDDY'S PICKUP - DAY

Buddy speeds along the freeway, passes a sign, SAN FRANCISCO 90 MILES. His phone RINGS.

BUDDY

Yes.

Buddy lets off the gas, slides over to the safety lane. He stops, listens.

BUDDY

Okay, I'm just a couple of hours out.

He rests his head on the window.

BUDDY

Thank you, Sir.

EXT. JAMIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Buddy drives up, gets out. An OLDER POLICEMAN leans against his patrol car.

OLDER POLICEMAN

Buddy?

BUDDY

Yes.

OLDER POLICEMAN

Best we could tell it was five weeks of junk mail, it's on the table.

BUDDY

Thank you, sir.

OLDER POLICEMAN

Want to file a missing person's report?

BUDDY

Let me check through his stuff first. I'll give you a call.

The policeman puts his hand on Buddy's shoulder, offers him a card.

OLDER POLICEMAN

I have two boys of my own. You can call me direct.

Buddy nods, walks toward the house.

OLDER POLICEMAN

Buddy.

BUDDY

Yeah?

OLDER POLICEMAN

Careful. Things like this can tip people over the edge.

BUDDY

Don't worry, sir, I'll stay calm.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Buddy walks in, passes a pile of mail, heads to the STUDY.

He wakes the computer, opens the email program, hits SEND & RECEIVE. The progress window opens, 782 emails to receive.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Buddy lies on the couch, asleep.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Buddy eats breakfast, jots on paper.

BUDDY

Okay, maybe three emails. Shit,
forgot the phone.

Buddy gets up.

INT. STUDY - DAY

He enters, checks the answering machine, 67 calls. He sits
back in the chair, clicks on NEWEST MESSAGE.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Happy birthday to me, happy 25th
birthday to me, me, me.

Buddy's eyes go wide, he sits up.

JAMIE (V.O.)

Hip, hip, hippy-oh.
(a long pause)
Buddy, you come home yet?

Jamie cries.

JAMIE (V.O.)

I lost your number and I need you,
brother, hey... help me, damn it...
I'm in San dopey Diego. 412 and a
f-g half, 28th street.
(heavy bawling)
Oh, damn me...

The message ends. Buddy scribbles the address. He hits
RETURN CALL. It RINGS.

-- TELEPHONE BOOTH IN FRONT OF A BUILDING NUMBERED 414

ANSWERING MACHINE (V.O.)

The number you have dialed is a pay
phone. There is no answer.

Buddy hangs up, races to the living room and scoops up his
gear.

INT. BUDDY'S PICKUP - DAY

Buddy turns the key. DEAD. Again, again, again.

BUDDY

Shit!

He slams his hands on the wheel. Gets out, grabs his bag and
heads up the street. He stops, looks back to the pickup.

BUDDY
 Sorry, I knew you were dying.
 Thanks for getting me here.

INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

A gum-chewing ELDERLY MAN serves a HIPPIE GUY, 19, at the ticket counter. Buddy waits behind him and an ELDERLY WOMAN stands behind Buddy.

ELDERLY MAN
 Fifty-five-fifty.

The guy checks his pocket.

HIPPIE GUY
 How about a student discount?

The Old Man sneers.

ELDERLY MAN
 Got yer college ID?

The guy pulls out a little bird from his jacket.

HIPPIE GUY
 I found him, can't fly. Can we do
 forty-six bucks and this bird?

ELDERLY MAN
 Do I look like a cat?

HIPPIE GUY
 No, but--

BUDDY
 Do you want to sell your bird?

The guy spins around to Buddy.

BUDDY
 I'll give you nine-fifty.

ELDERLY MAN
 Hey, Mister, you shouldn't--

Buddy shakes his head at the old man. He and the guy exchange.

BUDDY
 If nobody helps, the world stays
 screwed.

HIPPIE GUY
 Like cool, thanks, friend.

The fellow hands his money over, takes his ticket and bops away. Buddy approaches the counter. The elderly woman taps Buddy on the shoulder.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Young man, I'm very impressed.

Buddy turns.

ELDERLY WOMAN

And unless you really want that bird, I'd like to buy it from you.

ELDERLY MAN

Mavis, you shouldn't--

ELDERLY WOMAN

Now, now, Eric.

BUDDY

Ma'am, I haven't a mother or a grandmother. Can I give you this bird as a gift?

Her eyes swell, she gives Buddy a kiss on the cheek.

ELDERLY WOMAN

If only all the young men in the world were so kind. Thank you.

The Elderly Woman smiles broadly, hands the Elderly Man a lunch pail.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Don't forget to drink all the soymilk.

ELDERLY MAN

Yes, dear.

She walks off, humming and stroking the bird. Longingly, the old man watches his happy wife. He smiles to Buddy.

ELDERLY MAN

Thank you. I, I've forgotten... Ticket's on the house, where are you heading?

EXT. SAN DIEGO BUS STATION - DAY

Buddy steps down off a bus. He pulls out a piece of paper, heads to a taxi. A shop window displays the news.

Buddy passes by and hails a cab.

BUDDY
 You know 412 and a half, 28th
 street?

TAXI DRIVER
 28th, sure.

Buddy gets in.

Harpington exits the station, watches the taxi drive off. He strolls to the shop window, checks the news. Headlines show Lisa getting an award: LOCAL PSYCHOLOGIST GAINS HONORS. He pulls out a cell phone.

INT. TAXI - DAY

They drive on 28th, check numbers. They pass by 412, an alley and 414.

TAXI DRIVER
 Must be there somewhere.

BUDDY
 Thanks.

Buddy pays, gets out. He checks 414, glances at the telephone booth, looks across the alley to 412. He walks down the ALLEY with his duffle bag over his shoulder. Somewhere a Cuckoo clock CUCKOOS four times.

A dead end street bums' bedroom.

Sheer walls of three buildings surround two large metal containers, lying on their sides. They could have been old Salvation Army depot receivers.

Scattered computer gear, broken suitcases and blankets lie inside one. Two large bare feet hang out of the second container. Buddy approaches, takes a look at FEET.

BUDDY
 Hey.

FEET
 Looking fer someone?

BUDDY
 Yeah.

Buddy sits down next to the feet. He scrunches his face, waves his hand in front of his nose.

BUDDY
 The 'Y' has free showers.

FEET
Just get dirty again.

Buddy pulls out a loaf of sour dough bread, rips some off, offers it to Feet.

FEET
Sour dough from San Fran?

BUDDY
It's two days old.

FEET
Buddy?

BUDDY
Yeah.

FEET
Jamie talks about ya.

BUDDY
He's been living here?

FEET
Could be worse.

Buddy looks around.

BUDDY
How the hell--

FEET
Glad to meet ya, cause Jamie's wrecking himself.

BUDDY
Big?

FEET
Killer drugs. The Plus here is tainted. He's walking death. Won't listen to me. I even tried a special dog food with him.

BUDDY
Dog food?

FEET
Yeah, but no luck. Maybe ya try.

BUDDY
Where?

FEET

Good guess Balboa Park, not far,
next block.

Buddy gets up.

FEET

Hey.

Feet puts out a hand. Only three fingers. Buddy hands him the loaf. He tosses his bag in the first container, walks back up the alley.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Buddy passes a YOUNG FELLOW smoking, on a park bench.

BUDDY

That'll give you cancer.

YOUNG FELLOW

Screw you.

BUDDY

I've already been screwed.

Buddy points at his bum leg.

YOUNG FELLOW

So your leg smoked too much, huh?

BUDDY

Know a guy named Jamie?

YOUNG FELLOW

Buzz off, narc.

The young fellow gets up, speeds away.

BUDDY

I'm his brother.

The fellow doesn't stop. Buddy yells.

BUDDY

TRUTH, TRUTH, WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE
TRUTH?

The fellow stops, turns slowly. Buddy has his hands held outward, asking for help. The fellow glances over into a thick cluster of bushes, and runs off.

Buddy walks over to the bushes, pushes his way through. Jamie lies asleep. Buddy feels his pulse, rubs his cheeks.

BUDDY
 Jamie, hey...

Jamie opens his eyes, half smiles.

JAMIE
 Buddy... I'm so... glad...

Jamie shuts his eyes, falls back asleep.

Buddy picks Jamie up, carries him out in his arms.

An older couple stroll on the path toward Buddy.

BUDDY
 Can you help me, my brother's--

The couple abruptly change direction. Buddy yells.

BUDDY
 YEAH, YOU AND THE REST OF THE...
 (he pauses long)
 goddamn selfish world.

Jamie stirs.

JAMIE
 Hey, brother... holding me like
 Mommy used to do.

Buddy puts Jamie down on a park bench.

BUDDY
 Mom's dead, Dad's dead and you're
 one shit of a mess.

JAMIE
 Don't get mad...

Buddy frowns.

JAMIE
 The Plus is sooooo super.

BUDDY
 Yeah, yeah.

JAMIE
 You come to save me?

BUDDY
 You going to let me?

Jamie gets up, staggers, smiles wide.

JAMIE

Sure.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Jamie leans against Buddy as they walk toward the containers.

JAMIE

Buddy, you're the best damn buddy I got.

BUDDY

Right, and if we don't watch out for each other, the one left behind's going to be screwed. Now get your gear together. We'll go to a hotel.

JAMIE

Nap first, okay.

Jamie gives Buddy a silly grin, climbs in the first container and instantly falls asleep. Buddy shrugs, lies down next to Jamie.

INT. CONTAINER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Buddy wakes up, screaming.

BUDDY

SHIT! NO!

FEET (O.S.)

Nightmares are part of life.

FEET, 70, dirty, long gray hair and beard, looks in.

BUDDY

I don't belong here.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Hair up in a bun, tears run down her face, Lisa turns toward the red blouse drawing Buddy did of her.

LISA

Well, if you don't feel you belong here, then--

FRANK (O.S.)

Lisa, I'm sorry, I've been an ass.

Frank stands across the room. Apologetic, but not quite.

WILL (O.S.)
 Mommy, Mommy...

Will races in from the hallway to his mother's arms.

WILL
 I heard the yelling. Please don't
 marry Frank.

Frank's face exudes a look that screams, "I could kill that kid".

LISA
 Frank, you better go now.

Frank walks out. The screen door SLAMS shut.

WILL
 My daddy's going to come back.

Lisa shakes her head.

WILL
 I used my birthday wish three
 times.

Lisa kisses his forehead, tears roll down her cheeks.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Buddy walks toward the containers with a bottle of milk and groceries. The clock CUCKOOS nine times. He hands some food to Feet, checks Jamie, still asleep.

FEET
 Wait til he wakes.

Buddy sits down next to Jamie.

BUDDY
 So tell me about life.

FEET
 I'm a street bum.

BUDDY
 You're an old man.

FEET
 I was a man.

BUDDY
 You... are... a man.

Feet reaches in his bedroom, pulls out a box of letters.

FEET

My son sends me money, writes every month.

Buddy eyes Feet compassionately.

FEET

I... I haven't written him in years.

Feet's eyes swell with tears.

BUDDY

Maybe he misses his father.

Feet wipes his eyes, lies down.

Buddy grabs a sheet, puts it over Jamie. He lies down on his back, looks up at the container's ceiling.

INT. CONTAINER BEDROOM - LATER

Buddy's asleep. The clock CUCKOOS twice. He wakes, glances over at Jamie, whose eyes are wide, peering at nothing. Buddy grabs Jamie.

BUDDY

Jamie! JAMIE!

Jamie's dead. Buddy stares.

Feet comes in, sits next to Buddy.

FEET

I think he missed ya mom and dad.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

In shock, Buddy sits blankly while a DOCTOR and DETECTIVE talk. The doctor points at Buddy.

DOCTOR

His brother.

The Detective walks over to Buddy.

DETECTIVE

Sir... They will have to do an autopsy. You can probably bury him in a couple of days.

Buddy nods.

BUDDY
Officer, if birth guarantees death,
what the hell is going on here?

DETECTIVE
I'm sorry. I don't have that
answer.

EXT. LISA'S HOME - DAY

Lisa and Will come out, head to the house next door.

WILL
The answer is one hundred and one.
Can I go shopping, too?

LISA
Very good, but not today, I have to
rush. You take care of Nana, okay?

Will puffs himself up as tall as he can get and smiles wide.

The neighboring house door opens. Out steps Lisa's MOM, 55,
a first grade teacher for 33 years with a New York accent,
speaking non stop, a hundred words a minute.

MOM
Oh, Willie...

Will races into her arms.

MOM
Brownies are in the--

Will zips inside.

MOM
Boys will be boys. Did you see the
show last night? I don't think
Robert should have kissed Janice,
what do you think? But, of course,
it's just TV. Now Lisa, honey,
here's my list.

LISA
Yes, Mom.

Lisa turns towards her car.

MOM
Janice has that other boyfriend. I
really don't trust her. You won't
forget anything, will you dear? You
know how important--

LISA

Yes, Mom.

MOM

You're such a sweetie. Why aren't you married?

Lisa stops dead in her tracks.

MOM

I mean, I'm sorry, dear, but you can find someone else. Get a good man to be Will's father. What about Frank? You two work together and--

Lisa spins around, shoots an exasperated look at her Mom.

MOM

But the TV shows always end so, uh... If only your Father was alive, I'm sure--

Mom runs to Lisa, gives her a hug.

MOM

Will's father must have been quite a man. I wish I had met him.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

Eyes wide, Buddy peers through a fence at the freeway. His expression shows he's losing it. Across the whizzing traffic lies a huge, glittering shopping Mall.

BUDDY

Freeways, shopping malls, stupid, stupid. Can't even walk five miles in a straight line without having to cross a damn freeway.

Buddy climbs over the fence, heads straight for the Mall.

BUDDY

Why not...

He steps onto the freeway. Cars and trucks BLARE their horns, swerve to miss him. He stops in the middle lane.

BUDDY

...just get killed?

Buddy walks to the traffic island. He watches the cars zoom by.

BUDDY
 When will they learn cars and
 freeways don't bring true
 happiness?

Buddy runs, as best he can, toward the Mall. Cars slam their
 brakes, HONK like mad. Miraculously, no pile-ups.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Buddy spots a new Mercedes with license plate, SATURDAY. A
 WEALTHY MAN approaches the car.

WEALTHY MAN
 Open.

The driver's door opens.

BUDDY
 Excuse me, sir. Is today, Saturday?

The man eyes Buddy over with disdain.

WEALTHY MAN
 Yes.

BUDDY
 And, maybe I'm a bit nosey, but do
 you have a different fancy car for
 each day of the week?

Nervous, the man looks around in fear.

Buddy steps away, holds up a hand, indicating, no.

BUDDY
 Don't worry, sir, I won't harm you.
 But... are you... SO FILTHY RICH!

The man shakes, eyes wide. Buddy glares, his eyes penetrate
 the man's soul. Buddy's body tightens, he squeezes his hands
 shut, open, shut, open.

Buddy walks away.

EXT. MALL - DAY

A wild looking Kawasaki motorcycle pulls up twenty yards
 away from the entrance. The man wears a tinted full-faced
 helmet.

Buddy comes out of the parking area, enters the Mall.

Harpington takes off his helmet.

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

Buddy walks in, confronted by a typical Mall on Saturday. A banner reads, HAPPINESS IS BUYING YOURSELF SOMETHING SPECIAL!

Fifteen year olds act cool with each other. The boys' pants hang two inches below Donald Duck undies. The girls' pudgy tummies push out between too tight pants and tops. All pretend they are twenty.

An OVERWEIGHT MOTHER pulls two kids along. A third little one cries ten feet behind. Buddy approaches the woman, points at the crying kid.

BUDDY
Hey, lady, your kid--

She swings her handbag at Buddy, who dodges.

OVERWEIGHT MOTHER
Don't you tell me what to do with my kids.

BUDDY
Sorry, I, uh--

OVERWEIGHT MOTHER
Leave me alone or I'll call the cops. COPS, COPS!

Buddy speeds off.

BUDDY
Kids cry, kids cry, who truly cares?

Buddy stops, faces dozens of adult shoppers coming from the other direction. He confronts some.

BUDDY
Hey, when a kid cries, do you help?

The shoppers ignore him, pass him by.

BUDDY
Please can you answer a question?

More pass him. An EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD MAN stops.

BUDDY
Can you please--

EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD MAN
I will give you a bit of advice,
young man.

BUDDY
Yes, thank you.

EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD MAN
Computers, learn the computer,
that's where there's big money.

The old man hobbles off. Buddy shuts his eyes.

BUDDY
Yes... thank... you.

Buddy walks into a MATERNITY SHOP as a young pregnant woman exits.

BUDDY
Excuse me, can you tell me why
you're having a baby?

The woman gapes at him like he's from outer space and races off. Buddy frowns, approaches a SALESWOMAN.

SALESWOMAN
Yes, may I help you?

BUDDY
Maybe.

SALESWOMAN
Is your wife pregnant?

BUDDY
Don't have a wife.

SALESWOMAN
Your girlfriend?

BUDDY
You're obviously an expert on
pregnant women. Can I ask you a
question?

The worried saleswoman steps back.

BUDDY
Why's the world making more babies
when there's too many already?

She laughs awkwardly.

BUDDY
Shit, sorry.

He walks away. The saleswoman picks up the phone, dials.

SALESWOMAN
Security!

INT. MALL'S SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

A 300-pound OFFICER talks on the phone.

SECURITY OFFICER
Gotcha, honey. We'll keep him
watched.

She hangs up, swivels to look at eight TV screens, showing different views of the Mall. One shows Buddy walking into a computer game room.

INT. COMPUTER GAME ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A dozen chubby KIDS glued to their screens. Buddy approaches one.

BUDDY
Hey, kid, ever play ball?

The kid doesn't take his eyes off his "kill."

BUDDY
You know what clouds and the wind
are like?

The ATTENDANT grabs Buddy's arm.

ATTENDANT
Fella, what'cha up to?

BUDDY
I, I just wanted to...

Buddy looks around at the spaced kids, he loses it fully.

BUDDY
I wanted to tell you that you're
all god damn stupid asses!

Buddy zips behind the computers and yanks the main plug out. All the screens go black.

KIDS
I want my money back!

ATTENDANT

Kids! Out! Scire-sapere's disease!

The kids race out SCREAMING. The Attendant runs behind his counter, picks up the phone. He stares at Buddy in horror.

Buddy stands dejected.

BUDDY

Hey, look, I'm sorry, okay? But I just had to tell those kids the truth, and... I think they should go outside and play ball.

Buddy limps out, more dismayed than ever. The Attendant dials.

INT. MALL'S SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

The Officer talks to her partner as she points at a monitor showing Buddy wandering in the Mall.

SECURITY OFFICER

That's him, call for a wagon.

INT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

Buddy jumps up on a table.

BUDDY

Listen, everyone, listen! We're not being told the truth! Materialism is not happiness!

People SCREAM. Everyone races off.

BUDDY

The truth! It's time for the truth!

Buddy hops off the table, runs into the

MALL FOYER

It's open all the way up to the sixth floor. On the top floor the Security Officer peers down, talks on her intercom.

SECURITY OFFICER

He's in the foyer.

Her partner on the third floor races down the up-escalator, bumping into the shoppers. Another officer races down from the fourth floor.

Buddy spots the officers.

BUDDY
WHAT THE HELL ARE WE BREEDING FOR!

Buddy races towards the exit, gets trapped amongst the multitudes, and finds himself face to face with the old man.

EIGHTY-YEAR-OLD MAN
Did you buy a computer?

BUDDY
Shit!

Buddy gets close to the exit. He bumps into Lisa, arms full with shopping bags. One of the bags drops and spills open. He helps pick it up.

BUDDY
Sorry, I'm sorry.

He hands the bag back to Lisa, sees her face. Stunned, he can't move, yet she doesn't recognize him, clean-shaven, short hair and scarred.

LISA
That's okay, thank--

SECURITY OFFICER
There he is, get him!

Buddy's eyes flash to the officer, back to Lisa, he darts out...

EXT. MALL - CONTINUOUS

...the best he can, emotionally exhausted. He stops.

BUDDY
Oh my God, JUDY!

Buddy heads back to the Mall, spots the guards.

SIRENS. Police cars pull up on the curb. He's cornered. The POLICE approach with guns raised. Up go his hands.

BUDDY
Hey, I didn't hurt anyone, I didn't steal anything, I only spoke the truth. I don't have a gun, I don't have a knife.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

He rambles on in back of the car handcuffed to the grid.

BUDDY

Look, it's actually okay. I don't need the lift home. I could have called a cab--

POLICE DRIVER

What's your name?

BUDDY

Just call me "Buddy".

POLICE DRIVER

Buddy?

BUDDY

Yeah, every guy on the planet can be called Buddy, so I'm not alone.

The POLICE DRIVER shakes his head. His PARTNER shuts the sound proof window, while Buddy continues rambling.

POLICE DRIVER

Jail or hospital?

PARTNER

Nut house for sure.

EXT. MENTAL HOSPITAL - DAY

They pull up in front. Buddy sees the hospital from the car window, his eyes narrow. The officers get out, open Buddy's door, unlock him from the grid.

BUDDY

Hey, look... it's okay now. I can walk home. Thanks for the ride.

They yank him out.

POLICE DRIVER

This is your new home, Buddy.

BUDDY

No, really, a lot of people like new homes, buy another, buy another, never satisfied, but I don't--

POLICE DRIVER

Shut-up and c'mon.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL PADDED ROOM - DAY

Buddy sits alone, opening and closing his fists. A table with another chair finishes the room's furniture.

A large eight-inch thick mirror forms part of one wall. His eyes go to the upper corners of the room, cameras in each corner.

Peering at one of the cameras, he rises. He grabs his chair, yanks, it's bolted to the floor. He tries to push the table - also bolted. Similar with the other chair. He walks over to the wall opposite the door, feels the thick padding.

The door opens. Frank walks in, with three husky male nurses.

FRANK

Well, well, is this our new--

BUDDY

Who the hell are you to put me in here?

FRANK

I beg your pardon?

Buddy walks towards the door, blocked by the biggest burly male nurse, JACK.

BUDDY

Thank you very much, but I'm leaving.

Buddy confronts Jack straight on, met by a stone face. Frank sits in one chair.

FRANK

I'm afraid that won't be possible.
Please sit down.

Another two husky nurses enter, shut the door. Buddy eyes everyone over, sits down.

FRANK

Now, what's your real name?

BUDDY

What's yours?

FRANK

Yes, I'm sorry, let me introduce myself. I'm Dr. Frank Morgan, head of the psychiatric division.

Buddy holds out his hand to shake.

BUDDY

I'm Buddy.

They shake.

BUDDY
I don't like being here.

Buddy squeezes Frank's hand hard. Frank winches.

FRANK
What, uh, hey!

Jack and another big nurse dash at Buddy, who lets go, puts his hands up.

BUDDY
Sorry, don't know my own strength
sometimes.

Jack grabs Buddy's shirt.

JACK
You watch your step, fella.

BUDDY
Your hand's on my shirt.

JACK
Listen you--

Buddy grabs Jack's arm, throws him over, onto the floor. Buddy jumps up, poses in a battle stance. Jack gets up, fire in his eyes. The other four move in on Buddy.

BUDDY
Doctor! What the shit?

FRANK
Stop, please--

Frank grabs Jack by the arm.

FRANK
Jack, it's okay, relax. Buddy, my
apologies, but let me tell you.

Frank's eyes tighten on Buddy.

FRANK
You better behave yourself.

Buddy sits down.

BUDDY
I'd like to see a lawyer.

FRANK

This is a mental hospital, not a jail.

BUDDY

My name is Buddy. I'm five foot eleven, blue eyes, brown hair.

A wall clock displays 11:05.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL PADDED ROOM - LATER

Frowning, Frank stands next to the clock, 1:25.

BUDDY

Then take every 18 year old, give them \$5000 with a ticket to Asia, and they can't come back for six months.

FRANK

Yes, yes, Buddy, that's quite okay, but everything you have said is similar to your raving at the Mall. Please tell me your background.

BUDDY

I'm Caucasian, American.

FRANK

I don't think you're waking up to where you're heading.

BUDDY

Maybe you're the one who's not awake, Doc.

INT. MENTAL HOSPITAL PADDED ROOM - LATER

The clock reads 3:10. Frank sits, writes on his clipboard. He smiles.

FRANK

Buddy, you have many thoughts about how you would fix the world.

BUDDY

I've spoken the truth.

FRANK

Yes, and many of them make so much sense that I'm quite impressed. However you have not given me any information regarding who you are, your family, etc.

Frank rises, walks to the door.

FRANK

And to let you leave here and speak your thoughts to the world is simply not possible. So I'm left with only one alternative. I'm very pleased to meet you, Buddy. You're my step to history.

Frank and the nurses walk out.

Buddy shuts his eyes.

INT. HOSPITAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Frank sits with Bart.

FRANK

Yes sir, I'm certain he has it. I'd like permission to move him to the Special Treatment Center.

BART

Well, well. And if he has no family...

Frank beams.

BART

Congratulations, Frank. You might be the first to use Security Act 2070.

INT. HOSPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Super excited, Frank talks on the phone to Lisa.

FRANK

Yes, definitely 'Scire-sapere's Disease!'

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lisa unpacks her shopping on the couch with the phone nestled in her shoulder.

LISA

Frank--

INTERCUT TELEPHONE CONVERSATION - LISA AND FRANK

FRANK

This is what we've been waiting for.

LISA
Yes, but--

FRANK
History, Lisa, you and I together.

Lisa frowns.

FRANK
I've called a staff meeting in
thirty minutes... Lisa?

Lisa looks over at Buddy's drawing.

FRANK
Lisa, you there?

LISA
Frank... I'll be in tomorrow to do
an assessment.

INT. LARGE MENTAL HOSPITAL OFFICE - DAY

Behind the one-way mirror, Buddy sits in the padded room, opening and closing his fists. He rambles but no one in the office can hear him. Four TV screens monitor Buddy from each corner in his room.

Frank sits with Bart in front of many staff. Jack stands behind Frank.

FRANK
We will be moving him to our
special treatment center. The
trouble with Scire-sapere's Disease
is when they have it full blown,
everything they say is true. But we
can't let the people hear that.

BART
You must understand, it's against
our culture, against humanity as we
live it.

FRANK
It's essential to American security
that he be isolated.

INT. TREATMENT CENTER PADDED ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Buddy walks around the room, stops at the mirror, touches it.

INTERCUT - Buddy's room and the office

Frank walks over in front of Buddy.

FRANK

It's possible Christ had it, they
killed him.

BUDDY

Hey, doctor!

Buddy walks to the wall opposite the mirror. He looks up at
the cameras aimed down at him.

FRANK

Buddha had it, too, but that was
India. We just can't tolerate this
illness here!

BUDDY

What the hell do you need cameras
for when you have a damn mirror?

Frank turns to the group.

FRANK

If we admit what they say is true,
our whole society will crumble like
a house made of playing cards.

Buddy races at his full speed toward the mirror. He jumps
up, ready with his good leg to kick the glass. Everyone
except Frank gasps. Frank spins around.

FRANK

No!

Frank dives down to one side. Buddy drops his foot before
hitting the mirror, and lands full body, braced with his
hands, against it. Buddy's eyes seem to penetrate straight
through the mirror.

BUDDY

Get scared, Doc?

Frank shakes, breathing heavy, face full of rage.

FRANK

I'll kill him.

Jack assists Frank up.

JACK

I'll help you.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - DAY

Large. No mirror, cameras spy down. No windows, just padded walls. A mattress and bedding in one corner. Toilet with a curtain and sink in another. Table and chairs, bolted.

Buddy wears hospital clothes, sits on the mattress, leaning against the wall.

The door opens, Harpington enters, in a nurse uniform, holding a clipboard.

HARPINGTON

Hello, Buddy, my name's Harpington Code. I'm the head nurse of this section.

Buddy eyes Harpington over.

HARPINGTON

I should let you know--

BUDDY

If you're a head nurse, go nurse your head. Or better yet, go nurse your doctor's head.

HARPINGTON

Sid told me you have a nice sense of humor.

BUDDY

I'm not laughing. And I don't know any Sid. Why have I been moved here and when am I allowed out?

HARPINGTON

All in due time. Other than that, my main job is to help you in any way I can.

BUDDY

How about a big box of crayons and paper, a Frisbee, and books to read on Scire-sapere's Disease?

HARPINGTON

Crayons yes, Frisbee no, books no, papers on Scire-sapere yes. Anything else?

BUDDY

Haven't had a good meal in days.

HARPINGTON
Steak, potatoes, some wine.

BUDDY
You're kidding?

HARPINGTON
No, Sir. Let me guess, medium-rare.

BUDDY
Add peas and no wine.

HARPINGTON
Fresh squeezed orange juice coming
right up.

Buddy's eyes narrow.

BUDDY
Do I know you from somewhere?

HARPINGTON
Maybe.

BUDDY
Where?

Harpington smiles.

BUDDY
You're one up on me.

HARPINGTON
Maybe.

Harpington leaves.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - LATER

Empty plates rest on the table next to a huge box of crayons. Buddy sits on the bed, reads some printouts. He leans back against the wall, eyes wide.

He rises, holding the papers.

BUDDY
Buddy, my boy, what the hell did
you do?

He stares at the papers.

BUDDY
Judy was there... and now I'm...
here.

He hurls the papers across the room.

INT. FRANK'S TREATMENT CENTER OFFICE - DAY

Frank rests his feet on his desk, proud of himself.

FRANK

He claims he has no family. Do you realize what that means?

LISA (O.S.)

You know I'm against the operation.

Lisa stands near the door, hair in a bun, professional clothes. Frank sits up.

FRANK

Lisa, listen, this is an American security issue. It's never been done before and it's absolutely imperative that we find out what's in his brain. We can be the first!

LISA

No.

Frank rises, his face tight.

FRANK

Fine... You're the psych, I'm the medical scientist. You can do your studies. But in one week, I'll do the cutting.

LISA

We're done, Frank.

FRANK

Maybe you'll reconsider when I crack his skull and get the awards.

Lisa walks out.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa enters. Will draws with crayons.

LISA

Okay, Will, we'll go see the man now.

WILL

Is he mean like Frank?

LISA

Honey, he has a disease but it doesn't make him mean. And he's absolutely harmless to women and children.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Lisa and Will approach a blocked off corridor, RESTRICTED AREA. Harpington sits at a desk.

LISA

Hi, I'm Dr. Baker.

HARPINGTON

Dr. Baker, welcome. And this must be little Will. I find your research using Will with your patients to be very interesting.

LISA

Thank you. Will's been very helpful indeed.

Lisa smiles at Will as he squints at Harpington.

HARPINGTON

Doctor, I'll tell Buddy you're here, but...

Harpington's eyes pierce Lisa. She can't hold his gaze, drops her head.

HARPINGTON

First I just want to say, it's important that you know my name's Harpington Code and if you need any help, any time, from anyone, you just ask for me, okay?

Lisa looks up questioningly at Harpington. He smiles, enters the corridor.

WILL

Mommy, he's a bad guy.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - DAY

The papers rest on the table. Buddy stands near the wall behind the table, holds his 120 variety box of crayons. He pulls out two, reads the names.

BUDDY

Inch worm, jazzberry jam - geez,
invent a new one, invent a new one,
keep people excited.

Harpington opens the door.

HARPINGTON

You have a visitor, Buddy.

Buddy points at the papers.

BUDDY

I don't like what I read.

HARPINGTON

It's not all bad.

BUDDY

I have no family so I miss out on
getting shipped to Chirikof prison
island. Which leaves exploratory
brain surgery. What the hell is
that?

HARPINGTON

Try talking with the visitor.

Buddy glares.

HARPINGTON

A psychologist and her son.

BUDDY

Son?

HARPINGTON

She got her degree inventing a new
technique. Don't be surprised if
she lets her son do odd things.

BUDDY

Tell her to take her technique and
work on that Doctor.

HARPINGTON

I'll bring her in.

Harpington leaves. Buddy draws a large circle and broad
strokes on the wall.

HARPINGTON (O.S.)

Buddy, this is Dr. Baker and Will.

Buddy turns. Stunned. He mumbles to himself.

BUDDY

Holy shit.

Lisa stands at the door. She doesn't recognize Buddy. Will hides behind her, eyes Buddy over.

LISA

Honey, you can draw over there.

Will slides over to the farthest point away from Buddy. He sits down, draws.

LISA

Buddy, I'd like to ask you some questions.

BUDDY

Sure, sure, have a seat, Doctor.

She sits at the table, Buddy remains standing.

LISA

You can call me, Lisa.

BUDDY

Nice name. I never would have picked it.

LISA

And is Buddy your real name?

Buddy pauses long.

BUDDY

Lisa, I, I'm not too sure - about a lot of things right now. Maybe we'll talk about it later.

Buddy sits down next to Will, who draws cars.

BUDDY

What are you drawing?

Will doesn't answer.

BUDDY

Nice cars.

WILL

Uh-huh.

BUDDY

Nice hands, too.

Will frowns.

BUDDY
Yours match. Mine don't.

Hesitant, Will looks at Buddy, who holds his hands up so his thumbs point in the same direction.

BUDDY
See?

Buddy flips both over so they point the other way.

BUDDY
Even when I turn them over they
still don't match.

Will laughs. Buddy doesn't smile, just raises an eyebrow.

Lisa jots in her notebook.

BUDDY
What do you think? You have a nice
box of crayons?

WILL
Yeah.

BUDDY
Nope.

Will giggles.

BUDDY
Want to see some magic?

WILL
Okay.

BUDDY
Shut your eyes.

Will shuts his eyes. Buddy swaps Will's small crayon box with his large one.

BUDDY
Okay.

Will opens his eyes, screams with glee.

WILL
Hey!

Will gives Buddy a hug, which startles Buddy.

WILL
Thanks, Daddy.

BUDDY

Wait a min--

WILL

But Mommy says that if I want something enough I can make it happen.

BUDDY

Well, that's not exactly--

LISA

Please don't tell him.

BUDDY

So I should say my father is the Easter Bunny.

LISA

I'm sorry, maybe it's time to stop today. Will, we'll go now.

WILL

Can we come back?

LISA

Yes, honey, tomorrow.

Will gives Buddy a big hug, races to the door. He stops, looks back at the crayons. Buddy holds the big box out for Will.

WILL

You keep them here for me, okay... Daddy?

BUDDY

Uh--

LISA

Yes, dear, he'll keep them for you. Thank you, Buddy, we'll see you tomorrow.

BUDDY

Yeah.

They leave. The door shuts. Buddy turns to the padded wall.

BUDDY

SHIT!

He slams his fists into the wall.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Lisa stares at her teacup as she stirs it.

LISA

So I have my very first Scire-
sapere patient.

MOM (O.S.)

I just knew Janice was bad for
Robert.

Mom reads the TV guide.

LISA

Now I have to prove all my
wonderful college theories.

MOM

Yes, the cute college girl, Betty.
Now she's nice.

LISA

But, he did ignore me and went
straight to Will. Just what I
predicted.

MOM

I did predict Janice would ignore
him.

LISA

And Will - he's never liked any
man, but he liked Buddy so much, he
called him, "Daddy".

MOM

Betty's father is nice, too.

LISA

He seemed a little familiar, but
not really. Maybe it's just that
I've read so much about the
disease.

MOM

Yes, of course, her illness may be
the cause.

LISA

Mom! Did you hear anything I said?

MOM

Yes, dear, you take care of your
patient. I have to hurry off.

Mom speeds out. Lisa's eyes hold on her teacup.

LISA
Yes... Mom... hurry off.

EXT. SAN DIEGO COMMUNITY PRE-SCHOOL - DAY

The kids play. Will and Bobby hang on a chin-up bar. The teacher sits close by.

WILL
I met my daddy yesterday.

BOBBY
Huh? He's dead.

WILL
Nope.

TEACHER
Will, you shouldn't speak lies.

Will drops off the bar, looks downward.

WILL
His name's Buddy.

TEACHER
I'll have to call your mother if you keep lying.

Will bites on his bottom lip.

WILL
I made a wish and it came true.

Will races off into the school.

INT. TREATMENT CENTER CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Frank stands in front of a large table with Bart and eight NURSES sitting around it. On the wall, behind him, hangs a large diagram of the brain.

FRANK
History is on our doorsteps. I intend to perform the first live Scire-sapere Disease brain operation.

NURSE
Have all the family checks been done?

Frank hesitates.

FRANK

Please remember this is totally confidential. For fifteen years this center has been prepared for this day. All of you are well trained. We have a top secret mission and we mustn't fail. As to your question, we're searching.

NURSE

Sir, I don't feel that's good enough yet.

FRANK

With all due respect, his fingerprints, teeth details and DNA have gone out and we will see. However the patient has not given us any information. If that is the case, then he has no family...

Frank leans forward, puts his hands on the table. He smiles.

FRANK

And he will be perfect.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - DAY

Buddy draws on the wall. Nothing discernable, colors everywhere. Harpington enters.

HARPINGTON

Dr. Baker and her son are here.

Buddy eyes Harpington over, glances behind him, no one.

BUDDY

Your eyes must be better than mine.

HARPINGTON

In the garden today.

EXT. TREATMENT CENTER SMALL GARDEN - DAY

A fifteen-foot sheer wall surrounds the enclosed area. Lisa sits at one table. Will draws at another.

Buddy walks out of the building. Will races to him.

WILL

Hi, Daddy!

BUDDY

Hey, look--

LISA

Buddy, would you mind if he does
call you, Daddy? It, uh, may help
with my data.

Buddy shrugs, hands Will the big box of crayons.

WILL

Thanks! Want to draw with me?

Buddy joins Will.

BUDDY

Fuzzy wuzzy brown.

Will laughs.

BUDDY

Really. Can you read?

WILL

Yes.

Puzzled, Will looks at Buddy. Buddy pulls out the fuzzy
wuzzy brown crayon, shows Will the name label.

Lisa writes.

BUDDY

Mango tango.

Will's eyes light up, he spills out the 120 crayons,
searches, finds mango tango.

BUDDY

Outer space.

Will laughs, enjoying the game.

BUDDY

Wild blue yonder.

Lisa's face brightens, also. Buddy's face remains stoic.

WILL

Got them all!

Will holds up the four crayons. Buddy whispers.

BUDDY

Tickle me pink.

Will SHRIEKS with joy, searches. Lisa laughs.

Will stops, eyes frozen at the crayons. SILENCE. He turns to Buddy with an undeniable child's doubt.

WILL
You don't laugh, Daddy.

BUDDY
Uh, huh.

WILL
Do you cry?

BUDDY
No.

WILL
But you have Scire-sapere-- Mommy says it's called the wise man's disease, right?

BUDDY
Yes.

WILL
My teacher says that real wise people know when to laugh and when to cry.

BUDDY
Maybe I'm not that wise yet.

Will picks up the Tickle me pink crayon.

WILL
Okay.

Buddy lies down on the grass.

LISA
Buddy, can I ask what happened?

BUDDY
I fell in love.

LISA
That sounds nice.

BUDDY
It didn't work out.

LISA
Oh?

BUDDY

I was late for a date and she
wouldn't wait.

LISA

What if you met her again?

BUDDY

Good question. I've been trying to
think of what I would do. But being
in a nut house and meeting a lost
love is not exactly a great setup.

LISA

What was her name?

BUDDY

Lisa... Part of me would like to
tell you more, but maybe later.

Will lies down next to Buddy.

WILL

What are you looking at?

BUDDY

Clouds.

WILL

Why?

BUDDY

Adults don't watch clouds often
enough.

INT. TREATMENT CENTER MIRRORED ROOM - DAY

Jack and another burly nurse lead in Buddy, wearing a
straight jacket. They sit him down facing Frank.

BUDDY

Bit paranoid today, eh, Doc?

Frank ignores Buddy, reads over notes on his clipboard.

BUDDY

Fine, maybe I'll leave now.

Buddy rises halfway. Jack grabs his shoulders and forces him
down.

FRANK

You have not told me who you are
nor your relatives.

BUDDY
I read your papers, Doc.

Frank smiles, ominously.

BUDDY
What will you do when you cut open
my brain for thirty minutes?

FRANK
We will discover what makes you
tick.

BUDDY
You'd be better off discovering
what makes yourself tick.

FRANK
Listen, Buddy, I'm a bit tired of
your--

BUDDY
So let me out of here, or are you
happier staying an idiot with the
rest of the world?

Frank walks over to Buddy, and slaps Buddy's face.

FRANK
Shut-up.

BUDDY
Big tough guy, eh?

Frank slaps Buddy again.

FRANK
You stupid--

BUDDY
Fool, you should know, jerk.

Frank cocks his arm with a fist.

JACK
Sir, may I take care of him?

BUDDY
Hit the down and out. Shut them up.
One way or another, stop the truth.
Stop it.

Frank regains his senses.

FRANK

Wait, it's not worth it. I will show you my power, Buddy.

Frank pulls out a tranquilizer gun.

BUDDY

That's all you stupid asses can do, you meet someone smarter than yourselves and you shut them up. You're just another brick in the wall. Life's not for just--

Frank aims at Buddy's chest, shoots. Buddy winces, faints.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - DAY

Buddy works on his wall. The scene takes on a park like appearance. Harpington enters with a food tray.

HARPINGTON

Breakfast.

Buddy draws as Harpington puts the food on the table.

BUDDY

Tell me, what's in a name?

HARPINGTON

It can make you or break you.

BUDDY

Where'd you get a name like Harpington?

HARPINGTON

Hey, it's great, not a single other kid in school had it. I was unique. Daniel, you know how many Daniels there were. And Steves, Mikes, Toms as common as apples. But Harpington, nope, unique.

Buddy draws closer to the open door as Harpington stands near the table.

BUDDY

Unique. Different to Buddy.

HARPINGTON

What's your real name?

BUDDY

Unique...

Buddy's out the door, slams it shut.

Harpington smiles, pulls out a cell phone.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Buddy runs down the corridor, the best he can with his limp, out the doors, passes by Harpington's desk.

SIRENS.

Two women nurses run from the other direction.

Buddy stops, readies himself in battle position. The nurses halt, eyes wide. They step aside. Buddy runs past.

BUDDY

Thank you.

Jack steps out of the elevator, ten feet in front of Buddy.

JACK

Stop!

Buddy poses.

BUDDY

Please move.

JACK

Don't you worry, now. I'm going to take you home.

BUDDY

Move!

Jack charges. Buddy's hands strike hard and fast, Jack's down and out. His face bruised and blackened. Buddy dashes into the STAIRWAY. No way down. He heads up.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - DAY

Harpington unlocks the door while talking on his phone.

HARPINGTON

That's right, I said let him escape.

INT. TREATMENT CENTER LOBBY - DAY

The RECEPTION NURSE talks on his phone. Four other nurses relax around.

RECEPTION NURSE

But Sir, Dr. Morgan will--

Buddy appears around a corner into the lobby. His eyes are wide. The nurses and reception area stand between him and big glass entrance doors.

RECEPTION NURSE

Yes, Sir.

The Reception Nurse hangs up.

RECEPTION NURSE

Mr. Buddy, you may leave.

The other nurses look at the Reception Nurse in surprise.

RECEPTION NURSE

Harpington's orders.

Buddy hears this, his eyes squint. Guarded, he limps out the door. Once outside, he races off.

Out of his nurse's uniform, buttoning up his shirt, Harpington strolls into the lobby. Under his shirt resides a holstered gun.

HARPINGTON

Three of you get the van.

Three nurses race off. Harpington adjusts the holster, strolls out the door.

EXT. TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

Harpington pulls out his cell phone.

HARPINGTON

Sid?

(pause)

You were right.

A van pulls up near Harpington.

HARPINGTON

Yes, I know where.

Harpington turns off the phone. He talks to the nurses in the van.

HARPINGTON

Okay, I have what it takes to make this an easy job. But be careful, he's good, very good, and despite his leg, he's fast, very fast.

Harpington walks over to his Kawasaki. Puts on his tinted, full-faced helmet and gloves. He takes off, the van follows.

EXT. STREET - DAY

People's heads turn as Buddy runs, limping along in his hospital clothes, barefoot. One shopping woman drops her bags in fear. A street VENDOR sells \$ sign sweatshirts.

VENDOR

Hey, buddy, want some new clothes.

Buddy speeds by.

BUDDY

At least he knows my name.

He stops at a corner, checks his bearings.

BUDDY

Not far, not far.

Three PUNKS saunter up to Buddy. One's BIG and shaved, another sports TATTOOS, the third has MATTED HAIR.

BIG PUNK

Well, well, look at this freak.

They surround Buddy. TATTOO fondles Buddy's clothes.

TATTOO

Naughty boy, you left your home.

BUDDY

Step away, please.

MATTED HAIR

Please, please what?

The three pull out knives. Buddy's hands move fast. He takes Tattoo's knife out of his hands and kicks Big's knife flying. Matted Hair steps back.

MATTED HAIR

Sorry, man, sorry.

Buddy throws the knife down.

BUDDY

Try helping people for a change.

He dashes across the street, into a

PARK

Buddy leaves the sidewalk, cuts through bushes and trees. A log lies in his way, he slows down, steps over it. He stops. His eyes spot something.

Ants attack a caterpillar.

Buddy blows on the ants. Scared, they race off in various directions. He picks up the caterpillar, places it on a tree branch.

BUDDY

Good luck, little fella. Make your cocoon and fly free.

INT. ALLEY CONTAINER BEDROOM - DAY

Buddy approaches. Sweaty and dirty, his limp very pronounced. He sits down next to Feet.

BUDDY

Hey.

FEET

Them hospital clothes?

Buddy shrugs, drinks from Feet's water jug.

FEET

Sick?

BUDDY

No.

Buddy rises and reaches into the other container for his bag.

FEET

If ya just do what ya told, ya stay out of those hospitals.

BUDDY

Sure, behave, be normal, don't rock the boat. Be another damn cog in the machine.

As Buddy changes clothes, he spots a small bag of dog food. He picks it up.

BUDDY

What was special about the dog food?

FEET

Beats me, but when I was a vet, we discovered this stuff inhibited our knock out shots. Any dog that ate this wouldn't sleep. Don't ask me why. I figured maybe if Jamie ate it, it would inhibit the...

Eyes red, tears running, Feet rolls over. Buddy rests his hand on Feet's shoulder.

BUDDY
I'll meet you in heaven, okay?

Feet nods.

BUDDY
I'd like the dog food.

Feet rolls back over, frowns at Buddy.

FEET
There's a time limit. I don't know about humans.

A ROAR of a motorcycle. Harpington pulls into the alley.

BUDDY
This ain't my mother.

Harpington turns off the bike, removes his helmet, eyes Buddy over, smiles. The van pulls up behind him.

HARPINGTON
Buddy, you have to come back to the center.

BUDDY
The big bad guy lets me out, then wants me back.

HARPINGTON
I didn't want you hurt.

BUDDY
Yeah, yeah, sure. And what if I don't want to go back? What if I say, let's fight it out?

HARPINGTON
There's five of us.

The three men get out of the van. Buddy poses.

BUDDY
Fine, all at once. But your count is off, I see four.

Harpington pulls out his gun, aims, steps to the side of the alley. Buddy relaxes.

BUDDY

Since when do nurses carry toys -
and you said you were my friend?

HARPINGTON

Best one you've got.

BUDDY

Friend, my ass.

HARPINGTON

You like your ass, don't you? It's
always backed you up your whole
life, right?

BUDDY

Your humor's enlightening.

Harpington keeps the gun aimed as Buddy carries the dog
food, walks toward the men. He stops halfway.

BUDDY

You won't shoot me.

Harpington FIRES straight through Buddy's legs.

BUDDY

Missed.

HARPINGTON

Buddy, I won't kill you.

He FIRES again, the bullet zips through the side of Buddy's
pants.

HARPINGTON

But I'll put the next bullet
through your good leg. And we'll
carry you back. Take your choice.

BUDDY

Big choice.

Buddy walks to the van.

FEET

Buddy...

Almost at the van, Buddy looks back to Feet.

FEET

I wrote my son.

Buddy almost smiles, gets in the van.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - DAY

Harpington stands near the door, stone faced.

FRANK (O.S.)
Just who the hell do you think you
are?

Furious, Frank rises from his seat.

FRANK
Mr. Code, this is a top security
center and you seem to think you
can do what you want. You've only
worked here one week. I don't know
how you got the job, but as of
right now, you're fired.

HARPINGTON
Sir, the Director hired me
personally. I have certain
qualifications that--

Frank smirks.

FRANK
He's on vacation until next week.
You can come back and talk with him
then.

EXT. LISA'S YARD - DAY

Mom prunes a rose bush. Lisa closes a cell phone.

LISA
Buddy tried to escape.

MOM
That's nice, but roses are such a
bother.

LISA
Mom, did you hear me?

MOM
Yes, honey, you really do have to
look out for the thorns.

LISA
I think he has to go to Chirikof.

MOM
Those Alaskan islands have lovely
roses, too.

LISA
But Frank wants to cut open his
brain.

Shocked, Mom stops pruning.

LISA
Mom, if he has no relatives, the
Security Act will allow Frank to do
it.

Mom takes a big breath, resumes cutting.

MOM
Will likes him?

LISA
Yes.

MOM
Then why not marry him, dear?

Lisa's eyes go wide. Mom smiles, picks up her pruning and
walks away.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - DAY

Buddy's finished wall drawing fills the entire wall. It
resembles the park where Buddy and Lisa met in Bangkok.

Buddy sits on the floor, opposite the door, leaning against
the wall with a drawing in his lap. Nearly complete, it's
almost identical to the one he did of Lisa and the water
fountain. The caterpillar's there, but no butterfly.

Lisa and Will enter. Will runs to Buddy, gives him a hug.

WILL
Daddy!

Buddy hands Will some paper. Will sits at the table and
draws. Buddy holds his drawing so Lisa can't see it.

Lisa's eyes stay on the wall drawing. Her perplexity shows.

LISA
It's, it's beautiful, Buddy.

BUDDY
Bangkok park.

Lisa's eyes tighten.

BUDDY
Everyone should visit Thailand,
nice country.

Uncomfortable, Lisa sits, pulls out her notebook.

LISA
Today, I thought--

BUDDY
No, I thought... I'll tell you more
about me, my name and everything,
if you tell me about you.

LISA
That's not exactly--

BUDDY
No, it's not, but what's my
disease?

Lisa looks at him questioningly.

BUDDY
I can only speak the truth, right?
So I will, but your turn first.
Where's William senior?

Lisa hesitates. Buddy's eyes plead. She drops her head.

LISA
He died.

BUDDY
Truth?

LISA
Buddy, really, I don't--

BUDDY
Lisa...

Buddy's eyes penetrate her soul.

BUDDY
I'm going to need your help.

Lisa writes, keeps her head down.

LISA
I don't know where he is.

Eyes wide, Will looks over at Lisa.

WILL
Mommy?

BUDDY
More.

LISA
We loved for a week, I never knew
such a man, warm, kind, deep
thinker.

BUDDY
Why did you part?

LISA
We were going to meet at the
airport and fly home together. He
didn't show up. I should have known
better.

Will walks slowly to Lisa. She hugs him.

BUDDY
Maybe something happened to him.

LISA
Sure.

BUDDY
Maybe he got hit by a truck.

Lisa wipes tears.

BUDDY
What if it wasn't his fault? What
if he was in the hospital for days
and then got out and tried to find
you? Would you forgive him?

LISA
Buddy, please--

WILL
Stop it! Stop it, you!

Will races to Buddy and hits him. Buddy grabs Will's little
hands.

WILL
You're not my Daddy!

BUDDY
Will, trust me.

Will pulls his hands away. Angry, he backs off.

BUDDY

Lisa, what if Will's father
couldn't find you because you
didn't tell him your real name?
Maybe you called yourself Judy,
instead of Lisa?

Lisa looks at Buddy in astonishment.

BUDDY

And if he showed up now, would you
love him?

LISA

How did you--

BUDDY

Some guys do get hit by trucks.

Buddy pulls up his trousers, his leg has no calf, just big
scars.

BUDDY

You never asked me why I limp.

Lisa's spaced.

LISA

Bill?

Buddy turns the drawing around for Lisa to see. Her mouth
drops open. Will's eyes open even wider. He screams.

WILL

MY REAL DADDY!

Will hugs Buddy tighter than ever. Tears run down Will's
cheeks.

FRANK (O.S.)

Knock, knock.

Haughty, Frank enters. Husky nurses wait outside the door.

FRANK

Hello, Irving. That is your name,
isn't it, Mr. Livingston?

Lisa stares at Buddy, unable to move.

BUDDY

You might rather I was a doctor, I
presume.

FRANK

I'm happy you still have a sense of humor, Irving Lawrence Livingston.

BUDDY

Just call me, Buddy.

FRANK

Yes, I see you added Buddy to your name when you were ten years old. Here, Lisa.

Frank hands Lisa a clipboard with Buddy's information.

Lisa's fingers run across "Buddy Irving Lawrence Livingston" stopping at the initials, "B, I, L, L."

FRANK

And all your relatives are dead.

Frank smiles, almost salivating.

BUDDY

You're sick, Doc.

FRANK

No, you're the one who's sick, and we're going to find out how that happened.

WILL

Go away, Frank, you meanie. Buddy's my Daddy.

FRANK

Lisa, get your damn kid--

Lisa stands.

LISA

Frank, stop it. We have to talk.

FRANK

When I'm done with Buddy.

LISA

No, now. Will, we have to go.

WILL

But can I stay with Daddy? He's my real Daddy now.

Lisa hesitates.

BUDDY

Lisa...

Buddy and Lisa hold eyes.

BUDDY

I'm sorry I missed the plane.

Lisa drops her eyes.

LISA

Will, you can stay a bit longer.

She half smiles at Buddy, walks out. Confused, Frank follows her.

INT. FRANK'S TREATMENT CENTER OFFICE - DAY

Lisa stands, looks out the window. Frank sits on his desk.

FRANK

Well, if he is Will's father then he goes to Chirikof and we miss a chance for history.

LISA

Can't you forget history! He's a human being.

Frank acts relaxed.

FRANK

Sure, sure, look, it's okay, Lisa. I'll get the lab to check their DNAs for proof. I, uh, know this has been hard for you and I'm really sorry how I've acted. I just got caught up with... well, you know. Why don't you take the rest of the day off?

Lisa walks out.

Frank picks up his phone.

FRANK

I want the operating room ready for tonight.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - DAY

Buddy and Will draw. The Reception Nurse enters.

RECEPTION NURSE
Will, time to go, your mom's
waiting.

BUDDY
Can I talk with Lisa?

RECEPTION NURSE
She said to tell you, she'll be in
tomorrow.

WILL
I'm not going with him, he's bad.

BUDDY
Will--

WILL
He's evil like Frank.

BUDDY
What if your mom came to get you?

WILL
Okay.

RECEPTION NURSE
I'll get a woman nurse.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Lisa stands at the original drawing. Her fingers run across
B.I.L.L.

LISA
I could have found him.

MOM (O.S.)
Bless your dear Father's heart, now
if he was still alive, he'd know
what to say. I just know he's in
heaven.

Mom sits on the couch with a cup of coffee. Will plays with
toys on the floor.

MOM
Don't you think so?

LISA
Yes, Mom.

MOM

But sometimes I have doubts about heaven. I really don't know it exists, what about you, Honey?

LISA

Yes, Mom, maybe--

MOM

But that's just silly talking. That'll get you into one of your hospital rooms, now, won't it?

Lisa's eyes go wide.

MOM

Of course there's a heaven. We mustn't think otherwise. Well, I have to go and prepare. Tomorrow's the mannequin parade.

LISA

You mean when all the parents laugh at the kids. Mom, it's horrible, why do--

MOM

Lisa, dear, if kids can't take getting laughed at as kids, what hope will they have when they're adults?

LISA

Shit.

MOM

Now honey, don't you keep on that way or you'll end up with that Scire-whatever's Disease.

LISA

He's so gentle, but...

(she laughs)

he just wants to tell everyone, they're idiots.

MOM

Well, it may be true, but it's not very nice to say so. We must count our blessings. You know if we lived in India, these people are let out on the streets, even have their own religions. How horrifying!

Mom walks to the door.

MOM

Lisa, dear, do you still love him?

LISA

I, I'm not sure.

MOM

If you do, you just have to train him not to act so smart, after all, you're an expert on Scire-whatever's, aren't you?

LISA

Some people think so.

MOM

So you know all about it and you can fix it, too. I'm sure. Bye, bye, Honey.

Mom leaves.

WILL

Mommy, can you fix the truth so it won't come out?

LISA

I'm not sure I should.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - DAY

Buddy draws on the park scene. Frank enters.

FRANK

Well, well. So you have a son.

Buddy doesn't turn.

FRANK

Too bad, Irving.

Frank shakes, clenches his jaw.

FRANK

Did you hear me!

Buddy turns, tosses Frank a crayon.

BUDDY

Fuzzy wuzzy brown.

Frank fumes, stomps off.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Buddy holds a toilet paper roll, chews on a wad of paper. He spits it out into his hand, looks up at one of the cameras, with three wads of paper stuck on the wall close by.

Buddy throws. Bull's eye. The wad rests on the camera's lens. He glances around at the other cameras, which all have a similar appearance.

He sits on the table, grabs the dog food bag, reads the ingredients.

BUDDY
Bone meal, soybean, wheat...

He pulls out a few tidbits. Pops them in his mouth. His face scrunches as he chews.

BUDDY
Tastes like shit.

He downs it with water.

BUDDY
How would I know, never eaten shit.

He eats more.

BUDDY
An acquired taste.

INT. HARPINGTON'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Harpington sleeps. His cell-phone RINGS.

HARPINGTON
Harpington here.
(pause)
Sid...
(he jumps up)
Right!

Harpington dashes to his pants on a chair.

EXT. HARPINGTON'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Harpington races out, puts on his helmet and gloves. He jumps on his Kawasaki. He's off.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank holds the phone.

FRANK

Yes, three should be fine, Jack.

INT. LISA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Asleep in a nightmare, Lisa tosses in bed.

LISA

No, no! Stop!

She jerks awake.

LISA

NO!

Lisa whips on a bathrobe, races to WILL'S BEDROOM.

LISA

Will, honey, wake up, wake up.

WILL

Huh, Mommy--

LISA

I have to take you to Nana's. Come on, up.

She helps him get up.

WILL

What's wrong?

LISA

I'm not sure, maybe something with your Daddy. Come on.

They race out.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Harpington flies through the near deserted streets, passing an occasional car.

EXT. LISA'S HOME - NIGHT

Lisa and Will run next door. Lisa bangs on the door.

LISA

Mom! Mom!

A light appears upstairs.

LISA

MOM!

MOM (O.S.)
Coming, coming.

Mom opens the door.

MOM
What--

LISA
I'm not sure. Please just take
Will.

Lisa kisses Will. She runs to her car.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Buddy finishes the dog food. His hands open, close, open,
close.

BUDDY
Buddy, my boy, ever fought yourself
out of hell?

He hops off the table, approaches a wall. With lightning
speed, his hands slam and tear the padding off the wall. He
bounces like a boxer, ready in his corner. He glances up at
the lights.

BUDDY
Kill the lights, kill the lights.

Buddy approaches the table, raises his hand for a Karate
chop. Down. SMASH. Again. Again. The top breaks apart. He
pulls a long board off, stands under the lights and holds
the board upward. Too short.

BUDDY
Damn.

He jumps with the board, a hair off touching the light. He
jumps and shoves the board, it smashes one light. He takes
his pillow and uses it to sweep the broken glass under his
bed.

BUDDY
Good, good.

He does the same to the second light. Dark.

The hallway light shines under the door.

BUDDY
Shit.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank pulls out tranquillizer darts, lays them next to a gun.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

A snuggling couple take a step onto the road at a crossing. They jump back to the curb as Harpington zooms by.

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Lisa speeds.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Buddy sits in the darkest spot. Table boards rest against the wall next to him. His hands open, close.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Drunken, stoned teenagers race their Firebird, throwing beer bottles out the window.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Behind bushes alongside the Freeway, A POLICEMAN sits in his patrol car, talks on his radio.

POLICEMAN

Dead as a door, Tom. Perfect night.
If only every night--

Lisa roars by.

POLICEMAN

Shit, lady over 100.

He's off, lights spin, siren BLARES.

POLICEMAN

Send an ambulance, there's road
works ahead.

INT. FRANK'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Frank talks with Jack and two other husky nurses.

FRANK

Okay, now remember, our country's
security is at risk here. You guys
know he's tough, but I have the
gun. Let's go.

Jack grabs Frank's arm.

JACK

Frank, I want to put him in the
chair.

Frank nods, with a sinister smile.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Harpington rounds a corner, the Treatment Center looms ahead, fifty yards. In perfect timing, a traffic light changes to green. Harpington flies toward the intersection.

The Firebird approaches from the right, without slowing down.

BAM. The car clips the rear of the bike. Harpington and the bike slide along the road, face down, his right leg under the bike.

The Firebird tears off.

Harpington lies next to the bike, engine racing. He rolls over, switches the engine off. Deep scratch marks line the front of his helmet. His gloves are torn, one hand bleeding.

He pulls off the helmet, checks his foot. The ankle's broken, already swollen twice the size.

He pulls out his cell phone. It's smashed.

He gets up, hobbles towards the Treatment Center. His face tells the pain as he wipes his shirt with his bloody hand.

INT. LISA'S CAR - NIGHT

SIREN. Lisa spots the police lights behind. She looks long at the mirror. Too long.

Eyes back to the road - DETOUR signs, blinking lights.

She slams on the brakes.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa's car SCREECHES, spins 180 degrees as it crashes in backwards to the Detour sign.

The Policeman pulls up, races to Lisa. Her head's on the wheel, bloody.

POLICEMAN

Lady, lady!

He rips open the door. Lisa raises her head.

LISA

Help me!

POLICEMAN

It's okay, lady, calm--

LISA

No, no, my husband. They're going to kill my husband.

POLICEMAN

Sure, sure, now just--

She gets out, staggers.

LISA

No, look, you don't understand--

POLICEMAN

Lady, help's on the way.

SIRENS. Two more Police cars and an ambulance.

POLICEMAN

Calm, lady, calm--

Lisa puts up her hand, breathes deep, calms down. She closes her eyes, sees a VISION of Harpington talking to her earlier.

HARPINGTON

It's important that you know my name's Harpington Code and if you need any help, any time, from anyone, you just ask for me, okay?

BACK TO LISA

LISA

Okay, right, yes - please do you know Harpington Code?

The Policeman cocks his head. Four other OFFICERS race over.

WOMAN OFFICER

How y'all doing?

POLICEMAN

Uh, I'm not sure.

WOMAN OFFICER

You okay, ma'am?

LISA

They're going to kill my husband.

POLICEMAN
She knows Harpington Code.

The Woman Officer grabs Lisa.

WOMAN OFFICER
Come on, where?

They race to a car.

INT. BUDDY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door opens. The hallway light shines in on the wall opposite Buddy. Frank stands in the doorframe.

FRANK
Lost your lights, Buddy?

Frank peers in, spots Buddy against the other wall. Buddy rises.

BUDDY
Bit late for house calls, Doc.

FRANK
Hmm, some broken furniture, too.

BUDDY
Yours.

Buddy grabs a board and races at Frank, the board out like a lance. He knocks Frank in the gut. Frank falls backward, revealing Jack and the other nurses. Buddy halts.

Frank looks up, face in rage.

FRANK
You're as good as dead... Irving.

Buddy backs up, close to the broken table, readies himself. The nurses enter, fan out. Frank gets up, pulls out the dart gun.

FRANK
Your fighting days are done.

Frank aims, shoots. Buddy dodges, the dart lands in his arm. He stares, closes his eyes, feigns fainting and falls onto the table. Frank laughs.

FRANK
Stupid fool, get him.

Jack steps forward.

JACK

The bastard's mine.

He approaches Buddy. Buddy spins, chops rapidly. Jack lands on the floor, out cold.

BUDDY

Next.

Frank and the two nurses' eyes go wide. They stand, frozen.

BUDDY

Next, you fucking assholes!

The nurses look to Frank. Frank pulls out another dart.

FRANK

Don't worry. so Irving, that one missed. We'll just try again.

Frank aims. Buddy stands still. It strikes him in his chest. He winces at the needle pain, pulls it out and throws it at Frank.

BUDDY

Toys, Doc, kid's game. Try being a man this time.

Sweat pours off Frank's face. He pulls out another dart.

Buddy grabs a small board. The nurses charge him. The board flies hard at one, Buddy flies at the other, who's no match for Buddy's martial skills. A second nurse out cold.

The third nurse smashes Buddy from behind. Another blow. Another. Buddy's down. The big nurse sits on him.

Shaking, Frank comes over with his gun. He aims into Buddy's neck vein.

FRANK

This one won't miss.

Frank shoots. Buddy spasms. He stops moving.

FRANK

Okay.

The nurse throws Buddy over his shoulder. They walk out.

EXT. TREATMENT CENTER - NIGHT

Harpington makes it to the front entrance glass door, exhausted. He pushes. He pulls. Locked. He collapses against it, eyes shut, sweat pouring.

He takes off his shirt, wraps it on his good hand like a boxing glove. He steps back, arm cocked, SMASH. The glass shatters. He hobbles inside.

Alarm sirens BLARE.

INT. TREATMENT CENTER SECURITY OFFICE - NIGHT

Lights flash. The GUARD's head pops out of a magazine, his eyes scan six TV monitors. He spots Harpington, looking like a drunken crazy.

GUARD

Holy Moses.

He hits a red button on a phone console, takes a mobile phone off, grabs a rifle from a wall cupboard.

VOICE (O.S.)

Got you, Center, what's up?

GUARD

Smashed front door. One crazy seen climbing in. Send some help.

He races out.

INT. TREATMENT CENTER ELEVATOR AREA - CONTINUOUS

Harpington makes it to the elevator. He gets in, pushes the basement button.

The guard rounds the corner.

GUARD

Stop! Or I'll shoot.

The elevator closes. The guard watches the floor indicator lights of the elevator.

EXT. TREATMENT CENTER - NIGHT

Two police cars speed up in front. Three officers and Lisa jump out, climb through the broken door. One officer stays with the cars, pulls out his mobile.

INT. TREATMENT CENTER - NIGHT

The guard watches the elevator lights.

RACING FOOTSTEPS.

Scared shitless, he turns toward the hall and poises with his rifle.

GUARD
Stop! Or I'll shoot.

Lisa zooms around the corner. She tries to stop but her momentum throws her against a wall.

The police stop before rounding the corner.

GUARD
Stay where you are, lady! Who else is there?

WOMAN OFFICER
Police! We're three officers. Put down your gun.

GUARD
I'm the night guard, show yourself slowly.

The officer holds out her badge, steps out, while the other two have their guns drawn.

GUARD
Shit, what's going on?

Lisa spots the elevator in operation, runs to the stairway door.

LISA
Stairs, two flights down.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Operating equipment surrounds a chair with straps. Frank enters, followed by the nurse with Buddy.

FRANK
Good, strap him in.

Frank locks the door, hangs the key on a hook next to it.

The nurse drops Buddy down into the chair.

Buddy slams the nurse hard. Buddy's up, fast, his hands fly. The nurse lands on the floor.

Frank freaks, hides behind the equipment, pulls out his gun.

BUDDY
Don't get it yet, jerk? Your gun doesn't work.

FRANK
To hell.

Frank shoots. It hits Buddy in the stomach.

Buddy staggers.

BUDDY'S P.O.V.

The room goes out of focus. Back in focus.

Buddy shakes out of it. Frank loads again.

Buddy charges at Frank, who dashes around the equipment. He aims at Buddy, shoots, it misses.

Frank races for the door keys.

Buddy grabs a stainless dish, hurls. It clips Frank's hand hard. Blood spurts.

Buddy's on to Frank. One blow, another, another. Frank's out and down. Buddy sits on Frank, raises his hand high.

BUDDY'S P.O.V.

Frank's face fades out of focus. Back in focus. Frank's eyes open.

INT. TREATMENT CENTER BASEMENT - NIGHT

Lisa, the police and the guard arrive as the elevator door opens. Harpington staggers out.

LISA
Harpington!

Lisa races to him. The Woman Officer salutes.

HARPINGTON
Three doors on the right.

Harpington leans on Lisa, as they follow the police.

INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

Buddy sits on Frank, his fist up. His eyes shut, open, shut. He sways.

Frank brings one hand up and grabs Buddy's face. He pushes Buddy back.

Buddy slams Frank, and faints on top of him.

INT. TREATMENT CENTER BASEMENT - NIGHT

The police, Harpington and Lisa approach the door. A male policeman puts his ear to the door, grabs it, tries to open it, can't.

GUARD

Here.

The guard hands the policeman his keys. He opens it, peeks in, opens it wider.

Everyone's out cold. Lisa races to Buddy.

LISA

Buddy!

Harpington checks Buddy's pulse and his eyes, picks up Frank's gun.

HARPINGTON

He's okay.

WOMAN OFFICER

What the hell is this?

HARPINGTON

Sergeant, this is part of hell.

INT. NORMAL HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Buddy lies unconscious in bed, his right wrist handcuffed to the metal railing. Still in her bathrobe, Lisa sleeps in a chair next to a window with a view of trees.

Mom and Will enter. Will runs to Lisa.

WILL

Mommy!

Lisa wakes, hugs Will. Mom drops a small suitcase, eyes Buddy over.

MOM

Got some clothes for you. Is this Buddy?

WILL

Yes.

MOM

He looks nice. Lisa, dear, do you love him yet?

LISA

Yes.

MOM

Good, well, I must get to work. You need anything else?

LISA

No. Thanks, Mom.

Mom leaves.

Will pokes at Buddy, who doesn't stir.

WILL

Daddy... Daddy... Mommy, what's wrong?

LISA

He's just drugged, Honey. He'll be okay.

WILL

Why's Daddy drugged?

Harpington enters using a cane, his ankle in a cast, his hand bandaged. He wears regular clothes instead of his nurse's gear.

HARPINGTON

He'll be fine, Will.

Will tears at Harpington, hitting him in his stomach.

WILL

You did this, didn't you!

LISA

Will, no!

WILL

He did, he did, I know he did.

Harpington lets Will hit him, until Will tires.

HARPINGTON

It's okay, Lisa. Hit all you want, Will.

Will runs to Lisa, crying.

LISA

Honey, Harpington's one of the good guys.

Perplexed, Will looks at Lisa's smiling face. Will turns. Harpington grins. He picks up Lisa's suitcase, hands it to her.

HARPINGTON

I'll sit with him. There's a change room up the hall and a cafeteria near the reception.

Lisa gets up, gives Harpington a hug. She touches his bandaged hand, glances at his plastered ankle.

HARPINGTON

No worries, eight stitches and five weeks, maybe six.

Lisa nods. Pensive, her eyes go to Buddy.

HARPINGTON

He'll be fine...

Tears roll down her cheeks. Harpington pulls out a hanky, wipes her eyes.

HARPINGTON

Really, trust me.

Lisa smiles slightly, walks to the door. Will, alongside her, looks back at Harpington, unknowing what to make of him. Harpington reaches in his pocket.

HARPINGTON

Will, here.

He pulls out a brand new big box of crayons. Will squints. Lisa watches.

HARPINGTON

For you and your Dad, when he wakes, okay?

WILL

Okay.

Will takes the crayons. They leave. Harpington walks to the window.

Buddy stirs, wakes. He yanks his handcuffed right hand.

BUDDY

Shit.

He sits up, moves to get out of bed but his left ankle is handcuffed, also. He flops back in bed.

BUDDY
So whose guinea pig am I now?

HARPINGTON
I'm sorry I was late last night.

Buddy checks over Harpington's wounds.

BUDDY
Your boys were enough. Looks like you got your kicks somewhere else.

HARPINGTON
They weren't my men.

BUDDY
Sure, sure. Since when aren't you the mad Doc's best friend?

HARPINGTON
The mad Doc's in jail. I told you, I'm your--

BUDDY
So why the hell do you have me like this?

HARPINGTON
It's for your own good.

BUDDY
You like your jokes a lot, don't you? You and the whole stinking world like--

HARPINGTON
No, and I--

BUDDY
Don't give me your shit! Just let me out of here.

HARPINGTON
You're going to Chirikof Island.

Buddy shuts his eyes.

BUDDY
I have some unfinished business.

HARPINGTON
It's organized.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

A concrete headstone leans against a seat:

Jamie Livingston
 June 18, 2061 - June 21, 2086
 May love, peace and wisdom be with
 him, wherever his journeys take him

A large pile of dirt lies next to the headstone.

WILL (O.S.)
 Was my Uncle Jamie bad?

BUDDY (O.S.)
 No, Will.

Will holds Buddy's hand as Buddy kneels next to Jamie's casket, in front of a newly dug grave. A Minister and two workers wait for Buddy to give the okay. Harpington and Lisa are close by.

Feet stands further away, beard trimmed and in clean clothes. His son, middle aged, has his arm around Feet's shoulders.

WILL
 Why did he die so young?

BUDDY
 He was a good person... but very,
 very foolish.

Buddy rises. The workers lower the casket.

INT. NORMAL HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Buddy packs his duffle bag.

LISA (O.S.)
 They say Chirikof is nice. Cold,
 but nice.

He turns to see Lisa at the door. Her hair is down and she wears her Bangkok red shirt. Buddy looks away.

LISA
 Why didn't we tell each other our
 real names?

BUDDY
 We were deluded like normal people,
 thinking tomorrow will always be
 okay.

LISA
I could have found you.

BUDDY
So it took six years.

LISA
Buddy, do you still love me?

Buddy stares out the window.

BUDDY
I don't know...
(he turns to her)
I don't know how to love anymore.

EXT. HELICOPTER LANDING PAD - DAY

Harpington stands near a futuristic helicopter as a police car drives onto the landing.

Buddy gets out, holds a color brochure. The front shows Chirikof Island, Alaska. He eyes Harpington over suspiciously. Harpington smiles.

HARPINGTON
It's all true.

BUDDY
Bullshit.

HARPINGTON
Well, there are some cows there,
but other than that just seven of
the wisest guys on this planet. And
you're their next student.

BUDDY
I thought I was being punished.

HARPINGTON
Hey, a scared Congress made the
laws, but the guys on the top ain't
all dumb.

BUDDY
I don't--

Buddy spots Lisa and Will as they drive up.

HARPINGTON
I invited them to come for the
flight, so they know where you are.
Relatives are welcome to visit
while you're in training.

Will races to Buddy.

WILL

Daddy!

They hug. Lisa walks over, holds the same Chirikof brochure. She and Buddy lock eyes for a short eternity.

HARPINGTON

Ready, folks?

They climb onboard.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Harpington pilots. He hands Will a bag of jellybeans.

WILL

Thanks.

LISA

Harpington, is this brochure true?

HARPINGTON

Well, Sid wrote it and he's got Scire-sapere's Disease, also. So the odds are very good.

WILL

I want to live on Chirikof, too.

BUDDY

There's no Santa Claus.

WILL

Oh, I know there's no Santa Claus. It's just a trick parents use to make their kids behave.

BUDDY

No Easter Bunny, no Fairy God Mother--

HARPINGTON

You wouldn't believe how many presidents and prime ministers contact Sid and the others for advice.

BUDDY

On running their countries?

HARPINGTON

Hell, no.

BUDDY

Huh?

HARPINGTON

How not to get seduced by their
sexy secretaries!

Harpington laughs, turns to Buddy.

HARPINGTON

I told you I'd take care of you.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Sid stands on the beach. The Helicopter approaches, lands
close to Sid.

They all get out.

SID

Welcome, Buddy.

Sid smiles.

SID

You do recognize me, don't you?

BUDDY

You came to my finale, but I don't
know you.

SID

My name is Sid, and I've been
waiting for you. It's time to be a
butterfly and soar free.

Buddy's speechless.

WILL

Can I stay, Daddy?

LISA

Will--

Sid catches eyes with Harpington, who nods.

SID

I'm sorry, but kids are too
selfish.

WILL

I'm not selfish, want some of my
jellybeans?

Sid smiles, as Will passes the test. He takes some beans.

SID

That's very kind of you, Will. I guess I should have said, most kids are too selfish.

WILL

Yeah. It's how you get taught, Mister Sid.

SID

Yes, very wise. Does he have Scire-sapere's Disease, also?

BUDDY

Maybe.

Buddy smiles for the first time since Bangkok.

WILL

Hey, Daddy, you smiled!

BUDDY

Yes, I think, maybe, I'm home. I belong here.

Lisa's eyes water.

BUDDY

What are the rules?

SID

Everyone's nice to each other and we only speak the truth.

WILL

I can do that.

LISA

Honey--

WILL

I want to stay with Daddy.

BUDDY

What about women? Any rules against ladies?

Buddy catches eyes with Lisa, who looks away.

SID

We've never had a woman here, but exceptions are part of life.

WILL

Mommy, stay, too.

LISA
No, honey, I, I can't.

BUDDY
Maybe we could breed a new type of
humans.

Lisa turns back to Buddy.

BUDDY
Lisa--

LISA
We'll visit some time.

She kisses Buddy on the cheek.

LISA
Will, time to go.

WILL
When can we come back?

LISA
Give your Daddy a hug, we'll talk
later.

Will hugs Buddy.

BUDDY
Chin up, Will.

Harpington, Lisa and Will board the helicopter. Buddy's eyes
go soft.

BUDDY
Sid, now I'm not sure I belong
here.

SID
Where do you belong, Buddy?

BUDDY
With Lisa and Will.

SID
I know.

Buddy watches the helicopter as it rises off the beach. He
tries to wave. His hand stays up in the air without moving.
Tears roll down his cheeks.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Will's face presses against the window. He waves madly to Buddy. Tears run down Lisa's face as she pulls out tissues.

Will sees Buddy crying.

WILL
Mommy, look, Daddy's crying.

Lisa looks. She half smiles, half laughs. The tears flood.

LISA
Harpington--

HARPINGTON
I was waiting.

Harpington lowers the helicopter, cuts the engine.

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

Buddy walks slowly toward the helicopter as the door opens. Out jumps Will, he races into Buddy's arms.

BUDDY
Hey, Will!

WILL
Daddy!

Lisa steps down, wiping her tears.

Buddy and Lisa's eyes hold. Buddy smiles like six years ago. They walk toward each other, Will in Buddy's arms. Buddy drops Will down. He and Lisa embrace, kiss passionately.

WILL
Hurray! Hurray! We're here to stay,
Mr. Sid!

Will runs to Sid, who tosses Will back a jellybean.

Harpington carries two large suitcases out of the helicopter. On one is written LISA, the other WILL.

Buddy and Lisa continue their hug and kiss.

HARPINGTON
Right again, Sid.

Harpington bows low to Sid. Sid smiles a Buddha smile.

Harpington climbs back in the helicopter, takes off.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Harpington grabs his phone, calls. He watches the beach as he pulls away.

With a huge smile on his face, Will holds one hand with Sid, waves with the other toward Harpington.

HARPINGTON (O.S.)

Yes, Sir, Mr. President. Everything is under control. The experiment is on, and steaming hot.

A swarm of butterflies surround Buddy and Lisa, still embracing.

FADE OUT.