

The Game

by

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**REVISED**

October 19, 1995

A1. TITLES OVER "HOME MOVIES" from the 1960's -- FLICKERING,  
GRAINY,  
**HAND-HELD, KODACHROME COLORS. MUSIC OVER.**

**1. EXT. VAN ORTON HOUSE - DAY (HOME MOVIES)**

A SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BIRTHDAY BOY with a blindfold spins round and round, the HANDS of OTHER CHILDREN keep him spinning. MAIN TITLE.

It's a game of pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey. The dizzy boy is given a strip of felt, and the CAMERA follows as he stumbles toward a large cardboard donkey. He pins the tail on its nose.

2. QUICK, RAGGED CUTS-- the BOY blows out candles... opens gifts... a CLOWN ties balloon animals. CHILDREN, MAIDS and BUTLERS hover about; there's even a real-live PONY. The party takes place in the gardens of a massive Pacific Heights MANSION.

3. THE BOY is SCHUYLER VAN ORTON (7), and this is his birthday party. He's a serious-looking child, who adjusts his glasses as he poses for a shot with his mother, MRS. VAN ORTON, a stiff-looking society matron. A NANNY brings over an INFANT and gently places the baby in Schuyler's arms. Schuyler is ultra-careful, over-

whelmed by the responsibility of holding his tiny BROTHER (DAVID).

4. THE BOY and the other children sit spellbound, watching a magic show in the front GARDEN-- a MAGICIAN waves a colored handkerchief, a DOVE FLIES OUT. CAMERA FOLLOWS the bird UP toward the house...

5. THE CAMERA FINDS MR. VAN ORTON, a pinched, depressive man of about 40, wearing glasses. He stands on a high balcony at the top story of the mansion, in a bathrobe, smoking a cigarette. The unseen photographer ZOOMS IN jerkily on the man. When he realizes he's being photographed, Mr. Van Orton turns his back and goes inside the house. The film SOLARIZES and runs into LEADER--

**CUT TO:**

**6. EXT. VAN ORTON HOUSE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)**

TITLES CONTINUE. Early morning, the same mansion (ideally an ornate Victorian or Arts & Crafts). The landscaping has changed, there are some modern touches, such as an iron gate surrounding the carriageway, a black 500-class MERCEDES in the drive.

MUSIC DOWN, SEGUE to a CNN NEWS BROADCAST OVER as the CAMERA MOVES IN ON THE UPPER BALCONY where we'd seen Mr. Van Orton earlier... it's now COVERED and GLASSED-IN. We move THROUGH THE GLASS...

**7. INT. MASTER BEDROOM - DAY**

TRACK THROUGH a large master bedroom; neat, masculine and Spartan, free weights, a treadmill. Atop the bed a LAPTOP COMPUTER runs STOCK QUOTES. A LARGE-SCREEN TV plays UNWATCHED, a familiar CNN ANCHOR (we'll assume BERNARD SHAW). The Bang & Olufsen CLOCK RADIO CLICKS ON, 6:30 am; CLASSICAL MUSIC now DUELS with the TV report. HAND-ANNOTATED PAPERWORK and STOCK READOUTS cover a NIGHT TABLE, where the ringing multi-line TELEPHONE JOINS the cacophony.

END TITLES as we MOVE TOWARD a DOOR, it's open a crack-- from this adjacent bath we hear the SOUND OF A SHOWER RUNNING...

**8. INT. MASTER BATHROOM - DAY**

In the steam-filled bathroom, we make out SCHUYLER VAN ORTON, now 38. He's handsome, fit and apparently in complete control of his world. He steps out of the shower, wraps a towel around himself and grabs the BATHROOM PHONE.

SCHUYLER (on phone)  
Van Orton... Yes, it is my  
birthday, Bob, is that why you  
called...? Ah... No, I'm not  
carrying Alan Baer another inch,  
fuck him, BG Lumber is history...

As he speaks, he continues his morning ritual-- hair combing, Q-tips, etc. (Schuyler is a man in almost constant motion.)

**9. EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - DAY**

The black Mercedes moves quickly through morning traffic.

**10. INT. SCHUYLER'S CAR - DAY**

SCHUYLER is on his car phone, NEWS RADIO LOW in BG, maneuvering aggressively through traffic. His laptop RUNS in the passenger seat, its cellular antenna up.

SCHUYLER (on carphone)  
Ignore the rumors, Alan, you know  
me, of course I'm behind Baer-  
Grace a hundred per cent... great,  
see you at the shareholders'  
meeting next month...

He hangs up and HONKS at another driver, displaying no emotion.

**11. INT. VAN ORTON OFFICES - DAY**

TRACK WITH SCHUYLER through an elegant suite of offices. He passes a discreet sign: "THE VAN ORTON GROUP." Schuyler is on a cell-phone, carrying the laptop, trailed by MARIA, his middle-aged secretary. She bears paperwork and patiently awaits his attention.

SCHUYLER (on cellphone)  
I've got buyers for the BG paper mill,  
goose the lawyers, final papers in  
three weeks... sure it's sad, but an  
old dog loses its teeth and pisses  
itself, you put it to sleep...

As Schuyler walks, he's GREETED by passing UNDERLINGS, whom he ignores. He SHUTS OFF the phone, Maria hands him a couple of

items, follows him into his office.

**MARIA**

Carol from the museum called.  
She's sending architect's sketches  
of the wing...

**12. INT. SCHUYLER'S OFFICE - DAY**

The office is large, tasteful, reeks of old money. A window overlooks the San Francisco skyline and the Bay.

**MARIA**

That Business Week reporter called again--

**SCHUYLER**

Tell him to fuck himself. Nicely.

**MARIA**

(awkwardly)  
--and, um, somebody who identified  
himself as, um, P.P. Willy.

SCHUYLER FREEZES at this, stares at her.

**MARIA**

Sorry, I figured it was a crank, but  
he swore you'd know who he was. He  
wanted to meet you for lunch, I told  
him you had appointments all--

**SCHUYLER**

Cancel. Cancel the whole afternoon.

**MARIA**

But you--

**SCHUYLER**

Do it. Did he leave a number?

**MARIA**

No. He just said he'd be at Leo's  
in the Haight. At noon.

Maria hands him a slip of paper, lingers, awaiting explanation...

**SCHUYLER**

That's all, Maria.

She heads out quickly. Schuyler stares at the slip, then turns  
to look out the window, lost in thought.

CUT TO:

13. INT. LEO'S - DAY

A working class bar, an ALCOHOLIC or two, pinball machines. SCHUYLER sits a table near a window, checking his watch, it's not his kind of place. A WAITRESS arrives in a too-small uniform-- young, multiple earrings, CHRISTINE according to her name tag.

**CHRISTINE**

Can I take your order?

**SCHUYLER**

I haven't seen the menu.

**CHRISTINE**

Oh, right. Here, see ya.

She hands him a menu and starts off. Schuyler calls after her.

**SCHUYLER**

An iced tea, please--

She waves a hand, "yeah, right," without looking back. Schuyler sighs and opens the menu. Suddenly, someone BACKHANDS the side of his skull, he assumes a defensive posture. Schuyler sees his LAUGHING brother: DAVID VAN ORTON.

**DAVID**

Yo, Sky. Happy birthday.

**SCHUYLER**

(rubs his head, annoyed)  
Thanks, "Pee-pee." I never get tired of that.

DAVID slides into the seat opposite him. He's in his early 30's, good-looking but unkempt, wears bright, funky clothes, an earring and a perpetual grin. There's an intense, edgy quality to him which Schuyler has some trouble readjusting to.

**SCHUYLER**

Well... long time.

**DAVID**

Yeah, since Mom died-- what, five years? So how you been?

**SCHUYLER**

Business as usual...

**DAVID**

How's Elizabeth? Any kids?

**SCHUYLER**

A little girl.

**DAVID**

Congrat--

**SCHUYLER**

It's not mine, she married a  
pediatrician in Sausalito.

**DAVID**

You're divorced...

(off Schuyler's nod)

Too bad, she was actually interesting.

**SCHUYLER**

She stopped drinking, I guess  
getting rid of me was the 13th step.

**DAVID**

So you're all alone in the House of Pain.

**SCHUYLER**

I redecorated. Where have you been?

**DAVID**

All over. Nowhere in particular.  
Didn't your fucking gumshoes keep  
you informed of my every movement?

**SCHUYLER**

I called them off two years ago,  
David. You'd kicked the heroin, you'd  
left the ashram, you were windsurfing  
somewhere in Central America...

**DAVID**

It's gorgeous down there... you  
should go sometime.

**SCHUYLER**

Look, are you in trouble, is there  
anything you need? You can't have  
gone through the trust fund...

**DAVID**

(looks at him, hurt)

That's not why I'm here, Sky, I

just wanted to see you... I even brought a gift, for a change.

**SCHUYLER**

You didn't bake me a cake, did you?

**DAVID**

You can't still be mad about the hash brownies...

Schuyler's unamused by the memory. David grins and pulls a small envelope out of his pocket, tosses it on the table in front of him.

**DAVID**

Happy birthday, bro.

**SCHUYLER**

What is this.

**DAVID**

It's a bomb. Open it!

Schuyler shrugs, opens the envelope and shakes out--

A BUSINESS CARD in BLUE and ORANGE: "CONSUMER RECREATION SERVICES."

The C, R and S are HIGHLIGHTED, a PHONE NUMBER at the bottom.

SCHUYLER picks up the card, fingers it.

**SCHUYLER**

Consumer Recreation Services. OK...

**DAVID**

I can't tell you very much about it, that'd ruin the surprise. Just promise me you'll give 'em a call.

**SCHUYLER**

I don't get it.

**DAVID**

Just call 'em. OK look, it's simple, really. They entertain you.

**SCHUYLER**

Is this an escort service?

**DAVID**

No, it's nothing like that. They're a business, they're for

real... They guarantee just one thing-- you won't be bored.

Schuyler gives him a bored, blank look. David throws up his hands.

**DAVID**

They make your life fun.

**SCHUYLER**

Fun.

**DAVID**

You've heard of it.

Christine the waitress has shown up with Schuyler's iced tea. She puts it down hastily, spilling some across the table. Schuyler shies away, grabbing a napkin and blotting it up before it can drip into his lap. Cracking gum:

**CHRISTINE**

Sorry.

She moves off as Schuyler tries to order, raising a finger--

**SCHUYLER**

Just a cheesebur... how'd you find this place?

**DAVID**

Old connection used to meet me here. So you gonna call 'em?

**SCHUYLER**

(a sigh, carefully)  
You know, David, this is sweet, but it's an awfully busy time, I'm in the midst of a delicate liquidation--

**DAVID**

(mimicking him bitterly)  
"A delicate liquidation," God, you would do this...

**SCHUYLER**

David--

**DAVID**

We can't get together once without you making me feel like shit. That's



important to you, isn't it?

**SCHUYLER**

What are you talking about?

**DAVID**

Forget about it, don't bother.

David slumps in his seat, won't meet Schuyler's eyes.

**SCHUYLER**

Are you still on medication...?

David glares at him. With the impeccable timing of all waitresses,

CHRISTINE appears, chipper.

**CHRISTINE**

You guys know what you want?

**DAVID**

Go away.

She curls her lip and departs before Schuyler can open his mouth. He sighs, resigned to the idea of not eating. Calmly:

**DAVID**

I just thought you'd like it. I did, it was a blast, best thing that ever happened to me. And for your information, I'm not on anything anymore, I'm not even seeing a shrink, I'm in a better place than I've ever been, I'm even happy-- but that's something else I wouldn't be able to explain to you.

**SCHUYLER**

OK, OK, I'll give them a call...

**DAVID**

Whatever.

**SCHUYLER**

Look, take a pill. Just be normal for thirty seconds and tell me what this is. I hate surprises.

**DAVID**

I know.

David WINKS, puts a finger to his lips-- not another word.

CLOSE as Schuyler slips the brightly-colored CARD into his pocket.

CUT TO:

14. EXT. VAN ORTON OFFICE BUILDING  
- NIGHT

ESTABLISH the moonlit exterior of an older, classy building in downtown San Francisco. MOVE IN on a high window, one of the few LIT at this hour. We hear the SOUND OF A PHONE CHIRPING OVER.

1S. INT. SCHUYLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

COMPUTERS run, stacks of PAPERWORK, etc. PHONE continues to RING.

FIND SCHUYLER as he punches the SPEAKER:

**SCHUYLER**

Van Orton.

ELIZABETH (on speaker)

Hello, Schuyler.

ELIZABETH is Schuyler's ex-wife-- an earnest woman, a stranger to subtlety. STAY WITH SCHUYLER, who half-smiles, looks at his watch.

**SCHUYLER**

Eleven forty, you almost didn't make it.

ELIZABETH (on speaker)

I always call on your birthday. How was it?

**SCHUYLER**

Oh, the usual, big party, circus clowns, naked lady in a cake...

ELIZABETH (on speaker)

(slight chuckle; serious)

How are you, Sky?

She has the concerned, forthright tone of a "recovery person," someone who's been through a lot of therapy and wants to reach out.

Schuyler GRIMACES, then mimics the tone:

**SCHUYLER**

I'm just fine. How are you?

ELIZABETH (on speaker)  
It wasn't a trick question.  
Thirty-eight, I thought that might  
be a-- a difficult year for you...

**SCHUYLER**

Hm? Just another birthday,  
another year closer to death.

ELIZABETH (on speaker)  
I meant-- because of your father.

**SCHUYLER**

Oh that's right, I guess he was 38,  
wasn't he? I hadn't thought about  
it, to tell the truth, but thank you  
for the reminder.

ELIZABETH (on speaker)  
Why do I call you...

**SCHUYLER**

I honestly don't know, but it's a  
nice change of pace from talking  
to your attorneys. So, still  
working at the hospice?

ELIZABETH (on speaker)  
Mm-hmm, couple days a week...

**SCHUYLER**

Great, that's great. Well, give my  
regards to Dr. Mel and the baby--

ELIZABETH (on speaker)  
She has a little brother on the  
way... we just did the ultrasound.

**SCHUYLER**

Really. Congratulations-- two  
kids, an official nuclear family,  
you must be very happy.

ELIZABETH (on speaker)  
We are, Sky. Very happy.

**SCHUYLER**

Well, you deserved someone who  
wanted the same things you did--

**ELIZABETH**

Are you? Happy?

SCHUYLER hates this question. He quickly changes the subject.

**SCHUYLER**

Speaking of little brothers, I saw David today.

ELIZABETH (on speaker)

Really?

**SCHUYLER**

He asked about you. He's on a new kick, some personal improvement cult. I'm gonna check it out, I'm sure he's getting fleeced again.

ELIZABETH (on speaker)

Who knows, maybe it'll be good for you. Send David my love.

**SCHUYLER**

Right. Well, thanks again for calling, Elizabeth, take care.

ELIZABETH (on speaker)

You too, Schuyler-- I mean that--

**SCHUYLER**

Mm, good luck, bye.

He PUNCHES off the phone in the middle of her "Good-bye."  
Schuyler returns to his work, as if the call hadn't taken place-- but a few seconds later, we see his concentration is completely shattered, he leans back in his SQUEAKING deskchair.

**CUT TO:**

**16. EXT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS - NIGHT**

SCHUYLER'S MERCEDES cruises on the hilly streets, past impressive mansions on all sides, a CRESCENT MOON overhead.

**17. INT. SCHUYLER'S CAR - NIGHT**

CLASSICAL MUSIC plays. SCHUYLER drives, looking unsettled.

**18. EXT. PACIFIC HEIGHTS - DAY  
(60'S/FLASHBACK)**

POV DRIVING SHOT, from the backset of a LIMOUSINE. PERIOD CARS, FASHIONS, etc. MUSIC CONTINUES OVER.

**19. INT. SCHUYLER'S CAR - NIGHT**

SCHUYLER changes the RADIO STATION, trying to drown out his thoughts with LOUD ROCK AND ROLL.

**20. EXT. VAN ORTON HOUSE - NIGHT**

THE ELECTRIC GATE slides open, and Schuyler's Benz pulls in.

**21. EXT. VAN ORTON HOUSE - DAY  
(FLASHBACK)**

A LIMOUSINE pulls into the ungated carriageway. THE BACK DOOR OPENS and SCHUYLER (7) emerges from the backseat, carrying elementary schoolbooks. As he approaches the front steps, he looks upward at something, blinks and squints.

ANGLE UP-- MR. VAN ORTON, in his robe, stands on the balcony railing, looking up at the sky. He turns his gaze slowly downward.

YOUNG SCHUYLER is puzzled, gives his dad a tentative wave.

MR. VAN ORTON waves back, his eyes dead, expression blank.

YOUNG SCHUYLER opens his mouth to call to his father-- instead we hear an URGENT ELECTRONIC BEEPING--

**22. INT. SCHUYLER'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

A MICROWAVE OVEN BEEPS that the meal is "READY." SCHUYLER opens the door, takes out his upscale junk food, grabs a fork.

**23. INT. SCHUYLER'S DEN - NIGHT**

ON A BIG-SCREEN TV, a CNN NEWSCAST shows a FIRE OUT OF CONTROL. MOVE FROM THIS through the manly, book-lined den. The house is traditional, opulent, densely decorated with "good pieces"-- and it feels like a mausoleum.

FIND SCHUYLER peeling open the plastic food container. He sits in a leather armchair. A BOTTLE OF DOM PERIGNON sits on the coffee table, near a champagne flute glass, a CUPCAKE with a CANDLE in it. The LAPTOP computer is RUNNING.

ON TV, BERNARD SHAW comes out of the story.

**BERNARD SHAW (TV)**

--for the residents of the  
Crescent Heights project, a truly  
tragic day is over at last--

**SCHUYLER**

I'll drink to that.

SCHUYLER raises his champagne glass to the TV, his birthday done.  
Then he toasts in the direction of a FRAMED PICTURE on the coffee  
table-- a WEDDING PHOTO OF SCHUYLER and ELIZABETH.

**BERNARD SHAW (TV)**

--up next, the latest in sports.  
For all of us here at CNN, thank  
you for watching--

SCHUYLER reaches for the REMOTE CONTROL. He settles back on the  
sofa, CHANNEL HOPPING. He despairs of this quickly, points the  
remote at his own head-- CLICK, CLICK. He closes his eyes.

**24. EXT. VAN ORTON HOUSE - DAY**  
**(FLASHBACK)**

MR. VAN ORTON stands on the edge of the balcony, waving as  
before.

He looks skyward one last time, then suddenly LAUNCHES HIMSELF  
INTO  
SPACE in a head-first dive. We hear what sounds like a SCREAM--

**CUT TO:**

**25. EXT. CRS BUILDING - DAY**

--it's a CAR HORN. The vehicle passes to reveal SCHUYLER  
striding  
toward a postmodern building in the financial district; a ramp  
leads to a parking garage beneath. Casually dressed, he glances  
up  
at the facade for a few moments, then goes in.

**26. INT. CRS LOBBY AND ATRIUM - DAY**

The very new, dramatic structure is built around a central  
twelve-  
story atrium narrowing to a SKYLIGHT above. There's still some  
minor construction underway on the ground floor, scaffolding  
about.  
Schuyler crosses to a bank of lobby elevators.

**27. INT. CRS ELEVATOR - DAY**

Schuyler looks out the glass elevator as it rises vertiginously. HIS POV as the atrium shrinks below him.

**28. INT. CRS OFFICES - DAY**

Partitioned work areas, terminals, clutter and disarray. Office doors open off a reception area. CRS EMPLOYEES move about hectically. Schuyler enters, wanders about for a moment, confused.

A friendly female RECEPTIONIST glances up from her desk.

**RECEPTIONIST**

Can I help you?

**SCHUYLER**

Is this Consumer Recreation Services? I have an appointment, the name's Van Orton.

The woman flips through an appointment book with a logo, CRS. IN BG, JIM FEINGOLD pays a CHINESE DELIVERY GUY for a BAG OF FOOD.

**RECEPTIONIST**

Hm... I don't seem to--

**SCHUYLER**

Schuyler Van Orton, I called last week.

The woman shakes her head. FEINGOLD slows as he crosses past Schuyler, carrying the bag. He's 30-40, a no-nonsense engineer, looks a bit dull, but he exudes competence and trustworthiness.

**FEINGOLD**

Problem?

**RECEPTIONIST**

This gentlemen says he has an appointment, but...

Feingold glances at Schuyler, shrugs.

**FEINGOLD**

Van Orton, huh? I'll take him.  
(shakes his hand)  
Jim Feingold, v. p. in charge of  
engineering and data analysis.

The man leads Schuyler to a row of open boxes on the floor, looks in a couple, then finds what he's after. He snatches up a couple

of pages, hands them to Schuyler. Then he finds a clipboard on the floor, tosses it to him like a frisbee.

**FEINGOLD**

Sorry about the chaos, we're still in the process of moving... follow me, I've got an office around here someplace.

He reaches into a box of PENS, passes one to Schuyler.

CLOSE ON PEN-- the CRS LOGO.

**CUT TO:**

**29. INT. FEINGOLD'S OFFICE / HALLWAY  
- DAY**

A modern, dramatic office. Swoopy furniture, imposing ART, all very cool-looking. Feingold moves behind the desk, unpacks a couple of white cartons.

**FEINGOLD**

I can't remember the last time I ate in a restaurant, all I do is work...

SCHUYLER sits on a couch, looking at the forms.

**SCHUYLER**

I know what you mean. Look-- what is all this?

The fast-talking Feingold moves energetically through the office, occasionally picking at his food or poking at the air with chopsticks-- he's a bit hyper and fidgety in general.

**FEINGOLD**

Application, MMPI and TAT tests, financial statement...  
(indicating food)  
Want some? Tung Hoy, best in Chinatown...  
(as Schuyler shakes his head)  
The tests serve a threefold purpose. First off, are you right for us? Are we right for you? Unfortunately, there's a limited number of slots--

**SCHUYLER**

Let's back up here--

**FEINGOLD**



(over him)

B, we need an idea of your abilities and limitations, what turns you on, and off. Numero tres, our insurance company requires it.

(a beat, studying Schuyler)  
You're familiar with our service, aren't you?

**SCHUYLER**

Not at all. What are you selling?

**FEINGOLD**

Well... it's a game.

**SCHUYLER**

A game.

**FEINGOLD**

Recharges the batteries, gets you off the treadmill, it's an experience. Sort of a-- vacation for the guy who's been everywhere.

**SCHUYLER**

This really doesn't sound like my sort of--

Feingold sits on the edge of his desk, arms crossed, nodding and smiling condescendingly-- he raises a hand to stop Schuyler.

**SCHUYLER**

What's so amusing?

**FEINGOLD**

Nothing. I know who you are. You're David Van Orton's brother, he got you in here.

**SCHUYLER**

So.

**FEINGOLD**

(remembering fondly)  
David was-- impressive, one of the better I've seen. But frankly, I can see you're not the type.

**SCHUYLER**

The type.

**FEINGOLD**

You know, a player.

**SCHUYLER**

I'm not a player.

**FEINGOLD**

I don't mean anything personal by it--  
I know you're an important guy,  
powerful guy, you're used to being on  
top. It's just, this isn't for  
everyone. Not everyone can handle it.

**SCHUYLER**

(nearly losing it)  
What kind of fu-- game is this?

**FEINGOLD**

The ultimate fucking game. I wish I  
could tell you more, but it's  
different every time.

(rising)

Thanks for coming in--

**SCHUYLER**

(doesn't move)

I'm not an idiot. I see what you're  
doing. First the vague yet intriguing  
pitch, then I'm supposed to feel like  
my manhood's in question because I'm  
not up for, what, some motivational  
role-playing fantasy nonsense--

**FEINGOLD**

Interesting, you don't know the first  
thing about it but you've already  
decided what it is... Listen, I  
don't wanna waste any more--

**SCHUYLER**

Please, Jim, cut the hard-to-get  
shit. I've got the afternoon  
free, I'll take your silly tests.

Feingold cocks his head, reappraising him. Then, with a smile,  
he calls to an attractive young WOMAN passing in the hall; Schuyler,  
meanwhile, flips through the pages of the tests.

**FEINGOLD**

Ms. Nelson, are you busy? We need  
someone to run Mr. Van Orton.

**MS. NELSON**

This way, sir...

As she leads Schuyler out the door, Feingold WINKS at him.

**FEINGOLD**

I'll catch up with you after the physical.

Schuyler reacts-- a physical? He throws up a hand and follows  
the woman into the hall. Alone now, Feingold cracks a fortune cookie  
and glances at the slip of paper inside. He furrows his brow  
with concern at the fortune-- then tosses it aside.

**CUT TO:**

**30. CRS OFFICES - SERIES OF SHOTS**

During the following QUICK CUTS, SOUNDS will be layered in and  
CONTINUE over one another, e. g. the SOUND of a scraping pencil,  
the BLIPS of machinery, HEAVY BREATHING, MURMURING VOICES of  
TECHNICIANS giving instructions...

I A. X-CLOSE: A #2 pencil FILLS IN box after box on a long MMPI  
form. CLOSE on a couple of these: "I sometimes hurt animals...  
feel guilty when I masturbate..." each followed by TRUE and FALSE  
boxes.

by B. A WHITE-WALLED ROOM: Schuyler concentrates on a drawing held  
into a stone-faced PSYCHOLOGIST, a TAT test; he laughs as he speaks  
a tape-recorder, analyzing the pictures.

to C. X-CLOSE: The DRAWING, a large ant with an apron feeding a TV  
dinner to a human child. The card moves just as we register it  
reveal another DRAWING of a smiling man toppling backwards in a  
chair, perched on the edge of a cliff.

D. A LAB: Electronic MONITORS and PRINTERS record Schuyler's EEG  
and EKG. We see him on a doctor's table, wearing a medical gown  
with the CRS logo. He's hooked up to the wires, a female  
TECHNICIAN studying the readouts while a NURSE takes his blood  
pressure.

E. X-CLOSE: The traveling trace of intersecting colored waves.

F. A DARKENED ROOM: Schuyler in FG, still in the gown, watches a  
screen as images FLASH-- geometric SHAPES, WORDS, PHOTOS. His

finger hovers over a bank of three buttons, he presses different ones from time to time. There's a MIRROR to one side of the room--

G. X-CLOSE: A COMPUTER SCREEN shows green columns of NUMBERS-- SCHUYLER'S NAME is steady at the top of the screen, with an account number. CAMERA MOVES FROM THE SCREEN to show an unseen COMPUTER OPERATOR watching Schuyler through the one-way glass.

The CACOPHONY of the MONTAGE ends abruptly as we CUT TO:

**31. INT. CUBICLE - NIGHT**

Schuyler, in the gown, sits on an examination table with his hands in his lap in a small, featureless cubicle-- he seems vulnerable, looks around blankly. To himself, irritated and bemused:

**SCHUYLER**

David, you suck.

FEINGOLD BURSTS IN, a slew of COMPUTER PRINT-OUTS under his arm.

**FEINGOLD**

Sorry to keep you waiting,  
a client's head exploded...

(grins)

You can get dressed, we're done.

He throws open a closet door. Schuyler reaches inside for his clothes, which are neatly folded and on hangers. Feingold turns his back on him as he DRESSES, perching on the examination table and studying the unburst print-outs.

**FEINGOLD**

Looks promising at this point.  
You test well, you're in decent  
shape for someone in your tax  
bracket... Hm, some resistance to  
the psych questions, but we got  
the general idea...

He heads out, beckons for Schuyler to follow.

**32. INT. CRS MAIN FLOOR - NIGHT**

Feingold leads him through the office-- SECRETARIES and other WORKERS pack up at the end of the day.

**FEINGOLD**

We design the game around your

schedule, you're free to give it as much or as little time as you wish. And of course, you can call it quits at any point.

**SCHUYLER**

This was actually a gift. Did my brother pay in advance?

**FEINGOLD**

You'd have to ask our billing department... the price varies. But our service comes with a guarantee. If you're not satisfied, there's no charge. And we've never had an unsatisfied customer...

**SCHUYLER**

You mean dissatisfied.

**FEINGOLD**

(looking at a form)  
Mm, that's right-- you're a left-brain word fetishist.

**SCHUYLER**

I get that all the time.

Feingold smiles tightly and leads Schuyler back into his office.

**33. I N T . F E I N G O L D ' S O F F I C E - D A Y**

CLOSE ON PAPERWORK as it's dropped on the desktop.

SCHUYLER, CRS pen in hand, looks at this dubiously.

**SCHUYLER**

So I'm supposed to sign up for a game when I don't know the rules, I don't know the object, I don't know how much it costs...

**FEINGOLD**

It's a leap of faith. But at this stage, there's no commitment-- we just need to process your application. And if you qualify, you're in for the ride of your life. What have you got to lose?

Schuyler CLICKS the ballpoint pen, they both lean over the papers.

**FEINGOLD**

Initials-- initials-- sign here.

Schuyler's about to sign when Feingold grabs his wrist.

**FEINGOLD**

In blood.

(a WINK)

---Just kidding.

CLOSE, as Schuyler SIGNS on the dotted line.

FEINGOLD snatches up the forms, suddenly seems in a hurry for Schuyler to go.

**FEINGOLD**

Very good, Mr. Van Orton. Please,  
keep the pen.

Schuyler shrugs, sticks it in his breast pocket, starts out.

**SCHUYLER**

When can I expect to hear--

**FEINGOLD**

We'll be in touch.

Feingold gently shuts the door on schuyler's face.

**S C E N E 3 4 D E L E T E D**

**CUT TO:**

**35 (NEW). INT. RACQUETBALL COURT / CORRIDOR - DAY**

WHAM, a BALL SLAMS against a wall.

THROUGH A WINDOW, we see SCHUYLER playing violently, pumping sweat... he's alone. We hear the sound of a PHONE CALL OVER:

**SCHUYLER (V. O.)**

David, where the hell are you, we  
were supposed to meet at the club--

**DAVID (V. O.)**

Oh, shit, sorry Sky, I spaced--  
next Tuesday?

**SCHUYLER (V. O.)**

I'll be in Seattle.

**DAVID (V. O.)**

Buy you lunch soon as you get  
back, I swear...

Fed up with playing alone, Schuyler lets the ball bounce, exits  
the court and heads for a LOCKER ROOM down the hall...

**SCHUYLER (V. O.)**

I checked out CRS by the way--

**DAVID (V. O.)**

Hey, great, you gonna go for it?

**SCHUYLER (V. O.)**

Haven't decided yet...

**S C E N E 3 6 D E L E T E D**

**37 (NEW). EXT. COUNTRY CLUB BAR - DAY**

SCHUYLER, in casual clothes, hair still wet from a shower, comes  
out of a locker room area toward an outdoor BAR by a SWIMMING  
POOL  
at this upscale country club. He passes PETE and JOHN, two  
middle-  
aged RICH MEN sitting at a table near the bar; he overhears a  
snippet of their conversation--

**JOHN**

--like fuckin' wildfire, just  
opened an office in Frisco here--

**PETE**

I played my game in New York...  
What do you think John, will CRS  
ever go public?

**JOHN**

(laughs)  
Not likely, would you?

Schuyler slows down, eavesdropping, then moves toward the bar,  
addresses the BARTENDER with a nod toward John and Pete.

**SCHUYLER**

New members?

**BARTENDER**

I believe so.

**SCHUYLER**

This round's on me.

Schuyler moves casually toward the men--

**DISSOLVE TO:**

of 38(N). SAME LOCATION, LATER, the bartender brings another round drinks to the table, Schuyler and the men have been chatting a while, all seem relaxed. Pete, the friendlier (drunker) of the two, puffs a CIGAR as he speaks:

**PETE**

...last time I played Pebble, I swore  
I'd never pick up a club again...

The others CHUCKLE knowingly. Schuyler sips his drink, blinking and coughing discretely at the smoke; there's a slight pause.

**SCHUYLER**

Great thing about golf, the way it  
takes you out of your life...  
Speaking of games-- I take it you  
two are familiar with CRS...?

**JOHN**

Uh-oh. Time to piss...

He slides off his stool. Pete studies Schuyler, sizing him up.

**PETE**

Why do you ask, Schuyler?

**SCHUYLER**

I couldn't help overhearing--

**PETE**

We don't usually talk about it.

**SCHUYLER**

I only bring it up because, well,  
I recently tested for it.

**PETE**

Did you? Kudos.

**SCHUYLER**

I just wasn't sure if they're for  
real, whether it's worth it--

**PETE**



Worth it... Gee, I dunno... they did  
save my fucking life...

**SCHUYLER**

Sorry?

**PETE**

Look, I don't know you, you don't know  
me, but... I hit a certain point,  
nothing meant anything. My work, the  
wife and kids-- hell with 'em, I was  
sick of it all, y'know? But CRS... they  
changed everything. "Are they for  
real?" Who cares, maybe nothing is.  
(raises his glass)  
To reality.

Schuyler raises his glass, numbed by this outpouring. Pete  
drains  
his drink, chuckling to himself. His friend comes back, looking  
concerned, takes the man's arm.

**JOHN**

C'mon Pete.

**PETE**

(winks at Schuyler)  
Good luck, pal. You'll need it.

Schuyler stares after the two men dubiously as they move off.

**CUT TO:**

**39. INT. LAW FIRM CONFERENCE ROOM -  
DAY**

A slick, designery conference room, filled with BABBLING LAWYERS-  
-  
at the head of the table stands BOB PLYMPTON, a trustworthy man  
in  
his late 50's. MURMURING CONTINUES during Plympton's address.

**PLYMPTON**

Excuse me. Excuse me! Postponing  
the Baer-Grace meeting is out of  
the question. Schuyler gets on a  
plane for Washington tomorrow  
morning at seven with every  
contract, every side agreement,  
the complete closing package!

Schuyler has been going through paperwork in the back of the room,  
he steps forward during the above.

**LAWYER**

But there's simply no--

THWAP! Schuyler DROPS the stack of papers on the table, SILENCE.

**SCHUYLER**

No is not an option. If you fail to recognize that, I'll find ten other law firms in the yellow pages that can get the job done--

CHIRP. Schuyler's CELL-PHONE has started RINGING during the above.

He finally removes it from his pocket and moves to a quiet corner.

**SCHUYLER**

(impatient)

Yes.

QUIET COMMOTION resumes IN BG during the following. On the other end of the line, there's the bland, bureaucratic VOICE of CYNTHIA:

CYNTHIA (filter)

Mr. Van Orton?

**SCHUYLER**

Yes, who is this?

CYNTHIA (filter)

This is Cynthia at CRS...

**SCHUYLER**

What?! How did you get this number?

CYNTHIA (filter)

I'm just calling to inform you that we've finished processing your application--

**SCHUYLER**

I'm in a meeting--

CYNTHIA (filter)

--and I'm afraid you didn't qualify.

**SCHUYLER**

--so I don't have time for--  
(beat, then quickly)  
Excuse me, what was that?

CYNTHIA (filter)  
Well... your application was rejected.

**SCHUYLER**  
...Why?

CYNTHIA (filter)  
Oh, I'm afraid I don't have that  
information, but-- many applicants  
don't meet the criteria. We  
apologize, we hope it hasn't  
caused you any inconvenience--

**SCHUYLER**  
This is absurd--

CYNTHIA (filter)  
Thank you for thinking of CRS.

CLICK and a DIAL TONE. Schuyler shuts the phone and replaces it  
in his pocket, his mind suddenly far away from the meeting at hand.  
PLYMPTON, a well-meaning man with a fatherly attitude toward  
Schuyler, steps close to him and speaks quietly, concerned:

**PLYMPTON**  
Bad news, Sky?

**SCHUYLER**  
No, nothing. Sorry, Bob.  
(loudly, to boardroom)  
So were there any more questions, or  
may I assume it's under control...

**CUT TO:**

**40. EXT. VAN ORTON HOUSE - NIGHT**

SCHUYLER pulls up in his MBZ, the electric gate glides shut. He  
gets out of the car and SETS THE ALARM. He heads for the front  
steps of his home-- then freezes, blinks--

ON HIS DOORSTEP lies a body, face-down, apparently a WINO, in a  
tattered, filthy overcoat.

**FLASH CUT TO:**

**41. EXT. VAN ORTON HOUSE - DAY**  
**(FLASHBACK)**

SAME ANGLE, QUICK SHOT of the body of MR. VAN ORTON, sprawled across the steps in much the same position as the wino, flat on his stomach, head twisted at a grotesque angle. His bathrobe is even similar in color to the wino's overcoat.

**CUT BACK TO:**

**42. EXT. VAN ORTON HOUSE - NIGHT**

SCHUYLER shakes off the memory, looking alarmed. He calls out:

**SCHUYLER**

Hello! What are you doing here?

THE BODY doesn't stir. He approaches gingerly.

**SCHUYLER**

Wonderful. You OK? You dead?

He crouches by the wino, winces at a strong smell, covers his nose.

He reaches out to touch the body, but hesitates, pulls back. Alive

or dead, he doesn't want to have anything to do with this person.

**SCHUYLER**

Shit, shit, shit...

The "wino" suddenly SPRINGS UP like a jack-in-the-box, bending backwards impossibly at the hips. Schuyler lets out a CRY and scrambles back toward his car.

THE HEAD swivels to face him-- it's a grotesque HARLEQUIN, its head made of COLORED GLASS, LIT from within. The MOUTH DROPS OPEN and a tongue in the shape of a corkscrew SPRINGS OUT.

A SMALL KEY ON A HOOK dangles from the tip of the tongue. One of the harlequin's glass eyes WINKS.

SCHUYLER stares in amazement for a few moments.

CLOSE on the dangling KEY as Schuyler fingers it. The key catches the light and we see the letters "CRS" embossed on it.

**T** 42B (NEW). INT. SCHUYLER'S FOYER - NIGHT

THE DUMMY is dumped in a straight-back chair in the foyer.

SCHUYLER takes a step back and studies it. He crosses its legs, smirks and shakes his head, ascending the stairs.

CLOSE ON the disturbing empty stare of the DUMMY...

**CUT TO:**

**O M** 43. INT. SCHUYLER'S BATHROOM / BEDROOM - NIGHT

A CLOSE ON SCHUYLER'S EYE as he blinks and removes a CONTACT LENS.

NEWSCAST is barely audible in BG.

WIDER, Schuyler, squinting, in a bathrobe, enters from the bathroom off the bedroom, putting his contact lens case into a toiletries case. He's been packing a leather GARMENT BAG, which hangs from a door, slips the toiletries into a "side pouch. The TV PLAYS in BG, Bernard Shaw delivering the news.

BERNARD SHAW (on TV)  
...the bill goes before the House  
next week, where it's expected to  
meet stiff opposition--  
(beat, touches his ear)  
Wait, this just in...

This gets Schuyler's attention, he squints toward the television.

BERNARD SHAW (cont., on TV)  
The U. S. geological service has  
detected a massive disturbance in the  
earth's crust deep beneath the northern  
segment of the San Andreas fault...

SCHUYLER scrambles for his glasses, as Shaw struggles to continue.

BERNARD SHAW (cont., on TV)  
...they have issued a warning that a  
major earthquake of magnitude eight  
or greater is likely to hit the San  
Francisco Bay area within...  
(a beat)

Oh my God, the next fifteen minutes--

SCHUYLER sits on the bed, breathes hard, stares at the tube.

BERNARD SHAW (cont., on TV)  
There is no time for an evacuation.  
The federal government has issued  
the following instructions for all  
residents of central and northern  
California...

SCHUYLER is freaking out, paces frantically, moves toward a  
phone--

who's he going to call? He makes a low MOAN.

SHAW'S voice CRACKS, he speaks very rapidly.

BERNARD SHAW (cont., on TV)  
Locate emergency shut-offs for all  
power and gas--

SCHUYLER starts moving out of the room--

BERNARD SHAW (cont., on TV)  
Wait, there's no time for that-- just  
stay away from windows and doors--

SCHUYLER doubles back, avoiding a window, his panic mounting--

BERNARD SHAW (cant., on TV)  
Find a heavy piece of furniture such as  
a desk or table and get under it--

SCHUYLER looks around, sees no such appropriate spot in the room.

BERNARD SHAW (cant., on TV)  
If no such furniture is immediately  
available, go to a window or doorway--

SCHUYLER blinks, hesitates starts to move toward the door--

BERNARD SHAW (cant., on TV)  
But first turn off all power and gas.  
Crouch in a comfortable position, put  
your head between your knees and cover  
it with your arms--

SCHUYLER, confused, crouches as instructed--

BERNARD SHAW (cant., on TV)  
Then KISS YOUR LILY-WHITE ASS GOODBYE!

On this last line, Shaw's voice starts to ECHO and CHANGE.

SCHUYLER rises, staring at the TV, mouth agape.

SHAW WINKS. His VOICE is utterly transformed.

BERNARD SHAW (on TV)  
Howdy Sky.

HIS FACE RIPPLES and MORPHS into a SKULL, it's becoming clear that this is a computer-generated Bernard shaw.

CYBERSHAW (on TV)  
Que pasa?

As CYBERSHAW speaks, his face will continue to transform, sometimes back to a recognizable human state, other times into abstract images, a talking piano, a dog, etc.

CYBERSHAW (on TV)  
Welcome to the Game!  
Congratulations on your decision  
to let Consumer Recreation  
Services entertain you.

The combination of relief, amazement and anger is a bit much for Schuyler to absorb. Smiling sickly:

**SCHUYLER**  
Fuckers!

CYBERSHAW (on TV)  
This might be a good time to lay out a few ground rules, help you enjoy your adventure. You've received the first key. There will be others. Pay attention-- you never know where you'll find 'em, you never know when you'll need 'em, so keep 'em with you at all times...

As he speaks, Schuyler reaches for the gold key on his bedside table. He starts putting it onto his keychain.

ON TV SCREEN-- below CyberShaw, a PHONE NUMBER SCROLLS PAST.

CYBERSHAW (on TV)  
You might want to write this number down, it's the CRS hotline, operators are standing by to assist... but

please don't call to ask what the  
object of the game is-- figuring that  
out is the object of the game...

SCHUYLER has snatched up the CRS pen to write down the number--  
it doesn't work. SWEARING, he tosses it aside, grabs another.

ON TV, CyberShaw MORPHS back into the original Bernard Shaw.  
There's a quick VISUAL GLITCH on the tube as the original TV feed  
resumes-- Bernard Shaw is delivering a normal news story.

BERNARD SHAW (on TV)  
--reaction on wall Street was muted  
following the Fed's announcement of...

SCHUYLER is taken with the display of electronic pyrotechnics, in  
spite of himself. He hits the speaker button on his phone,  
dials.

OPERATOR VOICE (filter)  
You've reached CRS...

**SCHUYLER**

Yeah, this is pretty impressive  
but listen--

OPERATOR VOICE (filter)  
Our office is closed. Please call  
back during business hours.

**(BEEP)**

**SCHUYLER**

My name is Schuyler Van Orton, my  
game just started. Look, this is a  
bad time, I'm about to leave town--

A DIAL TONE, CRS doesn't take messages. Schuyler sighs, HANGS  
UP.

**44. EXT. VAN ORTON HOUSE - NIGHT**

SCHUYLER crouches by a coaxial cable line emerging from the side  
of the house. He fingers a box with a miniature LOOP and RABBIT EAR  
ANTENNA that's been spliced into the line with a tiny S-shaped  
WIRE. He starts to unscrew it, then thinks twice, heads back in.

WIDER, as Schuyler enters his mansion, a GIBBOUS MOON OVERHEAD.

**CUT TO:**



**45. EXT. SEA-TAC AIRPORT - DAY**

Mist in the air, a jet taxis to a terminal.

**46. INT. SEA-TAC TERMINAL - DAY**

SCHUYLER comes out of the gate with the garment bag and a briefcase. He joins up with a DRIVER carrying a sign that says VAN ORTON, the man takes his bag for him.

**SCHUYLER**

I'm expecting a package with some documents. Did it arrive?

The man shakes his head, Schuyler, exasperated, whips out his cell-phone and dials. As he and the driver move through the CROWD, they pass a red-eyed, dreadlocked, homeless-looking RASTA MAN in a BRIGHTLY COLORED outfit with knit cap, hassling other TRAVELERS. He turns his attention to Schuyler and begins walking alongside.

**RASTA MAN**

Ay mon, got sometin' fo you mon.

**DRIVER**

(to the rasta)  
Get lost, pal.

**RASTA MAN**

No can do.

**SCHUYLER (on phone)**

Bob, it's Sky, what the hell is going on? No, the papers aren't here, you'll have to fax signature copies straight to the BG offices now. Yeah I'll hold.

The driver and Schuyler climb into a little white people mover cart, the driver starts forward, BEEPING at folks in the way. The rasta man continues to badger Schuyler.

**RASTA MAN**

You want what I got, mon.

**SCHUYLER**

(hand over the phone)  
No thank you.

**RASTA MAN**

Dere are many paths to enlightenment, but you must choose one and stay on it-- or you will surely die in the darkness--

**SCHUYLER**

I'll take my chances.

The rasta man jogs alongside, holds up a stained, newsprint religious TRACT, Schuyler glances at it without taking it--

CLOSE-- we see the words "CRISIS, REVELATION, SOLUTION." The letters C, R and S are printed in a different color from the rest.

WIDER-- Schuyler ignores the tract, he's talking to Bob again on the phone. The driver SPEEDS UP as they pass a guard, entering a restricted access area.

SCHUYLER (on phone)

What?! Fire their asses, that's it.

The Rasta Man runs out of breath as the cart SPEEDS UP. He calls after Schuyler:

**RASTA MAN**

Jah Love mon, dat's the key, dat's the key...

**47. EXT. SEA-TAC TERMINAL - DAY**

Cold and bleak. The little white truck emerges from the terminal, crosses the tarmac, heading toward an IDLING HELICOPTER, where it stops. From the chopper, ALAN BAER emerges-- he's an elderly, muscular man, bluff, once blue-collar. He gives Schuyler a firm handshake. They have to SHOUT over the WHIRRING BLADES:

**SCHUYLER**

Alan! What's wrong with a car--

**BAER**

I'm giving you an overview of our little operation! You gotta see the new breed of high yield saplings...

SCHUYLER looks uncomfortable with this prospect. The driver is already loading his bag into the chopper. Baer claps a hand on Schuyler's shoulder, leading him under the wash, into the chopper.

THE RASTA MAN is walking slowly across the tarmac nearby. He watches the HELICOPTER ASCEND with a half-smile.

**48. INT. HELICOPTER - DAY**

SCHUYLER and BAER in the back of the chopper.

**BAER**

How was your flight?

**SCHUYLER**

Fine.

Schuyler looks out the window.

SCHUYLER'S POV - On the PASTA MAN in his colorful clothes, now holding up a dangling KEY on a chain. Moments later, he's invisible in the MIST.

ON SCHUYLER, looking disappointed, and annoyed with himself-- he realizes he's missed something. He reaches into his pocket as Baer DRONES ON beside him. Schuyler pulls out his KEYS, fingers the gold one with the CRS logo, thinking.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**49. EXT. MOUNTAINS - DAY**

The HELICOPTER swoops low over a beautiful FORESTED MOUNTAINSIDE.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**50. INT. BAER - GRACE OFFICES - DAY**

PAN from a WINDOW. Outside, we see a sign-- BAER-GRACE LUMBER-- and the helicopter, now idle on a pad. MOVE PAST a HUMMING FAX MACHINE, find Schuyler addressing Alan Baer across a table. A couple of other LUMBER EXECs are present. Everyone wears a stricken expression, Schuyler's tone is matter-of-fact.

**BAER**

You've been planning this for months, haven't you? Sandbagging me like this, selling us for scrap...

**SCHUYLER**

BG lumber is not profitable and hasn't been for years, my duty is to salvage what I can. These are the closing papers, in ten minutes I'm going to present the sale terms to the shareholders and elect my new management team.

As he speaks, Schuyler moves to the fax machine. A TRANSMISSION has come through, he picks up the sheaf of papers.

**BAER**

I was friends with your father, you bastard, I watched you grow up, and now you kick me in the balls--

Schuyler squints at the papers in his hand, flipping through them.

CLOSE, the entire transmission has been GARBLED. The words all BLEED TOGETHER incomprehensibly, it looks like a child's scribbles.

**BAER (O.S.)**

That's not how you play the game.

SCHUYLER turns on him, a suspicion forming...

**BAER**

You could've fucking told me!

**SCHUYLER**

What game?

Schuyler studies the SENSELESS PAGES for a moment then puts them down, shaking off his apprehensions.

**SCHUYLER**

Never mind... we'll just have to go with the earlier draft.

In BG, one exec picks up a page, WHISPERS to an ASSISTANT, who moves out of the room. Schuyler moves to his briefcase. It's LOCKED. He starts patting his pockets.

**BAER**

Can't find your keys?

Baer has a malevolent expression. Schuyler looks at him.

**SCHUYLER**

Where are they.

**BAER**

Up your ass?

A couple of execs stifle chuckles. Schuyler's suspicions mount.

**SCHUYLER**

Up my ass, very funny...

His eyes drift to a piece of CORPORATE STATIONARY on the table in front of him. He picks it up:

INSERT - UNDER BAER-GRACE LETTERHEAD we see a handscrawled note: "CRS CALLED." We don't see what's written below.

SCHUYLER is reeling, paranoia confirmed.

**SCHUYLER**

I don't-- OK. OK, you're with CRS...

Baer stares at him blankly. Schuyler puts a hand over his eyes, seems disoriented, trying to piece it all together.

**SCHUYLER**

So the game, it's just a screen, to blow this deal...

**BAER**

I'm not following you.

**SCHUYLER**

Like hell you aren't. How did you get my brother involved, that's unforgivable.

The assembled execs are looking at Schuyler in utter confusion.

As

he speaks, the ASSISTANT returns with some PAPERWORK. Schuyler stares at him menacingly. Hesitantly:

**ASSISTANT**

Um... sorry to interrupt. We've been having some trouble with this fax, so they re-sent the material. It's all OK now.

The assistant comes over, cheerfully places the crucial documents in front of Schuyler. The assistant fishes in his pocket.

**ASSISTANT**

Oh and Mr. Van Orton-- are these yours? The pilot found 'em on the floor of the chopper...

Schuyler gingerly takes the KEYS which the assistant holds out, looks from them to the paperwork. Then he glances back at the handwritten note on the table:

INSERT NOTE: It actually reads "CBS CALLED." (Schuyler's thumb  
or  
a Post-It note covered the base of the B before, making it look  
like an R.) It continues "Re: Interview with Alan B. on Sun..."

SCHUYLER takes a breath, reassembles his composure and consults  
his  
watch. He rises, anxious to put the last few minutes behind him.

**SCHUYLER**

Everything seems to be in order.  
Please disregard my last comments.  
The shareholders meeting is about  
to get underway... Shall we?

He heads for the door. As he leaves, the execs exchange looks.

**CUT TO:**

**51. INT. SEA - T A C T E R M I N A L - N I G H T**

Schuyler wanders through the terminal, carrying his bags,  
glancing  
periodically at the DEPARTURES monitor and the clock. His manner  
now has changed, he eyes every PASSERBY, especially the ODD ONES.

P. A. VOICE (filter)  
Flight 177 to San Francisco is now  
boarding at Gate 14...

Suddenly a leg is thrust out from behind an advertising kiosk,  
Schuyler TRIPS and goes sprawling. The Rasta Man steps out, now  
wearing SUNGLASSES with PINK LENSES.

**RASTA MAN**

Shit mon sorry oughta pay more attention.

Schuyler gets up, dusts himself off. As calmly as possible:

**SCHUYLER**

Listen, I quit.

**RASTA MAN**

Free at last... you won't be  
needin' this, then.

He snatches up the briefcase, dances back a few paces. Schuyler  
speaks as if to a child.

**SCHUYLER**

No, cretin. I'm quitting the game.

The rasta man keeps backing away, puts a hand to his ear.

**RASTA MAN**

Wha's that, mon? I didna hear you.

Schuyler is pursuing the man, walking faster and faster.

**SCHUYLER**

I said I-- shit!

The rasta turns and RUNS, Schuyler bolts after him, unable to believe this is happening. They draw a lot of looks during the brief chase through the terminal, the suited businessman, garment bag flapping behind him, in pursuit of the crazy rasta.

**RASTA MAN**

Help, help! The mon is crazy!

He runs into a MEN'S ROOM, Schuyler follows a moment later.

**52. INT. AIRPORT MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Schuyler has the rasta cornered now-- but he doesn't have the briefcase. Both are out of breath. PISSING MEN look wary.

**SCHUYLER**

Where is it?

**RASTA MAN**

Got something better.

The rasta man holds out a SHINY KEY on a chain. Schuyler narrows his eyes, he's trying not to lose control of his temper.

**SCHUYLER**

I realize you're just some bit player, but I'd like you to get a message to your employers. This bullshit is interfering with my work, it's breaking my concentration and I can't allow that to happen--

THE RASTA makes a sad face, SNIFFLES, still dangling the key.

**SCHUYLER**

If I take that stupid key, will you give me back my briefcase and go away?

The rasta nods with a big grin. Schuyler steps forward, hand extended. The rasta flings open the door of a STALL beside him and hurls the key into the TOILET. Instinctively, Schuyler moves to

grab it, reaches into the toilet, pulls out the chain, his hand and sleeve DRIPPING. The key is missing from the end of the chain.

**SCHUYLER**

What the fuck am I doing?!

**RASTA MAN**

Don' worry, mon, it's a world a shit.

He drops the rasta schtick, speaks with an Ivy League accent:

**RASTA MAN**

So try looking at it through rose-colored glasses... here.

He takes off his sunglasses, folds them and tucks them in the pocket of Schuyler's suit. Then he reaches above him and pulls down the briefcase, which was perched on top of the stall. Schuyler grabs it from him, raises his voice:

**SCHUYLER**

I told you, this is over! I quit!

**RASTA MAN**

They all say that at first.

He gives Schuyler a hearty SLAP on the back and strolls off, HUMMING. Schuyler leans against the wall, shaking his head. He puts down his luggage, pulls the sunglasses from his pocket.

CLOSE ON SUNGLASSES-- there's the image of a tiny GOLD KEY embossed on each of the arms.

SCHUYLER puts them on, looks around for a moment, catches a GLIMPSE of himself in the mirror-- he looks silly. He quickly takes them off. As Schuyler heads out the door we see him from behind... the Rasta has slapped a colorful SIGN that reads "KICK ME" on his back.

**CUT TO:**

**53. EXT. LEO'S - DAY**

THE NEON SIGN FIZZLES in front of this low-rent establishment.

**54. INT. LEO'S - DAY**



BELLS RING and LIGHTS FLASH as a DRUNK plays a PINBALL MACHINE  
with  
a lot of body English. SCHUYLER, stuck at a table right next to  
the machine, winces at the noise, checks his watch and rises. He  
makes his way through the lunch hour CROWD to the bar, leans  
toward  
the bartender, a gravelly-voiced woman-- RONNIE.

**SCHUYLER**

I was supposed to meet someone  
here, a David Van Orton-- I was  
wondering if he'd left a message.

**RONNIE**

'Fraid not, sorry.

He drums his fingers, then whips out a CELLPHONE, spins around  
quickly as he starts to dial--

--and SMACKS into Christine the waitress as she emerges from the  
kitchen carrying a tray--

--SCHUYLER gets hit in the chest with a TRAY OF DESSERTS,  
colorful  
JELLO, CREAM PIE, etc. He stands there, stunned and DRIPPING.

**CHRISTINE**

Fuck me!

She starts picking up plates and silverware, oblivious to  
Schuyler's own plight; Ronnie charges out from behind the bar.  
After the first shock, Schuyler CHUCKLES with annoyance. He  
wipes  
the phone clean, pocketing it.

**SCHUYLER**

Oh this is cute. Very cute.

**RONNIE**

What happened here, you OK?

**CHRISTINE**

It was an accident--

**SCHUYLER**

No it wasn't.

Ronnie gives Christine a look as she starts wiping at Schuyler  
with  
a rag. He picks at his chest, examines the WHIPPED CREAM, tastes  
it. Schuyler addresses the kneeling Christine:

**SCHUYLER**

What's next, a giant banana peel?

CHRISTINE squints up at him, puzzled.

**CHRISTINE**

Huh? Oh I get it-- you're nuts.

**RONNIE**

Chrissy, just apologize...

**CHRISTINE**

Dickhead here was on the phone, he walked right into me!

**SCHUYLER**

Drop the act, you've been waiting all day for this moment.

**CHRISTINE**

Shut the fuck up.

**RONNIE**

Go home, you're fired.

**CHRISTINE**

What?...

**RONNIE**

You heard me.

**CHRISTINE**

Fuck you too.

She THROWS a plate on the ground, it shatters, then storms off into the kitchen. Schuyler CHUCKLES angrily, pushing through the slop on the floor with his shoe, looking for something.

**SCHUYLER**

Let's get this over with... Where's the next key? Does she have it?

Ronnie stares, uncomprehending... Schuyler goes after Christine.

**55. I N T . L E O ' S K I T C H E N - D A Y**

He crosses past a short-order COOK in the grimy industrial kitchen, pulling a cube of JELLO out of his lapel pocket. He finds Christine in an alcove with a couple of lockers, as she finishes changing into her street clothes. Her brown uniform hangs from a

locker door, the nameplate "CHRIS" prominent.

CLOSE as his fingers touch the CRS of CHRIS-- they even look a bit brighter than the H and the I.

**SCHUYLER**

I wish you people could be a little more subtle.

CHRISTINE notices him for the first time.

**CHRISTINE**

Asshole, just send me the goddamn dry-cleaning bill. Could you--?

She waves a hand at him, "go away" and ducks out of view, finishing dressing into punk-grungy street clothes. She SLAMS the locker, starts to push past him, pulling on her backpack bag.

**SCHUYLER**

Don't you have something for me?

**CHRISTINE**

Uh-huh sure, here you go.

She puts her hand into her side pocket, pulls it out with her middle finger extended, moving away from him in a hurry. Schuyler's face falls-- he made another mistake.

**SCHUYLER**

Wait, you really work here--

**CHRISTINE**

Not anymore, thanks to you.

She's out the SWINGING kitchen door. Schuyler absorbs his blunder for a moment, then hurries after her.

**56. EXT. LEO'S - DAY**

Schuyler catches up as Christine hurries toward a MUNI station, LIGHTING a cigarette. A few PEDESTRIANS come off the steps from the arriving elevated train in this residential SF neighborhood.

**SCHUYLER**

Slow down-- you don't understand, I thought it was a gag.

**CHRISTINE**

No, you don't understand. I carry  
mace and I know how to use it.

She reaches into her purse/backpack, Schuyler backs off.

**SCHUYLER**

I was only trying to apologize.

**CHRISTINE**

Shit, it's in here somewhere--

**SCHUYLER**

Fine.

He starts to move away, then they both hear GASPING O. S.--

ON THE STEPS, a HEAVY MAN, 60, in a coat and tie has collapsed,  
struggling for breath, very pale. Christine and Schuyler are the  
only pedestrians around now.

**CHRISTINE**

Shit--

She rushes to help the guy, loosening his tie-- he JOLTS.

SCHUYLER looks up at them dubiously, brushing a scrap of food  
still  
clinging to his suit.

CHRISTINE reaches in to clear the guy's throat, starting CPR.  
She  
shoots a look at Schuyler.

**CHRISTINE**

You got a fucking phone, call an  
ambulance!

Schuyler approaches slowly, pulling out his phone, studying the  
guy as  
Christine gives him mouth-to-mouth.

**SCHUYLER**

This is just too weird-- it can't  
be real--

**CHRISTINE**

You really are insane!

SCHUYLER leans close to look at the man.

ON THE MAN'S FACE-- sweating, contorted, unnaturally pale, his  
eyes

rolling back as he GAGS his last...

CHRISTINE grabs the phone away from Schuyler, dials.

**CHRISTINE**

We need an ambulance, guy's having a heart attack near the MUNI station at 5th and Market--

(to Schuyler)

What's the number on this thing?!

**SCHUYLER**

I don't give it out--

(off her horrified look)

**731-5723--**

**CHRISTINE**

731-5723-- yeah, thanks--

She stuffs the phone in a pocket and pumps the man's chest, returns to the mouth-to-mouth. Schuyler looks around uncomfortably, starting to believe this is a real heart attack.

**SCHUYLER**

Is there anything I can do?

CHRISTINE ignores him, all attention on saving this guy's life...

56A. WIDE as an AMBULANCE pulls up, SIREN BLARING. A couple of MALE PARAMEDICS hurry out with a stretcher.

ON THE STEPS, the two PARAMEDICS lift the unconscious HEAVY MAN onto the stretcher while Christine and Schuyler stand aside.

Both

have small EARPIECES that look like hearing aids, with wires into their clothes. Throughout the following, there's a lot of

MEDICAL

BUSINESS-- feeding the victim OXYGEN, giving him INJECTIONS, etc.

**PARAMEDIC #1**

(to Schuyler)

Could you come with us, help us fill out a few forms--

**SCHUYLER**

No! I have work to do--

**CHRISTINE**

I'll go.

She climbs into the back, they start to shut the doors.

**SCHUYLER**

Wait a minute, you've got my phone--

He climbs in to get it back, they SLAM THE DOORS and start moving.

THE AMBULANCE peels out. We now see the LOGO on the back: "CITYWIDE RESCUE SYSTEMS," with the C, R and S in RED.

**57. INT. AMBULANCE - DAY**

The PARAMEDICS are intent on the gasping man. The SIREN BLARES, a bit MUFFLED in here. Schuyler, looking out the back, is extremely pissed, makes a fist and almost punches the wall of the ambulance.

**CHRISTINE**

Chill, will you?!

**SCHUYLER**

I don't want to be here.

**CHRISTINE**

Neither do I, now siddown, get outta their way!

A BUMP almost sends him flying atop the stretcher. Schuyler sits near Christine on a ledge near the back doors. Petulant:

**SCHUYLER**

I'd like my phone back please.

**CUT TO:**

**58 (NEW). INT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE / GARAGE - DAY**

An UNDERGROUND RAMP, signs reading "EMERGENCY VEHICLES ONLY," a set of DOORS leading into the lobby of an EMERGENCY ROOM; MEDICAL PERSONNEL visible inside, INJURED PEOPLE, etc., a few PEOPLE mill outside the doors.

THE AMBULANCE SCREECHES to a stop, the back doors fly open, the PARAMEDICS wheel out the dying man and rush into the entrance, automatic doors OPEN and CLOSE for them. Schuyler and Christine climb out, disoriented, walking more slowly to the doors. The AMBULANCE pulls away behind them. Schuyler nearly slips in a mysterious dark PUDDLE.

**SCHUYLER**

Oh, this day keeps getting better.

**CHRISTINE**

What is your problem, you think  
the whole fucking world revolves  
around you?

As she says this, she walks right into the ELECTRIC DOORS, which  
fail to open for them.

THEIR POV-- THROUGH THE DOORS the gathered STAFF and PATIENTS all  
turn at once to regard Christine and Schuyler. They GRIN and  
WINK.

ON SCHUYLER AND CHRISTINE, who barely get the chance to register  
this before--

THE LIGHTS GO OUT... PITCH BLACKNESS and SUDDEN SILENCE. We hear  
only SCHUYLER'S BITTER LAUGHTER. Dialogue OVER DARKNESS:

**SCHUYLER**

As a matter of fact...

**CHRISTINE**

What the fuck is going on?!

We hear RUSTLING in a purse, but still see next to nothing.

**SCHUYLER**

It's a little hard to explain...

**CHRISTINE**

Try!

We hear the STRIKING OF A MATCH, there's some ORANGE LIGHT--  
CHRISTINE holds the match. The whole area is DESERTED, except  
for

the two of them. SCHUYLER kicks at the glass doors-- they're not  
going to give, nothing is visible beyond them.

**SCHUYLER**

I seem to be playing a game. This  
is supposed to be funny--

**CHRISTINE**

I don't get it.

**SCHUYLER**

--a challenge, a puzzle.

**CHRISTINE**

OK, I'm puzzled. Where are we?

SCHUYLER has found a STEEL DOOR with a GLOWING RED SIGN:  
EMERGENCY

USE ONLY. He yanks it open and a PAIL swings down, dumping WATER on his head. He's facing a BRICK WALL through the door.

CHRISTINE can't help but LAUGH, then YELPS in pain as the match burns her fingers. LIGHTS another. Schuyler flips open his phone.

**SCHUYLER**

Damn it, no signal.

**CHRISTINE**

Here's a lightswitch--

**SCHUYLER**

I wouldn't--

She flips it on, A BLINDING STROBE FLASHES for a few seconds--  
both  
CRY OUT-- then the BULB EXPLODES in a shower of sparks.

**SCHUYLER**

I don't know the rules, if there are any, but it seems the obvious move usually backfires...

**CHRISTINE**

Of course. I have no idea what you're talking about.

They've taken a few steps forward, exploring the DARK. She  
LIGHTS  
a cigarette with the next match, nearly running into ANOTHER  
DOOR.  
She RATTLES it-- locked.

**CHRISTINE**

Son of a bitch.

**SCHUYLER**

I think I have a key.

Schuyler pulls out his keyring and tries the gold CRS key-- nope.

**SCHUYLER**

Damn it...  
(a beat, thoughtful)  
Wrong key...



**CHRISTINE**

Last match.

In the matchlight, we see Schuyler fumbling in his pockets, pulling out the ROSY SUNGLASSES from the Rasta. He puts them on.

**CHRISTINE**

Too bright for you, is it?

SCHUYLER'S POV as the last MATCH GOES OUT-- CHRISTINE GLOWS RED in the matchlight for a moment, then as soon as it goes out, we see a GLOW of FLUORESCENT PAINT on the ground... a series of STRIPES and ARROWS in DIFFERENT COLORS, GLOWING. These start PARALLEL near where he stands, then RADIATE in different directions. CHRISTINE is but a SILHOUETTE against the COLORED LINES.

**SCHUYLER**

I can see now. Grab my arm.

**CHRISTINE**

No way! You're crazy!

CHRISTINE moves away from him.

**SCHUYLER**

Stay on the path!

A BURST OF FLAME erupts from the GROUND close enough to scare the shit out of CHRISTINE, who SCREAMS. SCHUYLER hurries toward her.

The FLAMES VANISH, she lurches in a different direction--

**SCHUYLER**

Christine, don't move!

**CHRISTINE**

Leave me alone!

She LOSES HER FOOTING on a slippery surface, falls, sliding down a gentle SLOPE.

**CHRISTINE**

Help!

SCHUYLER follows. FALLING himself. They try to reach toward each

other for purchase, but it's no good, the slope is getting steeper.

58A. In a moment SCHUYLER tumbles on top of Christine in a four-foot deep round CHILDREN'S POOL, but it isn't full of water. There's a bit of BLACK LIGHT here, enough to make out--

--COCKROACHES, thousands of them, a TEEMING ROIL OF INSECTS in a CHURNING LIQUID. There's a BUZZING NOISE, both SCREAM.

**CHRISTINE**

Aaggh! BUGS!!

SCHUYLER quickly helps lift Christine out. She starts to pull him upward, but--

**SCHUYLER**

Where are the glasses?!

**CHRISTINE**

Fuck the glasses!

**SCHUYLER**

We can't get out of here without them!

He steels himself and rummages amidst the bugs, about to get sick, finally coming up with the glasses. He shakes them free of INSECTS and clambers out to join Christine, who's GASPING and brushing the bugs off of her. SCHUYLER puts on the glasses and holds up a BUG.

**SCHUYLER**

They're rubber. Hold onto me, I'll get us out of here.

**CHRISTINE**

Ha!

**SCHUYLER**

Fine, stay.

**CHRISTINE**

No!

She grabs his arm; both are now covered in MUCK from the bug soup.

**SCHUYLER**

What's your favorite color?

**CHRISTINE**

...Blue?

He takes off the glasses, puts them on her. She looks around.

HER POV-- the RAINBOW of COLORED LINES on the FLOOR...

**CHRISTINE**

Wow... OK, this is kinda cool. Hey!

SCHUYLER slips the glasses off her, puts them back on.

**SCHUYLER**

Sorry, it's my game. But we'll  
take blue.

HIS POV-- a BLUE LINE moves in a snaking path ahead of them,  
going  
in circles now and then, INTERSECTING or moving PARALLEL to other  
colors, up a series of ramps. This space sometimes resembles a  
PARKING GARAGE, sometimes a SEWER or a STEAM TUNNEL.

CHRISTINE keeps a hand on Schuyler as he follows the path.

**CHRISTINE**

Talk about the blind leading the  
blind... what's your name anyway?

**SCHUYLER**

Sky Van Orton.

**CHRISTINE**

Sky? Were your folks hippies or  
something?

**SCHUYLER**

Far from it.

**CHRISTINE**

I'm Christine Kaminsky.

**SCHUYLER**

Nice to meet you.

58B. LATER, CHRISTINE almost hugs Schuyler now, as they move in a  
seemingly random pattern in the darkness.

**SCHUYLER**

It's a company called Consumer  
Recreation Services, CRS. I never

know what's gonna happen next.

**CHRISTINE**

Well, who does.

**SCHUYLER**

Until recently, I had a pretty good idea... Duck.

The BLUE LINE has led them into a NARROW TUNNEL, soon they're crawling on hands and knees.

**CHRISTINE**

So are you like a serious masochist, or just really, really bored?

**SCHUYLER**

I'm sorry, you shouldn't have been dragged into this.

**CHRISTINE**

Well... I have to tell you something. Some guy came into Leo's yesterday, showed me your picture, offered me 250 bucks to spill that food on you.

**SCHUYLER**

Ah.

**CHRISTINE**

Said it was a practical joke. I figured what the hell, I can use the money-- I got him up to 500. I hated that fucking job anyway--

**SCHUYLER**

Wait, so the heart attack, you knew that was a joke too--

**CHRISTINE**

No! It scared the shit out of me--

**SCHUYLER**

But that CPR routine--

**CHRISTINE**

I used to be a lifeguard.

**SCHUYLER**

(points)

We're getting somewhere...

The TUNNEL has opened up again. There's even a tiny bit of  
VISIBLE

LIGHT now. He takes off the glasses, gives them to her.

HER POV-- the COLORED LINES are all joining up from different  
directions. A few steps onward they all converge at a point,  
like  
the spokes of a wheel, at a WHITE SPOT on the ground...

SCHUYLER AND CHRISTINE look around, then Schuyler points upward--

A WHITE RING overhead... it looks like the underside of a MANHOLE  
COVER, with an illuminated CIRCLE OF LIGHT around the rim, a  
halo.

**CHRISTINE**

How do we get up there?

SCHUYLER steps on the circle of WHITE-- it's a BUTTON. A ROPE  
LADDER drops down.

**59. EXT. WALKWAY - EVENING**

A MANHOLE COVER slides aside, SCHUYLER climbs out and helps  
Christine up. It's a short, covered WOODEN WALKWAY in an alley.

**CHRISTINE**

Well, that was pointless... but  
different... kind of fun...

**SCHUYLER**

Mm, a different kind of fun.  
What's your middle name?

**CHRISTINE**

Louise... why?

SCHUYLER points to some GRAFFITI-- a HEART with "SVO + CLK."

**SCHUYLER**

You're supposed to be here... they  
picked you for a reason.

**CHRISTINE**

But-- why?

They start to move shakily down the CONSTRUCTION WALKWAY, both  
bedraggled, covered in goo. HANDBILLS cover one wall.

**SCHUYLER**

Probably knew you'd play Good

Samaritan for that guy, drag me  
along-- but they could have hired an  
actor for that, less of a risk...

ON THE WALL, a series of HANDBILLS say, "AREN'T YOU FORGETTING  
SOMETHING?" SCHUYLER puzzles over these as they move, gets to  
one last one-- "BEHIND YOU, STUPID."

SCHUYLER looks back toward the end of the alley--

A YELLOW DUMPSTER with the logo, "CONSOLIDATED REFUSE SUPPLY" and  
the smaller image of a KEY. SCHUYLER moves quickly to it, throws  
open the lid.

ANGLE IN DUMPSTER-- a MOUNTAIN of SHREDDED PAPER.

SCHUYLER rolls his eyes, sorting through it. Christine  
approaches.

**CHRISTINE**

This is really sick. I think  
they're trying to fix us up.

**SCHUYLER**

Maybe you can't play alone--

**CHRISTINE**

Who says I want to play?  
(a sigh)  
OK, what the fuck are you doing in  
the dumpster.

**SCHUYLER**

There's something in here I need.

He climbs inside, dives in... and pops up again in a moment with-

CLOSE-- A Z-SHAPED WINDOW CRANK. Sure enough, there's a KEY  
embossed on the side.

SCHUYLER climbs out again, brandishing the small crank.

**CHRISTINE**

What's that for?

**SCHUYLER**

I imagine I'll find out.

**60. EXT. CRS BUILDING - EVENING**

SCHUYLER pockets the crank as he and CHRISTINE emerge from the alley. PEDESTRIANS give them a wide berth. To a PASSERBY:

**CHRISTINE**

What are you looking at?

Schuyler heads straight for the CRS doors, the large numbers 636 printed above-- it's LOCKED. He tries his little GOLD KEY on a deadbolt, it's USELESS of course.

**SCHUYLER**

This is their offices. We must have been in their garage... my office is just a few blocks from here, we can get cleaned up there.

He walks a few steps on, she stands still for a moment, then nods agreeably and follows.

**CUT TO:**

**61. INT. SCHUYLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

START ON THE SKYLINE-- SCHUYLER moves from the window, as we hear  
a DOOR OPEN. CHRISTINE emerges from the attached dressing area and bath, toweling damp hair, in an oversized Harvard sweatshirt and gym shorts, with a large plastic bag containing her filthy  
clothes.

She looks good, clearly she put some effort into her make-up.

**CHRISTINE**

Your turn.

**SCHUYLER**

(moving past her)  
Find everything you need?

**CHRISTINE**

You're outta conditioner.

**SCHUYLER**

My apologies, I'll have it taken care of. Help yourself to the fridge.

He points to a MINI-FRIDGE, shuts the door, a moment later we  
hear

WATER RUNNING. She looks around the office, letting down her facade. She seems quite impressed, and intimidated, by the  
place.

She looks back toward the bathroom door-- maybe this guy isn't so bad after all. From this point, she takes a more seductive tack.

**62. INT. DRESSING AREA / BATH - NIGHT**

LATER, Schuyler has cleaned up, is finishing dressing, pulling a pair of jeans over boxer shorts, tucking in a sport shirt. Christine talks through the closed door.

**CHRISTINE (O. S.)**

So um... how rich are you anyway?

**SCHUYLER**

(amused)

Rich enough. Bit forward, aren't you?

**CHRISTINE (O. S.)**

Well, what exactly do you do?

**SCHUYLER**

Manage investments, some venture capital, I'm on the board of a number of publicly traded companies...

**CHRISTINE (O. S.)**

So you just like, move money around?

**63. INT. SCHUYLER'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Schuyler emerges, shoes in hand.

**SCHUYLER**

Basically. Beats working, huh?

Christine sits on his desk, with her bag slung over her shoulder, eating an APPLE. She slides off the desk, flirting rather bluntly.

**CHRISTINE**

You don't look so bad, without the tie.

**SCHUYLER**

Look, I hope you haven't been too put out... I could probably get you another job, I have a stake in a couple of restaurants--

**CHRISTINE**

I'm not much of a waitress, really. Y'know, today's been kind of--

**SCHUYLER**

Can you type?



**CHRISTINE**

Kind of a turn-on, you know?  
(getting no response)  
I didn't mean-- just, the danger...  
Like fucking in a graveyard.

**SCHUYLER**

Mm. So where do you live?

Christine realizes her come-on is falling flat, she pulls back, tossing her unfinished apple in the trash.

**CHRISTINE**

Out in Concord, with my folks,  
unfortunately. They're never  
gonna believe that I've been  
hanging out with a guy like you.

**SCHUYLER**

What do you mean?

**CHRISTINE**

Nothing, just-- most of the guys I  
see have tats, y'know?  
(off his confused look)  
Tattoos...

**SCHUYLER**

Of course. We'd better head  
downstairs, the limo's waiting.

Christine nods disappointedly as Schuyler moves to the door.

**CUT TO:**

**64. INT. LIMO - NIGHT**

Schuyler and Christine ride in silence in the back seat.

**CHRISTINE**

Mind if I smoke in here?

**SCHUYLER**

Yes.  
(leaning forward)  
Up here on the left.

As the limo pulls over, he and Christine turn to each other.  
It's  
a somewhat awkward moment.

**CHRISTINE**

So what's our next move? I mean, in the game. Obviously we need to figure out what that crank thing is for--

**SCHUYLER**

I'm not playing anymore.

**CHRISTINE**

(disappointed)

Why not?

**SCHUYLER**

I have a life. Jack'll take you home, or wherever you want to go.

**CHRISTINE**

Yeah, maybe I'll get in a little ballroom dancing before bed--

The limo has stopped now. Schuyler has started to open the door.

**CHRISTINE**

Wait, what about your clothes?

**SCHUYLER**

Forget it.

**CHRISTINE**

C'mon it's a brand new sweatshirt.

So saying, she pulls it off. She's wearing a black bra... a ROSE is tattooed on her shoulder. Schuyler can't help but react. She thrusts the shirt at him, he's half out of the car.

**SCHUYLER**

No, it's not-- just-- back from the cleaners.

**CHRISTINE**

(throatily)

You dry clean your sweatshirts...

He nods slightly... as he reaches to take it--

him --CHRISTINE leans forward, cups the back of his head and gives a LONG, HARD KISS.

JACK THE DRIVER, middle-aged and trustworthy, turns and catches a glimpse of this, quickly turns away.

CHRISTINE breaks the kiss, sinks back against the red leather seat,  
waiting for Schuyler to make the next move.

**CHRISTINE**

See ya.

Schuyler nods again, torn. She's looking at him expectantly.  
He's clearly aroused, but this is such an inappropriate female.  
Sadly, he waves a hand.

**SCHUYLER**

Good night.

**65. EXT. LEO'S - NIGHT**

Schuyler shuts the door, sweatshirt in hand, the dome light slowly  
DIMS OUT out on the crestfallen Christine-- we see her mouth a  
CURSE. Schuyler moves toward his MBZ, the limo IDLING. He's  
about to get inside when he sees a TICKET IN AN ENVELOPE under the  
windshield wiper. He SNORTS-- insult to injury-- tosses it on  
the dash as he climbs in.

**66. INT. SCHUYLER'S MBZ - NIGHT**

He sits behind the wheel, watching the lights of the limo  
disappear. He sniffs the sweatshirt a moment, then STARTS at the  
sound of a MOTOR STARTING across the street.

ANGLE THROUGH SIDE WINDOW-- an MBZ the same year, model and color  
as Schuyler's-- pulls away from the curb, Schuyler gets a glimpse  
of something REFLECTING STREET LIGHT in the window of the car-- a  
gun? A camera with a long lens? The car makes a quick U-turn  
and drives in the same direction as the limo.

SCHUYLER, curious, STARTS THE ENGINE as if to pursue. Then he  
glimpses the envelope on the dash out of the corner of his eye.  
He doesn't put the car in gear, picks up the envelope instead...

CLOSE ON ENVELOPE-- The words "OPEN ME" are printed in BLOCK  
LETTERS on the outside. He opens it quickly-- there's no ticket  
inside, but he shakes out a RAINBOW-COLORED CONDOM in a clear  
wrapper and a NOTE in KIDNAPPER LETTERS: "BETTER SAFE THAN  
SORRY."

SCHUYLER frowns at this and throws the note aside. He flips on the WINDSHIELD WIPERS (it's started to DRIZZLE) and pulls out.

POV THROUGH WINDSHIELD-- A DARK FIGURE runs from the curb by Leo's, right in front of the car, SCHUYLER SLAMS on the BRAKES--

--It's DAVID. He hurries around to the passenger door and jumps in, looking haggard, scared, a man on the run.

**DAVID**

Drive. Anywhere.

**SCHUYLER**

Jesus, David, you scared the shit out of me--

**DAVID**

I'm sorry Sky, just drive, please--

SCHUYLER pulls forward.

**SCHUYLER**

Where were you today?

**DAVID**

I almost didn't make it at all. I been in the bar for hours, waiting for you to come back to your car-- Jesus, I can't believe I did this to you, I'm so sorry--

**SCHUYLER**

Slow down, take a breath-- what are you talking about?

**DAVID**

The game! It just doesn't stop! I thought I'd finished playing a long time ago, I paid the bill, then it started all over again, they won't leave me alone--

**SCHUYLER**

(slowly, evenly)  
Calm down. What are they doing to you?

**DAVID**

Everything. It just doesn't stop.

**SCHUYLER**

Look. That's crazy. Yes, it's a pain in the ass, but why would they keep playing once you paid them?

**DAVID**

I don't know! I paid them MORE to make it stop, God help me I even gave you to them... but they won't leave me alone!

He sees the crumpled note on the floor, picks it up--

**DAVID**

What's this?

**SCHUYLER**

It was on my windshield--

**DAVID**

Oh shit, oh SHIT they must be following us--

He cranks his neck around, looking for pursuers. Schuyler looks at him for a beat-- BANG! He almost loses control of the wheel.

**SCENES 67-71 DELETED**

**72. EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT**

A TIRE HAS BLOWN. Schuyler drives ON THE RIM, struggles to get over to the curb, BRAKES hard and stops.

**73. INT. SCHUYLER'S MBZ - NIGHT**

David's losing it, looking around.

**DAVID**

They're shooting at us!

**SCHUYLER**

David, get a grip, it's just a flat tire!

He picks up the phone, punches buttons, gets nothing.

**SCHUYLER**

Damn it, the phone's not working--

**DAVID**

Of course not.

**SCHUYLER**

(climbing out)  
Fine, I'll change the fucking  
thing myself.

**DAVID**

Just hurry-- I'll pop the trunk.

David reaches for the glovebox.

**SCHUYLER**

No, you can't do it from--

CLOSE ON GLOVEBOX-- it POPS OPEN and KEYS SPILL OUT. There are  
at least fifty of them jammed in there, all kinds, silver and  
gold...  
and all have CRS stamped on them.

SCHUYLER leans closer, intrigued. David's eyes go wide as he  
fingers a few of these keys.

**SCHUYLER**

What the fuck are those--

**DAVID**

(whirling on him)  
Like you don't know. Sonofabitch,  
they got to you first, didn't they?

**SCHUYLER**

Um, David-- hello?

**74 (NEW). EXT. GOLDEN GATE PARK - NIGHT**

David gets out of the car in a hurry, amidst the greenery in the  
park. RAINING HARDER now.

**DAVID**

It's more than that isn't it? You're  
part of it, you're one of them! Of  
course, it makes perfect sense!

**SCHUYLER**

They planted those keys! I don't  
know what the hell they're for--

Schuyler tries hard to be rational, but David is over the edge.

**DAVID**

You're behind the whole thing aren't  
you? You and your sick fucking

friends set it up--

**SCHUYLER**

What?! What friends? Get a grip,  
David-- why would I do that?

**DAVID**

I don't know, out of boredom, to  
get back at me--

**SCHUYLER**

For what?!

**DAVID**

For being a weirdo, for trying to  
be happy? Well, congratulations,  
you win. Now make it stop!

**SCHUYLER**

(grabbing him)

I can't! Listen to me--

**DAVID**

Fuck you!

David SLUGS HIM in the face, Schuyler staggers back, clutches his  
BLEEDING nose. David runs, full tilt, into the woods near the  
Japanese Tea Garden.

SCHUYLER pursues amidst the trees and vegetation, running out of  
breath, calling after David, who's vanished. He leans against a  
tree, PANTING, dabbing at his bleeding nose with a SCRAP OF  
TISSUE  
from his pocket. He hears a PHONE RINGING, moves toward it,  
emerging through bushes near the ACADEMY OF SCIENCE...

He pauses at the RINGING PAYPHONE. He decides not to pick it up,  
looking around at the deserted MUSEUM BUILDINGS and hurrying  
toward  
civilization. He passes other PAYPHONES en route to the park  
exit... each one STARTS RINGING as he approaches it. He moves  
faster, freaked. At the edge of the park, he snatches one up--

SCHUYLER (on phone)

What have you done to my brother,  
you bastards?! This is over, I'm  
not playing anymore--

(beat)

Hello, is anyone there--

**PHONE VOICE**

If you'd like to make a call,

please hang up and dial again-- if  
you need help--

SCHUYLER slams the phone down. He dabs his nose one more time,  
tosses the paper scrap into the trash.

has  
CLOSE ON SCRAP-- "CRS" with the emergency NUMBER, the blue ink  
BLED with the rain and Schuyler's BLOOD...

**SCENE 75 DELETED**

**76 (NEW). EXT. FULTON STREET - NIGHT**

The  
POV THROUGH CAR WINDSHIELD, as Schuyler emerges from the park.  
car suddenly MOVES FORWARD--

WITH SCHUYLER. He walks to the curb, distractedly raises a hand  
for a cab, which pulls up instantly. He climbs in.

**77. INT. CAB - NIGHT**

An aged, battered CAB; PLEXIGLAS between the CABBIE and the back.

**SCHUYLER**

Six three six Mission, please.

The cabbie nods and hits the gas.

**78. EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT**  
H T

The cab roars down the street, KICKING UP WATER from the gutters.

**79. INT. CAB - NIGHT**

Schuyler bites his cuticle, not watching where they're going; the  
windows are wet and fogged. Then he looks out, narrows his eyes  
and RAPS on the PLEXIGLAS PARTITION.

**SCHUYLER**

You're heading the wrong way.

CABBIE (filter)

Relax, pal, you'll get where  
you're going.

The cabbie turns IN PROFILE for a moment. He appears to be  
wearing  
a HEARING AID, a round piece of plastic, a tiny WIRE disappearing  
into his shirt. And there's something familiar about his face.



Schuyler glances at the driver ID on the back of the seat--

CLOSE ON PHOTO, the man is the RASTA from the airport, with a new hairdo. The COMPANY NAME-- "CONSOLIDATED REGENCY SEDANS." CRS.

SCHUYLER rubs his head, very angry.

**SCHUYLER**

Why are you doing this--

CABBIE/RASTA (filter)

We do it all for you! We're the best friends you got, no one ever worked so hard to make you feel alive... but you gotta let it happen...

The cab STOPS at a RED LIGHT. SCHUYLER tries the doorhandle-- it doesn't work.

**80. EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREET - NIGHT**

The cab PEELS OUT when the light turns green, heads for a pier.

**81. INT. CAB - NIGHT**

Schuyler looks around in increasing panic.

**SCHUYLER**

What the fuck is this--

**CABBIE/RASTA**

Have a nice day...

The cabbie opens his own door and leaps out of the MOVING CAB--

**82. EXT. WHARF - NIGHT**

The cabbie/rasta hits the ground and ROLLS in a perfect stunt fall.

The cab rockets to the end of the disused wharf and--

--GOES FLYING off the edge into the San Francisco Bay, illuminated by SPOTLIGHTS from the end of the wharf.

**83. INT. CAB - NIGHT**

Schuyler SCREAMS as the cab plunges and HITS the water.

**84. EXT. BAY - NIGHT**

The STEAMING cab's nose slowly DIPS below the surface.

**85. INT. CAB - NIGHT**

FILLING WITH WATER from the car's floor, from overhead. EERIE LIGHT from the front of the cab. Schuyler tries to roll down the window, the handle SPINS, nothing happens.

**86. EXT. BAY - NIGHT**

The cab GOES UNDER with a BURBLE of BUBBLES.

**87. INT. CAB - NIGHT**

Schuyler CRANKS the other window handle desperately, now up to his waist in water, water GUSHING IN now. INCREASING BLACKNESS through the windows as he sinks. The handle falls off in his hand.

**88. UNDERWATER SHOT - NIGHT**

The sinking cab, HEADLIGHTS and INTERIOR LIGHTS STILL ON, Schuyler inside KICKING at the windows and the Plexi, without any success.

**89. INT. CAB - NIGHT**

Schuyler stops his frantic kicking, tries to think coolly. He's up to his neck by now. Angry at himself for not realizing it sooner, he pulls what he needs out of his pocket-- the HANDCRANK he found in the dumpster. He takes a deep breath and--

90. SUBMERGES. UNDERWATER he inserts the crank into the window handle hole... a perfect fit. He CRANKS FAST, WATER FLOODS IN.

**91. UNDERWATER SHOT - NIGHT**

Schuyler SLITHERS OUT the open window. Cheeks puffed out, he kicks frantically for the surface.

**92. EXT. BAY - NIGHT**

He BURSTS to the surface, SPLUTTERING, catching his BREATH. A FLASHLIGHT BEAM catches him.

**GIRL**

Mister-- are you all right?!

Schuyler, treading water, turns around--

A CABIN CRUISER at the dock nearby. A very beautiful GIRL in a yellow rain slicker, holding a powerful FLASHLIGHT leans over the edge, tosses him a life preserver, hauls him toward her.

**93. EXT. CABIN CRUISER - NIGHT**

SCHUYLER clammers onto the rear ladder with the girl's help,  
teeth

CHATERING. HOLD ON the boat's colorfully painted name on the stern: "POSEIDON'S CURSE," and in small letters, "COSTA REY SOL."

SCHUYLER boards the large, ritzy craft.

**SCHUYLER**

Thank you... I'm very grateful.

**GIRL**

Shouldn't swim in the Bay, you could get hepatitis.

Schuyler nods, looking around, recovering from the shock.

**SCHUYLER**

I have to get in touch with the police.

**GIRL**

You're freezing, I got some dry clothes below.

**94. INT. BOAT CABIN - NIGHT**

Schuyler's wet clothes hang from a hook, he's in a towel,  
starting  
to pull on a fresh set of casual clothes.

**GIRL**

Do you need any help?

His back is turned as the girl climbs down, opens her raincoat-- only a STRING BIKINI beneath. She could be a Playboy centerfold.

**SCHUYLER**

Uh, no. I'm fine. These fit...  
(buttoning his pants)  
...perfectly.

He turns slowly, just as the girl reaches behind her.

**GIRL**

Sure I can't do something for you?

She WINKS as she lets her top drop. Schuyler smiles strangely. She takes this for lust, approaches him with open arms. He GRABS her by the hair. Menacingly:

**SCHUYLER**

I am finished playing.

**GIRL**

OW! Let go!

She pounds at him, tries to kick. He wrestles her to the floor, kneels on top of her. He seems about to hit her.

**SCHUYLER**

This has got to fucking STOP!

**GIRL**

You're hurting me!

**SCHUYLER**

Who are you!?

**GIRL**

I just got hired to show you a good time! C'mon please get off me...

Schuyler gets his rage under control, horrified at himself. He climbs off her, she scrambles away, afraid, covering herself.

**GIRL**

I am not into this kinda shit!

**SCHUYLER**

Who hired you.

**GIRL**

I don't know, the service set it up.

**SCHUYLER**

The service?

**GIRL**

Y'know, Fantasy Girls. They said you had this wild fantasy, I should just wait in the boat...

Schuyler realizes he's not going to get anything more out of her, pulls on a shirt, grabs his wet clothes and leaves the cabin.

**95. EXT. WHARF - NIGHT**

Schuyler leaps off onto the wharf. The girl, pulling the raincoat on, leans over the deck.

**GIRL**

Doncha want your thing? I'm supposed to give you this, this key thingie...

Schuyler pauses, turns slowly, approaches.

**SCHUYLER**

A key.

THE GIRL nods quickly, reaches over the railing to hand him a SMALL WOODEN COFFIN with a BLACK BOW and a RED KEY BURNED into the lid.

**GIRL**

They said you'd figure out what to do with it.

SCHUYLER takes it from her gingerly, undoes the bow, opens the lid:

ANGLE IN COFFIN-- an ornate HATCHET with a KEY DESIGN on the blade.

SCHUYLER REMOVES it from its QUILTED resting place. THE GIRL backs away, nervous to see SCHUYLER with a weapon.

**SCHUYLER**

I'm supposed to carry a fucking hatchet around...? Relax. I don't want it.

He drops the AXE and the COFFIN into the water with a SPLASH--

95PT. THEY GO UNDER and DISAPPEAR...

**CUT TO:**

**96. EXT. CRS BUILDING - DAY**

Early morning, the RAIN has stopped-- a RAINBOW arcs behind the office building. TWO COP CARS, marked and unmarked, pull up at the curb, lights FLASHING.

**97. INT. CRS LOBBY - DAY**

Schuyler, in the clothes from the boat, and Plympton, his lawyer,

are joined at the elevators by two plainclothes detectives--  
BARNETT and GALLO-- and two UNIFORMS.

**PLYMPTON**

Thank you for your promptness,  
officers. I'm Robert Plympton,  
Mr. Van Orton's attorney--

**SCHUYLER**

Let's go. Seventh floor.

**98. INT. CRS OFFICES - DAY**

Schuyler enters, followed by the others. He stops short, reacts.  
WIDE SHOT reveals-- the same offices, now entirely empty. The  
partitions, the desks, everything has been removed. A small  
amount  
of TRASH is scattered on the floor-- the move was evidently  
hasty.

**CUT TO:**

99. LATER. UNIFORM #1 SPEAKS into his walkie-talkie, COP TALK;  
#2  
pokes around in a box full of SHREDDED PAPER; Plympton CONFERS  
with  
Barnett, nods, then both of them cross to Schuyler, who sits on  
the  
carpet, back to an empty wall. Barnett checks his notes.

**BARNETT**

Management company for the building  
said this floor hasn't been rented. We  
checked with the Secretary of State and  
the county recorder, there's no listing  
of a "consumer research service."

**PLYMPTON**

Recreation service.

**BARNETT**

Right. No sign of the boat or the  
girl. Divers got the cab's vehicle  
ID, the company junked it a month ago.

Gallo, who'd been talking on a phone IN BG, approaches.

**GALLO**

The numbers you gave us are  
disconnected, sir, this was the only  
address the phone company had. And  
we found your car-- it's in impound.

**BARNETT**

I'm a little confused as to motive here. You said your brother sent you to these people...

**SCHUYLER**

It's not his fault, he's unstable, he didn't know what he was doing--

**BARNETT**

And they were supposed to show you a, a good time?

**GALLO**

(a cautioning look at Barnett)  
My guess is this Feingold guy's using an alias... is there anything else you can tell us about him?

Schuyler spots an empty CHINESE FOOD CARTON crumpled in the corner.

CLOSER as SCHUYLER picks up and fingers the container-- Chinese characters on it, the name TUNG HOY.

**SCHUYLER**

He likes Chinese food...

**BARNETT**

Don't worry, Mr. Van Orton, we'll get these jokers.

SCHUYLER nods, unconvinced.

**CUT TO:**

**100 (NEW) . E X T . V A N O R T O N M A N S I O N - D A Y**

PLYMPTON pulls up in his LEXUS, SCHUYLER gets out wearily.

**PLYMPTON**

There's clearly a civil case once we locate the defendant...

**SCHUYLER**

Whatever.

**PLYMPTON**

Y'know, Sky, things are quiet since the closing-- you could take some time off.

SCHUYLER sighs and nods, closes the car door and waves good-bye. He climbs the steps to his front door and Plympton pulls away.

**101 (NEW). INT. SCHUYLER'S FOYER - DAY**

SCHUYLER enters and automatically reaches for a LIGHTSWITCH--

BLUE SPARKS leap to his fingers, the switch has been RIPPED OUT, leaving exposed WIRING.

SCHUYLER CURSES and shakes his hand out. He looks around in disbelief-- the walls are covered in GRAFFITI.

"GAME OVER" is the first one we see in the foyer, above the HARLEQUIN, who still sits in the only upright chair... but now a GLOSSY BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO is stuck in its teeth.

SCHUYLER pulls out the picture, looks at it, hand trembling--

A POLICE PHOTO of MR. VAN ORTON, his body sprawled in a pool of blood. It's stamped "PROPERTY SFPD" in red...

**SCHUYLER**

Oh, God--

SCHUYLER tosses the picture aside, moves into his living room--

**101B (NEW). INT. SCHUYLER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY**

More GRAFFITI everywhere: "FUCK THE POLICE," "SORE LOSER!," "NO FUTURE," "CRS RULES," assorted OBSCENITIES. BOOM, as Schuyler moves through the living room, CONTACT EXPLOSIVES on the floor EXPLODE beneath his feet, making him LEAP and DANCE.

OVER THE MANTLEPIECE, A NOTE is stuck into a PAINTING with a KITCHEN-KNIFE. SCHUYLER approaches and rips this down.

me, INSERT NOTE, PAN DOWN SLOWLY, X-CLOSE: "Like my father before

I kill what I love. Goodbye, cruel world, blah blah blah..." A RED SIGNATURE ARROW is affixed by a DOTTED LINE at the bottom, "PLEASE SIGN HERE."

he SCHUYLER GROANS and crumples the note. He reaches for a phone--

PICKS up the receiver, it's been MELTED into the body of the telephone. He throws it aside. He hears VOICES from the next room, enters cautiously, picking up a SMALL SCULPTURE as a weapon--



101C(NEW). I N T . S C H U Y L E R ' S S T U D Y - D A Y

THE TELEVISION is on, playing a silly-looking CARTOON. ACTION HEROS fly through the air, shooting LIGHT from their eyeballs, etc.

SCHUYLER lowers his weapon, moves to shut off the tube. More GRAFITTI over the walls, the books, etc.: stick figure drawings of a MAN HANGING HIMSELF, a BROKEN HEART, a PENIS, a NAKED WOMAN, etc.

Across the walls, over the TV, are the words, "YOU ARE NOT ALONE."

SCHUYLER presses the on-off switch-- nothing happens.

ACTION HERO (on TV)  
Don't touch that dial, Sky!

ON SCREEN, THE MASKED ACTION HERO stands proudly, hands on hips, before a colorful MOVING BACKGROUND. It speaks in a cheezy HE-MAN VOICE, an ANIMATED MOUTH. There's a CRS LOGO on its chest.

CRS-MAN (on TV)  
Boy oh boy, you fucked up big-time!  
Bringing in the cops-- real mistake!

SCHUYLER covers his eyes, leans against a chair; this is too much.

**SCHUYLER**  
No no no--

CRS-MAN (on TV)  
Oh you're always so negative...

Schuyler realizes this is a two-way conversation as the CRS-MAN WINKS at him, making a stiff WAVE.

**SCHUYLER**  
You people are insane...

CRS-MAN (on TV)  
Hey, look who's talking to their TV set.

**SCHUYLER**  
How did you do this, how did you get in here?

CRS-MAN (on TV)

Simple, we duped your keys the day you came in for your physical, wired the whole house while you were at work. You rich people all have alarms, but you never set 'em, do you?

**SCHUYLER**

Look, at least leave my brother alone, he's fragile enough as it is--

CRS-MAN (on TV)

Don't worry about him, he's just playing his own game-- at a more advanced level, you might say...

**SCHUYLER**

You can't just fuck with people like this, you don't know who you're dealing with!

CRS-MAN (on TV)

**(LAUGHS)**

We know exactly who we're dealing with, that's the whole idea! For a guy with your test scores, you're pretty slow on the uptake.

**SCHUYLER**

What the fuck do you want from me?!

CRS-MAN (on TV)

Sky, I just came to say good-bye... Too bad it didn't work out, better luck next time. Uh, there might be a few loose ends for you to tie up, but remember-- it's not whether you win or lose that counts, it's how you play the game... ya big loser you...

THE SCREEN IMPLODES as SCHUYLER SMASHES IT with the sculpture--

CRS-MAN (filter)

Ouch! Take it easy, my hot-headed friend!

Schuyler peers into the SMOKING electronics, pulls out a battery pack, a small video camera, a loop antenna; the SPEAKER's not dead.

CRS-MAN (filter)

Holy smoke, this was an expensive TV--

He BASHES the equipment repeatedly on the floor with all his might.

The speaker SPUTTERS OUT, the CRS-MAN'S VOICE at last SILENCED.

The PHONE has started ringing during the above. Schuyler, breathless, moves around the room now, trying to find it. He finally tracks it down in the bottom of a GARBAGE CAN, covered with disgusting SLIME which he wipes on his shirt.

SCHUYLER (on phone)  
Now what?!

MANAGER (filter)  
(beat)  
Is this Schuyler Van Orton?

SCHUYLER (on phone)  
Yeah, who's this?

MANAGER (filter)  
I'm calling from the Claremont Hotel in Berkeley... we have your American Express card, you left it at the check-in desk...

SCHUYLER (on phone)  
What? That's impossible, I've never stayed there--

MANAGER (filter)  
Are you sure, sir?

SCHUYLER pulls his wallet, spreading his credit cards on the floor.

**SCHUYLER**  
Son of a bitch.

**101D (NEW) . INT . SCHUYLER'S FOYER - DAY**

START ON THE DUMMY, propped in a chair-- SCHUYLER seizes it, SMASHES IT against the wall, the glass head SHATTERS.

**CUT TO:**

**102 (NEW) . EXT . CLAREMONT HOTEL - DAY**

LATE AFTERNOON, the COMPANY LIMO pulls up and Schuyler emerges.

**102B (NEW) . INT . CLAREMONT HOTEL - DAY**

SCHUYLER crosses the opulent lobby to the desk. A passing BELLHOP gives him a nod and a smile.

**BELLHOP**

Hello, Mr. Van Orton.

Schuyler stares after the bellhop, whom he's clearly never seen before. He proceeds to the check-in desk. Before he can even introduce himself, the DESK CLERK turns to him with a tight smile--

**DESK CLERK**

Mr. Van Orton. Here's your credit card... and the maid found this under the bed...

From under the desk he removes a small ATTACHE CASE, places it gingerly in front of Schuyler.

**SCHUYLER**

That isn't mine.

**DESK CLERK**

It has your initials on it, sir.

SCHUYLER examines the case closely for the first time, sees the gold monogram, "S. V. O."

**DESK CLERK**

We'd just as soon you took it with you, in any event... and in the future, you might consider choosing another hotel for your...

The man trails off and moves away.

**SCHUYLER**

I've never been here before in my life!

The man ignores him now. Schuyler pockets his credit card, thinks a beat, then grabs the briefcase.

**SCENES 103-104 DELETED**

**105. I N T . C O M P A N Y L I M O - D A Y**

JACK drives, Schuyler in back, studying the open briefcase in his lap. He seems extremely upset, fighting to maintain his wits...

**SCHUYLER**

Jack... the woman you took home  
the other night, where did you go?

**JACK**

(puzzled)  
Out to Concord...

**SCHUYLER**

I know, what was the address?

JACK is a bit nervous, he doesn't want to piss off the boss.

**JACK**

Mmm... it was... Beulah Drive, I  
think, yeah, offa Oakdale... but  
didn't you-- never mind.

**SCHUYLER**

What?

**JACK**

Just-- I thought you followed us  
there. There was a black 500SE behind  
us the whole way, I just assumed...

**SCHUYLER**

Shit. Shit! It wasn't me, Jack.

**JACK**

Of course, sir. It was a white  
house, I remember... big tree in  
the front... with one of those,  
you know, tire swings...

**SCHUYLER**

Jack, I'm serious. It wasn't me.

**JACK**

It wasn't you, sir.

Schuyler looks at the man, who stares straight ahead, not  
believing  
him for a second. Schuyler shakes his head, looks down at the  
open  
briefcase in his lap.

ANGLE IN BRIEFCASE-- a set of HANDCUFFS, assorted BONDAGE GEAR...  
and a few BLURRY POLAROID PHOTOS, showing a NAKED WOMAN with a  
LEATHER MASK chained to a bed. ONE SHOT shows her shoulder  
clearly-- we see a ROSE TATTOO.

**CUT TO:**

**106. EXT. IMPOUND LOT - DAY**

A female IMPOUND WORKER with paperwork leads SCHUYLER through a maze of SMASHED CARS, etc. IN BG, the COMPANY LIMO pulls away.

**IMPOUND WORKER**

Triple A changed your tire... bad blow-out was it? Anyone hurt?

Schuyler shakes his head. They've reached his MBZ.

**IMPOUND WORKER**

Oh. Just... we were a little curious about the mess in the back...

SCHUYLER bends down to look in the window.

HIS POV-- THE BACKSEAT has been SLASHED. A few SPLASHES OF BLOOD, not too much. Schuyler's HARVARD SWEATSHIRT is torn and STAINED with blood, crumpled in a corner of the seat.

SCHUYLER swallows, recovers quickly.

**SCHUYLER**

A friend's dog-- he'd been hit by a car, I drove him to the vet...  
(as the cop nods slowly)  
Golden retriever, beautiful animal.

**IMPOUND WORKER**

(handing Sky a receipt)  
He OK?

**SCHUYLER**

Too early to say.

He quickly gets behind the wheel.

**CUT TO:**

**SCENE 107 DELETED**

**108. EXT. CHRISTINE'S NEIGHBORHOOD / HOUSE - EVENING**

SCHUYLER'S MBZ cruises past rows of similar-looking, lower-middle-class homes, a pretty shabby neighborhood. He parks the Benz. A WHITE VAN is parked just up the street, a LOOP AND RABBIT EAR on

the roof. PAN to show THE DRIVER'S SIDE DOOR... A cartoonish logo with the CRS MAN holding a wrench by a TV SET in front of a RAINBOW, the words "CABLE REPAIR SPECIALISTS."

ON THE HOUSE, MOVE from a WHITEWALL TIRE hanging on a rope from a tree to SCHUYLER as he RINGS the front doorbell of a WHITE HOUSE.

AT THE DOOR, an older, working-class man in a T-shirt appears-- Christine's dad, MR. KAMINSKY.

**MR. KAMINSKY**

Yes?

**SCHUYLER**

Mr. Kaminsky? Schuyler Van Orton--

**MR. KAMINSKY**

Is that a name? Look, I'm kinda busy.  
(starts to close the door)

**SCHUYLER**

You have a daughter named  
Christine? I'm afraid she might  
be in danger.

MR. KAMINSKY narrows his eyes at him as we hear--

**CHRISTINE (O. S.)**

Daddy? Who is it?

Schuyler, very surprised, peers around Mr. Kaminsky--

**109. I N T . C H R I S T I N E ' S L I V I N G R O O M -  
E V E N I N G**

Schuyler does a double-take as CHRISTINE comes down the staircase, wearing a sweatshirt and shorts. She lights up when she sees him, then quickly hides her excitement.

**CHRISTINE**

Sky? Hi, Sky.

MR. KAMINSKY allows the relieved Schuyler to enter now.

**DAD**

Well, I'm gonna get back to that carburetor... nice meeting you.

Christine's dad WINKS at his daughter as he moves back to the

basement. She rolls her eyes, but mouths, "thanks," and then moves to sit beside Schuyler in the modest, over-knick-knacked living room: religious pictures and statues, family photos, etc.

**CHRISTINE**

I didn't think I'd-- what are you doing here?

SCHUYLER is smiling at himself now, shaking his head. Christine reaches across him to FLIP ON a lamp.

**SCHUYLER**

Last night, when Jack dropped you off-- did anything happen?

**CHRISTINE**

No... unfortunately.

**SCHUYLER**

I thought-- eh, you don't wanna know.

**CHRISTINE**

Come on--

**SCHUYLER**

I thought they kidnapped you, tortured you--

**CHRISTINE**

What? Who?

**SCHUYLER**

CRS... I saw pictures, girl with a tattoo on her shoulder like yours--

**CHRISTINE**

(touches her shoulder)  
Ssh, my folks don't know about that yet. So, what-- they wanted ransom from you or something?

**SCHUYLER**

No, I thought they were trying to frame me, they planted evidence...

**CHRISTINE**

Why would they do that?

**SCHUYLER**

I have no idea, nothing they do makes any sense. Forget it, it's just a game.



**CHRISTINE**

So that's the only reason you came out here to East Hell, your stupid goddamn game.

**SCHUYLER**

I was worried about you. I wanted to see you again.

**CHRISTINE**

(thinks for a beat)

If you pretend to mean that, I'll pretend to believe it. Well, looks like your pals are trying to keep us together. Buy me dinner at least?

**SCHUYLER**

Sure, why not.

**CHRISTINE**

(rises)

I look like a slob, let me change.

he's She hurries upstairs. Schuyler sighs, wondering what the hell doing here. He glances at a VIRGIN MARY statue, squints-- then unscrews the head, it's a decanter. He takes a sniff and puts it back with a bemused expression. He takes another sniff, noticing something else in the air...

A WISP OF SMOKE rises from the lamp Christine turned on.

SCHUYLER peers beneath the shade. On the table is a framed PHOTOGRAPH of a LITTLE GIRL who could be Christine in a frilly white dress, holding flowers.

ANGLE INSIDE LAMPSHADE-- a new PRICETAG dangles from the shade against the bulb, starting to TURN BROWN, smoking.

OFF SCHUYLER licks his fingertips, reaches inside the shade to PULL tag-- in doing so, he burns his fingers on the hot bulb, STIFLES a curse and jerks his hand away. He KNOCKS OVER the picture, which FALLS to the floor. Shaking his hand, he rises distractedly, pokes his head through a swinging door.

**110. INT. CHRISTINE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

**T**

DIMLY LIT from outside. Modest, surface clutter, hanging pots, etc. Schuyler moves to a sink, turns on the tap and RUNS WATER over his burned fingertips. He SHUTS OFF the tap, looks around for a towel, shaking his hand-- the paper towel dispenser has no roll on it. He pulls open a kitchen drawer--

ANGLE IN DRAWER-- completely empty.

SCHUYLER, curious now, opens a cabinet, absently drying his hand on his shirt-- also empty. He tries another couple of drawers, finds nothing but scraps of paper, matches. No utensils. He exits, a disturbing thought forming.

**111. INT. CHRISTINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

SCHUYLER picks up the photo to replace it on the table.

ANGLE ON PHOTO: Schuyler slips the picture from its cardboard mount-- it's an ADVERTISEMENT clipped from a glossy magazine, TEXT printed on the portion previously unseen.

SCHUYLER quickly returns the clipping to its mount, puts the photo back on the table as Christine comes downstairs, dressed and made-up for a night on the town.

**CHRISTINE**

Can you get us into Chez Panisse? I always wanted to eat there--

Schuyler nods casually toward the photo as she sits beside him.

**SCHUYLER**

Is that you?

**CHRISTINE**

(quick glance)  
Mm-hmm, First Communion.  
(touches his hair)  
What's the matter, you look a little green around the gills--

He grabs her hand away. Icily:

**SCHUYLER**

Don't touch me.

His tone alarms her-- he stares at her with hatred. A silent  
BEAT  
between them, each tries to assess the new situation. She  
realizes  
he's onto her. She swallows, makes a quick decision. Suddenly  
she  
leans close to him, reaching around him to SHUT OFF the table  
lamp.  
She leaves her arms around him and HISSSES in his ear-- she drops  
her lower-class accent, speaks in a clipped, educated voice:

**CHRISTINE**

Don't be stupid. Don't say anything,  
not here, they're watching.

**SCHUYLER**

(sickened; to himself)  
God damn it...

She kisses him, he doesn't open his mouth, neither shuts their  
eyes. Then she gets up quickly, moves to a corner of the room.

**CHRISTINE**

(back in character, accented)  
OK, I know a good place we could  
go and like, be alone...

She glances up quickly to indicate something on the ceiling--

ON CEILING, a large SMOKE DETECTOR with a RED LIGHT, a cable from  
it-- there's a small LENS in the center... A HIDDEN CAMERA.

SCHUYLER looks at this, starting to rise. She moves to a window,  
out of range of the camera, beckons him over.

**CHRISTINE**

It's a beautiful night, isn't it?

Schuyler comes up beside her, she nods for him to look outside--

POV-- THROUGH WINDOW-- the CRS VAN. Christine WHISPERS urgently:

**CHRISTINE**

There's four of them in the van,  
they're armed. Just play along,  
I'll get us out of here--

SCHUYLER turns to her, his voice is tired.

**SCHUYLER**

Fuck you.

(to surveillance camera)  
OK, that's it, game over--

**112. INT. CRS VAN - NIGHT**

CLOSE on a video monitor, Schuyler framed in a FISHEYE SHOT:

**SCHUYLER (FILTER)**

--you can come out now, assholes--

He moves toward the front door, a panicked Christine behind him--

**RASTA MAN'S VOICE**

We're blown, let's do it--

We hear MEN GETTING TO THEIR FEET, see BODIES MOVE in FG.

**113. INT. CHRISTINE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Christine's furious and terrified, dashes in front of him, LOCKS and THROWS A CHAIN across the front door.

**CHRISTINE**

You idiot! Come on!

She starts to pull him away from the door, he throws off her arm.

**SCHUYLER**

No, enough already. I've had it.

He goes to the window and opens the curtain.

THROUGH WINDOW-- the Hack/Cabbie, the Rasta/Pilot and a pair of  
CRS  
AGENTS (JOHN and PETER from the men's club) hurry toward the  
house,  
the older men reach inside their jackets--

**SCHUYLER**

Now what.

**CHRISTINE**

Get away from there!!

**SCHUYLER**

(steps toward her)

Oh, now I suppose they're going to--

THE WINDOWS BLOW IN, GUNFIRE, Christine TACKLES HIM and pulls him to the ground as--

KNICK-KNACKS fly to pieces directly behind where he was standing.  
CHRISTINE AND SCHUYLER keep low as they dash for the kitchen--

**SCHUYLER**

Holy shit!!

**T 114. INT. CHRISTINE'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Christine pulls him toward a basement door--

**115. INT. CHRISTINE'S GARAGE - NIGHT**

They dash down steps to the darkened one-car garage, mostly empty with a few random tools. MR. KAMINSKY looks up from a game of SOLITAIRE, a day player confused by the sudden commotion.

**SCHUYLER**

What is this!?

**CHRISTINE**

God, wake up, it's a con game!

THE GARAGE DOOR OPENS, Christine pulls Schuyler against a wall--

A "PARAMEDIC" charges out of the shadows, pulling a handgun--

IN BG MR. KAMINSKY dives for cover with a frightened NOISE--

CHRISTINE grabs a WRENCH and CLUBS THE PARAMEDIC, who falls with  
a

CRY, clutching his skull. They hear FOOTSTEPS on the stairs they just came down. Christine hustles the dazed Schuyler out of there.

**116. EXT. CHRISTINE'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Christine and Schuyler dash for the Benz, climb in and SCREECH  
OFF.

CRS MEN run for their van to pursue.

**117. INT. SCHUYLER'S MBZ - NIGHT**

Schuyler drives for all he's worth, Christine watching behind.

**118. EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS - NIGHT**

A brief CHASE, the van pursues the MBZ.

**119. INT. SCHUYLER'S MBZ - NIGHT**

Christine turns forward, her eyes widen--

**CHRISTINE**

Watch out!!

**120. EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT**

The MBZ SIDESWIPES a car as Schuyler runs a light, his WINDSHIELD CRACKS, the side of the car's CRUNCHED IN, but he keeps driving. He crosses lanes directly in front of an oncoming TRUCK-- the VAN HITS THE BRAKES to avoid getting squashed.

a Schuyler SKIDS into a narrow alley. THE VAN, having lost a half block, misses this and continues straight.

**121. INT. MBZ - NIGHT**

Christine's looking behind as Schuyler drives.

**CHRISTINE**

OK, we lost 'em--

She's THROWN FORWARD as Schuyler SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, reaches across her and THROWS OPEN the passenger door, which CREAKS from the collision. He gives her a shove, she clings to the doorframe--

**CHRISTINE**

What are you doing!?

**SCHUYLER**

Get out of my car.

**CHRISTINE**

I coulda handed you to them! They find me now I'm dead--

Schuyler pushes harder.

**122. EXT. SUBURBAN ALLEY - NIGHT**

Christine tumbles into the wet gutter.

**CHRISTINE**

Listen to me you bastard-- I know what's going on! No one else is gonna tell you!

Schuyler pulls the door shut, the car starts BACKING AWAY. Christine gets to her feet, looks after him. He reaches the end of

the alley and stops-- then SCREECHES FORWARD. She jumps to the edge of the alley, fearing he's trying to run her down. Schuyler HITS THE BRAKES a few feet away. He leans across, calls to her.

**SCHUYLER**

Get in.

**123. INT. SCHUYLER'S MBZ - NIGHT**

**SCHUYLER**

You can talk while I drive to the police station.

Christine puts a hand on the wheel before he can back up again.

**CHRISTINE**

No cops, I got an outstanding warrant.  
(off his look)  
Mail fraud. I'll get nailed, but you'll never be able to prove a thing.  
Just drive.

**CUT TO:**

**124. EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

The MBZ SPEEDS out of a tunnel on the highway toward SF.

**125. INT. MBZ - NIGHT**

Christine looks out the side window, lights a cigarette.

**CHRISTINE**

Heard about this big swindle and--  
I needed the money. You wouldn't know what that's like.

**SCHUYLER**

Spare me the snide comments. And please don't do that in here--

**CHRISTINE**

Second-hand smoke is the least of your problems.  
(blows it in his face)  
Shit, they really screwed up, I can't believe they didn't take the time to get the house right.

**SCHUYLER**

Wait, how did-- before the game, you were working in that bar--

**CHRISTINE**

They planted me in advance, your brother set you up.

**SCHUYLER**

Oh God, David's in on it...?

**CHRISTINE**

It's not his fault, he thought it was the only way out... just another victim.

**SCHUYLER**

How the hell did they think they were gonna get my money?

**CHRISTINE**

Honey, they already got it.

She gives him a pitying look. Schuyler throws her a sidelong glance; this is absurd. She gestures at his car phone.

**CHRISTINE**

You don't believe me, check your bank accounts. Listen, that night in your office, remember? I downloaded files off your computer while you were in the shower...

CAMERA MOVES IN ON SCHUYLER'S FACE during the following and--

**DISSOLVE TO:**

126. --SCHUYLER'S DESKTOP COMPUTER as CHRISTINE'S HAND inserts a FLOPPY DISK and starts hitting keys.

**CHRISTINE (V. O.)**

I stuck in a code-breaking program to glve CRS remote access to Van Orton Group files...

127. --RAPID INSERTS from the CRS OFFICES-- Schuyler's SIGNATURE, financial FORMS, a TAPE RECORDER, TEST FORMS, etc.

**CHRISTINE (V. O.)**

--you'd already given them everything else they needed. Your handwriting, voice samples, personal information, all the tests you took... they used the data to generate your passwords.

--ON A CRT SCREEN as various combinations of letters and numbers



SCROLL BY, too quickly for the eye to read.

**CHRISTINE (V. O.)**

From there they just had to break into  
the financial networks, transfer your  
holdings into some dummy accounts--

--PAN OVER BANKS Of COMPUTER TERMINALS in DARK OFFICES as  
financial  
READOUTS FLIP and CHANGE, VANISH. HIGH NUMBERS go to 0.00.

**CHRISTINE (V. O.)**

Remember Jim Feingold, guy who  
signed you up? He's one of the  
original hackers, did a five-year  
stretch for zapping Citibank.

BY --MOVE FROM deft fingers at a computer keyboard UPWARD toward the  
screen. POLARIZE to show, in reflection... FEINGOLD'S FACE, LIT  
the BLUE-GREEN CRT LIGHT, a mask of evil.

**CHRISTINE (V. O.)**

He's not some dweeb flunkie, he runs  
the whole show.

**END SERIES OF SHOTS, DISSOLVE TO:**

his 128. SCHUYLER'S FACE... LIGHTS through the FRAGMENTED WINDSHIELD  
the cast weird PATTERNS on it. He's pumping sweat now, reaches for  
cell phone, dials, hand shaking. Christine flicks her cig out  
window; she sounds regretful.

**CHRISTINE**

I'm sorry. They already did your  
brother, I guess they figured you  
for a family of suckers...

SCHUYLER (on phone)  
Overseas operator? Please dial the  
number for Allgemeine Bank in Zurich...

**CHRISTINE**

Bet you haven't really been taking  
care of business the past few days,  
huh? This "game," the psych shit  
about your dad going sui...

SCHUYLER (on phone)  
Guten tag-- Vilen dank, Englisch...

**CHRISTINE**

All of it was just to buy time,  
keep you from paying attention...

SCHUYLER (on phone)

Blue Two-Five... 6-9-0-D... Yes, I  
consent to voice-print... My name  
is Schuyler Van Orton. I'd like  
to know my balance, please... that  
account is closed?!

CHRISTINE (nervously)

I think maybe you should pull over...

Schuyler sets his jaw, drops the phone-- and turns the wheel  
hard.

**129. EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

The MBZ SCREECHES for an offramp.

**130. EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT**

Schuyler's on his portable phone at a gas station/convenience  
store, leaning on the Benz as he pumps gas. Christine stands out  
of earshot, arms folded, staring at the dark horizon.

SCHUYLER (on phone)

Bob, listen carefully, this is an  
emergency. Feingold and his people,  
I've called all my banks, they've  
drained the accounts, personal and  
corporate, everything-- tell the cops  
I've got one of them with me, we'll  
make her testify. They're trying to  
kill us, I'm heading for the island  
in Oregon, if I can still find it.  
Bob-- call when you get this message  
and-- be extremely careful...

**131. INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT**

START ON-- a thermos full of coffee, foodstuffs, miscellaneous  
camping supplies as a CLERK holds a credit card, hangs up a  
phone.

He looks up at SCHUYLER and CHRISTINE.

**CLERK**

They say I gotta confiscate your card...

Schuyler sighs, "of course," Christine fishes in her pocket.

**CHRISTINE**

I think I have some cash.

**132. EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT**

They emerge from the store with a couple of grocery bags,  
Christine  
sucks an ice cream pop. They toss the bags in the trunk.

**CHRISTINE**

Money isn't everything, right?

Schuyler is seething, clutching the trunk lid for a beat, then  
SLAMS it hard when she steps back, making her jump.

**SCHUYLER**

It might be best if you didn't  
speak. I very nearly crushed your  
skull just now.

**CHRISTINE**

C'mon chill, what'd they take you for, a  
couple hundred G's? Chump change for a  
guy like you, chalk it up to experience.

**SCHUYLER**

(quietly, restraining himself)  
Just under a billion dollars.

**CHRISTINE**

A bil--?  
(nervous laugh)  
You're kidding, right?

**SCHUYLER**

Do I look like I'm kidding?  
This is about more than my  
personal lifestyle-- your pals  
raided pension plans, charitable  
foundations, company payrolls...

**CHRISTINE**

Oh my God--

**SCHUYLER**

I don't know what kind of jerk-off  
con games you've played in the  
past, but now you're in the big  
leagues, hon. You just helped  
sabotage a small portion of the  
national economy-- and destroy a

whole lotta lives.

He stares at her, she looks sick and truly scared. He climbs in the car. For once without a comeback, she gets in the car quietly.

**CUT TO:**

**133. EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAWN**

The Benz ZIPS AROUND a logging truck on a DIRT ROAD.

**134. INT. SCHUYLER'S CAR - DAWN**

Schuyler, bleary-eyed, drains coffee from the thermos and tosses it aside. He glances over at the sleeping Christine, her head tilted toward his shoulder; she looks pretty sexy. He stares at her for a moment, SIGHS and turns away.

**CUT TO:**

**135. EXT. OREGON LAKE - DAY**

A beautiful Northern lake-- dense forests on the mainland, pines and fall foliage. A STORM coming in, ominous CLOUDS. The Benz is parked at the shoreline. MOVE TO FIND Schuyler and Christine, as they paddle a rowboat toward a small island with a surprisingly humble, somewhat decrepit cabin on it. A FLASH OF LIGHTNING.

**CUT TO:**

**136. INT. OREGON CABIN - DAY**

CHRISTINE pours a cup of coffee from a metal pot on a wood-burning stove in which a FIRE CRACKLES. This cabin is genuinely rustic and run-down-- hewn wood, fishing rods, cobwebs, rain damage, dust. WATER DRIPS from the ceiling in a few places. LIGHTNING FLASHES in BG through the scene, the STORM has gotten pretty bad.

SCHUYLER finishes taking out his contacts, DROPPING them in cups full of water. He slips on his glasses, then looks at a few framed family photos on the coffee table in front of him. Christine, barefoot, brings him a cup of coffee, which he sips gratefully.

**SCHUYLER**

You're not having any?

**CHRISTINE**

Never drink it. Makes my tits hurt.

Schuyler gives her a sidelong glance, looks back at a photo.

ON PHOTO-- he rubs away the dust from a shot showing Schuyler's father, with young Schuyler, on a boat with fishing equipment.

CHRISTINE takes a step and CRIES out, clutching her foot and sitting beside Schuyler. A small FISHHOOK protrudes from her foot,

**SCHUYLER**

Hold still.

He talks while he carefully removes the hook from her foot.

**SCHUYLER**

Sorry, this place hasn't been cleaned in a while. My dad built it himself, spent a lot of time here alone.

(regards a LEAK)

Rotten carpenter...

He pulls out the hook, puts it aside; she rubs her foot.

**CHRISTINE**

Thank you.

SCHUYLER suddenly starts LAUGHING, wipes tears from his eyes.

**CHRISTINE**

What's so funny?

**SCHUYLER**

Just-- private joke...

**CHRISTINE**

Tell me.

**SCHUYLER**

Well... I always told myself I wasn't gonna end up like him. And now here I am, running his corporation, living in his house, hiding in the cabin where he went to hide right before he... I even look like the bastard.

Christine looks at the photo of MR. VAN ORTON, then at Schuyler.

**CHRISTINE**

Not that much.

**SCHUYLER**

Mm, plus I'm a helluva lot more gullible than he ever was...

THE CELL-PHONE CHIRPS, Schuyler shakes off his self-pity, snatches up the handset.

**SCHUYLER**

Yes.

CHRISTINE mouths, "Who is it?"

PLYMPTON (filter)  
(careful, worried)  
It's me, Schuyler... I got your message...  
I'll admit, I was very disturbed...

**SCHUYLER**

(hand over phone)  
My, lawyer.  
(to Plympton)  
So. What's our next move?

During the following, Christine's eyes go wide, she shakes her head frantically, draws a finger across her throat--

PLYMPTON (filter)  
I've been on the phone all morning... your funds are intact, nothing's changed, there's been no activity whatsoever...

SCHUYLER struggles to absorb the import of this as well as Christine's behavior. She shakes her head with a sigh, rises to refill his coffee cup.

**SCHUYLER**

Wait-- that's not true--

PLYMPTON (filter)  
(firmly)  
It is true, no one is after your money, no one is trying to hurt you--

SCHUYLER looks at Christine with horror. She nods and WHISPERS:

**CHRISTINE**

He's in on it.

**SCHUYLER**

Oh, God...

PLYMPTON (filter)

Listen to me, Sky!

**SCHUYLER**

What are they paying you, Robert?  
Piece of the action?

PLYMPTON (filter)

Schuyler! Look, you've done the  
right thing going up there, maybe  
it's best if you just sit tight for  
a while, forget about everything,  
it's all under control--

Schuyler HANGS UP, breathing hard, pacing, clutching the phone.

**SCHUYLER**

We have to get out of here!

Christine approaches him with a fresh cup of coffee, which he  
sips.

The PHONE CHIRPS again, Schuyler THROWS it violently against the  
wall, it's silenced. He gulps more coffee, rising again, looking  
at the smashed phone, sickened by his own loss of control.

**SCHUYLER**

Well, that was stupid.

Christine watches him closely. He keeps balling his hands into  
fists as he paces, trying to think out his next play.

**SCHUYLER**

OK, they've gotten to him. OK.  
Is there anyone I can trust?

**CHRISTINE**

Mm... I wouldn't worry about it.

**SCHUYLER**

(a beat)

What do you mean?

**CHRISTINE**

It's out of your hands.

He takes a step, stumbles, shakes his head to clear it. She rises, picks up his half-empty cup and heads for the kitchen area. His gaze follows this, he realizes he's been drugged.

**SCHUYLER**

Christine!!

**CHRISTINE**

That's not my name.

With a CRY OF RAGE he lunges after her, but CRASHES into the wall, clutching at a hanging ROD, which falls when he does-- he KNOCKS OVER the table of photos as he goes down, PANTING for air like a fish out of water, clutching his stomach, nauseated.

HIS POV-- SIDEWAYS, LOW ANGLE. SFX, BLOOD POUNDING in his head. Schuyler's eyes FOLLOW the GROOVES of the wet, warped hardwood floor, they lead to-- and almost seem to point to-- Christine.

ANOTHER ANGLE, CLOSE-- from the counter she picks up a small vial with a bit of powder at the bottom, slips it into her pocket.

SCHUYLER's eyes roll into his head as he struggles against the effects, tries to get to his hands and knees. He gasps:

**SCHUYLER**

Why...

CHRISTINE approaches, stands a few feet away, lights a cigarette,

**CHRISTINE**

We needed you to call your banks.  
Cellular calls can be intercepted,  
rerouted, y'know.

She crouches by him, flicking ashes a few inches from his nose.

**CHRISTINE**

All those calls to Switzerland and  
Chase Manhattan-- you were talking to  
our people. See, we were still  
missing a lotta pieces-- access  
codes, passwords, stuff even Plyrnpton  
didn't have-- but now we have  
I everything. I guess you are pretty  
fucking stupid-- but thanks.

He CLAWS at her helplessly with a GROAN, but misses. His glasses fall off, he collapses again.



SCHUYLER'S POV-- everything a BLUR NOW, except in EXTREME FG--  
the photo of himself and his father, which now lies on the floor.

137. FLASH-CUT TO: FLASHBACK POV-- THE MOMENT OF IMPACT, as MR. VAN ORTON'S FACE SMASHES into the ground, his GLASSES SHATTERING, BLOOD SPRAYING from his head.

138. CUT BACK TO: SCHUYLER writhes, fighting the drug.

139. FLASH-CUT TO: The moment of his father's jump-- only in  
this HALLUCINATION, SCHUYLER himself wears the robe, leaps into space.

140. SCHUYLER'S POV-- FROM FLOOR-- Christine moves INTO FOCUS, crouches near him, studying her victim almost clinically.

#### **CHRISTINE**

It's over. Just let go...

The SFX POUNDING STOPS, and--

#### **CUT TO BLACK**

BREATHING... THEN SCREAMING, POUNDING and KICKING...

#### **141. INT. CRYPT - DAY**

A WOODEN LID SPLINTERS as SCHUYLER pounds his way out of a COFFIN.

DIM LIGHT through CRACKS in the walls, this is an old and moldering

MAUSOLEUM, other COFFINS nearby. FRESH FLOWERS surround his resting place, otherwise everything is completely DECAYED.

By the time SCHUYLER gets out of the coffin, his arms are BLOODIED.

He's been dressed in an ALL-WHITE BURIAL SUIT. A RED ROSE is TAPED

to his chest. He blinks and stares about wildly--

HIS POV-- BLURRY, can't make out much.

SCHUYLER blinks, breathing hard, utterly freaked. He notices the ROSE on his chest, tears it off, SNIFFS it, then THROWS IT aside with a frustrated CRY. He stumbles to the heavy door of the

crypt,  
tugs, then realizes it opens the other way-- he gives it a PUSH--

#### **142. EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

IT COLLAPSES immediately. SCHUYLER tumbles out of the crypt into

the HOT SUNLIGHT. He's in a ramshackle city of the dead, a SPANISH GRAVEYARD. There are endless rows of TOMBS, rioting tropical VEGETATION, many FLOWERS, impossibly bright COLORS. It should be quite beautiful and peaceful...

**SCHUYLER**

What?

He walks around tentatively, SQUINTING. AN OLD WOMAN in black sits contemplating a grave, fingering her rosary. SCHUYLER slips a hand absently into his pocket, and finds something there, pulls it out--

SCHUYLER'S POV-- BLURRY shot of a NOTE in SPANISH, with a KEY on the stationery...

SCHUYLER blinks, slips the note in his pocket.

**CUT TO:**

**143. EXT. CENTRAL AMERICAN STREET - DAY**

TIGHT SHOT on Schuyler blinking, disoriented, JOSTLED by a sea of HISPANIC PEOPLE on this busy street.

SCHUYLER'S POV-- WALKING TENUOUSLY. The world's a BLUR, FACES move in and out of FOCUS. They're dark, foreign, many POOR PEOPLE, poverty-scarred features. Scraps of SPANISH. He grabs a DARK MAN.

**SCHUYLER**

Where am I?!

The man replies with an EXCLAMATION in SPANISH, pushes Schuyler away, CAMERA TUMBLES--

OBJECTIVE SHOT-- Schuyler's on his knees in the middle of this third-world thoroughfare, utterly disoriented. STREET VENDORS sell weird-looking foods, squads of SOLDIERS march with rifles, MUSICIANS PLAY odd instruments... Schuyler clutches his head, as if trying to wish it all away.

A COP IN BEIGE UNIFORM suddenly prods at him with a nightstick, YELLING AT HIM in SPANISH to move on.

SCHUYLER'S POV-- the COP looming over him, a BLURRY menace, the  
end of the nightstick SHARP in FG as it POKES at him.

ANOTHER ANGLE-- Schuyler pleads with the man:

**SCHUYLER**

Please, help me, I'm an American!  
I'm lost! Please!!

This doesn't seem to help. He tries to get away from the stick,  
but the cop pursues. He bangs into people as he tries to move  
quickly, the stick right behind him.

Schuyler FALLS over a BEGGAR on the ground, in far worse shape  
than he is. The cop YELLS at him. Schuyler covers his head, holding  
out the NOTE WITH THE KEY, which the cop finally snatches away.

He studies it for a moment, then BARKS with LAUGHTER.

SCHUYLER'S POV-- the cop reaches down to him--

OBJECTIVE ANGLE-- Schuyler cringes, expecting a blow, but the cop  
just pulls him to his feet. He drags him away with him, speaking  
more gently IN SPANISH, amused. Schuyler nods thankfully.

HIGH ANGLE-- the THROGS on this crowded street.

**CUT TO:**

**144. INT . FOREIGN POLICE STATION - D  
A Y**

A DESK SERGEANT studies the note, approaching SCHUYLER, whose  
face is now red, SUNBURNT. He sits on a bench with a VAGRANT or two.

**SCHUYLER**

Hello. Where am I?

**DESK SERGEANT**

Tegucigalpa.  
(off Schuyler's blank look)  
Tegucigalpa. Tegucigalpa?

**SCHUYLER**

That's gibberish!

**DESK SERGEANT**

(annoyed)  
It is the capital of Honduras.

SCHUYLER buries his face in his hands, nods. He's relieved to have found an English speaker at least.

**SCHUYLER**

Right.

**DESK SERGEANT**

So-- you have become, lost from, from your father...?

**SCHUYLER**

My father's dead, God damn it. I have to get to the United States embassy.

The sergeant cocks his head, confused. Indicating the note:

**DESK SERGEANT**

Do you know what this says?

**CUT TO:**

**145. INT. AMERICAN EMBASSY LOBBY - DAY**

An Hispanic embassy WORKER behind a desk with a U. S. flag TRANSLATES THE NOTE aloud in amazed, unaccented English.

**WORKER**

"I am an American. I am an idiot. My father is very rich. If I become lost, please take me to the police. There is a reward."

ANOTHER ANGLE-- Schuyler, utterly humiliated, sits in a chair on the other side of the desk.

**WORKER**

Mr. Van Orton... is this a joke of some sort? What are you doing here?

**SCHUYLER**

I don't know.

**WORKER**

(a beat)

Well, without any identification it will take at least a week to get you a temporary visa--

**SCHUYLER**

(rising)  
A week?! Christ knows what they  
can do in a week-- and what the  
hell am I supposed to, to live  
on?! What day is it anyway?  
(squints at his watch, thinks)  
Where's the nearest pawn shop?

**CUT TO:**

**146. INT. WEIRD BODEGA - DAY**

A middle-aged Latina-- the BODEGA LADY-- counts out a stack of bills on the counter, beside Schuyler's watch. Her store displays JEWELRY, KNIVES, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, as well as mystical CANDLES, POTIONS and BOTTLES with DEAD ANIMALS in formaldehyde.

**PAWN SHOP OWNER**

This will buy you a plane ticket.

On the other side of the counter, SCHUYLER Sorts through A BOX OF EYEGLASSES, trying on different pairs.

**SCHUYLER**

Yeah, well I, I seem to have lost my passport...

The pawn shop owner nods knowingly. There's one other CUSTOMER, a shabbily-dressed but honest-looking HONDURAN MAN, looking through a BIN full of sports equipment. He seems to have been eavesdropping, the pawn shop owner now exchanges a few words with him IN SPANISH, clearly they're coming to some kind of deal. Meanwhile, Schuyler puts on a rhinestone-studded pair of woman's glasses, looks around.

**SCHUYLER**

Huh, close enough...

**PAWN SHOP OWNER**

I throw them in.  
(indicating the man)  
This man says he can help you...

Schuyler narrows his eyes at the Honduran man, who flashes a crooked-toothed smile.

**CUT TO:**

**147. EXT. GUATEMALAN HIGHWAY - DAWN**

A large, covered STAKE TRUCK RUMBLES BY on a hilly jungle highway.

**148. INT. STAKE TRUCK - DAWN**

In the back of the truck, Schuyler rides among HUNDREDS OF BAGS of COFFEE BEANS, marked "CAFE, PRODUCTO DE HONDURAS." He wears the silly rhinestone glasses, as well as cheap new clothes-- shorts, a Spanish message T-shirt, sneakers. He munches on a mango, peeks out a hole in the tarp at the passing scenery.

HIS POV-- a VISTA of spectacular beauty, ideally jungle-encrusted MAYAN RUINS against the backdrop of the rising sun.

SCHUYLER's quite taken with the view, despite his troubles.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**149. EXT. BORDER CROSSING - EVENING**

The stake truck is parked at a U. S. BORDER CROSSING in the desert.

The Honduran man-- the truck's driver-- shows his papers to an INSPECTOR as he walks him to the back of the IDLING truck.

ANGLE FROM INSIDE TRUCK as a tarp is lifted. The inspector glances inside, examines a couple of COFFEE BAGS. IN FG, Schuyler hides below a bag or two, holding his breath. The tarp falls again, Schuyler exhales with relief in the darkness.

**CUT TO:**

**150 (NEW). EXT. BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT**

MOS, SCHUYLER has been reduced to pan-handling for bus fare in front of a San Antonio BUS STATION. An OLDER MAN takes pity, gives him a bill, he moves on to a couple who shake their heads and avoid looking at him. He hurries off at the sight of a disapproving COP.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**150B (NEW). INT. / EXT. BUS - DAY**

ANGLE ON BUS WINDOW, ARIZONA/UTAH SCENERY reflected in the glass...

POLARIZE to show SCHUYLER through the bus window, exhausted, numbly taking in the glorious view.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**151. EXT. SCHUYLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

All seems quiet, the house dark-- late at night. There's a movement in the bushes near the street-- SCHUYLER emerges, on the lookout for any surveillance. It seems safe. He digs out a hidden

KEY from within a FAKE ROCK then goes to the front door, gathers up

NEWSPAPERS and a thick stack of MAIL from his box. He flips through it quickly, finds a postcard that interests him and shoves

it in his pocket-- the rest of the mail he leaves in the box. He punches in his code on the alarm pad, unlocks the door and enters.

CLOSE ON ALARM PAD-- the light goes from GREEN to RED.

**152. INT. SCHUYLER'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

SCHUYLER blinks as he enters the house-- the graffiti is gone, the mess cleared up, it actually looks cleaner than ever.

QUICK SHOTS, JUMP-CUTS, the rhythm jarring. LIGHTS LOW throughout, Schuyler wants to attract as little attention as possible...

152A(NEW). IN THE KITCHEN, SCHUYLER gobbles handfuls of dry cereal, grabs for anything he can find in the refrigerator.

153. IN THE SHOWER, Schuyler scrubs away the grime.

154. IN THE BATHROOM, he inserts a CONTACT LENS.

154A. IN A DESK DRAWER he finds a few \$20.00 bills.

154B. IN THE BEDROOM-- Schuyler changes into jeans and a sport jacket, tucking the MONEY and the POSTCARD into the pockets. As he turns to leave, he spots something on his dresser--

A WHITE ENVELOPE, with a handwritten "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN..."

SCHUYLER frowns at this. tears it open. reacts with fear...

155. IN THE KITCHEN, SCHUYLER holds the handwritten note to the BLUE FLAME. He tosses the BURNING PAGE into the sink.

CLOSE SHOTS on the curling, burning note, we make out KEY WORDS:

**"MY FATHER WAS RIGHT," "NO REASON TO CONTINUE," "TAKE MY OWN LIFE,"**

"I WANT ONLY DEATH..." and finally the signature, "SCHUYLER VAN ORTON..." This suicide note is no joke.

SCHUYLER backs away from the sink. Quiet, determined:

**SCHUYLER**

No. Fuck you... I'm going to live...

**156. I N T . S T U D Y - N I G H T**

Schuyler moves to a bookshelf, looking for a volume, finds--

CLOSE-- a large, leather-bound BLACK BOOK with no title.

SCHUYLER clutches the volume. HEADLIGHTS shine in the window, a VEHICLE in the drive. Schuyler moves for a back door.

**157. E X T . V A N O R T O N H O U S E - N I G H T**

A CAR DOOR CLOSES, we see a UNIFORMED FIGURE MOVE O. S., revealing

A POLICE STYLE CREST, the words "CALIFORNIA RESIDENTIAL SECURITY,"

the initials "CRS" in the center.

SCHUYLER, sneaking around the side of the house, takes this in, waiting for the RENT-A-COPS with FLASHLIGHTS and WEAPONS to enter his house. Then he hurries away, book under his arm.

**157A(NEW). E X T . P A C I F I C H E I G H T S S T R E E T  
- D A W N**

UNDER A STREET LAMP on a hilly street, SCHUYLER reaches into his pocket and squints at THE POSTCARD--

INSERT POSTCARD, the message side: "S - IT'S SAFE HERE - D." An ARROW points to a printed ADDRESS. Schuyler FLIPS the card over-

a PAINTING of a COLONIAL MANSION down a tree-lined DRIVE...

**DISSOLVE TO:**



**158. EXT. MANSION GATES - DAY**

THE SAME VIEW of the same mansion, a very beautiful, peaceful spot.

SCHUYLER moves down the drive toward the entrance. He carries the thick book, as he will through following scenes.

**159. INT. SANITARIUM CORRIDOR - DAY**

A NURSE leads Schuyler down a door-lined corridor, no one in sight.

This place turns out to be an incredibly ritzy SANITARIUM.

**NURSE**

The medication seems to be helping.  
Unfortunately we're going to have to transfer your brother to a public institution in a few days, his funds are entirely exhausted-- unless you're prepared to take responsibility...

She KNOCKS at a door, OPENS IT a crack and lets Schuyler in.

**160. INT. SANITARIUM ROOM - DAY**

A pleasant bedroom, and safe-- no sharp objects or primary colors in sight, discreet decorative BARS on the window.

DAVID, in pajamas, sits in a chair, eating bland food from a plastic lunch tray. He watches a GOLF MATCH on a tiny WATCHMAN TV,

we'll hear it IN BG-- CLAPPING, etc. He doesn't react as Schuyler enters, moves to his side.

**SCHUYLER**

David...

David turns to him, half-smiles; food particles on his lips.

**DAVID**

Hello Sky...

Schuyler sits close to David, upset.

**SCHUYLER**

What are you doing here?

**DAVID**

Sorry, I was just eating... I'm

much better. Really.

David does seem in control now, if a little hazy.

**SCHUYLER**

Thank God... Listen, I know you put them onto me-- but I understand, we're both victims of this thing... They've stolen everything we ever had, they're trying to drive us both crazy-- but we won't let them. We'll find a way. There's gotta be a way to beat these bastards! We're in it together...

He clutches his brother's hand. David narrows his eyes, confused.

**DAVID**

In what together?

**SCHUYLER**

The game.

**DAVID**

Oh, Schuyler, there is no game. It was just a fantasy of mine, a self-aggrandizing delusion... I can't believe you took that shit seriously.

**SCHUYLER**

(clutching his hand)  
No, David-- please...

**DAVID**

(pulling away)  
Oh, man, stop fucking with me!  
You know the game doesn't exist...  
it never did! It never did...

Schuyler stares at him for a beat-- no getting through. David leans forward, turns UP THE TV VOLUME, aiming the set at Schuyler.

**DAVID**

Can you see?

ON SCREEN-- a golf ball rolls on a green and PLOPS into the cup.

**CUT TO:**

**161. INT. SF POLICE STATION - DAY**

Barnett, the detective from earlier, has come out to the reception area to speak with Schuyler, who's trying very hard to be rational.

**BARNETT**

So the waitress was in on it--

**SCHUYLER**

She isn't really a waitress.

**BARNETT**

--and now you're brother's been institutionalized... is there a history of mental illness in your family?

SCHUYLER narrows his eyes at the question. GALLO, beyond a METAL DETECTOR in the rear area of the station, gestures to Barnett, who holds up a finger.

**BARNETT**

'Scuse me.

Moving away, Barnett glances at the leatherbound book, which Schuyler clutches very possessively.

**BARNETT**

Whatcha reading?

**SCHUYLER**

Nothing.

Barnett purses his lips, nods, steps around the metal detector to chat with Gallo.

**WITH GALLO AND BARNETT**

**GALLO**

I just spoke with his lawyer Plympton, he thinks Van Orton's having a nervous breakdown, we should probably hold onto him till his people can get down here...

WITH SCHUYLER as GALLO AND BARNETT glance in his direction, gesture for him to approach. Gallo WINKS casually at Schuyler.

SCHUYLER, wary now, moves toward them through the METAL DETECTOR-

which GOES OFF with a WHINE. The ALARM MONITOR woman approaches with a wand-- but Schuyler steps back, wide-eyed.

**ALARM MONITOR**

Probably just your keys, sir--

SCHUYLER turns and moves quickly for the exit.

**BARNETT**

Yo, Schuyler, wait up--

He's through the door. The WHINE OF THE DETECTOR continues as we--

**CUT TO:**

**162. EXT. BART TRAIN - NIGHT**

THE WHINE dissolves into the SCREECHING of a TRAIN on an EL TRACK.

**163. INT. BART TRAIN - NIGHT**

LIGHTS FLICKER on and off in a moving train car.

SCHUYLER scribbles intently in a brand new kid's school notebook, open in his lap. He sits at the end of the moderately crowded train car. Suddenly, he looks up, eyes wild, starts SCANNING the subway car slowly, sensitive to it all. By now he's definitely the sort of person you'd avoid in a public place.

INTERCUT POV with his REACTIONS, as everything falls into place in his increasingly febrile mind...

SCHUYLER'S POV-- SLOW PAN OVER the assortment of nighttime RIDERS-- a couple of TEENAGERS, an OLDER WOMAN with shopping bags, a DRUNK.

CAMERA PAUSES on a patch of GRAFITTI: typically unreadable SCRAWL, but the letters could be CRS.

CAMERA MOVES to the overhead ADVERTISEMENTS: one for hemorrhoids, a seasonal bank ad featuring the EASTER BUNNY... PAUSE ON a PHOTO of an ecstatic CALIFORNIA LOTTERY WINNER holding up a wad of cash with the words "YOU CAN'T WIN IF YOU DON'T PLAY."

A MAN READS the SPORTS PAGE: "GAME FINAL 23-2."

ON THE FLOOR, a CANDY BAR WRAPPER with A GOLD KEY printed on it, part of a contest.

SCHUYLER picks this up, examines and discards it.

SCHUYLER' S POV-- an ELDERLY MAN with a clunky HEARING AID is looking at Schuyler with a blank expression. The man suffers from a facial TWITCH that causes one eye to BLINK rapidly.

SCHUYLER narrows his eyes at the man, then looks away pointedly. He puts the notebook into A PLASTIC BAG. Beneath it, cradled in his lap, is the mysterious black book. He opens this carefully--

CLOSE, the book is hollow. Inside is an expensive HANDGUN.

WIDE SHOT from the next train car-- A FIGURE IN FG is staring through the scratched, fogged window AT SCHUYLER as he puts the leather book into the bag with his notebook...

**164. EXT. BART TRACKS - NIGHT**

The train car SHOOTS into a tunnel.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**165. INT. BART CAR - DAWN**

Schuyler is using the plastic bag and his jacket as a pillow, his eyes closed. Suddenly there's a KNIFE at his throat.

**PUNK**

End of the line, man.

SCHUYLER starts; the PUNK keeps the knife on him. He's a young, glassy-eyed junkie. He wears a RADIO EARPLUG in one ear, a wire heading down to his waist. Schuyler nods, starts studying the man's arms, heavily TATTOOED with crude cabalistic SYMBOLS.

**SCHUYLER**

Are the tattoos supposed to mean something?

**PUNK**

(momentarily thrown)  
Yeah, they mean you're dead, you don't gimme what you got.

**SCHUYLER**

(touches the punk's arm)  
OK, there's the C...

**PUNK**

Give me the fucking bag!

**SCHUYLER**

(cold, deadly)

Come on, you're not going to put me through all this shit and then kill me on a fucking train, it won't look like a suicide...

As Schuyler speaks he sits up, the PUNK grabs the bag-- Schuyler grabs the guy's knife hand, they wrestle on the floor of the car, clawing at each other. The punk drops the knife, it gets knocked beneath the seat, both men reach for it...

**TRANSIT COP**

Freeze assholes!

Schuyler and the punk look up to see a TRANSIT COP pointing his WEAPON. The punk throws his hands up, scrambles to his feet--

**PUNK**

Psycho pulled a knife on me!

The cop has grabbed the still prone Schuyler, flipping him over and slapping a handcuff on him--

**SCHUYLER**

What do you think you're doing, this guy attacked me!

The cop has dropped his guard; the punk spins and bolts into the next car, squeezing through the door. The TRANSIT COP hastily cuffs Schuyler to an armrest--

**TRANSIT COP**

Wait here--

He dashes into the next car after the punk. Schuyler looks at the floor of the car, sees--

THE SMALL RADIO and its EARPLUG attached by a WIRE. The radio has a tiny LOOP/RABBIT EAR antenna on it. He snatches it up, then YANKS at the cuff. He spots the knife under the seat, grabs it, starts using the blade to unscrew the armrest from its post.

FROM THE NEXT CAR he hears SHOUTS, SCREAMS, a serious commotion

going on, he doesn't know who's winning. Schuyler's almost  
gotten  
free as the TRAIN SLOWS, when--

--the DOOR at the far end of the car opens, it's the PUNK,  
bruised  
and bloody, ready to kill.

He lunges at Schuyler just as he PRIES THE ARMREST off the seat  
and  
CLOBBERS him with it. The punk reels back. The train has  
stopped,  
the doors have opened-- Schuyler grabs his bag and squeezes out  
onto the platform just before they shut again.

**166. INT. BART STATION - DAY**

SCHUYLER locks the free cuff on to the same wrist as the other,  
sliding his jacket over them, moving briskly up the stairs.

**167. EXT. BERKELEY STREET - DAY**

SCHUYLER emerges and walks quickly, checking over his shoulder,  
BLINKING IN THE BRIGHT MORNING SUN. He fiddles with the RADIO,  
the  
PLUG to his ear. We hear STATIC, BLEEPING NOISES, FILTERED  
VOICES.  
For a few moments the VOICES ON THE RADIO become CLEARER.

**RADIO VOICE #1**

--can't let him get away with this,  
he's outta control! The next thing  
you know, he'll push the wrong  
button and we'll all be dead--

SCHUYLER listens intently, leaning against a wall in the shadows,  
breathing hard. He stares nervously at a couple of nearby STREET  
PEOPLE huddled by a shopping cart, they stare back. Another  
VOICE  
on the radio talks OVER the first:

**RADIO VOICE #2**

--Whoah whoah whoah-- OK the guy's a  
moron, sure, but he doesn't have the  
balls to end the world! Anyway I'm  
sicka talking politics, let's get back  
to the business of nipple piercing--  
you got a ring, don't ya Robin?

We hear the HYSTERICAL GIGGLING of ROBIN QUIVERS. SCHUYLER  
blinks,  
recognizing the voice of RADIO DJ HOWARD STERN.

**RADIO VOICE #2 (HOWARD STERN)**

Ugh, we gotta do commercials, this is  
the Howard Stern show...

SCHUYLER fiddles frantically with the dial and antennas, calling  
up  
RANDOM RADIO MUSIC, COMMERCIALS, etc.

CLOSE ON A TRASH CAN-- Schuyler tosses his hollowed leather book  
into it. It falls open, we see the gun is gone.

**CUT TO:**

**168 (NEW) . I N T . H O S P I C E - D A Y**

TRACK DOWN an institutional corridor, a few EMACIATED PATIENTS in  
wheelchairs... they only come here to die. ELIZABETH, Schuyler's  
ex, 40ish, fit and attractive, a few months pregnant, READS to a  
couple of sad PATIENTS in a lounge area. She trails off as she  
looks up, astonished to see--

SCHUYLER, bruised, frightened, almost looking like he belongs  
here.

**SCHUYLER**

Hello Elizabeth...

**168A (NEW) . I N T . S P O R T S C A R - D A Y**

Elizabeth backs out of a parking lot in a 300-ZX CONVERTIBLE and  
pulls into traffic, Schuyler beside her, babbling emotionally.

**SCHUYLER**

I'm sorry, I shouldn't be  
bothering you-- you're a genuinely  
good person, your work is  
important, it's real, nothing that  
happens to me is real anymore--

**ELIZABETH**

What has happened to you, Sky?

**SCHUYLER**

I need your help, you're the only  
one left, the only one I can trust--  
not that I deserve your help, God  
how could you have even married me,  
I was a shit to you--

**ELIZABETH**

No you weren't--



**SCHUYLER**

Yes I was. Sometimes I think I'm  
being punished for my sins, I  
mean, there has to be a reason...

**CUT TO:**

**169. I N T . B R E A K F A S T P L A C E - D A Y**

ELIZABETH FLIPS THE PAGES of Schuyler's notebook-- page after  
page  
of psychotic-looking scribbling, dense UNDERLINES, many  
EXCLAMATION  
POINTS. ON ONE PAGE-- "CRUEL RANDOM SHIT."

WIDER-- a few BUSINESS PEOPLE read papers, pick at eggs; A LARGE-  
SCREEN TV plays MORNING PROGRAMS. Schuyler stares at Elizabeth,  
awaiting reaction... she seems incapable of speech. He puts the  
tiny radio and earplug on the table between them.

**SCHUYLER**

This is one of their devices, I  
pulled it off their assassin in  
the subway. It's how they  
communicate with each other.

Elizabeth picks the thing up, studies it, puts the plug to her  
ear.

**ELIZABETH**

It's... a radio...

Schuyler waves dismissively, "you don't understand," takes the  
radio back from her and pockets it.

**SCHUYLER**

I can't find the right channel...  
Listen, I may not make it through  
this-- if anything happens, get that  
notebook to, to, the press, or the  
FBI or something. Someone you can  
trust, I don't know, assuming you can  
trust anyone. I just want you to  
know I'm not crazy, and I didn't kill  
myself, no matter what they say--

She stares at him, trying to be strong, but she's very freaked  
out.

A BARMAID brings their order. Schuyler stares at the barmaid  
suspiciously as she puts a cup of coffee before Elizabeth, and  
gives him a bottle of water and a glass. He tests the seal.

**SCHUYLER**

Has this been opened?

**BARMAID**

No sir. Just like you said.

He watches her as she retreats, leans toward Elizabeth, puts his hand on top of her cup.

**SCHUYLER**

I don't think coffee is safe.

Schuyler opens the bottle and drinks straight from it thirstily. Elizabeth registers the CLINKING HANDCUFFS on his left wrist.

**ELIZABETH**

Schuyler, try and listen to me. I love you, I always have, I always will. And maybe this is... good. Maybe this a point you had to reach, before--

**SCHUYLER**

(staring at her)  
Before what?

**ELIZABETH**

Before-- I'm just glad you came to me for help. I don't know if I'm strong enough to, to handle this on my own but I know a lot of excellent crisis people--

**SCHUYLER**

Crisis people. Crisis people?

A CELL-PHONE RINGS in her purse, she makes an exasperated noise and pulls it out, with a "one sec" gesture at Schuyler. He rises during her conversation, a new look on his face-- he can't trust her either.

**ELIZABETH**

Hello? Hi, hon, I'm OK... um, could I call you back...?

Schuyler's distracted by something on the TV... he lets out a STRANGLED CRY. Elizabeth turns her head to see.

ON TV SCREEN-- It's JIM FEINGOLD, clutching his head, rubbing his temples with a look of pain. CHEESY MUSIC, THROBBING SPFX.

SCHUYLER approaches the set, shouting at it.

**SCHUYLER**

You bastard! You fucking bastard!  
How did you find me here!?

Elizabeth gets up, tries to pull him back to the booth, he pushes her away, not taking his eyes from the set. PATRONS react nervously to the deranged man.

FEINGOLD (ON TV, filter)

Ooof-- my head is killing me!

**SCHUYLER**

Fuck you!

THE TV IMAGE WIDENS, a COMMERCIAL ACTRESS rubs Feingold's neck.

**SCHUYLER**

Who are you?

ACTRESS (ON TV, filter)

Honey, have you taken anything?

FEINGOLD (ON TV, filter)

Sure, some aspirin--

The actress CLUCKS her tongue, shakes her head.

SCHUYLER's starting to get the picture.

**SCHUYLER**

He's an actor...

**ELIZABETH**

Of course he's an actor, it's a commercial.

**SCHUYLER**

(a revelation)

He's just a fucking actor...

ON TV-- Feingold holds up a colorfully marked bottle of pills, studies them with a shit-eating grin. SOOTHING MUSIC.

FEINGOLD (ON TV, filter)

My head feels great! Thanks to  
Ambutol, I'll never use aspirin again!

FEINGOLD gives way to the image of A BOX OF AMBUTOL.

SCHUYLER lets Elizabeth escort him back near the booth. He's

completely absorbed in his own thoughts.

**ELIZABETH**

Have you taken something?

**SCHUYLER**

What?

**ELIZABETH**

Are you on drugs?

He shakes his head, waves his hand dismissively. He's thinking about something else. Elizabeth starts dialing.

**ELIZABETH**

Schuyler, I'm calling a friend  
right now, I want you to wait here  
with me until--

Schuyler tries to sound normal, claps her on the arm. WHILE HE TALKS, CAMERA FINDS Schuyler's other hand, which slips stealthily into her PURSE, lying on the seat of the booth.

**SCHUYLER**

Elizabeth, please... I'm sorry,  
I'll be alright, it's just been a  
hard day... Listen, I gotta use  
the restroom, be right back--

He moves quickly down a corridor marked RESTROOMS and EMERGENCY EXIT. She looks after him, quite puzzled, phone still to her ear.

**170. EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY**

Schuyler emerges from a back exit, looking behind him, the EMERGENCY ALARM SOUNDING. He twirls Elizabeth's car keys on his finger as he jogs toward her sports car. He unlocks it and the ALARM SCREAMS for a moment before he figures out how to shut it off, then he starts it and PEELS OUT.

**SCENE 171-172 DELETED**

**CUT TO:**

**173. EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY**

Elizabeth's car zips through traffic in a Chinatown neighborhood full of festive restaurants and shops.

**SCENE 174 DELETED**

**175. EXT. TUNG HOY - DAY**

Hanging red ducks in the window, a SIGN with a phone number in the

window: "TUNG HOY-- WE DELIVER" in English and Chinese.

SCHUYLER

argues with an OLD CHINESE WOMAN behind the counter--

**175A (NEW). INT. TUNG HOY - DAY**

A cramped, funky restaurant, rows of CELEBRITY HEAD SHOTS on a wall

behind the delivery counter. SCHUYLER pursues the CHINESE WOMAN

as

she serves bowls of noodles to a CHINESE FAMILY.

**SCHUYLER**

He's an actor, does TV commercials, I know he's ordered from you, he had food delivered to an office building on Mission--

**CHINESE WOMAN**

Many customers, very busy, I don't know, I don't know--

**SCHUYLER**

Damn it!

Schuyler stalks away from her, finds himself facing the wall of signed photographs--

ON WALL, old and stained pictures, the most famous being the likes

of ED McMAHON and CHARO. Among them is a newer HEAD SHOT of FEINGOLD with a shit-eating grin... below, the name WILLIAM FISHER.

SCHUYLER leaps on the counter and tears the photo off the wall--

**CHINESE WOMAN**

Stop that, what you doing?!

Schuyler's already leapt off the counter, bolts out the door.

**175B (NEW). INT. ELIZABETH'S CAR - DAY**

SCHUYLER is on the CARPHONE, glances from the road to--

THE OBVERSE OF THE HEAD SHOT in his hand, a PHONE NUMBER before the

(short) list of credits, he flips it to show Feingold/Fisher.

SCHUYLER (on phone)  
Yes, Mrs. Fisher, I know it's  
short notice but we were hoping  
your husband could come in for an  
audition today, he's perfect...

SCHUYLER looks annoyed at what he's hearing.

**SCHUYLER**  
Isn't there any way we can get in  
touch with him now...? I see...

He makes a quick U-TURN, the tires SCREECHING.

**SCENES 176-179 DELETED**

**180. E X T . Z O O - D A Y**

Late afternoon. PAN FROM THE ENTRANCE to find SCHUYLER buying a ticket and hurrying in.

181. IN THE ZOO, Schuyler prowls the crowd with manic energy.

SCHUYLER'S POV-- ZOO-GOERS gazing at the ANIMALS... CAMERA FINDS Feingold/Fisher, wearing casual clothes, eating a popsicle. He's doing his best to supervise THREE OBNOXIOUS CHILDREN, two boys and  
an older girl. He's just another dad at the zoo, far from impressive-- the Wizard of Oz after the curtain's been pulled.

When he makes eye contact with Schuyler, he pales, trying to herd the children together as Schuyler moves in on him... he can't get away. Schuyler grabs the man's shirt.

**SCHUYLER**  
Bill Fisher, hi! I really admire  
your work...

**FEINGOLD**  
Oh please... I got my kids here...

Schuyler releases him, Feingold sheepishly avoids his eyes. Schuyler casually shows him the gun, the man's eyes widen.

**SCHUYLER**  
Get rid of them.

**FEINGOLD**  
(to the kids)  
Hey, everyone-- here's a twenty!

Snack time!

He dangles the bill over their heads, the KIDS CHEER, leap like  
dolphins after fish. The girl's tallest, grabs the cash, they  
run  
for a nearby concession. Schuyler and Feingold stroll together.

**FEINGOLD**

Look, buddy, it was just a job--  
nothing personal, y'know? I play  
my part, improvise a little,  
that's what I'm good at, I still  
do a little stand-up--

**SCHUYLER**

I've seen your resume. I'm sick  
of foot soldiers, I've gotta get  
to whoever's in charge.

**FEINGOLD**

Of CRS? Christ, nobody knows, nobody  
gets the big picture--  
(looking away)  
Jason, Tommy, cut it out!

FEINGOLD'S BOYS ARE THROWING ROCKS at the monkeys. They give  
their  
father a look and saunter along.

SCHUYLER's not interested in the zoo drama.

**FEINGOLD**

Goddammit, why do they do that.

**SCHUYLER**

How do I find them!? Their  
offices were abandoned--

**FEINGOLD**

They own the whole building, they  
just move from floor to floor.

Schuyler takes this in for a moment, thinking.

**SCHUYLER**

OK... They know you, you've worked for  
them. You're going to get me inside.

**FEINGOLD**

(shaking his head)  
Uh-uh, I'm sorry and all, but--

**SCHUYLER**

Tell them anything, tell them the cops are after you, you've gotta talk to someone or you'll blow the whistle.

**FEINGOLD**

No way, it's too dangerous.

Schuyler cocks his head, steps in front of him. Right in his face:

**SCHUYLER**

You don't seem to understand. Right here, right now-- I'm the danger.

Feingold gets the message.

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**182. EXT. CRS BUILDING - NIGHT**

LIGHTS OFF in the building. A battered STATION WAGON rounds a corner, PAUSES before the ramp to the garage entrance-- the same garage he and Christine were once tormented in.

**183. INT. STATION WAGON - NIGHT**

FEINGOLD drives, looking very tense; a kiddie seat strapped next to him, junk galore; he's apparently alone.

**FEINGOLD**

We're here, Sky. They said they're on the twelfth floor.

BEHIND THE SEAT-- Schuyler crouches under a blanket.

**SCHUYLER**

Drive in, then.

**FEINGOLD**

Look-- what are you gonna do? Really?

**SCHUYLER**

Really-- I don't know. Improvise. Go!

**183A. INT. CRS GARAGE - NIGHT**

The station wagon stops at the bottom of the ramp. A BEEFY GATE GUARD behind glass glares at Feingold, who waves timidly. The STEEL GATE RISES and the station wagon drives in.



THE STATION WAGON parks near an elevator bank; a handful of CARS,  
a few white CRS SECURITY VEHICLES and VANS parked nearby. Feingold  
climbs out, trying hard not to look scared. ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN  
and a beefy, frightening-looking SECURITY MAN in a suit steps  
out. He looks around carefully as Feingold joins him. He takes  
Feingold's arm and pulls him toward the elevator. They wait.

SCHUYLER'S POV from the back seat-- just as the DOORS OPEN, the  
Gate Guard steps up behind Feingold, puts a gun in his back.

**GATE GUARD**

You're not authorized to be here.

HE FIRES-- Schuyler glimpses a SPRAY OF BLOOD, Feingold  
collapses.  
The Security Man grabs the body as it falls, starts dragging it  
out of sight while the Gate Guard puts a hand to his ear, talks into  
a mini-transmitter in his other hand. He follows the Security Man  
out of sight. The elevator doors remain open.

With the guards out of sight, Schuyler rises slowly. He looks  
stunned and sickened as he lets himself out cautiously, sneaking  
behind vehicles. The main gate is sealed, he has no idea how  
long the guards will be gone. THE OPEN ELEVATOR DOORS beckon.

Schuyler crawls on his belly the last few yards, starts, finding-

-  
CLOSE, a RUBBER BUG on its back.

SCHUYLER creeps military style, on hands and knees, the rest of  
the way to the elevator. He puts a hand in some of Feingold's BLOOD,  
winces, then gets in the elevator.

**184. I N T . C R S E L E V A T O R - N I G H T**

SCHUYLER presses the button for 12-- the top floor.

ON PANEL-- nothing happens, the button LIGHTS for an instant but  
GOES OUT again. The elevator won't move.

SCHUYLER's getting exasperated.

ON PANEL-- he tries BUTTONS all over, same story.

**GATE GUARD**

Yo!

ANGLE INTO GARAGE-- the gate guard jogs TOWARD the elevators, pulling his gun.

SCHUYLER starts to panic, pulls his own gun and POINTS IT AT THE GUARD, who freezes and raises his hands. Behind him, the Security Man approaches Schuyler from a different angle, his gun out.

Schuyler can't get a bead on both of them.

**SECURITY MAN**

You're a dead man.

Schuyler looks one more time at the elevator panel--

AT BASE OF PANEL, a gold keyhole. CLOSER-- the letters CRS are printed beneath it, very small.

SCHUYLER shakes his head-- it couldn't be; but what else can he do?

ANGLE INTO GARAGE-- the guards are fanning out and getting closer.

SCHUYLER reaches with one hand for his keys, fumbling for the small gold key he received at the start of the game.

ON PANEL-- his hand shakes as he tries to insert the gold key... it fits into the hole; he turns it and PUSHES THE BUTTON for 12.

WIDER-- as the DOORS CLOSE, both guards train their guns-- but too late. Schuyler's on his way up.

184A. THE GLASS ELEVATOR RISES through completely blackened spaces.

SCHUYLER stares at a BULLET HOLE in the back of the glass elevator, a remnant of Feingold's murder. He holds the gun in front of himself in both hands... then he closes his eyes, steeling himself, almost in an attitude of prayer.

**185. I N T . A T R I U M - N I G H T**

PITCH BLACK but for the LIT ELEVATOR ascending swiftly through the

darkness... Schuyler, like a solitary spaceship pilot, looks upward toward his unknown destination.

**186. INT . CRS ELEVATOR - NIGHT**

The DIGITAL READOUT slows as it comes to 10, 11 and STOPS at 12. SCHUYLER comes out of his trance, slips the revolver back into his jacket pocket, keeps a hand there, and stands against a wall of the elevator as the DOORS OPEN ON--

**187. INT . 12TH FLOOR COMMISSARY - NIGHT**

--A BUSTLING, NOISY COMMISSARY. Schuyler keeps the gun concealed as he steps out of the elevator-- nobody here is paying any attention to him anyway. There's a cafeteria style counter along one wall, people CHATTING and LAUGHING at Formica tables... amongst others, everyone from his game appears to be here... there's the RASTA, the PARAMEDICS with the HEART ATTACK VICTIM, JOHN and PETE from the men's club, the GIRL from the boat, the DESK CLERK and BELLHOP... also the HONDURAN TRUCK DRIVER, the SECURITY PEOPLE from his house, the PUNK and the TRANSIT COP... and a lot of ENGINEERS.

SCHUYLER inches into the room, meets the eyes of--

CHRISTINE, who's just come away from the cafeteria counter with a tray of food. She nearly drops it, looks over her shoulder to see if anyone is watching. Suddenly, Schuyler is in front of her, backs her into an alcove-- she holds the tray between them as if to protect herself.

**CHRISTINE**

What are you doing here?

For a moment, Schuyler's not sure. His voice is flat, monotonal:

**SCHUYLER**

I'm back from the dead.

**CHRISTINE**

Listen, everything's OK, nobody touched your money, nobody stole a thing, that's impossible--

**SCHUYLER**

I don't give a fuck about the money,  
I wanna know who's behind this, who  
did this to me, how, why--

**CHRISTINE**

It's just a game!

Even though she's keeping a surface cool, he notices the GLASS  
and SILVERWARE on her tray RATTLING. She starts to move toward a  
table, he blocks her path.

**SCHUYLER**

You're not going anywhere.  
Feingold, or or Fisher, was that  
just a game too?

**CHRISTINE**

What are you talking about?

**SCHUYLER**

I watched him die...

Schuyler shows her his BLOOD-STAINED HAND. Christine looks  
utterly perplexed, then shrugs, finding a place to put down her tray.

**SCHUYLER**

Seemed like a nice guy, actually,  
father of three--

**CHRISTINE**

Well, look, I'm sure it's just  
another stunt-- that can't be  
real, taste it.

**SCHUYLER**

You taste it, you fucking vampire.

He pushes his palm in her face, she flinches, swipes him away,  
then puts a finger to her ear as--

THE ELEVATOR DOORS OPEN and the guard and security man from  
downstairs burst into the commissary.

Suddenly the ROOM QUIETS, many others are touching their ears.

They all TURN in the direction of Schuyler and Christine. The  
gate

guard gestures at Schuyler, attempting a smile.

**GATE GUARD**

Could you come with us, please?  
You're not authorized to be here.

Schuyler grabs Christine, wraps an arm around her throat, puts  
his GUN to her neck.

**SCHUYLER**

Back off. Everybody back off.

He uses his knee in the small of her back to push her brutally  
toward the nearest door, she CHOKES and GASPS.

**188. I N T . S T A I R W E L L - N I G H T**

The door shuts behind them, the stairs only lead UP.

**SCHUYLER**

Shit, how do we get out--

Christine STOMPS his foot and ELBOWS his gut, breaks free and  
bolts up the stairs. Schuyler catches his breath and pursues. Beneath  
him, the stairwell door opens, GUARDS PURSUE.

**189. E X T . C R S R O O F - N I G H T**

A HIGH LEDGE surrounds the roof on all four sides, a ROOF  
ENTRANCE at each side as well. The NUMBER "636" is painted large for  
helicopters; there are air conditioning vents, ducts, etc. A  
MUFFLED ALARM sounds as Christine bursts through the door,  
followed by Schuyler. She spins, her back to the EDGE of the atrium, a  
black pit in the center of the roof with a sunken GLASS SKYLIGHT,  
a white RAILING around it.

Schuyler SLAMS the door, a large number 1 painted on it in BLUE.  
He throws the HEAVY BOLT. He and Christine circle each other  
warily, his gun trained on her. POUNDING from the other side,  
MUFFLED VOICES that can't be heard.

For the first time, Christine focuses on the gun in his hand,  
then clutches the railing.

**CHRISTINE**

Wait a minute. What's that?

Schuyler addresses her as if speaking to a child:

**SCHUYLER**

It's my gun...

**CHRISTINE**

We didn't give it to you? Where did it come from?

**SCHUYLER**

A gun store.

**CHRISTINE**

We searched your house!

**SCHUYLER**

Guess you fucked up again.

Christine touches her ear, listening to something, then puts her hand to her mouth, speaks urgently.

**CHRISTINE**

He's armed, he's got a real gun.  
Real Situation, real--

Schuyler steps forward and violently wrenches the EAR PIECE and HAND MIKE away from Christine, the wire tears her blouse open.

**SCHUYLER**

Yeah, it's real all right.

**CHRISTINE**

Schuyler this is all fake, tricks,  
it's all part of the game--

**SCHUYLER**

Stop it. Every word out of your mouth is a lie--

Christine's desperately panicked, fumbling for words.

**CHRISTINE**

The key!! They, we gave you a key to the elevator! Why would we do that?! We wanted you to come up--

**SCHUYLER**

Of course you did. So you could kill me or, or frame me for murder--

**CHRISTINE**

No, no, it's THE GAME!! Blanks,  
squibs, high-tech special effects,  
none of it's real! Just open that  
door and I'll show you!

Schuyler hesitates a moment, looking in the direction of the  
door.

**SCHUYLER**

I open the door and I die.

ON THE DOOR-- POUNDING DESPERATE, but the ALARM DROWNS out the  
sounds of VOICES on the other side.

SCHUYLER turns quickly as she takes a step towards him. He  
points  
the gun at her again. He looks ready to use it. The following  
DIALOG overlaps and collides, growing AURAL CHAOS--

**SCHUYLER**

You move again I swear I'll kill  
you, you bitch.

**CHRISTINE**

THINK ABOUT IT!! They followed you  
every step of the way, the cab, in  
the trunk, we had a diver--

**SCHUYLER**

They? We?

**CHRISTINE**

--the guy in Honduras, the cop on  
the train, there was always a  
safety net, always--

**SCHUYLER**

Shut up, shut the fuck up!!

AXES DENT the metal door, which BULGES.

He looks at the monitor in his hand, the one he tore from her  
body,  
putting it in his own ear, letting the rest of the device dangle.

RADIO VOICE (filter)

--just hang in there, keep talking  
him down, we're on our way--

**CHRISTINE**

We've been trying to end it since  
you got back, our people came to

your house, they tried to bring you in from the subway, you kept running, you weren't supposed to keep getting lost--

**SCHUYLER**

You just said you wanted me to come here-- you're making this up as you go along!

**CHRISTINE**

Please Sky, please. Take a breath and think about it!

**SCHUYLER**

Stop. Fucking. With my head!

Schuyler runs a hand over his sweating forehead, the gun TREMBLING in his hand. Christine's regaining control. Schuyler's mind whirls, he GROANS, almost crying as he considers for the first time that she might be telling the truth. She steps closer.

**CHRISTINE**

You're all right, it's OK, just relax...

RADIO VOICE (filter)

Are you there? How's he doing?

**CHRISTINE**

Please... when you open the door, the game ends... just open the door... Bill Fisher's out there, he's fine, nobody got hurt. Why would we do the crazy things we did, if it wasn't part of a game? We thought you knew that...

He looks at her, almost ready to lower the gun. He raises his bloody hand to his lips, about to taste it.

RADIO VOICE (filter)

--we're at the North entrance, Number 2, just a few more seconds and we'll nail him--

Schuyler's eyes dart toward--

ANOTHER DOORWAY, on the other side of the atrium, like the one that's bolted. The number 2 is painted on it in RED. The handle starts to TURN just as--



--CHRISTINE LUNGES AT HIM to wrest the gun away.

SCHUYLER comes to his senses, struggling. The GUN GOES OFF, the report should be DEAFENING.

He spins, points the gun at Door #2 and FIRES again, several times.

**THE ALARM STOPS-- SILENCE.**

Christine STIFFENS, falls backwards onto the ground, clutching her

BLOOD-DRENCHED stomach. Schuyler just stares. Dark blood SPILLS from her mouth as she CHOKES in pain...

**CHRISTINE**

Oh God. I blew it... we blew it...

DOOR #2 OPENS and--

DAVID steps through. He wears a brightly colored, silly looking PARTY HAT, carries a magnum of CHAMPAGNE bearing a huge BOW that reads, "SURPRISE." BLOOD PUMPS from HIS CHEST. He DROPS THE BOTTLE, which SHATTERS... David collapses amidst the broken glass.

A BLOW OF THE AXE SEVERS the deadbolt and Door #1 flies open behind

Schuyler. FEINGOLD is the first of a group to come charging through, he wears a TUXEDO with a ROSE in the lapel, holds the axe.

SCHUYLER spins, points the gun at this axe-wielding man, then, utterly stunned, lowers it in disbelief.

FEINGOLD looks from Schuyler to the wounded Christine-- her agony is painful to watch. He drops the axe with a CLATTER and runs to her side, kneels. His voice CRACKS.

**FEINGOLD**

You shot her!? No!  
(looking toward David)  
Oh God no...

THE GUARD and SECURITY MAN come out on the roof looking very disturbed, followed by the RASTA and a few OTHERS. Many are dressed for a party now. Feingold looks to their horrified faces.

**FEINGOLD**

He fucking shot them!!

**RASTA**

I'll call an ambulance.

The Rasta dashes downstairs. Schuyler backs away, drops the gun, staggers over to David. He's GASPING for breath. CRS EMPLOYEES give the brothers a wide berth, move toward Feingold and Christine.

**SCHUYLER**

David, David, no, no--

**DAVID**

Oh God, Oh God, Sky, save me, I don't wanna die, I don't wanna--

**SCHUYLER**

You're not gonna die. I'm here, you're not gonna die...

David's already DEAD, eyes wide, body limp.

WITH FEINGOLD and CHRISTINE. He holds his colorful cummerbund over her stomach to staunch the bleeding. She CHOKES in pain.

**FEINGOLD**

Hang on, just hang on, you're gonna make it--

**CHRISTINE**

That stupid...

They stare over at Schuyler, registering David's death. Schuyler is now drenched in his brother's blood, rocking him in his arms. Most of the assorted CRS people move to get out of the building before the cops show, MURMURING amongst themselves in fear.

**FEINGOLD**

Oh God. I thought you could handle it. All the tests... they said you could handle it...

CHRISTINE yells at Schuyler, unable to stand--

**CHRISTINE**

You fucking psycho, you piece of shit, how could you--

SCHUYLER gently lowers his brother and rises, like a zombie now. The big security man picks up his gun and backs away with it, keeping it out of his reach.

he Schuyler backs away from the body, starts to SHAKE, looks as if really has lost his mind. Feingold SOBS aloud.

**FEINGOLD**

God, why-- there was no point. It was supposed to be fun...

Schuyler looks back and forth from the wounded Christine-- who GASPS silent curses, beyond speech-- to David's body...

He slowly turns to the Atrium pit directly in front of him. He's strangely calm...

**SCHUYLER**

Fun...

**SHIFT TO SLOW MOTION:**

SCHUYLER moves for the edge of the atrium pit...

THE OTHERS react in HORROR, SHOUT "NO!!", lunging TOWARD HIM...

DAVID'S HEAD suddenly MOVES, he BLINKS...

SCHUYLER leaps onto the safety barrier around the atrium pit.

CHRISTINE jumps to her feet, perfectly alert, a hand extended, SCREAMING, just as--

SCHUYLER CATAPULTS HIMSELF INTO SPACE, and--

**DAVID SITS BOLT UPRIGHT.**

**DAVID**

**SKY, NOOOO!!**

SCHUYLER sees this, too late--

HE AND DAVID make terrified, helpless eye contact across the void, arms outstretched. Schuyler has time to register his irrevocable error as he seems to hang suspended above the glass skylight for an agonizing MOMENT.

**THEN HE FALLS... LEAVE SLOW MOTION.**

**190. I N T . A T R I U M - N I G H T**

SCHUYLER CRASHES through the skylight, TUMBLING-- SPARKLING SHARDS

surround him like stars as he PLUNGES, SPINS, SCREAMING.

191. RAPID CUTS-- the CLOWN, CHRISTINE's face, SCHUYLER and DAVID as CHILDREN, HIS FATHER's head striking the landing. These FLASH PAST so rapidly we can't quite process them.

**192. INTERCUT WITH: INCREASING DARKNESS, GROUND RUSHING CLOSER...**

ON SCHUYLER'S FACE as he experiences the epiphany that comes before the end. BRILLIANT ANGELIC LIGHT suddenly illuminates him, his eyes roll into his head, closing--

ANGLE FROM ABOVE-- the LIGHTS are real, they've COME ON to show--

SCHUYLER'S IMPACT-- he LANDS on his back, arms outstretched, eyes squeezed shut--

--and is swallowed by an ENORMOUS INFLATED LIFESAVING CUSHION that covers the floor of the atrium.

SCHUYLER BOUNCES in the cushion a few times, gradually coming to a rest, harmless bits of BREAKAWAY GLASS showering down around him. He doesn't move a muscle, his eyes still closed.

CLOSER ON HIS FACE... muscles twitch. His eyes open.

HIS POV-- UP the now illuminated tunnel formed by the walls of the building around the atrium. THE FULL MOON in the very center through the hole in the glass.

All the lighted GLASS ELEVATORS COME TO EARTH, packed with people.

SCHUYLER stares upward, mouth open, motionless.

DAVID comes running from an elevator, leaps up onto the cushion and bounces over to Schuyler, a huge smile on his face.

**DAVID**

Hey, bro, how you doin'?

Getting no response, David hops closer, squats by Schuyler's side.

**DAVID**

Admit it, you weren't bored...

SCHUYLER remains motionless, David's worried now, grabs his arm and starts shaking him.

**DAVID**

Jesus. Sky, c'mon Sky--

SCHUYLER begins to LAUGH, a tremendous catharsis. DAVID laughs too, greatly relieved as he helps Schuyler to his feet.

THE TWO BROTHERS clutch each other for support on the BOUNCING surface, LAUGHING. CRS EMPLOYEES have gathered around the cushion, CHEERING and APPLAUDING.

SCHUYLER wipes his eyes, shaking his head with amazement. Then he hauls back and SLUGS DAVID in the jaw, sending him flying onto his back on the cushion. MORE CHEERS from the crowd, as if they were watching a boxing match.

**CUT TO:**

**193. INT. CRS LOBBY - NIGHT**

THE HALLELUJAH CHORUS from Handel's "Messiah" plays. SCHUYLER and

DAVID enter together from the atrium, the CUSHION deflates behind them. David licks blood from his lips, rubs his jaw.

**DAVID**

You've been wanting to do that for a long, long time, haven't you?

Schuyler half-smiles. The SECURITY MAN unlocks Schuyler's handcuffs, giving him back his gun, which Schuyler stares at.

**DAVID**

Like they'd really leave a loaded gun lying around. They went over the whole place with a metal detector, then packed that thing with blanks.

They turn a corner into the main lobby, Schuyler absently pockets the gun, looks up in wonder...

SCHUYLER'S POV-- a SURPRISE PARTY: A STEREO, STREAMERS and BALLOONS, a CHAMPAGNE FOUNTAIN, CAKE and FOOD. CRS EMPLOYEES (mostly ordinary-looking office workers) CLAP and CHEER for

Schuyler. They wear PARTY HATS, blow PLASTIC HORNS.

SMILING PEOPLE eager to offer CONGRATULATIONS surround him. He's pretty shaky, like a newborn calf. JOHN and PETE shake his hand.

**JOHN**

Good one, buddy, really had you going, didn't we?

**PETE**

Wait'll you try level two...  
(a wink)  
Joke.

The RASTA SLAPS his back, Schuyler instinctively looks over his shoulder for a gag message.

**RASTA**

That look on your face up there?  
Shit, man, I almost lost it.

The RECEPTIONIST POPS a bottle of Dom Perignon, hands it to Sky.

**RECEPTIONIST**

Awesome game-- best I've seen.

Not knowing what else to do, Schuyler takes a slug. The GIRL from the boat KISSES his cheek. TECHNICIANS, men with STUNTS UNLIMITED

T-SHIRTS, the NURSE from the asylum, the SECURITY PEOPLE, CRS GUARDS, AGENTS, all want a piece of him at once.

The "MESSIAH" FADES and an R & B BAND breaks into ROUSING MUSIC as Feingold approaches and sticks a CIGAR in his mouth, LIGHTS it.

**FEINGOLD**

Sure glad you jumped, compadre.  
Otherwise I was supposed to throw you off.

(whispering)

It's not strictly legal, so don't tell anyone...

(a beat, off Schuyler's look)

The cigar. It's a Monte Cristo, straight from Havana.

Christine approaches, wobbly and dazed herself; she touches his arm. Her voice is soft for the first time, accents gone.

**CHRISTINE**

Hey... you all right?

**SCHUYLER**

(nods slowly)  
I think so. You?

**CHRISTINE**

Little shook. I'm pretty much a  
method actress, y'know?

**SCHUYLER**

What's your name?

**CHRISTINE**

Susan. Susan Waters.

**SCHUYLER**

Nice to meet you, Susan...

**CHRISTINE**

Can I have a puff?

He gives her a DRAG on his cigar.

**SCHUYLER**

Look, I have to know. Who's  
really in charge?

She shrugs, blows a SMOKE RING and sticks her finger through it.

**CHRISTINE**

God?

She winks and strolls off. Schuyler smiles, looking after her.

DANCING is starting up IN BG. A clutch of non-CRS people  
approach  
tentatively-- including PLYMPTON, ELIZABETH, MARIA and JACK.  
They  
all look very confused.

**PLYMPTON**

What is this, Sky? We got a call  
from your brother, said there was  
a surprise party...

**ELIZABETH**

Kind of late for your birthday,  
isn't it?

Schuyler LAUGHS, gives her a hug, surprising her. He still has a  
giddy smile plastered on his face.

**ELIZABETH**

If you wanted to borrow my car,  
you could've just asked--

**SCHUYLER**

I know, Liz, I've been an idiot,  
and I'm sorry...

**PLYMPTON**

You OK?

**SCHUYLER**

Yeah-- I'm good, really. Happy to  
be alive... Listen, it's great to  
see all of you, thanks for coming--  
but there's something I have to do.  
Excuse me.

He moves away quickly.

**SCENES 194-197 DELETED**

**198 (NEW). INT. MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT**

SCHUYLER FLUSHES and moves away from a urinal. David waits a few  
feet away by the sinks and mirrors; Schuyler starts slightly.

**DAVID**

So what's the object of the game?

**SCHUYLER**

(a beat)

What game?

**DAVID**

Very good...

**SCHUYLER**

(rinsing his hands)

Is it always like this?

**DAVID**

Mine was a little weirder. Tell  
you about it sometime.

David pulls out A COLORED ENVELOPE, slips it into Schuyler's  
shirt.

Schuyler looks at him curiously as he dries his hands.

**DAVID**

The bill. It's itemized. Don't



bother opening it now...

**SCHUYLER**

(opening it)

I thought it was a gift.

**DAVID**

Well, no, the card was the gift,  
the rest was up to you.

CAMERA FOLLOWS as David hurries out of the rest room, Schuyler behind him, flipping pages of a long, long bill--

**199 (NEW) . I N T . C R S L O B B Y - N I G H T**

--we rejoin the PARTY, which is now in full swing. Schuyler stands

alone at the periphery of the dance floor with the bill. He hits the bottom line... he blinks and GASPS.

CHRISTINE appears, taking his hand and pulling him away.

**SCHUYLER**

What? Where are we going?

**CHRISTINE**

Does it matter?

They move into a stairwell and start climbing O. S., their hands all over each other. We hear the MUSIC and FESTIVITIES continuing in BG.

CAMERA HOLDS for a beat on a SIGN painted on the wall with an arrow upward: "LEVEL 2..."

**CUT TO BLACK**