

CONVERTED

TOE = Δ U X (E/C) X Π X Ψ

By

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FADE IN ON TEXT:

*"Our virtues and our failings are inseparable, like force and matter. When they separate, man is no more" - Nikola Tesla*

CUT TO LAKE.

EXT. 13 YEAR OLD DANNY AT THE EDGE OF A LAKE - DAWN -(1985)

DANNY starts at the break of dawn on most Saturdays enjoying his favorite pastime, fishing. Speaking to himself.

DANNY

I always catch a fish. I don't know  
how or why, but I always do.

Big smile from ear to ear

Just as he's casting, the lure gets tangled around a tree, but still lands in the water. Danny drops his head, knowing he'll lose another lure, but something funny happens.

Just as the lure lands in the water, hanging from the branch, he gets a bite and catches a fish, but he has to get it unwrapped from around the tree branch.

Speaking to the fish as he releases it back into the water.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Just as I always catch you, I  
always let you free.

Just as Danny is releasing the fish, he sees something in the water shining and glittering from the sun's reflection. He thinks it's a lure left behind from an angler or himself.

Danny takes his sneakers off and rolls up his pants and he walks out about 20-25 feet into the water. He reaches his hand beneath the water and grabs it. As soon as he pulls it out, the bright sun reflects off it and blinds Danny for a second.

He then looks up at the sky and sees a UFO. Something he's seen before, so there's no reaction. He then looks at the piece of silvery shiny, almost weightless metal and it looks cone-like, but broken off from another piece. It's shiny looking with symbols that look like hieroglyphs. He puts it in his pocket and he stares into the morning sky motionless.

As he picks up his gear, he starts the walk to his bicycle which is maybe 100' away leaning beside a small bridge over a stream. To his surprise he sees two boys holding his bike over the edge of the small bridge.

BOY1

Who are you? What are you doing here?

DANNY

I'm Danny. I'm just fishing.

BOY2

Oh really? I hope you can swim.

Both boys laugh hysterically. Danny remains motionless and expressionless. Danny's heart is pumping so fast that he feels as though it will explode. From the boys peripheral vision and from the loud sound of a two stroke motorbike engine, they see KEN STEELWELL screaming down the path.

He's a strong and very serious black boy around the same age as Danny, but looks 18. He has two hockey sticks strapped to the back of the motorbike with a CCM hockey skate on each stick. He looks at the two boys and shakes his head.

KEN

Put down the bike and get the fuck out of here!

The two boys grab their bikes and take off fast without a word. Ken walks over to Danny and smiles.

KEN (CONT'D)

Don't say I never did anything for you.

He gets on his motorbike, rides off but not before he does a wheely. This was the first of many times Danny's protector saved him from pain and humiliation. Unfortunately for Danny, there were many times where he was not there and the bullying and torture destroyed his Soul to the core. It would take many years for him to forgive all those perpetrators who stole a piece of his heart.

Danny becomes a man on a mission from these teenage years. He speaks his word and he's not afraid of anything or anyone. Most importantly, he becomes a highly empathetic man who wants to help Humanity. Nobody would guess this of him because of his no holds bar demeanor and dark comedic sense of humor. They would laugh at empathetic if it was referred to Danny as such. Little do they know he is what some call a Heyoka Empath. He feels the emotions and energy of others inside himself. That's why he's always wearing sunglasses.

He doesn't want anyone to see his tears, but everyone thinks he's just trying to look cool or be cool.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DANNY IS IN OFFICE - ICOMP ELECTRIC

Danny is sitting in his cube with his feet on his desk and his browser open the StockProphet website.

SARA  
Hey Danny, What are you doing.  
Don't let the boss see you.

DANNY  
I'm fine. I was staring at this  
logo and was kind of hypnotized and  
felt sleepy.

Both start laughing

SARA  
What is it anyway?

DANNY  
It's called StockProphet. It  
basically gives me indicators and  
stocks that I can either short or  
go long on. I need to make some  
extra cash.

Every time he has to spell out Prophet because everyone  
assumes it's profit

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Stock P\_R\_O\_P\_H\_E-T

SARA  
Short or Long? Can you show me how  
it works? I could use some extra  
cash too.

DANNY  
Going Long means you are betting  
the stock price will go higher and  
going Short means you believe the  
stock is at a high and ready for a  
downturn. You can make money either  
way. StockProphet has pools of  
stocks that can be traded short or  
long based on some algorithm they  
use. The pools of stocks are meant  
for you to do your own research on.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

I do research on the individual stocks and I trade options. That's about it. Don't ask me about options, that's a whole different animal.

SARA

That's so cool Danny. My dream is to have my own bakery, but I can't use my own name because it's Sara Lee and...

Both laugh

DANNY

Betty, make the name of your shop Betty's Bakery.

Sara looks at Danny, puts her finger to her temple and smiles

SARA

Hmmmmmm. You might just have something.

Just then the phone rings and Sara waves and walks away

Danny logs out of StockProphet and he answers the call with JOHN, a COO at Devine Donuts, a major Northeast donut franchise.

DANNY

Icomp Electric, Danny speaking. How can I help you?

JOHN

Danny, John here at Devine Donuts. Our manufacturing facility is expanding and we need a larger transformer. We're getting brownouts and motors are tripping out. We just can't keep up with the demand. We need to expand, but need more power to run the added equipment.

DANNY

John, something like that has to go through Engineering, design, costs, easements and more. This is a 6-8 month request from soup to nuts.

JOHN  
Danny, it's March and I need this  
before this Summer

DANNY  
That's impossible John.

Pauses

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Wait a minute. I'm thinking

Longer pause

JOHN  
You there Danny?

Danny, leaning back with a big grin on his face and his feet  
resting on his desk.

DANNY  
There's one thing.

Chuckling, barely able to get a word out.

JOHN  
What is it?

DANNY  
I want to design my own donut and  
name it to go nationally.

JOHN  
Are you serious?

DANNY  
Just messing with you John.

Both laughing

JOHN  
We can do it.

DANNY  
What? OMG, wait. Give me a minute.

Leaning back in his chair with a big smile, laughing

DANNY CONT...  
Ok John, by the last day of Spring,  
you'll have a new transformer and I  
get my nationally recognized donut.

JOHN

You got a deal Danny. Don't disappoint me. Start thinking of that donut recipe.

DANNY

I will and thanks John.

Both hang up

End of the day. Danny signs into StockProphet before the market closes. He looks at the logo, which has a Pyramid with all types of symbols and formulas in it.

He looks around before he takes out his metal piece he found as a boy. He looks at it, then the screen. Some of the symbols are the same.

Danny winces in pain. He's getting migraines and he's convinced it has something to do with a formula he's been seeing for 40 years.

Ever since he found the metal piece in a Lake years ago, he's been getting migraines. He holds his head, looks down, makes one last trade on StockProphet and shuts down for the day.

Whispering to himself

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'll figure that formula out, if it's the last thing I do.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - AFTER WORK

Danny turns to an off-ramp. Urban Boston is behind him. He sets his sights on a remote, industrial area in the distance.

As he turns from the off-ramp to the street, we see from Danny's POV: a bright burst of light flashes in front of him.

In rapid succession, it's the glowing, golden letters from the FORMULA from his dream, each one buzzing and hissing like electrical equipment experiencing interference.

Danny reacts to this vision as if being struck by a violent headache. He clutches his temple in pain with one hand. Danny briefly loses control of his car. He pulls over before nearly rear-ending the car in front of him.

A nearby car honks angrily as Danny catches his breath. He regains calm. He looks around cautiously, as if making sure nobody is watching. He pulls back onto the road.

EXT. STORAGE UNIT FACILITY - EVENING

Rows of large storage lockers. It's still early enough so no-one is walking through these rows... except for Danny. Danny quickly, discreetly approaches one of these lockers.

He looks to make sure nobody is watching, then enters the storage locker. He closes the door behind him.

INT. SLOAN HOUSE - EVENING

Danny enters through the front door. The lights are off except for one sconce in the dining room, where SUSAN sits alone in shadows. His 51 yo wife of 20 years. She has a cardboard box in front of her.

Danny pauses; he knows what this means but hides it.

DANNY

Hey Suze. Here. Let me shed some light on the situation.

Danny turns on more lights. He sees Susan has been crying.

DANNY (CONT'D)

What's wrong? Talk to me.

Susan slides the box in Danny's direction.

SUSAN

No... you talk to me.

Danny locks up, stands at a distance.

DANNY

Well... what's in it?

SUSAN

Nobody works as many hours as you do who hates their job. What, do you think I'm stupid?

DANNY

I don't hate my job. I told you, I'm a salaried employee. I'm going to make a fortune through StockProphet, then I'll quit. You'll see.

SUSAN

Yeah Right. Rolls her eyes and laughs

Susan reaches into the box and pulls out a few different designer lingerie pieces. Sophisticated, high end stuff. Danny assumes a poker face.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

I've been worried that something is wrong for... years. And today I finally worked up the nerve. I followed you to the storage locker.

DANNY

Yeah, where I keep my fishing gear. To save us garage space.

SUSAN

I stayed in the parking lot until after you left. Then I paid the attendant two hundred dollars to let me have access to your locker. She let me in. Danny. Who was this stuff for?

DANNY

Let me explain.

SUSAN

Are you having an affair?

DANNY

No.

SUSAN

Then... why is your storage locker full of expensive-ass lingerie?

Susan reaches into the box and starts throwing items at Danny.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Corsets! Stockings! Garters! Nicer than anything I've ever owned! I'm buying my shit from Kohls, elastic bands wearing out and you have French designers I can't even pronounce in there? And you're telling me you're not having an affair?

DANNY

Suze, please sit down. Okay? I promise you I'm not having an affair. I've never been unfaithful to you. This lingerie is not for anyone else. I'm going to tell you the whole truth because I love you.

Susan sits down, but her discomfort shift into a deeper fear.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I was going fishing. Every week I go fishing in the exact spot, because when I was thirteen years old, I saw a UFO there and I found something in that pond.

Susan stares at Danny blankly, incredulous.

SUSAN

What? That stupid piece of metal that you've been carrying around for 40 years. You don't know how many times I wish you'd have lost it. It's from an old toy or model or something. It's nothing Danny. Nothinngggg!

DANNY

Believe me Suze, it's definitely something. And you know my migraines? They're not really migraines. I mean, they're real headaches, and they hurt, but it's more than that. Ever since I saw that UFO, I see this math formula in my head. Glowing, silver hieroglyphic symbols. I've been seeing it almost every day for 40 years now. Here, I can write it down--

Danny steps to the kitchen, but Susan stops him.

SUSAN

You're scaring me, do you understand? I ask you about the... motherlode of slutty lingerie you're hoarding and you talk to me about aliens and math numbers?

Susan starts to cry, looking away from Danny.

DANNY

Oh come on, that's just unfair to me to start crying. I've never told anybody this before.

SUSAN

How am I supposed to feel? How should I react? My husband's been a fruit loop this whole time?

(MORE)

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Because of some math formulas and aliens?

DANNY

Hold on, no no... I'm not gay. Suze. I'm not. Nothing wrong with being... Look, I'm just...

SUSAN

You're not telling me you're trans are you?

DANNY

No. But... no. I'm me. And I like how I feel wearing these things. It's just a fetish, nothing more. And honestly I look good in them. It's not that complicated.

SUSAN

It's complicated to me.

Susan gets up and leaves Danny alone in the room. He folds up the undergarments and carefully puts them back in the box.

EXT. BOSTON NEIGHBORHOOD - DAWN

In jogging clothes, Danny runs through the neighborhood. He's covered in sweat, heart beating through his chest. He runs past fatigue, letting the pain distract him.

While Danny runs towards an intersection, he notices a WOMAN crossing from the perpendicular street. She's also jogging but at a less manic pace.

She is tall, athletic with long dark hair visible underneath a dri-fit hat. She is of Black and Korean descent and absolutely breathtaking. This is RAQUEL, 30s.

Danny notices her crossing in his path and he pauses to let her cross. Raquel looks at him, drenched in sweat, slows down a beat... time seems to slow down as they make a brief, confused eye contact.

Danny tries to catch his breath to find words... But before he can say anything, Raquel picks up speed.

Danny considers following her, but doesn't. He keeps on his path and keeps running alone.

## EXT. STORAGE UNIT FACILITY - NIGHT

Windbreaker over his pajamas, Danny calmly walks through the rows of storage units. He reaches his locker. His hands tremble as he unlocks the combination and throws open the door.

## INT. STORAGE UNIT FACILITY - NIGHT

Danny pulls the door closed behind him and flips on the switch to a work light on the ground. He looks across the small storage unit, which has several racks of lingerie, negligee sets, corsets, many wigs, etc. Danny was able to make use of another room connected that was closed off to the rest of the lockers that was forgotten about somehow by Management.

Danny throws his jacket on the ground and approaches a small folding table with a beauty dish-light set up. He sits at the table and reaches for a large Makeup organizer kit.

In the kit: a well-organized collection of women's beauty products. Lipstick, eyeliner, eyelash extensions, foundation, mascara, bronzer, blush, eyebrow pencil, etc. The works.

Danny turns on the beauty-dish light and looks at himself in the mirror. He seems discouraged at what he sees. The place is all glammed out. Very cool for a storage locker.

One by one he takes out the beauty products and starts to apply a full face of makeup.

We see the skillful artistry at play. His work isn't garish or campy, he isn't a drag queen. He is trying to create natural, elegant, feminine beauty.

A few steps into the application, Danny pauses. He looks back at himself. He knows it's not good enough.

He reaches for a water bottle and pours it onto a rag. He wipes the products from his face thoroughly. He starts from scratch and tries the application again: even more carefully than before, like a true artist. Base, foundation, powder, eye shadow, eye liner, lipstick, wig. This time he chooses a hot red corset with thigh high stockings, garters and pumps.

He takes a final look in the mirror. Through his POV, we see his reflection staring back at us, interrupted by a FLASH of the glowing, golden mathematical symbols in the black void.

Danny winces in pain at this migraine-like attack and reaches again for the foundation with determination.

Danielle is now looking in the mirror. She stares in the mirror, fascinated at the transformation.

In a faint whisper to anyone who was listening

DANIELLE  
The last symbol. Please God

Danielle right with a flurry starts writing. She's ambidextrous and can write with both hands equally. From the left of the white board and halfway across, switches to her right and continues writing symbols after symbols, always getting to the end with an abrupt halt, thinking this time the last symbol will miraculously appear. She lights a joint and puts it in something like an incense stick. She doesn't smoke it. Put her legs on the chair in front and stairs at the smoke. She looks glamorous and no one would ever imagine it's Danny.

DANIELLE (CONT'D)

In a whisper

DANIELLE (CONT'D)  
Never quit.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES, DANNY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Danny opens his eyes. He's seated in a row of cubicles in a drab, oppressive office. Buzzing fluorescent lights, ringing phones, whirring printers and idle chatter heard.

He's wearing a pressed short sleeve dress shirt, tucked into grey chinos. He slowly returns to reality after drifting off.

On Danny's desk, there is a notepad open where the formula is written over and over, in different sizes, colors and styles.

Danny's phone rings. He sighs and answers. Bored, Danny doodles other variations of the formula while on this call. MRS. SMITH is an older woman who's been transferred numerous times.

DANNY  
ICOMP Electric, Danny Speaking.  
How can I help you?

MRS. SMITH  
OMG! Thank You so much, I was  
transferred at least ten times!  
Here's my issue.  
(MORE)

MRS. SMITH (CONT'D)  
Every time my AC goes off, my  
lights in the whole house go dim  
and lights start flickering.

DANNY  
With all due respect Mrs. Smith, I  
need to ask you a serious question.

MRS. SMITH  
Yes, sure. Please go ahead.

DANNY  
Have you always had paranormal  
activity in your house? You may  
need to hire a paranormal  
investigator.

Long break in silence. Both laugh

MRS. SMITH  
You made me laugh. I guess that's  
good.

All this time talking, Danny has the StockProphet website up,  
making trades and doodling at the same time.

DANNY  
Yes it is good Mrs. Smith. You need  
to first hire an electrician to do  
some load calculations. You may  
have to upgrade to a 200 Amp  
service. If that doesn't work, call  
a Paranormal Investigator.

Danny has a dead pan expression, then silence.

Both erupt in laughter and the call ends.

INT. ICOMP OFFICES, RESOURCE DESK - DAY

Danny runs out of ink and needs a new pen.

Danny approaches the resource desk. He sees behind the desk,  
a co-worker shredding papers.

She makes an effort to dress in beiges and grays to blend in.  
She has air-pods in her ears blocked by tinted auburn hair.

Her bright, artfully patterned nails are the only visible  
evidence of what her real personality might be. She would  
rather be anywhere else. This is KAYLYNN, 38.

Danny approaches, like an overconfident kid to a crush.

Danny visits Kaylynn because she has all the office products. Pens, staples, notebooks and more.

DANNY  
Kaylynn, I need a notebook.

Kaylynn takes the air-pods out of her ears.

KAYLYNN  
I missed that, what?

DANNY  
I need a notebook

His heart is always beating fast and he's got butterflies in his stomach while in her presence. He says she's the most beautiful woman at ICOMP.

KAYLYNN  
Wow Danny, you go through a lot of notebooks.

DANNY  
What can I say Kaylynn. Trying to stay ahead of the game.

KAYLYNN  
Here you go Danny.

As she hands him the notebook, her hand brushes against his and Danny gets super quiet and just says thanks and walks away.

He opens his desk draw and throws the notebook in the drawer with many others never used. Staplers, hundreds of pens, erasers, whiteout just to name a few.

He just wanted to see her. He is so flustered that he has to sit on the floor of his cube to catch his composure. Just then Kaylynn peeks around and startles him.

KAYLYNN (CONT'D)  
You forgot your pen Danny

Danny's startled

DANNY  
You scared me to death. OMG

KAYLYNN  
You ok Danny. What's wrong?

Thinking quickly

DANNY

I have low blood pressure.  
Sometimes I feel like I'm going to  
pass out and need to sit down.  
Didn't make it to my chair.

KAYLYNN

You look all white, like you saw a  
ghost.

Whispering to himself with her there

DANNY

An Angel

KAYLYNN

What did you say?

DANNY

I said, I'm ok Thank You

KAYLYNN

Ok, take a break and drink some  
water. Have a nice afternoon.

Kaylynn smiles and walks away.

INT. ICOMP CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Danny zones out in a conference room.

A boss gives a presentation, in a suit that has been tailored  
too tightly to look trendy. This is BILL LANAHAN, 40s.

BILL

We do need to make it clear that  
moving forward customers cannot  
receive any kind of rebate or  
reimbursement for electric service  
disruptions. This includes storms,  
hurricanes, wind, what have you.

Danny pretends to take notes, but he continues to draw the  
formula in his notebook. He's seized by a headache and tries  
to hide it, but lets out a slight groan.

A CO-WORKER looks at him, but Danny pretends to be fine.

INT. ICOMP CAFETERIA - DAY

Danny finishes paying for his lunch and scans the cafeteria  
with fellow employees milling about.

His eyes set on one MAN with a long grey ponytail, thick glasses and a tweed suit. We will soon know him as SAUL LOWE, 62. Saul eats alone while reading a book about particle acceleration and zero-point energy.

Danny looks to make sure nobody is watching. He swiftly crosses the cafeteria and sits a few seats away from Saul.

Saul glances at Danny and looks back to his book.

DANNY  
Hi, I'm Danny.

SAUL  
Hi. I'm reading.

Danny thinks of another approach. He looks at Saul's watch.

DANNY  
The time. It's wrong.

Saul gives a withering look to Danny.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
On your watch. It's 1:15.

SAUL  
Linear time is a fallacy.

DANNY  
Then why are you wearing a watch?

SAUL  
Occasionally I need to remind myself that time isn't real.

Saul goes back to his book. Danny thinks, tries again.

DANNY  
Is that the Large Hadron Collider?

Danny gestures to the cover.

SAUL  
Subatomic particles traveling around the earth seven and a half times in one second.

DANNY  
I believe you.

SAUL  
That was a statement of fact. Belief doesn't enter into it.

DANNY  
I'm saying... I believe you.

Saul pauses, puts his book down. For the first time, he looks at Danny. Not with interest, with frustration.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
I've seen some things... and... I don't understand what I saw. And... I want to know what you think. I also found this many years ago. It's light as a feather.

Danny briefly shows the silver metal cone with symbols to Saul.

Saul's eyes show he's interested, but what he says is totally different.

SAUL  
Well, I'm reading now.

Saul goes back to his book. He takes out a pen and quickly scribbles something in the margin. As if still reading, he flips the edge of his page slightly...

This gesture reveals to Danny a small note: **MARTYS, 8p**

Danny catches the view of the note. He discreetly nods and goes back to eating his lunch. The two men eat in silence.

EXT. MARTY'S BAR - NIGHT

A grimy dive bar nestled between two boarded-up buildings in an industrial part of East Boston.

Danny checks his watch, collects himself in his parked car, then works up the nerve to exit and approach the bar.

INT. MARTY'S BAR - NIGHT

Danny scans the nearly empty bar. A variety of blue-collar loners, drifters and other fringe characters scattered around. Some laugh and talk loudly, some stare into space.

Deep in the background, a solitary figure: Saul.

Danny waves, glad to see him. Saul looks away, pretends not to see him. He eats a burger with fries and has a slice of chocolate cake on the side. Danny sits down across from Saul.

DANNY

What, you didn't see me?

SAUL

You don't wave hello across the room at a clandestine meeting. Why should I take you seriously?

DANNY

(ignoring his hostility)  
I'm Danny. I didn't get your name?

SAUL

You don't get it, do you? If we're going to talk about this, I need to know you are a serious person.

DANNY

I'm here, aren't I?

SAUL

Okay, then prove it to me.

Danny thinks, takes a napkin from the table. He grabs a pen from his pocket and writes down the formula. Danny slides the napkin across the table to Saul. This metal piece with these symbols are the main body of the formula itself. As you can see, it's curved and cone-like. This is part of the a larger piece.

DANNY

I need to know the final symbol and finish this.

SAUL

I'm a doctor in theoretical physics, not an Physics tutor.

DANNY

I need to know why... every day for the past forty years, I see these numbers and symbols, in this order, flashing in front of my eyes. And what it has to do with the UFO I saw in 1985.

SAUL

My one and only piece of advice is to not mention this to a single person for as long as you live.

DANNY

But... you suggested this meeting.

SAUL

Why do you think I'm the low man on the totem pole, practically a gopher for a second rate electric company? Look, you're still a young man. You don't want to go down this path. That's why I took this meeting. I have nothing further to say on the matter.

DANNY

For the past forty years I've kept this to myself. I've kept a lot of things to myself. And I finally want answers. I need this.

SAUL

What you need is an Physics tutor, because that formula is meaningless.

DANNY

You looked at it for like two seconds.

Saul shrugs at Danny and goes back to his steak.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Take another look.

SAUL

Are you sure those are the right Greek letters?

DANNY

They're not Greek letters, they are mathematical symbols.

SAUL

Now I'm seriously advising you see an physics tutor. They're Greek letters. The triangle? Delta. Change. Your formula is missing a coefficient- change in what? Change in time? Change in pumpkin seeds?

DANNY

Look for more than two seconds. I know 99% of this equation is correct, but I am missing the last symbol. It's like when you are speaking to someone and there's a certain word you're trying to use and it's at the tip of your tongue. It's there, but it's not.

SAUL

I'm sure it's not. Two seconds of my time is worth hours for another man. There is no advantage to subscribing to linear time. What do we gain by making up units... tallying them up... judging our lives by these fictional units? Two seconds, two minutes, two years... it's all the same. We beat ourselves up over lost time, missed opportunities... the amount we have remaining... time is an ocean we're swimming in. That's it.

DANNY

I've been looking at it for forty years, not two seconds.

SAUL

What you call forty years doesn't even register as a blip in the Universe. Keep looking.

Danny takes the napkin from the table and puts it in his pocket. He gets up and leaves the table.

INT. SLOAN HOUSE - NIGHT

A knock at the door. And another. And another. Susan answers, clearly disrupting her night routine. It's Danny.

SUSAN

Danny--

DANNY

Sorry it's late. Can I come in?

SUSAN (CONT'D)

You live here. What do you mean, *can you come in?*

DANNY

Yeah, about that. I can't do this anymore.

SUSAN

What are you saying?

DANNY

I need to... figure a lot of things out. And I think I need to do it on my own.

SUSAN

Danny... this is... twenty years.

DANNY

Twenty years isn't even a blip in the Universe. We'll be okay.

SUSAN

Don't tell me I just threw twenty years down the drain...

DANNY

No... because linear time isn't real. I can try to explain it to you but I don't think I fully got it yet. Still trying to wrap my head around it. Time is an ocean.

Danny manages a smile to Susan who looks back, unnerved.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES - DAY

DING! Danny exits the elevator, looking to get to his cubicle with the minimum amount of interactions.

In the distance, he spots Bill Lanahan approaching, wearing another ill-fitting suit. Danny hides his disdain.

BILL

There's the man of the hour. Good to see ya, buddy.

Danny works up the energy to nod and fake a smile.

BILL (CONT'D)

Feel ready to put some numbers on the board today? Let's go champ.

DANNY

Oh yeah. Today's gonna be huge.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: CURSOR AND TEXT IN SEARCH BAR: **GREEK LETTERS**

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES, DANNY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Danny stares at his computer screen, pen in hand. He looks at a grid showing Greek letters. He cross references the formula he has written on a nearby notepad.

Danny stares at the formula. The last symbol is missing. He doesn't know how he knows this. Only that it's a fact, and that's all he knows.

Danny opens up stock trading software on his computer: StockProphet. Market tickers and updates display on the screen. Danny checks the stock pools from the StockProphet and see's one that catches his eye. He does some quick research and checks out some charting indicators as well. He decides it's a go. What's weird is his formula TOE stands for the total of Everything, so he thinks it's destined to be a winner.

Danny types "TOE" as a ticker symbol. A stock shows up. "TOMORROW ENERGY". Hydrogen vehicles and more...

He sees the stock is trading at \$22 even Ask price.

Danny's eyes go wide. He looks back and forth between the share price and the numbers he's written down.

Danny moves his cursor over to buy shares. He types "1111" in the box for number of shares to purchase.

Danny leans back in his chair and thinks. He presses a button to lock in the trade. A message pops up on the screen: "**Lock in your purchase of \$24,442.00**". Danny doesn't blink twice.

Danny clicks YES. The trade goes through.

VOICE (O.S.)  
Got a side hustle going on?

Danny closes out of StockProphet and turns to see a co-worker leaning into his cubicle. He offsets his business clothes with a candy colored watch and pristine, rare Nikes. This is TOMMY WONG, 20s.

DANNY  
No. I was just researching.

TOMMY  
Look at ya boy, hustling for those greenbacks. Want to really see something? Peep this.

Tommy turns to his neighboring cube. Danny reluctantly follows Tommy. Tommy opens some browser windows on one of his multiple screens. The screens show images of various rare sneakers in an online marketplace. His cube is numerous boxes everywhere and he's developed some super bot that buys any sneaker on the web he wants at whatever is the lowest for that particular brand.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

I make three times as much selling  
kicks as I do here. Keep that on  
the low-low. Got some nasty Yeezys!

Danny looks in the distance to make sure nobody is looking.

DANNY

Looks like you got a good thing  
going here.

(a thought)

Hey. Can I buy a pair from you? I  
need to update my style.

TOMMY

Look at you, man. What are you  
into? Jordan's, Yeezy's?

Danny pauses, grabs the sheet where his formula is written.  
He brings the sheet back to Tommy.

DANNY

I'm looking to spend \$200.00  
What's the best shoe I can get?

Tommy looks at him oddly, then thinks...Smiling Because Danny  
wants a deal. Tommy gives no deals to nobody!

EXT. BOSTON NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Wearing bright orange sneakers, Danny jogs. As he does, he  
starts to hear footsteps and breaths behind him.

Soon, in his peripheral view, he sees Raquel, wearing workout  
clothes, also in orange.

Danny tries to keep up his pace with her. As he does, she  
notices that he is zeroing in on her. She is about to  
accelerate faster until Danny speaks.

DANNY

Nice taste in color.

Raquel acknowledges him with a forced smile.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I just bought these. The color is  
called "sherbet" but I thought it  
looked more like a calcite stone.  
What do you think?

RAQUEL

I'd say... apricot.

DANNY

Want to see who can name the most orange things? I'll go first. Fanta... Orangina... those orange fungii... Kumquat... Pumpkin... A Jack-O-Lantern... Those little pumpkins... gourds!

Raquel politely waits for a pause to cut in.

RAQUEL

Hey, I gotta run. Good night.

Raquel jogs off. Before Danny can respond, he gets a sharp headache and mental flash.

Raquel gets too far away for him to say anything. Danny exhales, embarrassed. He turns in the other direction and keeps running. Another sharp headache hits him.

This headache seems to be prolonged and more severe. Danny leans against a tree and rubs his temple. He starts to breathe faster... hyperventilating. Instead of seeing stars. He's seeing a whirlwind of symbols in his head. He knows he has to solve the equation to end this torment.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES, DANNY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Danny sits at his desk in the morning. He steals a glance at Tommy, focused on his shoe hustle.

Danny glances over the walls of his cubicle to make sure he is not being watched. When the coast is clear, he opens up StockProphet.

There's a notification on his account that the stock TOE has gone up \$9 to \$31 a share, resulting in a net gain of \$9,999.00.

Danny cries out in excitement, pumping his fist, then quickly tries to restrain himself.

INT. ICOMP CAFETERIA - DAY

Holding his lunch tray, Danny searches the cafeteria to find Saul Lowe once again eating by himself, while reading.

Danny sits directly across from Saul, a grin on his face.

DANNY

It has meaning. I can prove it.

SAUL

I already told you what I think.

DANNY

Please listen to me. I have been making hand over fist money in the Stock Market. I need your help solving this formula. Big time. So the money I made... almost ten thousand in one day, I will pay you to get a think tank together and figure out what it all means and solve this.

SAUL

Well that's a lousy deal, because you won't pay us when we find out what we already know which--

DANNY

I'll pay you completely up front. No strings attached. Please. Get the smartest people you know together in a room. You said you're not happy working a thankless job for no money? Well here's a real job that pays you what you're worth. Why should you spend your life toiling away when you can make a difference?

Saul thinks with intensity. Danny studies his every move.

DANNY (CONT'D)

And the ten thousand is in addition to covering travel. The smartest people you know. I don't care where they're from. Hotels, flights, meals, I'll cover it.

SAUL

Let me make myself abundantly clear so there are no misunderstandings. I'm not interested.

While Saul speaks he pulls his book closer to him. He writes something on a page and subtly tilts it towards Danny.

SAUL (CONT'D)

I have a nice quiet life and I'm not interested in being a part of any shenanigans.

Danny sees that the message reads "**Assume I'm bugged unless I say otherwise**". He keeps his eye on Saul for any clues...

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Move along and let me read in peace.

Saul keeps writing. Danny reads: "**I'm in. Martys, Sun, 9p**". Saul keeps a poker face. Danny smiles but remembers to wipe it away. Danny plays along.

DANNY  
I'm sorry to have bothered you.  
Enjoy your book.

Danny gets up and walks off.

EXT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES - DAY

Danny walks to the parking structure. He sees Kaylynn at a distance and he hurries to catch up with her.

DANNY  
Kaylynn. Wait up.

Kaylynn seems eager to get out of work-mode, but she turns to see Danny and pauses for him.

KAYLYNN  
Oh, hi Danny. What's up?

DANNY  
Hey. I'm on the verge of a real breakthrough.

KAYLYNN  
You fuck with that science guy?

DANNY  
No. Actually... no.

KAYLYNN  
Too bad. I could use a good laugh.

DANNY  
I got something even better.

KAYLYNN  
Okay, hit me.

DANNY  
Its a whole story. Maybe I can tell you over dinner. My treat.

Kaylynn laughs. A little too hard.

KAYLYNN  
Sorry. Told you I needed to laugh...

DANNY  
Why not? We're both single...

KAYLYNN  
I thought you were married.

DANNY  
Yeah... no, this...  
(re: his ring)  
Keep forgetting to take this off.

KAYLYNN  
I'm not dating anyone at work. Not  
making that mistake again.

DANNY  
Play a wrong note once and it's a  
mistake, play it twice and it's  
jazz. Miles Davis.

KAYLYNN  
Jazz gives me a headache. Too many  
notes. Who is Miles Davis?

DANNY  
He played jazz. I don't even listen  
to jazz. I just like that quote.  
Because it reminds me how I don't  
like jazz.

KAYLYNN  
See you next time you need a pen.

Kaylynn walks off. Danny watches her walk away and a wave of  
loneliness washes over him.

INT. STORAGE LOCKER - NIGHT

Danny paces in his new living space, which is beginning to  
look more and more like a detective's study:

The formula and other key words / symbols/ drawings are now  
posted up on the storage locker walls. Red string is tied  
between a few key words and symbols.

Danny pauses and sits down at his laptop at the small desk.

He opens up his web browser and searches for "online chat". A few options pop up in the search engine. One is for a site called **SultryTrans**.

Danny clicks the link. He's taken to an option to select SEX. He selects "M".

Next option: "Who do you want to talk to?" Danny hovers his cursor over to see the options: M / F / MTF / FTM.

Danny selects MTF. He clicks through. He's taken to a portal, with dozens of thumbnail photos of TRANSWOMEN of various ages, ethnicities and body types.

Some of these thumbnail images look professional acting headshots, some have casual photos, some have nude photos.

Danny's heart starts to race at these images. He glances over at his notepad, which has many symbols, sketches of UFO's and a bunch of what seems nonsensical words.

He sees one user with the screen-name **RackWellBliss**. Her photo looks familiar, but way hotter, smiling with a closed mouth in a jungle setting and a hot leopard bikini. An icon shows she is ONLINE. Is this who I think it is?

Danny clicks on her photo. A video chat window pops up. The screen shows a video image of Danny in his motel surrounded by the madness of his formula quest. He stares back at his image, suddenly realizing how crazy this makes him look.

Next to this image, the image of a YOUNG WOMAN pops up. She is in a small kitchen, a bright window behind her.

Danny panics and closes the image before she can speak. He catches his breath and closes the laptop. Its the woman he saw jogging. He had no idea she was trans. Now, he's more intrigued.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES, VARIOUS - DAY

Danny exits the elevator and tries to remain invisible as he walks to his desk. He glances to the Resource Desk across the building. He sees that Kaylynn is on the phone.

Kaylynn sees Danny looking at her. She looks away. Danny shakes this off and reports to his desk.

His phone rings. He ignores the call and logs in to Stock Prophet. There's a notification on his account. The stock TOE has risen, doubling from the latest \$31 Price to \$62 Overnight which has added \$68,882.00 to his account.

Danny's phone rings again. He doesn't even hear it. He stares at his screen in disbelief.

BILL (O.S.)  
Did somebody forget to charge  
Danny's batteries? Wake up, buddy!

Danny snaps out of his trance-like state to see Bill Lanahan staring from the other side of the cubicle wall, facing him, an annoyed look on his face. Danny closes out of StockProphet and answers the phone.

DANNY  
ICOMP Electric. Danny speaking. Can  
I have your account ID please?

CUSTOMER 2 (O.S.)  
8675309

Danny looks up to see that Bill nods and hovers around while Danny makes the call.

DANNY  
How can I help you today?

CUSTOMER 2 (O.S.)  
I was transferred here. I'm in  
Truro Cape Cod and I have this  
outdoor shower. Every time I turn  
on the water, I get an electric  
shock.

DANNY  
I'm really sorry to hear that Miss  
Trudy. Let me look at you account  
and location to any transformers on  
or near your property.

Danny logs himself into the system but he gets an error message: **EMPLOYEE ID NOT VALID**. Danny types it in again and gets the same error.

He looks up to see Bill looking at him askew.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Can I put you on a brief hold? For  
now, don't take any outdoor  
showers.

Danny quickly stands up and leaves his desk.

BILL  
Buddy, what's the issue?

Danny keeps walking, picking up speed. He approaches the Resource Desk where Kaylynn notices Danny approaching with intensity. Her eyes fill with concern.

DANNY

Kaylynn, I have to apologize. A co-worker dared me to ask you out as a prank. So... gotcha.

KAYLYNN

(amused, not believing)  
Who was it?

Danny gets nervous, looks at Kaylynn's name badge.

DANNY

Kayyyyy...eeevin. Kevin--

KAYLYNN

Did you just look at my name badge to get an idea for a fake name?

DANNY

No. It was the UFO guy. I tried to prank him and he wound up being a nice guy and so we wanted to prank you. So... gotcha.

KAYLYNN

You already said gotcha.

DANNY

He's is helping me with this big project, putting together all these science and math people on Sunday. At this dive bar, Marty's. He's brilliant. So don't judge people.

KAYLYNN

I'll keep that in mind.

DANNY

Look, can you help me with my login? It's saying I'm not a valid employee.

KAYLYNN

No, that sounds about right.

DANNY

Ha ha, very funny. Can you help me? I have a customer on hold.

KAYLYNN

Only because I respect our customers so much.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES, DANNY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Kaylynn works on Danny's computer while Danny waits. She seems concerned.

KAYLYNN

You didn't get fired today did you?

DANNY

Why would you ask that?

KAYLYNN

Your employee account was deleted. I don't know. Maybe a glitch. I've seen it happen with customers, where a customer gets accidentally deleted and they stop getting bills sent to them... it's happened...

(beat)

Okay, there. Was able to recover your login. But... it's going to be a few minutes to get back online.

DANNY

Thanks for doing that.

Kaylynn grabs the phone that has been on hold. Danny tries to stop her but she is too fast.

KAYLYNN

(to Customer 2)

The customer care rep who was helping you is having a painful bowel movement, so as soon as he is finished, he'll be back with you. Thanks for your patience.

Kaylynn puts the phone down.

She smiles to Danny and leaves the cubicle. Danny looks at the computer and sees a progress bar where his account is being updated.

As the account updates, Danny notices an icon in the corner of the screen: ADMIN PERMISSIONS ENABLED, K\_LYNN.

Curious, Danny hovers his mouse over this and he sees an option: OPEN ADMIN DASHBOARD.

Danny considers clicking on this, but decides not to.

INT. ICOMP CAFETERIA - DAY

Danny sits with Tommy Wong, who is mid-story. Danny zones out, lost in his thoughts.

TOMMY

That's why Kanye is a genius. He realized that streetwear and luxury shoe companies didn't view each other as competitors, right? So he had the Nike deal at the same time as the Louis deal... and there was no non-compete! No non-compete! How baller is that? Think about powerful those companies are. And here the same guy is designing sneakers for both companies and getting paid exclusive deal money from both. That's why he's a genius.

Danny snaps out of his middle-distance stare when a holder for sugar packets is placed on his table, close to his tray.

Danny sees: there's text written on one of the packets in familiar handwriting: **"People ready for Sunday. Bring \$"**

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Did I tell you about how much I'm selling the Jordan Retro's for?

Danny looks to see Saul walking off. He doesn't even glance at Danny. Danny hides a smile.

INT. STORAGE UNIT FACILITY - EVENING -NEW SLEEPING QUARTERS

Noises of people coming and going. Storage lockers opening and closing. Danny prepares his makeshift bed. It's going to be a long night. The storage unit has even more evidence of Danny's obsessive detective quest involving the formula.

Danny peruses his collection of intimate apparel. He finds a look he likes. He strips to his undershirt and boxer shorts and starts to apply makeup. He starts on his equation from left to right. Waking up fully dressed in drag as Danielle.

INT. GYM - DAWN

Danny has to take showers at the gym since he's been living in the storage locker. He's in great shape, but the amount of weights he lifts, you would think he was Super Human. Everyone stares at him, because they think he should look like the Hulk. He's in good shape, but they all know something doesn't add up. If he was taking steroids, he'd be huge. He knows it's 80% technique, 10% body and 10% mind. Everyone watches him and he knows it too. He walks through the gym like he owns the place. Casually confident ready for anything and everything.

INT. MARTY'S BAR, VARIOUS - NIGHT

Danny rushes in, disheveled and stressed. He looks around at the usual oddball patrons but doesn't see Saul.

The BARTENDER, an elderly biker-type looks at Danny. Before Danny can get a word out, the biker gestures to Danny. The bartender makes a subtle gesture to the kitchen.

Danny does a double take and realizes what he needs to do. Danny walks towards the kitchen. He enters the saloon-style doors leading into the fluorescent-lit kitchen.

Once in the kitchen, Danny sees a few slow-moving line cooks preparing greasy dishes. One LINE COOK looks at Danny and notices his lost expression. The line cook approaches Danny.

LINE COOK  
Your electronic devices.

Line cook holds out a black cloth sack to Danny, which seems to be lined in tin-foil.

Danny rummages in his pocket for his cell-phone which we see only has 5% battery life.

DANNY  
Battery is about to die anyway.

He takes off his Casio watch and puts both in the black sack.

The line cook gestures at Danny towards a flight of stairs. He proceeds to walk to a microwave and put the sack inside.

Danny follows the direction and walks towards the flight of stairs: narrow, cracked. He navigates down into a cellar.

INT. MARTY'S BAR, CELLAR - NIGHT

Danny walks into a cavernous room, lit by a single bulb.

In the center of the room, an antique table, where Saul and four other eccentric looking, outcast professor-type EXPERTS are seated. All look extremely impatient.

SAUL

You're late. One hour late. The nerve. The audacity.

DANNY

Well... time isn't real, so...

None of the people around the table laugh at this joke.

SAUL

Doesn't mean you can waste it. Sit down and get started.

Danny approaches the table and takes a seat. He looks at the faces around the table seemingly judging him.

DANNY

Where should I start? The UFO or the formula, the metal piece?

The people around the table sneak confused glances.

SAUL

Start with the money.

DANNY

Right. Right. Of course.

Danny reaches into his coat pocket and pulls out a large manilla envelope. He hands it across the table to Saul.

Saul opens it, sees stacks of one hundred dollar bills inside. He puts the envelope in his briefcase, locks it, satisfied.

SAUL

Now that's out of the way, the floor is yours.

DANNY

My name is Danny Sloan. Uh. When I was thirteen years old, I saw a UFO craft near a lake. I found a metal object with... strange writing or symbols on it, like hieroglyphics--

One of the people at the table, a SERIOUS WOMAN stands up.

SERIOUS WOMAN

I'm tapping out. I like easy money as much as the next gal, but life's too short for crackpot theories. Gotta draw the line. Sorry, Saul.

DANNY

Saul. So you have a name.

She exits without turning back. Saul is silent. More awkward glances between the remaining experts at the table.

DANNY (CONT'D)

So... Ever since that day, I keep seeing a formula flashing in my mind. Like a migraine headache. It's been happening for forty years. I wrote it down here...

Danny slides a piece of paper with the formula on it across the table. The experts take turns glancing at the paper with varying degrees of interest and suspicion.

DANNY (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

So last week I finally tried to solve it... I converted 90% of the formula to numbers based on the Greek alphabet. I'm willing to pay whatever I have to pay to figure this out. I believe I am missing just one symbol and it's the last one of the equation. I can't explain how I know this, but I can assure you, my assumption is correct.

The experts glances take on more interest. One expert, a heavysset man with a long goatee in a blazer and waistcoat speaks up. This is JORGEN MAVIS, 50s.

JORGEN

When you see this formula, do you hear any sound?

DANNY

It's like a... ringing or a whirring. Yes.

JORGEN

Is that the sound the craft made?

DANNY

It's like... an echo or a distorted version of that sound.

A more skeptical elderly man speaks up. He takes off his thick glasses. This is NORMAN BOGGS, 70.

NORMAN

I'd like to help you, young man but... unless we know what these variables stand for, we could plug in different integers into this equation for two hundred years and still not solve it.

DANNY

I'll pay you for your time.

NORMAN

I just said two hundred years. And even then, the odds it tells you what it has to do with a UFO you saw forty years ago, which might have been a satellite or a comet or--

DANNY

I know what I saw. Saul-- you've seen one. What did you see?

SAUL

I don't talk about it.

DANNY

We're in a basement in a dead end in town with all our devices wrapped in tin foil and in a microwave for security reasons.

SAUL

I still haven't ruled out the possibility that you're a government psy-op sent to bring on further humiliation.

DANNY

Would a government psy-op give you ten thousand dollars?

SAUL

These people know no bounds. And their resources have no limits. There is no end to what they would do to maintain supremacy. The only thing that's less real than time is money.

DANNY

What people?

SAUL

M-12. Project Blue Book. Who do you think assassinated Tesla?

NORMAN

Hold on, that's not confirmed. We don't even know if Majestic 12 is--

SAUL

It was the CIA, but anyways, let's look at the facts. Christmas 1900, Tesla writes to the Red Cross that he received electrical disturbances previous summer--

NORMAN

This is completely irrelevant to this man's question and we're on his time.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Which he estimated could have been from Mars or Venus.

A third expert speaks up, this is LILLIAN CONNER, 55, dressed in black like a beat poet.

LILLIAN

I'm willing to go with you that Tesla was assassinated, but it wasn't because he claimed to communicate with Martians, it was because he posed a threat to Edison's business. His World Power System was a massive threat, even if he never finished it. It was purely financial. Free electricity is a death sentence.

SAUL

That's the simple story they want you to think. I posed no financial threat with my research and they destroyed my livelihood. Of course in a capitalist society, they've stunted our imaginations to only perceive purely financial motives. M-12 destroyed any standing I had with both of my alma-matters, destroyed any chance I had at tenure, lost control of my family...

DANNY

Saul... what did you see?

SAUL

It wasn't a jumble of letters.

DANNY

Whatever it was... I believe you. I didn't speak a word of what happened to me for forty years because I was paralyzed with fear of what people would say. Now... I don't care! And so... you can tell me anything and I won't judge.

SAUL

This isn't about me. And frankly, I'm not sure you want to pay me to get me to believe a story.

Danny stares at Saul, hurt. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out the silver metallic piece. He places it on the table. It's very shiny and silvery with hieroglyphics of some sort. Not Egyptian, but similar. It looks like it's broken off from another larger piece and it's cone-like in shape.

DANNY

What was this doing in the bottom of a lake in rural Massachusetts in 1985? And why did I see the UFO immediately after finding this?

Saul grabs the metal piece, looking at it in a cursory way.

JORGEN

Those inscriptions... are any of those your formula?

DANNY

No. All different. There's no numbers or letters... it's... I figured they were hieroglyphics.

Another of the experts leans in, he has an eyepatch and has been smoking a cigar. This is GULLIVER TRASK, 60.

GULLIVER

I have a masters in Egyptology and my friend these are not hieroglyphics in any sense. Certainly there is no language of Mesopotamian or pan-Asian origin. It's closer to Microsoft Wingdings than anything I've studied.

The group except Danny laughs at this joke.

NORMAN

What cereal box did you say this came out of?

The group laughs again, except for Saul. Saul continues to turn the metal piece in his hands and holds it with reverence. The group soon realizes that Saul is onto something. They silence themselves one by one. Danny watches, entranced.

Saul holds the metal piece up to the single bulb in the room.

He angles it so it catches the light, giving a new impression of the texture of the metallic hue.

Saul then leaves his chair and walks to a metal beam in the corner. He leans his ear directly next to the metal beam, takes Danny's metal piece and gently pings it against the beam. A quiet, unique sound of resonance rings out.

Saul seems deeply curious about this sound. He turns to Danny.

SAUL

Did you hear that?

DANNY

What does it mean?

NORMAN

It's metal, what did you expect?  
It has resonance.

GULLIVER

Do it again.

As Norman stands up to take the piece from Saul, Saul holds it close to himself and doesn't give it up.

SAUL

I've heard it. I know what I heard.

Saul gives Danny a heartening look of support.

DANNY

So... now what?

SAUL

Norman, I need you to take this to your lab and run a full diagnostic.

NORMAN

I don't exactly have cash on hand these days. Uncle Sam has my balls in a vice.

DANNY

I'll cover it. Here, now can I have that back? Makes me anxious.

Saul gives Danny a look as he grabs the metal piece.

SAUL

I just said.... We have to run tests. Figure out the materials, the origins... this could be the answer you've been looking for...

Danny thinks.

DANNY

What happened forty years ago? If you tell me you can take custody of the piece and run the tests.

(with a smirk)

How do I know you're not M-12 or part of Project Blue Book?

SAUL

If the lab readouts are what I think they might be, I'll tell you everything. If not, then you'll never see me again. Take it or leave it.

DANNY

I'm willing to pay for another meeting. As many as it takes. Come back to me with something about the formula. A theory. A connection. Anything. Can I get your word you'll give me total effort?

Norman, Gulliver, Lillian and Jorgen exchange glances.

GULLIVER

If it pays off my hospital debt...

DANNY

I'm willing to pay money but I need to know you believe.

NORMAN

We're scientists, Danny. Belief is a dangerous thing. I've never had a hypothesis proven to be true ten times out of ten.

LILLIAN

That's why you're in the basement  
with the rest of us.

DANNY

Will you give me your total effort?  
I need to hear "yes" four times or  
I'll hold onto the piece.

The group one by one says "Yes" with varying degrees of skepticism. Danny thinks and hands the piece over to Norman.

SAUL

Meeting adjourned. Danny, you leave  
first. We can never all be seen  
together. And none of us will  
discuss a word of what transpired  
this evening. Loose lips sink ships.

INT. MARTY'S BAR - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Danny emerges from the cellar. He scans the kitchen area for the line cook. After a moment, the line cook emerges.

The line cook gives Danny a "one moment" hand signal and walks off. A few seconds later, he returns holding the black pouch. He holds the black pouch out for Danny, silently.

Danny reaches in the pouch and pulls out his watch, then his cellphone. He looks at his phone and it is now fully charged.

DANNY

Thanks for charging my phone.

Danny puts the phone in his pocket. He looks down to put on his watch. When he looks up, the Line Cook is gone.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES, DANNY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Danny sits at his desk. He checks StockProphet. A notification pops up. He's made another \$12,221.00. Stock price is now at \$73.00 Per share.

Danny looks at the StockProphet website and views this months pools of stocks and whispers to himself.

DANNY

I can't lose...

Gripped by an idea, Danny looks back at his computer monitor. He stares at the text in the corner of his screen.

ADMIN PERMISSIONS ENABLED, K\_LYNN.

With more assuredness than before, Danny hovers his mouse over this and gets the option: OPEN ADMIN DASHBOARD. Danny clicks it. Text appears on screen:

**Security Question: What is your favorite ice cream flavor?**

Danny stares at the screen in frustration. He considers typing an answer but hesitates. He thinks.

INT. ICOMP OFFICES, RESOURCE DESK - DAY

Danny approaches Kaylynn at the resource desk. She eats a BLT sandwich.

DANNY  
Hiya Kaylynn.

Kaylynn holds up her finger while she's chewing.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
I was going to go get some ice cream, you want some?

KAYLYNN  
Got a BLT here so I'm good.

DANNY  
You want something for dessert?

KAYLYNN  
Dessert? What are you, nine?

DANNY  
You gotta like ice cream. Me, my favorite flavor is Heath bar, waffle cone crunch. It's the bomb!

KAYLYNN  
Fuck. You know what I could go for?

DANNY  
What? Tell me. It's my treat.

KAYLYNN  
A pudding. If the place you're going has pudding, I'm in.

DANNY  
The offer only applies to ice cream.

KAYLYNN

Okay, whatever.

DANNY

Asking because I have a coupon. I can get you a pint to take home.

KAYLYNN

I'm watching my figure.

DANNY

You're eating a BLT.

KAYLYNN

Thank you for pointing that out.

DANNY

What's your favorite flavor? Just so I can keep that on file.

KAY

Pudding?

DANNY

Ice cream.

KAYLYNN

Cause if we're talking pudding, it would have to be a rice pudding.

DANNY

What if we're talking ice cream?

KAYLYNN

You know... it's probably a tie between Chocolate and Vanilla. I can never choose so I get them both.

DANNY

I thought it would be something I couldn't guess.

KAYLYNN

Why would you be trying to guess?

DANNY

Bored.

Danny and Kay exchange a pause with uncomfortable eye contact. She returns to her BLT.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - DAY

Danny drives. He plays classic rock on the radio. In the rear mirror, he catches a glimpse a black sedan.

Danny tries speeding up and this vehicle seems to speed up as well. Danny keeps his eye on the rear mirror, anxiety rising. He turns the radio off.

He turns onto a side street and the black sedan follows Danny. Danny looks back at the sedan. With resolve, Danny slows and pulls to the side of the road.

He watches as the black sedan passes Danny's car with deliberate slow speed. The tinted windows keep Danny from seeing anything inside.

He lets the sedan drive out of sight. Danny looks at his phone: he has a VOICEMAIL from SUSAN. He listens to it.

SUSAN (O.S.)

Danny, hi. I'm sure you got the invite to Richard's party. Just letting you know that I'm going. Whatever you decide to do is fine. And whenever you're ready, we do need to talk to figure out what--

Danny stops the voicemail. He puts his phone down. Danny turns his vehicle around and puts the radio back on.

INT. STORAGE UNIT - NIGHT

Danny sits down in front of his laptop. He navigates to **SultryTrans**. He selects his identity as "m". He selects that he is looking to chat with "mtf".

He's shown a list of people. He desperately wants to talk to Raquel or RackWellBliss as her screen name, but she nowhere to be found. He sees that **BellaBabes** is ONLINE. Danny tidies up his appearance and makes the bed. He rushes to the tiny bathroom and uses mouthwash.

He returns to the laptop and clicks on BellaBabes picture. A chat window opens up.

Danny sees a young woman on the screen. She's seated in a kitchen with cracked green tiles by open bay windows overlooking a small overgrown garden.

She has long dark hair, deep bronze skin. She has a dancer's straight posture. She speaks with tight lips to avoid her teeth from being seen. We'll know her as BELLA, early 30s.

DANNY  
Can you see me?

BELLA  
Yes.

DANNY  
Hi. This is... this is kind of a  
new thing for me. I've never done  
a video-chat like this before.

BELLA  
That's okay.

DANNY  
It says you're in the Philippines?

BELLA  
Manila, yes. What is your name?

DANNY  
My name? I'm... Danny.

BELLA  
That's nice. My name is Bella.

DANNY  
It means beautiful. In... I forget  
what language. But that's cool  
that your name means that.

BELLA  
What does Danny mean?

DANNY  
It's short for Daniel. You know?  
I never thought about what it  
means. What do you think it means?

BELLA  
Bright white smile.

DANNY  
I like that. That's probably not  
what it means, but it's nice to  
think that. Thank you.

An awkward silence.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
So tell me about yourself. I don't  
like listening to myself talk.

BELLA  
So... I live with my four friends.  
I love... music. I love art. I  
study to dance. I love dance.

DANNY  
Wow. Like what kind of dancing?

BELLA  
I don't know the word in English. I  
like the disco songs.

DANNY  
Classic. I love that stuff. Can  
you show me?

BELLA  
I don't know. I'm not very good.

DANNY  
Come on. I'm sure you're great.  
I'd really like to see.

BELLA  
I'll try.

DANNY  
Okay. Yes, please. I'd like that.

BELLA  
Okay. I will show you.

Bella adjusts her laptop screen. She takes her cell-phone and presses play on a song. It's a song with an upbeat tempo, but Danny doesn't recognize it.

Danny watches as Bella dances. She is passionate, even if it's not always on beat. It's a go-for-broke performance.

When Bella is finished, Danny applauds loudly. Bella returns to her seat in-front of the computer, clearly embarrassed.

DANNY  
That was fantastic. How did you  
learn all those moves?

BELLA  
A lot of classes. And I watch  
videos on YouTube. It's fun.

DANNY  
What kind of goals do you have?

BELLA

I... I'd like to have a my own place. It's busy here. There's four of us in one small apartment.

DANNY

What about... do want to be a dancer? I mean, you are a dancer, but do you want to be a professional?

BELLA

It's... I need more lessons. Training. I work to afford it. I tried to be a part of a contest. Did not make much success.

DANNY

Well it's their loss. They don't know what they're missing out on.

BELLA

No-one will say but it's my teeth.

DANNY

Your teeth are fine. They're nice.

BELLA

No. I have two bad teeth. They are... hurting. The Oral surgeon says they need to be pulled. I can't sleep it hurts so much.

Bella is getting teary eyed and Danny feels her sadness in his Soul. He doesn't want her to see if cry. He looks down.

BELLA (CONT'D)

I'll never look pretty again.

Tears streaming down Bella's face. She looks away.

DANNY

Can you get the surgery? Do they give you insurance in Manila?

BELLA

I can't afford. I have to keep working.

DANNY

How much is it? I'll get you new implants.

BELLA

Breast implants?

Bella is confused

DANNY  
No silly. Tooth implants.

They both giggle

BELLA  
I don't know how much that would be  
Danny. You don't have to.

DANNY  
Find out how much for the tooth  
implants and I'll take care of it.

BELLA  
Really?

DANNY  
Yeah. I'll do it. If it will help  
you get going as a dancer.

BELLA  
That's very nice, Danny. I'm... so  
happy we met. I want to not hide  
myself. I want to look like how I  
want to look. And I want to feel  
how I want to feel.

DANNY  
I think I understand what you mean.

Danny hides emotion welling up and he feels her pain. He's an Heyoka empath. He feels others emotions and can read anyone's emotions, especially when they are lying.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
There are some things I don't tell  
people. There's one part of me  
I've only told one person and  
she... thought less of me. Saw me  
as less of a man. Less of a  
person. I'm starting to open up...  
I don't want to bore you with all  
this. I get these headaches.  
Today is the first day in like  
forty years I haven't gotten a  
headache. I actually feel pretty  
good. What do you think it means?

BELLA  
I think... you must be having a good  
day. Maybe... it's good we met.

DANNY

I think so too.

Danny smiles, Bella smiles back. Before Danny retires for the evening, he goes on to some App to send money to Bella for her teeth. Sends 10,000 pesos which is about \$200.00 via the App Pay-You.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES, DANNY'S CUBICLE - DAY

As Danny approaches his cubicle, he sees a cluster of EXECUTIVES, including Bill Lanahan talking near a boardroom. It's a serious conversation. Danny walks closer to eavesdrop.

EXECUTIVE 1

It's a breach in security! It's not something we take lightly.

BILL

We'll get to the bottom of it.

EXECUTIVE 2

We'll be closely monitoring the network in your quadrant and we'll report any anomalies.

EXECUTIVE 1

And we recommend conducting interviews to see if your personnel have any knowledge of the matter.

Danny slips away and back into his cubicle. As he does, he sees Bill glare at him. Danny averts his eyes.

He opens up StockProphet. It says that he has made nearly \$70,000. A big smile covers his face.

An older co-worker with a crew-cut approaches. This is STEVE, 60s, not a pleasant guy.

CO-WORKER

Wheeling and dealing on company time. Look at that. Made forty bucks. Mr. StockProphet over here.

DANNY

Why don't you mind your own business, pal. You're not my boss.

Steve walks off with a shit-eating grin on his face.

Danny looks into the corner of his computer monitor to see that Kaylynn's admin dashboard is gone. There are no admin functions to click. This gets Danny's mind racing...

INT. ICOMP CAFETERIA - DAY

Danny's leg shakes anxiously under the table across from Tommy.

DANNY

How much you know about the computer systems here?

TOMMY

I mean, what do you wanna know?

DANNY

Can you promise not tell anyone?

TOMMY

Yeah man, I got your back.

DANNY

The other day, Kaylynn left herself logged into my computer. Her admin dashboard was still there. I was curious... I was poking around. I looked up... somebody I know. So I could see learn name. And... I think accidentally--

TOMMY

Yo man, I don't think I want to know this. I'm not trying to be an accomplice in some cyber crime shit.

DANNY

I think I took her house out of the payment system. So she won't get sent electric bills. Basically giving her free electricity. I was trying to do something nice but--

TOMMY

That's it? I mean... I'm sure they'll fire you... but you won't go to jail. At least not for a long time.

DANNY

OK, so how do I make sure they don't catch me? Is there some kind of computer thing I can do? Can you help me hack into something?

TOMMY

Nah, man. They see everything that happens on the company computers... I mean it's a matter of time they see me selling shoes. My secret is: I just don't care, man. Whatever happens, happens.

Tommy gathers his things and stands up.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

It's out of your control now.

Tommy leaves Danny sitting alone. As Tommy crosses, Danny looks down. A scrap of paper drops onto Danny's plate. He looks at the paper: **Urgent, Martys tonight 9.**

Danny looks up to see Saul walking out of the cafeteria.

INT. MARTY'S BAR, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Danny enters the kitchen and the line cook is ready for him, holding a black pouch lined with foil. Danny removes his watch and takes out his cellphone.

Danny looks at his phone, it is at a 40% charge.

DANNY

If you can charge me up, go ahead.

The line cook gives Danny a strange look and puts these items in the pouch. Without a word, the line cook takes these items and puts them into a microwave.

Danny watches with curiosity. The line cook points at the stairs to the cellar. Danny follows the direction.

INT. MARTY'S BAR, CELLAR - NIGHT

Danny enters the room to see Saul and the four members from the braintrust seated around the table. Saul has Danny's metal piece placed in front of him.

DANNY

So... did you run those tests?

SAUL

No, I took my precious time on this Earth to get everyone together in this basement to tell you that we did not run any tests.

DANNY

Oh. Well... why did you say it was an urgent meeting?

SAUL

Danny, sit down.

Danny takes a seat at the table.

DANNY

Oh, you were kidding. You know what, I realized I never got everyone's names.

SAUL

That was by design.

NORMAN

First, the metallic artifact appears to be approximately thirty percent unknown "strange" metal... thirty percent H<sub>2</sub>O-- and forty percent Quartz.

DANNY

That's water.

NORMAN

Yes, we know. We're scientists. Then forty percent quartz. The remaining roughly thirty percent... we weren't able to identify it. I cross referenced against other alloys, rare earth minerals... whatever it is, it's a material that doesn't have any basis on the periodic table. You said it was in the bottom of a lake?

DANNY

Yes, moments before I saw the craft.

NORMAN

Based on the volume and mass of this object, there's no reason it should not have floated. So I tested it. It doesn't float.

DANNY

So... this means... I'm not crazy.

SAUL

Well about that...

Gulliver takes a folder of scans/print outs and slides it across the table to Danny. Gulliver points to printouts of ancient texts and still frames of Danny's metal piece.

GULLIVER

I broke down each of the symbols on the piece to find the nearest possible analogue. There's eight of these symbols that resemble close enough to certain symbols in eight written languages of early man. This is the Papyrus of Ani. 19th dynasty of the New Kingdom of Ancient Egypt. This symbol on the metal artifact resembles this symbol on the Papyrus. That same symbol resembles one from 12th century Japanese pictograms, Mayan glyphs, Sumerian tablets, Dead Sea scrolls--

DANNY

This symbol, what does it mean?

GULLIVER

Gift.

DANNY

Gift?

GULLIVER

This is just a sampling of eight languages. Centuries and continents apart. We know that there are some overlaps between early symbolic languages. But these symbols on the piece seem to contain at least eight of these languages...

DANNY

And the rest of the symbols?

GULLIVER

We only have records of a fraction of the languages of early man. For all the dialects in our speech today, there were just as many variants and pidgin versions of these symbols... it's possible that these other symbols is the same word in dead or lost languages.

DANNY

Gift. Why would the word be gift?

LILLIAN

Is it a gift for us... or a gift  
for somebody else?

SAUL

Look, we can't go down that rabbit  
hole. Just because we don't know  
the full molecular makeup of the  
thing... it's keeping us from  
getting an accurate estimate on how  
old it is. One model estimated a  
thousand years. One model  
estimated fifty years. One model  
was inconclusive.

DANNY

Because time isn't real?

SAUL

That's not what I mean by... All  
objects accumulate signs of age.  
Just because time isn't linear  
doesn't mean objects don't exist in  
space and accumulate evidence of  
having existed. Think logically.

DANNY

If it doesn't float... maybe it  
doesn't age. Maybe it doesn't  
have... logic?

Suddenly the room is submerged into darkness. The single  
bulb above the table goes out. From above the cellar, we  
hear the commotion of bar patrons / staff. The power to the  
building is out. Saul speaks in a whisper.

SAUL

They cut the power.

DANNY

What do you mean *they*?

SAUL

Let's go upstairs. One by one.  
Spread out. We aren't here together.  
Make sure nobody's trailing you  
before you get in your cars.

Danny blindly feels his way around the table to grab the  
metal piece and puts it in his pocket.

INT/EXT. MARTY'S BAR, VARIOUS - NIGHT

Danny emerges from the cellar into a dark, empty kitchen. He crosses into the kitchen to the microwave. The microwave has a few pouches in it. Danny looks in one. There's an old Blackberry inside.

Danny checks the next pouch: his phone and watch are inside. He grabs his items and leaves the kitchen. He crosses into the bar area. All the lights are off. Customers/staff file into the street.

Danny slowly walks to the door, checking carefully around him.

As he approaches the door, through the windows, the street is crowded with customers on their cellphones. The lights from the phones glow in the night.

Danny exits the bar. As he does, he passes through a group of PATRONS, 40s talking.

PATRONS

I can call Jimmy to give us a ride.  
I'm shocked my phone still has  
juice. Thought it would be dead.

After hearing this, Danny pauses. He checks his phone. Still at 100% battery. Danny turns and walks back inside.

He crosses the now empty bar and walks back into the kitchen.

He approaches the microwave. He opens the microwave and rummages through the remaining black pouches. Inside, several phones of various types. All have 100% battery life.

SAUL (O.S.)

Stop. What are you doing?

Danny turns to see Saul climbing out of the cellar, approaching him, annoyed. Danny puts the phones down.

SAUL (CONT'D)

You're not doing what I told you.

DANNY

I know what the gift is.

SAUL

Go home.



SAUL

From now on, you tell me these things! No more secrets.

DANNY

Then it goes two ways! No more secrets. What do you know?

SAUL

I've seen extra-terrestrial technology used by the CIA to overthrow regimes. I've seen it in Panama. Bolivia. The government won't admit to the existence of Area 51, but that's a smokescreen. Area 51 exists, but it's empty. All of that tech was used throughout the 70s and 80s to do our bidding. Now there are ten area 51's with of course names other than Area 51.

DANNY

What kind of technology?

SAUL

That's enough.

DANNY

Did it have to do with energy?

SAUL

Everything has to do with energy. Newton's First Law of Thermodynamics. Give me an example of one thing in existence that doesn't have to do with energy.

DANNY

The metal piece was close enough to our devices, the people in the bar, and it charged everything fully. In minutes. It generates energy.

SAUL

I literally just cited the reason why that's impossible, but let me say it again in case you flunked out of physics. Energy cannot be created nor destroyed, only converted from one form to another. The history of the Universe is just a series of energy transfers.

(MORE)

SAUL (CONT'D)

All we do when we fall in love, follow our dreams, whatever we do on this pathetic planet is transfer energy. The metal piece is not *creating* energy. Energy cannot be created, nor destroyed.

DANNY

Then explain what just happened.

SAUL

Someone is onto us and they cut the power to let us know to keep quiet.

DANNY

What if that's the gift? *Gift* in a bunch of languages. What if that's the gift? Energy.

(beat, a thought)

I already know how to take an Icomp Electric customer off the payroll. I figured something out in the computer system. What if that's a part of it?

SAUL

Are you trying to tattoo targets on our foreheads? You're going to give Icomp and all of their associates a reason to hijack everything. The feds didn't get Capone for racketeering or trafficking or murder, they got him for tax evasion. Do you understand what I'm saying? We have to stay fully above board or those doesn't work. Whatever you did with the computer system, put the toothpaste back in the tube. Now.

DANNY

I'm just saying, it adds weight to my theory. Of the meaning of all this. The formula, the craft, the metal piece--

SAUL

If you want to keep us on the payroll, we will continue to work. But I'm not buying into that theory unless it can be proven.

DANNY

Then I'll pay you to prove it.

SAUL

We'll need a new location. I'll find a new space you can rent. Off the grid. We can't go back to Marty's. Which is a shame because it's the best key lime in the city. I've slept with a gun under my pillow for the last twenty years and I recommend you start doing the same. Good night, Danny.

Saul walks off down the alleyway. Danny stands under the glow of a streetlight and thinks. He takes the metal piece out of his pocket and studies the symbols.

EXT. BOSTON NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Danny jogs through the suburban streets as the sun rises. He's surprised to see Raquel jogging in his direction. Danny waves to her. She slows then runs in place. He's hoping to talk to her now, then online. He doesn't know if she actually saw him.

DANNY

I never see anyone out this early. Didn't think I'd see you. Hi.

RAQUEL

Let me guess. Couldn't sleep?

DANNY

I didn't get my run in yesterday. I had a secret meeting. I mean, a meeting.

RAQUEL

Secret meeting, huh?

DANNY

It was just a normal meeting. With some scientists.

RAQUEL

I see. Well--

DANNY

I'm Danny by the way. Danny Sloan. I live... Around here. What do you do, if I can ask? Or are you a professional jogger?

RAQUEL

I'm Raquel. Amateur jogger... professional lighting designer. I do lighting for concerts, plays, all kinds of things.

DANNY

So you know about electricity and stuff.

RAQUEL

I do know about electricity. *Stuff* on the other hand, I'm not too knowledgeable about.

DANNY

I work at Icomp Electric. And I'm working on a new energy distribution system. It's going to revolutionize everything about how people get power. But I'm not supposed to say anything about it. If Icomp knew what I was working on, they would try to kill me, or worse.

RAQUEL

Wow. That's intense.

DANNY

There's a party I was thinking of going to this weekend. If you'd care to join me. I'd love to learn more about you.

RAQUEL

Why not.

Danny smiles. Danny doesn't think she saw him on that **SultryTrans** video-chat mishap, so he breathes a sigh of relief. On her return while walking, she stops and looks at her phone and sees his body shot and screen name **SumFun** on **SultryTrans** website and she smiles. She adores him and she knew it was him all along.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES - DAY

Danny sits at his desk and opens up StockProphet. A notification appears up \$11 more a share. TOE value has increased to \$84/share.

Danny slams his fist on his desk in excitement. He sees that Tommy across the corridor is looking at him.

Danny peeks over the edge of the cubicle wall to see if anyone else saw this outburst. Across the floor, he sees:

Steve is sitting in an executive conference room, across from Bill Lanahan and other VIPs in suits (the group last seen talking together). While Steve talks, he sees Danny is looking at him. Steve glares at Danny.

Danny lowers himself back in his chair and stares into space smiling.

INT. ICOMP OFFICES, RESOURCE DESK - DAY

Kaylynn idly scrolls on her phone. Danny approaches, concerned.

DANNY  
Hey, can we talk?

She looks up from her phone.

KAYLYNN  
I'm in the middle of some important-

DANNY  
What's going on? Why is Steve talking to all the execs?

KAYLYNN  
There's a security breach. They asked if I noticed anything unusual and asked for some account records.

DANNY  
What did you say?

KAYLYNN  
If I noticed anything unusual? Yeah, I told them you insisted on taking me out for ice cream at 10:30AM last week.

DANNY  
Why would you say that? Kaylynn.

KAYLYNN  
I'm fucking with you.

Danny laughs nervously.

KAYLYNN (CONT'D)  
Why would that have bad for you?

DANNY

No reason.

KAYLYNN

You've been acting weird, Danny.

Kaylynn looks over Danny's shoulder to see Bill approaching.

BILL

Danny, buddy. You're next. Why don't you pop on over.

Danny turns and tries to keep cool.

DANNY

Sure, buddy.

INT. ICOMP EXECUTIVE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Danny sits across the table from Bill and a group of grave looking EXECUTIVES with dull faces and dark suits.

BILL

So, Danny Boy. What's up?

DANNY

Just spending the prime of my life with a singular focus on advancing the mission of Icomp Electric.

BILL

There's no room for smart-alec talk. We have a serious matter at hand and we need your total honesty.

DANNY

Okay. So first, Bill approaches me at the urinal at least every other time I use it. So I want to make sure that's on the record.

Danny gestures to one of the executives, who is taking notes.

BILL

Don't write that down.

EXECUTIVE 1

Bill. We'll take this from here. Mr. Sloan. Maybe you can fill us in. Who would say your closest friends are amongst Icomp personnel?

DANNY

Oh. Well... Bill. For sure.

BILL

Take the questions seriously, Danny.

DANNY

Okay, so let the record show that Bill does not have any friends.

EXECUTIVE 1

Would you consider Kaylynn Paley to be a friend?

DANNY

I mean... she's a co-worker.

EXECUTIVE 2

Has Miss Paley shared with you her administrative account information?

DANNY

No.

EXECUTIVE 1

Have you ever used the company computer system for anything other than the direct functions of your job?

DANNY

No.

EXECUTIVE 1

Do we have your consent to access your work computer records?

DANNY

What if I say no?

Executive 1 looks at Executive 2. Executive 2 looks at Executive 3.

EXECUTIVE 3

Everyone says yes. It's advisable that you say yes.

DANNY

I'll check with my attorney. Are we done?

EXECUTIVE 1

What is your relationship with Saul Lowe, Icomp Research and Development?

DANNY  
He's my algebra tutor.

EXECUTIVE 2  
Excuse me?

DANNY  
I'm paying him to help me brush up on basic algebra. So I can be a more efficient member of the Icomp family.

The Executives look at each other, thrown off by this answer. Danny is suddenly struck by a sharp headache. And other. He clutches his temple and stifles a cry of pain.

EXECUTIVE 1  
Why did you think to ask Saul Lowe to tutor you in algebra? He's not exactly known for his bedside manner.

DANNY  
I'm having a migraine episode. I apologize. Can we resume when I'm feeling better? You don't understand how painful this is.

Danny clutches his head and the execs around the room exchange glances and take notes, concerned.

Danny was so smitten with Raquel that he deleted her electric account, so she wouldn't have to pay and that's what this is all about. She is getting free electricity.

INT. STORAGE LOCKER UNIT - NIGHT - DANNY'S NEW HOME

Danny sits at his laptop, midway through a video chat with Bella, who has gotten two teeth replaced, and now has braces. She no longer hides her teeth when she speaks.

DANNY  
So I don't even know why I'm telling you this, but I don't know what to do. They're going to find out. Okay, they find about about Raquel, they probably fire me and I can live with that. But if they find out what I'm doing with Saul and the entire investigation...

BELLA

I don't understand. They are an electricity company. They don't care about aliens.

DANNY

It's energy. They care about energy. That's what Saul has been trying to tell me. I'm a threat to them. They can destroy me.

BELLA

I'm sorry you're feeling bad.

DANNY

I don't feel stressed out when I'm talking to you. You seem so calm. Do you ever get stressed out?

BELLA

Stress?

DANNY

Stress. It's like fear. And... nervousness. And just bad feeling. What stresses you out?

BELLA

Not having... what I need to be safe. To feel good and be safe.

DANNY

What do you mean?

BELLA

I don't feel safe sometimes. In my town. My body isn't womanly. I am not accepted. I want to look more like who I am. I can't afford the surgery.

DANNY

Like breast augmentation?

BELLA

Yes. To change these things. To change this, to change that.

She points to her hips and small breasts.

DANNY

I got bullied because of my headaches and being a quiet and shy kid.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

Kids would make loud noises to startle me so I'd get them. They didn't even know about the formula or any of it... they just saw somebody who was in pain and thought it was funny.

BELLA

People can be so mean.

DANNY

How much does breast augmentation cost?

BELLA

I wasn't asking. No, no...

DANNY

No. I want to. Yeah. If it will help you feel safe. How much does that cost?

BELLA

100,000 pesos or around \$2,000 US

DANNY

I can help you, but I have to tell you something

BELLA

OMG! Sure Danny! Anything, what is it?

DANNY

I met someone here

Silence and her head drops

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. RAQUEL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Danny rings the doorbell and seems nervous waiting.

He's wearing a nice jacket and looks like he put effort into his appearance. Raquel opens the door. She's wearing a moto jacket and heels that make her taller than Danny.

DANNY

You look amazingly beautiful.

RAQUEL

Thanks. Some guys get all defensive when I'm taller than them in heels. But at a certain point I realized, we just have to do what we like in life. Fuck anyone else's feelings. I love these shoes.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - EVENING

Danny drives. Raquel sits shotgun.

DANNY

I didn't mention this but I'm divorced too. Well not yet, but it's happening. In the works.

RAQUEL

I'm... not. I've never married.

DANNY

I thought... I don't know if I should tell you this...

RAQUEL

Well now you have to tell me.

He likes her, so he's smart enough not to mention the deletion of her electric account, but he mentions seeing her online.

DANNY

I saw you on the website SultryTrans. I knew you were beautiful, but when I saw you in the bikini, I nearly fainted and panic set in, so I closed the connection immediately.

Raquel goes quiet and smiles

RAQUEL

I knew it was you Danny.

She puts her hand on Danny's lap while he's driving and she whispers in his ear. Nothing heard. It's a secret whisper and Danny nearly drives off the road.

He pulls over because of his fluttery heartbeat and adrenaline rush. He turns to her and he puts his hand on her shoulder and they look deeply into each others eyes.

Camera pans out as they kiss in the car on the side of the road. View from above the clouds and night sky.

INT. ICOMP CAFETERIA - DAY

Danny sits alone at lunch, lost in thought. He scans the cafeteria, looking for Saul. He's nowhere to be seen. Danny turns back to his plate of food and there's a paper wrapped straw on his tray that wasn't there before.

Danny looks at the straw and there's a small note written on the wrapper: **384 W12 Street, 11p Thurs.**

He looks up and doesn't see any person walking nearby. Danny puts the straw in his pocket.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Danny holds the straw in his hand, double checks the address and approaches a seemingly abandoned warehouse on the edge of town. No lights are on and no cars are nearby. One lone streetlight flickers. Danny approaches with trepidation.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Danny enters. There is a three-way corridor inside, all look pitch dark. Danny scans around, confused. He notices: a straw on the floor. The short end of the straw looks to be pointed down one hallway.

Danny follows. He sees another straw pointing towards a freight elevator. Danny presses for the elevator. It arrives. Danny gets in.

There are two straw wrappers on the ground, laid parallel to each other. Danny thinks. He hits "11" on the menu of buttons (the highest number).

The elevator chugs its way to the 11th floor.

EXT. WAREHOUSE ROOF, NIGHT

Danny exits the elevator onto a rooftop entryway. Waiting for him is a person dressed in black: the same person who was the line cook at Marty's. He has the black bag with tinfoil. Danny follows the drill and hands over his phone and watch.

DANNY

Hey, where's Saul? I don't have time to waste here.

The line cook gets back in the elevator without a word. Danny tries to follow him, but the door shuts in his face.

Danny steps out on the roof and surveys the rooftop. There doesn't seem to be a sign of life. Suddenly he hears a whisper.

Danny turns around the corner from a water tower and sees Saul hiding in a shadow, holding his hand up to his lips. Danny quickly approaches. They speak in whispers.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Did Icomp talk to you?

SAUL

Yes. One of the reasons we have to increase security.

DANNY

Well what did you say? I panicked and said you were my math tutor.

SAUL

From now on, silence. Refuse to answer any questions. I stared that spineless fool in the eyes and didn't say a word.

DANNY

And it worked?

SAUL

So far. Look. We've done some preliminary work. We need the metal piece back. We're working on securing liquid mercury. You might have something.

DANNY

What do you mean?

SAUL

The core of that metal piece is 7500 degrees, but it's cool to the touch. The hardest metal to melt is Tungsten, which is 6200 degrees. You may have a mini atom smasher in your pocket!

DANNY

It means I'm not crazy...

SAUL

It means we're the most wanted men in America.

DANNY

I didn't know you were on the dating scene, Saul. The ladies--

SAUL

Wanted. Wild west. Dead or Alive. Who do you think runs the world? Oil companies. Electric companies. Power. Tesla didn't die a recluse. He was killed because Edison unleashed the most powerful agency in the world on him and they drove him mad on purpose. They railroaded him. They destroyed his life's work.

DANNY

What do you want me to do? I feel like the world is closing in. Icomp knows about us. We're being followed... maybe we should stop.

SAUL

I believe you. I'm sorry it took me this long. I need just need more time to scale this up and test it. And... I need more money.

DANNY

Danny hands him a wad of cash in 100 dollar bills.

SAUL

Thank You

Looks surprised and doesn't even count it. Just looks around and puts in his pocket.

SAUL (CONT'D)

Danny. I see it now. There's a non-zero probability we have something revolutionary. And we might have an answer to these questions that have been plaguing you. If I can see this through, can deliver Tesla's promise of accessible energy. After all this are you going to walk away?

DANNY

And I'm supposed to ignore what you said about the wild west.

SAUL

I never thought I'd have another opportunity in my life to make an impact. When my plans to go public with the government's use of Roswell tech in South America were hijacked... when I was silenced and blacklisted... I never thought I would get to say what I'm about to say to you. And even if there is a less than .00001 percent chance, which I believe we have... I want to say it one last time before my time is up.

DANNY

What is that?

SAUL

If you love something, you're willing to risk everything. So Danny. We have a .00001 percent chance. It's not zero. Will you continue funding this project? Will you see this through with me?

Danny looks into Saul's eyes and sees that the cynicism and normally filling those eyes have been replaced with hope.

DANNY

Yes. Here.

Danny takes the metal piece out of his pocket and hands it to Saul. Saul marvels at it and puts it in his pocket.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Do you smell that?

Danny quickly leans around the corner where he sees, cresting over the rooftop edge: smoke and a flaming glow. Danny gets up and rushes across the length of the rooftop to the edge...

He looks down and sees: his car is burning to a charred husk.

Panic stricken, Danny urgently scans the area for any threats. He rushes back to find Saul, but... Saul is gone.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Saul? Saul!

Danny rushes to the elevator bank. The line cook is not there. Danny urgently presses the down button over and over. While waiting for the elevator, Danny is hit by a severe headache.

He clutches his head and moans, overcome with anxiety.

INT. ICOMP OFFICES, KAYLYNN'S CUBE DAY

Kaylynn reaches to grab a large poster board. She holds it out to Danny. It's a WORD CLOUD: corporate art where commonly used words appear largest among other words in a collage. The poster is labeled "ICOMP TEAM VALUES"

Danny smiles as Kaylynn points out words in the cloud.

KAYLYNN

ICOMP team values. Let's see. Innovation. Erection. Boner. Teamwork. Shaft. Danny, this might be your masterpiece.

DANNY

My name was in the Word Cloud once. They caught it last minute before they sent it out. I'm not fucking kidding. For real

KAYLYNN

How'd you know?

DANNY

I was in Bill's cube one day and a meeting was coming up. He had the word cloud on the desk. He must not have seen it, but I looked down and saw my name in the work cloud and starting laughing uncontrollably. He was pissed and told me I should get back to work. At the staff meeting, my name was nowhere to be found when they showed the Power Point on the projector and the word cloud. They removed it!

Kaylynn laughs at this, Danny is struck differently, uncomfortably laughing almost.

DANNY (CONT'D)

On another note, don't you find it strange that nobody knows what the acronym ICOMP stands for. I think I know.

KAY  
Oh yeah, what?

DANNY  
INCOMPETENT!

Both laugh uncontrollably

INT. STORAGE UNIT FACILITY - NIGHT

Danny nervously paces around the room. He hears a distant clanging sound and rushes to the makeshift peep hole in the storage unit. He peers around: nobody is in sight.

Danny takes a deep breath. He walks to his laptop and opens up **SultryTrans**.

Like always, he selects his gender as "m", seeking "mtf". When he logs in, he sees Bella is online. He opens up a chat.

In the chat window, we see it is night. RackWellBliss is illuminated by the cool hue of her laptop screen and looks almost alien.

RAQUEL  
Isn't it like... the middle of the night? What, you cannot sleep?

DANNY  
These headaches I'm having. It's an issue I've had for many years.

RAQUEL  
I'm sorry Danny. Have you gone to the Doctor?

DANNY  
They can't resolve or diagnose it. They don't know, but I do.

RAQUEL  
What do you mean?

DANNY  
Many years ago as a kid around 13, I was fishing and came across something in the water, then saw a UFO above. I can't go into too much detail here as it would take hours to explain, but I will explain everything to you soon.

RAQUEL

I'll support you 100% babe. Hon,  
here is the number to call for an  
acupuncturist I know. Please see  
her for your headache. **800-acucare**

DANNY

Thank You for your support and for  
everything Raquel.

Both smile and are smitten with one another.  
They just look at each other smiling and no words are spoken  
as the camera pans out through the room and out into the sky

ACUPUNCTURIST - 60'S WOMAN KELLY MARIE JOHNSON - MID DAY

The office is quaint and relaxing. Waterfalls and the music  
of harps and sometimes a flute. The woman walks out and  
introduces herself. She looks peaceful and caring and her  
voice is very calming.

KELLY

Hello Danny, it's a pleasure to  
meet you. I looked over your intake  
form and I see you have tendonitis,  
some joint pain and migraines?  
Which of the three would you like  
to focus on today?

DANNY

Mainly the Migraines, but if you  
can tackle all three, then lets  
give it a try.

KELLY

Ok Danny. Just so you know, this is  
not your typical acupuncture. Yes,  
we use the same needles, but we  
then hook them up to be able to  
take an electrical charge.

DANNY

What! What are you talking about!

Kelley immediately rests her hand on Danny's shoulder and  
says in a soft, calming voice and touch.

KELLY

Do you think I would hurt you  
Danny?

DANNY

Yeah, I guess not

Kind of smiles awkwardly, then gets confident

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Ok, lets do this.

Danny is lying on his stomach, shirtless with just underwear and a thin blanket covering up his buttocks area, but his calves are not covered. She is putting needles on his head, shoulders, arms and calves, She begins asking Danny to tell her when to stop once he begins to feel a little uncomfortable with each electrodes. She dials up the frequency until Danny tells her it's enough.

KELLY  
Ok, Danny, you'll feel this on your shoulder, tell me when.

DANNY  
Ok, that's enough

KELLY  
Now, you'll feel it in your calves.

DANNY  
Ok, that's good

They go through this through every needle, then Danny is left alone for about 40 min.

He's never felt this relaxed. His whole body is buzzing with energy. He starts to drift off. His headache has subsided. He feels light as a feather. He's asleep and now dreaming.

He doesn't know if this is a dream or not, but he feels it's real. He's looking out at the sky and he's with two others. They are each holding in their right hand a piece of metal with hieroglyphs. Danny knows that all three pieces fit together to form a larger cone like piece. The three of them are standing side by side at the edge of a lake. They are looking at a UFO that is in the sky hovering. One of the other two which seems bizarre to Danny is the Real-estate agent Melissa Cantor from the business card Gus handed him and the other person is a man he's not meant to know yet. The three of them are looking at three silhouettes in the spacecraft and from what Danny can understand is that they are they themselves in another dimension. He can make out Melissa Cantor and himself but not the third person. Just then, he feels a hand rubbing Frankincense oil on his forehead and is a little startled.

KELLY  
Take your time Danny. Get up slowly and drink some water.

DANNY

Thank You

KELLY

You're very welcome

Danny is so spaced out and relaxed, that he says Thank You and then just leaves after dressing.

He calls he later to apologize for just walking out and he books another appointment.

INT. STORAGE LOCKER - NIGHT

Danielle closes the medicine cabinet as the movement of the mirrored door reveals: Danielle, wearing a lacy outfit, with a platinum blonde wig, false lashes and a full face of makeup.

She reaches for ruby lipstick and carefully applies it. She steps back and looks at herself in the mirror. She seems uncertain, yet in kind of zen state.

She looks at the bathroom door like it's a major precipice, a cliff he is preparing to jump off of. Like ripping off a band aid, Danielle steps through the doorway.

She listens carefully. She turns the overhead light off. She jumps up on the bed and unscrews the cover of the light fixture. She throws the cover on the ground and removes the light bulbs. She inspects them, as if looking for something.

Danielle moves back to the small desk. She pulls the battery out of the laptop. She moves to a small TV. She rips the cables out of the wall. Danielle is breathing heavy, paranoia taking control. Suddenly, a harsh KNOCK at the door.

Danielle freezes. The knocking continues.

VOICE (O.S.)

Is everyone okay in there?

DANIELLE

One moment!

Danielle panics. She throws a flimsy white robe on over his lingerie. She takes off her wig and hides it.

She turns off a lamp in the room, plunging the room into darkness. She walks to the door and opens it.

Danielle pretends to yawn and squint, as if She's been woken up. At the door is GUS, late 50's. He's the Storage facility operator who looks deeply concerned.

DANNY/DANIELLE  
Hello... is there a problem?

GUS  
Ya know, these places are meant to store goods and valuables, not people.

DANNY/DANIELLE  
Look, if you let me stay a few more days, I will give you stake in the most significant invention in modern human history.

GUS  
I'm not usually a softy, but you look like your down on your luck. Everyone needs help once and a while. Here's a card of a friend of mine. She's a Real-estate agent. Tell her Gus sent you. **800 Cantor1 Melissa Cantor.**

Hands Danielle the card and looks casually at Danielle's legs and shakes his head

GUS (CONT'D)  
Nice legs

Gus away into the night. Danielle transforms back to Danny

Danny looks at the business card of Melissa and needs to lie down as she was in his dream or vision from the Acupuncturist's office.

Danny stares blankly into space. He's gripped by a headache and closes his eyes as it overtakes him.

Danny gets his makeshift bed ready, lays down and is surfing the web, when suddenly his phone shuts off due to zero battery left.

Talking to himself

DANNY  
I better get some sleep

He then puts the phone down next to him on the floor and it inadvertently lands on the metal piece of metal he's been holding onto for over forty years.

The phone goes from 0% to 100% in the blink of an eye and Danny's eyes pop out of his head!

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 Oh my God. This is more powerful  
 than I could have ever imagined! I  
 gotta tell Saul.

He looks at the piece, then the white board with the incomplete formula and holds his head from the pain. Just before he turns out the light he says in a whisper to himself.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
 Just one more symbol.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. IN DANNY'S CAR DRIVING TO WORK - MORNING

While driving and at a red light, Danny see's a bus next to him and out of his peripheral vision he sees a bus. On the side of the bus, there's a brightly colored ad depicting a confident realtor with her arms crossed. It's Melissa Cantor. He does a double take. The ad copy says MELISSA CANTOR: Best Realtor in the Galaxy. There's an outer space theme.

Below, there's a phone number. Danny gets up to look closer at this ad and sees the phone number: **800 Cantor1**, then he takes the business card out of his pocket, looks at it, shakes his head and smiles. He must call her.

EXT. PARKED OUTSIDE STORAGE FACILITY - MAKING QUICK CALL

VOICE (O.S.)  
 Cantor Reality. I just walked in  
 the door, so perfect timing. The  
 universe is on our side today.

DANNY  
 You have no idea...

VOICE (O.S.)  
 How can I help you?

INT. DUPLEX - CANTOR REALTY AGENT - DAY

A door in a small duplex opens.

In walks Danny alongside MELISSA CANTOR, 41, looking sharp in a top of the line white suit.

She looks 30 and in impeccable shape. She carries a large handbag. She speaks with conviction and no nonsense, but hysterically funny at the same time.

MELISSA

Isn't this a beauty? Parquet floors... eastern exposure... ten foot ceilings. Check out this garden. Isn't this peaceful?

Melissa crosses the living room to show Danny the back yard.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

I think we could all use an oasis like this. A calm center of the Universe where we can feel zen.

DANNY

How's security here? I've... had issues. I want to know I'm safe.

MELISSA

Oh, you couldn't be more safe and secure. Quiet too. One of the most serene blocks. Let me show you the bedroom. Previous owner left an old computer here if you--

Melissa walks to the bedroom, a small room with just a folding table and a decade old computer. A chattering squirrel emerges from the corner. Without skipping a beat, Melissa reaches into her handbag and pulls out a small BB gun.

Her calm persona vanishes as she aims the gun at the squirrel.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

HEY! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?

Melissa shoots the BB gun at the squirrel. It misses. The squirrel bolts out of the bedroom and into the living room. Melissa follows it and shoots one more shot.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

THIS IS WHAT YOU GET, BUDDY!

This urges the squirrel to run out of the sliding door and into the backyard.

Melissa sighs, satisfied. She calmly walks to the sliding door and closes it, as if this incident never happened.

MELISSA (CONT'D)

Did I mention that laundry is in the building?

Danny stares dumbfounded at what just happened.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. DUPLEX - DAY

Danny approaches his new front door with a bag of groceries. He wears dark glasses to keep a low profile, glancing over his shoulder on a few occasions.

As he struggles with the key, the door next to Danny's opens. Out of this door emerges a devout looking woman with a cross around her neck. This is LAURIE ZUCHETTO, 60s.

LAURIE

You must be the new neighbor.

DANNY

Yes. Hi. I'm Danny.

LAURIE

Hi, Danny. I'm Laurie. Look. I hate to be a fussbudget but I have hypermisophonia. Extreme sensitivity to sound. When I use my 3D printer I have to use earplugs. And it's supposed to be whisper quiet.

DANNY

I'll keep that in mind.

SMASH CUT TO:

A charred spot on the concrete where a burnt car used to be. Danny stands at a distance from this. The street is otherwise empty. Danny surveys the rooftops and alleyways for any sign of pursuers.

He quickly approaches the warehouse building.

Like before, the door is open, no signs of occupancy.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Danny enters the bleak, vacant foyer and looks around for any sign or clue. A distant DING is heard. Danny turns to see that the freight elevator has arrived on the floor.

Danny hides. He peers around a corner. Nobody has exited the elevator and the elevator door is still open.

Danny takes a deep breath and sprints down the corridor and gets into the elevator, which is empty.

He looks at the elevator buttons: (LL) is already lit up. Danny hesitates and presses CLOSE DOOR. The door shuts and the elevator lurches, then lowers.

INT. WAREHOUSE, LOWER LEVEL - DAY

The freight elevator arrives on the lower level. The door opens into a black void.

Danny stands in the doorway. Suddenly, a buzzing sound and fluorescent overhead lights flicker on, starting from a great distance at the other end of the warehouse.

As each light turns on, it reveals an expansive makeshift workspace. Hand soldered computers, dozens of display monitors, containers, huge magnets, massive machines that seem to be assembled from spare parts of dis-used tech, thick ropes of multiple wires and cables zip tied together.

Amidst this tech are Gulliver, Lillian and Norman, all wearing goggles and thick gloves. They step away from their work and look at Danny.

Saul steps out from a shadow. He looks as if he hasn't slept in a week. He holds a hammer in his hand.

DANNY

Saul! You're okay. I can't tell you how worried I've been.

Saul approaches with a poker face.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Where's the guy to take my phone?

SAUL

Not everyone's cut out for the big leagues. I'll take your phone.

Danny hands Saul the phone. Saul places the phone on the ground, raises his hammer and smashes it several times.

SAUL (CONT'D)

If you want something done right, do you it yourself.

Saul stands back up. He hands Danny a simple flip phone.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
A burner. Every time we meet,  
you'll get a new one. If you run  
into trouble, flush the SIM card.

DANNY  
You texted me... "It works".

SAUL  
Yeah, shouldn't have done that.  
Maybe the mercury is getting to my  
brain. But I needed you here.  
Want to see something cool?

DANNY  
Wait, I need to tell you something.  
Last night, my phone went dead and  
lost it's charge. I was too tired  
to charge it and just put it beside  
me on the floor.

SAUL  
The floor?

Puzzled look

DANNY  
I'll explain later. Anyway, I laid  
the phone mistakenly on top of the  
metal piece and the phone went from  
0% to 100% in a split second!

SAUL  
It doesn't surprise me after what I  
found.

Smiling

Saul leads Danny over to the lab area. Set apart from the  
work tables is a full sized refrigerator. It's not near any  
cables or outlets.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Can I get you a root beer?

DANNY  
Sure...

Saul reaches in and pulls out a can of root beer. He hands  
it to Danny, as if handing him a miraculous finding. The can  
is cold in Danny's hand, even with some frost on it.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Cold.

(thinking, a beat)

You invented... root beer?

Saul stares at Danny. Danny keeps thinking.

DANNY (CONT'D)

How is this cold? The fridge  
isn't... what's powering it?

Saul smiles.

SAUL

One micron from that metal piece  
can power an entire city block for  
fifty years without any wire.

Danny has the expression of gratification.

SAUL (CONT'D)

We're not out of the woods yet. We  
did the easy part.

Danny collects himself and exhales loudly.

DANNY

You invented a source of perpetual  
energy and you're saying that's the  
easy part?

SAUL

Innovative ideas are smothered in  
the crib every day in this world.  
We've had the future robbed from us  
over and over. Do you know why?  
The future isn't profitable enough.  
You know what is profitable?  
Suffering. Conflict. Inequity.  
The status quo. We would need an  
ace up our sleeve to bring energy  
suppliers to their knees...

DANNY

This is the gift. That's what it  
means. Whoever left this... that's  
the purpose. We have to share  
this. We can provide free energy  
for... Entire countries.  
Continents. Wait... we have an ace  
up our sleeve?

SAUL

I've been hiding this until I knew you could be trusted. I didn't have any dirt on Roswell alien technology in South America. That's bullshit. That's not why I was blacklisted. In actual fact. At the beginning of my career, I tried to use Tesla's unfinished research to build a cheap, portable generator. I didn't even succeed. But Ameritech Energy found out about this and started a massive smear campaign. Labeled me a commie, a queer, a wife-beater, a Satanist... made up every story in the book and got me blacklisted from the scientific community.

DANNY

How does this help us get energy to-

SAUL

You've never wondered why I'm working an entry level job at Icomp? You really think I couldn't get a better gig? For the past ten years I've been building a bug into the billing system. Surcharging Solar and Wind energy customers pennies on the dollar they'll never notice. The dividends go directly into the top level execs bank accounts. At this point, it's tens of millions.

DANNY

How is that good? Saul, that's... You stole from everyday hard-working people. It's pennies, but--

SAUL

I've been waiting for the opportunity to have a major energy supplier on their knees so I can get my payback. Somehow. And this is it. I just needed one missing piece this whole time.

DANNY

Ha! And you thought the metal piece wasn't legit.

SAUL  
Actually, two missing pieces. The  
metal piece. And you.

DANNY  
You're looking at me weird.

SAUL  
I didn't text you to give you a  
root beer. I texted you to give you  
a mission.

DANNY  
What... do you need me to do?

SAUL  
You have to get caught. Get caught  
by ICOMP developing this technology  
on company time. You're already  
under investigation so they're hot  
on your trail. Get caught.

DANNY  
Wait, what? How does that help us  
get free energy to--

SAUL  
Get caught. When you do, ICOMP will  
offer to buy this technology from  
you. They will offer you a lowball  
price because they'll assume you  
don't know better. You need to  
refuse every other. Laugh at them.  
Make them feel small and stupid.  
Get under their skin.

DANNY  
Saul, I can get in serious trouble.

SAUL  
When you make them feel pathetic,  
explain that you know how the top  
level execs and VPs are syphoning  
millions a year by overcharging  
Solar and Wind energy customers  
pennies. Explain that you have  
concrete proof. And then you will  
own them. You can use your tech to  
help as many people as you can, and  
ICOMP will give you the  
infrastructure.

DANNY  
I don't know...

SAUL

Yes you do. You were certain you were right. And now I'm certain I'm right. This is step every failed innovator wishes they could take. The step into the future we've been waiting for since Tesla.

DANNY

Okay. I'll do it, but I want the metal piece back.

SAUL

We're still in progress on--

DANNY

You'll get it back. If I'm taking this risk, I need something to protect myself.

Saul thinks, hesitates, concedes.

SAUL

Okay. Everything you need is already in your bottom desk drawer.

DANNY

One more thing Saul. We all know that this piece is a piece of something, meaning, there is another piece or pieces to make this whole. If this is what it is as part of a whole, I can't imagine what it can do if the other missing pieces show up.

SAUL

The odds of that are like looking for a particular grain of sand on any beach in the World.

DANNY

Don't be so sure of yourself. I may know where I can find one of the three.

SAUL

What are you talking about? You've gone crazy. Lets just focus on what we have now.

Danny nods and shuts his mouth. He's thinking of his dream or out of body experience or whatever it was at the Acupuncturist's office.

He replays in his head the scene when he and two others are on the lake shore staring at the UFO, while each holding a shiny piece of metal in their right hand with hieroglyphs.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES - DAY

Danny exits the elevator to start his work day. He sees that a familiar WORD CLOUD ARTWORK is hung in the entryway, complete with Danny's contributions.

He hides a reaction to his, straining to seem as casual and normal as possible as he makes his way to his desk.

Danny sits at his desk. He makes sure Tommy isn't looking at him. He opens his bottom desk drawer and sure enough, it's filled with file folders containing ICOMP billing statements annotated and highlighted. Danny closes the drawer.

Danny looks up, to see that Steve is walking from a distance towards Danny's cubicle. As if timing a maneuver, Danny approaches Tommy's cubicle filled with empty sneaker boxes and some with various brands. For some reason, the bosses don't say anything to him. Tommy must get them sneaker deals for their kids or something.

DANNY

Hey bro, how's it going?

TOMMY

You look like you're in a good mood. You get laid last night?

DANNY

No. Even better.

TOMMY

She gave you a handjob while you played X-box?

Danny glances over at Steve. He pauses, timing his answer with Steve's cross pass Danny and Tommy's cubicles.

DANNY

Even better. I've been working on this new tech concept while on the clock... honestly think I have a breakthrough on my hands.

Danny glances to see Steve has stopped in his tracks to eavesdrop. Danny looks back to Tommy.

TOMMY

That's awesome, man. Congrats, I sold a pair of Air Force Ones this morning, so we're both changing the game. Hell yeah.

Danny watches as Steve changes his path and walks with urgency towards in another direction.

INT. ICOMP CAFETERIA - DAY

Danny eats by himself. Kaylynn sits across from him.

KAYLYNN

What are you getting for dessert?

DANNY

What are you, nine?

KAYLYNN

Okay, then how about a drink?

DANNY

You mean... now?

KAYLYNN

Yeah. I'm bored.

Kaylynn smiles at Danny.

INT. BAR - DAY

One of the hippest bars in town. Danny and Kaylynn sit in a booth. Danny has a water with lemon, Kay drinks a vodka martini. He looks at her drink and he wants to drink it, but he's been there before and he's made the right decision. He does stare at it a long time though.

KAYLYNN

And Bill with his little nicknames. Did you know that he called me 'honey' once and I went to HR?

DANNY

He always calls me buddy. My fantasy is to look him in the eye and tell him... *I'm not your fucking buddy!*

KAYLYNN

That would be classic. You know, you really are funny.

(MORE)

KAYLYNN (CONT'D)

Did you see, the word cloud is hanging up in the lobby. Nobody noticed the dicks you added in. I was thinking about it in the shower yesterday and started laughing.

DANNY

Nothing wrong with thinking about dicks in the shower.

KAYLYNN

Very funny. Why are you always eating lunch alone?

DANNY

Sometimes I just need to think.

KAYLYNN

It makes you come across as very mysterious. That's a good thing.

Kaylynn scoots closer to Danny. Danny notices this.

KAYLYNN (CONT'D)

Hey. Something I always wanted to ask you. I've noticed you're writing these numbers down a lot... what is that? You a bookie on the side?

DANNY

You really want to know?

KAYLYNN

I'm intrigued.

DANNY

I want to be as mysterious as possible, so I'll tell you as soon as I get back from the men's room. Want to keep you in suspense. Can you order me another round?

KAYLYNN

Spoken like a true man of mystery.

Danny gets out of the booth and walks out of sight, towards the bathrooms. As soon as he rounds the corner, he breaks into a fast-walk. He rushes towards a side exit.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Danny breaks out in to a full-on run, rushing through the parking lot and towards the street.

He spots a car service SEDAN driving down the road and he desperately hails it. Danny jumps in and the car drives off.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Fog drifts through the empty suburban streets. In workout clothes, Danny runs. His breath is ragged, he is pushing himself beyond his normal limits.

He sees a glow in the sky. A flash of light obscured by the fog and cloud cover. The light moves slowly in the sky. Danny keeps running to keep it in his sight.

As he runs, the clouds drift and part. This shape reveals itself for a moment. It's much farther away, but it's a UFO he's seen many times.

Awestruck, Danny stops running. He watches as this craft stops for a moment and then seems to accelerate and disappear.

Danny keeps moving. He see's a black SUV going super slow by him. Danny just stares at it. He knows they are following him, but he is neither afraid nor concerned,

Danny looks up to the sky and the cloud cover slowly returns. No sign of the craft.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES - DAY

Danny gets out of the elevator, jittery and anxious, doing an even worse job keeping a calm, everyday demeanor.

He approaches his desk. He quickly logs into StockProphet.

Before Danny can trade anything, he sees Bill Lanahan approaching. Danny tries to click away from the StockProphet website but his computer is frozen.

BILL

Hey buddy. I think we need to have a chat.

DANNY

Okay. How about after lunch?

BILL

How about now? 9th floor.

DANNY

Okay. Let's do it.

Danny reaches into his bottom drawer and casually picks up the papers Saul left there. He scoops them up in his jacket and hides them from Bill.

INT. ICOMP VP CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bill opens the heavy oak door for Danny. Seated at a massive conference table: several ICOMP VPs, all 60s-70s, looking like weather-battered statues.

BILL  
Have a seat, buddy.

Danny is about to say something but refrains. He sits across from this row of scowling VPs.

BILL (CONT'D)  
Danny. Let's just put all the cards on the table. We know that you have been trading stocks on company time with that StockProphet App.

DANNY  
If you invited me here to ask for stock tips, here's one. ICOMP. Sell, sell, sell. Ship's going down.

VP 1  
Excuse me, son?

BILL  
Let me finish. We know that you've been using your earnings to finance... let's say extracurricular activities with another employee. Saul Lowe. Now. Per company policy, any ideas, concepts... inventions... that are generated with company time and resources are property of ICOMP.

Danny leans back on his chair with a grin.

DANNY  
Oh yeah. I didn't think that applied to revolutionary breakthroughs.

BILL  
Buddy, we're trying to help you.

DANNY  
Bill... I'm not yourrrr....fff buh.

He doesn't say it, but almost

VP 2

Do you want to be out on your ass with a lawsuit that haunts you until your dying day? We can bring a world of pain on you.

DANNY

Okay, so... what do you want? You want me to give you... the first innovative idea this company has ever had?

BILL

Look, Danny. We all value your contributions to the company. As a show of good faith, we are willing to make you an offer for the full IP of this material you possess, including any future patent and full chain of title. We are fully aware of its capabilities.

DANNY

Okay, so what's the offer?

VP 2

We're prepared to offer seventy thousand dollars, stock options and future warrants on the stock at locked in prices.

DANNY

For seventy thousand dollars... you can have the privilege of kissing my butt.

The VPs look at each other, frazzled and furious.

VP 2

I... misspoke. One hundred and seventy thousand, stock options and future Warrants.

DANNY

I don't know why you think stock options in a failing company is an appealing bonus. And one hundred and seventy... at this point, that's an insult.

VP 3

How dare you talk to us like this after abusing company policies to work with that crackpot--

BILL

Hey, let's keep this friendly! Danny. You understand that the major feature of this offer is that we don't sue you into oblivion.

VP 1

We know that you've been tampering with the customer database to give free power to a customer. We can press charges on this alone. It's a federal offense.

DANNY

One, I know for a fact it's not a federal offense. Two, power should be free. You shouldn't have to pay. And it should be accessible to everyone.

BILL

Well... that's an admirable... notion. But, this is our final offer. Danny, we wipe your slate clean. Write you a check for four hundred thousand dollars. And--

DANNY

I don't think you understand my position here. You don't make me offers. Because I own you.

The VPs laugh, amused at the audacity of this man.

VP 1

You... own us? Is that right? How exactly do you... who was living in a storage locker... own us?

All laughing

DANNY

Because I know that for the past ten years, pennies have been siphoned from Solar and Wind energy customers because they would never notice. And these pennies are sent directly to your accounts.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

It's tens of millions. I have all  
the documents and proof.

Danny takes from his jacket a page of this computer printout from Saul. He quickly makes a paper airplane of this and glides it across the table to one of the VPs.

The VP quickly unfolds the paper and looks at it. Another VP examines the paper, all clearly hiding rising anxiety.

Danny stands up confidently.

DANNY (CONT'D)

I'll let you guys do what you do  
best. Putter around, waste  
resources and accomplish nothing.

Danny walks out of the conference room. He approaches the 9th floor elevator and presses DOWN.

EXT. ICOMP ELECTRIC BUILDING - DAY

Danny strides out of the building and passes the parking garage. He sees a city bus and starts to jog towards the bus.

However, a sight catches his eye. In the distance, he spots Saul walking towards a different ICOMP office entrance.

Danny changes direction and jogs to catch up with Saul. He follows him from a distance. Saul enters the building. Danny continues to follow with stealth.

INT. ICOMP GROUND FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

Danny lingers by the doorway and watches as Saul approaches the elevators. Saul enters by himself. The elevator closes.

Danny steps closer to the elevator bank to see: Saul's elevator is going to the 9th floor.

INT/EXT. ICOMP PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Danny runs through the parking structure at top speed, gasping for breath. He reaches a high floor and runs to the edge. He has a clear view of the ICOMP building.

He spots the 9th floor boardroom and he can see: Saul, talking with the same group of VPs, plus Bill.

Danny watches as Saul stands up, takes a phone out of his pocket and makes a call.

Danny's burner phone starts to ring. Danny quickly turns the ringer off, then hides behind a column in the parking structure.

He answers the call, tries to act casual.

DANNY  
Hello? Saul?

SAUL (O.S.).  
Look, I can't talk long. I have moles in ICOMP. Some new intel. ICOMP is prepared to offer us five million dollars for the ownership of this technology.

DANNY  
Five million and... they'll commit to give free energy to as many people as possible?

SAUL (O.S.)  
We have to be pragmatic here. Think about what you're asking. There's not going to give us five million dollars and then destroy their business model. And destroy the entire sector they need to put food on the table. One alien artifact isn't going to dismantle capitalism on Earth. Be realistic. Consider the opportunity this is. Think about how much good you can do with this money.

Danny peaks around the concrete column to see Saul pacing in the conference room where the VPs eagerly listen in.

DANNY  
It's supposed to be a gift.

SAUL (O.S.)  
Let's talk tonight. Meet me at the lab.

DANNY  
Okay. See you then.

Danny hangs up. He peers around the column to see Saul shaking hands with several of the VPs.

EXT. DUPLEX - DAY

Danny fishes his keys out of his pocket and opens the door to his new home. His hands tremble and he can't get the key in. He's gripped by a headache. A bad one. He slams his fist on the door in frustration.

DANNY  
Come on! NOT NOW!

The next door neighbor Laurie opens her door, angry.

LAURIE  
Danny, I asked you to refrain from loud noises. My condition has been awful today because I've been operating my dang 3D printer which is loud enough as it is...

DANNY  
I'm sorry. I... did you say you had a 3D printer?

LAURIE  
... yes?

DANNY  
Let's say I have an object. A small object. Fits in my pocket. How much would you charge to print a replica of it?

LAURIE  
Oh, I just make mini-statues of famous religious sculptures. The Pieta and so forth. For my Bible group. Bet the Pope in Rome wouldn't even know the difference.

DANNY  
Can you make a 3D print of this?

Danny shows her the infamous metal piece.

Laurie looks at Danny, dumbfounded.

LAURIE  
What is it? Looks simple enough.

DANNY  
Oh, it's simple alright.

INT. DUPLEX, BEDROOM - EVENING

Danny paces around the room nervously. He's compelled to sit at his computer. He logs on to **SultryTrans**.

He looking for Raquel. He's about to exit out of the chat site but decides to scroll through the thumbnail images of other women. It's a mix of wholesome and lewd photos. He can't seem to find Raquel.

Before he can make a choice, he sees Raquel is now online. Danny quickly opens up a chat with her. The chat window opens, but Raquel video is a black screen.

DANNY

Hey. Your screen is all dark.

RAQUEL (O.S.)

Yeah...I'm Sorry, just got out of the shower and I have the phone pointed away from me. I'm naked.

DANNY

That's ok hon? I don't mind seeing you nude.

Both smile and giggle. Her hair is up in a towel and another towel wrapped around her. Beautiful tan skin with droplets of water still on her with a smile that can brighten up anyone's day. She has one small tattoo on her shoulder that Danny notices right away.

RAQUEL (O.S.)

I didn't think you would Danny love.

DANNY

Hon, what is that on your shoulder?

RAQUEL

It's a tattoo. It's PSI, spelled PSI with a silent P. It has a number of meanings. It's the 23rd letter of the Greek Alphabet. Can refer to the term Psychic and something to do with the Wave function of Quantum Mechanics. I got mine because of the meaning it has for the Human Soul.

She smiles at Danny

DANNY

What did you just say? Move closer,  
I can't see it.

She moves closer, showing her beautiful breasts. Danny's view is being blocked from seeing her tattoo because she's showing off her breasts and he tells her to move her shoulder closer.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Show me the tattoo babe. Your  
shoulder hon.

She moves closer to the camera, angling her shoulder and tattoo so Danny can see.

DANNY (CONT'D)

OMG, that's it! I can't fucking  
believe it. I've seen that before  
many times, but the Quantum  
Mechanics wave function never  
registered. I just thought it was  
something to do with Psychics.

He stands up pacing back and forth. I can't believe it!

RAQUEL

What's wrong, what's wrong. Danny?

DANNY

That's the symbol I've been  
searching forty years for! It's it.  
I know it is. I have to go back and  
put this into my equation hon. This  
will complete it! I have to go. I'm  
so sorry, but I have to tell you  
something before I go.

RAQUEL

What Danny?

DANNY

I love you! And I love you forever!

RAQUEL

I love you too Danny!

Both stare at one another for what seems like an eternity. Danny shuts off the computer and sprints to his car and drives like he's in a Nascar race.

Danielle/Danny is shown wearing an all white corset, with a garter and thigh highs writing from left to right, switching hands midstream. Her headaches never return again.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES, DAY- DANNY'S CUBICLE

Phone is ringing and Danny sees it. Devine Donuts. He totally forgot. One week until Summer. John wants the transformer.

DANNY

Hello, ICOMP Electric, Danny speaking.

JOHN

Danny, any luck with the transformer? We're waiting for your special donut design.

DANNY

Chocolate, with raspberry glaze. Pecan halves throughout and some sprinkles. You pick the sprinkles.

JOHN

So, you got it!

DANNY

Not quite. We are working on it. You work on my design and let me worry about the deadline. I have to go, but you'll have it before Summer. I still have one week.

JOHN

You sure?

DANNY

Never been more sure

Call ends and Danny walks over to Tommy's cube

DANNY (CONT'D)

Remember that favor you owe me?

TOMMY

Oh boy. Yah?

Tommy is feeling a little anxious.

DANNY

Your cousin has a flat bed truck still?

TOMMY

Yes...and?

DANNY

Get that flat bed truck and meet me at Substation entrance **369** in the lot next to transformer yard **421**.

TOMMY

I can't drive that thing

DANNY

Can your cousin?

TOMMY

Yup

DANNY

Then bring him too. Meet me at 1:50 am tomorrow, right before the shift changes.

TOMMY

But, but...

Danny just stares at him. He did him a huge favor in the past. Tommy knows he has to do this. He has that cold stare and he doesn't blink. Tommy gets a little uncomfortable.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Ok, we'll be there.

EXT -ICOMP SUBSTATION AND TRANSFORMER YARD 421 1:50 AM

Danny parks a street behind and walks through an old path that is used as a short cut sometimes throughout the neighborhood.

Danny spots the Tommy and his Cousin SAMMY in a big flatbed with a small crane and pulley system on the back.

He walks up behind and taps lightly. Scares the daylights out of both of them.

TOMMY

Could you have texted me before and given me a heads up! Geese. I almost had a heart attack. Danny, this is my Cousin Sammy.

DANNY

Is your last name Wong too? Sammy and Tommy Wong. You either sound like career criminals or characters in a comedy sketch.

Danny's head is down, giggling

SAMMY

This isn't criminal, is it?

DANNY

Of course not. Everything is on the up and up.

TOMMY

Sure it is. Danny, what about the security guard?

DANNY

Don't worry about him. He's was taken care of already. The front gate is open a crack. I'll open it now fully and you guys pull in. We need a 500 KVA transformer. The guard spray painted it yellow.

TOMMY

Won't they know it's missing?

DANNY

We could take ten of them and the ICOMP brass would never know. They're not the brightest.

They load the transformer and the flatbed leaves. It's brought directly to Divine Donuts Facility and Danny has 24 hours to spare.

He walks towards the path to his car. He's going to drive slow tonight. Just as he is about to enter the path, a UFO is seen above the treetop line.

Danny just stares for a minute, expressionless

INT. WAREHOUSE, LOWER LEVEL - NIGHT

Danny emerges from the elevator and walks into the lab. The lab assistants and brain trust members are gone. All that remains is the equipment and Saul, who gets up from a desk and approaches Danny.

SAUL

Tell me. What's on your mind?

DANNY

It's a lot of money.

SAUL

Never have to work another day.

DANNY

Let me ask you... let's say we get this money. Under the condition that we had to keep working every day... toiling away every day... and as a result, we give energy, power... to millions. For free. But we just had to keep plugging away. Would you make that deal?

SAUL

You're asking if I would sacrifice my own joy in life. For others.

DANNY

More or less. Yeah.

SAUL

I've been in the shadows so long... I would do anything to give what I did... what was done to me... to give it all a purpose.

DANNY

That's all I needed to hear. Okay. I'll make the deal with ICOMP. What do you need from me?

SAUL

They're going to want the piece.

DANNY

Right... I don't have it on me. I'll bring it to work tomorrow. I'll hand it to them myself.

SAUL

And then I'll give them access to my lab. The research. The keys to the kingdom. Then it's all square.

DANNY

Well... what about the formula? I completed it with the Wave function as the final symbol. You never figured out what it meant.

SAUL

Maybe it's not a formula. Maybe it's a cosmic joke.

(MORE)

SAUL (CONT'D)

Maybe us humans are too dim to get the punchline, let alone realize it's supposed to be funny. Somebody's out there laughing their ass off. Maybe that sound you're hearing is just a laugh track from another dimension.

Danny extends his hand for a shake. Saul shakes his hand.

INT. DUPLEX, LAURIE'S HOME - NIGHT

A 3D printer buzzes and hums: the sound of the printer is the exact sound we heard in the opening. The printer is midway through replicating the metallic piece. It doesn't quite have the sheen or the detail, but it's close.

Laurie and Danny study the machine carefully.

LAURIE

What is this for anyway? Is it for drugs?

DANNY

No. It's... part of a... joke.

LAURIE

Well... I don't get it.

DANNY

I gotta step outside and make a phone call before it's too late. Excuse me.

EXT. DUPLEX - NIGHT

Danny paces in the back yard, lit by only moonlight. He holds his burner phone. He works up the nerve to dial. He hears a dial-tone... it keeps ringing...

INTERCUT WITH:INT. SLOAN HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Susan sits up in bed, groggy and half-asleep. She answers.

SUSAN

It's two in the morning.

DANNY

Hey, it's Danny.

SUSAN  
Danny? What... why--

DANNY  
Is now a good time?

SUSAN  
No... but... are you okay? Why are you calling from a weird number?

DANNY  
I'm just calling to say that I'm very happy. I figured it all out and... thank you. Because if we never met, I never would have gotten here. Where I am today. I met someone. I'm in love. And I'm ready to devote myself to something good.

SUSAN  
You woke me up in the middle of the night to say that.

DANNY  
You can keep everything. The house. The... furniture. You can have everything in the storage locker if you want it.

SUSAN  
You don't need your lingerie collection anymore?

DANNY  
I can't take it all with me.

SUSAN  
Do you mean like... in a traveling way or in a... death way?

DANNY  
I probably already said too much. I just wanted you to hear it from me. Love ya, Suze.

SUSAN  
Danny, hold on--

Danny hangs up. He stares up at the moon.

EXT. DUPLEX - MORNING

Danny exits holding the cardboard box, now full. He leaves a note on Laurie's door. *"Thanks for being a good neighbor. Love, Danny. PS, my name isn't Drake, it's Danny"*.

INT/EXT - MORNING - DANNY'S CAR

Danny is driving to work. He doesn't realize it yet, but the 3D piece and the real genuine piece were left in a safe place in his storage locker. He forgot to take them today, the day he turns it over to the top brass at ICOMP.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES, FOYER - DAY

Danny enters. He swipes his employee ID and approaches the elevator. He presses floor 7. As soon as he enters and the door closes, he reaches to make sure the 3D piece and the real piece are both there.

The 3D is lighter than the genuine one. Panic sets in and his phone rings coming from Best Storage Locker. Elevator stops and someone begins to get in on the 5th floor. Danny pushes right through her while waiting for the person on the other end to speak.

GUS

Danny, I've been trying to get a hold of you for over a month. You missed too many payments and I warned you before. As we speak, your storage locker is being auctioned off and it starts in 30 minutes. If you can get here, you might be able to bid on your own locker.

DANNY

I'll be right there. Delay, Delay it Gus! Don't start that fucking auction without me!

Danny runs down 7 flights of stairs, gets out to his car, jumping and sliding over the hood. He's playing Nascar again, weaving in and out of traffic. Calm as a cucumber, but a nervous wreck inside.

Danny pulls up and runs up to Gus. A big crowd is around. People are peeking inside and see how glamorous the storage locker is. They have no idea how valuable that locker really is. Danny has \$1100 in cash that was left over when he paid Saul. Danny pays Gus and signs the form to participate.

He see's the guy DAVE from that famous Storage locker show, the one everyone despises. Danny sees him and before the auction starts, he taps Dave on the shoulder. Danny's no dummy. He knows he's going to need every ounce of help he can get.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Hi, my name is Danny. Just wanted to say, you're my favorite guy on that show. No one else can compare to how you bid and out maneuver the other bidders. It's a real pleasure to watch you in action.

DAVE

Well Thank You. Much appreciated

They shake hands and smile. Gus begins the bidding on Danny's locker. Danny can only hope Dave fell hook, line and sinker for his top performance.

GUS

Hi folks, we are offering the contents of one storage locker. You can look, but do not touch. Once the last bid is accepted, the sale is final. Is everyone ready?

CROWD

Yeahh!

GUS

Let's start at \$100. Anyone at \$100?

Dave tips his hat

DAVE

Yup

GUS

Twobiddy, twobiddy, biddy two, two two, two hundred anyone?

DANNY

Here!

Danny raises his hand.

GUS

Do we have \$300? Threebiddy, three biddy, three, three three hundred anyone. Do we have a three?

YOUNG WOMAN with cowboy hat bows with hat in hand

YOUNG WOMAN  
Thank you Gus

Smiling and winks

GUS  
Do we have \$400? Fourbidy four  
four, fourbidy bidy four, four,  
four hundred anyone?

DAVE  
Eight Hundred!

Everyone stares at Dave in disdain

GUS  
We have \$900? Ninebidy, ninebidy,  
nine, nine, nine hundred. Do we  
have nine hundred?

YOUNG MAN with a Bruins shirt and scally cap raises his hand

YOUNG MAN  
Here!

GUS  
One Thousand. Bidy one, biddyone.  
One, one, One Thousand dollars  
anyone? Going once, going twice,  
going...

DANNY  
Eleven Hundred!

Danny and Dave are locked in to a death stare.

GUS  
Twelve hundred, bidy twelve, bidy  
twelve, twelve, twelve, twelve.  
Going once, going twice

Dave smiles at Danny and winks at him. He lets Danny have it.  
Nobody else bids.

GUS (CONT'D)  
SOLD to the man with the shades who  
now owns locker **1618**. His own  
locker ladies and gentlemen. Now he  
owns it again!

Everyone watches Danny as he's sprinting, plowing through the crowd to the storage locker. He rushes in and he disappears, coming out with a brown paper bag and says.

DANNY

Ok folks, the rest is yours and up for grabs. I'm outa here! See Ya!

The crowd storms the storage locker. Danny's speeding down the highway in thirty seconds. He's got 10 minutes to get to ICOMP offices to hand in the metal piece which has been 3D copied. He's determined. Nothing can stop him.

Image of the hot young woman with the cowboy hat holding a piece of lingerie up to her body to see if it will fit.

INT. ICOMP ELECTRIC OFFICES - HALLWAY - DAY

Danny walks out of the elevator with his dingy cardboard box and paper bar sweating profusely and breathing like a dog left out in the sun all day. He gets looks from employees in their power suits and ties. He approaches the front desk of this floor where the RECEPTIONIST, 30s, looks at Danny, concerned.

DANNY

I'm here to make a deal. Still breathing heavy, Water?

She hands him a water. He slugs its down and hands it to her. She fills it again.

RECEPTIONIST

What is your name?

Still trying to catch his breath

DANNY

Just tell them a man is here to make a deal. They'll get it.

The receptionist, uncertain presses a button on her phone and speaks into the receiver.

RECEPTIONIST

A man is here to make a deal. He has a box.

Receptionist listens. She puts the phone down.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

One moment, Mr. Sloan.

Danny looks down a hall and sees several of the VPs approaching eagerly. Saul is with them. Danny and Saul share an uncertain eye contact. Danny plays it cool.

VP 1  
I knew you'd come around.

VP 2  
Wise decision, son. Good morning.

The VPs step to Danny. One extends his hand for a handshake.

DANNY  
Time is precious. Let's not waste any on pleasantries. I'm here to do business.

VP 1  
I respect that.

INT. ICOMP VP CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The 3D printed metal piece is placed on the center of the conference room table. Danny sits across from it. The VPs gather around the opposite end of the table and stare at it in confusion.

VP 2  
This... is it?

VP 3  
I'm not exactly sure what we're looking at.

DANNY  
This is all you need to know. Why don't grab that lamp.

VP 1 turns to look at an expensive lamp with a marble base.

VP 1  
The plug won't reach.

DANNY  
I didn't ask you if the plug reached. I asked you to grab that lamp.

VP 1 glares at Danny and turns to unplug the lamp. He brings it to the table.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Put it down.

VP 1 puts the lamp on the table.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Good boy. Now. Pay attention.

Underneath the table we see Danny with his feet, discreetly push the cardboard box, sitting under his chair... underneath where the lamp sits.

The lamp suddenly flicks on. It gets brighter... brighter... brighter... then the bulb explodes. The VPs gasp and duck from the shards of glass.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
And now... check your phones.

The VPs look at each other and reach for their phones.

DANNY (CONT'D)  
Tell me what level charge you each have.

VP 1  
One hundred. Full charge.

VP 2  
Full charge...

VP 3  
Same. And... I didn't charge last night. So... how...

Saul angles for the metal piece. Danny quickly puts a towel over the metal piece. Saul glances at Danny, confused about this dramatic flair.

SAUL  
And I can show you how to scale it. This is in the early stages. We're still learning. Let's just say it puts you light years ahead of the competition. No-one will ever be able to catch up. And anyone who tries will be using your power.

VP 1  
I see. As I said. We're prepared to offer five million--

DANNY  
Each.

VP 2  
Wait, no we had discussed--

DANNY

It's five million each. Ten.  
You've seen what this can do.

Saul gives Danny an urgent look. The Executives look at each other, all searching for answers in the others expressions.

VP 2

Why don't you wait here. I'll get  
our legal team to revise the  
agreement.

DANNY

That's a deal.

SAUL

Welcome to the future.

DANNY

Why don't you take this with you.  
It's yours now.

Danny grabs the metal piece and hands it to VP 1. VP 1 handles it with extreme caution, like it's a Fabrege egg.

The Executives leave the room. Danny turns back to Saul, who for the first time, smiles.

SAUL

So... what are you going to do with  
yourself, Danny?

DANNY

I have to first see my Attorney,  
then meet an old friend.

Danny reaches to the cardboard box and pulls out a book about Quantum Mechanics.

SAUL

It's comforting, isn't it? Other  
dimensions? Other possibilities?  
All the people we could be?  
Infinite versions? Equally as real  
as anything experience now. We  
make the most significant energy  
transfer in humankind in one...

Danny thumbs through the book and finds a specific page.

DANNY

This quantum stuff, it's so  
complicated.

(MORE)

DANNY (CONT'D)

There's a passage I wanted to get your thought on. What do you think?

Saul pauses, reads the subtle expression on Danny's face. Saul looks down and sees how Danny's feet are protecting the cardboard box under the table. Saul makes the connection.

SAUL

You know Danny... What you're asking is... it's one of those questions I've been trying to answer my entire life.

ATTORNEY'S OFFICE -DAY

TIM RILEY is one of the best attorney's around if not he best.

TIM

So, you want to give an old childhood friend in jail one million dollars? Are you serious?

DANNY

If someone saved your life, what is it worth to you?

TIM

Please explain Danny

DANNY

When I was a teenager, I was bullied relentlessly and it tore me apart inside for many years. Ken protected me if he was there. When he wasn't around, they had their way. I owe him and I want him to know that whatever he did in his life that caused him to be in jail, is small in comparison to the good he did just in those few years he watched out for me. Maybe the one thing he was sent here to do was protect me. He needs to know, not only how much I appreciate what he did, but also that he's a far better man than society says he is.

TIM

Ok Danny. I'll see what I can do about the 6 months he has left too.

Danny nods in agreement

MILLIARD CORRECTION FACILITY

The meeting is in a guarded room with Ken, Ben and Danny

DANNY

Ken, the three or four years we knew each other as kids, I wanted to show you how much I appreciated your help when certain individuals took pleasure in seeing me suffer. I owe you and this is for you.

Danny hands Ken a one million dollar check

Ken looks at the check, then at Danny. Tears trickle down his face. Danny, the same. Tim steps away. He doesn't want to make it a trio.

TIM

You're getting out in 72 hours Ken. I made a few calls and what not. You did your time Ken. Enjoy the rest of your life and stay out of trouble.

Danny and Ken shake hands and give a sort of half hug. Ken is dazed and looks confused. He never realized the impact he had in those early years. Danny says he save him, and I'm sure he did.

INT. DONUT SHOP DANNY AND RAQUEL TALK

Danny and Raquel walk into Devine Doughnuts and Danny see's it and points it out to Raquel.

DANNY

That's my donut. The Danny Raz

They are both standing in line and order two Danny Raz's and sit down

DANNY (CONT'D)

Omg, this is delicious

RAQUEL

Mmmmmmmmm. Yummy

They both have their eyes closed eating the donut almost in ecstasy.

Every CUSTOMER that comes in looks at them and orders the same donut. They look at Danny and Raquel who literally have chocolate all on their fingers and around their mouths.

CUSTOMER I

I'll have what they're having

CUSTOMER II

Whatever they're eating, I'll have the same.

CUSTOMER III

Get me what those two have. Whatever it is.

Danny is staring at beautiful Raquel and notices some grand opening of a store behind her.

DANNY

Looks like Devine Doughnuts might have a little competition. Good for her.

Betty's Bakery is opening across the street and Sara, now Betty is getting ready for grand opening.

RAQUEL

What are you going to do now Danny

DANNY

First I'm going to create an App better than StockProphet, then I am going to write a screenplay about all of this. I will act in the movie and possibly act in it as the main character. I will sing with a band at the premiere and I will have the biggest concert ever for a greatest cause. It will be bigger than Live Aid was. I have also discovered the real meaning of the symbol of the "Flower of Life" with the help of Nikoli Tesla. A theory along this it's corresponding equation. I will show it to the World.

RAQUEL

You can do it Danny. What will be the charitable concert be for?

DANNY

I can tell you this. I will organize a concert to raise the vibration of the planet. Bigger than Live Aid ever was. It will be called Suic-Aid. I love to sing and there will be duets with popular singers and bands. This will inspire all who've been affected by suicide. It will give many millions of people hope and inspire them to live their lives to the fullest.

She reaches across the table and puts her hand on Danny's hand and smiles.

RAQUEL

Do it Danny. I believe in you. Can I ask you a question Danny?

DANNY

Sure hon. Anything

RAQUEL

How do you get all these ideas and how can you trade stocks and know all about dimensions, parallel Universe's, Quantum Mechanics and everything else?

DANNY

Raquel, you've heard this before many times. People who say they think outside the box.

RAQUEL

So, you think outside the box? That's it?

DANNY

No Raquel, I think outside the Boxe's box. People assume there's only one box. I know there's more than just one. You don't need a high IQ if you are given all the answers.

Danny winks and smile at Raquel

RAQUEL

That's so cool Danny. Wow. I love you babe.

Danny, then pulls out the metal piece he was supposed to turn over to the company and places it on the table.

DANNY

This piece gives me insight and clairvoyance. I know things I shouldn't know and it comes from this Raquel. I need to find the other pieces to make this whole and I think I know where to start.

He pulls out Melissa Cantor's business card, looks at it and then puts it in his front pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

The glowing UFO craft hovers above in the sky.

EXT. LAKE, 1985-2085 (?) - DUSK - PARALLEL UNIVERSE/DIMENSION(?)

Young Danny as a teenager and a young Raquel sit holding hands at the edges of a Lake in Massachusetts.

They look up together at the glowing UFO, which casts a shadow over them. The only sound we hear is the whirring and buzzing of firefly's. They both see three silhouettes of beings in the UFO clearly. Danny knows who two of them are from his "dream/vision". One is him in a different dimension and the other is the Real Estate agent Melissa Cantor. The third silhouette he knows him, but doesn't know who or how he knows him.

Young Raquel points to something in the water glittering, then they see the UFO above shoot a beam of light down right into the Lake. Then, the beam of light starts to retract, but with a shiny object attached to it. It has hieroglyphs on it. It gets pulled into the spacecraft. When it reaches the craft, the UFO gets real bright, then blinks a couple of times, like it's saying goodbye. It then speeds away in less than a second and it's gone.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END