

TREADMILL

Written by

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TREADMILL

INT. HOSPITAL DELIVERY ROOM - DAY

The scene of utter tranquility contrasts with any birth we've ever witnessed. The DOCTOR, nurses and parents-to-be smile with plastered-on cheerfulness as the MOTHER, lying on the bed, enters into the final moments before delivery. Soft MUSIC is playing. The doctor is in position to catch the baby.

DOCTOR

Good. Good. The baby is crowning.
Can you give me a good push?

MOTHER

All right.

She bears down a little.

DOCTOR

That's it. Very good. Just a few
more like that.

Bears down.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

Very good. One more and we should
have it.

Again.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

Oh my. Very good.

Again. The baby flies out and the doctor catches it.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

Good job. It's a... boy.

The baby starts CRYING as the doctor holds it up for the mother to see. She smiles broadly and dad rushes over with a hug.

MOTHER

He's beautiful.

The doctor hands the ball of pink NOISE to a nurse, who whisks him into another room.

MOTHER (cont'd)

Can I watch?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The doctor thinks a moment, then grins.

DOCTOR
I think that would be okay.

INT. INFANT CARE ROOM - DAY

As the doctor, mother, and father enter.

DOCTOR
Okay, stand right here.

The three stand facing an electronic console with blinking lights and computer screens. In an area of the room behind the console, the NURSE has set the SCREAMING neonate in an isolette and is attaching electrodes to his temples.

When she finishes, she comes back and sits at the console. She makes some adjustments, checks the baby's vitals on a monitor. Then, she turns to the doctor, smiling as always.

NURSE
We're all ready, doctor.

DOCTOR
Proceed.

The group watches intently as the nurse turns some dials. A meter starts to show increasing voltage with an accompanying upward-sweeping TONE. At the maximum voltage, she turns to the group briefly, smiles, and then presses a green button.

ANGLE ON CRYING BABY as we HEAR a loud THUMP followed by a brief, but violent electrical discharge. The baby's body convulses, contorts and actually appears to levitate a few inches over the bed. Then, it flops back down, like a small baggie of Jell-O - no more CRYING.

As the baby lies flat on his back, a stream of urine shoots out of him three feet in the air.

RESUME the group. The doctor turns to the parents and they share a small chuckle.

CLOSE ANGLE ON the baby as he sleeps.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CLEVELAND'S GARAGE - MORNING

TITLE: 35 years later

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Light flows in as the garage door opens, revealing CLEVELAND ISSUEFOUR and the car he's driving. The baby has become this unremarkable tow-headed man with nondescript wireframe glasses and a bit of a widow's peak.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Cleveland's home is third in a series of extremely neat, middle-class, cookie-cutter houses. All the garage doors open at precisely the same moment and a fleet of nearly identical cars back out. The cars pull into the street and move forward single file.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR

As he drives with the usual mild expression. He SNAPS the radio on.

RADIO (V.O.)

Good morning, Titterness. It's just a beautiful 84 degrees out. Forecast is for more clear skies and highs in the mid-90s today. Top story this morning, will the Titterness Titans continue their winning streak tonight when they take on the Axolotl Owls in Fontasa Stadium? The Titans have only a very slight advantage going into the game-

The car cell phone RINGS. Cleveland answers.

CLEVELAND

Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)

Cleveland honey, you forgot your raincoat.

CLEVELAND

(Looking at the sky)

Honey, I did it intentionally.

MAZY (V.O.)

But you always take your raincoat.

CLEVELAND

Well, I haven't recently. Not since the last time it rained.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY (V.O.)

I see.

CLEVELAND

I tend to have the most need for it
when it rains or there's the
probability of rain.

MAZY (V.O.)

I just thought it was odd that
you'd leave it here because you
always seem to take it with you.

CLEVELAND

Not that odd, really. Not that odd.

BEAT.

MAZY (V.O.)

Do you want me to drop it off at
the office?

CLEVELAND

No, thank you. I'll be fine.

MAZY (V.O.)

What about your lunch? Did you
remember that?

CLEVELAND

I have it right here.

MAZY (V.O.)

What should I do with your
raincoat, then?

CLEVELAND

Just leave it there. If I need it
I'll give you a call.

MAZY (V.O.)

All right. Don't forget about the
game tonight.

CLEVELAND

I won't.

MAZY (V.O.)

Have a nice day.

CLEVELAND

You too. Love you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAZY (V.O.)
Love you too.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD - NIGHT

ANGLE ON the Titan and Owl lines as they get in position before a play.

PLAYER 1
Hike.

The Owl quarterback takes the snap. He gets in position to pass, but is rushed from the right. He turns to run laterally with the ball. The defense breaks through the line and faces the quarterback. He attempts to run around them, but is tackled to the ground from behind.

The play was textbook, well rehearsed, by the numbers, but the players show no enthusiasm or disappointment. The offensive strategy lacks all cleverness. Defense knows what is going to happen. Their uniforms are clean.

TACKLING PLAYER
(To Quarterback)
You okay?

QUARTERBACK
(Smiling, as he picks himself up)
Sure. Thanks for asking.

He dusts himself off.

TACKLING PLAYER
No point in anyone getting hurt.

He pats the quarterback on the butt and goes back to his team.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS - NIGHT

The stands are full as Cleveland squeezes down a row holding a paper tray filled with hot dogs and drinks. As he passes each person, he repeats...

CLEVELAND
Excuse me.

He hands Mazy a drink and hot dog, then sits. The people he was blocking are not bothered in the least.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Did I miss anything?

MAZY
I believe so, but I'm not sure
what.

The guy behind them, PETE, overhears Mazy's response and
LAUGHS.

PETE
(to Cleveland)
Women sure don't understand
football, do they?

CLEVELAND
Not like men do. That's for sure.

Mazy smiles and shrugs it off.

PETE
Did you see Coppermine intercept
the ball on the 30?

CLEVELAND
Yeah.

PETE
What about Clark's pass attempt?

CLEVELAND
I left just after that.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD

ANGLE WIDE as the Owls kick off. The Titans move forward.
Someone catches the ball, and the two teams jog easily toward
each other. The ball is downed near the 50. The crowd
displays appropriate spirit. Again, the game has all the
tension of a soggy noodle.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
(Over the PA, little
enthusiasm)
Titans tee-shirts, sweatshirts,
caps, mugs, blankets, and bumper
stickers are available in the team
store on the first level. While
you're there, try a tasty Titan
turnover - a sweet meaty treat
covered in a flaky crust. Mmm mmm.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS

Pete continues...

PETE

Finally, Dirksen faked a pass and attempted an end run but was downed at the 33 with no gain.

CLEVELAND

Thanks for the play by play. Sounds like a pretty even match out there.

PETE

Yes, but I feel our team has more spirit, don't you?

CLEVELAND

Of course they do. I'll always prefer the Titterness Titans over the competing team.

(To Mazy)

How's the dog?

MAZY

I could use some mustard.

CLEVELAND

Here you go.

Handing her a few packs.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD

As the game drones on. A Titan catches a long pass and runs with it. The Owl defense displays appropriate effort to try to stop him, but the receiver glides easily past the goal line. He drops the ball, raises his arms and smiles appreciatively as the throng gives a polite CHEER. The Owls appear dejected, but not for long. They soon join the APPLAUSE.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Show your team spirit with a Titan DVD, featuring two-hours of riveting game highlights, available at the team store or online.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS

As Mazy applies her mustard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND
I got some catsup too.

MAZY
Mustard will do, thank you.

CLEVELAND
I thought you liked catsup.

MAZY
Not at night. I don't like catsup
at night.

CLEVELAND
Why is that?

MAZY
I don't know.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD

As the Titans easily make the point-after and the crowd
CHEERS.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS

PETE
Boy, those Titans are something,
huh?

CLEVELAND
They sure are.

PETE
They've got this game in the bag.

CLEVELAND
Say, you want a hot dog?

PETE
Sure. Name's Pete.

Cleveland hands it to him.

CLEVELAND
Nice to meet you. I'm Cleveland.
Want some mustard?

PETE
Catsup, please.

He hands Pete the catsup.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

My wife here likes mustard, but not catsup.

MAZY

No, I like catsup, just not at night.

PETE

That's funny, I'm the other way around. Like catsup at football games, which are typically played at night.

CLEVELAND

No kidding. And you like mustard in the daytime?

PETE

What's that?

CLEVELAND

Do you like mustard in the day?

PETE

No, I don't like mustard.

CLEVELAND

How do you like your hot dogs in the daytime then?

PETE

Oh no, I only eat hot dogs at football games, which are typically played at night. Nothing like a hot dog when you're watching the Titterness Titans.

CLEVELAND

(Toasting with his soda)
I'll second that.

SLIM, the guy sitting next to Pete, chimes in.

SLIM

Say, all this talk about hot dogs has made me hungry.

CLEVELAND

You want one?

Cleveland must have ten of them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SLIM
Couldn't hurt.

CLEVELAND
(Handing him one)
Name's Cleveland.

SLIM
Thanks. I'm Slim. Got any
mayonnaise?

They LAUGH.

SLIM (cont'd)
What's so funny?

INT. JONNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's late and JONNY, Cleveland's soft, nine-year-old son, is asleep. The door opens. Cleveland slips in and tiptoes to his son's bed to tuck him in. As Cleveland turns to leave, Jonny's eyes open.

JONNY
Hey, Dad.

CLEVELAND
Jonny. Sorry, didn't mean to wake
you.

JONNY
It's okay. How was the game?

CLEVELAND
Great. The Titans won by ten
points.

JONNY
What a great team.

CLEVELAND
They're the greatest, all right.
Good night, son.

JONNY
Dad.

CLEVELAND
Hmm?

JONNY
Tell me a story.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND
I don't know. It's pretty late.

JONNY
Please.

CLEVELAND
Oh, okay, a short one.

Cleveland sits on his bed.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Let's see. One summer when I was
maybe 13, 14, I was walking home
alone. It was about dinner time. I
usually cut through this empty lot
filled with old rusty cars and
blackberry vines growing all
around, you know, trash and junk
everywhere.

He looks up in reverie.

EXT. EMPTY LOT - SUNSET

FLASHBACK. Young Cleveland is walking down a path. ACTION
follows Cleveland's narration.

CLEVELAND (V.O.)
I always followed the same path. I
like paths. Always have. There's
just something about following a
nice path. Anyway, I'd followed
this one many times. But that day
as I passed this rusty old Chevy,
something caught my eye. I looked
over and there was this old
suitcase, just sitting there. I'd
never noticed it before. I thought,
hmm. I was curious, so I made my
way through the junk and opened it
up. Guess what I found?

INT. JONNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

JONNY
(Starry eyed)
A million dollars.

CLEVELAND
No, guess again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONNY
Two million.

CLEVELAND
(Wonder and awe)
No, there was 124 dollars.

EXT. EMPTY LOT - CONTINUOUS

Young Cleveland grabs the money and fans it out in front of his wide eyes.

JONNY (V.O.)
Wow.

CLEVELAND (V.O.)
Guess what I did with it?

JONNY (V.O.)
You turned it in to the police.

CLEVELAND (V.O.)
That's right.

INT. YOUNG CLEVELAND'S LIVING ROOM - EVENING

FLASHBACK. Cleveland shows the money to his dad.

CLEVELAND (V.O.)
I took it home and showed my Dad...

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

FLASHBACK. Young Cleveland and his dad turn over the money to a smiling police officer.

CLEVELAND (V.O.)
...and he drove me down to the
police station right after dinner.

JONNY (V.O.)
What happened then? Did they find
the owner?

CLEVELAND (V.O.)
I don't know.

INT. JONNY'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONNY

Cool. I wish I'd find 124 dollars.

CLEVELAND

Who knows? You might someday, but chances are you won't. Now, you get some sleep.

With that vision stirring in Jonny's head, Cleveland kisses him and leaves. After the door closes, Jonny continues to stare at the ceiling, imagining what it would be like to find \$124 and take it to the police.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

The dawn of another day finds the same garages opening in sync and the same cars backing out and driving in a straight line down the street.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - DAY

RADIO (V.O.)

Another gorgeous day, with highs in the mid-nineties. Remember, it's *go to the mall* day - the perfect time to head down to Titterness Mall for all the latest fashions and accessories-

The car phone RINGS.

CLEVELAND

Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)

Hi. You left without your raincoat.

CLEVELAND

I did that intentionally, Mazy.

MAZY (V.O.)

But you always bring it to work.

CLEVELAND

No, not always. I haven't brought it since the last time it rained, actually.

MAZY (V.O.)

Is there something wrong with it? It's *go to the mall* day. I could buy you another one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

No, it's fine. You don't have to.

MAZY (V.O.)

Then, what should I do?

CLEVELAND

It's not raining, so I don't need it. It's easier for me to just leave it home when I don't need it.

MAZY (V.O.)

What do you need?

CLEVELAND

Well, I can always use more socks. But I really don't need anything right now.

MAZY (V.O.)

What if it rains?

INT. GOLDEN YEARS GERIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

As Cleveland enters the shiny, sterile corridor from an employees-only door wearing his physicians lab coat. He stops at the nurses' station, and checks a monitor.

CLEVELAND

Morning, Doris.

DORIS

Doctor Issuefour.

CLEVELAND

What have we got today?

She looks at her computer.

DORIS

Morning looks busy. Some open slots after one.

CLEVELAND

My 8:15 here yet?

DORIS

Not yet.

CLEVELAND

Good, I can get ahead on my evaluations. I'll try to grab some treadmill time at two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DORIS

Mrs. Thurman died last night.

CLEVELAND

Which one was that?

DORIS

The one last week that took 47
watts. You know, with the frizzy
orange hair.

CLEVELAND

(Chuckling)

Oh yeah. She was a tough old bird,
huh? Everything normal with her?

DORIS

Normal.

CLEVELAND

Good. Good.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS FAMILY MEETING ROOM - DAY

Cleveland is meeting with old MRS. CORGY, her DAUGHTER, and a
man, probably her son-in-law.

CLEVELAND

Mrs. Corgy, you know why you're
here, correct?

Cleveland looks in Mrs. Corgy's empty eyes and waits for a
response. Then...

DAUGHTER

She does.

CLEVELAND

That's good. It's something I have
to ask. I hope you understand.

DAUGHTER

She does.

Cleveland continues to aim questions at Mrs. Corgy.

CLEVELAND

Do you understand that today you
will receive stress therapy?

DAUGHTER

She does.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Do you have any questions about the procedure or how it will affect you or...

DAUGHTER

She doesn't.

CLEVELAND

(Looking at her paperwork)
That's good. After the procedure, you will no longer suffer from aches and pains, depression, anxiety, things like that.

DAUGHTER

She knows.

CLEVELAND

I see. Can you describe the reason you are seeking stress therapy at this time?

A few beats.

DAUGHTER

No.

CLEVELAND

(To Daughter)
By law, I'm afraid, the client must indicate a reason.

DAUGHTER

Well, she's old... and kind of sick, you know, in her mind. She doesn't talk... much. Doesn't like to answer questions, take orders.

CLEVELAND

I see. But no terminal diseases, unbearable pains that cannot be controlled, paralysis, chronic debilitating illnesses?

DAUGHTER

No.

CLEVELAND

The therapy was requested by a Dr. Fino?

DAUGHTER

That's right.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND
Did he indicate any reasons?

DAUGHTER
No.

CLEVELAND
Can she hear me?

DAUGHTER
Oh yes.

Cleveland puts his face right up to hers.

CLEVELAND
Mrs. Corgy, I need to have you say
in your own words that you
understand or do not understand why
you are here. Can you do that?

BEAT.

DAUGHTER
No.

CLEVELAND
I really need to hear it from her.

DAUGHTER
She won't talk to you.

CLEVELAND
Why not?

DAUGHTER
She just won't. I don't know why.
She only talks when she wants to.

CLEVELAND
Well, if there's a time when she
should want to talk, it would be
now.

DAUGHTER
I know.

Cleveland looks into her vacant eyes once again. Gives her
time to respond. Nothing. He exhales, shrugs, checks
something on a form and hands the clipboard to the daughter.

CLEVELAND
Sign here, please.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She does and hands the clipboard back to Cleveland. Then, she and the man stand.

DAUGHTER

Good-bye, Mom. Thank you, Dr... I'm
sorry...

CLEVELAND

Issuefour, Dr. Issuefour.

DAUGHTER

Thank you.

She and the man walk out.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM

The room is just big enough for a comfortable examination table, electronic console, and sink.

The door opens and Cleveland ushers in Mrs. Corgy, who wears only a simple hospital gown. He helps her up on the table. Doris follows them in and begins adjusting knobs on the console.

CLEVELAND

Lie down, please Mrs. Corgy.

She does. Cleveland attaches electrodes to her temples. Then, he checks her vitals. The procedure is done quietly and efficiently. He approaches Doris.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

I think 12 watts should be
sufficient.

DORIS

(Soto voce)

How is she?

CLEVELAND

Normal. Everything's normal. Are
you ready?

DORIS

Yes.

He walks back to the examination table.

CLEVELAND

Mrs. Corgy, we're about ready to
begin. How do you feel? Are you
okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

No response. He starts to turn...

MRS. CORGY
(Flat, barely audible)
Will I forget?

Turning back, he smiles.

CLEVELAND
No, Mrs. Corgy. Your memory will
not be affected.

MRS. CORGY
Too bad.

CLEVELAND
Is there anything else you want to
know?

No response. He watches her for a moment longer, then steps behind the console and nods to Doris. She presses a button. A meter rises slowly. When it reaches the peak voltage, a light flashes "ready." She presses a green button.

The machine produces a loud THUMP and electric SIZZLE. Like the infant, Mrs. Corgy's body convulses and actually rises off the table a few inches. She flops back down, motionless.

Cleveland approaches her.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Mrs. Corgy.

Her eyes are open and she looks dead.

MRS. CORGY
Yes.

CLEVELAND
What do you feel?

MRS. CORGY
I feel nothing.

CLEVELAND
Good.

INT. TITTERNESS MALL - DAY

It's *go to the mall* day and the place is packed. The bright lights and shelves, fully-stocked with back-to-school specials, attract the populace like moths to a bug zapper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mazy and neighbor Gladys window-shop at the same unhurried, unperturbed pace as everyone else.

GLADYS

They say it's going to be an extremely moderate season.

MAZY

Better make sure the kids have plenty of warm clothes and back-to-school supplies.

Though the clothing stores appear to be aimed at different demographics, they all sell identical merchandise.

GLADYS

Sage and Sally are growing like weeds. I don't know what I'm going to do.

MAZY

I'm buying Jonny's clothes a size larger. Even so, I'm sure he'll outgrow them before Christmas rolls around.

They stop and look in a window displaying raincoats.

INT. ISSUEFOUR LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland stands with Mazy looking over six raincoats that have been laid out neatly on the couch.

CLEVELAND

I can't make up my mind, Mazy. They're all fine.

MAZY

I like the brown one. I think it suits you.

CLEVELAND

Yes, I think you're right.

MAZY

You look good in browns.

CLEVELAND

You think so?

MAZY

Definitely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Hmm. Did you get Jonny's back-to-school supplies as well?

MAZY

Yes. I got him 2 jackets, 4 pants, 5 shirts, and plenty of underwear.

CLEVELAND

Shoes?

MAZY

Oh, I forgot.

CLEVELAND

That's okay. He can wear what he has now until you get a chance to go back to the mall.

MAZY

I suppose.

CLEVELAND

Didn't you just buy him new shoes last week?

MAZY

I don't remember. But if I did, they weren't intended for back-to-school.

CLEVELAND

They're black, I think.

MAZY

All of his shoes are black. He likes black.

CLEVELAND

Hmm.

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As Jonny, Cleveland, and Mazy eat small bland portions of something unrecognizable and heavily processed. After a long SILENCE...

CLEVELAND

This is delicious. What is it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY

I'm glad you like it, Cleveland.
It's called beef-a... beef-a-noodle
something. Do you like it, Jonny?

JONNY

Yes.

MAZY

Good. Thought I'd go out on a limb
and try something new. Gladys told
me her family likes it.

CLEVELAND

What does it have in it?

MAZY

I'm not sure. Beef and noodles,
mainly.

CLEVELAND

So, what's going on at school,
Jonny?

JONNY

Mr. Turpin gave a talk to the class
about his job.

CLEVELAND

That's Carlo's dad?

JONNY

Yes. The teacher has asked the
students to invite their parents to
give talks about their jobs.

CLEVELAND

Well, that's interesting.

JONNY

Mr. Turpin works in a store that
sells knives. He brought some down
to show the class.

CLEVELAND

Hmm.

They ponder that for a moment.

JONNY

Would you be interested, Dad?

CLEVELAND

What, give a talk about my job?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JONNY

Yes.

CLEVELAND

Well, I'm not sure anyone would be interested.

MAZY

Oh Cleveland, you're being modest. Of course kids would be interested in what you do.

CLEVELAND

Most of what I do is fairly routine.

JONNY

Tell me.

CLEVELAND

What?

JONNY

What you do.

CLEVELAND

I'm a doctor. I work with the elderly mostly.

JONNY

(Not bowled over)

Oh.

CLEVELAND

I help ease their suffering and pain.

JONNY

Do you give them shots and operations?

CLEVELAND

I administer stress therapy, otherwise known as ST.

JONNY

Oh.

They take another bite.

CLEVELAND

I would be glad to give a talk, if you like.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Jonny smiles.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

As the garage doors of all the houses once again open in sync, and the cars all back out and drive away in single file.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR

RADIO (V.O.)

It's going to be another beautiful day in Titterness, with highs in the upper nineties. Get out the sun block and head for a park. Remember, today is *get out and exercise day* - time to work out and feel great. In the-

The phone RINGS and Cleveland picks up.

CLEVELAND

Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)

Hi, it's me.

CLEVELAND

Hi, Mazy.

MAZY (V.O.)

Did you forget your raincoat?

CLEVELAND

I just didn't bring it.

MAZY (V.O.)

You have 7 raincoats, including a brown one. How could you forget?

CLEVELAND

I didn't forget. I left it home intentionally.

MAZY (V.O.)

Cleveland Issuefour, sometimes I wonder about you.

CLEVELAND

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY (V.O.)

I mean, I wouldn't have bought you raincoats if you weren't going to use them.

CLEVELAND

You sound upset. I'm sorry.

MAZY (V.O.)

I'm not upset. I'm confused.

CLEVELAND

Well, it's *get out and exercise* day. That'll make you feel better.

MAZY (V.O.)

You're right. Exercise always makes us feel better.

CLEVELAND

You feel better, because you are better.

INT. EXERCISE CLUB - DAY

It's *get out and exercise* day, so the massive, chain-owned health club is packed. Mazy and Gladys are among 50 or more people working out on identical treadmills.

MAZY

I did four miles last week.

GLADYS

I normally do ten a day, but I'm too tired now.

MAZY

Why?

GLADYS

Up all night with Sage.

MAZY

What's wrong?

GLADYS

Had all four wisdom teeth out yesterday and couldn't sleep.

MAZY

Even with pain killers?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GLADYS

No pain killers. I didn't give him any.

MAZY

Why not?

GLADYS

You know what they say, "no pain, no gain."

MAZY

Right.

GLADYS

Pain helps you focus. Pain makes you strong.

MAZY

You think so?

GLADYS

Of course. The more you exercise, the more pain you feel, the longer you live, the better you are.

MAZY

That's true.

GLADYS

Two weeks ago, I spent an entire day on the treadmill.

MAZY

Must have been very painful.

GLADYS

After a few hours, I got used to the pain, so I increased the incline. After nine hours my legs seized up. The next day I couldn't get out of bed, the pain was so intense.

MAZY

Oh my.

GLADYS

If I keep working through the pain, eventually I'll be in peak condition. That's the best condition to be in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAZY

I don't know if I'll ever get to that point.

GLADYS

With enough exercise, there's nothing you can't do.

MAZY

There's nothing like exercise to make you feel great.

GLADYS

Nothing. I don't understand people who sit around all the time. I need a goal. I need to know I'm getting somewhere.

ANGLE ON their feet, as the treadmill goes round and round and round.

INT. ELEMENTARY CLASSROOM - DAY

As Cleveland stands in front of a class of empty third-graders.

CLEVELAND

Well, thank you for inviting me to talk today. I am a doctor at Golden Years Hospital and my specialty is geriatric medicine. Does anyone know what that means?

No response.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

No? It means I specialize in the medical needs of the elderly. And most of my time is spent administering stress therapy or ST. Does anyone know what that is?

Again, no response.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Okay, well, when we get old, many of us acquire illnesses that put us in a lot of pain or make it hard or impossible to get around and take care of ourselves. And sometimes we get terminal illnesses. Does anyone...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He looks at the bland expressions of the students.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
It means you're going to die from
it - the illness. That's when we
get ST. After ST, we don't actually
stop feeling pain or get rid of the
illness, those things just don't
bother us anymore. We are free of
cares and worries and desires. If
we develop a problem, it no longer
matters.

He hasn't exactly lost the audience. He never had them.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
We receive a different type of ST
just after we are born. Does anyone
know what that is called?

He doesn't wait.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
It's called Infant Electro-Neural
Synchronization or ENS. Before
there was ENS, people were confused
and this made them unhappy and
anxious. They developed mental
disorders. They were angry. They
fought with one another.

He pauses and scans 30 identical, normal faces, all watching
him politely, none showing the slightest hint of interest in
what he is saying. But he continues...

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Most of us today have no idea what
emotions are. Does anyone know what
anger is?
(No response)
Has anyone ever heard of hate or
rage?
(Nothing)
Has anyone ever experienced
anxiety?
(Nothing)
What about passion?

One hand goes up tenuously. The kid looks around, sees that
no one else raised theirs and lowers it.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
You see, without ENS, we would
return to the dark ages.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

No more words come to him. He studies the room of empty souls, then focuses on his son - just one more pair of unconfused eyes. All at once, he feels as if a cold hand has touched his shoulder, has the sensation of being alone in a morgue.

The teacher stands, smiles and starts CLAPPING. The class follows with polite, appropriate APPLAUSE.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

As the synchronized cars do their morning ballet.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR

RADIO (V.O.)

Good morning. It's another gorgeous day with the temperature now at a toasty 97 degrees. Forecast is for more great weather, with highs in the low hundreds. Don't forget, today is *go to the outdoor market day* - the perfect time to stock up on fresh food and gift items-

The phone RINGS.

CLEVELAND

Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)

Hi Cleveland. I just wanted to make sure you remembered to take your raincoat.

CLEVELAND

Hmm. I don't have it.

MAZY (V.O.)

I thought you might forget.

CLEVELAND

Well no, I didn't really forget.

MAZY (V.O.)

But you don't have it.

CLEVELAND

Right. I don't have it. I didn't bring it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY (V.O.)
Honey, are you all right?

CLEVELAND
I'm a little warm.

MAZY (V.O.)
Maybe you're catching something.

CLEVELAND
I doubt it. It's been a long time
since people caught things.

MAZY (V.O.)
You're warm though.

CLEVELAND
Right. It's 97 degrees.

MAZY (V.O.)
Well, I don't know.

CLEVELAND
Must be the weather.

MAZY (V.O.)
The weather?

CLEVELAND
Maybe the weather has something to
do with why I didn't bring my
raincoat.

MAZY (V.O.)
But you always bring it.

CLEVELAND
No, not always. Not always.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS FAMILY MEETING ROOM - DAY

Cleveland is finishing a session with a very OLD WOMAN and
two or three relatives.

CLEVELAND
After the therapy, you won't be
bothered by the pain anymore. I
promise.

OLD WOMAN
God bless you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Thank you. I'm just doing my job.

OLD WOMAN

I know. But God bless you anyway.

CLEVELAND

And God bless you.

The two smile. Cleveland glances at the family members who also smile, but nevertheless can't wait for the little love-fest to be over, so they can get on their way.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM

ANGLE ON the Old Woman after therapy. Her eyes are open and staring at nothing on the ceiling.

WE PULL BACK as Cleveland peels the electrodes off her temples and puts equipment away. Doris is behind the console shutting things off. It is the same procedure they go through in SILENCE multiple times everyday - all routine.

After a moment, the door opens and orderlies enter with a gurney onto which they load the Old Woman and wheel her out.

DORIS

Doctor, this cable has been giving me trouble.

He walks over to her and looks at the cable she is holding.

CLEVELAND

What's the problem?

DORIS

It sort of goes in and out.

CLEVELAND

Hmm. I'll take a look at it.

DORIS

I can call a technician.

CLEVELAND

No need to get them involved. It's probably something simple.

She hands him the cable.

DORIS

All right. That's everything, then.
I'll see you tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND
Good night, Doris.

She leaves.

Cleveland dials the phone, as he studies the cable that has a connector on one end and electrodes on the other.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Hi, it's me. About ready to leave.

As he holds the phone, he wriggles the wire, looks the cable over and narrows the problem down to the connector.

MAZY (V.O.)
I bought some organic food today at
the outdoor market.

CLEVELAND
What kind?

MAZY (V.O.)
It's a vegetable, I think.

He approaches the main console, then stops and turns to a small portable unit with a screen. He plugs the connector into it and jiggles the wire, but nothing displays on the screen. He looks around for an idea.

CLEVELAND
What color is it?

MAZY (V.O.)
It's yellowish and looks like a
little tree.

CLEVELAND
Do you think it's broccoli?

He has an idea. He connects the electrodes to his own temples. Now, he sees a brainwave trace on the screen. He jiggles the wires and sees more static when he works the wire near the connector.

MAZY (V.O.)
It looks like it's part broccoli
and part squash or mushroom. It
doesn't have much flavor. Maybe
I'll melt some cheese on it.

CLEVELAND
Good idea. Cheese always makes
things taste better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He finds that by bending the cable and holding it in a certain way, the static stops. As he tries to balance himself, his hand brushes against a button on the unit and the screen goes black. He freezes.

MAZY (V.O.)
I'll make a sauce.

CLEVELAND
A sauce. Sounds good. I'll be
looking forward to trying something
new for dinner.

The machine lights up again, and we see and HEAR the voltage rise.

MAZY (V.O.)
Good.

CLEVELAND
I got to run now, okay?

Cleveland moves quickly. He starts pressing buttons to stop the sequence - nothing.

MAZY (V.O.)
Okay. See you in a bit.

CLEVELAND
Love you.

At the peak voltage, the *ready* light comes on. Cleveland hangs up the phone, and then studies the choice of buttons carefully. He presses ESC. The screen says: "Operation Cancelled."

Cleveland relaxes and reaches in to remove the connector. But the instant he touches it, the screen flashes. A split-second later, WE HEAR the violent discharge and SIZZLE of electricity. Cleveland is thrown back and the electrodes are ripped off his head. He bounces against the wall and lands in a pile on the floor, knocked out cold.

After a few seconds, he moves, open his eyes. He raises his head and looks around. He does an external check and concludes that everything is okay.

He stands slowly, shakes his head. He sets the errant cable on the counter and moves around the room. He checks himself out, looks in a mirror, splashes cold water on his face. He feels normal physically, but senses that something is different, very different.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Cleveland starts to open the door, but stops, decides he can't go out there like this. New feelings are building in him that he can't explain. They grow. They begin to overtake him.

He grabs his head and paces, starts breathing rapidly. His pulse rises. His mind starts to fly apart.

He picks up the cable and tries to coil it up neatly, but loses all patience and crumples it into a tight ball.

With every muscle in his body tensed, he hurls the cable against the wall, then SCREAMS - an angry, cathartic HOWL that echoes wildly in the small room. He covers his mouth. No sound louder than the buzz of an electric discharge has ever occurred in the room.

Everything is changing rapidly. His heart rate has never risen above the normal 60 bpm. He has never felt out of breath, never felt rage or panic, never worried. Now he is filled with all those things. His normally-aligned neurons are firing at random.

He spins around and punches a cabinet leaving a large dent. He pulls back his hand, sees blood. He SCREAMS in pain, in confusion, in rage, in terror, he doesn't know which, everything at once.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

As he unlocks his car door and gets in. He freezes with his hands locked on the steering wheel. His eyes are wild. He gets out of the car, closes the door, spins, paces, holds his head and sits on the nicely-manicured grass between rows of parked cars.

EXT. HOSPITAL GREEN BELT - NIGHT

The sky is growing dark and Cleveland still cannot bring his mind under control. He has stationed himself well away from people at a solitary bench near the edge of the lawn, under a light. All he can do is sit and watch the freak-show play out in his head.

His cell phone RINGS. He pulls it out of his pocket, stares at it, braces himself, and picks up.

CLEVELAND
(Smiling, trying to be
normal)
Hello.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY (V.O.)
Cleveland. Where are you?

CLEVELAND
I'm still at work. Had to work
late. A meeting was called... late.

He has never lied before.

MAZY (V.O.)
When will you be home? Dinner is
all ready.

CLEVELAND
I will be home later. I don't know.
Maybe after 9, 10. The meeting...
I'll have to eat here in the
cafeteria or grab some fast food on
the way.

Anxiety builds. He doesn't know what to do. He paces.

MAZY (V.O.)
You have never done this. Are you
okay?

CLEVELAND
A little hungry, but I'm okay. I
really am. I have to go.

MAZY (V.O.)
Jonny and I will eat without you
then, okay?

CLEVELAND
Yes, I'm sorry. Go ahead.

MAZY (V.O.)
Are you sure you're okay? You sound
upset.

CLEVELAND
(Smiling)
No, I'm fine. Listen, I have to
go... back to the meeting. I love
you, very much.

MAZY
I love you, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND

Please don't worry. I'm fine. I wish I were home and this weren't happening. But I can't help it. Please, try to understand. Please.

MAZY (V.O.)

I do.

He hangs up moments before he explodes. His eyes fill with tears. He panics and wipes the tears away with his fingers. The clear fluid on his hand could be blood running freely from an open artery.

He tries to look through eyes choked with the liquid, to see if anyone is watching, if anyone is coming to help. He knows they can't see him like this, no one can. They wouldn't, couldn't understand what is happening, but they would try to help. They would help by trying to take this new feeling away from him and he knows that would be too painful to bear.

INT. BURGER JOINT - NIGHT

He is downing overcooked coffee, sitting in a plastic booth, holding the cell phone waiting for someone to pick up. Every muscle in his body is trying to hold the person together. He smiles for passersby, but twitches involuntarily, squints to conceal the madness in his eyes.

MAX (V.O.)

(On phone)

Hello.

CLEVELAND

(Smiling)

Hi, Max?

MAX (V.O.)

Yes.

CLEVELAND

It's Cleveland Issuefour.

MAX (V.O.)

Cleveland, what's up?

CLEVELAND

Oh nothing... much. Listen, I was having some trouble with one of my ST machines and I know you use the same model and thought you could give me some tips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAX (V.O.)

Well, it's a little late. Can we get together tomorrow? I can take a look then.

CLEVELAND

No, I'm sorry. I need to know right away. I have... uh... a client will be needing it in the morning, first thing. I'm sorry. Can you meet with me now? It won't take long.

There's SILENCE on the other end.

EXT. MAX'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Max is standing in the dark with Cleveland.

MAX

Why are we standing outside?

CLEVELAND

It's nice out. Don't you think?
It's warm, the stars.

MAX

Is something wrong, Cleveland?

CLEVELAND

No, no, just need to know about the ST machine. Then, I'll let you go.

MAX

There's nothing personal that you need to talk about?

CLEVELAND

No, no. Is it okay with you? I mean, are you cold or...?

MAX

No. It's not normal to do this, that's all.

CLEVELAND

You're right. I'm sorry. It's not... Umm. Actually, it is kind of private. Is that okay?

MAX

Sure, if it's private. That makes sense.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND
You have the Bloefeld 210 unit,
right?

MAX
Right.

CLEVELAND
I don't usually use that one, so
I'm not really familiar with all
the uh...

MAX
Do you mind if I do a little
watering, since I'm out here
anyway?

CLEVELAND
No, of course not.

Max picks up the hose and heads to the flower bed.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
So, anyway, I just wanted to know
if you had any experience with
activating therapy mode directly
from setup.

Max stops and turns.

MAX
(Alarmed)
You mean, going right into therapy
mode while you're in the middle of
setting up the EEG scan?

CLEVELAND
Right.

MAX
You don't want to do that.

CLEVELAND
Right. What could happen?

Max starts spraying the plants.

MAX
I don't know. It depends on what
the settings were before you hit
the charge button.

CLEVELAND
I'm not sure.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He stops and turns to Cleveland.

MAX

Cleveland, is this why you want to talk in private? Did this actually happen to a client? You can tell me.

CLEVELAND

No, no, no... it, uh... actually it did, but I performed a thorough exam afterwards and found everything to be normal. Normal. But it gave me a bit of a start. You know. So, I just wanted to know... in case. Could there be... is it possible there could be...

MAX

Of course. You should never go into therapy mode-

CLEVELAND

I know. I know. What could happen?

MAX

That depends, as I say-

CLEVELAND

Give me an example, a range of possibilities.

Max starts watering again.

MAX

Okay, well, it sounds like there were no ill effects, that is certainly one of the potential outcomes.

CLEVELAND

What else?

He stops.

MAX

(Becoming very suspicious)
Are you sure you're not in trouble?
I can help if you're straight with me-

CLEVELAND

(Shaking it off)
Max, I can handle it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

There's no trouble. It just gave me
a little start is all. I want to
know what to expect.

He starts again.

MAX

Well, you can expect the worst, but
I really don't feel any negative
effects are irreversible, if that's
what you mean. I mean, you can
simply repeat the therapy if you-

CLEVELAND

Max, what is the worst thing that
can happen?

BEAT.

MAX

(With great concern)
Complete unblockage.

CLEVELAND

(Swallowing hard)
Comp...

He stops.

MAX

(Suspicious)
Yes, that would be the worst. The
blockage implanted during neural
alignment is completely removed.
All synapses in the brain are
unblocked and pre-ENS brain
patterns are reactivated. You are
as vulnerable as an infant before
therapy. Pray to God this never
happens, Cleveland.

CLEVELAND

I will.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS PHARMACY - NIGHT

As Cleveland searches the shelves of drugs after hours. He
grabs a large bottle, then checks around. Then, he opens the
bottle, and removes a handful of large capsules. He closes
the bottle and pops a couple. Then, he puts the rest in his
shirt pocket.

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland is eating the vegetable hybrid with cheese sauce, as Mazy watches him across the table. He seems normal, maybe a bit too normal.

CLEVELAND
This is delicious.

MAZY
Thank you.

CLEVELAND
You can't go wrong with cheese,
huh?

MAZY
Cleveland, are you all right?

CLEVELAND
I am now. I was hungry.

MAZY
You have never worked late.

CLEVELAND
There was an emergency - a problem
with one of the ST machines.

MAZY
You said there was a meeting.

CLEVELAND
(Caught)
Right, we had to meet before we
could fix the problem. But
everything's okay now.

MAZY
I got worried.

CLEVELAND
Worried?

MAZY
I started thinking about what if
everything changed.

He loses his appetite and stops eating.

CLEVELAND
Wha... What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY

What if...

She lowers her voice, so Jonny can't hear.

MAZY (cont'd)

What would I do if you didn't come home or you got so sick you didn't know me or the sun didn't come up?

CLEVELAND

Those things will never happen, Mazy. They will just never happen.

She gets up and walks around the table to him, and holds his head in her arms.

MAZY

I couldn't help it. The thoughts just came to me, and I got worried. Have you ever been worried?

CLEVELAND

No.

MAZY

Neither have I, until after I talked with you on the phone tonight. It was a horrible feeling.

He stands and faces her.

CLEVELAND

There's nothing to it, Mazy. Everything is normal, nothing is going to change. It can't. It's impossible. The sun will always come up, I will never go away, and I will always remember who you are.

They embrace.

INT. CLEVELAND'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland and Mazy are sleeping in their soft queen bed. He turns onto his back, and his eyes pop open. He is wide awake. He looks at the clock, 2:14 am. He slips out of bed and pads around the room, looks out the window.

INT. ISSUEFOUR BATHROOM

As Cleveland looks at himself in a full-length mirror. It's like he is seeing himself for the first time. He looks closely at his face, his eyes. He removes his shirt and runs his hand over his chest and shoulders. He lowers his pants and looks at everything, touches himself.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Cleveland is walking down the middle of the street in his pajamas. It is quiet and empty, but to him, the sensations he is feeling are anything but. The world is brighter, warmer, bigger and smaller, better and worse than he has ever experienced.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

As the cars drive away in line.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - DAY

RADIO (V.O.)

Well, it's another delicious day in Titterness with the temperature hovering around 103. Wow. Forecast is for more of the same, so enjoy! Don't forget, today is *home fix-up* day - the perfect time to get to all those home projects you've been putting off. At the Titterness-

The phone RINGS.

CLEVELAND

Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)

I counted the raincoats in the closet and came up with 7.

CLEVELAND

That sounds about right.

MAZY (V.O.)

That means you forgot to take one.

CLEVELAND

Mazy, I didn't forget.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY (V.O.)

But you always take a raincoat.

CLEVELAND

Look out a window. What do you see?
Do you see any clouds? Do you see
any rain?

MAZY (V.O.)

No.

His voice rises, abnormally.

CLEVELAND

It's 103 degrees, clear, no clouds,
no rain. The last thing in the
world I need right now is a
raincoat. I didn't bring a raincoat
because I don't need a raincoat. I
left them all at home. When it
rains or looks like rain, then I'll
bring one.

MAZY (V.O.)

But you always-

CLEVELAND

(Almost shouting)

Not always. Never. I never bring a
raincoat to work when I don't need
to.

MAZY (V.O.)

You're upset with me.

CLEVELAND

Not upset, I'm, I'm...

(Calming himself)

You're right I'm a little upset,
just a little. I love you. You know
I do, but-

MAZY (V.O.)

Everything is changing.

CLEVELAND

No, it's not. Just a few things.
You and I are the same, but the
weather changes, and that's okay,
that's as it should be.

MAZY (V.O.)

I'm afraid. Please don't change
things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND

I'm not changing things.

MAZY (V.O.)

Yes, you are. You're not taking your raincoat and you're changing the weather.

CLEVELAND

The weather changes itself. It's like breathing. You breathe out and you breathe in - the clouds go away and the clouds come back. I take my raincoat and then I don't take it.

MAZY (V.O.)

I have to go.

CLEVELAND

Are you okay?

MAZY (V.O.)

I don't think so. I don't think so.

CLEVELAND

I'll come home.

MAZY (V.O.)

No! You go to work, you don't come home. See, you're changing things. What's wrong? Why did you change?

CLEVELAND

I'll go to work, then. I'll call you later.

MAZY (V.O.)

I feel sick.

CLEVELAND

Mazy, listen to me. Can you do me a big favor?

MAZY (V.O.)

What?

CLEVELAND

On your way to the home center, can you please drop off my raincoat at work? The brown one.

MAZY (V.O.)

Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CLEVELAND
I might need it.

MAZY (V.O.)
All right.

INT. CLEVELAND'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is crowded and dim, only big enough for Cleveland's small desk, bookshelf, and a stack of boxes. Cleveland is sitting back in his desk chair with his eyes closed, trying to get his mind under control. He opens his eyes, bends forward and takes a couple of pills out of his pocket. Then, he swallows them without water.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

A client, MR. CHIRON, lies on the comfortable table, awaiting the procedure. He appears unconscious. Cleveland is attaching the electrodes, while Doris preps the ST machine.

DORIS
What's wrong with him?

CLEVELAND
He has been in this vegetative state for three months.

DORIS
Why is he getting ST, if he's like this?

CLEVELAND
Don't know. It's not normal, but I don't suppose it can hurt.

DORIS
How did he get here?

CLEVELAND
Someone at County sent him. He's been shuttled around between facilities. No next of kin listed. That's all I know. Okay, he's ready.

Doris starts the process, as Cleveland turns away to put equipment in a drawer.

He is in a chronic state of anxiety, on the edge of insanity. He looks in a mirror, notes bags under his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He runs water in the sink and hides his hands from Doris, as he takes a pill out of his shirt pocket and pops it.

The body of Mr. Chiron convulses with the electric discharge. Cleveland turns back to him and removes the electrodes.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
You can go if you want, Doris. I'll clean up here.

DORIS
Are you sure?

CLEVELAND
Yes.

DORIS
But you normally have paperwork to catch up on. Is everything okay?

CLEVELAND
Yes. I don't have any paperwork today, so...

DORIS
But...

He sees that Doris is thrown for a loop by the change.

CLEVELAND
It's a small change, just this time. You can stay if you want.

DORIS
Well, I do have those schedules to update.

CLEVELAND
Then go do them, if you want.

DORIS
All right. You sure you're okay?

CLEVELAND
Yes. Thank you.

As soon as she closes the door behind her, he exhales, checks his pulse. He is able to lower the façade that hides the violent storm going on in his head. He splashes cold water on his face. He pulls another pill from his pocket, then returns it. He sits in a chair beside Mr. Chiron and closes his eyes.

Mr. Chiron's eyes pop open. He appears conscious, but his eyes have the same dead look as all the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Then, in an emotionless murmur, as if being read by a stenographer at a murder trial...

MR. CHIRON

You can't stop me, no matter what
you try.

Cleveland stands and looks down into Mr. Chiron's unblinking eyes.

MR. CHIRON (cont'd)

I will get the word out and it will
spread like the plague. When people
find out what you have done, they
will revolt. You are wrong - very
wrong, and very evil.

CLEVELAND

Mr. Chiron, can you hear-

MR. CHIRON

Truth is always more powerful than
lies. That is a fact of life.

CLEVELAND

Mr. Chiron, can you hear me? You're
okay now. I have given you stress
therapy. You were uncon-

MR. CHIRON

People will find out what you have
done and you will pay and the
people will be free.

CLEVELAND

Are you talking to me? I'm Dr.
Issuefour-

MR. CHIRON

You are attempting the impossible.

Cleveland turns away, assuming that the rant is some kind of involuntary brain dump caused by the therapy.

MR. CHIRON (cont'd)

The human mind cannot be blocked
and controlled forever. The human
being inside will always find a way
to regain control and revolt
against the oppression of tyrants.

Cleveland turns back to Chiron.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MR. CHIRON (cont'd)
Kristol is evil. You will fail.
It's only a matter of time before
the minds of all people are
unblocked and they are free again.
You can use drugs and neural
synchronization, torture, you can
cut someone into little pieces, but
you can never take away the
indomitable human spirit. It will
live on, it will prevail. You have
it in your power to reverse the
evil you have committed and redeem
your souls. Kristol must die.

He stops with his eyes open.

CLEVELAND
Mr. Chiron, who is Kristol? What
are you talking-

He focuses directly on Cleveland.

MR. CHIRON
Let us have our minds back. Let us
be free. Save your souls. Save all
our souls.

Cleveland runs to the portable Bloefeld machine and wheels it
over to Mr. Chiron. He turns it on, connects the cable, and
then attaches the electrodes to Mr. Chiron.

CLEVELAND
I'm going to bring you back, Mr.
Chiron.

Mr. Chiron stares straight up with dead eyes. Cleveland
switches the machine to setup mode and Mr. Chiron's brain
waves show up on the display. He presses the charge button.
The voltage increases, then the ready light comes on.
Cleveland takes a deep breath.

The door opens. Cleveland looks up. Two orderlies enter with
a gurney.

ORDERLY
Oh sorry. We were told therapy was
over, so...

CLEVELAND
Right. It is. I was just...
checking some things.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Cleveland removes the electrodes and turns off the machine.
Chiron continues to stare.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Mr. Chiron. Mr. Chiron. Can you
hear me?

No response.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
(Leaning in to him)
I will... I will take care of it.

Chiron's empty eyes suddenly shift and look directly at him.

Cleveland pushes the machine out of the way, and the
orderlies load Mr. Chiron up and wheel him out.

INT. CLEVELAND'S OFFICE

As Cleveland waits on the phone.

PILSNER (V.O.)
This is Dr. Pilsner.

CLEVELAND
Hi, there. I'm Cleveland Issuefour
of Golden Years in Titterness. I
performed ST on a client of yours,
a Ralph Chiron.

PILSNER (V.O.)
Yes.

CLEVELAND
I need to track down a name for his
next of kin, relative, someone who
knew him.

PILSNER (V.O.)
Why?

CLEVELAND
It's for the record. No name was
given on the transfer form and he
was unconscious-

PILSNER (V.O.)
Why don't you leave it blank? I
authorized ST. There's no need for
a next of kin.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Golden Years requires us to enter a name.

PILSNER (V.O.)

(Annoyed)

No it doesn't. This is not normal. Why do you need a name?

CLEVELAND

(Lying, Panicky)

Since he was never able to communicate with us, the policy here is to have a name on record, just to cover us in case any questions arise - legally speaking.

PILSNER (V.O.)

Fine. Hold on.

Cleveland takes the opportunity to try to unwind.

PILSNER (V.O.)

You there?

CLEVELAND

Yes.

PILSNER (V.O.)

There's no name given, just a place.

CLEVELAND

Okay.

PILSNER (V.O.)

It's a convalescent home - Kristol, with a K, K-R-I-S-T-O-L in Murmurg.

CLEVELAND

Thanks. I'll put that down.

He hangs up and writes the word on a piece of paper, then stares at it. The phone RINGS.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)

Cleveland, when will you be home?

CLEVELAND

I'm leaving right away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAZY (V.O.)
You're late again. Is something
wrong?

CLEVELAND
No, everything's fine.

He smiles.

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The 3 eat in silence.

CLEVELAND
This is delicious. What, uh...

MAZY
Thank you. It's called seafood
medley. I thought it sounded kind
of musical.

CLEVELAND
Musical fish. That's funny.

MAZY
Did you get your raincoat? I
dropped it by the office.

CLEVELAND
(Lying)
I sure did. And I'm going to keep
it in the car so you don't have to
worry about me forgetting it
everyday.

MAZY
Good idea. I got a new light
fixture for over the garage at the
home center.

CLEVELAND
Oh.

MAZY
When do you think you'll be able to
install it?

CLEVELAND
I'll, uh, I'll try to get to it
next weekend, okay?

She nods. They take a silent bite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
I've decided to go to Murmurg
tomorrow.

MAZY
That's not normal.

CLEVELAND
I know. I need to clarify some
information at a... it's an unusual
case... a bit. But I'll be home by
5:30... as normal.

Mazy is worried again.

EXT. KRISTOL CONVALESCENT HOME - DAY

It's a cold, concrete structure that looks more like a
minimum security prison. Cleveland walks in the main entrance
from the tall covered drive-through.

INT. KRISTOL LOBBY - DAY

Before approaching the RECEPTIONIST across the cavernous
lobby, Cleveland ducks into the restroom.

INT. KRISTOL RESTROOM

He walks to the sink and reaches in his pocket for a pill.
None. He panics, checks all his other pockets. None. He
closes his eyes tight and takes a deep breath.

INT. KRISTOL LOBBY - DAY

Cleveland speaks to the RECEPTIONIST across an expansive
front desk.

CLEVELAND
I'm Dr. Cleveland Issuefour, here
to inquire about one of my clients.

RECEPTIONIST
Is the client staying at Kristol?

CLEVELAND
No. I would like to speak to
someone who would've handled the
transfer arrangements.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RECEPTIONIST

All right, I'll try to locate
someone who can help. Why don't you
take a seat?

As the receptionist makes calls, he wanders around the lobby.

A photo gallery of important employees hangs high on a
mahogany wall. Next to it is a 3D organization chart with a
Dr. Zorn sitting at the very top - President and CEO.
Cleveland checks the names below Zorn and one of them peaks
his interest, *Dr. Ralph Chiron, Head of Psychiatry.*

INT. KRISTOL RECORDS DEPT - DAY

Cleveland faces a short ADMINISTRATOR across a tall counter.

ADMINISTRATOR

May I verify your credentials,
please?

Cleveland holds his official physician's badge over a sensor.
The Administrator sees verification on a monitor.

ADMINISTRATOR (cont'd)

Dr. Chiron was hospitalized with a
stroke that left him in a
vegetative state. We couldn't
manage his care here, so we
transferred him to County.

CLEVELAND

Then, an attending at County
authorized ST after three months?

ADMINISTRATOR

We don't have those records yet.
What do you need this information
for?

CLEVELAND

Just trying to tie up some loose
ends for our records.

ADMINISTRATOR

Hmm. Is it normal for doctors at
Golden Years to be this thorough
with their casework?

Cleveland feels his anxiety increase.

CLEVELAND

We do like to be thorough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ADMINISTRATOR

Are you all right?

CLEVELAND

Yes, thank you. Do... do you have a next of kin listed? I can just enter that in the records.

ADMINISTRATOR

Well, of course, a client would have to give approval for that since it wasn't on the form.

CLEVELAND

If you give me the name, I can contact the person and get permission.

She thinks for a moment.

ADMINISTRATOR

I don't believe I can give you that information. I'm sorry. This just doesn't seem normal.

INT. KRISTOL CORRIDOR - DAY

As Cleveland walks toward the bank of elevators, he passes a number of workers who regard him briefly with broad, empty smiles. There are no obvious security measures because aligned people do not cause trouble, cannot even conceive of it.

Cleveland is just about to turn toward the elevators, when he notices a directional sign, *Terminal Care*. He goes that way.

INT. KRISTOL CORRIDOR - DAY

By a double door marked *Terminal Care*. He checks up and down the hall, then goes in.

INT. TERMINAL CARE SLEEPING AREA - DAY

The room is nothing more than a storehouse for people. A different world - cavernous, featureless, and dim gray. Fifty or so narrow beds are lined up in a grid pattern. At this time of day, only 15 are taken. He walks across the room, and then passes through an unmarked door on the opposite side.

INT. TERMINAL CARE RECREATION ROOM - DAY

Another large room, with high narrow windows that allow daylight, but no view. The place is colorless, odorless and sterile. A group of clients are seated in comfortable chairs or wheelchairs. A few speak in soft, dead voices to others or themselves. Two workers tend the group.

It is obvious Cleveland does not fit in. His eyes grow wide. He knows he must leave, but can't pull himself away. The feeling is both peaceful and horrible, and it's overwhelming.

From behind Cleveland...

WORKER 1
Can I help you?

Cleveland spins around. A quiet, smiling woman dressed in white faces him.

CLEVELAND
I... I must be in the wrong place.

He shows his credentials.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
I'm Dr. Issuefour. I was uh...

WORKER 1
Were you looking for someone?

CLEVELAND
(Lying, as usual)
A client of mine.

He starts to move back toward the door.

WORKER 1
What's the name?

CLEVELAND
Ralph Chiron.

WORKER 1
Oh, Dr. Chiron came in last night.

CLEVELAND
(Surprised)
He did? Can I see him?

WORKER 1
This way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cleveland follows Worker 1 to an old, empty man, seated in a straight metal chair.

WORKER 1 (cont'd)
Dr. Chiron, you have a visitor.

Chiron looks up.

CLEVELAND
Dr. Chiron, do you remember me from
yesterday?

No response. The worker stays, so Cleveland sits on the edge of a chair and leans in.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
(Soto voce)
Do you remember, you were telling
me some things? You were talking
about evil and greed... about how
the human mind cannot be blocked
for long... and Kristol...

Chiron turns and looks directly at Cleveland.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Kristol. Dr. Chiron, I have found
you and Kristol. Can you tell me
more?

Chiron begins brain-dumping.

MR. CHIRON
Kristol research got control over
the minds of all people.

CLEVELAND
How? How did they-

Chiron's intensity grows throughout the rant, until he is almost shouting.

MR. CHIRON
By giving people a permanent
solution for all their suffering.
But in doing so, people lost
everything that makes them human.
They became mindless cattle that
exist to produce and consume, and
make the corporations wealthy
beyond imagination.

CLEVELAND
Why doesn't somebody stop them?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MR. CHIRON

Why!? People are too content to allow anyone to take that away from them.

CLEVELAND

But if they knew...

MR. CHIRON

Who's going to tell them? Who would listen?

CLEVELAND

I don't know... the government...

MR. CHIRON

Kristol is the government.

Chiron looks away and his eyes go dead.

SECURITY

Excuse me, sir.

Cleveland turns around. A smiling, stout man in white stands over him.

SECURITY (cont'd)

(Smiling)

May I speak to you in my office, please?

INT. KRISTOL SECURITY OFFICE

A smiling SECURITY person speaks quietly to Cleveland across a clean gray desk.

SECURITY

We must respect the vulnerable condition of our clients by protecting them from distractions and physical danger, as I'm sure you understand.

CLEVELAND

I do understand. I didn't feel I was-

SECURITY

Just having family around or even quiet music can be very stressful for them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECURITY (CONT'D)

In these final days of their lives,
we offer them a sanctuary - a
peaceful, secure environment.

CLEVELAND

As a doctor, I am aware-

SECURITY

They must be completely shut off
from distractions. We do not
encourage even doctors from the
outside to see our clients.

CLEVELAND

Of course.

The security person stands and holds the door open for
Cleveland.

INT. TERMINAL CARE RECREATION ROOM

Security personnel escort Cleveland to the locked outside
door. As they pass through the room, Cleveland looks toward
Chiron, a passionate old man in his final days, isolated and
empty in a sterile environment.

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As the three eat dinner with the usual ennui.

CLEVELAND

My this is delicious. What is it?

MAZY

I felt inventive today, so I mixed
the seafood medley with the Mexican
plate from the other night.

CLEVELAND

Interesting. It's kind of seafood
Mexican style. What do you think,
Jonny?

JONNY

I like it. United we stand, divided
we fall.

CLEVELAND

Yes. What does uh...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JONNY

Oh Dad. Before I forget, my teacher
had the class sign a card of
appreciation regarding your talk.

He hands it to Cleveland.

CLEVELAND

Lovely. Tell them, thank you.

ANGLE HIS POV on the card. All the names are neatly signed
and aligned in straight columns.

RESUME GROUP

MAZY

Do you think you'll be late
tomorrow?

CLEVELAND

No, no. I'm back on schedule.
Everything is back to normal.

She smiles.

INT. CLEVELAND'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland's side of the bed is empty.

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOME STUDY - NIGHT

It's 3:00 am. Cleveland is alone, working by the light of his
laptop.

ANGLE LAPTOP SCREEN as he types: "I try to control the
madness, but it's a losing battle. I feel I am quickly
falling apart."

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - DAY

As Cleveland stands on a ladder over the garage replacing a
perfectly good outdoor lamp with another one that is almost
identical. Jonny is shooting balls in a basket next to him.

JONNY

Hey, Dad. Do you think I can make
this?

CLEVELAND

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He shoots and misses. Cleveland has trouble making the new lamp fit the old housing.

JONNY

Do you think I can make it this time?

CLEVELAND

No.

He shoots and misses. Cleveland tries the wrong tool to wedge it in.

JONNY

What about this time?

CLEVELAND

Yes.

He misses. Cleveland tries forcing the part using the back of a screwdriver as a hammer.

JONNY

How about this time?

No response.

JONNY (cont'd)

Dad, how about this time? Dad?

CLEVELAND

No.

He misses. Cleveland pushes too hard and part of the new lamp snaps off and pinches his thumb hard. He SCREAMS.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Damn!

Cleveland loses it. He rips the lamp off the housing and SMASHES it on the driveway. Jonny jumps out of the way and looks up. Cleveland shakes his sore thumb and descends the ladder. He is hot with rage that has never been allowed to surface. He kicks the lamp, bludgeons it with a hammer, then knocks the ladder over. Jonny backs away in terror and runs into the house.

It has finally happened, an all-out meltdown. Cleveland gets up and ROARS, kicks the ladder, the lamp, throws tools through the front window. All his emotions explode at once and he has no idea how to control them or what they mean, but he can't stop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

It is also frightening for the neighbors, who gather and watch. Jonny runs out of the house, followed by Mazy. No one knows what to do, because it has never happened to them. They probably feel something is terribly wrong with Cleveland.

The catharsis subsides - the poison gone. Cleveland holds his thumb and sits in the grass. He surveys the small group as they stare with dropped jaws. Then he smiles, a genuine, real, from-the-heart smile.

He stands and approaches Mazy. She backs away, but he catches up to her and hugs her with all the new-found love in his soul. She is shocked, everyone is shocked. He turns to the group.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
(Beaming with joy)
I'm okay folks. I really am. I feel great. Don't worry, I'm not going to hurt anyone.

They don't believe him.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
I'm not crazy. I was just maybe a little... sick, but I feel better now. Thank you for your concern.

He turns.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
I love you, Mazy.

He throws his arms around Mazy and Jonny.

INT. ISSUEFOUR LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Mazy and Jonny sit close together on the sofa, watching Cleveland pace.

CLEVELAND
After the accident, I felt terror, just plain terror. All these crazy thoughts rushed into my head. It felt like my mind was going to explode. Not literally. I mean, it felt like all my thoughts were bees, like my head was a beehive. I don't mean a real...

He stops, realizing that every time he opens his mouth, he makes things worse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

I didn't know what to do. I tried to control the thoughts, but it was impossible. They kept coming. But now I see. It finally all makes sense.

(The big pronouncement)

I am normal - this is how we're supposed to be. ENS is wrong. It synchronizes the neurons in our brain, but it also takes away everything that makes us human. Now I understand the bees. Before, I felt sick and desperate. Now, I feel it's everyone else who is sick, who needs help. Mazy and Jonny, you need help. You need to discover this too.

He sees the total lack of understanding in their wide, empty eyes.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

But not right away. There's plenty of time. You have to want to do it. No rush. Umm, that's all I have to say. Please, don't worry about me or think I'm crazy. Just let me do this and I'll try not to scare you.

He sits. Mazy stands.

MAZY

I'm going to start dinner now.

She leaves. Cleveland turns to Jonny, who doesn't have anyplace to go.

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOME STUDY - NIGHT

As Cleveland types in his journal with the TV on. A news story grabs his attention.

ANGLE ON TV

TV REPORTER

(On camera)

President Milton today signed a bill that will pump more funds into research.

On TV, as Milton gives a press conference.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PRESIDENT MILTON
Research firms like Kristol will
now have the money they need to
develop more solutions for
improving the quality of life for
all people.

On TV, a Kristol research lab.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
Kristol is currently designing
personal ID modules that can be
implanted under the skin, making it
easier for us to identify
ourselves.

On TV, empty, smiling people watching a football game.

TV REPORTER (V.O.)
Kristol was responsible for
creating the electro-neural
synchronization methods that have
improved the lives for billions of
people worldwide.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - DAY

As the synchronized cars go to work.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR

RADIO (V.O.)
It's another spot-on day with highs
around 115 and a forecast for more
of the same. The top news today:
will the Blakely Bears run for
cover when they take on our own
Titterness Titans in Fontasa
Stadium-

The phone RINGS. Cleveland is cheerful and alive.

CLEVELAND
Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)
Cleveland, do you have your
raincoat with you?

Cleveland begins his new policy of openly lying to Mazy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND
(Proudly)
Yes, I do.

MAZY (V.O.)
How are you feeling?

CLEVELAND
Fine. Great.

MAZY (V.O.)
Did you eat any breakfast?

CLEVELAND
I didn't have time. Woke up late.
I'll get something at work.

MAZY (V.O.)
I'm worried about you. You know
that? What you are doing doesn't
seem normal, doesn't seem right.
You should see a doctor.

CLEVELAND
That's a good idea. I'll make an
appointment.

MAZY (V.O.)
Make sure you do. Are we going to
the game tonight?

CLEVELAND
Of course. It's a normal day.
There's no reason why I should have
to work late. Mazy, honey, please
don't worry.

LONG BEAT.

MAZY (V.O.)
All right.

INT. ISSUEFOUR KITCHEN - DAY

As Mazy hangs up. She thinks, then dials.

VOICE (V.O.)
Homeland Security. How shall I
route your call?

MAZY
I have a question.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD - NIGHT

As the teams run a typically lackluster play. The Titan quarterback is tackled and the ball downed before he can even get his arm in the air. When he stands, he is more concerned with brushing the grass off his uniform before stains set in.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(Over the PA)

Why not chow down on a Titan
Turnover. It's hot, it's meaty, and
it's soooo good.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS - NIGHT

Mazy and Cleveland sit in silence, eating hot dogs. After a long moment...

CLEVELAND

Nothing like eating hot dogs at a
game, huh?

MAZY

Nothing.

She takes a bite.

MAZY (cont'd)

Did you make that appointment with
our family doctor?

CLEVELAND

I did better than that. At lunch, I
saw the doctor and had a complete
check-up. Everything is fine. I'm
in perfect health.

MAZY

Did you discuss what happened
yesterday with him?

CLEVELAND

It's nothing to worry about. As it
turns out, the effect of the
unblockage was only temporary.
Normal neural alignment has
returned and I feel just like I
used to.

MAZY

(Smiling)

Really?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

Yup.

MAZY

No more outbursts?

CLEVELAND

No more.

MAZY

That makes me feel a lot better.
I'm so glad.

She takes his hand. The crowd APPLAUDS politely.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD

Another kick-off. Both teams jog toward the center and the ball is downed near the 50. More polite APPLAUSE.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Remember to get your official
Titterness Titans products at the
team store on the first level. And
after making your purchase, get
season passes for basketball,
baseball, soccer, hockey and any
other professional sports product
available from the Fontasa
Entertainment Corporation at the
ticket counter on level 1.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS - LATER

The hot dogs are finished off. Cleveland is becoming antsy and visibly bored.

CLEVELAND

We can go, if you want.

MAZY

Why would I want to go, the game is
only half over? We always stay for
the whole game.

CLEVELAND

You're right.

MAZY

I suppose if you're not enjoying
the game...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

No, that's fine. (BEAT) Actually,
you know, I'm not really. I'm a
little tired.

MAZY

But you always enjoy the game.

CLEVELAND

I know. But tonight, it just... You
know what it is? It just seems like
neither team has any spirit
tonight.

GUY 1, sitting behind them, overhears the remark.

GUY 1

Did I hear you say our team has no
spirit?

CLEVELAND

Neither team does.

The guy is nonplussed. They watch the game in silence.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM FIELD

As a player is tackled immediately after intercepting a pass.
The player stands and rubs his kneecap.

TACKLING PLAYER

How's your knee?

TACKLED PLAYER

It's okay, thanks. I've had worse.
Hey, I like that 4-by you're
driving. Chevy?

TACKLING PLAYER

Yeah, it's the new Tracker.

TACKLED PLAYER

Very stylish.

TACKLING PLAYER

Thanks.

They jog away.

EXT. FONTASA STADIUM STANDS

CLEVELAND

I think I'll go for a walk, maybe
get some more drinks.

MAZY

Do you want to leave?

CLEVELAND

We can stay, if you want.

MAZY

Well, I don't want to stay if you
don't.

CLEVELAND

Maybe I'll feel more like staying
after I walk around a bit.

He stands. GUY 1 talks in full voice to the fellow next to
him.

GUY 1

There's nothing like watching our
team play, huh?

GUY 2

Nothing.

Cleveland hands the empty hot dog tray to Mazy.

CLEVELAND

Guess what? Our team is about as
interesting as mud.

GUY 1

I think you should relax and try to
be more supportive.

CLEVELAND

There's nothing to support.

GUY 1

Oh yeah? Maybe you don't know what
it means to be supportive.

CLEVELAND

When this team knows what it means
to play football, I'll know what it
means to be supportive.

GUY 1

I'm sorry you feel that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

All they can do is stare.

CLEVELAND

I am too. Believe me. I just don't see anyone trying out there. I see a bunch of kids running into each other and throwing a ball on the ground, but there's no game, no conflict. It would be more entertaining to watch them paint lines on the field. No one cares. There's no passion. Everything is flat, even the hot dogs. This mustard tastes like yellow mayonnaise, and the mayonnaise tastes like white catsup, and it all tastes like library paste.

Cleveland looks at their stunned expressions and sits.

MAZY

I think we had better go.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - NIGHT

As they drive home in SILENCE. Finally, Mazy breaks the ice.

MAZY

They told me to keep an eye on you... and be brave.

CLEVELAND

They said that?

MAZY

Yes. When I called them.

CLEVELAND

Who?

MAZY

I didn't know what else to do.

CLEVELAND

Are you talking about the, umm...

MAZY

Homeland Security.

CLEVELAND

I see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY

We call them when we need help.
So...

CLEVELAND

Of course.

MAZY

I hope I did the right thing.

CLEVELAND

Yes. I would do the same thing. We
all would. It's what we have to do.

Mazy feels better.

INT. JONNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

As Cleveland tucks Jonny in, he awakens.

CLEVELAND

Hi. Sorry. I didn't mean to wake
you.

JONNY

It's okay. Who won?

CLEVELAND

I don't know. We left early.

JONNY

Why?

CLEVELAND

I was... I was tired.

Jonny studies his Dad up close in the dim light.

JONNY

What does it feel like? Does it
hurt?

Cleveland is taken aback, sits on the bed.

CLEVELAND

Not at all. It feels like... Uh...
It's kind of like the feeling when
you wake up, like leaving a dream
and jumping right into a cold
river. You're all wet and cold and
you don't know where you are, but
it feels really good... once you
get used to it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)
Sometimes it doesn't feel good, but
it always feels better than being
asleep all the time. Do you worry
about me?

He shakes his head.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Good, because... there's nothing to
worry about.

He pats Jonny and starts to get up.

JONNY
Dad, don't go.

CLEVELAND
You need your sleep.

JONNY
I don't want to sleep. I want to be
like you. I want that electro-
neurotic mental thing.

Cleveland sits again.

CLEVELAND
Well. I'm not sure how safe it is
for someone your age.

JONNY
I don't care.

Cleveland pats Jonny's leg. He has no answer.

INT. CLEVELAND'S HOME STUDY - NIGHT

As Cleveland sits in a comfy chair with his tablet, reading
the news.

ON TABLET. It's a picture of Dr. Chiron with the headline,
"Dr. Ralph Chiron, founding member of Kristol Convalescent
Center, Dies." He scrolls down, "Funeral service to be held
at Flanders Funeral Home in Murmurg."

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

As all the cars back out of their garages in sync, except
Cleveland's.

INT. FLANDERS MORTUARY - DAY

Dr. Chiron's body is laid out in a budget coffin in the viewing area of the small, dim chapel. A single mourner, wearing a bright Sunday dress, sits in the family section behind sheer curtains.

Cleveland enters the chapel and surveys the empty seats. He walks up to the coffin, looks in briefly, then notices the mourner. He sits and keeps an eye on her.

After a while, the mourner stands and leaves through a back door. Cleveland rushes out to the lobby.

INT. MORTUARY LOBBY - DAY

As Cleveland emerges from the chapel and heads toward the front door. He checks around the lobby. Then, he looks out the front window just as the mourner walks by on the sidewalk. He runs out the door after her.

EXT. MORTUARY SIDEWALK - DAY

As Cleveland walks up behind the mourner, a small woman in her 70s. He paces her for a while, then takes a chance...

CLEVELAND

Excuse me.

She slows and turns, as he catches up and walks alongside her.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Are you Ms. Chiron?

MS. CHIRON

(Smiling)

Yes.

CLEVELAND

I'm Cleveland Issuefour, one of your husband's physicians.

MS. CHIRON

That's nice. I'm not his wife, though. I am his sister. He was never married.

CLEVELAND

I'm sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. CHIRON

That's all right. You must be from
Kristol.

CLEVELAND

No, I performed stress therapy on
your brother at a hospital in
Titterness... Golden Years.

MS. CHIRON

Oh?

CLEVELAND

I wanted to come up and offer my
condolences.

MS. CHIRON

Thank you. You must be very busy.
An ST doctor who attends the
funerals of his patients probably
has little time for much else.

CLEVELAND

Oh, actually, I've never done this
before. Dr. Chiron was... We
developed a sort of connection in
the brief time we knew each other.

She stops walking and looks him in the eye.

MS. CHIRON

(Suspicious)

I see.

CLEVELAND

He told me about Kristol Research.
He seemed very passionate about
ending the practice of neural
synchronization. Has he ever talked
with you about that?

She starts walking again. He has sprint to keep up.

MS. CHIRON

How could he be passionate if you
had just aligned his brain cells?

CLEVELAND

I had the same question. My guess
is, he was never aligned.

She stops and turns to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MS. CHIRON

Are you trying to make some kind of accusation?

CLEVELAND

Accu... No, no. Oh, you think I'm trying to accuse him... No. No.

MS. CHIRON

For all I know, you're with the FBI and this is your ham-handed way of entrapping me.

She starts walking again.

CLEVELAND

Oh, God no. Ms. Chiron. It happened to me. I received a charge by accident that unblocked my neurons.

MS. CHIRON

Who sent you?

CLEVELAND

No one sent me. Would I tell you that if I was trying to entrap you?

MS. CHIRON

Absolutely.

He takes her arm to stop her.

CLEVELAND

(Breaking down)

Right now... right now, as far as I know, I'm the only person in the world who knows what an emotion is. And I'm sure you have no idea how damn frustrating, how completely frightening that is? Nobody except your brother would have a clue what I'm going through. But I can't go back to the way I was. I can't go back to being... dead, after knowing what it feels like to be human, no matter how miserable and frightening it is. And in the past few weeks, I've been about as miserable as anyone could be. If you know anything at all, I have to hear it. I need something, or I'm going to completely fall apart. What can I do to convince you? I'll do anything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

She turns back and motions for him to follow her.

EXT. DR. CHIRON'S HOUSE SIDEWALK - DAY

ANGLE CLOSE on a rural mailbox with "Dr. R.W. Chiron" written on the side, as Sue dislodges several weeks worth of bills and junk from it.

ANGLE ON Sue and Cleveland, as she arranges the pile of mail in her arms and pushes a small wire gate open with her hip. They walk through an archway roughly cut out of a tall, thick hedge into Dr. Chiron's front yard.

EXT. DR. CHIRON'S HOUSE FRONT YARD - DAY

As Cleveland follows Sue down a narrow path. The massive unkempt yard surrounds a small, decaying four-room wood house. Tall elms block the light and thick hedges, made barren by the prolonged heat wave, stand here and there like clumps of razor wire. The lawn and ivy covering the house are overgrown and dying.

EXT. DR. CHIRON'S HOUSE FRONT PORCH - DAY

They step onto the porch. Sue hands the mail to Cleveland and pulls out a large ring of keys.

MS. CHIRON

My goodness. This might take a while.

She tries three likely candidates and the fourth one opens the door. Cleveland follows her into the house.

INT. DR. CHIRON'S HOUSE FRONT ROOM - DAY

As Sue enters for the first time in many years.

It is the dim, crowded sanctuary of a recluse, who spent most of his time devouring dense books and writing down thoughts that no one would ever read. Sue opens a window to let in fresh air, as Cleveland looks at framed photos over the fireplace.

MS. CHIRON

You'll have to excuse Ralph for the mess. He almost never had guests and I'm sure the few he did have were given no special treatment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

What are you going to do with all this?

MS. CHIRON

I don't know.

(Letting out a deep
breath)

I think I'll stay for awhile and slowly sift through it all. It's not going to be easy.

She pulls out a thick book and blows the dust off.

MS. CHIRON (cont'd)

Too bad. In another era, these old books had some value. Unfortunately, the aligned masses have little appreciation for great thought... or thinking of any kind for that matter.

Cleveland holds up a photo of two young children at a cabin.

CLEVELAND

This you and Ralph?

She comes over to get a closer look.

MS. CHIRON

Yes. Oh my. That's the family cabin in northern Vermont. See that room?

She points to a window on the second floor.

MS. CHIRON (cont'd)

That's where Ralph and I were born.

Cleveland is shocked.

MS. CHIRON (cont'd)

Fraternal twins.

CLEVELAND

That was how you avoided ENS.

MS. CHIRON

Our parents, especially my father, used to say he wanted his children to grow up human, not live like caged rats with half a brain. They found a midwife who agreed to do the deed and falsify the birth certificates.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She picks up another photo.

MS. CHIRON (cont'd)
This is Ralph about the time he helped found Kristol. He had great plans. He was going to work from the inside to take on the corporations and end neural synchronization. Imagine that.

CLEVELAND
How have you two survived?

She sits in Ralph's old dusty recliner.

MS. CHIRON
Living two lives, I suppose. Ralph was the happy, aligned physician during the day, then came here to his sanctuary and became the tortured, starving, unaligned intellectual. We have survived by holding out the dream that one day someone would come along and end this insanity. But so far, there has been no indication that is ever going to happen.

CLEVELAND
I can't believe that.

MS. CHIRON
The fact is, people will always choose safety over the truth. They'll believe whatever you want them to believe, as long as you give them what they want.

CLEVELAND
I've never thought of it that way.

SUE
(Getting face to face with him)
You've never thought period. Like most aligned people, you were attracted by easy answers, quick fixes and shiny objects. You never bothered to see what they were doing with the other hand. You didn't even think to look.
(Almost whispering)
At the moment the charge enters the brain, we are no longer human.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SUE (CONT'D)

We become some sort of hybrid creature that exists to service the monstrous appetite of the corporations.

CLEVELAND

It's horrible.

SUE

Depends on your point of view, of course. To the aligned population, everything is just dandy. To the few humans left on the planet, though, everything is about as bleak as it can be. We are witnessing the extinction of the human race.

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As the three eat in the usual silence.

CLEVELAND

This is delicious. What is it?

MAZY

It's called Kajun Klassics, with a K.

CLEVELAND

It's like a gumbo.

LONG BEAT.

MAZY

(Troubled)

So, Cleveland, I was wondering. The hospital called this morning and asked if I knew where you were.

(BEAT)

Where were you?

CLEVELAND

Oh, I went to Murmurg to attend the funeral of a client.

MAZY

You don't normally do that, do you?

CLEVELAND

Hmm, you're right. I don't believe I ever have.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAZY

Was there something special about this client?

CLEVELAND

Just somebody I got to know. I think it would be good to attend a funeral every now and then.

MAZY

Why?

CLEVELAND

Well, it might be like a factory worker who gets the opportunity to see who's driving the car he helped build.

MAZY

People aren't cars.

CLEVELAND

I'm talking about what we do. Some of us work on cars, some of us work on people. You cook us dinner. What if you didn't know who you were cooking for? Wouldn't you be curious?

MAZY

I don't know.

Cleveland goes back to eating, leaving Mazy staring off in the distance.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

As the line of synchronized cars proceeds on schedule.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - DAY

RADIO (V.O.)

Good morning, Titterness. It's just a delightful day with the current temperature at 103, looking for a high today around 118 and more beautiful clear skies. Don't forget, today is *go the mall day*. Time to buy all those back-to-school supplies and fashions for the Fall. In other news-

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cleveland CLICKS off the radio. It is SILENT. He glances at the phone icon on the car info-screen. Nothing.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

Cleveland is pulling the electrodes off of a client after therapy.

CLEVELAND
What do you feel?

CLIENT
I feel nothing.

CLEVELAND
Good. You're okay now.

He pats the client's arm and turns to Doris, who is putting things away by the console.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
So Doris, how are you today?

DORIS
Fine, Doctor.

CLEVELAND
You seem quiet. Is everything okay?

DORIS
Yeah.

CLEVELAND
Good. Well, I'll go back to my office and get some paperwork done. See you in a few minutes.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS GERIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

As Cleveland walks down the corridor to his office, he spots two men waiting for him by his door. They smile as Cleveland approaches.

TOLEDO
Good morning. Dr. Issuefour?

CLEVELAND
Yes.

TOLEDO
I'm Agent Carl Toledo and this is Agent Pacabell with the FBI.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 TOLEDO (CONT'D)
May we have a few words with you in
your office?

 CLEVELAND
Of course.

INT. CLEVELAND'S OFFICE - DAY

As they enter the crowded space.

 CLEVELAND
I'm sorry. I don't have any extra
chairs.

 TOLEDO
That's all right. Please, have a
seat, Doctor. We can stand.

Cleveland sits.

 TOLEDO (cont'd)
This shouldn't take long and then
you can get back to your work.
Doctor, we have heard from a number
of people with whom you have had
contact that you have been acting,
well, funny recently - not normal.

 CLEVELAND
Is there a law against acting
funny?

Toledo is not prepared for humor.

INT. SECURITY MEETING ROOM - DAY

It's really a padded interrogation room with a friendly spin.
Cleveland is sitting alone at a metal desk. Toledo and
Pacabell can be seen through a reinforced window discussing
the case. They finish and enter the room. After the door is
safely closed behind them...

 TOLEDO
Well, Doctor we checked your birth
records, as you suggested, and they
verify your claim that you did in
fact receive ENS at birth. So,
we're not sure what the problem is,
but we know there is one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

As I said, I really don't feel there is a problem. If you would give me something more specific...

TOLEDO

Sorry, we can't be more specific. We have to protect our sources. You understand?

CLEVELAND

Well, I don't know what else to tell you.

TOLEDO

Would you mind submitting to a brief psychological examination?

CLEVELAND

I think it would be a waste of time.

TOLEDO

I'm afraid that wasn't a question.

INT. SECURITY PSYCHOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY

The tiny office is dimly lit by a BUZZING fluorescent fixture. The public servant is bent over his desk, scanning Cleveland's report.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Your behavior in a number of instances appears to be inconsistent with an individual who has undergone ENS at birth: losing your temper, breaking things out of anger, speaking excitedly, changing your work habits, having heated, irrational conversations, possessing a strong point of view, exhibiting elevated levels of anxiety, and...

He turns to face Cleveland directly.

PSYCHOLOGIST (cont'd)

Bending the truth. How would you explain this sudden shift in behavior?

CLEVELAND

I don't know if I can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PSYCHOLOGIST

Hmm. I'm going to give you a word association test. When I say a word, I want you to tell me the first thing that comes into your mind. Okay?

Cleveland nods. The psychologist turns away from Cleveland so he can make notes at his desk.

PSYCHOLOGIST (cont'd)

Black.

CLEVELAND

White.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Red.

CLEVELAND

Rose.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Pencil.

CLEVELAND

Sharpener.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Loud.

CLEVELAND

Soft.

The psychologist's voice changes intensity.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Knife.

CLEVELAND

Table.

He turns to Cleveland.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Table?

CLEVELAND

I mean, cut.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Is that what you meant to say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND

Yes.

He turns back to the desk.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Destroy.

CLEVELAND

Umm, create.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Anger.

CLEVELAND

Calm, placid.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Which one?

CLEVELAND

Umm, calm.

PSYCHOLOGIST

Raincoat.

CLEVELAND

Brown.

He stops and places his notes in a folder and then turns to face Cleveland. He studies his face for an uncomfortably long time. Cleveland smiles.

INT. SECURITY MEETING ROOM - DAY

Cleveland is seated. Toledo paces as he reads the report through again. Then, he tosses the folder on the table.

TOLEDO

Well, Dr. Issuefour, you passed the psychological evaluation. But I got to tell, I'm not convinced.

He opens the door and gestures for Cleveland to leave. As Cleveland crosses in front of Toledo, the agent stops him.

TOLEDO (cont'd)

Doctor, I want you to know, we're going to be keeping a close eye on you. Very close. Comprendo?

He lets Cleveland go.

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

As the three eat in complete silence.

INT. CLEVELAND'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland is staring at the ceiling as Mazy sleeps. Then, he pushes the covers back and sits on the edge of the bed and stares at his feet.

INT. JONNY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland is leaning against the door frame watching Jonny sleep. He tiptoes over to the boy and pulls the covers up under his chin, pats his back, and then starts to leave. Jonny turns over and his eyes pop open.

JONNY

Hi, dad.

CLEVELAND

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

JONNY

No. I was thinking.

CLEVELAND

What?

JONNY

About how everything is changing.

Cleveland sits on the bed.

CLEVELAND

Well guess what? No more changing. I'm going right back to the way I was, and then Mom will too, and everything will go right back to the way it's supposed to be. Nothing more to worry about.

JONNY

I thought you liked being the new way.

CLEVELAND

It's okay, except I feel... alone a lot of the time. It's just better not to stand out. It really is. Hey, we got it pretty darn good.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

We have a nice house and two cars
and we're a great family. So... I'm
going to go right back to being
normal.

JONNY

How?

CLEVELAND

By trying really hard.

They search each other's eyes.

JONNY

But dad, I don't want you to go
back. I want to be that way too.

CLEVELAND

Well, I know, but believe me,
it's... That's the last thing you
need. You have your friends and
school and-

JONNY

I don't care about any of that.

CLEVELAND

Well... I've thought about it. A
lot... I really have... But...
it's very, very risky.

JONNY

I don't care. I'll be okay.

CLEVELAND

And it's illegal, too.

JONNY

Really?

CLEVELAND

Yeah, the police are watching me
all the time. No, we shouldn't even
be thinking about this.

JONNY

I don't care about the police.
We'll help each other.

They search each other's eyes.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - MORNING

As the cars repeat their synchronized dance.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - DAY

RADIO (V.O.)

Wow! It's going to be a fantastic day. Current temperature is 108, with highs today hovering around 120, so get out and enjoy. Don't forget, today is *outdoor activity* day-

The phone RINGS.

CLEVELAND

Hello.

MAZY (V.O.)

Cleveland, honey, I talked to your nurse Doris and she told me that your raincoat, the one I brought to your work last week, it's still there and I counted the raincoats at home and got six. So, I was wondering... You used to take your raincoat every day, so you'd have it just in case. But you don't do that anymore and I was just... And you told me you had picked up the raincoat and you had it in the car with you all the time, but then Doris told me, you know. So... I don't know what to think. You've changed so much and before your accident things made sense and I knew what to think, but now I don't anymore. So I was... I don't know what to do.

CLEVELAND

I'm sorry.

MAZY (V.O.)

Don't be sorry, be like you used to be.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

I'm getting better. Mazy, everyday
I'm getting better and I'm going
back to the way I used to be,
but... it's like being sick. I just
need time to get well.

MAZY (V.O.)

How long?

CLEVELAND

I don't know.

MAZY (V.O.)

That's just it. You used to know.
Now, it's as if you don't know
anything for sure.

CLEVELAND

(He tries lying)

I'll be better in two weeks. Two
weeks from today, you'll never know
I had an accident. I'll be the old
Cleveland you used to know. I
promise - two weeks from right now.

MAZY (V.O.)

I just don't know.

CLEVELAND

What?

MAZY (V.O.)

If I can believe you.

CLEVELAND

Please, believe me. I love you...

MAZY (V.O.)

And Jonny?

CLEVELAND

And Jonny... and I really want you
to be happy and not confused. You
can believe that. You can believe
that for sure.

MAZY (V.O.)

Two weeks?

CLEVELAND

Two weeks from today. I promise.

SILENCE.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS FAMILY MEETING ROOM - DAY

Cleveland is with a client Roy and his wife. The two smile vacantly with no hint of emotion.

CLEVELAND
Roy, you are aware of what stress therapy is?

ROY
Yes.

CLEVELAND
And you know that you will be receiving it today?

ROY
Yes.

CLEVELAND
Do you have any questions?

ROY
No.

CLEVELAND
Okay then, that's everything.

Cleveland hands him the form to sign.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
So, what line of work were you in?

ROY
Engineering.

CLEVELAND
Really, what kind of engineering?

ROY
Electrical substations. I helped design them.

CLEVELAND
How long were you an engineer?

ROY
I forget. Is it important?

CLEVELAND
No. Just curious.

He hands the form back to Cleveland, who checks it over one last time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Have any children?

ROY
One. Married.

CLEVELAND
Think you'll be staying at home?

ROY
Yes.

CLEVELAND
I'm sorry. I don't mean to pry.
Just making conversation.

Roy stares at nothing, with the vacant smile. Cleveland turns back to the form.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
It says you elected to have the
therapy. But no reason was
indicated.

ROY
Oh, uh, I decided it was time. I
retired from work last Friday and
we felt it was time.

CLEVELAND
Everything has its time, huh?

ROY
Yes, sir.

CLEVELAND
How do you feel now?

ROY
Just fine.

Cleveland watches him for a moment, looking for any sign of life.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

As Doris hits the green button and the body of Roy convulses and drops flat.

CLEVELAND
What do you feel, Roy?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROY
I feel nothing.

Cleveland pats Roy's shoulder and turns away.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - LATER

Another client, Mrs. Horner, lies on the table as the green button is hit again. She convulses and drops.

CLEVELAND
What do you feel, Mrs. Horner?

MRS. HORNER
I feel nothing.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - LATER

The green button is pressed again for another client.

CLEVELAND
What do you feel?

CLIENT 2
I feel nothing.

TREATMENT MONTAGE

The process is repeated identically for five or six more clients. Each time the sound of the electric DISCHARGE and SIZZLE intensifies, until it is almost unbearable.

QUICK CUT TO:

INT. ISSUEFOUR DINING ROOM - NIGHT

ANGLE CLOSE as a fork stabs an unrecognizable, gelatinous lump covered in curry sauce.

ANGLE FULL on the three eating in SILENCE.

CLEVELAND
Mmm. This is really lovely. What is it?

MAZY
I'm glad you like it. It's an Indian dish, karukakaruga something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND
What is this?

MAZY
I think it's tofu.

CLEVELAND
Hmm. Lovely. Don't you think,
Jonny?

JONNY
Yeah.

Jonny seems unusually distracted.

CLEVELAND
So, how was your day?

JONNY
Okay.

CLEVELAND
Did anything... happen?

JONNY
Dale Mothmann was talking about you
to some kids.

CLEVELAND
What did he say?

JONNY
He says that everybody thinks
you're crazy, and some adults think
we should move away.

They eat in SILENCE, then...

CLEVELAND
Tell your friends to tell their
parents that I'm not crazy and
we're not moving away... and I am
willing to discuss the matter with
them if it will make them more
comfortable. It's not okay for them
to make you feel bad about
something you have no control over.

Jonny shakes his head and stares into his karukakaruga. Mazy
breaks the spell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAZY

Guess what? I bought something special at the outdoor recreation store.

CLEVELAND

Good. What is it?

INT. ISSUEFOUR LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

As Cleveland and Jonny stare at an array of items laid out on the sofa.

MAZY

It's a complete fishing kit for two. See?

She shows them a long box with a staged picture of a Dad and his son having a great time fishing.

MAZY (cont'd)

It's everything you need to catch trout, bass and many other lake fish. It comes with two fishing poles, line, hooks, lures, net and a handy plastic tackle box. I saw this and thought that's just what you guys need - an outdoor activity.

CLEVELAND

Gosh, I've never gone fishing. I don't really know how to.

Mazy droops.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

But I think it's time to learn. How hard could it be?

MAZY

Right. It'll be fun and being outdoors is good for you. I think you two spend too much time inside.

CLEVELAND

You're absolutely right. It'll be something Jonny and I can do together. We need something like that.

MAZY

Good, I'm glad you like it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLEVELAND

I do. I think it's a great idea.

She starts to put the parts back in the box. Jonny turns toward his bedroom. Cleveland grabs the newspaper and sits in his recliner.

Then, Cleveland lowers the paper and looks at the fishing kit, and his eyes brighten. He stands.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Hey, Jonny come back here. I got an idea.

Jonny returns.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

You know what? It's Friday, the weather couldn't be better, we have no plans for the weekend. What do you say we go fishing? We got everything we need right here.

JONNY

Fishing? But...

CLEVELAND

We could leave tomorrow morning, better yet, right now. We could just throw some things in the car and take off right now. That way we'll get to the lake tonight, and tomorrow morning we can get up bright and early and rent a boat somewhere and go fishing. What do you think?

JONNY

I suppose.

CLEVELAND

I don't know how to use all these things, but we'll figure it out.

MAZY

Look. The kit includes a manual describing how to set up the poles and attach the hooks and lures.

CLEVELAND

Perfect. What do you think?

JONNY

I guess. If you want to.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Cleveland puts his arm around Jonny.

CLEVELAND
A little change will be good for
us. Don't you think?

Jonny looks up.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Remember what we were talking about
last night? Remember we were
talking about... stuff?

Jonny nods.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
This will be our chance. You know
what I mean?

Jonny smiles. As is the case with all aligned people, Jonny can read between the lines, but he has no point of view. He can only imitate and follow.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS HALL BY TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT

As Cleveland and Jonny come in from an employee entrance, and move quickly toward the treatment room. Just as they are about to reach it, a coworker NED comes into view from around a corner.

CLEVELAND
Ned.

NED
Cleveland. Working late, I see.

CLEVELAND
Yeah. No, no. I... I left my
phone... somewhere. Thought I might
have-

NED
What's that in your pocket?

CLEVELAND
Oh yeah. But, no. That's, uh, the
other one. I have two.

NED
Oh gosh. Well, good luck.

CLEVELAND
Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cleveland and Jonny wait until Ned is out of sight, but then he stops and turns back.

NED
Hey, Cleveland.

CLEVELAND
(Turning back)
Yeah.

NED
This your son?

CLEVELAND
Yes. Ned. Jonny.
(To Jonny)
Jonny, this is Ned, a coworker.

JONNY
Hi.

NED
Nice to meet you. You know, seeing Jonny here reminded me of something I was going to ask you. I'm going to be giving ST to a child about Jonny's age Monday. Do you have any experience with kids? This will be my first.

CLEVELAND
Some.

NED
I'm a little fuzzy on EEG templates. What would you recommend? Should I use a normal template or create a custom one that takes into account defiant behavioral anomalies?

CLEVELAND
Hard to say.

NED
Well, this patient presented with a mostly normal behavior profiling-

CLEVELAND
Ned.

NED
Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND

Can we talk about this Monday? I mean, I really need to see your client and his history and whatnot to make a-

NED

Oh sure, sure. That makes sense.

CLEVELAND

First thing Monday, okay?

NED

Sure. We'll touch base first thing.

CLEVELAND

Have a nice weekend.

NED

Thanks. You too.

Ned reaches for the employee door and Cleveland lets out a deep breath.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT

Jonny lies on the comfortable table. Cleveland wheels the Bloefeld 210 over and turns it on. Then, he attaches the electrodes to Jonny. He presses some keys and Jonny's brainwave displays on the monitor.

CLEVELAND

Jonny, I know you want me to do this... and I want to. Believe me. I want you to know what it feels like to be awake and alive. But I'm concerned, because you really don't know what I'm getting you into.

JONNY

I know.

CLEVELAND

I mean, if there's any doubt in your mind-

JONNY

There's no doubt.

CLEVELAND

Well, then there's no doubt in my mind. Let's do it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cleveland stands over his trusting son. He grabs Jonny's hand and squeezes it.

Cleveland presses the button that sends the machine into charge mode. The voltage rises. When the ready indicator comes on, he presses cancel, then touches the connector. Nothing happens. He presses cancel again, and then the machine discharges. The current convulses Jonny's body and then he goes limp. Cleveland checks his eyes. They are closed.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Jonny. What do you feel?

No answer.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)
Jonny. Say something.

Cleveland checks his pulse, puts the machine back to monitor mode. He can see Jonny's brainwaves again. Jonny appears to be alive, but unconscious or in a coma.

Cleveland panics. He rips the electrodes off of his temples, shoves the machine out of the way. He stands over his son, calls his name, holds him. Nothing. Jonny is out or gone, he doesn't know. He picks him up and hugs him and tears well in his eyes.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS HALL BY TREATMENT ROOM - NIGHT

As Cleveland runs toward the employee entrance pushing a wheelchair with the limp body of his son.

EXT. ISSUEFOUR HOME - NIGHT

It is very late. All the lights are off in the houses. Cleveland's car is parked in the driveway with the engine running.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - NIGHT

Cleveland stares at his dark house. Then, he turns to his unconscious son strapped in the passenger seat.

EXT. OPEN HIGHWAY - NIGHT

As Cleveland's car passes.

INT. CLEVELAND'S CAR - NIGHT

As he drives with his son.

EXT. DR. CHIRON'S HOME - NIGHT

As Sue opens the front door in her robe and slippers. Cleveland is standing there in a state of shock, with Jonny draped over his shoulder.

INT. DR. CHIRON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Sue and Cleveland are standing over Jonny, who is laid out on the sofa. Finally, Sue breaks the SILENCE...

MS. CHIRON

I don't know what to tell you, Cleveland. I wish I did. You might say this is one of those defining moments only an unaligned human can appreciate.

CLEVELAND

I thought you might have a suggestion.

MS. CHIRON

Nope, sorry, other than taking him to a hospital.

CLEVELAND

But then, I say good-bye to him.

Cleveland feels the tremendous pressure and grief. He closes his eyes and tears come.

MS. CHIRON

Welcome to the real world, Cleveland. You're looking for a simple answer. There is none. You can wait and you can cry and you can hold my hand, if you want.

He turns to her and holds her hand tight with eyes clenched shut. It does somehow give him strength. They look deep in each other's eyes, then he envelopes her with his arms.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS GERIATRIC HOSPITAL - DAY

It's early Saturday and the corridors are empty, except for a small nursing staff.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS HALL BY LOADING DOCK

As Cleveland enters from double-doors. He checks up and down the hall, then heads quickly toward the pharmacy. He holds his badge over a sensor and the door opens.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS PHARMACY - DAY

As he enters and begins scanning the dark shelves. He grabs two IV bags, some needles, and plastic tubing.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS TREATMENT ROOM - DAY

As he packs up the portable Bloefeld unit.

EXT. GOLDEN YEARS LOADING DOCK - DAY

As Cleveland enters the area carrying the ST unit and medication. He notices a security car patrolling the area and hides behind some crates. The prowler stops next to Cleveland's car and the guard gets out.

The guard checks around the car, looks in the windows, and then scans the loading dock. Then, he gets back in the car and drives off.

Cleveland waits until the guard is gone. Then, he runs down the loading dock steps, opens the car trunk and tosses everything in.

INT. GOLDEN YEARS SECURITY OFFICE

As the guard holds the phone.

GUARD

Hi, this is security at Golden Years. You asked us to call you if we witnessed any suspicious activity concerning Dr. Issuefour.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HOMELAND SECURITY OFFICE - DAY

As Agent Toledo sits at his desk on the phone.

TOLEDO

Yes. What have you got?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUARD

I was patrolling the vicinity at the rear of the building and noted that his car was parked next to the loading dock area.

TOLEDO

I see. That's unusual?

GUARD

Yes sir, the doctors normally park in their assigned spaces. Also, the on-call doctor is normally the only doctor here on the weekend, and Dr. Issuefour is not the on-call.

TOLEDO

Good job. Do me a favor and keep an eye on him. Okay? Call me if anything changes.

GUARD

Will do.

TOLEDO

By the way, do you have security video of that area?

GUARD

Yes, we do.

TOLEDO

Good. I'll be in touch.

INT. DR. CHIRON'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cleveland is sitting in a hard-back chair with Jonny lying next to him. He's staring at a monitor displaying Jonny's brainwaves. An IV bag is hanging from an antique floor lamp with a tube leading into Jonny's wrist. Sue is reading in a padded chair.

After a moment, she sets her book down and joins with Cleveland staring at the display.

MS. CHIRON

What does it mean?

CLEVELAND

Well, neural activity is normal. Definitely.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MS. CHIRON

Can you tell if the neurons are aligned by looking at it?

CLEVELAND

No. He would need to be awake.

MS. CHIRON

Can you tell what state he's in?

CLEVELAND

It's a typical deep sleep state, but normally an individual can be brought out of it with enough external stimulation. Jonny doesn't seem to be able to change states. I don't know what it means.

She kneels next to him.

MS. CHIRON

Maybe the shock was just too much for him, and he shut down.

CLEVELAND

Maybe it caused permanent damage.

MS. CHIRON

What kind of state are you in?

CLEVELAND

I've killed my son. I was trying to save him and I killed him.

MS. CHIRON

No, you didn't. Think positive. Have faith.

CLEVELAND

What good will that do?

MS. CHIRON

You'll figure it out. Part of being human. I'm going to turn in. I suggest you do the same.

She pats him on the shoulder and leaves. He continues to stare at the monitor.

INT. DR. CHIRON'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Cleveland is still sitting in the same position, but his head is bent forward.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The flicker of the monitor screen provides the only light in the room. He awakens, and looks up. The waves show exactly the same pattern. There is no change, no sign of conscious activity. The hypnotic pattern repeats incessantly. He can't pull his eyes away from it. It is all he has left, all that is left of his son. The IV bag is nearly empty, the time is near, a decision must be made.

Slowly, Cleveland reaches down, touches his son's shoulder, looks for some movement, the smallest sign. Then, he reaches up and peels the electrodes off Jonny's temples. The screen flat-lines. He puts the electrodes on his own temples and the display resumes. In a half-dream state, he starts pressing buttons on the machine. A screen comes up: "wattage level." We see the display increase, as he presses a button, from 10 through 40. As the display passes 45, the numbers turn red and flash, but they continue increasing until they reach 125, and the display flashes: "CAUTION: Maximum Wattage."

Cleveland's eyes do not blink or move, but stay fixed on the flashing red display. He is going to let the machine decide for him. He presses another button, the screen changes, "Charging." At the peak voltage level, the screen changes, "Ready - Warning Potentially Harmful Charge." He stares at the flashing screen. Then, he looks down at Jonny. Something clicks.

He peels the electrodes off, and shuts down the machine. The monitor goes off and the fan motor in the machine slows and stops. Everything is still, QUIET and dark, except for the pale gray light of the moon. He reaches out and takes Jonny's cold hand.

CLEVELAND

Jonny, this is so hard for me. I can't imagine what it is for you, what must be going through your mind... if you even have one anymore. I made a huge mistake, and I have no one to blame but myself. I ruined you. My little boy. You trusted me. You handed me your life and I destroyed it. I know about destroying lives. I have years of experience, but none of that means anything to me because I was just following orders, you know - following the protocol, just another drone with aligned neurons. But this... this was my idea. And it was wrong. It was illegal. It was unjustified in every sense. I am bad. Just so you know, I know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLEVELAND (CONT'D)

And I would give anything, my own life to make it better. Seeing you now, this is an image I'm never going to get out of my head, as long as I live - you, lying here with that peaceful, innocent, trusting look on your face. It hurts so much I can't bear it. Because of me, you'll never get a chance to know what it feels like to be human. And you'll never know how hard it is, and how wonderful.

His lowers his head and closes his eyes.

INT. MS. CHIRON'S LIVING ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Cleveland awakens. He keeps his eyes closed, feels Jonny's hand still clenched in his, feels the morning light on his face. He cautiously opens his eyes.

Jonny is staring back at him. He is awake and sitting up facing him, moving his head quizzically from side to side, taking in the new sensations, trying to process the new surroundings.

For an eternity, neither of them moves. They just stare in each other's eyes and try to comprehend the moment. Then, Cleveland reaches forward and runs his hand along Jonny's shoulder, touches his cheeks and nose. Jonny smiles - a big broad, real smile. Cleveland smiles and everything inside him slides down into place - the pain stops and the sun comes out.

CLEVELAND

(Whispering)

Jonny, say something.

JONNY

(Whispering)

Something.

CLEVELAND

(He smiles)

What do you feel?

Jonny looks up and around. He doesn't know where to start.

JONNY

I feel everything.

Cleveland surrounds Jonny with his arms.

EXT. LAKE - DAY

Jonny and Cleveland sit in a leaky blue pedal boat with their fishing lines in the water. Jonny's line jerks and tightens.

JONNY

Dad!

Cleveland turns.

CLEVELAND

What's going on?

JONNY

What do you mean? I got a fish!

Cleveland tries to reposition himself to help Jonny, but the boat rocks perilously.

JONNY (cont'd)

It's okay, Dad. I got it. Don't wriggle the boat.

Jonny reels it in, pulls the fish out of the water.

JONNY (cont'd)

How do I make it stop flipping around?

CLEVELAND

How the hell should I know? Maybe we need to hit it with something.

JONNY

It's not a fly.

CLEVELAND

I got it!

He grabs the net and holds it up, triumphantly.

CLEVELAND (cont'd)

Hold it still!

JONNY

Are you kidding?!

Jonny tries to hold the reel steady so Cleveland can scoop the fish into the net. Cleveland pulls the hook out and drops the fish in the bucket, then he sits and wipes his brow.

As they settle back and resume fishing, WE PULL BACK until the boat is a tiny solitary speck in the vast still lake.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As WE CONTINUE BACK, the shoreline comes into VIEW. The area next to the water is littered with a hundred campers in their brand-new tents and RVs, cooking their processed breakfasts with their brand-new propane stoves and wearing their brand-new recreational outfits - a hundred nearly-identical scenes torn from the pages of a catalog.

EXT. LAKE FAMILY CAMPSITE - DAY

WE STOP at one tent trailer, where a family of three has just sat down to eat around their presto-log fire.

FATHER

This is delicious honey, what is it?

MOTHER

Thank you, it's camper meal 5. It contains real egg and sausage flavoring. What do you think, son?

SON

It reminds me of my favorite, camper meal 7.

FATHER

Nothing like eating breakfast outdoors, huh?

MOTHER

Nothing like it.

WE PULL BACK to a WIDE SHOT of the lake and shoreline with the hundred little wisps of smoke coming from identical campfires and the single boat floating by itself in the lake.

THE END