The functional relationship between laughter, thrills and suspense in the comedy thriller screenplay:

An inquiry into the writing of the comedy thriller.

VOLUME TWO

Project Daybreak

A screenplay submitted in (partial) fulfillment of the requirements of the degree of Doctor of Philosophy

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Declaration

I certify that except where due acknowledgement has been made, the work is that of the author alone; the work has not been submitted previously, in whole or in part, to qualify for any other academic award; the content of the thesis is the result of work which has been carried out since the official commencement date of the approved research program; any editorial work, paid or unpaid, carried out by a third party is acknowledged; and, ethics procedures and guidelines have been followed.

Signature:

Name: Alvin Rendell

Date: 12 December, 2013
INT. GENERAL HOSPITAL: NURSE STATION: NIGHT

A night duty nurse springs into action as a ward alarm sounds on her console. She picks up a mike and hits a call button simultaneous with the arrival of a DUTY NURSE at the desk.

NIGHT NURSE
(onto mike)
Cardiac in 239. Could we have a doctor for 239? Doctor for patient Emily Day, please.

DUTY NURSE
That’s the radiation victim?

NIGHT NURSE
Five days after exposure.

A doctor rushes past them.

NIGHT NURSE (CONT’D)
Five days - I win the pool.

DUTY NURSE
Should we call the husband?

NIGHT NURSE
He never left.

CUT TO:

INT. PRIVATE HOSPITAL WARD: NIGHT

MICHAEL DAY is a slightly built man in his late-thirties. He stands over his wife, Emily, in her hospital cot as alarms sound on electro-cardiograph machines and nurses hurry around the bed preparing syringes.

MICHAEL
Emily!

Emily’s clouded eyes open one last time.

EMILY
Michael?

NURSE
Patient is conscious.

MICHAEL
I love you!

The ECG monitoring her heartbeat flat-lines.

DOCTOR
Systemic organ failure.

EMILY
Green...
Her eyes close. Michael squeezes her hand and leans in close.

MICHAEL
Green what, Honey?

DOCTOR
I’m calling it.

NURSE
Green?

MICHAEL
She... loved her garden.

DOCTOR
Mark time of death two fifteen am.

MICHAEL
Emily!

INT. MICHAEL DAY’S BEDROOM: NIGHT

Michael sits up in bed after his nightmare. He glances at his bedside clock. It reads 2:15 in glowing red digits. He pops a pill from a bottle at his bedside and falls back into his pillow.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MICHAEL’S LIVING ROOM LABORATORY - ANOTHER NIGHT

Michael Day works on his cold fusion reactor in the living room that has been converted to a laboratory. Resembling a common beer cooler it bristles with dials, sockets and a window into a liquid fuel interior. Two walls of the room are fitted out with stadium lights. Michael’s overweight, middle-age scientist friend, GROMLIK, sits with his laptop by a glass tank full of blue butterflies. Michael threads a metal filament between two points on his device with tweezers.

GROMLIK
You’re doing it all wrong. She’s not responding.

MICHAEL
You can’t rush these things.

GROMLIK
You don’t split atom by tickling it. Be a man.

MICHAEL
I’m not splitting, I’m ah, fusing.

Michael closes the device’s lid and presses the power up button.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Here goes.
Across the room, three stadium lights flare briefly and dim.

GROMLIK
Tickle, tickle... you want this foreplay should last forever?

MICHAEL
This is the last of the paladium.

GROMLIK
I tell you, increase charge.

MICHAEL
Not without a supply of back-up elements, my grizzled friend.

GROMLIK
So how you pitch project?

MICHAEL
What? To the bank?

GROMLIK
Da.

MICHAEL
Uh, I’m gonna say... a cold fusion generator gives you a nuclear reaction without radiation and uses seawater for fuel.

GROMLIK
Good. Now, what we want with it?

MICHAEL
It’s the power source of the future. It’ll replace oil, coal and nuclear power.

GROMLIK
What you want from us?

MICHAEL
Ten thousand dollars for materials to finish the prototype.

GROMLIK
You got!

MICHAEL
That easy?

GROMLIK
You very persuasive.

Gromlik lifts the tank lid and harasses a butterfly.

MICHAEL
Leave those alone.
A blue butterfly with deformed wings climbs to the end of a twig and tries to fly.

GROMLIK
What these cost to feed?

MICHAEL
Forget it – they were Emily’s project. An unbroken chain of butterfly generations from the atomic testing fields in the fifties.

GROMLIK
She’s gone. Why you care?

MICHAEL
Because she did. I keep the colony alive to see if the genetic damage from radiation will ever correct itself.

GROMLIK
It won’t – case closed. Can fly?

MICHAEL
They can’t even feed themselves. Can you sweeties?

Michael squeezes a drop of nectar from a dropper onto the butterfly’s mouth parts. The droplet is eagerly sucked up.

GROMLIK
Is critical you get girlfriend.

A tone signals e-mail on Gromlik’s laptop.

MICHAEL
What’s that?

GROMLIK
Is my sexy new girlfriend.

MICHAEL
Show.

GROMLIK
Too sexy for you, my friend.

Michael plugs a small device into his laptop which opens up a view of Gromlik’s computer screen. An open e-mail shows an 80 year old woman in a wheelchair blowing out birthday candles on a cake. The message reads WHY YOU NEVER WISIT?

MICHAEL
It’s your mother.

Gromlik turns Michael’s screen.

GROMLIK
How you do that?
MICHAEL
Iz classified.

Gromlik closes his laptop.

GROMLIK
You try my idea?

MICHAEL
What if it fails?

GROMLIK
I guarantee nobody think any less of you than they already do.

MICHAEL
Someone will.

GROMLIK
Friend Michael, we have saying in old country, ‘Get over your dead wife, already.’

Michael stands, shocked.

GROMLIK (CONT’D)
Too much? I am thinking, too much.
I go now.

Gromlik leaves by the front door, but returns to retrieve his boxed pizza.

GROMLIK (CONT’D)
Do svidaniya, Michael.

He leaves. Michael gazes into the butterfly tank.

MICHAEL
It’ll work, Emily, I promise.

He presses a button on the side of the tank and a tiny glowing plastic moon lowers into the environment, the lights fade to night-time blue and a chorus of cricket song erupts.

FADE TO:

EXT. ILLUMINATED NUCLEAR POWER STATION: NIGHT

Helicopter view of sprawling nuclear power station - the massive cooling towers are dimly lit.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENE’S PLANT OFFICE: DEEP WITHIN THE POWER STATION

Two men sit across an oak desk in an opulent but dimly lit office. Arcane gaslight fixtures and red velvet curtains contribute to a Freemasonry ambience.
CHRISTIAN GREENE, a powerfully built executive in his thirties, sits opposite TONY FRANK, who cradles an empty scotch glass.

CHRISTIAN
Refill, Mr Frank.

TONY nods and CHRISTIAN pours from a steel decanter.

TONY
You told me Greene would be here.

CHRISTIAN
I am.

TONY
Greene senior.

TONY dabs his forehead with a handkerchief.

CHRISTIAN
Uncomfortable?

TONY
Readings of your nuclear fuel rods return a gamma signature of almost pure Plutonium 239.

CHRISTIAN
Who gave you access to the core?

TONY
You can’t run a nuclear power station on pure Plutonium. It’ll go, well, nuclear!

CHRISTIAN
We have control measures in place.

TONY
If your systems fail it’ll reach critical mass and blow the roof into the stratosphere.

CHRISTIAN
Who is the mole in our organisation?

TONY
D’you realise a thousand kilograms of vapourised Plutonium is enough to wipe out life on Earth?

Christian reclines in his seat.

TONY (CONT’D)
Your filthy reactor is in violation of every International Atomic Energy standard.

TONY sculls his scotch and stands.
TONY (CONT’D)
I’ll have your plant buried under a hundred feet of concrete.

GREENE (V.O.)
Oh dear.

CHRISTIAN vacates his seat as LEO GREENE enters. Greene is a large man, sartorially attired.

GREENE
(Sitting)
Terribly sorry to interrupt, Mr Frank. I promised I would leave this business to Christian, but I detected a note of negativity in the conversation and thought I’d intervene.

TONY
You’re a criminal of epic proportions and I’ll see you in jail.

Weakening, Tony collapses into his chair.

GREENE
The thing is, Tony... may I call you Tony? Plutonium has such an undeserved reputation in the greater community and I thought you might like to take away a small sample for the purpose of getting to know it better.

TONY
Uh, what? No.

GREENE
I fear it’s bad manners and a tad late to decline.

Christian turns down the lights. TONY’S scotch glass glows blue.

TONY
Shit!

Tony’s mouth glows a soft blue, as does his naked chest when he tears his shirt open.

TONY (CONT’D)
You bastard!

Greene passes his fingers through the blue aurora shimmering over Tony’s skin.

GREENE
Cherenkov radiation. Beautiful, isn’t it?
TONY
I’ll kill you!

Tony lunges at Greene, but tumbles to the floor.

GREENE
Who gave you access to the core?

Tony screams and tears at his chest.

GREENE (CONT’D)
Tell me and I’ll give you the antidote.

Tony writhes in agony as the veins in his face protrude.

GREENE (CONT’D)
I’m afraid you don’t have the luxury of thinking time.

TONY
Elaine, Elaine Frank. Now give me -

GREENE
A relative?

TONY
The anti... dote?

GREENE
For plutonium poisoning? Would that there were, my boy, but there’s no such thing.

Tony vomits blood and falls back dead. Greene stands over the glowing body and looks up at Christian.

GREENE (CONT’D)
Dinner at the Windsor?

Greene adjusts his tie and steps over the body.

GREENE (CONT’D)
Pick up, would you, Christian?

Greene exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL CITY-SCAPE - BAYSIDE: MORNING

A helicopter skims over the bay toward a glistening city-scape.
TV HOST (V.O.)
Good morning, viewers! For any of you good citizens living under a rock the last year, the sun rises on a city mere weeks from the launch of the world’s biggest nuclear power station.

CUT TO:

INT. TV STUDIO - MORNING
A morning news show host sits opposite an uncomfortable Sir Leo Greene.

TV HOST
And with us today is the man who built it. Give it up for the CEO of Nuclear Futures, Sir Leo Greene.

GREENE
Thank you, Jason. Are there really a million viewers out there?

TV HOST
You have a problem with that?

GREENE
By no means.

TV HOST
Your reactor is crazy powerful - ten times the output of Fukushima. Doesn’t that give you the willies?

GREENE
What it gives me, Jim, is confidence.

TV HOST
It’ll supply most of the state’s energy needs when it goes online. But, how do you respond to those who say the same could have been achieved with clean energy technologies?

CUT TO:

INT. BIG BOYS TOYS TV SALES ROOM: MORNING
MICHAEL DAY, in his day job, watches the broadcast across twenty large screen TVs as he counts the float into a cash register. He wears a store issue jacket. Jody, a pretty Goth sales assistant, stands by.

GREENE (ON TV SCREEN)
We’re avoiding the elephant in the room, Jim.

(MORE)
Over-population places demands on energy production that windmills and solar cells simply cannot satisfy. Over-population is the authentic issue, and one which wiser men than I will one day be required to address.

MICHAEL
What a load of horse manure.

JODY
He has a point.

MICHAEL
He deflected the question.

JODY
What question?

MICHAEL
Exactly.

JODY
So what’s wrong with nuclear power?

Michael slams the register shut, catching his thumb.

MICHAEL
Ow! Have you any idea what radiation does to human tissue?

She grins.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
What?

JODY
You’re so easy.

Michael sucks his sore thumb and sighs.

LADY CUSTOMER
What can you tell me about the Sony 48 inch over there?

Michael has zoned out staring at the TV interview.

LADY
Excuse me?

She gives up and leaves. Still staring at the screen, Michael responds in a bored monotone.

MICHAEL
State of the art Light Emitting Diode screen. Reduced to four ninety nine ninety nine for this week only. Snap one up.

Michael’s boss grabs his jaw and twists it to face him.
KEVIN
Wake up!

MICHAEL
Kevin?

KEVIN
That’s strike two.

MICHAEL
It won’t happen again.

KEVIN
Big Boys Toys is a happy place – smile or you’re fired!

KEVIN storms off. JODY sidles up to Michael.

JODY
Happiness is over-rated.

MICHAEL
What?

JODY
You’re a sad man, Michael.

MICHAEL
That’s just the shape my face takes when I relax.

JODY
Don’t apologise.

MICHAEL
I’m sorry.

JODY
Sad is the new sexy. Sad men don’t get promoted and they don’t cheat – they stay faithful because they’re risk averse. They’re afraid of change.

MICHAEL
This is a new tie.

JODY
I’m going to go out on a limb, Michael, and say that we could make a really sad couple.

She lays her cheek on his shoulder and sighs. Michael sees their reflection in a TV screen.

MICHAEL
Jody?

JODY
Yes, Michael?
MICHAEL
Thanks for the pep talk.

Michael slips out from under her and leaves the floor.

FADE TO:

EXT. ENTRANCE OF THE GRAND NATIONAL BANK: AFTERNOON

People pushing in and out through the bank’s revolving doors.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK MANAGER’S BOARDROOM: AFTERNOON

Two bank executives sit at a boardroom table as a data projector casts a schematic onto a screen. MICHAEL places his cold fusion device on the table.

BANK MANAGER
What is it, a beer cooler?

MICHAEL
Ah, it’s the power source of the future. This will replace oil, coal and nuclear power.

BANK MANAGER
Why would we want to do that?

MICHAEL
It’s cheaper and there are no nasty carbon emissions or radioactivity.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT
Cold fusion’ is discredited fringe science, sir. There’s no such thing.

Michael executes a showcase hand flourish like a game show host.

MICHAEL
Until now! Why pay money to greedy power companies when a single unit like this could power your entire home!

BANK MANAGER
Why would we change the status quo?

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT
Wife died of radiation sickness eight years ago after a nuclear plant accident.

MICHAEL
Nobody need ever die of radiation sickness again.
EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT
It’s pathological science, sir.

BANK MANAGER
Give us a demo, son.

MICHAEL
It’s not - fully functional.

BANK MANAGER
Then, what are you here for?

MICHAEL
A ten thousand dollar loan to finish it.

EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT
His house is mortgaged - twice. He lost his post at the university and sells TVs at Big Boys Toys.

MICHAEL
Hey Chuckles, I can handle it from here.

BANK MANAGER
Power that.

The BANK MANAGER points to a huge chandelier suspended above the table.

MICHAEL
Uh...

The EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT hands Michael the cable to the chandelier. MICHAEL plugs it into his device and pushes the power up. The chandelier lights up and dims again.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Maybe if I held it in. Let me, ah -

MICHAEL holds in the power up button. The chandelier lights up.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Behold, the energy source of the future, today!

The chandelier flares bright and explodes in a shower of sparks and glass.

INT. BANK FLOOR: CUSTOMER SERVICE COUNTER AND ATM AREA
Section by section, the lights go out and ATMs flicker off.

CUT TO:
INT. BANK MANAGER’S BOARDROOM

In the total darkness of the boardroom:

MICHAEL
Where do I sign?

The overhead fire sprinkler system trips with a kssssssshhh and they are drenched in the dark.

FADE TO:

INT. MICHAEL’S LABORATORY: NIGHT

Michael sits with a slightly drunken Gromlik at the open case of his device. A bottle of vodka and two shot glasses rest on the table between them.

GROMLIK
I am being shocked that you failed.

MICHAEL
You are? And you’ve known me how long?

Gromlik fills their shot glasses. They gulp them.

GROMLIK
I still think you are pussy with the catalyzer.

MICHAEL
If I blast the catalyzer, I’ll cook the paladium in one go.

GROMLIK
Pussy with cat-alyzer. I make joke.

MICHAEL
And, get an explosive charge in the Deuterium tank.

GROMLIK
Da. Maybe. Then, maybe re-route excess through capacitor bank to catalyzer, it would be -

MICHAEL
Self-sustaining?

GROMLIK
Chain reaction in deuterium without overload. No external charge required after primary.

Michael regards a framed picture of his late wife.

MICHAEL
Science is a lonely profession, my friend.
GROMLIK
Hey, I get it when I want it.

MICHAEL
How come you never settled down?

GROMLIK
I’m still young.

Michael leans into his device and pulls a couple of wires, tying one back with another wire.

MICHAEL
I must be crazy. Gromlik, what the Hell am I doing?

Michael plugs a bulky three phase power plug into his device.

GROMLIK
(staring into his glass)
Don’t know ‘bout you, but I make man from little girl.

Gromlik chugs his drink and smashes it into the bar heater across the room. Michael presses the power up button. A low whine issues from the device and three lamps light up, flicker, and then 500 lamps white out the whole room.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELEVATED STREET POV OF MICHAEL’S HOME: NIGHT

Searing shafts of light shoot from every window in Michael’s house, cutting like lasers through the misty night air.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Woo hoooooooooo!

GROMLIK (V.O.)
By Russian law, I own 50 percent.

MICHAEL (V.O.)
Look out, world, here I come!

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE FAIR AUDITORIUM: ROW EIGHT: DAY

A large cloth banner signals ‘Nuclear Futures Inc. SCIENCE FAIR’ and stretches over avenues of young hopefuls standing by their alternate energy science experiments. Michael stands with his device next to a small boy and his potato powered toy windmill. Michael’s cold fusion device powers a desk lamp.

BOY
That’s a big battery.
MICHAEL
It’s not a battery. It’s ah, cold fusion.

BOY
What’s it do?

Michael twists the lamp to shine in the boy’s face.

BOY (CONT’D)
Ow! Is that all?

MICHAEL
What do you mean is that all? It’s my life’s work!

BOY
You must be a lot younger than you look.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE FAIR AUDITORIUM STAGE AREA: DAY

ELAINE FRANK, an attractive woman in her thirties, stands on stage. Behind her is a massive working replica of a nuclear power station.

ELAINE
(into mike)
Once again, we thank you for your patience, and our judges are working their way around each of your wonderful exhibits. First prize is $5000.00 and a tour through Nuclear Future’s 18.5 gigawatt nuclear power station.

A young man approaches her at the mike, whispers in her ear, and points to Michael in row eight.

CUT TO:

INT. SCIENCE FAIR AUDITORIUM: ROW EIGHT: DAY

Michael talks to the boy with the potato powered windmill.

BOY
What’s yours run on?

MICHAEL
Deuterium, an atomically stable isotope extracted from seawater.

BOY
Mine runs on potato.
MICHAEL
Extracted from?

BOY
The ground.

MICHAEL
You know what - you win.

BOY
Yay!

Elaine and her assistant approach Michael.

ELAINE
Excuse me, but, how old are you?

MICHAEL
Well, that’s a personal question.

ELAINE
This contest is for children.

MICHAEL
No problem, I have one right here.

Boy smiles.

ELAINE
Okay, before I have you thrown out, what have you got here?

MICHAEL
Cold fusion.

Elaine snorts a laugh.

ELAINE
I’m sorry, I thought you said ‘cold fusion.’

MICHAEL
I’m going to save the world from nuclear power.

ELAINE
You do know who is sponsoring the fair?

Michael looks up at the Nuclear Future Inc. banner.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Cold fusion’s a fantasy.

MICHAEL
You’re not the first person to say that.

ELAINE
Nor the last. I myself, once had a dream.
MICHAEL
You gave up?

ELAINE
I grew up. Pop the hood and give us a look.

MICHAEL
I can’t do that.

ELAINE
Why not?

MICHAEL
Un-shielded fusion processes can be harmful to the eyes.

ELAINE
Shut it down then.

MICHAEL
I can’t just shut down a fusion reaction in progress.

ELAINE
Then show me the science.

Michael fumbles through dog-eared bunch of notes.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
You’re a sad man.

MICHAEL
That’s just the shape my face takes when I ... wait. Are you flirting with me?

ELAINE
Unbelievable!

MICHAEL
Unbelievable how sad I am, or by how much I misinterpreted your comment?

ELAINE
(to her aid)
Call Security.

She turns away.

MICHAEL
Wait, I swear on my wife’s grave it works!

ELAINE
(Turning)
Can it power something really big?

Michael nods.
ELAINE (CONT’D)
Come on.

Michael grabs his device and follows her to the stage. Elaine pulls the model power station’s plug and hands it to him.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Three phase power at fifty amps.

Michael plugs it into his device. Nothing happens.

MICHAEL
It’s warming up.

Nothing moves.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Any minute now...

Elaine nods to a security guard, who grabs Michael.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Hey!

ELAINE
I’ve humoured my last fusion fan-boy.

MICHAEL
But, it works!

ELAINE
(angrily)
Cold fusion is romantic science, Mr Day. It’s science porn. It’s what we all want but can’t have. Like ET, warp drive and ancient astronauts it has no foundation in theory. It’s telepathy, teleportation and telefractology, which is, I know, a word I just made up - but has just as much basis in fact as the previous two.

MICHAEL
Please!

ELAINE
And it burns me to see all the research dollars, publicity and dreams of future generations pinned on a technology that will never, ever, cubed to the power of forever, work!

The model power station suddenly bursts into furious action, boiling the coolant fluid and melting plastic core rods. Miniature generators whine crazily and gush steam and smoke into the room.
ELAINE (CONT’D)
Okay, shut it down.

Plastic casings shatter and shower them in firey fragments. Exhibitors scream.

MICHAEL
Son of a bee-keeper!

The model’s plastic ‘core’ melts down through the guts of the model and pools on the stage. Smoke alarms go off as exhibitors rush the exits.

ELAINE
Now!

Michael pulls the plug and the model dies.

MICHAEL
Let’s see a potato do that.

Smoke pools around the ceiling.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Doesn’t this place have fire extinguishers?

Ceiling mounted extinguishers suddenly gush fountains of water over the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING OF NUCLEAR FUTURE INC: CITY: MORNING

The city crowds hustle to work in the shadow of the Nuclear Futures building. A taxi pulls into a parking space and Michael gets out with his invention. He walks in and across to reception, where Elaine, in business attire, greets him.

ELAINE
We need to talk.

She grabs Michael’s hand and drags him to the toilets.

MICHAEL
Where are we going?

ELAINE
My private office.

Elaine pulls him into the disabled toilet bay.

INT. INSIDE DISABLED TOILET

MICHAEL
Man, you gotta ask for a better package.
ELAINE
Just shut-up and listen.

MICHAEL
Okay...

ELAINE
Your machine works - it’s a miracle.

MICHAEL
Or, I’m a genius.

ELAINE
Or it’s a miracle. Before I take you to the man who will make you very rich, I need something.

MICHAEL
A commission?

ELAINE
Get me into his office.

MICHAEL
Don’t you work for Leo Greene?

ELAINE
Well, yes, no... sort of. He doesn’t see anyone but his senior advisors.

MICHAEL
Who do you work for?

ELAINE
That’s ‘need to know’.

MICHAEL
You’re not an assassin, are you?

A knock on the door breaks the tension.

ELAINE
Occupied!

MICHAEL
Wait. We’re coming out!

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF DISABLED TOILET

A woman in a wheelchair has her hand on the door handle.

ELAINE (V.O.)
You can’t leave now, I’ve never been this close!
Embarrassed, the wheelchair bound woman takes her leave.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE OF DISABLED TOILET

ELAINE
Okay - a colleague of mine didn’t return from an appointment with Greene. The police refused to look into it, so I got a minor position with the company hoping to gain access to Greene himself.

MICHAEL
You’re not going to kill him?

ELAINE
I’m going to plant these.

She opens her hand to reveal tiny listening devices. Michael examines one.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
We have a deal?

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR CABIN

Michael stands beside Elaine watching the floor numbers go past 25.

MICHAEL
You’re not CIA?

Elaine doesn’t respond.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
If you told me you’d have to kill me, huh?

Michael holds his wristwatch hand up to the elevator ceiling.

ELAINE
What’s that?

MICHAEL
A geiger counter. It’s not radioactive, is it?

ELAINE
What, the twenty eighth floor?

MICHAEL
You’d be surprised -

The elevator doors open. Michael’s raised hand becomes a wave to the people on the twenty eighth floor.
MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Hey there... twenty eighth floor. How’s your day?

The sombre retinue regard him with studied disinterest.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Glad to hear it.

Christian Greene crosses the floor to greet Michael.

CHRISTIAN
You would be Michael Day?

MICHAEL
I would.

CHRISTIAN
(offering his hand)
Christian Greene. Sir Leo will see you now.

Christian leads Michael to a set of heavy oak doors. Elaine trails.

MICHAEL
Uh, could she come in with me?

Elaine offers her hand.

ELAINE
Dr Elaine Frank. I work your science fairs.

CHRISTIAN
Yes, we know who you are.

ELAINE
I discovered Michael.

CHRISTIAN
And we’re grateful, but you don’t have an appointment.

Elaine glares at Michael.

MICHAEL
Well, I’m not going in without her.

Christian looks from Michael to Elaine and back.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Okay, bad joke. Let me in.

Christian admits Michael alone.

CUT TO:
INT. GREENE’S PENTHOUSE OUTER OFFICE: DAY

Greene’s penthouse office is dark and luxuriant, finished in gilded 19th century period furniture and red velvet curtains; completely out of balance with a modern corporate sensibility. Greene sits behind a desk.

MICHAEL
Ah...

GREENE
Come.

Michael hauls his device over to Greene.

GREENE (CONT’D)
Michael Day – how delightful it is to be seated opposite authentic genius! Might I breathe the same air as you?

Greene leans over the desk and takes a large breath.

GREENE (CONT’D)
You know, I think I just gained an I.Q. point. Scotch?

Greene pours scotch into two glasses.

GREENE (CONT’D)
A toast – to genius. It surfaces in the most unlikely of places.

Greene downs his drink in one. Michael downs his and coughs.

MICHAEL
Ah...

GREENE
I can see you’re a man of few words, so we’ll get straight to the point.

Michael holds a 7” computer tablet.

MICHAEL
Well, if you look here, you’ll see a –

GREENE
Marshmallow?

Greene offers a bowl of confectionery.

MICHAEL
No, uh, thanks.

Greene flicks a switch and curtains close off all windows.
GREENE
So you’ve achieved by yourself what my team of experts has failed to in fifteen years?

Michael shows surprise.

GREENE (CONT’D)
Continue.

MICHAEL
Um - a single unit can power the average household forever, with no radioactive by-product.

GREENE
Impressive. I’ll give you five million to leave it here.

Michael gapes.

GREENE (CONT’D)
(standing)
I won’t beat around the bush, if word of this got out it would wipe billions off our stock.

MICHAEL
But - this is practically free energy.

Greene leans in close to Michael.

GREENE
And, can you imagine what that would do to the economy?

Michael’s geiger counter watch squeals in alarm..

GREENE (CONT’D)
What was that?

MICHAEL
I think you have crickets.

GREENE
Very well, six million - and all of your research.

MICHAEL
But my aim was to rid the world of radiation induced cancers.

GREENE
Come, do we really need seven billion people?

MICHAEL
Have you any idea how my wife died?
GREENE
Acute radiation poisoning in an accident at a reactor, where she was... ironically, safety officer.

Michael is speechless.

GREENE (CONT'D)
I’m a busy man, Michael, but I will permit you a moment of solitude to consider.

Greene leaves and Michael places one of Elaine’s listening bugs under his seat. He notices Greene’s open laptop and plugs his hacking device into his computer tablet.

MICHAEL
(to himself)
How the hell did you know that?

Michael hacks Greene’s laptop on his tablet and trawls for his name. He opens a folder labelled SECURITY FILES and plays a video file. It reveals Greene standing over TONY as he dies.

GREENE
(returning)
Time’s up.

Startled, Michael pockets the hacking device.

GREENE (CONT’D)
Do we have a deal?

MICHAEL
I... ah, ah, no.

GREENE
Pardon?

MICHAEL
No.

GREENE
I’m not familiar with that word.

Uncomfortable pause.

GREENE (CONT’D)
What if I declare your invention will be applied, but in ways you could not possibly have foreseen.

MICHAEL
Then, I think I walked through the wrong door.

Michael picks up his device and backs up to the door.
GREENE
What if I prevent you from leaving through it?

MICHAEL
Is that something you think you might do?

Greene’s good humour vanishes.

GREENE
Seven million.

MICHAEL
Seven, well! That’s, that’s – I’ll get back to you.

Michael opens the door and backs out through it.

CUT TO:

INT. FOYER TO GREENE’S OFFICE: DAY

As Greene’s door closes behind Michael, Elaine goes to him.

ELAINE
We need to talk.

MICHAEL
I’m free February 29th.

Elaine follows him to the elevators.

ELAINE
Don’t you walk out on me!

MICHAEL
Get away from me – you’re all nuts!

He enters the elevator and the doors close.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET: DUSK

Michael pulls into his driveway in a beat-up old Toyota sedan. He gets out, scans the street, and hauls his device out of the car and through the front door of his house.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL’S LIVING ROOM: DUSK

Michael pulls the curtains closed on his windows and carries his device down into the basement.
INT. MICHAEL’S BASEMENT: DUSK

Setting it on the table beside the butterfly tank, he falls into a recliner chair and tries to control his breathing.

MICHAEL
Jesus on a tricycle!

He grabs a replica light saber as a weapon.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Cheese and rice, I’m a dead man!

FADE TO:

INT. MICHAEL’S BASEMENT: NIGHT

Michael wakes to footsteps overhead. He looks around and discovers his cold fusion device is gone. He rolls off the chair and creeps up the basement stairs and into the hall. Brandishing his plastic light-saber, he steps into the dark living room. The light-saber activates and extends a metre of glowing pink plastic tube.

MICHAEL
Jesus!

He drops the toy and it rolls across the floor, illuminating a man climbing out through a window. Michael takes a deep breath and runs forward. He opens the front door and sees the intruder leaping his front gate with his device.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL’S FRONT PORCH

MICHAEL
Hey you. I have a gun!

Michael runs to the front gate.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Stop, or I’ll shoot!

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL’S HOME

In three locations within the house, a red LED lights up, one after the other.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL’S FRONT PORCH: PRE-DAWN

Three explosions blow apart Michael’s home in a fire-storm of sticks, bricks and plaster, throwing Michael to the ground.
As the roar subsides, he stumbles into the street. People in pajamas pour out of their homes.

MICHAEL
No. No!

Fire roars out of ruptured gas vents and the basement is exposed. His car windows are blown out and the seats on fire. Michael dodges wreckage to climb down into his basement.

NEIGHBOUR
Are you crazy?

Michael finds the butterfly tank shattered, but salvages handfuls of cocoons and thrusts them into a small backpack, along with a tray of electronic gadgets. As he climbs out of the wreckage a cell phone rings. He digs it out of the bag as he runs into the street.

MICHAEL
What!

ELAINE (V.O.)
Listen up, Fusion Boy.

MICHAEL
Elaine?

ELAINE (V.O.)
You may be in danger.

A gas main explodes in a fireball behind Michael.

MICHAEL
How did you get this number?

ELAINE (V.O.)
That’s not important.

MICHAEL
He killed a man!

ELAINE (V.O.)
Greene? You saw it? I’m texting you the address of my apartment.

MICHAEL
Is it bigger than your office?

ELAINE (V.O.)
Do you want to live?

MICHAEL
I’m... I’m having a panic attack!

ELAINE (V.O.)
Okay, control your breathing.

Michael takes noisy deep breaths.
ELAINE (V.O.)
Are you breathing?

MICHAEL
Only in.

ELAINE (V.O.)
It appears Greene wants you dead.

Michael takes two more huge breathes and passes out, dropping out of frame.

ELAINE (V.O.)
Michael?

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BLOCK CAR PARK: DAY

Michael pulls up in his bomb shattered and still smoking car outside Elaine’s ground floor apartment.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERIOR ELAINE’S APARTMENT: DAY

Michael steps into the living area and sees a large man talking to Elaine.

MICHAEL
Hello?

Christian Greene swings around to face Michael and raises a gun.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Cheesits!

Michael leaps backward into a door that has already swung closed. He bounces off it as Christian fires at him and Elaine lunges for her handbag. Michael hurls a desk lamp, which is plugged in and rebounds on him. Christian takes aim at Michael and gets tasered by Elaine, standing behind. He convulses and fires a shot into the wall before falling to the floor. Elaine stands over him with the trigger depressed.

ELAINE
Get the gun!

MICHAEL
(screams)
He’ll shoot me!

ELAINE
Get it - or I’ll shoot you.

Michael wrests the gun from Christian’s rigid hand.
MICHAEL
Okay, that’s enough.

Elaine holds the trigger down.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
You’ll kill him.

ELAINE
That’s the idea, genius.

MICHAEL
(hysterical)
Oh God, oh God – the butterflies will starve if I go to jail!

ELAINE
Alright, I have NO idea what that means!

Michael points the gun at Elaine.

MICHAEL
Drop it! Drop it!

Elaine drops the taser and steps over Christian’s body.

ELAINE
Okay, now hand me the gun.

Michael holds the gun on Elaine as she approaches.

MICHAEL
Who are you, really?

ELAINE
Give me the gun.

MICHAEL
No.

Elaine simply slaps the gun out of his grasp. It slides across the floor.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Hey!

ELAINE
I’m Secret Service and part of a covert investigation into Greene’s operations. It’s true my partner went missing.

MICHAEL
Wait – we need to see a movie.

Michael reaches for his computer tablet.

ELAINE
I’m flattered but you’re really not my type.
Michael plays the TONY FRANK murder video.

MICHAEL
Is this him?

ELAINE
Tony!

She turns away and claps her hand over her mouth, stifling a sob.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Okay, okay. Okay...

She thinks hard.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
You’re coming with me.

Suddenly, Christian yanks Elaine’s legs out from under her. As Christian reaches for the gun, Michael kicks it away. It ricochets off two walls and slides straight back to Christian.

Elaine kicks Christian in the head as he grasps the gun. Michael leaps onto Christian, causing him to lose the gun. Christian head-buts Michael senseless. As Christian stands Elaine leaps onto his back, wrapping her arm around his neck and yanking back.

Christian throws himself backwards at a wall, pushing Elaine halfway into it. She holds on, clouds of pulverized plaster erupting into the room as Christian pulls away.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
The gun!

Christian swings and falls backward onto a glass coffee table. It shatters, wedging Elaine in the framework. He pulls free of her and stands before Michael.

MICHAEL
Don’t kill me - I’m an atheist.

Christian falls onto Michael, punching him in the face.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
 Seriously, they won’t let me in!

Christian strikes at Michael with a switchblade. Michael defends his face with his hand and the switchblade plunges through it. Michael screams as the knife is pulled out. Christian holds Michael steady with his free hand and swings the knife again - but is shot in the back with his own gun. Christian crumples to the floor, revealing Elaine with the smoking gun.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Mother of God!
ELAINE
You’re welcome.

MICHAEL
That could have gone through me!

ELAINE
We’re leaving.

MICHAEL
But, I need a doctor!

ELAINE
Don’t be such a baby.

Elaine drags Michael into the kitchen, where she tears strips
off a kitchen towel and wraps it around his wound.

MICHAEL
You killed a man!

Police sirens are heard approaching. Elaine pushes Michael to
the door, grabbing her bag on the way.

ELAINE
We don’t want the police.

MICHAEL
So you’re a professional killer?

ELAINE
Not exactly what it says on my CV.

MICHAEL
Then why no police?

ELAINE
Okay, I’ve conducted illegal
surveillance of a public figure,
the man the police won’t
investigate is trying to kill you
and you just killed a man.

MICHAEL
I killed a man?

ELAINE
Well, I’m just a poor widdle girl.

Elaine opens the door and exits.

MICHAEL
Poor widdle rottweiler.

As they step outside neighbours stare at them.

CUT TO:
EXT. ELAINE’S APARTMENT: DAY

ELAINE
Great - witnesses. Where’s your car?

He shows her the smoking chassis of his windowless sedan.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
You’re a real catch, aren’t you?

Michael throws her the keys with his bandaged hand. They dive into the car and Elaine guns the engine and reverses out into the street, as police cars round the bend.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY FIVE LANE FREEWAY: DAY

A yellow taxi drives down a busy freeway. It takes an off ramp to the airport.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK SEAT OF SAME TAXI: DAY

Elaine and Michael, clutching his backpack, are in the back seat. The taxi’s radio plays news.

MICHAEL
I was still making payments on that car.

ELAINE
Consider it a mercy killing.

MICHAEL
Where’re we going?

ELAINE
To a party.

MICHAEL
A party? You want to go to a party? Everything I own has been blown up, stolen or put out of its misery!

ELAINE
Don’t worry - The Agency will take care of everything.

MICHAEL
Really?

ELAINE
No.

MICHAEL
So who’s at this party?
ELAINE
Greene.

MICHAEL
How do you know?

ELAINE
You bugged his office. Thanks, by the way. He fast-tracked something big after he met you.

MICHAEL
You going to kill him?

She punches him in the chest.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Ow!

ELAINE
What’s that in your pocket?

Michael pulls out a small unit with three short antennae.

MICHAEL
A phone jammer - it blocks dangerous EMF and phone radiation. I think you broke it.

He presses a button on it and the taxi’s radio goes to white noise, the GPS system blanks out and car engine splutters.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
No, it’s okay.

DRIVER
Son of a shit! Excuse please.

The driver pulls over into the emergency lane.

ELAINE
No problem. We’ll get some air.

Elaine hauls Michael out of the car into oncoming traffic and drags him into the middle lane.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
(angered)
Please join me in my private office.

Michael stands paralysed as vehicles pound their horns, swear and veer either side of them.

MICHAEL
Oh no!

A semi-trailer bleats its air powered horn furiously as it struggles to change lanes in time. Michael screams and the shockwave of the truck passing within inches buffets his face.
MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Your private offices suck!

Elaine holds him by the shirt front and shouts.

ELAINE
The most powerful man on the planet wants us dead.

A motorist curses them from an open window

MOTORIST
Get a friggen’ room!

ELAINE
You have to do exactly what I say if you want to live - this is what I’m trained for. Comprehend?

MICHAEL
Yes! Yes!

ELAINE
I need you to get with the program or I swear...

MICHAEL
What?

ELAINE
Run.

MICHAEL
(nods)
I’ll run.

Elaine twists him to face a four lane wall of trucks hurtling towards them.

ELAINE
No, run!

Michael and Elaine play Frogger through the traffic and leap back into the open taxi door as the line of trucks surges past, horns blaring.

DRIVER
Refreshed?

ELAINE
Invigorated.

MICHAEL
I’m awake.

DRIVER
Hold on, then.

As the taxi pulls out into the traffic the radio news reports
RADIO NEWS ANCHOR
...the attempted murder of nuclear energy magnate Sir Leo Greene’s son and heir in a suburban apartment earlier today.

Michael and Elaine turn to look at each other.

MICHAEL Attempted?
ELAINE Attempted?

RADIO NEWS ANCHOR (CONT’D) Witnesses report a man and a woman fleeing the scene. The man was nursing an injury to his hand.

The taxi driver twists to look back at them and glances at Michael’s blood soaked bandages.

DRIVER Hey!

MICHAEL Yes?

DRIVER This too loud?

MICHAEL A little.

DRIVER No problem.

The driver turns down the volume.

FADE IN:

INT. AIRPORT GATE LOUNGE: DAY

Michael opens his eyes slowly and realises he is laying on a bench seat beside Elaine in an airport. He tries to get up but swoons.

MICHAEL What’s happening? Where am I?

ELAINE You don’t remember? You’re a crucial link in an international conspiracy to bring down the government. In a brave attempt to defect to our side you were attacked and left with amnesia. We have three hours to get you to our scientists and extract the information you’re carrying or the president’s dead.
MICHAEL
My God - really?

ELAINE
No. Get up.

MICHAEL
You think I’m an idiot.

ANNOUNCEMENT
(over speakers)
Passengers for flight QF213 are advised their plane is boarding at Gate 12.

ELAINE
That’s us. Keep your head down.

Unwrapping his bandage he discovers his hand has been stitched and he picks at the thread.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
And leave those stitches alone.

MICHAEL
Is that... dental floss?

Elaine pushes him off the seat. He wavers on his feet.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Whoa!

ELAINE
It’s the chloroform.

MICHAEL
You chloroformed me?

ELAINE
You squealed like a girl, so I slapped you and put you out.

MICHAEL
I don’t remember...

ELAINE
Then it didn’t happen.

Elaine and Michael join the gate security queues. As Michael bends to rummage in his backpack he reveals Christian Greene in the queue behind him. Elaine dumps her bag on the conveyor.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Stick close.

The scanner picks up her taser. The scanner guard stops the conveyor.

SCANNER OPERATOR
What’s this?
ELAINE
Oh, silly me - it’s my camera.

The operator picks it out of her bag. In it’s folded form the taser looks like a compact digital camera.

SCANNER OPERATOR
In the tray.

She places it in the tray and walks through. Alarms sound on the arch behind her and a guard turns to Michael.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir, empty your pockets.

Michael pulls out a digital meter and drops it in the tray.

SECURITY GUARD (CONT’D)
What’s that?

MICHAEL
A microwave jammer.

He walks through the arch and the alarm sounds again.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir?

Michael pats his jacket and pulls out several devices.

MICHAEL
EMF detector, Soldermatic 3000, radiation dosimeter...

The cue pushes Christian past Michael.

SECURITY GUARD
(to Michael)
Sir, please step into our full body scanner.

The guard indicates a massive x-ray scanner.

MICHAEL
Whoa! You any idea how much radiation those put out?

More guards converge on Michael.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir, are you refusing to comply?

The conveyors are shut down - halting the queue. A set of handcuffs is produced.

MICHAEL
Look, I’ve had a really bad day.

SECURITY GUARD
Sir, your last option is to submit to a body cavity exam.
MICHAEL
Son of a biscuit - that’s enough!
I’ve had my house blown up, car
trashed, I’ve been shot at and
stabbed...

Michael thrusts his bloodied hand at the guard who rears
back.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
...and I’ll be damned if I’m going
to end the day with a freakin’ dose
of cancer!

Christian pushes back through the cue and deftly relieves a
guard of his holstered gun. At the same time, another guard
pulls his gun and holds it on Michael.

SECURITY GUARD TWO
Stand down, sir!

MICHAEL
You know what, I’ll just collect my
things and...

SECURITY GUARD
He’s going for the barrier!

Michael turns and encounters Christian, just as Elaine shoves
the prongs of her taser into Christian’s side.

ELAINE
(whispers)
You’re a tough man to kill.

The guards tackle Michael as Elaine leads Christian away at
taser-point.

CHRISTIAN
(to Elaine)
What now? I’ve got a gun.

Elaine pushes Christian to the floor, screams and points.

ELAINE
Omigod - he’s got a gun!

As Christian stumbles to his feet, the stolen gun clatters to
the floor. The guards release Michael and turn on Christian.

SECURITY GUARDS
Freeze!

As the guards tackle Christian to the ground, Elaine drags
Michael along with the fleeing crowd.

MICHAEL
My things!

Michael pulls away and collects his things from the conveyor.
ELAINE
You idiot!

Christian is hauled to his feet by guards.

CHRISTIAN
Unhand me!

SECURITY GUARD
Louie, get the cuffs.

CHRISTIAN
(bluffing)
I’m from Terrorist Response. You called me to an incident!

The guards loosen their grip and stare, uncertain.

CHRISTIAN (CONT’D)
Jesus, don’t you clowns recognize me?

They look sheepishly at each other.

CHRISTIAN (CONT’D)
Doesn’t anyone attend the classes?

SECURITY GUARD
Ah, we’re sorry, Mr -

CHRISTIAN
Brown. Now, if you don’t mind!

Christian runs to the exits in pursuit of his quarry.

SECURITY GUARD TWO
I gotta get to those classes.

SECURITY GUARD
Yeah, I didn’t know we even had a department of Terrorist Response.

FADE TO:

EXT. TRAIN TRACK IN GREEN COUNTRYSIDE: DUSK

A sunset frames lush green hills as an interstate train speeds past the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING CAR - SAME TRAIN: DUSK

Michael joins Elaine at a dining table. He has shaved and cleaned up. He wears a new sweater - from which he yanks the price tag as he sits. Elaine wears a change of clothes. Two glasses of champagne adorn the setting. They are masquerading as newlyweds.
ELAINE
We’re newly-weds - try not to look terrified of me.

Michael forces a smile.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
I don’t mind admitting this Christian thing is freaking me out a little.

MICHAEL
You think he’s a terminator?

Two policemen move down the aisle with pictures of Michael and Elaine.

ELAINE
Shut up and kiss me.

MICHAEL
I beg your -

Elaine wraps her arms around Michael and kisses him.

POLICEMAN 1
Uh, Miss?

Elaine increases her passion, pushing Michael back into his seat.

ELAINE
Ooh, Douglas!

POLICEMAN 2 waves his colleague on. As they leave, Elaine gets up and returns her seat. Michael lay there - lost in the moment.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Get up. You look an idiot.

MICHAEL
Bet you don’t talk to Douglas like that.

Elaine holds printed tickets on A4 paper.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
What are those?

ELAINE
Your bug intercepted faxed tickets from Greene’s office.

MICHAEL
The End of the World Ball? It’s a costume party.

ELAINE
For the Atomic Brethren.
MICHAEL
That’s a band, right?

Elaine notes they are drawing attention and holds Michael’s hand lovingly.

ELAINE
Gaze into my eyes.

MICHAEL
Man, you really run hot and cold. It’s like having a shower with the dishwasher running.

Michael fakes a loving gaze.

ELAINE
You look constipated. Let’s go to our cabin.

MICHAEL
You light up my life, Angel Buns.

ELAINE
And no funny business – I have a taser.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE BOOTH SLEEPER CABIN: TRAIN: NIGHT

By moonlight streaming through a window, we see Michael under the covers of the bottom bunk. Elaine speaks from the darkness.

ELAINE
So, this person you lost - it was radiation related?

MICHAEL
How do you know I lost someone?

ELAINE
You wear it like a medal.

MICHAEL
I lost my wife in an accident at a nuclear power station.

ELAINE
Explains the phobia.

MICHAEL
I don’t have a phobia. I take perfectly rational precautions against an invisible killer that stalks each and every one of us every day of our lives.
ELAINE
I take it back. That’s a perfectly balanced outlook.

They fall silent as the train gently rocks the cabin.

MICHAEL
I always liked trains.

ELAINE
Go to sleep.

Suddenly, a gun barrel is shoved into Michael’s cheek.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Hold it!

A light goes on in the bathroom en-suite, revealing Elaine sitting fully clothed on the toilet seat with her taser trained on the man with the gun.

CHRISTIAN
Clever girl.

Michael wrests the gun from his attacker’s grasp and aims it at Christian. Michael gets out of bed, fully clothed.

ELAINE
Get against the door.

CHRISTIAN
No.

MICHAEL
I’ll shoot.

CHRISTIAN
No - you won’t.

Christian, backing Michael into a corner, reaches out and grasps the barrel.

MICHAEL
I’m warning you!

ELAINE
Shoot him!

Christian wrests the gun from Michael’s grip.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
If I’d brought a poodle with me would it be more use than you?

Michael kicks out from the wall into Christian’s stomach. Elaine springs at Christian and they wrestle him to the floor.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Why... aren’t you... dead?
Christian throws Elaine off as Michael jumps onto his back. Christian elbows Michael in the kidneys and he falls off. Christian grabs Elaine by the throat and lifts her in the air.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Michael!

Michael notices a spreading patch of blood on the back of Christian’s shirt - exactly where he was shot. He lands several punches square in the middle of the wound. Christian screams and drops Elaine. Michael loops his hand through Christian’s belt, and runs him into the train window.

Christian’s head punches a hole in the shatter-proof glass - and sticks there.

MICHAEL
Come on!

Michael tries to push the whole body through.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Damn! That always works in the movies.

Michael retrieves his backpack and carries the unconscious Elaine into the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR: NIGHT

Michael shuffles down the corridor with Elaine in his arms.

MICHAEL
Come on, time to wake up.

Michael opens the inter-connecting carriage door and hoists Elaine over his shoulder. Crossing the shifting interlocking carriage bridge he finds the door to the next carriage locked.

CUT TO:

INT. DOUBLE BOOTH SLEEPER CABIN: TRAIN: NIGHT

Christian pulls his blood streaked face from the window glass. Experiencing pain from the old bullet wound, he pulls a syringe from his jacket, rolls up his sleeve, and plunges the needle into his arm, emptying it.

CUT TO:
INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR: NIGHT

Christian erupts from the cabin and reaches the open carriage door. Finding the door to the next carriage locked, he shoots the lock open – lunging into the carriage.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIN CARRIAGE OUTSIDE WALL: NIGHT

Michael clings to the outside of the carriage by an overhead hand rail and a thin foot ledge, with Elaine pressed tightly between him and the carriage wall. Elaine regains consciousness.

ELAINE
Where... where are we?

MICHAEL
Don’t get mad.

Elaine takes in the situation.

ELAINE
Jesus!

Elaine wraps her arms around Michael and squeezes the breath out of him.

MICHAEL
Uh, can you hold onto something that isn’t me?

Elaine locates hand and foot rails and takes her own weight.

ELAINE
You okay?

MICHAEL
I’ve had nicer honeymoons.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY RAIL STATION: DAWN

As the train pulls into the station people point and stare at Micahel and Elaine clinging to the side of the carriage. Michael lets go and drops to the platform, rubbing blood back into his hands. He addresses the crowd.

MICHAEL
Man, next time I’m definitely shelling out for first class.

CUT TO:
EXT. NEW EDEN COUNTRY ESTATE: DUSK

Guests in luxury cars drive down a long access driveway to a huge mansion lit like a Christmas tree. A Rent-a-Bomb Datsun arrives and Michael climbs out dressed as the Grim Reaper, with a fold back rubber skull mask attached to the hood. He surveys the scene.

MICHAEL
Wow!

He opens the passenger door. Elaine appears in a leather cat woman suit and kitty cat face painted.

ELAINE
I still don’t understand why I get the cat suit.

MICHAEL
It’s all they had left, and it looks better on you than me.

After the doorman waves in an elderly couple dressed as zombies Michael steps up and flashes their printed tickets.

DOORMAN
Name?

MICHAEL
Michael Day.

Elaine elbows him in the ribs.

DOORMAN TWO
Who are you supposed to be?

MICHAEL
Death and the, er... death kitty.

DOOR MAN
There’s no Day on the list.

MICHAEL
But I have a ticket.

DOOR MAN
Are you ‘Speaker - To Be Announced?’

MICHAEL
That’s me.

DOOR MAN
Welcome to New Eden Manor.

MICHAEL
Damn, I forgot my phone. Do you mind?

Doorman shrugs as Michael leads Elaine back to the Datsun.
ELAINE
What are you doing?

Michael retrieves three electronic devices from his backpack. With one, he tracks a signal down the side of the mansion.

MICHAEL
The strongest EMF source in a home is usually the smart meter in the fuse box.

Michael climbs through bushes and locates an electrical service panel. He opens it and clamps a small metal box to the main power cable.

ELAINE
What are you doing?

Michael reads a number from the box.

MICHAEL
Three four seven one one zero one.

He assigns the number to fast dial on his cell phone.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
We’re done.

Michael leads Elaine back to the mansion entrance.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - NEW EDEN MANOR: NIGHT

Costumed guests waltz to Strauss’ Emperor Waltz in a gloriously decorated grand ballroom. An arched ceiling depicts scenes from the Book of Revelations. Chandeliers light the room and an orchestra plays before a stage framed by a huge movie screen, onto which is screened Nuclear Future’s company logo and a read-out counting down from 48 hours. Around the room are tables loaded with food and punch. The dance seethes with macabre characters.

MICHAEL
Remind me why we’re here?

ELAINE
To get your device back.

MICHAEL
Not to kill?

A drinks waiter approaches with a tray of punch.

WAITER
Sir, Madame?

MICHAEL
Thank God.
Michael takes two glasses and hands one to Elaine, who declines. He raises his rubber mask and swallows his in one draught, then hers.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Let’s mingle.

Michael leads Elaine into the crowd, collecting and sculling another glass of punch he goes. He takes Elaine’s hand, places his other in the small of her back, and waltzes her expertly into the crowd.

ELAINE
You’ve done this before.

MICHAEL
Only professionally.

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - STAGE AREA: NIGHT

At the centre stage, a man dressed as a medieval PLAGUE DOCTOR in a plague mask points Michael out to a large man made up as SATAN in red body makeup and horns.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND BALLROOM - DANCE FLOOR: NIGHT

Michael enjoys himself on the dance floor.

ELAINE
Does your hand have to be there?

MICHAEL
Only if you want to waltz.

ELAINE
We’re going to have to split up and search rooms.

MICHAEL
Well, keep moving - a one, two, three, one, two, three, and -

Michael deposits her at the edge of the dance floor and bows.

ELAINE
Do you see Greene?

MICHAEL
It’s impossible. We’ll never spot one Angel of Death in a room full of ‘em.

SATAN
Michael Day?

Michael turns.
MICHAEL
Jesus!

SATAN
Well, not quite - but we have had coffee.

ELAINE
(whispers)
Not Greene.

MICHAEL
And you are?

SATAN
Lord Alistair Night.

MICHAEL
Your Majesty.

SATAN
But tonight, I am Lord of the Flies.

ELAINE
Michael, darling, I simply must do some face time with Lizzie Borden.

Elaine excuses herself.

SATAN
So.

MICHAEL
So..?

SATAN
Quite an honour, Sir.

MICHAEL
You have me at a disadvantage - your Lord... ship.

SATAN
Let’s not be coy. You are the trigger for this event - for The Radiance itself. You are the harbinger of the Apocalypse and planetary death!

MICHAEL
I don’t like to brag.

SATAN
Greene didn’t say much, but he did announce that Michael Day supplied the last piece of the prophecy.

MICHAEL
Is he here?
Satan extends a hand and Michael shakes it.

SATAN (CONT'D)
An honour, sir. Incidentally, what was the last piece of prophecy?

MICHAEL
It’s, uh, complex.

SATAN
Saving it for your keynote address?
Smart move.

He leaves. The orchestra plays Richard Strauss’ Also Sprach Zarathustra and Greene’s recorded voice recites a cheesy poem of the Apocalypse. On the movie screen is a blue Earth.

GREENE (V.O.)
And lo, when the billions depleted the Earth,

The screens show Third World poor massing in streets.

GREENE (V.O.)
And Mankind's stagnation demanded rebirth,
For the sake of the future and Man's evolution,
Invoke did the Kings,

Images of an atomic blast on the screen.

GREENE (V.O.)
Greene's Final Solution,

Michael’s phone rings

MICHAEL
Crap.

VOICE IN CROWD
Turn it off!

GREENE (V.O.)
And there, in the air, amidst annihilation,
Hung a thousand white faces bereft of a nation,
Gather they did the remainder of Man,
A world to rebuild, according to plan,
With nobility, power and clean fusion fuel,
And the superior genes of those Born to Rule.
The music climaxes and Satan takes the microphone.

SATAN
Honored guests of the Atomic Brethren - our time has come!

The Atomic Brethren cheer.

SATAN (CONT’D)
Tonight we enter the bunkers and re-emerge to a changed world. The New Eden - a planet washed clean of its starving, uneducated billions.

VOICE IN CROWD
Our world!

SATAN
Free of its wars of religion.

VOICE 1 IN CROWD
Thank Christ!

VOICE 2 IN CROWD
Hallelujah!

SATAN
We here are the best of the breed - and I am proud to stand among you.

Elaine taps Michael on the shoulder and he jumps.

ELAINE
I discovered something.

MICHAEL
So did I, and you’re not going to like it.

Michael follows her out of the ballroom.

SATAN
Keep your eye on the clock and remember to drink plenty of punch!

The orchestra plays a rousing rendition of R.E.M’s ‘It’s the End of the World as We Know It’.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW EDEN MANOR HALLWAY: NIGHT

Elaine leads Michael down a corridor. Michael downs another glass of punch and tosses it to the carpeted floor.

ELAINE
I found an elevator to... Hey, I need you sober.
MICHAEL
I’ve never belt fetter.

ELAINE
Yeah...

The elevator plaque indicates multiple subterranean levels.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
We need to see what’s down there – but it opens with a keypad sequence.


MICHAEL
Lucky guess.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR: NIGHT

ELAINE
Where are the floor buttons?

The elevator descends.

MICHAEL
Maybe there’s only one stop – Hell.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENE’S NUCLEAR BUNKER CITY: NIGHT

The doors open to an immense cavern lit by thousands of arc lamps. The natural rock vault is buttressed with massive steel beams and acres of streets, market gardens and apartment blocks. A fountain spews water in a Town Square.

MICHAEL
Oh, my great aunt’s false teeth.

ELAINE
Is that a town hall?

A man in a 1940’s grey suit walks up to them.

OPPENHEIMER
Of course.

MICHAEL
(surprised)
Who are you?

OPPENHEIMER
Robert J. Oppenheimer, the father of the atomic bomb.
MICHAEL
Snappy costume.

OPPENHEIMER
My childhood hero. And you are?

MICHAEL
The trigger for The Radiance.

ELAINE
What?

OPPENHEIMER extends his hand and Michael shakes it.

OPPENHEIMER
An unexpected honour, Mr Day.

ELAINE
What’s going on?

MICHAEL
My associate would like The Radiance explained, Oppy. What happens after the we nuke the planet?

OPPENHEIMER
No-one’s nuking the... ah! You are verifying my identity?

MICHAEL
There will be a test after the Apocalypse.

OPPENHEIMER
(smiles)
Well, The Radiance is the great irradiation of the Earth. When Greene’s nuclear plant is given access to the city’s power grid, it will trigger a systemic blackout that will cause the core to meltdown to a critical mass. A low grade nuclear explosion will vapourise a metric ton of plutonium into the atmosphere - wiping out almost everyone on the planet and leaving cities intact.

ELAINE
But... the planet will be radioactive for centuries?

OPPENHEIMER
Thank God for the punch, eh?

MICHAEL
And... what’s in the punch?
OPPENHEIMER
A complex soup of DNA damage repair enzymes, iodine and human growth hormones.

ELAINE
A cure for radiation sickness?

OPPENHEIMER
It’s what saved Greene’s son from the attempt on his life.

ELAINE
But, we’d have to take this serum...

OPPENHEIMER
For the rest of our lives.

Oppenheimer opens his jacket and reveals a plastic case lined with syringes, of the type found in Greene’s briefcase.

OPPENHEIMER (CONT’D)
You don’t have?

ELAINE
(to Michael)
But, why are you the trigger?

OPPENHEIMER
With no workforce to run our power industries, we’ll be reliant on small cold fusion units for power.

MICHAEL
You, ah, do know Oppenheimer killed a half million people.

OPPENHEIMER
But his heart was in the right place. He did it for the good of Mankind.

ELAINE
The good of Mankind?

OPPENHEIMER
As do I.

Oppenheimer’s phone beeps. He reads text off it.

OPPENHEIMER (CONT’D)
You’re wanted.

MICHAEL
I know.

CUT TO:
INT. NEW EDEN MANOR HALLWAY: NIGHT

The elevator doors open and they exit. Michael is grabbed by the Plague Doctor.

PLAGUE DOCTOR
Trigger! You’re required on stage.

ELAINE
Michael.

Elaine pulls Michael close for a kiss. Startled, he relaxes into it until Elaine shoves a cold gun down the front of his robe. The Plague Doctor turns away.

MICHAEL
Where..?

ELAINE
It was Christian’s.

He looks at her skin tight costume.

MICHAEL
No, where were you hiding it?

CUT TO:

INT. NEW EDEN MANOR: BALLROOM STAGE: NIGHT

As the orchestra completes a waltz Satan takes the microphone.

SATAN
Good people of New Eden! Behold the technology that will make life bearable for us survivors.

A cloth is pulled from a raised dais to reveal Michael’s cold fusion device.

SATAN (CONT’D)
Behold, cold fusion!

MICHAEL
(to Elaine)
There it is!

VOICE IN CROWD
It’s a beer cooler!

SATAN
The Trigger himself will now talk us through the apocalypse.

As Michael ascends the stage he tugs at the handle of his device, but it is bolted to the dais by a set of clamps.

SATAN (CONT’D)
Mr Day?
Michael gives it another yank.

MICHAEL
That’s uh, going nowhere. Good job.

Michael steps up and gazes at 300 ghoulishly attired guests.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
All hail The Radiance!

EVERYONE
The Radiance!

MICHAEL
Hey, won’t it be great having all that room after the big bang?

The audience cheers.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Course, I’ll miss things like bird-song in the morning, and dogs, and going fishing and –

He looks to Satan.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
We got room downstairs for a pair of dolphins?

Satan shakes his head.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
So, I suppose I can draw a line through the Blue Whale?

Satan shrugs.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Least we’ll be rid of rats.

Satan shakes his head.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
You kidding?

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Okay, well there’ll be fewer Christmas presents to buy. No more junk mail, no more spam – unless that’s what’s on the menu for the next five years?

Satan nods.
MICHAEL (CONT’D)
And, er... you know, with four
hundred and fifty three nuclear
reactors on the planet, I always
knew it really only took one to go
absolutely kablooey to take
everyone out. And I was right!

The room becomes subdued.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
There’s a punch-line there but I...

SATAN
I think we’re losing them.

Elaine stirs at the back of the crowd.

MICHAEL
I... ah, I know it looks like I
didn’t prepare for this. I scanned
the internet for funny lines but
found there are no really good ‘end
of the world’ jokes yet.

Elaine glances at the murmuring crowd.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
And I thought that was true, I did –
until I got up here and looked out
at you.

Michael takes another good tug at the handle on his clamped
down device.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
This is due for its monthly tune
up. Be a pal and unlock it for me?

Two burly men cross to either side of the stage. Michael
pulls out his gun and waves it.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Get back!

He awaits a mass panic reaction.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Well, what do I have?

VOICE IN CROWD
A gun?

MICHAEL
And what do you do when someone
pulls a gun?

The audience thrusts three hundred personal weapons in the
air.
GREENE
(from the rear of crowd)
What the Hell is going on here?

Greene and Christian stand together.

GREENE (CONT’D)
(to Michael)
You!

Multiple gunshots impact the wall around Greene. The audience turns on Elaine, who has ripped a gun from the nearest person and fired on Greene.

GREENE (CONT’D)
Who are you?

ELAINE
I’m Elaine Frank, you son of a bitch, and you killed my brother!

Elaine takes aim and Greene shields himself with his briefcase. Elaine fires, but the gun is now empty.

GREENE
Shoot her!

Three hundred guns target Elaine. On-stage, Michael pulls his phone from his robe.

MICHAEL
Elaine!

Michael presses the fast dial number he programmed earlier.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELECTRICAL FUSE BOX: NIGHT

The device Michael clamped to the mains power cable lights up shears through the cable, igniting the fuse box with sparks.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW EDEN MANOR BALLROOM: NIGHT

The room in plunged into darkness and causes panic.

VOICE IN CROWD
It’s the Radiance!

VOICE 2 IN CROWD
It’s early!

VOICE 3 IN CROWD
To the bunker!

The crowd stampedes to the bunker elevators, trampling Greene and Christian. The odd gunshot illuminates panicked faces.
MICHAEL
Elaine, over here!

Michael uses his phone to light a path to Elaine.

ELAINE
Michael?

MICHAEL
Here! Follow my voice.

CUT TO:

INT. NEW EDEN MANOR HALLWAY: NIGHT

The Atomic Brethren mass in the hallways, feeling their way around and pounding on unresponsive elevator doors.

OPPENHEIMER
It’s alright! The bunker has it’s own generators.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDEN MANOR DRIVEWAY: NIGHT

Michael and Elaine flee the building and pile into their rented Datsun. Elaine guns the engine as a bullet rips through the rear window. The vehicle throws a dust cloud as it accelerates down the driveway. Greene, at the entrance, grabs Christian and yells into his face.

GREENE
I want that man dead - do you hear me?

CHRISTIAN
What about his research?

GREENE
Screw the research - we’ll reverse engineer the prototype.

CHRISTIAN
Father - you’re hurting me.

GREENE
This man has two days to screw up my plans - and I will not have the meek inherit the earth. It’s mine!

Greene throws his son to the ground in fury.

GREENE (CONT’D)
(screams)
Do you hear me!

Greene looks around the ground.
GREENE (CONT’D)
Where’s my briefcase?

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY HIGHWAY: NIGHT

Elaine and Michael are kilometres from the mansion. The Datsun vibrates as Elaine drives it beyond its limits. Michael pulls off his costume.

MICHAEL
Not to kill - remember? You lied.

ELAINE
I’m Secret Service - it’s what I do. What’s that in your lap?

Michael flips the case on a black briefcase.

MICHAEL
Greene’s briefcase.

ELAINE
Michael!

MICHAEL
What? Don’t hit me!

ELAINE
That’s brilliant!

An electronic beep repeats from within Michael’s backpack.

MICHAEL
Oh, oh.

ELAINE
Find something we can take to the police.

Michael retrieves his beeping computer tablet.

MICHAEL
It’s moving.

ELAINE
What is?

MICHAEL
There’s a GPS beacon in my device. Cold fusion has left the building.

ELAINE
So, that’s good.

MICHAEL
Could be - it’s coming straight for us.
ELAINE
How fast?

MICHAEL
Uh...

A helicopter passes directly over the speeding Datsun. The locator beacon indicates the device has just passed them.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
We’re going to need a faster car.

ELAINE
I’m afraid I left my credit card in my other cat suit.

MICHAEL
No problem.

Michael flourishes several platinum credit cards from the briefcase.

CUT TO:

EXT. MID-TOWN FERRARI DEALERSHIP YARD: NIGHT

Michael drives out of a sports car dealership in a sparkling new red Ferrari and Cat Woman in the passenger seat. The salesman calls after him.

CAR SALESMAN
Pleasure doing business with you, Mr Greene!

FADE OUT.

EXT. EDGE OF LONG FOREST NATURE RESERVE OVERLOOKING GREENE’S NUCLEAR PLANT: SAME NIGHT

Michael and Elaine sit on the hood of the Ferrari at the edge of a forest overlooking the dome of the Greene’s nuclear power plant. Elaine cleans her face of the cat make-up as Michael peers through binoculars at the security gate.

MICHAEL
So he thinks it’s safer in there?

ELAINE
We can’t keep playing cat and mouse with Greene forever.

Michael casts his eyes over her cat suit.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
What?

MICHAEL
Nothing. You think you can get us in the gate?
ELAINE
There’s definitely a very slim chance.

Michael primes his geiger counter watch and holds it in the air. Elaine slaps it from his hand.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Will you stop that!

CUT TO:

EXT. SECURITY GATE, NUCLEAR POWER PLANT: NIGHT

Elaine drives the Ferrari up to a security card access point. There is no-one in the guard box.

ELAINE
Hello?

She swipes her employee card and the gate opens.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Hmmm.

Elaine drives through the barrier and around the back of the plant to the core building. She gets out and pulls her seat forward.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
I don’t like this – let’s move.

Michael climbs out of the back, taking a sheaf of papers from Greene’s bag, and walks up to an alarmed access door.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
What have we got?

MICHAEL
Complete schematics of the plant and phone-able security system shut down codes.

ELAINE
Well, get ready to run if it doesn’t work.

Michael dials a series of numbers into his phone and presses dial. The security door buzzes open.

MICHAEL
Crap. It works.

CUT TO:

INT. CORE CONTAINMENT BUILDING STAIR WELL: NIGHT

Entering a stairwell, Michael indicates the GPS beacon representing his cold fusion device.
MICHAEL
It’s on one of these first two floors.

ELAINE
You check here and I’ll take the next floor.

MICHAEL
What about personnel?

ELAINE
It’s a fully automated core.

Michael enters numbers into his phone.

MICHAEL
Okay, shutting down security on ground and first floor.

Elaine bounces upstairs.

ELAINE
See you in five.

CUT TO:

INT. GROUND FLOOR: CORE ROOM: NIGHT

Ascending through several mezzanine floors is the concrete core of the reactor. Michael enters and tracks the device on his tablet.

MICHAEL
Jesus, I hope I wake up soon.

He crosses to a steel chamber adjoining the core silo itself. Michael’s tablet indicates his device is inside.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Gotcha!

Referencing Greene’s papers, Michael taps a code into a keypad on the wall. A heavy steel panel slides back into the floor, revealing lead plated glass doors which slide open. Inside this tiny room rests his cold fusion device.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Sweetheart!

He hugs it to his chest and it beeps.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
I missed you too!

As Michael steps out of the chamber an alarm sounds from within. The computer monitor in the tiny chamber flashes UN-AUTHORISED BREACH.
MICHAEL (CONT’D)

No!

Michael drops his device outside and runs back into the chamber - tapping the [Esc] key on the computer keyboard.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)

Shut up, shut up!

The glass doors seal him in. A deep voice fills the chamber through an intercom.

GREENE

So near and yet so far.

Greene stands on the other side of the glass chamber. Beside him is Christian with a gagged Elaine. From inside the chamber, Michael yells furiously but we cannot hear him.

GREENE (CONT’D)

If you would be so kind as to press the red button.

Michael does.

MICHAEL

Let me out. We’ve called the police!

GREENE

If you had, you would be in custody for the grievous attack on my son.

Greene aims a remote and presses. Warning claxons sound as eight plutonium rods in glass cylinders break wall seals and extend slowly into the small room. Michael’s geiger-counter watch starts clicking steadily.

MICHAEL

You cheap theatrical coward!

GREENE

If you can’t be theatrical at the end of the world, when can you?

MICHAEL

What’s around her neck?

Christian presses Elaine’s face against the glass, showing him the shiny metal collar bomb clapsed around her neck.

GREENE

This trinket? Everyone needs a hobby - I like to blow things up.

Elaine’s eyes betray terror.

GREENE (CONT’D)

It’s timed to go off with The Radiance tomorrow night.
Greene surveys Elaine in her cat suit.

If she’s a good girl I’ll deactivate it and we can share New Eden together.

MICHAEL
Let us go and I’ll give you the plans for cold fusion.

GREENE
Would that it were that simple. But you’re that most dangerous of creatures - a good man. You would never really help me.

MICHAEL
Let me out, you son of a bitch!

GREENE
This scene is vaguely familiar. Oh, of course! They’re the same sounds I heard from your wife when I irradiated her all those years ago.

Michael stares in shock.

GREENE (CONT’D)
Come along, Ms Frank, this could get rather messy.

Greene picks up the cold fusion device and leaves with Elaine and Christian. Michael tries pushing the vials of plutonium back into the wall. He whacks the keyboard and finds nothing he can smash the glass doors with. He wedges himself between the console and the glass doors and pushes with all his might.

MICHAEL
Come on!

He hears a faint crack, but can’t get any more. He stands on the computer console and activates a fire sprinkler with his lighter. It gushes water.

CUT TO:

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT FRONT SECURITY GATE: NIGHT

Christian drives Greene’s Lamborgine. He glances back at the tied up and gagged ‘Cat Woman’ in the back seat, and up at his father beside him.

GREENE
You judge me?

CHRISTIAN
No sir. I didn’t say...
GREENE
I’ve worked hard! I’m a rich man.
Why shouldn’t I buy myself a toy.

CUT TO:

INT. CORE BUILDING: PLUTONIUM CHAMBER: NIGHT

The water in chamber is a foot from the ceiling as Michael wedges his body between the console and doors and pushes. The glass make cracking sounds. As the water tops the ceiling, Michael exhales and sinks to the bottom of the chamber where the pressure on the glass is greater. He pushes.

The glass flexes more but Michael must surface to breathe. Finding no air layer left he thrashes about, sinking again. He presses his feet against the glass and starts to lose consciousness.

Memories of Emily flash through his mind; imagined arguments between Emily and Greene, Greene throwing Emily into a radiation chamber; Michael at her hospital bed and then – he hallucinates her alongside him, pressing her legs against the glass. He smiles – the spectral Emily’s long hair flowing around her face in the water – and together they push at the glass wall. The glass shatters and Michael rides a wave that crashes against the far wall.

CUT TO:

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT FRONT SECURITY GATE: NIGHT

The Ferrari tears down the entry boulevard toward the front security gates.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRARI CABIN: NIGHT

Sitting drenched in the driver’s seat, Michael aims at the front gates and guns the engine.

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT FRONT SECURITY GATE: NIGHT

The Ferrari smashes into the heavy gates, tearing one from its hinges and getting it caught under the car’s front end. Unable to drive forward, Michael spins and puts the ferrari into reverse. He hauls the gate along, producing showers of sparks as it grinds on the road’s surface – until it sideswipes a roadside tree trunk and somersaults into the verge.

Michael spins the car, puts it into forward gear, and drives off-road into the neighboring nature reserve. The low slung sports car bumps and grinds against hillocks and rocks.
Finally, on a steep incline, it slides backward. Michael slams it into a lower gear but the car’s slide continues. It encounters a ditch and flips backward. Michael hits the ceiling and the car swivels on its roof and flips again—coming to rest on its wheels. Michael is dumped upsidedown in the back seat. Steam gushes from under the hood and Michael kicks the back door open and vomits into the grass.

Finished, he falls back into the seat and stares through the shattered front window at the trees. His breathing slows and he passes out.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. LONG FOREST NATURE RESERVE: DAWN

In the pre-dawn light, the dawn chorus of forest birds is heard.

CUT TO:

INT. BANGED UP FERRARI: DAWN

Slumped in the rear seat of the Ferrari, Michael tries to focus on a small shape crawling out of his backpack.

The insect is silhouetted against the morning light as it fitfully flexes its form. The cresting sun shines a light-beam through the rear window, illuminating a dazzling butterfly opening two perfect blue wings.

It flies up to the ceiling to join twenty of its perfectly formed brothers and sisters, all hanging upside down from the fabric car ceiling. Michael reaches out and coaxes a butterfly onto his finger.

MICHAEL
I knew you could do it.

The butterfly launches itself out the window into the trees. Michael opens the car door and exits into the warm dawn light. The butterflies exit with him—flocking and swarming around their brothers and sisters as they gain altitude into the trees. Michael smiles after them.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
You’re welcome.

FADE TO:

INT. GREENE’S PENTHOUSE OFFICE: MORNING

Greene answers a call on his land-line phone.

GREENE
Yes, Mandy?
MICHAEL (V.O.)
This isn’t Mandy - but for a seat on your Ark, I’ll be whoever you want.

GREENE
Michael?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
I have your briefcase.

GREENE
Michael Day?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
You seem a little slow, I could call back after my meeting with the Federal Police.

GREENE
What could you possibly show them to implicate me?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
How about your running sheet for the apocalypse?

GREENE
Where are you?

MICHAEL (V.O.)
I hand over the incriminating documents for a seat in your bunker, and I’ll throw in the plans for cold fusion.

GREENE
How do I know I can trust you?

CUT TO:

INT. PHONE BOX OUTSIDE THE NUCLEAR FUTURES BUILDING: MORNING

Michael is on the phone to Greene.

MICHAEL
I had an epiphany. The thing is - there’s no point in being a dead good man.

GREENE (V.O.)
I assume you’ve made copies of the originals and hidden them?

MICHAEL
(wincing)
Uh, yeah - I’ve done that.

CUT TO:
INT. GREENE’S PENTHOUSE OFFICE: MORNING

Greene terminates the call and presses his office intercom.

GREENE
Mandy, dear, get Christian on my private line – and then tell the office staff to take the rest of the day off.

FADE TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE NUCLEAR FUTURES BUILDING: NOON

The hustle and bustle of city life continues outside the Nuclear Futures Inc. Building.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENE’S PENTHOUSE OUTER OFFICE: DAY

The elevator doors open and Michael, carrying Greene’s briefcase, walks out and through Greene’s deserted outer office.

CUT TO:

INT. GREENE’S PENTHOUSE INNER OFFICE: DAY

Michael pushes through the oak doors and faces Greene behind his desk.

GREENE
You’re more resourceful than I gave you credit for.

MICHAEL
As I recall, the bidding ended at seven million.

Greene laughs.

GREENE
I already have your device, what I require is the production of many more.

MICHAEL
Well, that’s all I ever wanted.

GREENE
Tonight the city grants me unrestricted access to its power grid. At the press of a button I will shut it down, causing a blackout and a catastrophic reactor meltdown.

(MORE)
As critical mass is reached an explosion will vapourise a ton of plutonium and blanket the planet in slow death.

MICHAEL
Well, except for that last bit - with the vapour and the slow death.

GREENE
I have the vaccine to radiation sickness and will save a few worthy souls.

Christian steps out of an alcove with a gagged Elaine. Her hands are bound in hand-cuffs trimmed in pink fur.

GREENE (CONT'D)
The cold fusion plans for the girl and a ticket to New Eden.

MICHAEL
Done.

GREENE
You’re far more easily bought than your wife was.

MICHAEL
We gonna yammer all day or do we have a bunker to catch?

Greene nods to Christian, who uses a key to unclasp the collar bomb from Elaine. Michael drops the briefcase and locates a USB memory stick in his jacket, secretly rolling a glass sphere up his sleeve.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
This is everything.

Michael hands Greene the USB stick, which Greene drops onto his desk.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Aren’t you going to check that?

GREENE
I think our little charade has gone on long enough.

Christian snaps the collar bomb around Michael’s neck.

MICHAEL
Hey!

Greene hauls Michael off the floor by his shirt.

GREENE
I am Sir Leo Greene!
Michael is thrown back into a sofa chair. The glass sphere falls to the floor and rolls, flashing a tiny red light.

GREENE (CONT’D)
You dare blackmail me!

Greene attaches a silencer to a revolver.

MICHAEL
But, we had a deal?

GREENE
I lied. Are you shocked?

Greene takes aim at Michael.

MICHAEL
So did I. Are you?

Michael holds his breath and closes his eyes. Elaine copies.

GREENE
What?

The pepper grenade that fell out of Michael’s sleeve beeps and explodes, filling the room with red vapour. Blinded, Greene fires into the chair, missing Michael as Christian falls backward over a chair, screaming and holding his eyes. With one hand over his eyes, Greene fires randomly.

GREENE (CONT’D)
Where are you?

Michael drops to the floor and locates the briefcase and Elaine by touch. He leads her to the doors and pushes them open as a random bullet impacts above his head.

GREENE (CONT’D)
(yells hoarsely)
This changes nothing!

CUT TO:

INT. GREENE’S PENTHOUSE INNER OFFICE: DAY

As the door closes behind them Michael pulls Elaine to her feet and wipes pepper spray off her face with his handkerchief.

ELAINE
(past the gag)
Mmmmm, mmmh!

MICHAEL
Wait.

Michael unties the gag and she spits it out.

ELAINE
What was that?
MICHAEL
Pepper grenade, come on.

Michael pulls her by her cuffs to the fire escape stairwell.

CUT TO:

INT. BUILDING STAIRWELL

Michael hauls Elaine up the staircase to the rooftop.

ELAINE
We’re going up?

MICHAEL
Any sane person would take the elevator down.

ELAINE
Greene’s right, this changes nothing.

MICHAEL
But, I saved you?

Elaine indicates the collar bomb around Michael’s neck.

ELAINE
We’re still going to die. At least I had a chance if I stuck with Greene.

MICHAEL
You’d do that?

ELAINE
Well, no. I’m just stating facts.

MICHAEL
Your gratitude is overwhelming.

ELAINE
I’m just saying...

MICHAEL
No, stop, really - it’s embarrassing.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP: DAY

The fire door crashes outward and Michael and Elaine blink against the brightness of the sun. The rooftop is strewn with discarded maintenance and cleaning equipment.

ELAINE
I need to get out of these cuffs.
MICHAEL
Where are the keys?

ELAINE
With Christian.

Michael tugs at the collar around his neck.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Well, what do we do now?

MICHAEL
Let me think.

ELAINE
We can’t hang around here ‘til Doomsday!

MICHAEL
That’s not as long as it used to be.

ELAINE
Okay – we get the evidence to The Agency. They can access the Minister for Energy directly and have Greene shut down before six.

She leads him to a window washer’s trolley docked at the edge of the roof. Michael looks over the edge at the street 30 floors below.

MICHAEL
Oh, no. No way.

Elaine climbs in as Michael recoils from the edge.

ELAINE
It won’t take Greene long to figure out where we went.

MICHAEL
Can’t do it.

The rooftop access door bursts open and Greene stumbles out with his eyes swollen shut.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Mother of pearl!

Michael lifts a leg over the railing.

ELAINE
You’re doing fine. Faster!

He swings the other one over and faces the wall.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Atta boy. Hold on.
Elaine punches a green button on the trolley rail and the platform lurches off its breaks and descends.

**MICHAEL**
Holy crap!

Elaine grips the railing awkwardly with her cuffed hands.

**ELAINE**
Keep it down. Greene’s blinded - not deaf.

The trolley goes over a bump in the railing, jolting it.

**MICHAEL**
Aaargh!

**ELAINE**
Calm down. It’s going to be okay. We’ll be alright as soon as we get Greene’s briefcase to The Agency.

Michael looks around the trolley, and then up at the rooftop five stories above - where the briefcase rests on the ledge.

**MICHAEL**
Do we have a Plan B?

Greene fires his gun from the roof.

**ELAINE**
Get down.

Greene wipes his eyes and aims at Michael. The bullet shears through a trolley cable on Michael’s side and the platform tips.

**ELAINE (CONT’D)**
No!

Elaine loses her grip, falls and slides over Michael’s end.

**MICHAEL**
Elaine!

Michael throws himself over to her, which overbalances the trolley and she slides off the platform feet first.

**MICHAEL (CONT’D)**
NO!

Elaine grasps Michael’s arm with her cuffed hands, pulling him to the edge. He wraps his left arm around a support rail.

**ELAINE**
Michael - help!

One of Greene’s bullets shatters a plastic bucket of detergent, showering them with slippery green goo.
MICHAEL
Hold on!

Michael’s jacket sleeve is greased with detergent.

ELAINE
I’m slipping!

As Elaine’s hands slide down his greased sleeve Michael hooks his bandaged hand under her handcuff chain.

MICHAEL
I got you.

People on the ground point up and gather under the drama.

ELAINE
Michael!

Michael’s bandaged hand runs with blood.

MICHAEL
Your chain really hurts.

ELAINE
(hysterical)
Well, let go then!

MICHAEL
I’m... just... saying...

ELAINE
(screams)
It’s all about you, isn’t it!

MICHAEL
Are we really going to have this discussion now?

The plastic detergent bucket rolls off the trolley and shatters on the ground five stories below, scattering the crowd.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Almost there.

The trolley grinds loudly as the ground comes up to meet Elaine’s feet. The crowd applauds and whistles. Elaine’s legs give out and she crumples to the ground. Michael jumps the railing as people take pictures on their phones. He picks Elaine up and she embraces him tightly.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
It’s okay.

Elaine pulls away from him and slaps him in the face.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Hey, what was that for?
ELAINE
I’m... confused!

Elaine grabs Michael’s face and kisses him hard on the lips.

ANNOYING MAN
Mate! Look up for a picture.

Michael holds Elaine as she sobs.

WOMAN
He saved Cat Woman!

The ANNOYING MAN stands between them for a photograph, pulling them close in.

ANNOYING MAN
Marge, Marge. Take a shot of me with the celebrities!

A puff of air is heard and a spreading patch of blood appears on the annoying man’s shirt front.

ANNOYING MAN (CONT’D)
Oh, Man -

Michael pulls away as the man crumples.

MICHAEL
(to Elaine)
Come on!

Michael pulls Elaine toward the parked Ferrari.

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. FACADE OF AN INNER CITY CHINESE RESTAURANT: DAY

Michael parks the damaged Ferrari outside a chinese restaurant and they get out. The restaurant is painted with flowery red dragons and framed by gold trimmed columns. Michael looks at a list taped to the window.

MICHAEL
Your Agency has a lunchtime menu.

ELAINE
I don’t understand.

MICHAEL
I thought you worked for the government?

ELAINE
The Agency is a secret arm of the government that’s not supposed to exist.
MICHAEL
It’s doing a good job.

Elaine walks up to the door and opens it.

CUT TO:

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT: DAY

The proprietor approaches them through the lunchtime crowd.

ELAINE
Excuse me...

MICHAEL
Are you a real Chinese restaurant?

ELAINE
There was an accounting firm at this address - Gordon and Brooks.

PROPRIETOR
No Gordon Brooks. This Dragon Inn. I been here three years.

They exit the restaurant.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STOP OUTSIDE AN INNER CITY CHINESE RESTAURANT: DAY

MICHAEL
Call me gullible, but I believe people when they claim to be secret agents.

ELAINE
They cut me loose. They collapsed The Agency and cut me loose!

MICHAEL
Does Greene have that much influence?

CUT TO:

INT. GROMLIK’S KITCHEN LABORATORY: DAY

Gromlik is chatting up a bikini clad avatar on Second Life in his kitchen when a knock at the front door startles him. He flips screens to an online university site and goes to the door. He opens it to Michael and Elaine.

GROMLIK
Michael. You wisit!

Gromlik takes in Elaine, cuffed and dressed in a cat suit, and Michael in an electronic collar.
GROMLIK (CONT’D)
You take kinky too far, my friend.

MICHAEL
Gromlik, imagine I only have time to ask one of two things. I can ask you to help us save civilisation as we know it...

GROMLIK
Da?

MICHAEL
Or I waste time explaining why we need to save civilisation as we know it.

GROMLIK
Da. Short version.

MICHAEL
Okay - bomb collar, no key. You remove without go bang?

GROMLIK
There is countdown?

MICHAEL
Three hours.

GROMLIK
Is time for coffee. How you take it?

MICHAEL
No coffee. There’s more.

GROMLIK
You could explain?

MICHAEL
There’s a bunch of really bad guys, a two hour countdown and global irradiation.

ELAINE
Could we hurry this along? I don’t want to die in this outfit.

Gromlik goes to a set of drawers.

MICHAEL
Okay, but first...

He rummages through a selection of bondage accessories, retrieves a set of fluffy cuffs identical to Elaine’s, and pulls a key from them. He lifts Elaine’s bound hands, inserts the key, blows her a kiss, and releases her.

ELAINE
Thank god!
MICHAEL
I’ve got to get some new friends.

ELAINE
(to Gromlik)
You don’t seem at all phased by this.

GROMLIK
Phht! In old country, I deal with this sort of thing every other week.

He hands the cuffs and key to Michael and winks.

GROMLIK (CONT’D)
Now sit, my darling Michael, and we see what we can do about collar.

The front door bell rings.

GROMLIK (CONT’D)
Company - is feast or famine.

Gromlik goes to the door.

MICHAEL
Gromlik, come back!

ELAINE
Can he do it?

MICHAEL
Gromlik’s ex-KGB - he can unlock anything.

Gromlik stands in the kitchen doorway.

GROMLIK
Friend, Michael... I do not like this game.

Gromlik falls forward with a knife in his back, revealing Christian.

CHRISTIAN
Let’s stop playing.

A policeman calls from the front door.

POLICE OFFICER
Police! This your Ferrari out front?

Christian swings and shoots the cop square in the chest. The cop is propelled backward.

CUT TO:
EXT. STREET OUTSIDE HOUSE: DAY

The officer’s senior partner, OFFICER BOB, yells into his patrol car radio.

OFFICER BOB
Man down! Request back-up.

Officer Bob draws his weapon and approaches the house.

CUT TO:

INT. GROMLIK’S KITCHEN LABORATORY: DAY

Christian looks from the body to Michael.

CHRISTIAN
It’s exhilarating to know there’ll be no consequences tomorrow for my actions today.

He aims at Michael. Officer Bob’s bullet smashes a window behind Christian and knocks the gun from his hand.

MICHAEL
Good shot!

The gun spins across the floor to Michael. He grabs it as Christian takes Elaine as a hostage, backing up to the door.

OFFICER BOB
Put the girl down.

CHRISTIAN
You’re dead men walking.

OFFICER BOB
Are you threatening me, son?

Christian drags Elaine into the Ferrari and guns the engine.

MICHAEL
(to the cop)
Shoot him!

OFFICER BOB
Not Rule One in a hostage situation.

Michael runs to the curb and aims at the retreating Ferrari.

OFFICER BOB (CONT’D)
(to Michael)
Drop the weapon.

Michael lowers the gun and indicates the police car.

MICHAEL
Well, let’s go.
OFFICER BOB
Back-up’s on the way.

MICHAEL
There’s no time!

OFFICER BOB
There’s always time for due process. My name’s Bob, what’s yours?

Michael slumps against the car window and sees the keys in the ignition. He swings and fires a shot above Bob’s head.

MICHAEL
Drop the gun!

Michael then aims squarely at Officer Bob. Bob drops his gun.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Now, kick it way over.

Officer Bob kicks the gun across the lawn.

OFFICER BOB
You’ve just made things a whole lot worse for yourself, son.

From the driver’s side of the car -

MICHAEL
Really? There’s a fate worse than the end of the world?

Michael starts the engine.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Can you follow me?

OFFICER BOB
Oh, you can be sure of that.

Michael pulls out from the curb and follows the Ferrari.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUSY HIGHWAY: DAY

As Michael keeps pace with the Ferrari he drops his head on the wheel. On lifting it, he nearly collides with a mobile billboard and swerves. Moving down it he reads the words “Depression? It’s not the end of the world.” The police radio erupts.

POLICE RADIO
Car Forty Two, pull off the highway when safe to do so and await officers.
MICHAEL
Oh, good.

Michael picks up the dash mike and presses the talk button.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Can you get a chopper to follow the Ferrari I’m tracking?

Michael swerves in front of incoming traffic to keep the Ferrari in sight.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
I’ll need a full police escort and someone with enough authority to arrest Sir Leo Greene.

POLICE RADIO
You want fries with that, buddy?

MICHAEL
Or someone has to kill him.

Michael eyes the gun lying on the seat beside him.

POLICE RADIO
Say again?

Christian suddenly takes an off ramp that Michael misses.

MICHAEL
Hold please.

Michael hits the breaks and a vehicle slams into him above the rear right wheel, spinning the squad car 180 degrees.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
(calling out)
Thank you!

He accelerates into oncoming traffic - weaving through fearful drivers to reach the off-ramp that Christian took. Screaming into the off ramp, he has lost the Ferrari.

POLICE RADIO
Give up, you are being tracked.

Michael notes the GPS tracker touchscreen on the dash.

MICHAEL
Excellent!

Michael taps the ‘Options’ icon and selects ‘Cell Phone’. He enters the number of his own cell phone.

CUT TO:
INT. RED FERRARI: DAY

Elaine cowers in the passenger seat as Christian rants at the wheel.

    CHRISTIAN
    One friggin’ hour to go and I’m still taking out the garbage!

Out of his backpack, in the back seat, Michael’s phone beeps.

    ELAINE
    I’m the garbage?

She swings her foot up and kicks Christian in the face. He swerves wildly, recovers and reaches for his now empty gun holster.

    ELAINE (CONT’D)
    A dead hostage is worthless.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR ON ROADWAY: DAY

The squad car’s GPS system locates his phone travelling west on a parallel roadway.

    MICHAEL
    Yes!

Michael tries to shift lanes to turn left but is blocked by traffic. He moves anyway, scraping the bodywork of cars to squeeze in. Cars bleat but back off from the police car. Michael turns too fast and the passenger side tires leave the ground momentarily. He speeds to the next right turn and hurtles through the intersection and right, causing a minor pile-up of three cars. Police sirens are heard.

    MICHAEL (CONT’D)
    Good idea!

Michael scans the dash and flips the siren switch. His siren screams and lights flash. Cars ahead of him slow and part. He sights the red Ferrari.

    MICHAEL (CONT’D)
    Gotcha.

He guns the engine and pulls alongside Christian, who is shocked to see Michael at the wheel.

    MICHAEL (CONT’D)
    Pull over!

Christian veers left to avoid a collision with a supermarket truck, which forces Michael to veer right and pass it on the other side. It’s a long truck and when Michael pulls out in front the Ferrari has vanished. He checks the GPS and finds it heading north-east after having taken an off ramp.
MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Son of a biscuit!

Two police cars now flank him.

OFFICER BOB
Cease and desist. You are driving a stolen police vehicle.

MICHAEL
Bob! Follow me.

Michael breaks hard. The police cars zoom ahead and a truck narrowly avoids a rear collision. Michael slides right through two lanes of oncoming traffic and leaves the road into open parkland. The GPS indicates if he cuts through the park he will intercept the Ferrari. He bounces over hillocks in the lawn.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
No consequences is wild.

Michael bounces through a shallow creek and through a crowd of fleeing picnickers. He grinds up a hill and rejoins the roadway. Michael ploughs down a footpath, looking for a gap in a row of parked cars as the Ferrari passes by on the road.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Come on – move!

Michael’s police siren alerts shoppers to leap out of the way as the footpath terminates at an intersection. Surging into the traffic he intercepts the Ferrari, clipping it by the right wheel and spinning it 180 degrees.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRARI CABIN: DAY

Christian spins the steering wheel into a controlled extra 180 and continues forward. Elaine clings to the seat.

CHRISTIAN
Sonovabitch! I don’t have time for this!

Christian finds himself a hundred metres behind the Michael’s squad car, which Michael has turned 180 to face the Ferrari. Christian accelerates toward Michael.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR: DAY

Michael puts the car into reverse, just as the Ferrari’s low slung nose impacts and wedges underneath Michael’s front wheels, lifting the tires off the road and pushing the squad car backwards.
MICHAEL
Cheesits!

Christian propels Michael’s squad car backwards as its front wheels churn uselessly in the air.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRARI CABIN: DAY

Christian floors the accelerator.

ELAINE
Are you crazy? We can’t see!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROADWAY: DAY

A police helicopter flies low over the two battling vehicles.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR: DAY

Having no control of the car, Michael picks up Christian’s gun from the seat and aims it at him through the windshield.

MICHAEL
God help me.

Michael takes his hand off the wheel and readies the gun to fire. He places a trembling finger on the trigger.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION OF ROAD: DAY

As Michael is pushed backward into an intersection, a four wheel drive smashes hard into his passenger side. Michael’s vehicle flips twice into the intersecting road before finally bouncing back onto its wheels. Both the impacting vehicle and the Ferrari spin almost 360 before Christian recovers and accelerates down the road. Several cars end up in fender benders behind Michael.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRARI CABIN: DAY

Elaine screams as she looks back at the accident scene

ELAINE
Michael!

CUT TO:
INT. POLICE CAR: DAY

Michael slumps in his seat, eyes staring forward, seat belt on and siren dying. All becomes quiet.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERSECTION OF ROAD: DAY

A police helicopter hovers above the accident, as the pursuing police cars surround the scene. Officers approach with guns drawn.

OFFICER BOB
Come out slowly with your hands above your head.

Bob peers at Michael through the shattered windshield.

OFFICER BOB (CONT'D)
Or are you in need of assistance?

Michael’s car engine idles roughly as he struggles to focus on Officer Bob.

MICHAEL
Bob, help me.

OFFICER BOB
That thing around your neck - Is that what this is about, son?

MICHAEL
You have to... arrest Leo Greene.

OFFICER BOB
Sir Leo Greene? The industrialist?

Avoiding detection, Michael pushes the clutch in.

MICHAEL
The plant is... booby trapped.

More police arrive and kill their sirens.

OFFICER BOB
Son, I have no idea what you’re involved in, but I have a sense you’re a good man. We’ll get you back to the station and sort all this out proper.

MICHAEL
No!

OFFICER BOB
There’s due process to follow, son, and if I’ve learned anything in my time in the force...
Michael takes his foot off the clutch and floors the accelerator. As he roars around the corner in pursuit of Christian, an officer raises his pistol.

**OFFICER**

(aiming)

Stop!

Officer Bob pushes the other officer’s gun arm down.

**OFFICER BOB**

Get in the car.

CUT TO:

**EXT. GREENE’S NUCLEAR PLANT: ERECTED STAGE: DUSK**

On a stage lighted for TV broadcast, erected on the steps of Greene’s nuclear power station, the emcee stands before an oversized analog clock-face and a gallery of seated press and politicians. On-stage is a console with a large red push button. Broadcast vans and technicians circle the stage and two enormous construction cranes rigged with stadium lighting illuminate the stage and dome of the nuclear reactor. Waiters serve champagne as a band plays Greene’s corporate jingle.

**EMCEE**

And now join me in welcoming the man who single handedly solved the energy crisis - the indefatigable Sir Leo Greene!

Greene walks on-stage, hefting Michael’s cold fusion device. The audience applauds as he steps up to the mike.

**GREENE**

In ten short minutes, the city opens its power grid to the largest nuclear reactor in the world.

Scattered applause.

**GREENE (CONT’D)**

In ten short minutes, the people will know their trust in me has been well placed.

More applause.

**GREENE (CONT’D)**

And in ten short minutes we usher in a new era. An era in which all humanity bows to the power of the atom.

Cheers.

**GREENE (CONT’D)**

Thank you, my good people. I am here to push the button -
Greene places his hand over the big red button.

**GREENE (CONT’D)**
- after which I hope you will all stay and enjoy the festivities.

Applause.

**GREENE (CONT’D)**
Alas, my friends, there is no rest for the wicked...

Muted laughter.

**GREENE (CONT’D)**
And I must soon be off to yet another engagement.

Greene indicates a company helicopter resting in a field adjacent to the reactor.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. FIELD ADJACENT TO STAGING: DUSK**

The battered Ferrari rumbles over bumps in the field and breaks by the waiting helicopter. After gaffer taping her mouth closed, Christian drags Elaine out of the car to the helicopter. She pulls back and strikes him fair in the jaw, twisting free. He recovers and tackles her to the ground, dragging her back to the open chopper bay.

**CHRISTIAN**
Stupid bitch - we have to get to the bunker!

A bullet grazes the chopper near Christian. Elaine frees herself and runs across the field toward the stage lights. Michael fires from the stolen squad car. Christian tries to leap into the chopper, but another shot forces him to run.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. GREENE’S NUCLEAR PLANT: ERECTED STAGE: DUSK**

Christian tackles Elaine to the ground behind Greene’s stage. He tries for his father’s attention.

**GREENE**
I won’t bore you with the details but...

**CHRISTIAN**
Father!

On stage, Greene pauses
GREENE
Eighteen point five gigawatts represents a little over...

CHRISTIAN
Father!
Greene looks offstage at his son and his gagged hostage.

CHRISTIAN (CONT’D)
We have to go!
A gunshot shatters the metre wide glass face of the on-stage clock. Audience members rise in alarm. Christian hauls Elaine up onto the stage.

CHRISTIAN (CONT’D)
Now!
TV cameras zoom in on Christian and his struggling hostage.

GREENE
Call the police, my son is mad!
Michael climbs on-stage and holds the gun on Greene.

MICHAEL
It’s over, Greene.
The police who tailed Michael now arrive.

OFFICER (through loud-hailer)
Drop the firearm and put your hands in the air.

Michael yells back.

MICHAEL
Absolutely, if Greene moves away from that switch.

Officer Bob points out Christian to his colleague.

OFFICER BOB
Yep. That’s the cop killer.
Bob takes the loud-hailer.

OFFICER BOB (CONT’D)
Mr Greene, your Honor - from what I understand, it would de-fuse the situation if you agreed to postpone this little event.

MICHAEL
Correcto mundo!

GREENE
Post... pone?
OFFICER BOB
And we’d like your son to assist us with our inquiries.

CHRISTIAN
That’s nuts! We have five freakin’ minutes!

The shattered clock face reads five minutes to six. Michael holds aim as Elaine tears the gaffer from her mouth.

OFFICER BOB
Mr Greene?

GREENE
No.

He places his hand over the red button.

GREENE (CONT’D)
(to Michael)
I won’t be dictated to by nobodies.

MICHAEL
I will kill you.

GREENE
So you keep saying.

ELAINE
Shoot him!

GREENE
She’d do it.

OFFICER BOB
Mr Greene, I must insist.

GREENE
But then, you have a habit of failing your women.

Greene smiles and presses the big red button. Alarms sound from within the plant and all the lights go out.

CUT TO:

EXT. AERIAL CITYSCAPE: LATE DUSK

Regions of street lighting go out, section by section, blanketing the city in darkness.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREENE’S NUCLEAR PLANT: ERECTED STAGE: DUSK

Greene lunges at Michael, delivering a punch that floors him. He grabs him by the bomb collar, it’s illuminated countdown displaying 4:30 seconds to detonation, and drops him again.
GREENE

Get away from me.

Greene flees the stage with Christian and his hostage.

OFFICER BOB (V.O.)

Everybody stay seated.

Seats are overturned as frightened audience fall over each other to flee.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD ADJACENT TO STAGE: NIGHT

Greene runs past the lighting crane toward the chopper.

ELAINE

(to police)

We’re over here!

GREENE

Dump her.

CHRISTIAN

(screams)

We need a hostage!

Elaine falls to the ground, slowing Christian, but Greene keeps going.

CHRISTIAN (CONT’D)

Get up!

Cut off from the chopper by two officers, Christian drags Elaine up into the cabin of the crane. Starting the engine he puts it into first and it lumbers crazily across the field toward the chopper, top heavy with dimmed lighting rigs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME FIELD – THIRTY METRES FROM THE HELICOPTER: NIGHT

Greene closes the distance between himself and the chopper that stands ready to take him to the bunker.

CUT TO:

EXT. CABIN OF THE LIGHTING CRANE: NIGHT

A squad car pulls up in front of the crane. Christian screams and kicks the passenger door open, hauling Elaine with him.

CHRISTIAN

C’mere!

Elaine rears back and punches him square in the face.
CHRISTIAN (CONT’D)

Stop doing that!

As the police climb over the crane, there is nowhere for Christian to go but up. He hauls Elaine up onto the boom arm.

ELAINE
Are you out of your mind?

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD WITH HELICOPTER: NIGHT

As Greene reaches the chopper, puffing, he waves to the pilot.

GREENE
Let’s go!

Greene hauls himself aboard - slumping into a seat.

PILOT (V.O.)
Any more passengers?

GREENE
Get us to the bunker, now!

The chopper lifts off as Greene reaches for the seat belt in the dark. Something metallic snaps around his wrist and Michael looms into view. They are joined at the wrist by the sexy handcuffs Elaine once wore.

MICHAEL
Hi, I’m having trouble reading this.

Michael indicates the collar bomb around his neck - which reads 3:45.

GREENE
(to pilot)
Get us down!

MICHAEL
Wouldn’t have the key?

Greene twists in his seat and looks out at his idiot son halfway up the crane boom.

GREENE
Christian has it.

MICHAEL
Great.

GREENE
Jump.
Greene jumps before Michael is ready - yanking him through three metres of air. Michael lands on Greene, knocking the wind out of him, but Michael drags him up.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTING CRANE IN FIELD: NIGHT

Halfway up the boom arm, Elaine is too terrified to pull free of Christian’s iron grip.

ELAINE
What now, Einstein?

Christian looks out at the end of the articulated jib arm.

CHRISTIAN
The chopper can pick me up from there.

ELAINE
Are you delirious!

Greene’s voice drifts up from below.

GREENE (V.O.)
Christian, Christian!

CHRISTIAN
You came back!

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE OF CRANE BOOM: NIGHT

GREENE
Bring Daddy the key.

Greene yanks Michael’s head back so Christian can see the collar.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDWAY UP CRANE BOOM: NIGHT

CHRISTIAN
You abandoned me!

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE OF CRANE BOOM: NIGHT

GREENE
(shouts to Christian)
I was wrong to!
MICHAEL
I love a breakthrough as much as the next man, but we’re on a schedule.

Greene climbs the boom struts, dragging Michael roughly behind him.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE OF CRANE BOOM: NIGHT

OFFICER BOB
Mr Greene, come down.

An officer approaches Officer Bob with a walkie talkie.

OFFICER
Sir, the entire city is in blackout.

OFFICER BOB
Can you tell me what those god-awful sirens are for?

OFFICER
It’s a warning the reactor backup generators failed to kick in.

OFFICER BOB
Is that bad?

The officer shrugs.

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDWAY UP CRANE BOOM: NIGHT

Greene is blocked by an officer climbing after Christian.

GREENE
Move!

YOUNG OFFICER
Sir, I can’t let you past.

Greene yowls like an animal and pulls the officer off the rig by the belt. The young cop falls 20 metres to the ground.

MICHAEL
Jesus!

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE OF CRANE BOOM: NIGHT

The officer’s body falls within sight of Officer Bob.
OFFICER BOB
Robbins!

Cops rush to the broken body.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF CRANE BOOM: NIGHT

Above Greene and Michael, Christian pulls Elaine out past the articulated boom joint and waves down the chopper pilot as it hovers in the field.

ELAINE
You’re crazy!

Michael reaches out for Elaine’s foot and she screams.

MICHAEL
It’s me!

GREENE
Christian, stop!

MICHAEL
(to Elaine)
Give me your hand.

Elaine stretches out her free hand and Michael grabs it and pulls. This unbalances Christian and he falls, yanking Elaine off the boom with him. Both of them swing from Michael’s injured hand like a chain of monkeys. Greene anchors them all to the boom, but Michael can’t hold the weight of two people.

CHRISTIAN
Father!

GREENE
Christian! Hold on!

ELAINE
Michael!

Christian throws his other arm up to grab Elaine’s leg and attempts to climb up her body.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE OF CRANE CABIN: NIGHT

By Robbins’ body, an angry Officer Bob carefully aims for the shot of his life.

OFFICER BOB
Screw due process.

CUT TO:
EXT. TOP OF CRANE BOOM: NIGHT

A shot rings out, and Christian’s grip loosens. He slides down Elaine’s legs and drops 30 metres to the ground.

GREENE
The key!

Michael loses his footing and dangles from Greene’s cuffed hand.

MICHAEL
(to Elaine)
I’ve got you.

GREENE
Let her go. I’m falling!

MICHAEL
No!

Greene kicks Michael in the kidneys.

GREENE
Drop her.

MICHAEL
(pleads to Greene)
Help me!

Elaine kicks out from the boom, gets a good swing going and locks her legs around the boom beneath Michael, letting go of his hand.

ELAINE
I’m okay!

As Michael dangles by his cuffed hand, Greene tightly hugs a strut and reaches in his jacket with his un-manicled hand for a gun. He fires on Michael’s cuffed hand, glancing his wrist.

MICHAEL
Hey!

GREENE
I’ll shoot your hand through if I have to.

CUT TO:

EXT. LIGHTING CRANE CABIN: NIGHT

Amid continuing alarm sirens, an officer in the crane cabin turns the idling engine off. This causes a shudder through the boom arm.

CUT TO:
EXT. BOOM POINT - TOP OF BOOM: NIGHT

As Greene takes aim at Michael’s wrist the entire boom shudders. Greene loses his footing and Michael is slammed against the boom below. The collar bomb impacts the steel strut, but instead of exploding, it unlocks, sitting loose around Michael’s neck. The timer reads 20 seconds.

Now level with Elaine, she pulls him in and he hugs the boom with his free arm. This yanks Greene from the strut above, and he claws at Michael as he falls.

The jolt of the large man reaching the end of the cuff chain jars the unlocked collar from Michael’s neck. It bounces off the arm rigid with Greene’s weight, tumbles once and clips closed around his wrist.

MICHAEL
Crap!

GREENE
Help me!

The collar slides down past Michael’s taut hand, down the cuff chain and onto Greene’s arm, wedging at his elbow.

GREENE (CONT’D)
No!

As the countdown display reaches 10 seconds, Michael folds his thumb into his palm and allows the blood to lubricate the cuff. The metal ring slides painfully over his thumb joint and slips from his hand. Greene falls and gets his bomb arm wedged in the boom structure ten metres below.

GREENE (CONT’D)
Aaargh!

Greene yanks desperately at his trapped arm.

Michael shields Elaine as the collar bomb explodes, taking out a couple of critical boom supports. Michael wraps himself around Elaine and holds tight to the upright.

MICHAEL
Hold on.

The boom kinks and bends at the damaged point.

ELAINE
Oh God, oh God, oh God!

MICHAEL
I’ve got you.

Kinking and falling, the boom screams like a wounded animal as it falls toward the hovering chopper. The chopper banks to avoid the boom, but its tail rotor is clipped, sending it spiralling into a line of trees, where it crashes and explodes.
The boom twists Michael and Elaine to the upside and, as the jib hits the ground first, sections of boom crumple as it encounters ground, softening the impact of successive sections to the point that Michael and Elaine are gently tossed off into the grass from some two metres height.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD ADJACENT TO PLANT: NIGHT

From the crumpled boom wreckage, Michael holds Elaine close.

MICHAEL
I’ve got you.

Elaine buries her face in Michael’s neck as police run to their aid.

ELAINE
That’s twice.

MICHAEL (to officers)
Get everyone out of here. The plant is gonna blow.

Elaine indicates the Ferrari.

ELAINE
Let’s get a safe distance.

MICHAEL
There is no safe distance.

ELAINE
I know a place.

An officer runs up to the gathering with Michael’s cold fusion device, which in the darkness glows pink from within.

OFFICER
This looks important.

Michael grabs it.

MICHAEL
Good work, Officer. It’s a bomb. Everybody stay clear!

As the police scatter Michael drags Elaine to the Ferrari.

CUT TO:

INT. FERRARI CABIN: NIGHT

Michael starts the engine and pulls way.
ELAINE
It’s okay. We’ll take Greene’s place in the bunker.

Michael drops down gears and breaks.

MICHAEL
I’m not Greene.

He turns to the pink glow in the back seat.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORE BUILDING: NIGHT

Police are hustling frightened guests into mini-buses. Michael pulls up and climbs out of the Ferrari with the cold fusion device. Elaine follows, wearing Christian’s discarded overcoat.

OFFICER BOB
Son, you’ve had a busy night.

MICHAEL
Bob.

OFFICER BOB
I don’t know whether to call you an ambulance, haul you in or shoot you. If you could tell me what the hell is going on in this building, it might help me decide.

MICHAEL
The cooling system’s offline and when the core reaches a thousand degrees a metric ton of plutonium is blasted into the stratosphere.

OFFICER BOB
Exactly how bad is that?

MICHAEL
You have someone you love?

Officer Bob nods.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Go tell them.

Michael and Elaine run for the core building.

OFFICER BOB
(to another officer)
Go. Get everyone out of here.

CUT TO:
EXT. CORE BUILDING ENTRANCE: NIGHT

Elaine pulls the heavy door open.

ELAINE
When the power fails everything unlocks.

MICHAEL
Great system.

ELAINE
All you have to do is power up the water turbines and everything’s cool - literally.

They peer in at a stairwell dimly illuminated a hazy blue.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
That can’t be good.

MICHAEL
Get out of here.

ELAINE
Michael - what?

Michael pulls her to him and kisses her.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
That’s not going make me leave.

MICHAEL
Then get in the car and keep the engine running.

Michael enters the core building, takes the stairs down to a door marked “Feedwater Pump Station.”

CUT TO:

INT. CORE BUILDING, FEEDWATER PUMP STATION: NIGHT

A glass chamber rings the base of the reactor core, currently not being supplied with water coolant. Within, three massive floor mounted water pumps radiate out from a central computer column like the spokes of a wheel. Each barrel shaped pump is three metres long. Inside, a monitor gives a readout of the core temperature - 858 degrees and rising.

MICHAEL
Okay, then.

He yanks open the heavy glass door and his geiger-counter watch screams.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Cheese and crackers!
He leaps back from the door, brushing his clothing as if to sweep the radiation off.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Why is there radiation?

He yells at the door.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
It’s just a pump station!

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE REACTOR: FUEL ROD ASSEMBLY

Inside the core chamber, the water coolant level plunges, exposing 36 Plutonium fuel rods which superheat and start to fissure.

CUT TO:

INT. CORE BUILDING, FEEDWATER PUMP STATION: NIGHT

To the sound of warning claxons, and steam release jets, Michael takes his generator and grabs the door handle.

MICHAEL
In and out. Just in and out.

He takes a breath and hauls open the glass door. His geiger-counter watch screams.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
I know!

On his knees he twists the release ring on the first pump’s power connector and plugs in his cold fusion generator.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Et voila!

Power arcs through the transparent power connector but nothing spins. The massive pump’s rotor service plate has been laid open and a metal chair rammed between the blades.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
What the?

A soothing computer voice updates Michael.

COMPUTER
Warning. There are 65 degrees remaining to core meltdown. Please connect turbine to an alternate power supply.

Michael disconnects his device and moves to the next generator. It, too, has been sabotaged.
MICHAEL
No, no, no!

Michael runs to the last feedwater pump. Its rotor service plate is open but the blades are unobstructed.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Be alive!

Michael connects the cold fusion generator and the pump spins to life. Chamber lights flicker on.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Okay!

A metallic clank and grinding sound signals the pump rotors jamming, having first sprayed water everywhere.

GREENE
Get away from that!

Greene stands atop the massive pump body - his hand grips a metal pole he has jammed into the blades.

MICHAEL
You!

Greene’s right arm terminates at his elbow. Incredibly, the bloody stump is already healing.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Are you crazy? If I don’t power up that pump you’ll die too!

COMPUTER
Warning. Irreversible core meltdown in thirty five seconds.

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE REACTOR: FUEL ROD ASSEMBLY

In this hellish environment, thirty six exposed Plutonium fuel rods sear and crack in a chamber emptied of water.

COMPUTER
(muted)
Thirty four, thirty three...

CUT TO:

INT. CORE BUILDING, FEEDWATER PUMP STATION: NIGHT

Greene launches himself off the jammed rotor blades onto Michael. They tumble across the floor.

MICHAEL
You died!

GREENE
I have a tough immune system.
Michael head-buts Greene in the nose, pulls free and climbs the jammed feedwater pump. Greene stands, nose bloodied.

**GREENE (CONT’D)**
The Radiance will come.

**MICHAEL**
Not today, Stumpy.

Michael stands on the jammed rotors and pulls on the metal pole like it’s the Sword in the Stone. It doesn’t give.

**MICHAEL (CONT’D)**
Oh, god!

One handed, Greene climbs the pump casing as Michael yanks on the pole with all his might.

**COMPUTER**
Core temperature at 992 degrees.

**GREENE**
To the meek of the world, I make no amends.

Michael leans on the pole and kicks Greene in the chest.

**GREENE (CONT’D)**
No matter you beg me and simper

Greene hauls Michael up one handed and throws him to the floor.

**GREENE (CONT’D)**
This is the way your weary world ends

He stands on the wedged rotor blade and hand on the pole.

**MICHAEL**
Please!

**GREENE**
Not with a bang but a whimper.

**MICHAEL**
Poetry?!

**GREENE**
If you can’t be poetic at the end of the world, when...

Greene’s foot sinks into the rotor well. The pole breaks off halfway in his hand. The pump grinds against metal. Greene looks at Michael, stunned.

**MICHAEL**
Give me your hand.
The rotors chew up the remains of the pole and grind Greene into the blades. Michael looks away and is sprayed with pink water.

**COMPUTER**
Core meltdown in ten, nine...

The computer display reads core temp. at 996 degrees as Michael throws his weight against the open service panel, closing it against the plumes of pink water gushing from the well.

**COMPUTER (CONT’D)**
Eight, seven...

An electrical locking mechanism secures the service plate.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. INSIDE REACTOR: FUEL ROD ASSEMBLY**

Water rushes into the blazing core interior and rises over the degrading fuel rods.

**COMPUTER**
Six...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CORE BUILDING, FEEDWATER PUMP STATION: NIGHT**

**COMPUTER**
Five...

**MICHAEL**
(screams)
But I fixed it!

**COMPUTER**
Five...

**MICHAEL**
What?

**COMPUTER**
Five, six, eight, ten, twenty...

The computer display reads Core Temp 996 degrees, 990, 985...

**ELAINE**
Michael!

**COMPUTER**
Core meltdown averted.

Elaine bursts into the room. Michael smiles and yanks at the chamber door, but it has locked itself now that power has been restored.
MICHAEL
Oh, no. No, no, no!

ELAINE
Open the door.

Radiation sickness overcomes Michael and he slumps against the door.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Get up!

She pounds on the heavy plate glass. Michael looks up. Elaine throws a chair against the glass, but it bounces off. She picks up a wrench and slams it repeatedly into the glass.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
Come out!

She kicks and pounds the unbreakable glass with her fists. Michael rests his head against the glass. Elaine sobs and crouches on the other side.

MICHAEL
This is such a cliche.

ELAINE
I’ll get help.

MICHAEL
It’s alright.

ELAINE
It’s not alright.

Michael gives her a lazy hand signal to leave.

ELAINE (CONT’D)
No, I won’t.

INT. MICHAEL’S SIDE OF THE GLASS DOOR

Elaine pounds the glass from the other side.

ELAINE
Why are you smiling?

MICHAEL
I saved the world. I’m not a total screw-up.

ELAINE
You’re on the wrong side of the glass – that’s not brilliant.

MICHAEL
(closing eyes)
I think I’ll sleep now.
INT. ELAINE’S SIDE OF THE GLASS DOOR

Elaine screams and runs off. Through the glass he hears the sound of an engine. He opens his eyes to a forklift charging at the chamber, Elaine in the driver’s seat.

ELAINE
It’s alright when I say it’s alright!

Elaine slams the forklift’s upraised prongs into the glass wall of the chamber, shattering it. She drags Michael out over broken glass to the exit and into the night air.

CUT TO:

EXT. CORE BUILDING: NIGHT

Michael, eyes half closed, looks up at her as she sobs over him.

MICHAEL
You have a licence to drive that?

Something rattles in Christian’s coat pocket as she pulls it off to wrap around Michael. She retrieves a plastic case filled with vials of Greene’s DNA repair serum. Officer Bob rests a hand on her shoulder.

OFFICER BOB
Now Angel, ambulance is coming.

ELAINE
Get off me!

Clutching a syringe she plunges it into Michael’s arm and pushes the plunger until empty.

MICHAEL
Ow!

OFFICER BOB
Is he diabetic?

Elaine takes another syringe and empties it into Michael’s arm.

MICHAEL
Hey!

She takes another syringe.

OFFICER BOB
(to colleague)
He must be really diabetic.

Elaine rams it into Michael’s arm.
MICHAEL
Ow! You always hurt the one you love?

Elaine discards the previous syringe and prepares another.

ELAINE
You wish.

MICHAEL
Other arm. Ow!

ELAINE
Don’t be a baby.

MICHAEL
Officers - are you just going to watch this assault?

An ambulance pulls up as she spikes him again.

MICHAEL (CONT’D)
Jesus on a bike!

A crash of thunder precedes an instant downpour of rain.

FADE TO:

INT. NEWS STUDIO:

An anchor woman recounts the previous day’s events.

ANCHOR
As you’ve been hearing, an act of nuclear terrorism was thwarted yesterday by quick thinking plant technicians.

Video footage of the Nuclear facility swarming with police cars, fire-trucks and plant workers from various angles.

ANCHOR (CONT’D)
Stories of a doomsday cult calling themselves The Atomic Brethren are being linked with the shock death of energy magnate Sir Leo Greene. We cross now to Frank Wells, at the scene.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW EDEN ESTATE: DAY

From a helicopter POV Frank Wells points out groups of people being herded out from Greene’s New Eden mansion. Some are questioned by detectives as others are hefted into police vans.
FRANK WELLS
(over chopper noise)
Well Stephanie, the reality of three hundred of the world’s richest people holed up in a fantastic underground cavern caps just about the strangest news day in this reporter’s career.

ANCHOR
Can you confirm the people emerging from the bunker are members of this doomsday cult?

FRANK WELLS
Not as yet, Stephanie. And as footage of last night’s events have been confiscated by the state authorities, it may be weeks until details are publicly revealed.

ANCHOR
Is this the last nail in the coffin of nuclear energy industry?

FRANK WELLS
Stephanie, I think only time and elections will tell.

CUT TO:

INT. OUTPATIENT WARD AT A UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL: DAY

Four weeks later:

Michael and Elaine sit on a hospital bed with a doctor holding a clipboard. They are both attired in smart day wear.

DOCTOR
Well, cytogenetic scans indicate your cells are still in a state of super accelerated self-repair. You register almost zero chromosomal aberrations.

MICHAEL
That’s good, right?

DOCTOR
You should be dead.

MICHAEL
(to Elaine)
That was some good punch.
DOCTOR
We’ve analysed that serum you’ve been taking and we believe it has exciting implications for cancer treatment. Do you have more samples?

ELAINE
Forty five, fifty... Excellent!

MICHAEL
Cases.

A disgruntled patient calls out from behind the privacy curtains of the next bed.

PATIENT (V.O.)
Could keep it down a little? Genius trying to sleep.

Michael pulls the curtains aside to reveal Gromlik, bandaged up in a bed.

ELAINE
How do you feel today?

GROMLIK
Feel better when I see royalty check from my share of invention.

MICHAEL
When they letting you out of here?

An attractive older nurse hovers with a tray of pills for Gromlik. A white, a pink and a blue.

GROMLIK
Who says I want out?

NATASHA
Time for drugs, you oversexed old fart.

GROMLIK
Meet sexy new girlfriend.

MICHAEL
Uh, hello.

Gromlik takes two of the pills with water.

GROMLIK
No need for blue one - I still young man!

As Natasha suppresses a smile, Elaine pulls the curtains closed and takes Michael’s arm.
ELAINE
I have news – let’s walk.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL GARDENS: MORNING

Elaine and Michael walk out into the hospital gardens.

ELAINE
I was debriefed by The Agency yesterday.

MICHAEL
I outgrew my imaginary friends when I was five.

ELAINE
When Greene found me out he had it shut down. It’s operational again.

MICHAEL
You going back?

ELAINE
Well, I told them I had a business partnership I couldn’t pass up.

Elaine pulls away from Michael and flourishes a letter.

MICHAEL
What’s that?

ELAINE
They arranged a high level introduction for me. What would you say to a billion dollar foundation dedicated to rolling out your free power to underdeveloped countries?

MICHAEL
Not to bury it?

Elaine waves the letter in front of him.

ELAINE
There’s a software billionaire who likes the cut of your jib.

MICHAEL
Not to bury it?

ELAINE
They want to call it Project Daybreak.

MICHAEL
Daybreak.
ELAINE
After you.

MICHAEL
Oh.

ELAINE
All the time and money you need to perfect the technology. You’re set for life.

MICHAEL
I’d have to give up selling TVs.

ELAINE
I know it’s a big ask.

MICHAEL
Let me sleep on it.

They continue walking alongside the blossom heavy trees.

ELAINE
Seriously though, after everything that’s happened, what would you do if you suddenly got everything you ever wanted.

He takes her hand.

MICHAEL
Never let her go.

She is lost for a response, but tightens her grip and they walk without words.

A blue butterfly flutters past their faces, unnoticed, and rises into the blossom filled trees.

THE END.