

COLLIDER

Written by

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The physicists have known sin; and this is a knowledge
which they cannot lose...I have become death, the destroyer of worlds.

-J. Robert Oppenheimer

Gigantic Pictures
212-925-5075

OVER BLACK: #

Now I have become death, the destroyer of worlds. #

- J. Robert Oppenheimer #

Until WHISPS of SNOWY WIND welcome us to... #

EXT. LONG ISLAND - EARLY MORNING #

An ominous, grey sky. SNOWFLAKES from the previous night's storm float through the PINE BARRENS - before the quiet is broken by the ELECTRIC JOLT of a giant machine murmuring to life as an institutional video presentation begins. #

NARRATOR (V.O.) #
The Relativistic Heavy Ion Collider #
is one of the only two operational #
supercolliders in the world. #

On a cliff, a lone flurry swirls by the MONTAUK LIGHTHOUSE. #

NARRATOR (V.O.) #
Overseen by the Department of #
Energy, RHIC is part of the #
Brookhaven National Lab, located on #
the southern shore of Long Island -- #
80 miles east of New York City. #

EXT. RHIC - MAIN BUILDING/BROOKHAVEN LAB - SAME #

A bird's-eye view of the facility, RHIC'S HEADQUARTERS, blanketed in snow as a LOW HUMMING builds in intensity. #

NARRATOR (V.O.) #
RHIC was considered one the most #
powerful supercolliders ever #
created, until LHC - the Large #
Hadron Collider run by CERN - was #
brought online in 2008. #

A circular road outlines RHIC's COLLIDER RING buried beneath. #

NARRATOR (V.O.) #
RHIC is one of the most complicated #
machines ever built by man. Its #
temperatures can reach hotter than #
the sun and colder than deep space. #

EXT. PHENIX BUILDING - BROOKHAVEN LAB - SAME #

A windowless, BLACK HANGER housing the PHENIX EXPERIMENT. #

NARRATOR (V.O.) #
*As we explore the subatomic #
particles unleashed within, our #
goal is an understanding of the #
forces that connect the smallest #
atom to the largest galaxy. What we #
call The Theory of Everything. With #
it, we are the closest we've ever #
come to realizing God's design...* #

The buzzing HUM suddenly CRACKLES with electricity. #

NARRATOR (V.O.) #
... Or the lack thereof. #

SMASH TO: #

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - BROOKHAVEN - SAME #

Our NARRATOR is wearing a tweed suit jacket, JAMES BRIGGS #
(45), who shuts off a VIDEO MONITOR as he continues pitching #
TWO WALL STREET SUITS. #

JAMES #
But if you want practical #
applications, think of destroying #
cancerous tumors without tissue #
damage. Or use for X-ray, #
ultrasound-- #

SUIT #1 #
--what about teleportation? #

Well-built, JAMES is the DEPUTY CHAIR of ACCELERATORS; a #
former scientist now an administrator - trying to be anyway. #

JAMES #
Like Star Trek, no. But #
teleportation of information - yes. #

JAMES points to a MAP of BROOKHAVEN LAB on the wall. #

JAMES #
Doing so right below us, inside a #
tunnel 2.4 miles around, 16 feet #
below ground. #

JAMES (CONT'D)

Today, through our Phenix #
 Experiment - that black hangar we #
 passed on our way in - we'll be #
 shooting beams of uranium ions #
 through two tubes at 99.995% the #
 speed of light. Like a giant camera #
 layered with sub-detectors, the #
 beams collide as the detectors snap #
 pictures of the microscopic #
 collisions occurring inside. #
 Tracking the millions of particles #
 that emerge-- #

SUIT #1 #

--Like the 'God Particle'? #

JAMES #

(smirks) #
 Originally it was called the #
 "Goddamn Particle." Still is, God's #
 a tough bastard to find. #

Everyone churns with laughter; James is winning them over and #
 he knows it, time to take it home: #

JAMES #

We're still making as many #
 collisions as we can. But with #
 budget cuts at the DOE, this could #
 all get shut down, which is why #
 we're coming to the Omni Fund for #
 help. Imagine what we thought was #
 possible 100 years ago, or even #
 just a decade ago. Now compare that #
 with what we've accomplished here: #
 a machine capable of replicating #
 the conditions that existed seconds #
 after the big bang. The literal #
 creation of the entire universe. #

One of the SUITS turns to his PARTNER, eyebrows raised. #

JAMES #

This isn't a pitch, so much as the #
 truth: You have the power to change #
 the world, and even alter human #
 history altogether. No pressure. #

JAMES floats past the SUITS to the door, opening it: #

JAMES #

Or maybe I should just show you? #

As we hear the growing MURMUR of a CONTROL ROOM. #

CREW CHIEF (O.S.) #
 Bring in the Electron Beams and #
 commence cooling. #

SMASH CUT TO: #

INT. RHIC CONTROL ROOM - MAIN BUILDING #

A brightly lit CONTROL ROOM that looks straight out of the #
 80's as a CROWD of SCIENTISTS peer up at overhead MONITORS. #

TUNDEE (36), a bearded African-American, sits behind a #
 CIRCULAR DESK in the center of the room. As the SHIFT CREW #
 CHIEF, TUNDEE calls out commands for today's collider run. #

TUNDEE #
 What's the word, Travis? #

A young OPERATOR wearing a trucker hat looks up with a smile. #

TRAVIS #
 Emittance is close to zero. We've #
 got crystallized beams! #

TUNDEE #
 (calling out) #
 I've got a good feeling, Alex. #

WE PAN to ALEJANDRA ROJAS (39): Chilean, intuitive, with long #
 black hair and wide brown eyes. She doesn't answer, hiding #
 her nervous anticipation by steadying her anxious hand. #

ALEX looks uneasy - almost lightheaded and nauseous as she #
 grips a control panel to steady herself. #

She throws an assured look to her #2, NIMITT NANDEEN (34): an #
 Indian American with a kind, but snarky soul, lost within the #
 data scrolling across the screen. #

ALEX #
 Stay focused everyone. #

Rolling his eyes, TUNDEE glances at ZEV (39) a red-headed #
 burly Israeli. As RHIC's RUN COORDINATOR, ZEV is responsible #
 for managing the 2017 experiments, hence his permanent scowl. #

Catching TUNDEE's look, ZEV glances at the LIVE FEED MONITOR: #
 this is streamed to MONITORS throughout the lab and public #
 website, while a COLORED BAR at the bottom signals whether #
 they're in "maintenance" (RED) "ready to collide" (YELLOW) or #
 colliding, "taking physics"(GREEN). #

TUNDEE spins around, checking his monitors. #

TUNDEE #
Is the collision set? #

CHRISTINE (24) with glasses, shouts over the excited chatter. #

CHRISTINE #
103 GEV per nucleon. #

The LOW HUMMING has started increasing in volume. #

On an old-school LED DISPLAY, we see the numbers scrolling #
higher; 78 GEV, 83 GEV, 85 GEV. #

ALEX peers around the room, something is troubling her. #

ALEX #
Wait...push to 113. #

TUNDEE #
113? #

TUNDEE turns to ZEV, as does ALEX with a pleading look. #

ALEX #
Optimum energy will be closer. Come #
on Zev, let's dress to impress. #

ZEV #
(shaking his head) #
I knew this was going happen. #

ALEX #
If it's that much of an issue, I #
can call upstairs. #

ZEV #
Then why even bother asking? #
(to TUNDEE) #
Fine, go ahead. #

ALEX sits down, satisfied as ZEV shoots her a nasty LOOK. #

ZEV #
You're welcome. #

INT. LOBBY - RHIC MAIN BUILDING - SAME #

A SCALE MODEL of RHIC'S TUNNEL -- two tubes run down the #
center. Inside the tubes, the beam pipes encased in magnets. #

JAMES and the SUITS peer through the plexiglass. #

SUIT #2 #
 And how does RHIC compare with LHC? #

JAMES #
 They operate at energy levels we #
 only dream of. Yet while they can #
 throw the ball harder, we're after #
 better aim. #

The SUITS snicker as JAMES leads them down the hall. #

JAMES #
 We're innovating day to day; we #
 just started colliding uranium. #
 Nobody's doing that - yet. Even our #
 lawyers took some convincing. Who #
 can blame them when you're cracking #
 open the basic element of all life - #
 dismantling atoms to see inside. #

JAMES stops in front of the CONTROL ROOM DOOR. #

SUIT #2 #
 And what exactly is inside? #

Grabbing the doorknob, JAMES pauses for dramatic effect. #

JAMES #
 ...Quantum Physics. #
 (to SUIT #1 re: Star Trek) #
 The final frontier. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM/OBSERVATION DECK - MORNING #

ANGLE - The LED ticking higher; 98 GEV, 101 GEV, 103 GEV. #

ALEX catches JAMES' gaze as he leads the SUITS inside a #
 separated viewing station, unable to hear their discussion. #

JAMES #
 See the woman in the glasses? Top #
 collider physicist in her field. #

SUIT #1 #
 Better than you? #

James tosses a fleeting grin to ALEX, assuring her it's going #
 well. #

JAMES #
 (nods) #
 I wouldn't tell her that. #

JAMES (CONT'D)

But this test is her baby,
crystalline beam cooling, which
should lock the nuclei in place to
keep them from scattering around
the ring during collision. #

#

SUIT #2

How accurate is it? #
#

JAMES

In theory, the closest we can get.
Imagine throwing sand, hoping the
grains will hit each other. Not
easy. But if we freeze the sand,
locking the grains in place, then
maybe we get the clumps to hit. If
it works, we'll have the same
number of collisions resulting in
100 times more energy -- keeping us
relevant to the DOE. And your
return. #

#

The numbers are moving slower; 107 GEV, 109 GEV, 111 GEV,
before finally landing at 113 GEV. #
#

TUNDEE

Tell PHENIX we're initiating... #
#

Showtime as the SUITS quiet, like a birth was commencing. #

INT. PHENIX EXPERIMENT - SAME #

OVERHEAD ON PHENIX - A massive, horizontal cylinder, four-
stories high with colored WIRES ribbing its skin. #
#

We pan across an AWE-INSPIRING array of MAGNETS and SENSORS
curving around the silver beam pipe that PIERCES the center. #
#

TUNDEE (O.S.)

...And we are colliding! #
#

INT. PHENIX DATA ACQUISITION ROOM - SAME #

LOW ANGLE - We push between TWO HUGE COLUMNS of SERVERS as
hundreds of blinking storage drives fill with data. #
#

INT. RHIC CONTROL ROOM/OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS #

Everyone is simultaneously holding their breath, their eyes
transfixed on the OVERHEAD MONITORS. #
#

THE LUMINOSITY MONITOR - On a digital graph, a GREEN LINE #
starts to rise. #

TUNDEE swings around to the TRACKING MONITOR - A cross- #
section of the TIME PROJECTION CHAMBER represented by a B&W #
octagon. A tiny circle in the center continues to blink. #

TUNDEE #
Why am I not seeing any tracks? #

The SCREEN flashes to a colored bloom of particle #
trajectories -- before suddenly going dark. #

TUNDEE #
What the hell? #

TRAVIS #
(phone to his ear) #
TPC's down...PHENIX says we tripped #
a breaker, maybe a radiation spike. #

ALEX #
It's just the increased luminosity. #

We see the green line STEEPENING on the LUMINOSITY MONITOR. #

TUNDEE #
Well the auto-stops are off-line, #
so remember any dump is manual-- #

The green line now DISAPPEARS, the MONITOR trips off as well. #

CHRISTINE #
There goes the EMCAL! #

ALEX spins around. #

TUNDEE #
Shit, we're flying blind here. #

ZEV #
Guys! #

TRAVIS #
Am I dumping the beam? #

Off TRAVIS's look, we WHIP PAN to a RED "BEAM DUMP" BUTTON. #

ALEX #
Travis, do not dump that beam! #

JAMES gives the SUITS a controlled smile: *Everything's fine.* #

ALEX #
 Just give it a few more seconds. #

ZEV #
 GUYS!-- #

TRAVIS #
 (pulls the phone away) #
 --Wait! PHENIX reset the breakers. #

The TRACKING MONITOR is back up -- The lone CIRCLE blinks. #

ALEX #
 (under her breath) #
 ...Please. #

We see the quick FLASH of a brightly colored particle BLOOM. #

TUNDEE #
 Hold on...We're getting something. #

Another COLORED BLOOM flashes. Then another. NIMITT stares at #
 the MONITOR, slowly rising from his chair. #

NIMITT #
 It's working... #

More SNAPSHOTS appear on-screen, indicating increasing #
 collisions. At first 5 per second, then 10, then 20, then 30. #

ZEV uncrosses his arms as he leans forward. #

JAMES' gaze is glued to the overhead MONITORS, with a couple #
 unsettled SUITS looming behind him equally transfixed. #

ALEX slowly starts to smile. #

We pull back, past the SCIENTISTS staring up in awe. We can't #
 see the FLICKERING, the SNAPSHOTS are coming so fast. #

NIMITT #
 It's working! #

THE ROOM erupts as ALEX jumps up, hugging NIMITT. A champagne #
 cork pops. More clapping. #

ALEX mouths "thank you" to JAMES. He nods back with a wink. #

SUIT #1 #
 Did we just witness history? #

JAMES #
(a growing smile) #
Better - we saw the future. #

NIMITT turns to TUNDEE, who motions to the OVERHEAD MONITOR. #

The LUMINOSITY MONITOR is now back on -- The GRAPH showing #
the GREEN LINE has gone from STEADY CLIMB to ALMOST VERTICAL. #

TUNDEE #
This luminosity's off the charts. #

Both NIMITT and TUNDEE turn to ALEX staring at the screen, #
shocked and almost frightened by the success of her experiment. #

ALEX turns to JAMES and the SUITS - but they're already #
exiting...leaving a distant ALEX to gaze back at one of the #
COMPUTER MONITORS: slowly PUSHING IN to see the PIXILATED #
BLOOM of TRACKS slowly gaining detail. #

The IMAGE morphs into 3-D, entering into this mini-universe. #

CREDIT SEQUENCE: MINIMALIST PIANO, simple yet dramatic. #

Pushing towards the center of the BLOOM, COLLISIONS explode #
all around. Some dissipate in PARTICLES, others form droplets #
of PLASMA. #

Moving deeper, we see one COLLISION that's more powerful than #
the rest. As a bubble of PLASMA forms, it doesn't pop, but #
COLLAPSES on itself as a BRIGHT FLASH envelops the screen. #

TITLE CARD: #

13 DAYS LATER #

INT. TOWNHOUSE, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING #

ALEX jerks awake, as if the bright flash has awoken her, and #
looks over at the empty, but slept-in bedsheets - along with #
the CELL PHONE blinking on the nightstand. #

Alex posts herself up, sliding over to glance at the SCREEN: #
#

Missed Call - Steph #
1 New Voicemail #

Alex lingers, dejected, deciding whether to have a listen... #

She does, though we don't hear -- until ALEX notices...a #
WETNESS...near her crotch as she looks underneath the sheets-- #

EXT. TRAIL - PINE BARRENS - SAME #

JAMES, wearing an ANNAPOLIS SWEATSHIRT, runs down a trail, veering into a FOREST. #

He whips past tree trunks, weaving through a GROVE of dense PINES. #

INT. NIMITT'S OFFICE - RHIC MAIN BUILDING - SAME #

We pan across a CLUTTERED office - the walls COVERED with diagrams, and the floor stacked with science texts as well as books on philosophy and religion. #

NIMITT sleeps on his couch, a pile of papers on his chest. #

A STAR TREK alarm goes off as he bolts upright - his papers falling to the floor. #

INT. TOWNHOUSE, BATHROOM - SAME #

ALEX, squatting on the toilet, gazes at the pair of BLOOD-SPOTTED UNDERWEAR in the small trashbin - in plain sight. #

ALEX stands, snagging the underwear to scrunch and toss in the toilet: the WATER's a pink-ish hue as they dump in. #

This doesn't seem to be menstrual, as Alex stares forlornly - and eagerly - as her underwear FLUSHES...before hearing JAMES enter the front door. #

INT. TOWNHOUSE, KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING #

A sweaty JAMES wanders in with MAIL in hand, mostly his, save a MEDICAL BILL for Alex who sits at the breakfast bar. #

JAMES wanders over, navigating around some of his MOVING BOXES lining the walls, and pours coffee for himself. #

He waves ALEX's MAIL, tossing her bill over. #

JAMES #

Forwarding works. Boob job? #

Alex grins with coffee in hand and her laptop open, streaming a news channel. Changes the subject: #

ALEX #

Plan on unpacking anytime soon? #

JAMES #
Good morning to you too. #

ALEX #
Seriously, this isn't a storage #
warehouse. #

JAMES #
I know, my name's on the lease. #
Everything okay? #

ALEX relents: there's love between them, even if distant. #

ALEX #
I'm fine. #

JAMES stares, trying to get her to crack: #

ALEX #
(assuring) #
Really. #

JAMES gets the message, abandoning his coffee. #

JAMES #
If you say so, I gotta jump in the #
shower...join me? #

Apathetic, ALEX grabs her laptop instead and clicks on a #
streaming news channel: something about Lima, Peru but the #
sound is off as her phone rings: "BROOKHAVEN" #

JAMES #
Or not. #

ALEX #
(ignores JAMES, picks up) #
Hello? #

RONNIE (O.S.) #
It's Ronnie. The ZDC counts are #
off. We're dumping the beam. #

ALEX #
Shit, again? #

ALEX listens to RONNIE as JAMES exits -- but she's distracted #
by her computer, her face darkening as she raises the volume: #

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) #
If you're just joining us, a #
massive earthquake struck Lima, #
Peru early this morning. Bob Mays #
is at the UN with more... #

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - MORNING #

Three lanes of stop and go TRAFFIC. Bumper to bumper hell. #

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) #
... Officials are still assessing #
the damage with over 4,000 dead #
already confirmed. #

I/E. ALFA ROMEO - RHIC PARKING LOT - LATER #

PUSHING IN on a red ALFA ROMEO, idling in a parking space. #

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.) #
At 9.4, this quake was one of the #
strongest ever recorded, stronger #
than the 9.1 that hit Iran in July, #
and the 9.0 in Japan last year... #

Inside the car, ALEX sits in shock, still processing the news #
that only she may know the true origin... #

INT. COLLIDER TUNNEL - RHIC - SAME #

The same TUNNEL we saw in the scale-model, now full-sized, #
bathed in a sterile, cold fluorescent light. #

We hear an ominous low frequency PULSING as we follow the TWO #
STEEL TUBES down the curved tunnel towards infinity. #

INT. NIMITT'S OFFICE - SAME #

EXTREME CLOSEUP on a PAIR OF EYES snapping open. #

NIMITT sits in LOTUS pose in front of a BUDDHIST SHRINE. He's #
trying to meditate, but something bothers him as he exhales. #

INT. CAFETERIA - BROOKHAVEN LAB - CONTINUOUS #

Carrying a breakfast tray, JAMES walks through the nearly #
empty cafeteria before sitting with KEN McCARTHY (53). #

Tall and manicured in a nice suit, KEN is the ASSOCIATE CHAIR of ADMINISTRATION. #
#

JAMES #
Way to spend your unpaid holiday. #

KEN #
(grins) #
It's called a budget crisis, thank #
you very much. Speaking of, Max #
thinks Omni is good for 250k. If #
they come through, we'll do a #
press op at Christmas...in which, #
since you're taking over for #
Jenkins, you'll need a new suit. #

JAMES looks down: he's wearing a suit, a bit out of date. #

JAMES #
What do you call this? #

KEN #
No tweed. We're not a community #
college. #

JAMES #
With our budget, might as well be. #

Trading grins, clearly KEN and JAMES have a good report. #

KEN #
You guys are still taking physics #
through this weekend? #

JAMES #
Trying to. RHIC's acting up. #

KEN #
Well, what I'm hearing out of DC #
isn't good. It's down to us and #
Jefferson. We need that preprint. #

JAMES #
Alex is working on it. We don't #
even have all the data-- #

KEN #
(serious) #
--Every second we're not running #
beam is just the excuse they need #
to shut off these lights. Jenkins #
leaving doesn't help. #

JAMES #
 A bad captain leaves a sinking #
 ship. #

KEN #
 Just pray he doesn't try to settle #
 any scores before he goes. I'm #
 leaving early for Maine, gunna be a #
 drive from hell to this weekend. #
 (an uncomfortable pause) #
 No plans? #

JAMES #
 No. The kids are with Steph. Her #
 sister's coming over. #

KEN #
 You're not going? #

JAMES #
 She hasn't asked. #

KEN #
 She won't. Just go, it's #
 Thanksgiving. #

KEN watches as JAMES drops his eyes. #

INT. ALEX'S OFFICE - RHIC MAIN BUILDING - SAME #

ALEX sits with her laptop open. She's supposed to be writing #
 her PREPRINT, but instead, stares at a WEDDING INVITATION #
 tacked to her wall, emblazoned across the front with: #

Save the Date! #
 ~ Cecilia and Diego ~ #
 Santiago, Chile #
 12.18.17 #

She untacks the INVITATION, postmarked from September, and #
 slips it into her notebook. #

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - RHIC MAIN BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER #

We push in on daily meeting of DEPARTMENT HEADS. Dry erase #
 boards line the walls, filled notes from their session. #

ZEV leads the meeting as ALEX takes notes in the corner. #

ZEV #
 We assumed there'd be about 19 #
 hours before beam decay would force #
 us to dump. After 13 cycles, decay #
 is occurring quicker each time. #
 Last night we dumped after only 10 #
 hours. So why is beam not staying #
 in the machine? Not to mention a #
 radiation spike in the 1st run. #

TODD (40) one of the younger PHYSICIST chimes in. #

TODD #
 Any issues with the uranium? #

TUNDEE #
 Only after we start colliding. #

DIMITRY, an OLDER RUSSIAN physicist raises his hand. #

DIMITRY #
 Alex, it's your experiment? Any #
 opinion? #

Caught off-guard, ALEX looks up the INVITATION buried within #
 her notes-- #

ALEX #
 Um...no...not at the moment. #

BILL SILVESTRI (68) an ancient ENGINEER in OVERALLS pipes up. #

SILVESTRI #
 There's a first. #

THE GROUP chuckles as ALEX tries to muster a fake smile. #

ZEV #
 I recommend we shut it down and #
 inspect the breakers before doing #
 another run. For those who #
 disagree... #
 (glancing over at ALEX) #
 ...we can address it in a sidebar. #

INT. NIMITT'S OFFICE - SAME #

NIMITT stands in front of a wall covered with COMPUTER #
 PRINTOUTS while listening to a VOICE on SPEAKERPHONE. #

BRENDA (O.S.) #
 Just so you know I've had two teams #
 of post docs on this 24/7. #

NIMITT #
Tell them thank you for me. #

BRENDA (O.S.) #
We've been able to do a number of #
vertex reconstructions based upon #
tracks to the TPC, which leads me #
to believe it's not the data. #
Something, either an anomaly or #
system issue is indicating particle #
production, long after collisions #
have stopped. #

NIMITT nods in silent agreement. #

NIMITT #
Were you able to check the Cosmics? #

BRENDA (O.S.) #
Yep. Whatever it is, it wasn't #
there before the initial run... #

He pauses as he's about to tape up another PRINTOUT. #

BRENDA (O.S.) #
Just so I know, are we trying to #
prove something is here or isn't? #

NIMITT #
Both. #

BRENDA (O.S.) #
That's helpful. Call you later. #

The line clicks off as NIMITT, searching for some empty wall #
space, sees a faded QUOTE posted near his desk. #

"He who speaks does not know" #
"He who knows does not speak" #

NIMITT turns away and glances at his computer. Seeing the #
time, he jumps up and rushes out the door. #

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME #

The DAILY MEETING is now over as the CROWD makes its way out. #
In the corner, ZEV and ALEX continue their debate. #

ALEX #
I need more data. #

ZEV #
 (irritated) #
 There's no point. The beam is shit. #
 If I can wrangle the crew by 1300, #
 we'll go in to check the breakers, #
 otherwise we go into maintenance. #

Pushing past a few stragglers, NIMITT joins the sidebar. #

NIMITT #
 Sorry, I'm late. #

ZEV #
 I've been as accommodating as I can #
 be. This conversation is over. #

ZEV brusquely walks off as NIMITT tries to get ALEX's #
 attention. #

NIMITT #
 Alex, we need to talk about those #
 cosemics from last-- #

ALEX #
 --Wait. Tell me you finished the #
 first page? #

NIMITT #
 I started it, but we have a problem- #

JAMES (O.S.) #
 Alex? #

NIMITT goes quiet as JAMES approaches. #

JAMES #
 You ready for this interview? #

ALEX #
 But we're trying to get this pre- #
 print done. And now Zev wants to #
 put us in maintenance. #

JAMES #
 30 minutes tops, I promise. #

NIMITT #
 Come find me, Alex. It's *important*. #

ALEX takes this in -- It's not a term NIMITT uses lightly. #

As they exit, NIMITT looks at the NOTES from the meeting on #
 the board. With a marker, he starts scribbling on his hand-- #

But then realizes he accidentally snagged a permanent marker...just wonderful. #
#

INT. HALLWAY - RHIC MAIN BUILDING - MORNING #

ALEX and JAMES walk down the hall. #

JAMES #
We need to start taking physics #
again...as soon as possible. #

ALEX #
(quieter than usual) #
Talk to Zev. #

JAMES senses something is wrong in Alex's tone. #

JAMES #
What's going on with you today? If #
you're feeling pressure-- #

ALEX #
No. #

ALEX considers confessing her mind, landing on: #

ALEX #
Did you hear about the earthquake? #

JAMES #
Yeah. You know someone in Lima? #

ALEX #
Not in Lima... #

JAMES now understands the cause for her concern. #

JAMES #
Alex, Santiago is like hundreds of #
miles away... Why don't you just #
call them. Put your mind at rest. #

We sense this is a situation that obviously bothers her. #

JAMES #
How about we grab dinner tonight? #
Some sushi, sake. We can be drunk #
and high class at the same time. #

ALEX stops, abruptly looking at JAMES. Appreciating his #
attempt to comfort her. She looks around before kissing him, #
her lips on his for a moment, followed by her eyes. #

ALEX #
I should focus. You too. #

INT. NIMITT'S TOYOTA - SECURITY GATE BROOKHAVEN LAB #

A MILITARY GUARD approaches as NIMITT, now eating a TIGER BAR #
and smoking a CIGARETTE, lowers his window. #

GUARD #
What is that? #

NIMITT glances at the Tiger Bar: #

NIMITT #
Uh, I think mostly peanut butter, #
honey-- #

GUARD #
--Around your neck. #

NIMITT fumbles to hold up his ID badge around his neck, #
looking down at a MANTRA CARD for LORD SHIVA he's taped to #
the back of his ID. He quickly flips it to show his photo. #

NIMITT #
Just a prayer card. Lord Shi-- #

GUARD #
--Your ID should be free of #
obstructions. #

NIMITT nods as he tries to drive forward. The GUARD holds off #
on raising the BARRIER, just long enough to make his point. #

NIMITT #
(under his breath) #
...Dick. #

INT. ALEX'S OFFICE - LATER #

ALEX, sits at her desk, staring at the PHONE, debating #
whether to call home -- and finally hits speakerphone. She #
dials an international number that RINGS and RINGS-- #

Until someone FUMBLES the receiver. #

OLDER MAN (O.S.) #
(in gruff SPANISH) #
Hello... #
(waits) #
...Alejandra... #

ALEX can't bring herself to answer him. #

 OLDER MAN (O.S.) #
 Don't call here again. #

CLICK as ALEX stares at the phone. #

INT. TUNNEL - SAME #

We slowly track along RHIC's STEEL TUBES. The same low #
 frequency PULSING from before, now growing louder. #

Sloping down between the PIPES, we land on a METAL BELLOW in #
 between two magnets. #

There's the sound of a subatomic PINPRICK and a WHOOSH as an #
 unseen hole blows in the seal. #

After a beat, the PULSING morphs into a steady knock... #

INT. OFFICE - RHIC MAIN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS #

ALEX sits in her chair, eyes glazed over, before a brief #
 KNOCK is followed by her door swinging open. #

 NIMITT #
 Alex, I need you to come with me. #

 ALEX #
 Not now-- #

 NIMITT #
 Yes, now - like now now. #

She looks at NIMITT, haggard and unshaven -- spooked even. #

INT. NIMITT'S OFFICE - SAME #

NIMITT stops in front of his office door as ALEX catches up. #

 ALEX #
 What is so damn important, Nimitt? #

 NIMITT #
 (pushes open his door) #
 This... #

We see every inch of his office is covered with sheets of #
 DATA: hung on the walls or piled on every possible surface. #

ALEX #
(A little freaked-out) #
What is all this? #

NIMITT #
I spoke to Brenda. She confirmed #
it, the data's good. #

ALEX #
The photon hits on the EMCAL? I #
told you, they're just typical #
cosmic rays hitting the detector. #

NIMITT #
(handing her a printout) #
Look at the first seven runs. #
Cosmic Rays are random. These #
photons increase consistently. #

He leads her over to a number of diagrams on the wall. #

NIMITT #
And here... Vertex reconstructions. #
Once we filter out the cosmics, #
we've got quark production all #
pointing back to the same source. #

ALEX #
You've been doing this instead of #
the paper we're supposed to be #
writing? #

NIMITT #
She even compared the cosmics from #
before the initial run. It all #
started after. 13 days ago. #

ALEX looks around, baffled by what she sees. NIMITT looks #
down to see his hands are shaking. #

ALEX #
It's only two weeks worth of data, #
that's hardly anything...It could #
be a faulty detector tripped during #
the initial run. #

NIMITT #
Except we have more than one #
detector with similar readings. #

ALEX #
It's not impossible. #

NIMITT #
And what if it wasn't luminosity #
that tripped those breakers? #

ALEX #
Then what? #

NIMMITT looks around, flustered by the clutter. #

NIMITT #
Not here. #

INT. ZEV'S OFFICE - RHIC MAIN BUILDING - SAME #

ZEV stands, arms folded, in front of the 2017 run calendar as #
JAMES tries to maintain his composure. #

JAMES #
Look, I understand the beam is #
compromised, but there are other #
issues at play here. We need to #
keep taking physics. #

ZEV #
Why? Because she asked you to? #

JAMES #
Don't do that. This is about RHIC. #

ZEV #
Which is exactly why someone needs #
to be thinking long term. We're #
jeopardizing the rest of our #
experiments by wasting what little #
resources we have left. #

JAMES stares at the YEARLY CALENDER. He knows ZEV is right. #

JAMES #
(shaking his head) #
Fine. We'll push the run. #

ZEV #
Except, we're still wrangling the #
experimenters and I have to catch a #
flight before this storm hits-- #

JAMES #
--Just wrangle them. I'll do it. #

ZEV #
You sure? #

JAMES #
Don't I look sure? #

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS #

ALEX walks in as NIMITT immediately goes to the WHITE BOARD. #

NIMITT #
Let's just say it is external, #
maybe something in the detector's #
interactive region disrupting beam. #

He quickly sketches the Detector with the beam pipe running #
through the center and an "X" in the middle of the pipe. #

ALEX #
Why would you even say that? #

NIMITT #
Because we have unusual loss #
patterns here and here... #

He draws lines around the "X" that hit the detector walls. #

NIMITT #
...Indicating maybe part of the #
beam being deflected, hence decay. #

NIMITT now draws tracking points emanating from the "X." #

NIMITT #
...Add in the reconstructions, #
indicating the post-collision #
production of free quarks, photons-- #

JAMES (O.S.) #
--Probably Gluons and pions too. #

They both turn to find JAMES in the doorway. He walks in, #
staring at the diagram on the board. #

JAMES #
Any progress? #

NIMITT glances at ALEX - JAMES catches their exchange. #

JAMES #
Everything okay? #

ALEX #
Still working it out. #

JAMES #
I spoke to Zev. He's right. We're #
cancelling the run-- #

ALEX #
--If we stop now, we'll lose #
momentum. #

NIMITT #
(cautiously interjecting) #
Excuse me, but I don't think the #
detector is the problem. #

JAMES #
Let's just be sure, okay? #

ALEX refuses to meet JAMES gaze, still indignant. #

JAMES #
Come on Alex, it's not as simple as #
you think. I'm sorry, I really am. #

ALEX nods reluctantly as JAMES gives her shoulder a subtle #
squeeze before walking out - NIMITT taking notice. #

NIMITT #
You think we should tell him? #

ALEX #
Tell him what? About some crazy #
idea you have? Nimitt, I don't even #
know what you're saying? #

NIMITT storms back to the board in frustration. #

NIMITT #
There's always a chance, however #
remote, that something could be in #
the pipe, disrupting beam... #
accreting atoms-- #

ALEX #
--Accreting? #

NIMITT #
Yes, accreting. Accumulating and #
growing, as in an equal number of #
up, down and strange quarks that #
have somehow fused together... #

NIMITT quickly sketches three Q's (for Quarks) in a CIRCLE #
with numerous ARROWS going into the QUARK circle. #

NIMITT #
 ...creating a sphere of nucleated #
 energy and whatever it touches, it #
 absorbs, it eats, converting those #
 atoms into strange matter... #

NIMITT frantically draws more ARROWS, a bigger CIRCLE. #

NIMITT #
 ...growing even larger as it #
 attracts even more matter in an #
 unstoppable chain reaction... #

CLOSEUP - More ARROWS. An even bigger CIRCLE. #

NIMITT #
 ...until it has consumed #
 everything, us, the world around #
 us, the earth itself... #

CLOSEUP - He keeps outlining the CIRCLE, bigger and bigger. #

NIMITT #
 ...until there's nothing left. #

NIMITT stops himself -- his heart pounding. He hears a #
 growing, nervous laughter behind him. #

ALEX #
 You think we created a strangelet? #

NIMITT #
 Nothing is impossible, only #
 improbable. #

Shaking her head, ALEX goes for the door as NIMITT follows #

ALEX #
 (dismissive) #
 Go to sleep. #

As she opens the door, NIMITT reaches out, slamming it shut. #
 ALEX turns, wide-eyed. She's never seen him like this. #

NIMITT #
 You need to listen and accept this #
 could be possible. #

ALEX #
 Yes, strangelets aren't metastable, #
 bye-- #

NIMITT #
--unless someone happened to #
discover the optimum value for #
overcoming its binding energy. #

ALEX is momentarily stunned by the implication. #

NIMMIT #
Like...113 Gev. #

Waves of GUILT wash over ALEX. An epiphany seizing her... #

ALEX #
No... #

NIMITT #
Then let's be sure. Please. #

Slowly pulling herself together, ALEX walks over to the board #
and stares at the diagram. #

ALEX #
If it is real... then hopefully #
it's trapped in the detector's #
magnetic fields, maybe floating #
between the poles. #

NIMMIT #
That would make sense -- eating #
residual gases in the vacuum. We #
are feeding it a shitload of #
uranium. #

ALEX freezes -- NIMITT catches it. #

NIMITT #
What? #

ALEX #
Zev was gonna inspect the breakers. #
If they turn off the magnets, it #
could drift. #

NIMITT'S eyes widen at the thought of this monster let loose. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - DAY #

JAMES walks in as TUNDEE switches shifts with TRAVIS (28) the #
baby-faced CREW CHIEF whom we met in the initial run. #

TRAVIS #
Hey Dr. B. #

Another Long Island native, TRAVIS looks more like he belongs #
under a 69' Mustang than running a Supercollider. #

TUNDEE #
Zev took off, but he says PHENIX #
will be ready around 1300. #

Pausing, JAMES sees ALEX and NIMITT rush into the control #
room. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS #

ALEX and NIMITT stand over TRAVIS' desk as JAMES enters. #

ALEX #
Tell them we need to wait. #

JAMES #
For what? #

ALEX #
We need to hold off checking the #
breakers. #

JAMES #
I thought we agreed. Now you want #
to do another run? #

NIMITT #
(overly anxious) #
NO! That's NOT what we're saying. #

JAMES pulls back, peering at ALEX and NIMITT suspiciously. #

JAMES #
Easy. What the hell is going on? #

Giving NIMITT a sidelong glance, ALEX steps forward. Grabbing #
JAMES' arm, she heads for the glass SIDE ROOM. #

ALEX #
We need to talk. In private. #

NIMITT #
Alex! #

ALEX #
I know what I'm doing! #

JAMES looks to NIMITT, then to ALEX, before stepping inside. #

INT. SIDE ROOM - SAME #

Before JAMES can even speak, ALEX is up in his face. #

ALEX #
 Look, however improbable this may #
 sound, promise you'll at least #
 consider this possibility... #
 Nimitt found something. #

JAMES is about to protest-- #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS #

EVERYONE watches ALEX and JAMES through the glass, swapping #
 JAMES hand down to keep him quiet. And he does...dead quiet. #

TRAVIS #
 What's that about? #

NIMITT #
 You know how she gets. #

TRAVIS #
 I dated a Latin girl. Mad fire. #

The door opens. JAMES peaks out-- #

JAMES #
 Travis, let everyone know we're #
 cancelling the breaker check. #
 (pointing to NIMITT) #
 Nim... come with me. #

INT. SIDE ROOM - SAME #

NIMITT steps inside as JAMES shuts the door behind him. #

JAMES #
 Do you even know the ramifications #
 of what you're suggesting. #

NIMITT #
 I think so, yes. #

JAMES #
 I hope so. #
 (resets) #
 Protocol dictates I have to report #
 it, which means RHIC closes for one #
 hell of a safety review, which #
 right now - means forever. #

JAMES (CONT'D)

So for the sake of all those people #
 whose livelihoods depend on RHIC, #
 we're keeping this between us till #
 I say different. Agreed? #

ALEX and NIMITT both nod their heads, yes. #

JAMES (CONT'D)

I don't care what we have to do, #
 but we're gonna prove this thing #
 doesn't exist until we're all 100% #
 satisfied. And then we're gonna #
 prove it *again*. But right now, what #
 unicorns do we have to find? #

ALEX

We go through the cosmics and #
 reconstructions. Check the #
 detectors, the EMCAL, the TPC, #
 anything that provided the data. #

JAMES

(To NIMITT)

Since a faulty sensor means we can #
 forego the data, you and I are #
 gonna start on that right now. #
 Thankfully with the holiday it's #
 pretty much just the grads on short #
 shift, and I can handle Travis-- #

ALEX

--You do know how long this is #
 gonna take? #

JAMES

All I know is come Monday morning, #
 500 people are going to be back at #
 their desks, which gives us... #
 (looking at his watch) #
 ...106 hours to figure this out, so #
 you and I will go to PHENIX to hope #
 we're wrong. #

NIMITT

And what if we're right? #

They all still at the alternative, while JAMES notices ALEX #
 staring at the LIVE RHIC FEED: an announcement about RHIC #
 going maintenance as a cartoon turkey tries to outrun an AX. #

EXT. RHIC - MAIN BUILDING - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON #

The last of the RHIC employees leave the parking lot, snowy wind abound as a GUTTERAL SWELL RISES... #
#

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - AFTERNOON #

The LIE is clogged with traffic as the SWELL RISES STILL... #

INT. PHENIX EXPERIMENT - SAME #

SLOWLY PUSHING on the windowless, BLACK STEEL HANGER looming against the snow-covered landscape. The heavy winds swirl clouds of LIQUID HELIUM venting from the BLACK BOX as if something sinister were brewing inside -- CUT TO BLACK: #

#

TITLE CARD: **FRIDAY NIGHT** #
#

FADE IN: #

PINE TREES rush past our vision, blurred by frost, while in the distance SMOKE whisps into the air from a nearby factory. #
#

INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - INNER CIRCLE ROAD - LATE #

NIMITT stares out the window, lost in thought, tracking the SMOKE with his tired eyes. #
#

EXT./INT. JEEP CHEROKEE/PHENIX, PARKING LOT - SAME #

JAMES pulls in with few cars in sight, then kills the engine and turns to NIMITT: #
#

JAMES #
I promise you, I'm not going to let #
us embarrass ourselves. #

NIMITT #
(pause) #
Embarrassment is the best case #
scenario. #

JAMES gets out, slamming the door behind him -- leaving NIMITT to realize his promise is more of a threat. #
#

Outside, the wind sweeps across asphalt, catching the tail of JAMES' overcoat as he heads off towards the BLACK HANGER. #
#

INT. PHENIX COUNTING HOUSE - DAY #

NIMITT walks up the metal steps of the COUNTING HOUSE, a #
 stripped-down version of RHIC's control room. Inside, he #
 find JAMES in mid-conversation with BETH (26) a shift leader #
 and her two assistants on the OWL shift. #

JAMES #

Nim, I was just telling Beth that #
 we're gonna check PHENIX for Zev. #
 You spoke to their run coordinator, #
 right? #

NIMITT seems clueless. #

NIMITT #

No-- #
 (off JAMES look, awkward) #
 --Not yet, but I'll call him now. #
 You guys don't have to. #

INT. PHENIX ASSEMBLY HALL - CONTINUOUS #

Stepping out into the LOADING BAY, NIMITT and JAMES approach #
 the 3ft thick, 40ft high concrete SHIELDING WALL -- both #
 wearing TYVEK "BUNNY" SUITS and HARD HATS. #

Next to the wall sits a man-sized concrete DOOR with red lit #
 signs that reads: "MAGNET ON" and "HIGH FRINGE FIELD." #

NIMITT ducks into a supply room and emerges with a tool set. #
 Looking up, he sees JAMES, donning thick leather gloves as he #
 reaches for the LEVER on a BREAKER BOX that says "MAGNET." #

NIMITT #

Wait... #
 (rushing towards him) #
 Don't turn off the magnets. #

JAMES #

We're not going in there with those #
 magnets on. #

JAMES reaches for the BREAKER as NIMITT's panic takes over. #

NIMITT #

James, it'll drift out. #

Dropping his tools, NIMITT throws himself in front of the #
 BREAKER BOX. His hands now raised out in front of him. #

JAMES #
 Damnit, there's no strangelet. #

As JAMES goes to reach around him, NIMITT braces his body #
 against the breaker, his hand now wrapped around the lever. #

NIMITT #
 JAMES! PLEASE DON'T! #

NIMITT'S scream forces JAMES to pull back. NIMITT is SHAKING. #
 Catching his wild gaze, JAMES can see he's truly TERRIFIED. #

JAMES shakes his head at NIMITT's crazed insistence before #
 finally acquiescing. #

JAMES #
 If something happens, it's your #
 ass. #

NIMITT #
 I know. I like my ass. #

Picking up the phone, JAMES peers into the ACCESS CAMERA. #

POV FROM CCTV - JAMES giving a forced smile into the lens. #

JAMES #
 Hey Beth, open entry please? #

INT. PHENIX ASSEMBLY HALL - CONTINUOUS #

WIDE ANGLE - We are at the FAR END of an CAVERNOUS HANGER #
 slowly zooming in across the vast concrete expanse -- toward #
 the hulking PHENIX DETECTOR, over four stories tall. #

We push into TWO DWARFED FIGURES as they prod the GIANT #
 OCTAGON EYE from a multi-level service platform. #

I/E. PHENIX DETECTOR - SAME #

A steel panel has been removed, illuminating the rows of #
 wafer casings that make up the Time Projection Chamber. JAMES #
 reaches in and pulls out another casing to check its WIRING. #

JAMES #
 (calling out) #
 How far along are you? #

Directly ABOVE him on the next level of service platform, #
 NIMITT removes another panel and sets it on the grated floor. #

NIMITT #
Starting on the Cherenkov breakers. #

NIMITT puts four SCREWS on top of the metal panel. #

POV from inside PHENIX - Through a mass of wires, we push in #
on the METAL PANEL - as one of the SCREWS rolls off and falls #
through the grate. #

CLOSEUP - The SCREW hitting the floor near JAMES' FEET. #

Hearing the noise, JAMES looks up, then down to the ground. #

CLOSEUP - The SCREW moving ever-so-slightly as if being #
dragged across the floor by an unseen hand. #

JAMES leans down to investigate as NIMITT peers from above. #

CLOSEUP - The SCREW moving again, before suddenly #
disappearing. #

NIMITT #
Watch out! #

As JAMES turns to NIMITT, the screw SHOOTs through the air, #
grazing his face. He recoils in pain, his hands going to his #
eye as we hear the CLANG of the screw hitting the MAGNET. #

NIMITT #
(running down the stairs) #
Are you okay? I'm sorry-- #

JAMES pulls his hand away, revealing a bloody scratch on his #
eyelid. The SCREW missed slicing his eyeball by centimeters. #

JAMES #
Shit... don't worry, keep going. #

Wiping the blood away, JAMES glares at NIMITT before #
returning back to the task at hand. #

INT. MEETING ROOM - OFF CONTROL ROOM - SAME #

ALEX sits, reviewing a stack of reconstructions as TRAVIS #
appears with another pile in his arms. #

TRAVIS #
Taking it easy tonight? #

As he sets them down, we pan to the TABLE covered in PAPERS. #

TRAVIS #
 I know I'm going to regret this, #
 but do you want some help? #

ALEX smirks as she grabs a stack, holding it out for TRAVIS. #

TRAVIS #
 ...I was hoping you'd say no. #

INT. PHENIX ASSEMBLY HALL - SAME #

NIMITT is in the midst of checking a cable as WE RACK to #
 JAMES, pulling himself out from behind a sub-detector. #

JAMES #
 Hey, take a look at this. #

Wriggling free from his perch, he hands NIMITT his penlight. #

JAMES #
 Check the third and fourth breaker. #

Sticking his head inside, NIMITT examines a row of SWITCHES. #

NIMITT (O.C.) #
 Looks like they didn't reset. #

JAMES #
 That's what it looks like to me. #

NIMITT resets the BREAKERS before pulling himself back out. #

JAMES #
 I knew there was a logical reason. #
 (brushing by NIMITT) #
 ...Such a waste of time. #

JAMES heads down the stairs, leaving NIMITT a bit confused by #
 their discovery, and picks up a wallphone to make an outside #
 call-- #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME #

ALEX reaches for the RINGING PHONE on TRAVIS' DESK. #

TRAVIS #
 Looks like the Cherenkov breakers #
 didn't reset. I just restarted. #

ALEX #
(into phone) #
Hey, what's up... #
(pause, hearing answer) #
Oh thank god. #

We pan to TRAVIS; as his screen reloads, his brow furrows. #

TRAVIS #
Whoa...Alex? #

ALEX quickly moves over TRAVIS' shoulder. She brings up the #
phone as we track the disappointment on her face. #

ALEX #
(into phone) #
It wasn't registering the full #
measurement... the photon levels #
are higher. #

JAMES (O.S.) #
(stunned) #
You sure? How high? #

ALEX and TRAVIS exchange apocalyptic gazes... #

ALEX #
(into phone) #
James...you better come back. #

INT. PHENIX ASSEMBLY HALL - SAME #

JAMES stands by a wallphone, hard hat in hand. He looks up at #
the DETECTOR, crestfallen. #

BACK IN THE CONTROL ROOM #

ALEX hangs up. With her head down, she walks out of the room #
as TRAVIS watches her go. #

INT. PHENIX DETECTOR - SAME #

JAMES approaches an OPEN PANEL and yanks out another casing. #

NIMITT #
What did they say? #

He tries to concentrate on the CASING, his eyes forward. #

JAMES #
 (acerbic) #
 It wasn't reading the full #
 measurement. #

NIMITT #
 It was higher, wasn't it? #

JAMES #
 Yes, Nimitt, it was higher. You #
 satisfied? Let's just finish the #
 TCP and get back. #

NIMITT nods, while an uneasy JAMES wipes the remaining blood #
 from his eye. #

INT. BROOKHAVEN LAB - SUNSET #

A blanket of dark clouds move across the sky, obscuring the #
 setting SUN. #

Three DEER graze in a snow-covered clearing behind a #
 decommissioned reactor. A DEER snaps its head up to the sky. #

We hear the growing echo of RAINDROPS, as they begin to fall #
 in unison over a huge SOLAR PANEL field. #

EXT. PHENIX PARKING LOT - SUNSET #

NIMITT smokes as he listens to the RAIN echo from the woods. #

JAMES steps outside, now with a small band-aid over his eye. #
 Pulling his coat tight, he strides past NIMITT to the car-- #

JAMES #
 Coming? #

NIMITT snuffs out his cigarette-- #

NIMITT #
 You think I want this to be true? #

JAMES pauses. #

JAMES #
 You almost looked disappointed when #
 we found those breakers. #

NIMITT #
 Because it didn't make sense. And #
 you should have known it. #

NIMITT (CONT'D)

You're so wrapped up in preserving #
 everything you've created, you #
 can't even see what's going on in #
 front of you. #

JAMES stares at NIMITT, boiling-- #

NIMITT #

And don't think no one hasn't #
 noticed how your personal life is #
 affecting your-- #

JAMES storms up to NIMITT and grabs him by the lapels, #
 slamming him against the wall - hard but with control. #

JAMES #

Easy - that's my life...which I've #
 given to this place. Even more so #
 than you. Save your preaching... #

JAMES releases NIMITT. He pauses for a moment, before heading #
 back to the car. Stunned, NIMITT watches him walk away. #

JAMES #

(shouting back) #
 Enjoy the walk back to the lab. #

JAMES jumps in his JEEP and guns the engine before fish- #
 tailing out of the lot, leaving NIMITT outside PHENIX. #

INT. MAIN KITCHEN - RHIC MAIN BUILDING - SUNSET #

Walking into the kitchen, ALEX stops short at the sight of #
 JAMES, searching through the cabinets. #

JAMES #

Are we out of filters? #

ALEX #

What are you doing here?... #
 (seeing his face) #
 ...And what happened? #

JAMES finds the FILTERS on top of the FRIDGE. #

JAMES #

I'm making coffee and nothing #
 happened. It's a scratch. #

ALEX #

Where's Nimittt? #

Opening the FREEZER, he pulls out the coffee. #

JAMES #
I left him at PHENIX. #

ALEX #
What do you mean you left him? #
(off JAMES silence) #
Will you tell me what's going on? #

JAMES finally turns to her. #

JAMES #
He's unstable, Alex. Christ, you #
should have seen him back there. He #
was unreasonable. #

ALEX #
Please you're the last person who #
should be complaining about Nimit. #
He's the only one around here who #
cares about this damn machine as #
much as you or I. #

TRAVIS walks in -- only to realize he's interrupting. #

TRAVIS #
Why did I just get a call from Beth #
freaking out because you and Nimit #
got in some kind of fight? #

JAMES #
It wasn't a fight. #

ALEX #
You hit Nimmitt-- #

JAMES #
--It wasn't a fight. #

NIMITT (O.S.) #
But it's my fault. #

Everyone turns to NIMITT, standing in the doorway. #

NIMITT #
I told him I wanted to trap a #
graviton, but he insisted it was #
impossible...I overreacted. #

TRAVIS #
So you two fought over a particle #
we don't even know exists? #

NIMITT #
Well, not yet. That was my point. #

TRAVIS #
You all think I'm a idiot? Fine. #
It's your party... By the way, I #
think our leak is somewhere between #
9 and 10 o'clock. #

TRAVIS abruptly turns and leaves the room, but for once JAMES #
steps up and grabs TRAVIS' arm. #

JAMES #
Look - we're all stressed about the #
beam, right? We know that. And you #
think you can pinpoint the leak? #

TRAVIS #
I just did. #

JAMES #
Pinpoint. Exact. One hour might as #
well be infinity. Show me the big #
bang. #

TRAVIS #
I'm offshift. Jeff is already #
coming in. #

JAMES #
I know -- but leaving this leak #
until Monday...Jeff won't be as #
informed as you. #

TRAVIS nods as JAMES continues to work on him, trying to get #
him to stay. #

TRAVIS #
(calling bluff) #
I don't think you want him informed #
at all. #

ALEX #
You're right...we don't. #

TRAVIS #
Fine. Fine. I'll call Jeff. #
(sighing) #
... Who wants to hookup with drunk #
co-eds on the biggest bar night of #
the year? #

JAMES smiles, putting the last piece of his plan in action. #

JAMES #
 Might as well send the rest of the #
 guys home, while you're at it. The #
 three of us can cover. #

TRAVIS gives JAMES a slightly suspicious look. #

JAMES #
 We'll order DeNino's. It'll be fun. #

EXT. BROOKHAVEN LAB - NIGHT #

It's now pouring rain as a few blurred lights, illuminate the #
 otherwise dark facility. #

A STREET LAMP casts a misty glare on a DIRT BERM that covers #
 the COLLIDER TUNNEL underneath. #

At the bottom of the BERM, a sewer blocked by snow has #
 started to flood, creating a LARGE PUDDLE. #

A few feet away, a TUNNEL VENT PIPE sits partially submerged #
 in the water... #

INT. ACCESS GATE TO TUNNEL - SAME #

TRAVIS walks down a sloping hallway, a TOOL SACHEL in hand. #
 He comes to an ACCESS GATE made of industrial fencing. #

Picking up the PHONE, he looks into a CCTV camera while #
 sliding his key tag along the access panel. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME #

We see TRAVIS' image, now in CCTV monitor, as we pan down to #
 NIMITT and JAMES seated at the OPERATORS' CONSOLES. #

TRAVIS (O.S.) #
 (through the CCTV monitor) #
 Permission to enter hyper-drive. #

NIMITT #
 (a rare smile) #
 Permission granted. #

The panel turns GREEN as Travis pulls open the GATE. #

INT. TUNNEL - SAME #

A SMALL CRACK in the ceiling of a well-maintained TUNNEL. A DROP of WATER forms -- and falls in SLOW-MO. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME #

JAMES scans the last page of the EMCAL report. We push in on his worried face; whatever the data says, it's not good. #

He flinches at the sound of MORE FILES being slapped down. #

ALEX #
The first four reconstructions. #
They're definitely consistent with #
Brenda's assessment. Significant #
tracks point to the same source. #

JAMES starts leafing through the FILES. #

JAMES #
But you can't say definitively. #

ALEX #
Not off four. You also might want #
to check the multiplicity. If we #
can assume it is the same source, #
the number of tracks are rising #
with each run. #

JAMES #
Let's hope not. #

As JAMES continues to read, ALEX glances at the CCTV monitor. #
TRAVIS, now pixilated, heads deeper into the tunnel. #

INT. TUNNEL - SAME #

TRAVIS hops up, mounting the BEAM TUBE like a cowboy. He runs a wand of the leak detector over a METAL BELLOW connecting two steel sections. #

Satisfied there's no leak, he hops up onto his feet, walking down the pipe. #

EXTREME CLOSE-UP in SLOW-MOTION - A dangling droplet of water as it falls, exploding in a tiny puddle. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME #

ALEX and JAMES continue their conversation. #

ALEX #
Yeah, not quite sure why they #
leveled off. What about the EMCALS? #

JAMES #
Haven't finished. #

ALEX sighs. JAMES. She stands over him for a moment, before #
turning to leave. #

As JAMES picks up the EMCALS and starts reading, ALEX sighs #
before catching, for the first time, TRUE FEAR on his face. #

INT. TUNNEL ROOM - SAME #

ANGLE - TRAVIS' FEET balanced precariously on the PIPE. With #
each step we feel like he's going to fall. #

Reaching the next bellow, TRAVIS waves his wand over the #
metal and immediately gets a signal. Running his finger along #
an invisible crack, he sprays a can of sealant over the leak. #

ANGLE - ANOTHER DROP of WATER falls into the darkness. #

As TRAVIS stands to inspect his work, his foot SLIPS -- his #
arms WIND-MILLING. He's about to FALL, when his hand latches #
onto a cable over his head. #

Jumping to the ground, TRAVIS tries to catch his breath, his #
heart racing. #

Stepping into a dim alcove, he slips on a safety glove and #
flips a lever on the vacuum pump BREAKER BOX. The electricity #
surges and the pumps kick back on. #

ANGLE - A droplet of WATER falling onto TRAVIS' HEAD. #

TRAVIS #
(looks up) #
What the hell? #

TRAVIS focuses on a CRACK in the ceiling -- his eyes #
following a wet patch of wall, down to the BREAKER BOX and #
then to the SMALL PUDDLE that's formed on top. #

IN SLO-MO - Another DROP falls, landing in the PUDDLE. The #
WATER ripples before overflowing down into the BREAKER BOX. #

TRAVIS's eyes widen. His other hand is touching on the METAL BREAKER BOX. #
#

TRAVIS #
Oh shit-- #

ELECTRICITY ARCS BLUE and SPARKS FLY as we hear an agonizing SCREAM. #
#

The TUNNEL lights flicking, strobing TRAVIS' twitching feet, while his SCREAMS echo down the tunnel. #
#

INT. HALLWAY #

A DOOR slams open. JAMES emerges, sprinting down the hall, ALEX closely behind-- #
#

ALEX #
Where are you going?! #

INT. ACCESS GATE - SAME #

JAMES runs up to the TUNNEL gate, hitting the emergency access button. Nothing happens as JAMES hits it again. #
#

He violently shakes the FENCE as we pan to the ACCESS PANEL. #

JAMES #
Come on! #

The PANEL suddenly clicks GREEN as JAMES rips open the gate. #

INT. TUNNEL - SAME #

CAMERA POV - The FRAME shaking as we sprint at top speed. Up ahead, the tunnel drops off into shadow. #
#

Shouting TRAVIS' name, JAMES disappears into the PITCH BLACK. #

CAMERA POV - The echo of running feet, heavy breathing. We are moving, but have no sense of what lies ahead. #
#

A FLASHLIGHT turns on -- it's jostled beam hitting the floor. #

JAMES hurls himself through the tunnel, straining to hear over his own footsteps -- then in the distance, a low MOAN. #
#

The flashlight catches TRAVIS pulling himself onto his feet. JAMES cautiously steps forward, looking for live electricity. #
#

JAMES #
 You okay? #

TRAVIS #
 (shaking out his hand) #
 Yeah, bit me just as I was pulling #
 away. How's the box? #

He motions to the ALCOVE as JAMES shines his light inside. #

JAMES (O.S.) #
 Pumps are still working. #

TRAVIS touches the back of his head, wincing sharply. #

JAMES #
 (re-appearing) #
 Looks like just the overheads. #

The TUNNEL LIGHTS flicker back to LIFE. They both look up. #

TRAVIS #
 Weird. #

JAMES #
 Nimitz must have gotten them on. #

As JAMES goes to grab TRAVIS's elbow, TRAVIS jerks away. #

TRAVIS #
 (embarrassed) #
 I'm fine. #

JAMES #
 Okay, tough guy. #

TRAVIS starts to hobble toward the ENTRANCE as JAMES follows. #

INT. MEETING ROOM - LATER #

CAMERA POV - A BLURRY IMAGE comes into focus revealing a WALL #
 CLOCK; the second hand sweeping past the number nine. #

We push in on TRAVIS, sitting on the table while JAMES, #
 NIMITZ and ALEX confer just outside the door. #

TRAVIS (O.S.) #
 Do we have to make a big deal out #
 of this? #

JAMES #
 (peeking his head inside) #
 Yes, you're going to the hospital. #

TRAVIS #
 Tonight? Come on, it'll be packed. #

The THREE step further away, out of earshot. #

JAMES #
 I'll go. You guys keep working. #

A LOUD BUZZER breaks the silence, echoing throughout the #
 control room. *An alarm?* #

NIMITT #
 What is that? #

The THREE begin to frantically search the room. The BUZZER #
 continues to ring on and off until TRAVIS finally shouts out. #

TRAVIS (O.S.) #
 Can someone get the door! #

JAMES #
 (pausing, deep breath) #
 Shit, the pizza. #

EXT. LOBBY - MAIN BUILDING - SAME #

A DELIVERY MAN stands outside, leaning on the bell. JAMES #
 unlocks the glass door, letting him in from the cold. #

DELIVERY MAN #
 Thanks, it's freezing. \$34.25. #

JAMES hands over TWO TWENTIES and grabs the pizza. #

JAMES #
 Keep the change. #

DELIVERY MAN #
 Hey, isn't this place where they #
 make the black holes? #

JAMES #
 (disdainful smile) #
 Not tonight. #

JAMES closes and locks the door, leaving the DELIVERY MAN #
 bewildered. #

INT. MEETING ROOM - SAME #

JAMES walks in, putting down the PIZZA. Alex looks up from her papers. They watch TRAVIS wolf down a slice. #

JAMES #
 (looking him in the eye) #
 What the hell were you doing not #
 wearing your bunny suit? #

TRAVIS #
 (pausing, mid-chew) #
 There such a pain in the ass to put #
 on. #

JAMES shakes his head, before NIMITT leans in. #

JAMES #
 ...Now what? #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SIDE OFFICE - SAME #

ANGLE on COMPUTER MONITOR - A still image of COLORED PARTICLE TRACKS from the PHENIX with a time stamp at the bottom. #

NIMITT (O.S) #
 This is a sampling of particles #
 produced by cosmic rays taken just #
 before our the crystalline test. #
 Using the average number of #
 particles created as a filter, we #
 can measure any increase in later #
 runs. #

NIMITT hits a button on the monitor, we see almost all the particles disappear, except for a few strays. #

NIMITT #
 This is typical. #

A SECOND IMAGE appears that's more crowded than the first. #

NIMITT #
 This is from the second run, eleven #
 days ago. Applying the filter... #

NIMITT hits a button again. A fourth of the tracks disappear. #

NIMITT #
 ... we see a definite increase in #
 quark and photon production... of #
 course this is by no means proof. #

Now an even more CROWDED screen pops up. #

NIMITT #
Now the fifth run, four days ago. #

Now half the tracks disappear, but a HUGE AMOUNT remain. #

ALEX #
My God. #

JAMES shifts uncomfortably in his seat, crossing his arms. #

NIMITT #
And now from this morning... #

Another image on-screen just as crowded as the previous. #

NIMITT #
Strangely enough particle #
production has leveled off. However #
none of that matters because when #
we blow this up, we see this... #

We push on a scattering of PARTICLES, except these TRACKS are #
BENDING unnaturally toward a corner of the chamber. #

ALEX #
Is that Gravity? #

NIMITT #
Or Strong Force. #

JAMES #
(a frustrated beat) #
I'm sorry, but none of this proves #
a goddamn thing. It's conjecture. #
All of it. #

ALEX #
(pointing to the screen) #
Then how do you explain that! #

JAMES #
I can't, but you neither can you. #

NIMITT #
We have a responsibility here. #

JAMES #
"Responsibility?" What exactly do #
you suggest we do? #

NIMITT #
Tell LHC... or CERN. #

JAMES and ALEX both pull back, in shock. #

JAMES #
Absolutely not! #

NIMITT #
(pleading his case) #
I've been reading one of their #
papers. They have a dedicated #
detector. CASTRO, Centuro And #
Strange Object Research. #

ALEX #
We shouldn't tell them. Not until #
we know for sure. #

JAMES #
LHC is ground zero for every #
science writer and conspiracy nut #
on Earth. Tell them, and I #
guarantee this will get out. Along #
with a hundred news trucks from #
across the country outside our #
gates within the week. So our #
'responsibility', is proving that #
this thing doesn't exist, not the #
other way around. #

NIMITT #
We could hot strike. Run a single #
beam through the IR. Keep feeding #
it until it's big enough that we #
can actually get some hard data. #

ALEX #
(catching on) #
Then we could measure its charge or #
gravitational force. #

JAMES #
But we'd be making it bigger. #

NIMITT #
(snarky) #
I thought you didn't believe it. #
(JAMES doesn't respond) #
As long as it stays trapped in the #
detector, we'd be okay. #

JAMES #
We can't just take over the #
machine... #

He motions to the LIVE FEED that records RHIC's every move. #

JAMES #
If anyone was logged in, they'd #
know. We'd all get fired. Least I #
would. #

JAMES takes a moment, running the scenario though his head. #

JAMES #
And we'd need TRAVIS to run RHIC. #

JAMES glances through the OBSERVATION WINDOW, into the #
CONFERENCE ROOM -- TRAVIS is gone. #

POV from CONTROL ROOM - JAMES peering out. We pan down to #
TRAVIS hidden just below the window, sitting on the couch. #

Seeing the top of TRAVIS' head, JAMES yanks the door open. #

JAMES #
What the hell are you doing? #

TRAVIS jumps up, hands in the air, feigning innocence. He was #
listening in. #

TRAVIS #
I thought you were talking about #
taking me to the hospital. #

JAMES #
Damn it Travis! #

TRAVIS #
Don't worry. I swear I won't tell. #

ALEX #
This not about you keeping some #
secret! #

TRAVIS #
Yeah, it is... You're talking about #
hijacking a super-collider! Do you #
know how insane that is! #

NIMITT #
Which is why we need your help. #

ALEX and JAMES both whip around to NIMITT. #

JAMES #
This is not your decision to make! #

NIMITT #
(to JAMES) #
What choice do we have? You know #
what's at stake...we all do. #

TRAVIS buries his face in his hands, shaking in disbelief, as #
JAMES gets up and leaves -- desperate for answers he doesn't #
have. #

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER #

JAMES splashes water on his FACE. After a moment, for the #
first time, he sees a VOICEMAIL unopened on his phone. He #
puts the phone to his ear...smiling, yet his eyes watering. #

But when he finishes, he do hear him dial a number back and #
hits a VOICEMAIL himself: it's his wife's voice, "You've #
reached Stephanie," and then a little boy, "And Steven" and a #
little girl, "And A-manda" as they all shout, "LEAVE A #
MESSAGE!" #

#

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE BATHROOM - SAME #

JAMES exits, pacing while he waits for the BEEP. #

Down the hall, we see ALEX emerge from the CONTROL ROOM. She #
eavesdrops as JAMES begins to speak: #

JAMES #
(into phone) #
Hey, sorry I just saw this now. I #
know you won't believe that, but #
it's true. For once...anyway, I'm #
stuck at Brookhaven through the #
weekend and wanted to drop the kids #
a line. And you, sure it's a little #
weird adjusting for all of us-- #
(stopping himself) #
--I'm sorry. Call me back... Bye. #

JAMES pauses by a WALL DISPLAY CASE featuring a POSTER for #
RHIC's upcoming "community day" -- We see a photo of nearly a #
THOUSAND EMPLOYEES crowded around PHENIX. #

JAMES stares at the IMAGE; his eyes scanning the faces. #

CLOSEUP - In the middle of the CROWD, we find JAMES grinning, his arms around ALEX, still bright eyed. #
#

JAMES turns to the sound of someone clearing their throat. #
TRAVIS stands next him, hands in his pocket. #

TRAVIS #
(contemplative) #
... I'm in. #

JAMES #
Thought you were going to think #
about it? #

TRAVIS #
Not much to think about really. #
(looking up) #
It's Galactus. #

JAMES #
Galactus? #

TRAVIS #
From *The Fantastic Four*. Tyrant God #
from another dimension, transformed #
by the cataclysm of our Big Bang. #
They called him 'the Devourer of #
Worlds' because he consumed planets #
to stay alive. If it's real, can we #
call it Galactus? #

JAMES nods, "Yes." #

JAMES #
Are we crazy for doing this? #

TRAVIS shakes his head ironically "no" before-- #

TRAVIS #
(grins) #
It is certain. #

ALEX, stands frozen around the corner, still processing #
JAMES' call -- a painful reminder of why it will never work. #

SUPERIMPOSE TO: #

INT. COLLIDER TUNNEL - SAME #

OVERHEAD ANGLE - We track along the TUNNEL CEILING, following #
the path of the BEAM TUBES below us. #

TRAVIS (O.S.) #
 So, anything higher than base #
 luminosity means beam is colliding #
 with the strangelet? #

ALEX (O.S.) #
 Theoretically. Or whatever it is #
 that's trapped in the beam pipe. #

OVERHEAD ANGLE - We see the frame beginning to SHAKE from #
 increasing VIBRATION. #

JAMES (O.S.) #
 AGS is ready to send. #

TRAVIS (O.S.) #
 RHIC ready to receive. And let's #
 open the AGS doors... #

The TUNNEL LIGHTS start FLASHING YELLOW as an ALARM blares. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME #

TRAVIS swivels between monitors as NIMITT, JAMES and ALEX man #
 the consoles. #

TRAVIS #
 ...And we are feeding beam. #

TRAVIS' POV - The LUMINOSITY MONITOR moves in and out of #
 FOCUS, before finally settling. The digital green line bumps #
 up before flat lining -- and then dropping off. #

TRAVIS (CONT'D) #
 Luminosity's down. That's good #
 right? #

NIMITT #
 Unless we just knocked it out of #
 the IR. #

ALEX #
 Or maybe it's grown so big it's #
 swallowing the whole beam. #

NIMITT and JAMES both shoot her a look, then to the #
 LUMINOSITY MONITOR - The GREEN LINE starts climbing again. #

NIMITT #
 The luminosity's back up. #

JAMES #
(clocking the rise) #
Shit. How's the EMCALS? #

TRAVIS #
Lit up like a Christmas tree. #

JAMES #
The ZDC counts are down to 10-23. #

NIMITT #
(visibly nervous) #
If ZDC counts are down and #
luminosity's up, the beam is going #
somewhere. Guys, I think we've been #
feeding it. We should dump. #

ALEX #
No, not yet. #

NIMITT turns to TRAVIS then JAMES, looking for support. #

NIMITT #
It's been long enough. If it gets #
too big, we can't keep it trapped #
in the detector. #

We push in on ALEX, staring up at the screen. #

The slope of the GREEN LINE is now getting steeper. #

TRAVIS #
Luminosity is still rising. #

ALEX continues to focus on the screen. #

JAMES #
ZDC is down to 10-25. #

NIMITT #
Alex, we're feeding it. Stop! #

JAMES nods to NIMITT as he shouts over the noise. #

JAMES #
Dump the beam, Travis. #

ALEX #
(to TRAVIS) #
Don't you touch that button. #

We push in on the emergency red "BEAM DUMP" button, on the #
wall next to TRAVIS. #

NIMITT #
 Stop it, Alex! #

JAMES #
 TRAVIS, DUMP IT NOW! #

TRAVIS reaches over, hitting the red "BEAM DUMP" button. RHIC #
 immediately cycles down as we hear a collective EXHALE. #

Obviously upset, NIMITT rises from his seat, #

NMITT #
 (to ALEX) #
 What the hell is wrong with you. #

ALEX #
 We need to know if it's real. And #
 if it is, then we're all dead #
 anyway. So what's the point! #

NIMITT can't believe what he's hearing. He turns away, #
 locking eyes with JAMES, as they consider ALEX's behavior. #

JAMES #
 Let's start processing this ASAP. #

A PHONE RINGS -- freezes everyone in their tracks. #

They all turn to the CONTROL ROOM PHONE blinking on TRAVIS' #
 desk. TRAVIS shakes his head "no." JAMES motions back "yes." #

TRAVIS #
 (slowly picking it up) #
 Control Room? #

There's a tense pause, before TRAVIS breaks out in a smile. #

TRAVIS #
 Hey Bill, nope all's good. Just #
 getting a head start on the week. #
 ... Yep, you have a good one too. #
 (hanging up) #
 Well, Bill Silvestri is drunk. #

The phone RINGS again as TRAVIS quickly picks it back up. #

TRAVIS #
 (more relaxed) #
 Hel-lo. #

TRAVIS' expression drops, his eyes now widening in panic. #

TRAVIS #
 Um... Hold please. #
 (quickly to JAMES) #
 It's Zev. #

JAMES #
 (exhaling) #
 Put him on speaker. #

JAMES moves closer to the phone as TRAVIS grimaces. #

JAMES #
 (into the speaker) #
 James Briggs. #

ZEV (O.S.) #
 James? What are you doing there? #

JAMES #
 I stayed to help troubleshoot this #
 beam issue. #

ZEV (O.S.) #
 Did you actually just run beam? Are #
 you crazy? Wait... is Alex there? #

ALEX #
 (calling out) #
 Hey Zev. #

JAMES #
 We thought we figured out-- #

ZEV (O.S.) #
 --I can't believe it. You cancel #
 the test the minute I leave... #
 (working into a frenzy) #
 ... and now this? I'm not going to #
 take this shit anymore. I'm not-- #

JAMES #
 --Calm down, Zev. #

ZEV (O.S.) #
 You think you two can do whatever #
 you want? This isn't some #
 playground-- #

JAMES #
 --It's not like that. And this was #
 my call. Not anyone else's-- #

ZEV (O.S.) #
 You are not getting away with this. #
 Not this time. #

JAMES #
 (the line clicks off) #
 Zev... Zev, Hello? #

JAMES swipes the phone off the table. #

JAMES #
 Shit! #

As JAMES collapses back into his chair, he looks over to find #
 EVERYONE staring him. #

INT. DATA ACQUISITION ROOM - SAME #

We pan up a WALL of FLASHING L.E.D's as WHIRLING DRIVES #
 stream the massive petabytes of RAW DATA from the HOT STRIKE. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME #

CLOSEUP on MONITOR - The spinning BEACH BALL OF DEATH. #

ALEX, JAMES, NIMITT and TRAVIS all stare at the monitor. #

TRAVIS #
 There's got to be something we can #
 do. Can't we smash it with another #
 beam? #

ALEX #
 It'll just keep absorbing whatever #
 we throw at it. Gold, Uranium... #

TRAVIS #
 What about breaking it apart, or #
 popping it-- #

ALEX #
 It had to be fairly massive to #
 overcome initial surface tension. I #
 think we can assume the larger it #
 gets, more stable it's becoming. #

JAMES #
 Although that's never been #
 observed. None of this has. #

NIMITT #
 True... We also need to consider a #
 possible ice-nine scenario. #

JAMES #
 That's science *fiction*, not #
 science. #

TRAVIS #
 What's Ice-Nine? #

NIMITT #
Cat's Cradle. Kurt Vonnegut book. #
 He wrote about a polymorph of ice #
 called ice-nine. In a runaway chain- #
 reaction, it solidified any water #
 it came into contact with. It #
 instantaneously crystallized the #
 oceans. #

JAMES walks over to the COMPUTER, checking its progress. #

TRAVIS #
 Wouldn't it have happened already? #

NIMITT #
 Maybe. Maybe not. #
 (ref: the computer) #
 It's going to be a few hours until #
 this is finished. We should also #
 look for initial signatures, #
 straight tracks-- #

The control room PHONE RINGS again, STARTLING everyone. #

JAMES walks over, debating if he should pick it up. It #
 continues to RING, until he finally clicks on speakerphone. #

JAMES #
 Control Room. #

JENKINS (O.S.) #
 (an older, stern voice) #
 This Barry Jenkins. Who's this? #

JENKINS' voice elicits heavy sighs from around the room. #

JAMES #
 It's James, Barry. #

JENKINS (O.S.) #
You want to tell me why I just get #
a frantic call from Zev about you #
running unauthorized experiments? #
Is that true? #

JAMES #
Not exactly. #

JENKINS #
Well, you better have a damn good #
explanation-- #

JAMES grabs the receiver, taking JENKINS off speakerphone. #

JAMES #
(into phone) #
Barry, I'm sorry, I can't right #
now. Give me till Monday and I'll #
explain, please? #

Alex looks at the ground, ashamed. At the very least, this #
is the end of everyone's tenure at RHIC. #

JAMES #
I promise you, I would if I #
could... Yes, I understand your #
frustration. There's no need to #
call security -- #

NIMITT looks at TRAVIS, who mouths "fuck" to him. #

JAMES #
Yes, I assure you, we -- no, that's #
not it... Yes, Barry. First thing #
Monday morning. I understand. #

The phone clicks off for the second time tonight as JAMES #
solemnly puts the phone back down. #

ALEX #
What did he say? #

JAMES #
(a bit shell-shocked) #
He'll calm down. #

TRAVIS #
What was he threatening to do? #

JAMES #
Have security escort me out. #

TRAVIS cringes as JAMES rubs his face in his hands. #

JAMES #

(quiet, almost removed) #

Nimitt, would you take Travis to #
the hospital? His being hurt is #
probably the only thing that's #
going to save his job. And if #
anyone asks, I put you all up to #
this. I forced you. No reason for #
everybody to lose their jobs. #

ALEX #

James, please don't. #

TRAVIS #

I'm not going anywhere. This was #
all our decision. #

JAMES #

GODDAMN IT! WILL YOU ALL JUST #
LISTEN TO ME! FOR ONCE! #

EVERYONE flinches at the JAMES' screaming. #

JAMES #

I'm sorry. I need a cigarette. #
(getting up) #
It's been twelve years, but that's #
all I want right now. #

Reaching into his coat, NIMITT tosses his smokes to JAMES. #

EXT. MAIN BUILDING - BROOKHAVEN LAB - SAME #

JAMES lights his CIGARETTE before he's even outside. #

He takes a hard drag. It's SNOWING again as he looks up at #
the SNOWFLAKES, backlit by the street lights. #

Pulling out his phone, JAMES checks for any new messages. #
Scrolling till he finds "STEPHANIE," he stares at the screen. #

ALEX appears on the other side of the GLASS DOORS. She #
pauses, watching JAMES peer at his phone. #

JAMES pockets his phone as ALEX comes over. She slides the #
smoke from his hand and takes a drag, staring at the sky. #

ALEX #

Sorry about Jenkins... You okay? #

JAMES #
I don't know. #

With a hopeful smile, ALEX puts her arms around JAMES and #
hugs him. Bringing his arms up, he hugs her back tightly. #

CAMERA POV - Looking up into the night sky, we crane up into #
the darkness, SNOWFLAKES falling all around us. #

As we pushing higher and higher, the streaming SNOWFLAKES #
begin to pulsate, before transforming into CHARGED PARTICLES. #

Moving through the PARTICLES, we see the SKY above us #
revealing its dimensions - as we realize our NIGHT is #
actually the inside of a giant BLACK BARREL-SHAPED CHAMBER. #

INT. PHENIX DETECTOR - TIME PROJECTION CHAMBER - SAME #

Joining a stream of PARTICLES, we float in vast circle around #
a massive, glowing ORANGE LUMP OF ENERGY that is absorbing #
whatever matter it touches, growing larger and larger. #

Swirling around the VORTEX, we gravitate towards the MASSIVE #
ORB until finally we touch its edge. #

With a BRIGHT FLASH, a chain reaction is initiated as a WAVE #
of MOLTEN ORANGE engulfs us- #

INT. LOBBY - COUCHES - NIGHT (LATER) #

JAMES jerks awake. #

He's fallen asleep on the LOBBY'S ORANGE COUCHES. Peering at #
his watch, we see it's **4:42 am.** #

On a far couch, TRAVIS sleeps with hands between his legs. #

JAMES #
Travis, wake up. #

Still groggy, JAMES gets up, and walks off down the hall. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SAME #

JAMES steps inside the room to find ALEX, still working on an #
equation on her computer as NIMITT naps with his feet up. #

JAMES #
Why don't you lie down for a bit. #

ALEX gazes, zombie-like at the screen. Her eyes bloodshot with dark circles underneath. #
#

ALEX #
(monotone) #
The system crashed. I had to #
restart. #

Nudging NIMITT awake, JAMES motions towards ALEX. NIMITT nods, pulling his chair closer to peer over her shoulder. #
#

JAMES #
I'll go make some coffee. #

INT. HALLWAY - SAME #

The lab is ominously silent, calm in the dead of night. #

Looking around the corner, JAMES sees TRAVIS is still asleep. #

JAMES #
Travis, coffee? #

Heading toward the KITCHEN, JAMES stops about halfway down the hall, shouting back over his shoulder. #
#

JAMES #
Come on Travis, wake up! #

He CLAPS loudly then listens for some kind of response. #
Nothing. He starts slowly walking back towards the COUCHES. #

JAMES #
Travis! #

JAMES starts to walk faster -- before breaking out in a run. #
Passing by the control room door, he smacks on the glass. #

JAMES #
GUYS! #

JAMES' POV - Turning the corner, we see TRAVIS - and now realize he's actually UNCONSCIOUS. #
#

JAMES #
TRAVIS, WAKE UP! #

JAMES feels for a pulse on TRAVIS's neck; his heart is still beating, but his breathing is shallow. #
#

ALEX and NIMITT appear over JAMES' shoulder. #

ALEX #
 What's wrong? #

JAMES #
 He's unconscious. Maybe from the #
 shock? #

NIMITT #
 I'll take him to the hospital. #

NIMITT and JAMES begin grabbing TRAVIS' feet-- #

EXT. RHIC - MAIN BUILDING - BROOKHAVEN LAB - NIGHT #

NIMITT'S TOYOTA screeches to a stop in front of the LAB. #

Jumping out of the car, NIMITT dashes inside. A moment later, #
 the doors burst open as they all emerge carrying TRAVIS. They #
 lower his LIMP BODY in the BACKSEAT as NIMITT hops in front. #

ALEX #
 Watch his head. #

TIRES spin on ice as NIMITT takes off, leaving JAMES and ALEX #
 standing out on the sidewalk. #

CUT TO: #

The TOYOTA plows through the snow, past the BROOKHAVEN #
 GUARDHOUSE. We crane up to the TAILLIGHTS fading in the dark. #

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT #

CLOSE-UP of coffee dripping into a steaming pot. #

ALEX stands in the kitchen, propping herself against the #
 sink. She stares at the floor, exhausted. #

She shakes her head, trying to wake herself. As she grabs the #
 coffee pot, we notice her HANDS ARE SHAKING. #

As she tries to pour herself a cup, SHE SPILLS HOT COFFEE ON #
 HER HAND, causing her to drop the mug. #

Alex halfheartedly bends over, mopping up the spill. Once she #
 begins, she SLIDES to the floor, spent. #

TWO LEGS step into frame. Her eyes following JAMES as he #
 lowers himself down next to her. #

JAMES #
(grabbing her wet rag) #
I'm gonna grab a shower and clothes #
that don't smell like cabbage and #
roof tar. #

ALEX barely reacts. #

JAMES #
Wanna come with? I can drive you to #
your place. #

ALEX #
I have clothes here. #
(shaking her head) #
This is all my fault. I pushed for #
the experiment... for us to go as #
fast as we did. #

JAMES #
Don't do that. Listen, to all #
this... it's completely random. #
That's the sad truth of it all. #
(staring off, overwhelmed) #
We've proven it. We just can't #
pretend to control it anymore, #
which is what got us in this mess. #

ALEX #
But I pushed for it, just like I #
push everything. Always further #
than it's supposed to go. #

A quiet long beat as ALEX musters her resolve. #

ALEX #
I did the same with you. #

JAMES silence gives her the answer. ALEX nods, dropping her #
gaze to the floor. #

JAMES #
No, I'm the problem. You could only #
go as far as I'd let you... #

ALEX #
And now look at us-- #
(with a tearful laugh) #
We created the end of the world. #

They share a consoling glance: #

JAMES #
 There are worse things. #

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - ST. CHARLES HOSPITAL - LATER #

NIMITT sits in the WAITING ROOM. His eyes drift to the TV. #

ANGLE - A NEWSCASTER interviews a SEISMOLOGIST about the #
 earthquake in PERU as VIDEO plays of the carnage. #

SEISMOLOGIST (O.S.) #
*This was without a doubt the most #
 powerful quake ever recorded, #
 lasting for more than four minutes. #*

We now see TWO DISTRAUGHT PARENTS running down a street. #
 Looking into the camera, they call out their child's name. #

NIMITT turns back to the WAITING ROOM -- He sees a YOUNG BOY #
 crying in pain as his MOTHER rocks him against her bosom. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SIDE OFFICE - SAME #

Sitting in front of a COMPUTER, ALEX nervously bites her lip. #

CLOSEUP on KEYBOARD - as ALEX's finger hits the ENTER key. #

SEISMOLOGIST (O.S.) #
*Making matters worse are the #
 rolling aftershocks which have been #
 battering Peru nearly every hour. #*

INT. JAMES' BEDROOM - TOWNHOUSE - SAME #

Now dressed in his running gear, JAMES throws a change of #
 clothes in his gym bag -- when something catches his eye. #

Approaching a GLASS DOOR, he peers out into the PINE BARRENS. #

CUT TO: #

ANGLE ON TV - A FIREMAN lifting a WOMAN out of the rubble. #

SEISMOLOGIST (O.S.) #
*And a twenty-foot wall of water #
 that has engulfed coastal areas. #*

NIMITT turns an ELDERLY WOMAN a few rows away, coughing
hoarsely as her HUSBAND feeds her sips of TEA. #
#

CUT TO: #

The sound of DATA processing. ALEX waits for the results of
their HOT STRIKE to appear -- as she pleads with the screen. #
#

ALEX #
Please...please. #

CUT TO: #

The dark outline of JAMES, running through the PINES. He's
pushing himself faster and faster. His mind racing. #
#

CUT TO: #

On the TV -- a crying FAMILY on a rubble-strewn street opens
their arms as a grieving neighbor joins their embrace. #
#

SEISMOLOGIST (O.S.) #
This devastation is unlike anything #
we've ever seen. #

NIMITT looks around the WAITING ROOM; to the MOTHER and
CHILD, the ELDERLY COUPLE and then to the NEWS. #
#

Overwhelmed, he drops his head to his chest. #

CUT TO: #

ALEX, leaning forward. Her EYES scanning the screen. #

ALEX #
....Please... #

She freezes and deflates, falling slowly back into her chair. #

CUT TO: #

JAMES sprinting at full speed to the top of small hill. He
can't go on anymore as he falls, knees first into the snow. #
#

He's exhausted, gasping for breath as he rolls on to his
back. #
#

He looks up to the sky then back down -- finally defeated. #

NEWSCASTER (V.O.) #
Yet, in the face of such tragedy #
what we've seen here has been #
nothing short of a miracle... #

Sensing something behind him, JAMES turns to the FIRST RAY of the MORNING SUN as it breaks the horizon, travelling at the speed of light, halfway across the planet, to reach him.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
*... A truly astonishing outpouring
of support from across the globe...*

Humbled by this majestic sight, JAMES rises to his feet.

NEWSCASTER
*... providing some light to those
facing an overwhelming darkness.*

In the sun's glow, his expression changes from defeat to hopefulness... and then to something else.

CUT TO:

JAMES' FEET digging into the snow. He runs in desperation back toward his house -- as if his life depended on it.

INT. HALLWAY - ST. CHARLES HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

We push in on NIMITT, walking down a long hallway. As he goes to pull open the door, we see a plaque that reads, MEDITATION SUITE, ST CHARLES CHAPEL -- except the door is locked.

NIMITT
Closed?

VOICE (O.S.)
They don't open till 8:30.

NIMITT turns to a short, BEARDED MAN (60's) wearing worn clothes carrying a clip board.

BEARDED MAN
(facetious)
No unsupervised meditating.

NIMITT musters a weak smile.

BEARDED MAN
You all right?
(even more facetious)
Cause typically people just die at my jokes. I'm a grief counselor.
(pause)
Dead serious.

Finally, NIMITT does crack a smile.

NIMITT #
 You're serious? #

BEARDED MAN #
 Yep, was just up all night with a #
 23-year-old girl who has stage 4 #
 cancer. That will give you some #
 perspective, trust me. #

NIMITT #
 Must be tough. #

BEARDED MAN #
 Nope. I can't tell you how many #
 people have said dying is the best #
 thing that has ever happened to #
 them. It's how they finally learn #
 what love is. #
 (a sidelong squint) #
 You Hindi? #

NIMITT #
 (a troubled laugh) #
 Me? I'm in a bit of a spiritual #
 crisis at the moment. #

BEARDED MAN #
 (looking around) #
 Better not let the sisters hear #
 that. They're like vultures. #
 (off Nimitt's smile) #
 People don't like questions that #
 don't have easy answers. #

NIMITT #
 I'm familiar with that frustration. #
 Sounds like good advice. #

BEARDED MAN #
 First one is always free. #
 (with a wink) #
 Well, *Que Sera Sera*. Time for my #
 rounds. Happy Thanksgiving. #

NIMITT watches the MAN disappear back through the ER doors. #
 He considers their conversation for a moment, before pulling #
 out his CELLPHONE. #

E/I. DR. MAX KAHN'S HOUSE - EARLY MORNING #

JAMES stands on the steps of a large, white FEDERALIST home. #

The front door opens, revealing DR. MAX KAHN, (68) chairman of RHIC's COLLIDER-ACCELERATOR dept. #
#

Tall with a shock of white hair, MAX has an old-world charm, all the way down to his wool slacks, sweater vest and apron. #
#

DR. KAHN #
Good morning, James. Come in. #

JAMES #
Max. Thanks for seeing me on such #
short notice. #

DR. KAHN #
(a chiding smile) #
You were calling from the driveway. #
I didn't have much choice. #

MARTHA (65) tall, silver hair enters, also wearing an apron. #

MARTHA #
Hello James. Happy Thanksgiving. #
Everything ok? #

JAMES #
Yes, just needed Max's opinion on #
something. Sorry for the time. #

MARTHA #
Ha. We've been cooking since 4:30. #

JAMES smiles, following MAX through an opulent sitting room. #

DR. KAHN #
I assume this is about the call I #
received from Jenkins? #

They enter a wood-trimmed study as JAMES grabs the double doors. #
#

JAMES #
I think it's best if we shut these. #

INT. WAITING AREA - HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING #

NIMITT stands in the corner with his cellphone to his ear. We hear the sound of a MAN, still asleep, answering. #
#

STEPHEN (O.S.) #
Nimitt... What the hell? #

NIMITT #
 Hey, I'm sorry. Can I get the #
 number of the woman you know, the #
 science writer for the Times? #

STEPHEN (O.S.) #
 Have you been drinking? #

NIMITT #
 What do you think? #

STEPHEN (O.S.) #
 I can't tell. Keep talking. #

NIMITT #
 Stephen, I'm serious. #

He pulls out a pen, poised to write the number on his hand. #

STEPHEN (O.S.) #
 Hold on. It's Mary Revkin. 917-977- #
 1036. You're not calling her now #
 are you? #

NIMITT #
 (quickly hanging up) #
 Thanks man. #

Taking a nervous breath, NIMITT dials the number on his hand. #
 The line rings and the VOICE MAIL picks up. #

VOICEMAIL (O.S.) #
 You've reached Mary Revkin at the #
 New York Times. Leave a message. #

NIMITT #
 My name is Nimitt Nandeen. I work #
 at the Relativistic Heavy Ion #
 Collider...Something's happened. #
 Please call me at 646-729-9881. #
 Thank you. #

NIMITT hangs up as he peers out into the PARKING LOT. #

INT. DR. KAHN'S STUDY - EARLY MORNING #

DR. KAHN drains a small glass of BOURBON as the NEWS #
 continues to settle in, staring off: #

DR. KAHN #
 They're going to burn us at the #
 stake, aren't they? #

JAMES #
 I hope it doesn't come to that. #
 But it was time for you to know... #

After a sardonic chuckle, KAHN gets up and grabs a nearby #
 BOURBON BOTTLE, prepping a drink for both. #

DR. KAHN #
 I never thought it would come to #
 this... but then it's already #
 happening, isn't it. One degree #
 here, one degree there, then two, #
 then three. That's how I imagined #
 it. A slow death, a fitting #
 punishment for the crime. God's #
 plan was to make us suffer. And we #
 just put an end to that, didn't we? #

DR. KAHN hands a glass to JAMES, swirling his in discontent. #

DR. KAHN #
 We'll be decent and wait until #
 everyone's had their dinners, spent #
 time with their families before #
 calling Washington. Maybe you'll #
 come up with a miracle by then. #

DR. KAHN looks over at a GRANDFATHER CLOCK, which is-- #

SMASH CUT TO: #

TITLE CARD: **SATURDAY, 7:14 AM** #

FADE IN: #

BRIGHT EMBERS alight in the darkness as someone INHALES-- #

EXT. HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING #

NIMITT stands outside, smoking another cigarette. Hearing his #
 phone vibrate, he looks down to a TEXT from ALEX. #

ALEX: *U need to come back ASAP!* #

NIMITT: *Still waiting about operation.* #

A long BEAT...until-- #

ALEX: *U have to come back now!* #

INT. NURSES STATION - CONTINUOUS #

Numerous NURSES rush back and forth as NIMITT waits for someone to help him. #

NIMITT #
Excuse me... Excuse me. #

The NURSES continue ignoring him, until finally NIMITT snaps. #

NIMITT #
NURSE! Can I get some help please! #

A STOUT NURSE comes over, sizing him up. #

STOUT NURSE #
(with attitude) #
Can I help you? #

NIMITT #
Any update on Travis Shanley? #

The NURSE fingers through the charts. #

STOUT NURSE #
(smart-ass glance) #
Shanley?... You a relative? #

NIMITT #
(dead pan) #
Yeah, I'm his brother. #

The NURSE smiles. NIMITT has won her over. #

STOUT NURSE #
Still waiting for the neurologist. #
It'll be a few more hours at least. #

NIMITT #
I need to get back to work. Can I #
give you my number? Please. #

STOUT NURSE #
(handing over a clipboard) #
Write it here. I'll see they get #
it. #

NIMITT smiles, grabbing a pen. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MORNING #

OVER ALEX'S SHOULDER - We see she's transposing a written equation from her NOTEBOOK onto a COMPUTER. Hearing someone enter, she shuts the window. #
#

As she turns around, we see her EYES, still red and swollen-- #

NIMITT #
You okay? #

ALEX #
It just kind of hit me. How's Travis? #

NIMITT #
Still waiting... James not back? #

Shaking her head "no," ALEX gets up, heading for the door. #

ALEX #
I need to show you something. #

INT. RHIC - MAIN BUILDING - SAME #

JAMES bursts into the MAIN LOBBY of the empty building. #

He rushes down the hall to poke his head into the CONTROL ROOM. It's EMPTY. #

JAMES #
Guys! Alex! #

We follow JAMES down the hall as he peers into various rooms. #
Walking around a corner, he sees a DOOR that's slightly AJAR. #

INT. PROJECTION ROOM - CONTINUOUS #

As JAMES steps into the darkened room, a soft, blue GLOW illuminates his face. #

ALEX and NIMITT stand with their backs to us - in front of a wall-sized PROJECTION SCREEN. #

We push into the SCREEN as STILL IMAGES from the HOT STRIKE, play back in SEQUENCE. #

As a few errand PARTICLES stream off the beam, we see them BENDING, like the cosmic rays, toward a CORNER of the chamber. #

Except now we see the outline of a DARK SPHERE - formed by the PARTICLES crashing into it - as it seems to be PUSHING ITSELF across the chamber, toward the beam. #

Then the DARK SPHERE, finally COLLIDING with the single beam as it lets off a HUGE SHOWER of elementary particles. #

JAMES #
Jesus... #

ALEX #
It's real James, and it's growing. #

JAMES turns to ALEX. She's right. *There's no denying it.* #

JAMES #
There has to be a way to stop it. #

ALEX shakes her head as NIMITT does the same. #

ALEX #
There is no way. #

JAMES #
You don't know that-- #

ALEX #
--I do actually. I created it. #

NIMITT #
We might be able to slow it down, #
but she's right, we can't stop it. #
It's fundamentally impossible. #
(beat) #
People have a right to know. #

JAMES #
(unraveling) #
And say what? Cry? Pray? How about #
riot? #
(shaking his head) #
If there's the slightest chance of #
survival, then there's hope. But #
take it away, then it gets ugly. #

NIMITT #
You don't know how people are going #
to react, anymore than I do. It's #
going to get out, one way or #
another. #

JAMES #
 (stepping towards NIMITT) #
 Why's that? Because you're going to #
 tell them? #

JAMES chuckles at the irony of NIMITT's newfound courage. #

JAMES #
 You're a little too late, Nimit. #
 It's already out of our hands. #

Shaking his head, JAMES starts to walk out of the dark room. #

ALEX #
 What do you mean? #

JAMES shoves open the doors and enters the hallway. NIMITT #
 and ALEX rush after him. #

INT. HALLWAY - RHIC MAIN BUILDING - MORNING #

JAMES storms down the hallway, ALEX and NIMITT behind him. #

ALEX reaches him first. #

ALEX #
 James- #

JAMES keeps walking, his back to her. #

ALEX #
 WAIT! #

She grabs his shoulder VIOLENTLY, pulling him back. #

ALEX #
 What are you talking about? #

JAMES #
 I told Max. #

ALEX #
 ...You did what? #

JAMES #
 I went to his house this morning #
 and I told him what's happened. #
 When he's done enjoying his meal #
 with his family, he's going to call #
 the DOE. At which point, they'll #
 come in here and...*c'est la vie*. #

ALEX #
 This is not what we agreed... #
 (shaking her head) #
 They're going to know...that we #
 caused this. #

JAMES leans against the WALL. NIMITT and ALEX look at the #
 ground, stunned. All three silently contemplating their #
 visions of the future. #

After a long moment, NIMITT finally breaks the silence. #

NIMITT #
 (quietly) #
 You're both hypocrites. #

ALEX looks up, JAMES following. #

NIMITT #
 After all of this team-leader #
 bullshit... about solving this #
 ourselves, and you don't even have #
 the strength of your own #
 convictions. #

ALEX #
 Nimitt, hold on- #

NIMITT #
 We -- all of us, not just you two -- #
 have done everything you've asked. #
 We've pushed this program to the #
 fucking edge of science, to the #
 limits of comprehension. And you #
 two...just removed yourself from #
 the equation. All 'cause you #
 couldn't handle it. So now it's #
 someone's else problem, right? #

JAMES' anger starts to grow. #

NIMITT #
 Just throw it all away, right?. #
 Your work...your families-- #

Enraged, JAMES rushes NIMITT, pushing his forearm against his #
 windpipe, SLAMMING HIM into the GLASS CASE that contained the #
 photos of the RHIC team, SHATTERING THE GLASS-- #

ALEX #
 James! #

JAMES #
 (to NIMITT) #
 You're out of your depth. #

JAMES holds his forearm to NIMITT's throat, finally seeing #
 his strength in action -- though it isn't a match for #
 NIMITT's controlled demeanor, his eyes leveled with JAMES: #

NIMITT #
 Am I James? #

NIMITT's face turns purple. #

ALEX #
 James - let go! #

JAMES, persuaded by ALEX, releases NIMITT, who grabs his neck #
 as JAMES backs off...controlling himself. #

NIMITT #
 (standing tall) #
 Even if you'd like to be... #
 You're - not - God. #

ALEX stands nearby,, tensions mounting to critical mass as #
 JAMES goes face-to-face with NIMITT: #

JAMES #
 (direct) #
 Don't bring God into this. As we #
 sit here, trying to re-create #
 creation, we proved that God #
 doesn't exist, Nimitt. I made peace #
 with that a long time ago. #
 You haven't... #

NIMITT #
 No...you're right, which is why I'm #
 here. Least if I'm wrong I'll know #
 why. #

ALEX #
 Guys, come on-- #

NIMITT #
 No, it's okay Alex. James loves #
 being right, but he hates hearing #
 the truth. #
 (moves closer to JAMES) #
 Tell me -- who do you call on in #
 your darkest hour, James? #

NIMITT (CONT'D)
 When the shit hits the fan and no #
 one gives a shit about you...what #
 do you do, when it's just you, #
 lying alone in the dark? #
 (even closer) #
 You've never been truly tested. #
 Until now. But I know what you #
 don't... #

JAMES, without an answer, looks like he's seen a ghost. #

NIMITT #
 You'll pray. I guarantee it... #

WE PAN to NIMITT - for the first time he seems truly DEFIANT. #

NIMITT #
 (nods with conviction) #
 ...You'll pray like the rest of us. #

JAMES stares at the floor, unable to meet NIMITT's eyes -- or #
 ALEX as she turns from both men, more lost than ever before. #

ALEX heads down the hall, oblivious to the two men, and leans #
 against the wall suddenly - nauseous, dizzy - and ducks into #
 a common bathroom as JAMES finally sees what's happening-- #

INT. FEMALE BATHROOM - SAME #

ALEX, clutching her stomach, dips into a stall-- #

INT. HALLWAY, RHIC MAIN BUILDING - SAME #

JAMES rushes after ALEX, NIMMITT following. But as JAMES #
 enters, he pushes NIMMITT back to wait outside. #

INT. FEMALE BATHROOM - SAME #

James enters right as Alex PUKES - James unsure what to do, #
 though remembers the medical bill. #

JAMES #
 Alex? #

FLUSH - Alex steps out, heading to the sink with JAMES' #
 reflection in the background. She can't look at him as she #
 splashes her face. #

ALEX #
 Please, get out. #

JAMES #
 No, what's wrong? #

ALEX chuckles to herself, almost morbidly. #

ALEX #
 I have to pick one? #

JAMES #
 Seriously. #
 (beat) #
 You can tell me...you're pregnant. #

ALEX looks up at JAMES, shaking her head incredulously. #

ALEX #
 Don't worry. #

JAMES #
 I am. #

ALEX #
 You don't have to anymore. #

JAMES #
 Alex-- #

ALEX #
 James! Just...stop. #

ALEX, full of disgust, brushes past JAMES, leaving both him #
 and Nimmitt equally lost as an OMINOUS HUMMING rises... #

INT. PHENIX DETECTOR - SAME #

Inside the TIME PROJECTION CHAMBER, the STRANGELET continues #
 absorbing particles as it floats in a slow corkscrew around #
 the chamber. #

As the STRANGELET moves, it bumps up against the magnetic #
 field as if it's being attracted toward the edge, or more #
 deliberately - as if *it's trying to get out.* #

CLOSEUP on the ORANGE SPHERE as we see the distance it's #
 being repelled diminishing with each bump - a function of its #
 growing mass, and a sign that it will soon breach the trap. #

INT. ADMINISTRATION FLOOR - LATE MORNING #

We track along a FLOOR of dark CUBICLES... #

And then through the empty halls of the lab, hearing only the hums and ambient sounds of machinery in the distance. #
#

EXT. ROOF - MIDDAY #

A gorgeous view of Long Island from the roof - no snow, just the wind, open sky, and swaying PINE TREES. #
#

ALEX stands where we saw her before -- at the roof's edge, leaning over at shoulder length...the breeze freeing. #
#

But she lingers too long, slowly leaning further, welcoming the stiff wind nudging her over-- #
#

NIMITT opens the door to the roof with his foot, trying to walk with a cup of ORANGE JUICE and a GRANOLA BAR. #
#

NIMITT #
(hands over juice) #
Figured you could use some. #

ALEX #
(smiling, lowering leg) #
Long as it isn't coffee. #

NIMITT looks out over the edge. #

NIMITT #
Have you seen James? Thought he'd be with you. #
#

She shakes her head, "no." #

ALEX #
You should leave while you still can. We can cover for you. #
#

NIMITT #
I'm not leaving, Alex. I can't. #

He drinks some juice, clearing his throat. It's still tender. #

ALEX #
(quieting) #
I'm in pain. #

NIMITT #
I've had a headache too. #

ALEX #
 (grimly chuckles) #
 No...I wish that kind of pain. #
 Knowing too much now I guess. #

ALEX looks at the landscape in front of her. #

ALEX #
 (turning to NIMITT) #
 When I was thirteen, I was at a #
 camp... in the mountains. I had a #
 bad fever, so my parents came get #
 me. They took me to a doctor who #
 said I had pneumonia, so we went to #
 the hospital. A few hours later, my #
 mother left to go to my #
 grandparents to pickup my baby #
 sister. They didn't bring her in #
 case I was contagious. Which I was. #
 Although it wasn't pneumonia, it #
 was meningitis. #
 (slows, reliving memory) #
 ...They think in my mother's #
 confusion - one of the symptoms - #
 she forgot and went home to lie #
 down. A few hours later, she went #
 into septic shock. When my #
 grandparents found her in bed... #
 she was dead. #
 (dropping her eyes) #
 But I was just fine, out in time #
 for the funeral. Standing between #
 my sister and father...holding my #
 hand as if they had to...never #
 looking at me because they #
 couldn't. Like I was toxic... #

NIMITT stills, unsure how to console her other than-- #

NIMITT #
 I'm sorry Alex. I never knew. #
 (making connection) #
 What happened before and what #
 happened here. They are not #
 connected... They're not, you know #
 that. #

ALEX #
 (proud, but grim) #
 The experiment was mine, Nimitt. My #
 baby. I even saw it like that. A #
 living thing worth my life. #

ALEX (CONT'D)

And now it's dying, but not after
takes every other life. #
#

NIMITT nods, he understands what needs to be done. #

NIMITT #

Well then I need you to determine #
how long it will take before it #
breaches the detector... Whether #
that's days, weeks, or hopefully #
months. Cause I still have work to #
do. #

LEX smiles, appreciating NIMITT's conviction and loyalty. #

ALEX #

I started working on an equation... #
Then I stopped. #

NIMITT #

Why? #

ALEX #

I didn't think there was any point #
anymore. #

NIMITT nods. #

NIMITT #

Show me there isn't. #

DISSOLVE TO: #

INT. TIME PROJECTION CHAMBER - SAME #

THE STRANGELET continues BUMPING into the magnetic field #
until finally it comes to rest against the EDGE of the #
charged curtain. The mass of the NUCLEATED SPHERE now equal #
to the opposing charge of its ELECTRIC TRAP. #

As we push into the STRANGELET, we see it going through an #
UPHEAVAL as PLASMA begins to BUBBLES across the surface. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - SIDE CONFERENCE ROOM - RHIC- DAY #

We FLOAT across the control room floor and into a conference #
room. NIMITT paces as ALEX sits at her computer. #

Behind them we see a DRY-ERASE BOARD - A complex long-hand #
EQUATION covers nearly a quarter of the white space. #

ALEX looks up from her computer in mid-conversation. #

ALEX #
 It would depend on how far we're #
 burying the trap below ground, and #
 the travel time to get there. Maybe #
 the Soudad mine in Minnesota? #

NIMITT #
 I think that's like 2400 feet. The #
 strangelet would only be #
 accrediting cosmic particles at 10- #
 15 per second. #

ALEX #
 (rising sarcasm) #
 Yeah, way better than 10-23 above #
 ground, though we'd still have two #
 million events per year. Not that #
 we'd even have a year. #

NIMITT does a quick search on his laptop. #

NIMTT #
 Okay, look, SNOLAB in Ontario is 2 #
 kilometers deep. That could cut #
 exposure by somewhere around a #
 third. Though we'd have to account #
 for the exposure in transport. #

ALEX #
 I don't even want to think about #
 how we'd move it, other than #
 shooting it into space. #

NIMITT #
 I just heard a pin drop at NASA. #

ALEX laughs to herself as NIMITT smiles. #

ALEX #
 Of course, then it would just start #
 collapsing the solar system. #

ALEX's sullen comment snaps him back to reality, giving #
 NIMITT a half-hearted smile before returning to the EQUATION #
 on her laptop...as we hear a PHONE DIALING AND RINGING-- #

INT. JAMES OFFICE - LATER #

ANGLE - We pull back on a SNAPSHOT of JAMES with his wife #
 STEPHANIE, STEVEN and AMANDA, smiling around a giant PUMPKIN. #

JAMES stares at the PHOTO of his family tacked to his bulletin board, while holding an office phone to his ear, dialing a number...but his wife doesn't pick up-- #
#

JAMES #
(into phone) #
Oh hi honey, it's Daddy. Happy #
Thanksgiving! Yeah, yes of #
course... I know, I want to be #
there with you too. #
(holds it together) #
Sweetheart, is Mommy there? #
(dejected) #
No that's ok honey, I'll talk to #
her another time. #

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - RHIC MAIN BUILDING - SAME #

ANGLE - On the page of a NOTEBOOK as ALEX continues to scribble the equation in pencil. #
#

We pan to NIMITT doing the same on the dry-erase board. The MASSIVE EQUATION now a few lines longer. #
#

ALEX, sensing someone is watching her SUDDENLY turns to the open door-- #
#

But JAMES is too far away to be seen, as she takes a moment before returning to her NOTEBOOK. #
#

NIMITT quickly erases a function and re-writes it, now correctly. #
#

NIMITT #
We're getting closer. #

ALEX stares at the EQUATION. Its implications wearing heavy. #

ALEX #
(softly) #
People will have to make the most #
of their time, won't they? #

NIMITT #
Shouldn't that always be the case? #

ALEX #
(melancholy smile) #
I guess you're right. #

ALEX exhales rubbing the corners of her eyes. #

ALEX #
 God, I smell bad. I need to go home #
 and get some clean clothes. I'm not #
 that far, I'll be back in a hour. #

NIMITT #
 (watching her go) #
 Ok. I'll be here. #

As ALEX steps to the door, she pauses. #

ALEX #
 Nimitt? #

He turns around to face her. #

ALEX #
 Thanks. #

NIMITT nods as ALEX leaves the room, before returning back #
 the BOARD. #

EXT. TIME PROJECTION CHAMBER - SAME #

The MASSIVE STRANGELET looming in the frame, looking much #
 like our own SUN as thick plasma swirls around the surface. #

Pushing in, we catch an unfolding PLASMA FLARE on the ORB'S #
 left side as a JET spews out MATTER and ENERGY. #

Then on the other side, an even bigger ERUPTION as wispy #
 tentacles of PLASMA drift off its surface and puncture the #
 magnetic field with bursts of electrical discharge. #

SMASH CUT: #

INT. ALEX'S OFFICE - RHIC MAIN BUILDING - SUNSET #

CLOSE UP ON ALEX'S FINGERS smacking the keyboard. She's #
 transposing the EQUATION from her NOTEBOOK to her office #
 computer. #

Typing the final line of the EQUATION, she quickly pastes it #
 into an EMAIL with curt satisfaction. #

ALEX gets up from her seat, putting on her coat. We hold on #
 the "WEDDING INVITATION", abandoned and re-pinned to her #
 wall as the lights go out. #

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY #

A THANKSGIVING CORNUCOPIA compliments a modest home where the front door opens -- JAMES hoping to embrace his TWO YOUNG CHILDREN, a boy and a girl, who rush past him instead. #

JAMES watches them chase each other into the front yard as the sun FLARES -- or is it the sun? #

JAMES ventures outside to grab his children, but his wife stephanie rushes back out as well. JAMES realizes this -- but also spots ALEX across the street -- distracting him long enough before an even bigger FLASH in the SKY-- #

INT. CONTROL ROOM #

JAMES wakes with a JOLT, his hand shooting to his face. He looks around in confusion, but no one is there... #

Looking up at the clock, he sees it's now 2:51pm and turns to the OBSERVATION WINDOW -- NIMITT is still at the BOARD, but ALEX's chair is empty. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS #

NIMITT is erasing and re-scribbling notes on the BOARD next to the EQUATION. #

JAMES steps in the room and sits down in ALEX's seat. #

Feeling JAMES's eyes upon him, NIMITT tries to concentrate. #

Both MEN sit in awkward silence for a long moment. #

JAMES #
...I want to apologize. #

NIMITT snorts while trying to focus. #

NIMITT #
It's a little late for apologies. #

JAMES #
(beat, contemplative) #
I'm jealous of you. #

NIMITT finally turns around. #

NIMITT #
Of me? #

JAMES #
 Watching you through the window... #
 I was just like you. #
 (pensive) #
 Scribbling on that same board, #
 working on my experiments. My #
 wife... my ex, she'd have to call #
 me two or three times a night to #
 get me home. I'd even dream about #
 it. But at some point, I don't #
 know...RHIC was taking off, we were #
 publishing paper after paper, and I #
 was so afraid it was all going to #
 come crashing down. #

NIMITT listens, letting JAMES continue his confession. #

JAMES #
 So, I convinced myself that RHIC's #
 survival was more important than my #
 own. Yet no matter how hard I #
 fought for this place, something #
 was still missing... That void... #
 It's made me do things I regret. #
 Things I wouldn't have done #
 otherwise... I could have been #
 stronger...like you. #

NIMITT #
 (nodding) #
 I don't know why, but I did want #
 this to be real. Maybe we all did-- #
 but not anymore. #

NIMITT tries to comfort JAMES: #

NIMITT #
 We're close though. Once Alex gets #
 back, we'll need a couple more #
 hours-- #

JAMES #
 --She left? #

NIMITT #
 She went home to change. #

JAMES looks up, suspicious. #

JAMES #
 But she has clothes here? #

NIMITT #
 Maybe she needed time alone, #
 outside of here...I'm not sure how #
 well she's dealing with this. She #
 were talking about her mother. I #
 had no idea-- #

JAMES #
 (shoots up) #
 --How long ago did she leave. #

NIMITT #
 About twenty minutes. #

JAMES heads for the door, calling over his shoulder. #

JAMES #
 If she comes back, call me. And #
 please just keep working. #

NIMITT #
 But if someone comes? #

JAMES #
 Lock the door! #

INT. ALPHA ROMEO - AFTERNOON #

CLOSEUP - ALEX'S PHONE in her hand as she drives. #

Taking her eyes off the road, she scrolls through her phone. #
 Finding the entry for "HOME," she presses the CALL button. #

As the PHONE attempts to connect, another CALL comes in. #
 Seeing that it's JAMES, ALEX presses IGNORE. #

A BLACK SUV brushes past the left lane, cutting in front, #
 throwing Alex off. After a moment, we hear an international #
 RING and then a VOICEMAIL picking up. #

ALEX #
 (in Spanish) #
 ...Hi Cecilia, Sorry, I haven't #
 called in so long. Work's been #
 crazy...Um... I hope everything's #
 okay. Congratulations by the way, #
 super belated, but...but uh I think #
 I'm going to try to make it. #
 (beat) #
 I just need to take care of #
 something first. #

We hear the BEEPING of an incoming CALL. It's JAMES again and ALEX presses IGNORE, taking her eyes off the road---

INT. JEEP CHEROKEE - AFTERNOON

JAMES is at a STOPLIGHT. He pulls the phone away, as we hear the call go to ALEX'S VOICEMAIL.

JAMES's car TURNS out of the MAIN GATE onto the highway, speeding as he passes the slower drivers on their way to Thanksgiving dinner.

POV FROM JAMES' WINDSHIELD

The red tail-lights of standstill traffic zooming toward us.

JAMES stands on his brakes. His Jeep SCREECHING to a stop.

Peering out over the TRAFFIC, he slams his horn and starts muscling his way across the LANES.

CUT TO:

THE ALPHA ROMEO

We see the CAR'S TURN SIGNAL - blinking on and off.

CUT TO:

POV THROUGH JAMES' WINDSHIELD

We see a swarm of FLASHING LIGHTS in the distance. An AMBULANCE squelches, passing us along the shoulder.

JAMES watches it speed by, now frantic with the notion that whatever trouble is up ahead, it has to do with ALEX.

The JEEP jumps out onto the SHOULDER, trailing the AMBULANCE.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A DRY ERASER quickly rubs out part of an equation as NIMITT stands at the board, trying to work though the computation.

Exhaling in frustration, he looks up at the WALL CLOCK, awaiting ALEX's return.

Walking over to Alex's computer, NIMITT hits her keyboard. The COMPUTER wakes. He stares down at the screen, squinting.

We see the EQUATION they've been working on. *It's finished.*

NIMITT #
 Son of a bitch... #

Grabbing a CALCULATOR, he brings ALEX' computer to the BOARD #
 and starts proofing her numbers against his. #

EXT. ALPHA ROMEO - SAME #

The left hand TURN SIGNAL still blinking. However we notice #
 the car is *no longer moving*. #

CUT TO: #

I/E. JEEP - SAME #

JAMES trails the AMBULANCE. As it cuts toward the divider, we #
 see EMERGENCY VEHICLES crowded around an accident. #

SLOW-MO POV - JAMES, staring out the window. #

A nasty HEAD-ON COLLISION. Two mangled cars, glass and debris #
 everywhere. THREE EMTS work on someone lying on the roadway. #

A BLACK SUV is among the wreckage. #

We hear a LOUD BAM! as JAMES stamps on his breaks. #

VOICE (O.C.) #
 Get off the shoulder! #

A PATROLMAN has just smacked his hood with his FLASHLIGHT. #

JAMES #
 (an apologetic wave) #
 Sorry! #

The PATROLMAN shakes his head and waves him though. #

INT. CONTROL ROOM OFFICE - SUNSET #

NIMITT is furiously writing down COMPUTATIONS off his #
 CALCULATOR. #

He bends down to ALEX'S SCREEN, his finger moving back to the #
 point where he left off. Trailing his finger down a few more #
 lines, NIMITT stops -- his finger at the end of the EQUATION. #

He quickly turns back to the BOARD and then back to ALEX'S #
 computer. He pauses for a moment and looks up in shock -- #
 he's proofed the equation. #

NIMITT leans forward, his head dropping into his hands. #

INT. DR. KAHN'S HOUSE - SUNSET #

DR. KAHN sits at the head of a long dinner table, surrounded #
by his GROWN CHILDREN and their FAMILIES. In front of them #
sits the remnants of a huge feast. #

As his WIFE begins clearing the plates, KAHN drains the last #
of his wine. With a heavy exhale, he gets up from the table. #

We follow KAHN as he quietly slips out of the HOUSE. #

Now standing in his BACKYARD, KAHN watches the last sliver of #
SUN disappear into the HORIZON, before pulling out his phone. #

I.E. JEEP/HIGHWAY - SAME #

JAMES, still stuck in a logjam, spots an upcoming #
EXIT...which has Alex's ROMEO idling between the highway and #
offramp. #

JAMES steps out, darting between cars moving off-and-on to #
the ROMEO, round the BLINKING TURN LIGHTS to the driver side-- #

ALEX sits inside, staring off. JAMES raps at the window -- #
once, twice -- finally jarring ALEX to step out. #

As cars BEEP and HONK and SPEED past-- #

JAMES #
What are you doing? #

ALEX #
I thought you'd go away. #

JAMES #
No, here, this! #

ALEX #
(flustered) #
I got stuck. Took the wrong exit, #
and no one would let me move, so #
fuck it I-- #

JAMES #
--I'm sorry, I'm sorry okay. #

ALEX stops at JAMES' apology. The fact he offered one. #

ALEX #
...I'm tired, James, of pretending #
to know what I'm doing. #
#

JAMES #
Alex, I don't care if you're #
pregnant-- #

ALEX #
--I'm not pregnant! #
(beat) #
Not anymore. #

ALEX freezes, as does JAMES at the revelation. #

JAMES #
...Anymore? #

Traffic RUSHES past them. Turbulent, loud, the wind hard from #
those speeding past. #

ALEX #
I had no choice. #

JAMES, stilled by the truth, struggles to find an answer: #

JAMES #
There's always a choice. #

ALEX #
You know that's not true. #

The SETTING SUN dips below the horizon as cars rush past #
them, near collision but ever so far apart. #

JAMES #
When? #

ALEX #
James-- #

JAMES #
When? #

ALEX #
(beat) #
...Before collision. #

ALEX closes the distance, face to face with a paralyzed #
JAMES. #

JAMES #
Why didn't you say anything? #

ALEX #
 I didn't have to, James. I know #
 what's real and what's not, even if #
 I'm just as fucked up as you. #

JAMES #
 You're not-- #

ALEX #
 --I am. You too. Not because we #
 don't want to be. #
 (searching James' eyes) #
 Go home. I'll do the same. Do one #
 thing right, even when we're wrong. #

ALEX kisses a lost JAMES, and dives back into her car, and #
 JAMES watches her drift away... #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - EVENING #

Exhaling, NIMITT pulls his head from his hands. Out of the #
 corner of his eye, he notices a flickering on the LIVE FEED #
 MONITOR above his head. #

NIMITT stands, trying to discern what he's seeing on the #
 screen. #

ANGLE on RHIC'S PUBLIC FEED - The same EQUATION he just #
 proofed on ALEX'S COMPUTER is now scrolling down the screen - #
 over and over again - for everyone to see. #

CUT TO: #

EXT. LONG ISLAND EXPRESSWAY - EVENING #

THREE BLACK SUBURBANS emerge from the MIDTOWN TUNNEL and #
 crest the highway, the CITY SKYLINE shimmering behind them. #

INT. BROOKHAVEN LAB - CONTINUOUS #

The same CODE, scrolling on a PUBLIC MONITOR that hangs in #
 the shiny linoleum hallway of the ADMINISTRATION BUILDING. #

And now on a MONITOR behind an kiosk in the VISITOR CENTER. #

And finally in the CAFETERIA, as a LONE JANITOR, resting on #
 his mop, stares up the screen, trying to make sense of it. #

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS #

In a quiet corner of a hospital room, TRAVIS' FATHER holds his WIFE'S HAND as the two sit in vigil by his bedside. #

INT. DR. KAHN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS #

KAHN stares down the table as everyone around him, laughs and drinks, empty dessert plates in front of them. #

From his thousand-yard stare, we can tell his mind is elsewhere. #

INT. LARGE HADRON COLLIDER - SWITZERLAND #

A SCIENTIST stares into camera, ALEX'S CODE reflecting back in his glasses as a COLLEAGUE looks over his shoulder. #

Scrutinizing the code, they call over in FRENCH to a THIRD SCIENTIST, who steps into frame. #

SCIENTIST #1 #
It's from RHIC. Some kind of #
equation. #

We see FOURTH scientist come over and then ANOTHER. #

INT. JEEP - COUNTRY ROAD - EVENING #

JAMES sits behind the wheel, parked on the side of a road. #

We hear the sound of his phone ringing as he looks down at the number. Seeing it's the CONTROL ROOM, he picks up, but remains silent -- disinterested and distant. #

NIMITT #
It's Nimitt. Is Alex with you? #

JAMES #
...No. #

NIMITT #
She's published the equation.. to #
measure the strangelet. She put it #
out over the live feed. It's #
public. LHC is going to see it. #
Everyone is going to know-- #

JAMES #
--Nimitt, I got a message from #
Kahn. They're coming. #

NIMITT #
The DOE? #

JAMES #
Somebody. I don't know who exactly. #
The next shift will be in soon. Go #
while you still have a chance. #

NIMITT #
I'm staying, James. Somebody needs #
to be here. I told Alex the same #
thing. Whether they like it or not, #
I'm gonna help solve this. I did #
the calculations for how long till #
it breeches the magnetic field-- #

JAMES #
(pleading with him) #
Please, Nimitt. I don't want to #
know, not just yet. #

NIMITT #
(stoic) #
I understand. #

JAMES looks out the passenger window. #

NIMITT #
James? #

JAMES #
Yes? #

NIMITT #
Don't worry. This isn't the end... #

JAMES #
Your kind, Nimitt. It's not for us #
to say. #

Shutting off the his phone, JAMES stares again out the #
passenger window. Finally, he opens the door. #

CUT TO: #

JAMES walks across a COUNTRY ROAD, he looks down at his #
CELLPHONE and turns -- throwing it off into the DARKNESS. #

EXT. GUARD HOUSE - EVENING #

The THREE BLACK SUBURBANS speeding through the OPEN GATE of #
the BROOKHAVEN LAB. #

CUT TO: #

INT. CONTROL ROOM - OFFICE #

NIMITT sits with his arms crossed, staring up at ALEX'S #
EQUATION as it continues SCROLLING across RHIC'S LIVE FEED. #

We hear the sound of PHONE RINGING in the side office. #

NIMITT peers through the observation window, debating whether #
he should go pick it up. #

Craning his head, he hears the faint RINGING of another PHONE #
in a far away office. #

NIMITT suddenly SWINGS around to the PHONE, now ringing on #
the CREW CHIEF'S DESK -- and then to the PHONE RINGING at the #
CONSOLE next to his. #

He turns, his eyes landing on the PHONE on his desk. He #
slowly rises to his feet as it too finally begins to ring. #

We pan around NIMITT looking out over the CONTROL ROOM as he #
listens to the growing cacophony of PHONES ringing in every #
office, throughout the LAB. #

He looks back up at ALEX's EQUATION still scrolling on the #
PUBLIC LIVE FEED -- and smiles knowing that some how, some #
way the world will find a way answer-- #

ALEX (O.C) #
Should probably pick one of those #
up. #

NIMITT turns to see a smiling ALEX in the doorway, back to -- #
if anything -- find a shred of redemption. #

MATCH RINGING TO: #

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - EVENING #

The sound of a doorbell RINGING. From inside the home, we pan #
from a window adorned with DECORATIONS to the front door. #

After a moment, a LITTLE GIRL and BOY appear, followed by #
their mother, STEPHANIE. She opens the door a crack, and then #
wider to reveal JAMES standing outside. #

LITTLE GIRL #

Daddy! #

JAMES bends down, pulling his children close. He stands up, #
 looking at STEPHANIE, whom we now recognize from his photo. #

JAMES #

(timid) #

Can I come in? #

STEPHANIE, with reserved smile, opens the door for him to #
 enter, and JAMES looks up at her -- He can't control his #
 emotions any longer as his eyes well. #

JAMES #

I need to tell you something. #

But STEPHANIE doesn't look worried, or even surprised as she #
 pulls away, as if she knows a secret -- but which one? #

STEPHANIE #

(somber) #

Do you? #

Behind her, their children play fight with utensils -- even #
 if their family is falling apart at the end of the world... #

EXT. LONG ISLAND, LIE AND MONTAUK - NIGHT #

A flowing sea of red TAILLIGHTS on the LIE -- all headed back #
 to the safety and warmth of their homes -- and the moonlit #
 outline of the MONTAUK LIGHTHOUSE as waves endlessly crash #
 against the shore. #

CUT TO: #

A soft wind blows through the PINE BARREN FOREST as we slowly #
 RISE to look over all of LONG ISLAND -- as the pinpricks of #
 light slowly transform into an endless sea of particles. #

And then the STATIC VOICE OF A NEWSCASTER: "BREAKING NEWS..." #

CUT TO BLACK: #

CREDITS ROLL OVER "REAL" NEWS OF THE STRANGELET AFTERMATH. #