

Quantum Mechanics
by
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Revisions by
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17.8.2005

Pirate Films
Unit 1a Brockley Cross Business Centre
96 Endwell Road
London
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INT. LOUVRE CORRIDOR- NIGHT

Two security guards patrol the marbled corridors.

GUARD 1

And there he was, just dangling
by his foot, stark naked except
for his chef's hat.

GUARD 2

So how did he explain that to his
wife?

Further ahead at a corridor intersection two thieves, JEAN
and PIETRO, dressed all in black, stand perfectly still on
either side of the main corridor, their backs pressed hard
against the walls. Jean wears a patch over his right eye.

JEAN

(whispers)

Go.

Pietro runs silently down the corridor.

GUARD 1

Now she's suing for divorce. She
says he's half the man she
married.

A dull noise off in the distance.

GUARD 2

What was that?

They walk hastily down the corridor, flashlights at the
ready. They both send their beams down the corridor Pietro
had run down. Jean, unobserved, quickly and silently runs
past the guards down the corridor they just came from.

GUARD 1

Better check it out?

Still running Jean turns the corner, leaps across a
stairwell and dives straight down the gap. Free-falling past
three floors he calmly pulls a hook from his back pouch.

JEAN

Timing is everything.

Pietro appears two floors below jumping across that level's
stairwell. He pulls a silk rope taut against a pillar on the
other side of the stairwell. Jean's hook finds the rope and
in one swift move, swings onto the balcony opposite Pietro.

INT. LEVEL B - NIGHT

JEAN
Now comes the hard part.

PIETRO
No guards on this level.

INT. MAIN ROOM - NIGHT

The room is large. A dozen or so bronze heads form a gapped perimeter around the main attraction - The Mona Lisa.

PIETRO
She's beautiful.

Pietro pulls out a blue aerosol can and sprays the air. Red infrared lights appear, crisscrossing the room. Jean pulls out a digital temperature gauge.

JEAN
Humidity's up. Thirty seconds
before critical.

Jean makes a cradle out of his hands and boosts Pietro into a somersault. Pietro lands cat-like, his body confidentially knitted within the lights. None touch.

JEAN
Twelve seconds.

With his arms taking the weight, Pietro contorts his body and flips backward. Gracefully missing the beams he lands on the plinth supporting the Mona Lisa.

JEAN
Four second.

Pietro pulls out a red can and sprays the room. The lights disappear.

PIETRO
Ta da.

He pulls out a blade and slices the canvas out of the frame and immediately begins rolling the painting up.

PIETRO
I'm going to try it.

JEAN
No. We haven't got time.

Pietro rolls up the painting.

PIETRO
I can do it. Trust me.

JEAN
I said no. Now hurry.

Pietro pulls out the blue aerosol and sprays the air again. The infrared lights reappear. He pulls back his arm and throws the painting javelin-like right through the lattice of lights. It misses every beam. Jean catches the canvas.

PIETRO
You worry too much.

JEAN
And you're a show off.

Jean looks at his gauge.

JEAN
Twenty seconds.

With expert precision Pietro somersaults, cartwheels and pirouettes back the way he came. He ends his display with an extravagant twirl, bowing to Jean as he exits the field.

PIETRO
With time to spare.

An aerosol can falls out of his pocket, bounces, rolls, and hits a beam. Immediately a thunderous alarm blares out.

JEAN
Plan B.

Jean grabs Pietro by an arm and a leg. He spins round and round and hurls him like a curling stone towards the exit. Pietro slides speedily towards the large opening, a huge portcullis rapidly sliding down.

PIETRO
Almost there.

Pietro clears the gate and turns catching a bronze head Jean has rolled like a bowling ball. He slams the head in the path of the gate, jamming it open. Jean does a running slide under the wedged gate.

PIETRO
Which way?

JEAN
Forward. We have time.

Gates are slamming over doorways. They run to the end of the corridor. Jean pulls some plastic explosives from his utility belt and sticks it to the large metal gate.

JEAN

Don't leave home without it.

The gate shatters in on itself. Sprinklers come on. Suddenly, a Tyrannosaurus Rex emerges from the smoke, its huge jaws snapping down on Jean where he stands.

Terrified, Pietro turns to run, only to slip on the water. The T-rex, blood dripping from its dagger like teeth, looms over him.

PIETRO

Arrrrggghhhh.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WESSEX

INT. LECTURE THEATRE - DAY

The huge auditorium is full of students of all ages. Professor Zak Gordon's voice is sharp and clear. He has his audience eating from the palm of his hand.

ZAK

Therefore, what we understand to be the here and now is neither truly here, or now.

(He pauses)

Any questions?

A flutter of hands reach for the sky.

ZAK

Yes?

A bespectacled nerd stands up.

NERD

So are you saying time travel is possible?

ZAK

As a theoretical concept, yes. Of course we would never be aware of it. As the traveller appeared at his destination his very presence would be seized upon by the space-time continuum and it would assimilated him.

(Pointing to another hand)

Yes?

KENNETH

So what would happen if a time traveller were to appear in this room right now?

ZAK

Well, who's to say he hasn't just done that?

Zak pulls the blackboard down and draws a chalk line. His every word is punctuated by a drawing or mark on the board...

ZAK

The time traveller lands here. Correct? Now, everything in existence has a start point. We, of course, are aware of our own birthdays, our parents' birth dates, maybe our grandparents'... and we know our great grand parents must have been born...

KENNETH

Your point, sir?

ZAK

We can draw a straight line from me, or you, through our forefathers and our evolutionary antecedents right to the beginning of the Earth, the universe and therefore... everything.

CAROL

What has that got to do with our time traveller?

The audience murmur.

ZAK

Well, we have a historical line that dates back to the big bang. Our time traveller hasn't. As far as nature is concerned he's just appeared. Out of nowhere. No history. No roots. And as we all know, nature abhors a vacuum. So, in nature's infinite wisdom, it creates a history.

KIM

How?

ZAK

Working with the information at hand: our time traveller's age, sex, health, ethnicity... a history is formed, which, like everything else that exists, stretches back to year dot, and forward to big bang two.

KIM

But what about his own history? His family?

ZAK

Gone. Kaput.

KENNETH

Destroyed?

ZAK

Destroyed? They never existed. In fact, our time traveller isn't even a time traveller anymore.

KENNETH

Then what is he?

ZAK

He's you.

The entire hall stare in silence. Then laughter, and finally applause fill the auditorium.

ZAK

We have to leave it there. I'll be wasting time in the Lion's Head at five thirty. Feel free to buy me a drink. Extra credits for anyone who succeeds in getting me drunk.

As the students file out three suited and booted men, clearly not students, remains seated. They stare intensely at Zak packing his props into his briefcase.

ZAK

Hello Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

Nice lecture, Professor. But you know you're wasted here.

ZAK

Well, they humour me. I have my own apartments. I get to discuss my theories. And I never have to buy a drink. It suits me.

SEBASTIAN

But you don't have a lab.

ZAK

Of course I do. I've got everything I need, right here.

SEBASTIAN

What about everything you want?

Zak stops packing. His head down.

ZAK

What do you want, Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

The Institute needs your help.

ZAK

Ahhh. The Institute needs my help. If I recall correctly, the Institute told me the day I stepped back in their foyer hell would be on its second winter.

SEBASTIAN

Guess what? It's snowing again.

ZAK

Like I said: I'm happy here.

SEBASTIAN

But this is big, Zak. Huge. Gigantic!

ZAK

Forget it. Once Huntzinger died I became persona non grata. The feelings don't just go away. Come on... what could change that?

The other suit stands up. Opening up his briefcase he pulls out large colour photos throwing them face up on the display table.

KESSLER

An impossibility Doctor Gordon.
An enigma. A conundrum.

SEBASTIAN

Right up your alley.

The five men stand around the table. Zak fingering the photo, his brow furrowed, looking intently at each image.

ZAK

What is this?

DENTON

A ship of some kind. We're still trying to determine whether or not it's from Earth.

ZAK

From Earth?

SEBASTIAN

We have the pilots in quarantine now. Nice, clean cut American boys. They're as confused as we are.

KESSLER

They claim to be from... uh, the future. 2234 to be exact.

ZAK

That's impossible.

Kessler places his finger on another photo.

KESSLER

United States satellite military sat picked up fifty bogeys approaching Pearl Harbour two weeks ago. Apparently appeared out of nowhere. Travelling well off Mach one. On closer inspection...

Denton finds the photograph.

DENTON

Zeros. Japanese Zeros. Armed Jap Zeros.

KESSLER

Their target **was** Pearl Harbour.

DENTON

Two of our boys got them. It wasn't pretty. They weren't prepared to surrender at all.

SEBASTIAN

We have a survivor in custody. A Japanese speaking counsellor is talking to him.

ZAK

This is ridiculous.

Kessler points out the photo of a STRAIT-JACKETED MAN in a padded cell.

DENTON

British special forces picked this guy up in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, armed with a musket and sabre.

Zak shrugs a 'why are you telling me this'.

SEBASTIAN

He says he's Oliver Cromwell.

ZAK

Clearly insane.

KESSLER

We've done the tests.

Zak looks them over. They are all deadly serious. He smiles. They stay stone faced.

ZAK

You're kidding, right?

KESSLER

DNA sampling, genetic matching, carbon dating on the other discoveries...

ZAK

What are you telling me?

The men look at each other. Leaning back in their chairs.

KESSLER

We don't know. We only have questions. Bits and pieces. Physical evidence.

(beat)

You're the expert.

Sebastian looks at the photographs. Pictures of dinosaurs, cavemen, seventeenth century Russian cavalrymen. A Viking longboat...

SEBASTIAN

Well what do you think?

Zak sits on the floor crossed legged. He closes his eyes and bows his head. Denton and Kessler look at each other. Sebastian gives them a look of reassurance. He's seen this before.

Zak raises his head but does not open his eyes.

ZAK

A rift in space time. The fabric of reality as we know it has been torn. These things aren't travelling here, they're falling here. And if they're falling in some things are falling out.

DENTON

But why now?

ZAK

There is no now. If this really is happening it was always happening.

KESSLER

Can it be fixed?

ZAK

It's going to be difficult. We're talking about restoring a reality. The longer things remain like this... the more things change... the more it will seem like it has always been so.

SEBASTIAN

How much time do we have?

ZAK

All the time in the world. Or none at all.

SEBASTIAN

What do you need?

ZAK.

My old lab.

SEBASTIAN

Already done. And refurbished.

KESSLER

We also have Professor Ezekial Hellstrom as a special advisor.

ZAK

Hellstrom's an idiot.

The men look at each other. Zak has stepped on their toes.

ZAK

I won't work with that man gentlemen. I can't.

SEBASTIAN

Who can you work with Zak?

ZAK

My old team of fixers. The
Quantum Mechanics.

THE HUNTZINGER INSTITUTE OF LIFE SCIENCES

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

The tiny helicopter flies over the boundless acres of glass buildings, greenery and lakes. Sebastian puffs his pipe and smiles as Zak gawks, his nose pressed to the window.

ZAK

(in awe)

It's really grown.

SEBASTIAN

We try to earn our keep. We make sure a patent goes out at least once a week. Keeps the golf courses watered.

ZAK

I've read. You think old man Huntzinger would have approved?

SEBASTIAN

We do what we have to survive. I think he'd understand.

ZAK

At what cost to research? Where do you get the time to discover the mechanics of the universe if you're busy creating the latest chip for the Play Cube tee em.

SEBASTIAN

Don't judge us, Doctor Gordon. And don't be too sure you know what Huntzinger would have thought.

Without warning a wet ball of tar splats on the chopper's windscreen. It lurches forward. Sebastian drops his pipe.

ZAK

What the hell?

PILOT

Sit tight, only a couple hundred feet to landing.

The sky turns to indigo. Lightning flashes. One bolt hits the chopper.

PILOT

Damn! Lost the giro. This is going to be rough.

SEBASTIAN

This is why I hate flying!

ZAK

I thought you loved flying?

SEBASTIAN

I hate crashing!

PILOT

We are not going to crash! Now shut up and keep still.

Zak spots a small fire next to Sebastian's fallen pipe. He stretches to stamp it out. He can't reach.

ZAK

I'm going to regret this.

Unbuckling his seat-belt he crawls towards the pipe.

PILOT

Get back in your seat!

SEBASTIAN

There's a fire.

PILOT

What?!! Hold on.

Pilot grabs an extinguisher and passes it to Sebastian seated behind him. Sebastian fumbles it. The chopper jolts again. The extinguisher flies through the cabin hitting the pilot's head hard, knocking him unconscious.

ZAK

Pilot? Pilot?

Zak climbs over the seat. The Chopper is spinning erratically. The fire inside is building up.

SEBASTIAN

We're going to die.

ZAK

Will you shut up.

Zak grabs the extinguisher passing it to Sebastian.

ZAK
Put that fire out now!
Pilot? Pilot? Damn!
Okay. Okay, let's see.

Zak seizes the throttle. The chopper is approaching Building 17's roof fast, its back end flicking like a whip.

SEBASTIAN
You ever flown a copter before?

ZAK
There's a first time for everything.

SEBASTIAN
We're going to die.

ZAK
How's the fire?

SEBASTIAN
Out, but it doesn't matter, we're going to die anyway.

Abruptly, the sky changes back to bright blue.

ZAK
What the hell is going on?

SEBASTIAN
Watch the building!

Zak pulls up just in time.

ZAK
Woah. Okay. I think I'm getting the hang of this now.

Sebastian, any idea how to slow this thing down. Oh, wait a second. Here we go.

The chopper starts whirling around its cockpit axis like a spinning top.

SEBASTIAN
Do you know what you're doing?

ZAK
I never said I did.
Okay, that's up... that's down...

He pushes the joystick left. The chopper banks hard, its rota blades smashing into the hard roof.

ZAK
Hold on tight.

The chopper skims the roof like a stone. The main rotor blades broken the aircraft flips over smashing the smaller blades. Travelling at speed it finally smashes into a brick bank. The two men give each other an 'I'm alive' look.

ZAK
Next time we take the bus.

INT. ZAK'S SUITE - DAY

Zak rummages through the old brown suitcase lying on the luxurious silk sheets on the oversized bed and pulls out a battered leather bound note pad. He writes an equation.

ZAK
Extreme fluctuations in
atmospheric pressure. Peculiar.

He notices a small steel keypad indented into the bedside table. He pushes a black striped button. The facing wall glows white, and buzzes into life.

ZAK
Wonder if they've got MTV.
What does this button do?

At the press of a brown button another wall panel slides across revealing a wardrobe full of men's clothes.

SEBASTIAN
They're all yours. For you to use
here of course, not to take away.

Zak spins around. He hadn't heard the door open.

ZAK
Of course.

INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

The two men walk.

SEBASTIAN
Freshened up?

ZAK
Uh huh.

SEBASTIAN
How's the room?

ZAK
Comfortable.

SEBASTIAN
Did you enjoy the fruit?

ZAK
Look Sebastian, I didn't travel
six thousand miles to enjoy a
bowl of apples. When are you
going to show me the lab?

SEBASTIAN
Right, right.

They arrive at a desk.

RECEPTIONIST
Place your left hand on the
tablet please.

Zak complies. She hands Zak a swipe card, presses a button
on her desk and the door behind her buzzes open.

INT. INNER COMPLEX CORRIDOR - DAY

SEBASTIAN
We're almost there.

ZAK
(dryly)
This is just like Christmas.

SEBASTIAN
I recognise that tone. Nervous?

ZAK
Just anxious to get going. I'm a
scientist, Seb. I like the way
things work together. I like the
fact that things work together.
And when things don't work it
just means we've got to re-
evaluate and check our sums.
We're here to question and find
answers.

SEBASTIAN
And solutions?

ZAK
If we've asked the right
questions and got the right
answers...
(Zak shrugs)

INT. SECURITY DOOR - DAY

They stop at the entrance of a large electronic door. Two heavily armed security guards in fatigues stand outside. Jim, another security type with lighter arms stands at a tall desk.

SEBASTIAN

How you doing Jim?

JIM

Fine thank you, sir. Pleasure to have you back too, Doctor Gordon. If you'd like to rest your right hand on the panel.

The men do as they are asked. The display, visible on the security side of the desk lights up with personal details confirming the two men's identities.

JIM

Thank you very much Sir. Sir.

The doors open. And close behind them. A short walk, another door, and a retina scanner key.

SEBASTIAN

Wanna give it a try.

Zak puts his eye to the light blue beam.

SCANNER

Welcome home Doctor Gordon.

Zak turns around to look at a sycophantically grinning Sebastian. The heavy doors scrape thunderously to reveal a technological Aladin's cave the size of a football pitch. Monolithic metallic, glass and hard-plastic structures jut upward proudly, metal stairwells and walkways embracing their gargantuan frames. Long cylindrical silos sit sunk into the ground. Hundreds of tiny titanium tubes totter off into every direction, going to, and coming from, God know where. Thousands of tagged and colour-coded cables flow and ebb through and around the vast space.

INT. LAB - DAY

ZAK

(in awe)

Welcome home.

SEBASTIAN

We've made a few modifications since you were here last.

ZAK
This is amazing.

He looks at Sebastian with real affection and offers an almost tearful smile.

ZAK
And you've got my old team together?

SEBASTIAN
Uh right.

ZAK
Seb?!!

SEBASTIAN
I fought for you Zak. I really did. But this is all I could get.

The huge doors grate open and ZARINA CARTER, Jean, MILO SIMMONDS and DANNY DEXTER walk in.

JEAN
Welcome back stranger.

The four young scientists crowd Zak all but hugging him.

SEBASTIAN
Oh ye of little faith.

INT. SECURITY DOOR - DAY

The white lab coat sits awkwardly on EZEKIAL HELLSTROM's broad shoulders. He walks nonchalantly towards the upright desk and the security guard standing at it.

HELLSTROM
Howdy do, Jim?

JIM
Fine thank you Doctor Hellstrom.

Hellstrom places his hand on the panel. At the security side of the screen the light on the monitor flashes red. Jim's eyebrows furrow.

JIM
Hmmm. I'm afraid you don't have clearance for this area, Sir.

HELLSTROM
But that's absurd. You know me Jim. This is my work.

JIM

I'm sorry sir, I just tell what's
on the screen.

HELLSTROM

Let me see that.

Hellstrom walk the few feet around the table and looks at
the monitor.

HELLSTROM

I see. Wrong security pass.

Hellstrom begins to walk back to his starting position.

JIM

That's right sir.

HELLSTROM

I'm sorry. You're right. Will
this do.

Unexpectedly and before the guards can react he fires two
high calibre guns, one in each hand, shooting dead the
guards at the door with pin-point accuracy. Hellstrom spins
as Jim reaches for his gun dispatching him lethally.

HELLSTROM

Nothing personal Jim.

Hellstrom hefts Jim up onto his feet and slams the dead
man's hand onto the palm reader.

INT. QUANTUM LAB - DAY

Zak, Zarina, Jean, Danny and Seb stand around a large
holographic globe. Blobs of light - green, orange and red -
flash at various points around the image of the earth. On a
mezzanine above Milo twists knobs and hits button.

JEAN

The green lights are where we
expect the newest quantum shifts,
the orange is where it's
happening as we speak...

DANNY

There goes another one.
Madagascar.

SEBASTIAN

What's that big orange one?

ZARINA

That's here.

ZAK

It doesn't help that you've collected a lot of those anomalies under one roof. We're probably speeding the entropy.

JEAN

The red light's are solid unconfirmed abnormalities.

SEBASTIAN

Solid unconfirmed?

ZARINA

Could be shifts but they may have already bonded to the reality. We can't know.

SEBASTIAN

How come?

ZAK

A dinosaur swims in the Hudson and no one bats an eyelash. Like it's always been that way.

SEBASTIAN

Come on. I'd know.

ZARINA

How? For all we know crocodiles might well be a direct result of these quantum shifts.

JEAN

So that's why we invested our time...

ZARINA

And the institute's money...

JEAN

...in developing the quantum super-positioner.

ZAK

You guys finished it?

JEAN

There really wasn't much left to do, sir. Your calculations were spot on. The only thing we had to do was stop Hellstrom meddling.

(calling up to Milo)

Hit it kid.

Milo puts on a pair of dark goggles, punches up a couple of buttons and the ceiling retracts like a camera lens. Zarina, Jean and Danny put on the goggles hanging from their belt. Danny hands a pair each to Zak and Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

Huh?

ZAK

You're gonna need 'em.

The room fills with a crackling blue-white light.

INT. OUTER QUANTUM LAB DOOR - DAY

Hellstrom is standing with his eye to the retina scanner the blue light hitting his eye. His lab coat blood-soiled. He holds a revolver tightly in each hand and the two dead guards' M-16s are strapped over his shoulders.

SCANNER

Good morning Doctor Hellstrom.

HELLSTROM

Just get on with it.

SCANNER

Doctor Hellstrom, you have no authorisation in this section. Please leave immediately.

HELLSTROM

Damn!

Hellstrom fires a round of shots at the door but the bullets just ricochet off the solid doors. One of the bullets hit him in the leg.

HELLSTROM

Arrghhh. Damn it!

He runs limping back the way he came.

INT. QUANTUM LAB - DAY

A thin beam of blue- white light crackle and pops above the exposed ceiling in the bright blue sky. The thread of light coils and straightens whip-like, tentatively finding its way into the huge room.

ZAK

Beautiful.

Then a sharp jolt and it zooms straight through the centre of the gathered throng. Sebastian throws himself backwards to get out of the way. Danny runs to pick him up.

SEBASTIAN
What's going on?

DANNY
Watch.

The light hits a silo opening. The huge machines and tubes all start humming into electrical life. And almost immediately the silo vomits out a larger version of the holographic earth, this one cracking with passive energy.

ZAK
It works.

MILO
Yeee ha!

ZAK
It works! It works!

The Quantum Mechanics all start jumping for joy. This time they do hug each other.

SEBASTIAN
What? What does it do?

ZAK
This. This is a thumb print.
(pointing at the new
hologram)
A pure record of our history. You
wanted a solution, this is it.
(to the others)
Listen up gang, here's the drill.
Paradox view. All the time in the
world and no time at all. As long
as we're here we're immune to the
quantum shifts.

JEAN
We've got a twenty-four hour time-
out on our backs too.

ZAK
Got that, people, Seb? If for any
reason you have to leave this
room you gotta be back in twenty-
four hours.

SEBASTIAN
This is going to take more than
twenty-four hours?

ZAK

No way of telling. Like I said, all the time in the world and none at all. But I need you on side.

SEBASTIAN

Hey, I got you back remember.

DANNY

That's the trouble, if you're out of the room for too long you might not remember.

SEBASTIAN

Man this is getting more confusing by the minute. But okay. I'll trust you guys know what you're doing.

MILO

Doctor Gordon, take a look at that.

ZAK

Where we looking.

Zak checks the computer console.

MILO

Coordinates six, four, zero. Ten, five, zero, seven. Intra six, two, zero zero six.

JEAN

What the hell?

ZAK

Re-confirm that.

Danny runs up the stairwell. Zarina, in the middle of the huge hologram spots a little ripple at the same point the huge orange spots were on the smaller Earth hologram.

MILO

This is crazy.

ZAK

Get me that re-confirm!

DANNY

Confirmed, man. What he said. Six, four, zero. Ten, five, zero, seven. Intra six, two, zero zero six.

ZAK

It's those damn anomalies.

ZARINA

Maybe not. Something else has disrupted the flux stabiliser.

JEAN

It's getting more and more unstable by the second.

SEBASTIAN

What does this mean?

ZAK

It means we've got to at least slim down the possibilities. We're at the 'no time at all' stage. Seb, you gotta get the time debris out of this complex now. I don't care where they go as long as it's far from here and not all the same place. Got it?

SEBASTIAN

Got it.

Sebastian presses the keypad to open the door.

INT. OUTSIDE QUANTUM LAB DOOR - DAY

The door slides open. The blue beam of the retina scanner is in contact. Sebastian stops cold.

SCANNER

Mr Phelps, you have no authorisation in this section. Please leave immediately.

Dr Hellstrom, his white lab coat filthy in blood, holds the severed head of security man Jim in line with the scanner.

HELLSTROM

Hello Sebastian.

Hellstrom fires a round of shots into Sebastian, pushing him backwards into the room, killing him instantly. Sebastian's body keeps the door open. Hellstrom struts in.

INT. QUANTUM LAB - DAY

ZAK

Seb!

HELLSTROM
Hello Dr Gordon. Well, this is
impressive!

Hellstrom fires the machine gun spraying the room. The
scientists dive for cover.

DANNY
Professor Hellstrom, stop. You're
going to kill us all.

HELLSTROM
That's the idea.

Milo is hit and he fall over the gantry, landing hard.

DANNY
Milo!

Danny is shot and as he falls over the machine his head
hits a lever. Zak, Zarina and Jean take refuge behind other
machines. Zak tugs two cable out of their conduits.

HELLSTROM
Snotty nosed punk.

ZARINA
Professor, stop! Please stop!

Hellstrom looks at the huge holographic globe. His fingers
hover over (but don't touch) the position of the ripple.

Zak creeps unobserved to the side and back of Hellstrom,
two live cables crackling in his hands.

HELLSTROM
It worked! You hear me Gordon? It
worked!

At that moment Zak charges.

ZAK
I hear you, you mad dog bastard!

The two cables hit the butt of the weapon strapped to
Hellstrom. His whole body convulses in pain as electricity
surges through him. He falls forward into the holographic
orb. The silos throughout the lab pops their lids one after
the other, jets of lightening erupting from each in turn.

ZAK
Danny! Shut down the 'positioner.

Jean runs up the stairwell. He stops momentarily as he sees
Danny's bloody body. Then he notices the computer read out.

JEAN

Doctor Gordon! Zak. This place is going to go sky high. We won't be able to stop it.

ZARINA

What about the shifts? We have to stop them.

JEAN

Zak?

ZARINA

Doctor Gordon?

ZAK

There's gotta be a way.

Hellstrom's body is in a state of constant electrical shocks. And the machinery begins to pop and flash as the surges get heavier and more frequent.

Zak falls back on his backside, sitting on the floor with his head down.

ZARINA

Zak?

Zak slowly lifts his head. Eyes still closed.

ZAK

Jean, Zarina. Get Milo, Danny and Seb out of here, now! There may be a chance we can still save 'em. But if this machine's not fixed, everything's dead.

Jean, heaves Danny over his shoulder and carefully walks down the stairs and places the body outside.

Zak takes another look at Hellstrom, still bathed in lightning, then at the ripple. What did you see, you bastard?

JEAN

Get Mr Faulkes outside. I'll go for Milo.

Zarina pulls Sebastian out of the door way, quickly jumping back into the room before the door closes. Zak runs up the stairs to Milo's station. Zarina gets back to her station.

INT. QUANTUM LAB/OUTSIDE QUANTUM LAB DOOR - DAY

Jean carries Milo's corpse to the door and once open drags him outside. The doors close quickly behind him.

JEAN

Damn.

He notices Jim's head on the floor. He throws up.

He puts his eye to the retina scanner.

SCANNER

Welcome Mr. Baptiste.

The light blue beam turns into a laser and burns a hole right through Jean's eye and to the back of the head. Jean falls down dead.

INT. QUANTUM LAB - DAY

ZARINA

I can't stabilise it. The ripple's getting bigger by the second.

ZAK

What's causing it? The calculations are flawless.

HELLSTROM

You'll... never... know... imbeciles... all...

Zak runs down the stairwell to look Hellstrom in the face.

ZAK

What did you do?

HELLSTROM

Heh, heh.

ZAK

Do you want to be responsible for the destruction of everything? Tell us how to stop it.

HELLSTROM

Not... end... beginning...

Hellstrom's skin is turning translucent. Internal organs all but invisible, little pin pricks of light appear to be turning on inside him. His eyes catch Zak's.

HELLSTROM

Thank you Doctor Gordon.

Zak's eyes widen in horror.

ZAK

Zarina! Shut it down!

Zarina is frantically pressing keys.

ZARINA
It's not responding.

HELLSTROM
Ha ha ha ha.

The star like glow in Hellstrom's is getting bigger and brighter, like a bottle full of stars.
Zak runs up the stairwell.

ZAK
Shut it down! We have to shut
this thing down now!

ZARINA
It's not happening.

ZAK
Emergency over-ride protocols!

ZARINA
Only Jean and Hellstrom have
them.

They look round.

ZAK
Jean? Jean! Where the hell is he?

The lab hums louder and louder. The room begins to warp, pulsating, stretching and contracting - towards Hellstrom. The once bright blue sky is black, the thin blade of blue-white light is now thick, electrified and concentrated on Hellstrom, now a being of pure energy. He rises to his feet in the midst of the quantum hologram, his arms raised in triumph.

HELLSTROM
Time... is... up...

Suddenly Hellstrom explodes into a large ball of white crackling energy and drawing everything in the room towards it - sheets of paper, pens, cups, then loose wiring...

ZAK
Hold onto something.

...then small bits of equipment. Conduits rattle as the rivets pop out of their housing. Zak and Zarina hold on for dear life, strain incredible. The larger machines are ripped from the ground.

ZARINA
I can't hold on.

ZAK

You have to.

ZARINA

Doctor Gordon... I... Zak

She lets go. Zak grabs her hand. The two of them pulled towards an irresistible force of a hurricane.

ZAK

Hold on.

ZARINA

I can't.

She lets go and is pulled into the energy ball

ZAK

Zarina!

As Zak struggles to hold on the staircase is ripped from the ground and he flies headfirst into the energy ball that was once Hellstrom.

The quantum super-positioner is ripped from the ground and that too plunges into the energy ball. The winds stops. The room is empty. Silent. The energy ball pulsates, decreasing in size, then disappears.

FADE TO WHITE