

"ETERN@L MIND"

by

Marvin Entholt

MARVIN ENTHOLT  
c/o da Cunha  
524 West 122<sup>nd</sup> Street, Apt. 5B  
New York NY 10027  
Phone +212-8666262  
entholt@aol.com

FINAL DRAFT  
March 03, 2002

"ETERN@L MIND"

FADE IN:

INT. "NEUROBIONICS"/LABORATORY - DAY

We are inside a research and development laboratory for electronic components and artificial human limbs, lines of glass eyes and synthetic ears, robot parts and sensors, aluminum hands.

BEGIN TITLES

The digital wall clock shows the year 2033. Amid an arrangement of monitoring screens, we FIND the two figures of SAM HAYES (34) and CRAIG MELLOWS (30), in smart casual dress, as they unwire an older, male proband. Sam Hayes sports a small goatee. He removes a plug from behind the man's ear together with a futuristic headset and smiles at him.

END TITLES

SAM

Hey! Do you have any idea  
how lucky you are? If we  
carry on much longer, you'll  
be hearing bats whistle.  
Your hearing's already  
better than it ever was  
naturally.

CRAIG

You'll have State Security  
wanting you to snoop on  
terrorists so they don't have  
to plant bugs anymore.

SAM

Right. I can see you now,  
up in lights, and underneath  
the caption 'SUPER EARS'!

Sam, Craig and the proband laugh. Sam and Craig exchange contented nods and break into an obviously well-rehearsed chant.

SAM AND CRAIG

(singing)  
Double back-up disc, no  
trouble, no risk!

They exchange a 'Gimme-five' greeting. Craig makes a back-up copy of the data.

A flashing LIGHT on Sam's Telephone indicates an incoming call. A pleased Sam activates the handsfree facility.

SAM

Frankenstein's DIY Store,  
Sam Hayes speaking.

TELEPHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Mr. Hayes? The husband of  
Emily Hayes?

SAM

Yeah, right. The husband of  
the enchanting Emily Hayes.  
How can I help you?

TELEPHONE VOICE (V.O.)

Mr. Hayes, I think you need  
to come round to your wife's  
firm.

SAM

But why...

TELEPHONE VOICE (V.O.)

... immediately. Please. It's  
urgent.

The serious tone makes Sam's smile freeze in an instant. Lost in thought, his finger moves to the "OFF" switch. He remains motionless for a moment, then grabs his jacket and rushes from the room. Craig and the proband look on confused.

SERIES OF SHOTS

- A) A whole section of a chemicals factory lies in ashes.
- B) The inside of the factory is a sea of flames, smoke, collapsing walls and cracked metal joists, with firefighters and emergency service personnel running back and forth.
- C) Casualties are being supported or carried out to safety.
- D) In the remains of a room, the camera PICKS UP the choking, sobbing figure of a small boy, DUNCAN (2), as a policewoman tries in vain to comfort him.

EXT. CHEMICALS FACTORY - NIGHT

Sam arrives, shaken by the scenes of destruction. He runs past uniformed officers who try unsuccessfully to stop him. ROBERT DECKERS (58) sees Sam running past and rushes after him.

DECKERS

Sam! Mr. Hayes...

Sam runs on unaware of Deckers, who is running a few paces behind him.

DECKERS

Sam, wait! Emily... your wife...  
It's...

Deckers can't keep up with Sam and pulls up breathless. Sam runs on.

INT. CHEMICALS FACTORY - NIGHT

Sam arrives at a shattered door bearing the name, "EMILY HAYES - HEAD OF DEVELOPMENT". He notices in another room the policewoman trying to console Duncan. Sam runs over to Duncan, hugging the sobbing child.

DUNCAN

Momma...

Sam presses the boy close and gives the policewoman a questioning look. She averts her gaze. Robert Deckers joins them. Sam's look transfers to him. A moment's thought and then Deckers slowly shakes his head, his expression very dark. He gives Sam a nod to indicate that he should follow him. Sam hugs Duncan.

SAM

I'll be right back, Duncan.  
Okay?

Sam's eyes leave Duncan in the policewoman's charge again. Deckers leads Sam into the adjacent room, where a body lies covered with a sheet. Deckers exposes the face. Sam closes his eyes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HAYES' HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

Duncan is seated at the table. Sam places a plate of diced food under his nose. Duncan takes his spoon and pokes around next to the plate. Sam grows annoyed.

SAM

Duncan, please!

Duncan tries to stab his spoon in the direction of the plate. Losing his patience, Sam takes his hand and places the spoon in the food. Duncan starts to cry. Sam is ashamed of his own harshness.

SAM

Aw, Duncan...

Sam strokes his head. Duncan eats a spoonful before repositioning the spoon again. Sam observes how Duncan takes another spoonful, and then he moves the plate a bit farther away. Duncan positions his spoon as before, with the result that he scoops thin air. Sam takes a stuffed terrier toy and proffers it to Duncan.

SAM

Hey, Duncan, look. Terry's hungry, too. Here, give him some, too.

Sam holds the toy dog a little distance from Duncan's face. Duncan reaches out to grasp the toy. He misses. A troubled Sam lowers the toy before pulling himself together again: he places the toy in Duncan's hands and gives the boy a kiss.

INT. EYE CLINIC - DAY

Duncan is sitting in the optician's chair, Sam sitting beside him. The optician, DR. PAUL BRONSTEIN, swings the measuring apparatus out of the way and smiles at Duncan.

DR. BRONSTEIN

Now, why don't you go and see what Polly's got? She's got a lovely little dog today.

Duncan runs into the waiting room, where the office nurse is sitting. Dr. Bronstein shuts the door behind Duncan, goes over to the window, looks out and then turns back to Sam.

DR. BRONSTEIN

Sam, it doesn't look very good at all...

SAM

Well, why do you think we're here? So, what's "not very good", Paul?

DR. BRONSTEIN

The gas leak at Emily's firm acted like nerve gas. His optic nerve has been damaged. It wouldn't be such a problem in an adult. But at his age...

Dr. Bronstein returns to the window. Sam rises.

SAM

What are you saying, Paul?

Dr. Bronstein swings round.

DR. BRONSTEIN

I'm saying, it's never going to get better, Sam. Only worse.

(beat)

Much worse.

Dr. Bronstein removes a baseball-sized artificial human eye from his desk drawer and slowly draws his other hand across its pupil.

DR. BRONSTEIN

Duncan will not be able to see anything six months from now.

(beat)

He's going blind, Sam.

Sam swallows. He approaches Dr. Bronstein, who places a hand on his shoulder. Sam gives his friend a look of devastation.

SAM

Thanks. Thanks for being frank with me, Paul.

Sam turns and makes for the door.

DR. BRONSTEIN

Sam...

Sam goes out, Dr. Bronstein's eyes following him into the waiting room, where he takes Duncan by the hand. Duncan is kneeling by the dog and not keen at all to be parted from it. Sam kneels down beside him.

DUNCAN

He looks so sweet. Daddy, I  
want one just like him.

Sam strokes Duncan's head.

SAM

Yes. Very sweet. But let's  
be off, Kid.

Sam rises to his feet, pulling Duncan up with him, and they leave.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DEALER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Petranski draws to a halt in front of a bungalow. One of the women who dumped Brian is sitting in a parked van and observing Petranski and his men head for the bungalow.

EXT/INT. DEALER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Igor Petranski kicks down the door. Inside, five seedy figures sprawl on a threadbare turn-of-the-century sofa watching TV. They are drinking beer and smoking joints.

One of the men is Brian. They all look up in surprise at their unexpected visitors.

BRIAN

(sounding drunk)

Hey, man, where's your manners  
just busting in without  
knocking?

Failing to appreciate the urgency of his situation, Brian rises and moves to the door.

BRIAN

(continuing)

Hey, man, look at my lock here,  
man. You gone and damned  
ruined it, I mean, shit...

Petranski holds his gun fitted with a silencer up to Brian's head and pulls the trigger. Brian slumps down dead. Petranski's men open fire on the other four as they sit stunned on the sofa and are filled with holes. Petranski moves over to a door leading off to a small side room, contemptuously kicking one of the bodies aside on the way. He casts a glance round the half-open door before withdrawing his head again swiftly, his face full of revulsion. He signals to clear out.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE DEALER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

From inside his car, Sam watches Petranski and his retinue drive off. Sam climbs out and gingerly makes his way up to the bungalow, checks at the window and carefully prises the door open.

INT. DEALER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sam nearly stumbles over Brian's body. He looks around. He sees a number of palladium silicon chips strewn around the floor and stuffs them in his pockets. He hears soft NOISES from behind the side door. He stands still for a moment before walking slowly over to the side room. Beyond the threshold are empty jars of baby food.

Sam slowly opens the door wide and halts. The floor is a closely-packed mass of twenty-eight men, completely apathetic, some of them only half-dressed or covered in baby food and their own excrement. The majority fail to react to Sam's presence in any way, with only a couple smiling feebly. Some seem to be comatose, others stare into nothingness, others again murmur AD LIB like infants. Sam recognizes one and crouches down beside him.

SAM

Professor Kaminski! Hullo!

Sam waves his open-fingered hands in front of the apathetic Kaminski's eyes, but there is no reaction. Sam rises slowly to his feet and tries to grasp the horror of the situation.

SAM

(in a mumble)

My God, they've left nothing  
but empty shells...

Sam activates the living-room videophone. He throws a cast-off T-shirt over the monitor's web cam. In the visible remainder of the monitor screen, a middle-aged female TELEPHONIST with a militaristic hairdo appears.

TELEPHONIST (ON THE MONITOR)

Ambulance HQ, how can we help?

SAM

I've got twenty-eight  
unconscious people here, some  
of them comatose.

The telephonist puts on a puzzled expression. Sam looks over to the body of Brian.

SAM

(continuing)

And five dead. You've located  
this call by now, so take care  
of them all, will you?

The screen shows an open-mouthed, speechless telephonist. Sam kills the line. Sam disappears out of the apartment with the rest of the chips in his hands.

EXT. CITY PARK - NIGHT

Pearl is waiting on a park bench as Sam approaches hurriedly, looking about him all the while. He shows Pearl the silicon chips by fanning them out on the bench like playing cards.

SAM

Here, look. Kaminski, Richards,  
Georgiyev, Fauroux, Zimmermann,  
Yin, Asmussen... The lot.

SAM

(continuing)

They kidnapped the lot of them  
And sucked them dry. The  
Brightest minds on the planet.  
And now a bunch of gibbering  
babies...

Pearl picks up the little memory chips.

PEARL

But what was...

SAM

We can't ask the dealers. Too  
late. They shot them.

PEARL

I suspect they were just  
trying to make a quick buck on  
the side with a few pirated  
knowledge chips from our  
scientists. But there must be  
something else going on...

SAM

(bitterly)

At least we now know who's  
behind it. How else could  
Petrenski have known... My God...

Sam sits down on the bench. Pearl moves up to him, laying a hand on his shoulder. For a second, he places his arm about her before pulling away.

SAM

(continuing)

Right. You take the chips and  
the scientists. I'll check  
out the lion's den, okay?

Pearl nods.