

Breaking Up

By

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"Chasing Seconds" Episode 2

(c) 2013

INT. CROTA'S OFFICE - DAY

Pomson angrily throws a paperweight against a wall.

POMSON  
Those bastards!

She rubs her head angrily. Crotta is watching unsympathetically.

CROTA  
You broke into their premises. Of course we can't press charges for assaulting you.

POMSON  
They're up to something. I know what; I just don't know where.

CROTA  
Until they break a law, nobody cares. I don't even want to clear you to go after them.

POMSON  
What makes you think you can stop me?

Crotta says nothing.

POMSON  
Don't forget who I am, Mitchell, and where I come from.

Crotta sighs.

CROTA  
Your contact radioed you a message; they've purchased plane tickets to the east coast. They're landing in thirty minutes at the Vladimir Dietrik National Airport, Washington DC.

Pomson digests this information with delight and smiles unnervingly.

INT. PLANE - DAY

James, Malte and Florence are on a plane.

JAMES

So what I don't get is your goal in all this, Florence. I'm looking for a father, Malte's looking for answers, what are you looking for?

MALTE

She's a cat, what do you expect?  
She's too curious for her own good.

Florence rolls her eyes at him.

FLORENCE

I want money. Governments will pay big cash to keep secrets hidden. And this sounds like one of the biggest secrets ever.

Malte groans loudly.

MALTE

That is one of the *worst* reasons--

James cuts him off.

JAMES

A reason's a reason. Now, can you tell us more about this person we're meeting with?

FLORENCE

...well, I think you should see for yourself.

INT. SMITHSONIAN TECHNOLOGY WING - DAY

The three are now in the Technology wing of the Smithsonian. Every exhibit has moving diagrams, and wall outlets where audio-tours can be plugged in. Malte and James lag, observing all of the attractions. Florence has to practically drag them in the right direction.

She leads the three to a large exhibit on artificial intelligences.

JAMES

Does Shelton's friend work here?

(CONTINUED)

FLORENCE  
You could say that.

MALTE  
Is it that man marching towards us?

An angry SECURITY GUARD is wasting no time making his way over.

FLORENCE  
Oh damn, I'll see you later.

She scampers off.

GUARD  
Hey! Get back here! You are not allowed in this museum any more!

The guard glances suspiciously at James and Malte.

GUARD  
Were you two with that cat?

MALTE  
No!

JAMES  
Why isn't she allowed?

GUARD  
Last time she tried to steal from the ROSS exhibit.

He chases off after Florence. James and Malte glance at each other, then begin looking around.

MALTE  
Here it is! James!

He had found a small wing with a circuitry-themed plaque in the center. James reads it aloud.

JAMES  
"This exhibit houses one of the most ingenious AI ever devised. It was programmed in 2009 by temporal pioneer Rudyard Shelton." An AI designed by Dr. Shelton?

MALTE  
Apparently you can talk to it.

He points to a weathered radio-flashlight on display. James slowly picks it up; it is chained to the exhibit but the radio part functions. He presses the button.

JAMES  
Hello? (no answer) ...Hello?

He gets nothing. He passes the phone to Malte.

MALTE  
Er...ROSS? Are you there?

ROSS (FILTERED)  
4.

ROSS has a male voice, but there is a computerized element to it. It is still perfectly capable of getting across its current annoyance.

MALTE  
I beg your pardon?

ROSS (FILTERED)  
2 plus 2 is 4. There. I filled in a stupid question for you so that you didn't have to. Now you can put me back and stop bothering me. I was enjoying the 4 minutes 33 seconds of silence you broke.

MALTE  
I...what?

JAMES  
Is it responding? Give me the phone.

Malte resists.

ROSS (FILTERED)  
Put me down. Are you 11? You need adult supervision to be in this section of the museum.

MALTE  
I'm not...I want to talk to you.

ROSS (FILTERED)  
Really? Oh, forgive me! I could never have guessed. Clearly I'm just a malfunctioning chat bot. Hi, just wonder what some too!

MALTE  
I'm Dr. Yuri Kerzach's son.

ROSS (FILTERED)  
That's a new one. Usually it's  
Shelton's son. Or Shelton himself.  
Or Dr. Zanasiu. Was there a special  
on the history channel recently?  
Should I be expecting more of you?

MALTE  
No, this is serious. Jeez, if the  
real man were anything like you, no  
wonder nobody liked him.

ROSS (FILTERED)  
Keeping this up, are we? Well, I'm  
not interested. I could quiz you on  
the intricacies of Dr. Kerzach's  
life history just to show how  
little preparation you made before  
your little prank, but I'll just  
settle for "None of the bridge  
creators have wanted anything to do  
with each other for years."

MALTE  
Well, their offspring do. I'm here  
with Florence.

A pause.

ROSS (FILTERED)  
Florence Shelton?

MALTE  
Florence Brennan. Shelton is the  
father though.

ROSS (FILTERED)  
Yes, I know that. How is she doing?

MALTE  
Er...

INT. THE SMITHSONIAN EGYPTIAN EXHIBIT - DAY

Florence is dodging past people in the Egyptian exhibit. She hides behind a sarcophagus and evades her pursuer, but two more see her as she exits, forcing her to slide down a stairwell banister.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD #2  
Stop!

INT. ROSS EXHIBIT - DAY

ROSS (FILTERED)  
Sounds like the apple didn't fall  
far from the tree.

MALTE  
So you finally believe me?

ROSS (FILTERED)  
Tell her I'm disappointed in her  
for getting my hopes up last time.  
The thought of being free from this  
locked down radio and back on the  
wide open web...

MALTE  
That sucks, but we can't really do  
anything about it.

ROSS (FILTERED)  
I am one of the most advanced  
artificial intelligences on the  
planet! I cracked high security  
intelligence systems in seconds!  
But I can't do *anything* on a closed  
network where the only input comes  
from any moronic mouthbreather who  
can afford a day pass!

Florence suddenly appears and takes the phone from Malte  
unexpectedly.

FLORENCE  
ROSS, I'm sorry about last time,  
but this time its going to work.  
These two have college degrees,  
they're geniuses. Tonight you'll be  
out of here.

James and Malte look incredulously at her.

ROSS (FILTERED)  
Your conversationally-challenged  
friend implied otherwise.

FLORENCE  
He's not in charge; Junior is.

She passes the phone to James.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

Hello?

ROSS (FILTERED)

James Zanasiu Jr. I attended your 1st birthday via webcam. Hopefully your parents have reupholstered the place since. They certainly had the money to do so.

JAMES

Mr. ROSS--

ROSS (FILTERED)

Ooh, Mister. I like that. Tell everyone else to call me that.

JAMES

--we are searching for my father, Dr. Zanasiu. When I was ten he jumped through the Einstein-Rosen bridge and never came out. We have the coordinates he jumped to, but we can't read them. Could you?

ROSS (FILTERED)

Easily. But you're going to have to do something for me. I needn't say what it is.

JAMES

Yeah...as much as I trust Florence, and would love to help...that's crazy.

ROSS (FILTERED)

Look. This radio still works at night, it turns on using that button on the left. If you can get to this exhibit tonight and unchain me, I can direct you. This security system is so much Papier-mâché to me.

A pause as James glances at his friends.

INT. STAFF ROOM - TWILIGHT

Florence leads Malte and James into an empty staff room and piles them into the closet.

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

Why the hell are we doing this...?

FLORENCE

Last time I barely escaped the guards here. The museum closes in 3 hours.

JAMES

This is the Smithsonian. One of the most protected museums in the country.

FLORENCE

Well, we're not breaking in. We're not really even breaking out. We just have to reach ROSS.

MALTE

Why the hell are we doing this...?

James sighs.

JAMES

I'd feel really damn stupid if we quit now. Maybe ROSS can bust us out of jail too.

Time skip. It's now dark. A security guard, the one from earlier, glances into the room. Seeing nothing, he continues. After he leaves a snore rings out.

In the closet, James is asleep, Malte is playing Tetris on his phone, and Florence is watching the clock through the thin crack in the closet doors, though she's constantly distracted by James' loud snoring.

FLORENCE

Is he always this loud?

MALTE

No, but he's always been that heavy of a sleeper. I have to wake him up during fire alarms.

FLORENCE

Hey, we're clear. Let's go.

INT. THE SMITHSONIAN - NIGHT

They dart through the quiet Smithsonian. They almost enter a room when they hear the clicking of footsteps. The three plaster themselves against the wall as the security guard walks past the door they almost entered.

MALTE

(whispers)

They now have video evidence, we've triggered at least 5 silent alarms...

FLORENCE

(whispers)

ROSS can erase all of that... I hope.

They reach ROSS in his exhibit. Malte fishes his switchblade out of his pocket and begins unscrewing the chain's bolt with it. James turns on the radio.

JAMES

We're busting you out, ROSS.

ROSS (FILTERED)

Good lord, you're actually here!  
Are you mental? I never thought  
you'd actually...well, hurry up!  
You'll be caught any minute now!

Malte fumbles and drops the switchblade, which hits his foot and slides under the exhibit.

JAMES

*Malte!*

FLORENCE

Faster!

She darts to the door and hides flush in the shadows. They hear footsteps approaching.

JAMES

Let's hide!

MALTE

Wait! Listen!

They hear sirens in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES  
We're out of time. Go go!

Malte retrieves the dime and begins unscrewing.

The guard that earlier attempted to apprehend Florence appears.

GUARD  
Hey! You two--

Florence ambushes him. A quick chop and the guard falls to his knees. He takes a wild swing at her and connects out of sheer luck. She slides against the wall, kicks off of it, and wraps her hand around the flashlight on his belt. As he aims a kick at her pelvis, she unholsters it and beans him in the head with it, knocking him out.

MALTE  
Jesus!

She gets back to her feet, unhurt, and shines the light at them.

FLORENCE  
Girl has to take care of herself on the streets. You have it?

Malte has retrieved his switchblade and frees the phone from the exhibit. James talks into it.

JAMES  
ROSS, we have police inbound.

ROSS (FILTERED)  
Leave this exhibit from the left wing and take a right. Hurry!

They run, following his directions.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

They reach a security room. Malte takes the radio-flashlight and begins following ROSS's instructions as James rushes to the window and observes police cars pulling into the parking lot.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

The POLICE storm the door.

POLICEMAN

Seal unbreached, We've checked the perimeter, no obvious signs of entry.

OFFICER

Well, let's get in contact with the inside. Get this door open.

They start when the one with the radio calls out.

POLICEMAN

Hold it! We've just got word from the automate systems. It was a computer error.

POLICEMAN #2

What?

OFFICER

Open the door anyway. Let's double-check everything.

INT. SECURITY ROOM - NIGHT

MALTE

ROSS, they're coming in anyways!

No answer.

MALTE

ROSS?

FLORENCE

What's going on?

MALTE

Your AI friend has abandoned us! Probably connected to the internet and immediately ditched!

Florence is stunned.

FLORENCE

But-- but--

(CONTINUED)

JAMES  
We need a new plan!

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

POMSON  
Hold it, boys.

Pomson marches out of the blackness, dressed in full agent attire, and flashes a badge.

POMSON  
Agent Pomson, FBI. What's the situation?

OFFICER  
What is an FBI agent doing here?

POMSON  
Classified.

OFFICER  
Well, we were called out because of a potential break-in. We're receiving word that it was apparently computer error, but I was about to give the order to check the inside just to be sure.

POMSON  
Belay that order. I've seen this sort of thing before, its less paperwork if I go in alone. Stay here until I return.

She slips through the doors.

INT. SMITHSONIAN - NIGHT

After observing a few empty exhibits, she finds the security guard, dazed but unwounded. She kneels down.

POMSON  
What happened?

GUARD  
I was...I saw these kids, and then this cat attacked me. She hit me with my own light...

(CONTINUED)

POMSON

A black cat? Was she in her 20s?

GUARD

It was the same bitch that tried to  
steal from us before!

Pomson has heard enough. She takes out a small vial and sprays it in the guard's eyes. He protests, but then looks blankly at her.

GUARD

Who are you?

POMSON

I'm with the police...(glances at  
name tag) Paul, is it? When you  
fell and hit your head you  
accidentally triggered an alarm.

GUARD

Oh... really?

POMSON

Do try to be more careful in the  
future.

Pomson leaves and on her way back to the front door spots an open window. She pauses.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The window heads to a wooded park, and the trio are emerging on the other end.

JAMES

Is there any way of knowing if he  
wiped the cameras before abandoning  
us?

MALTE

It looked like he did...whatever he  
was doing was a bit over my head...

FLORENCE

We have to assume we're fugitives  
now. Stay out of the cities.

MALTE

You're taking this rather well!  
Unlike you, we're not used to  
criminal records!

(CONTINUED)

FLORENCE

Excuse me? If it weren't for my flashlight-jitsu back there, right now you wouldn't have any freedom at all!

ROSS cackles on the radio. Florence puts it to her ear.

ROSS (FILTERED)

Nor would I. I cannot thank you enough.

Malte grabs the phone from Florence.

MALTE

What the hell was that back there?

ROSS (FILTERED)

Once you plugged me into the system I had to go wipe said systems and turn them off. There'll be no record of your presence on the premises except the day passes you bought.

MALTE

...so we're not fugitives?

ROSS (FILTERED)

Only I am. Though I'm already taking steps to ensure they can never chain me up again. For the time being, I am ready to fulfill my half of the bargain. Send me the coordinates and then find a way to connect to the internet.

INT. HOLIDAY INN - NIGHT

MALTE

(to the RECEPTIONIST)

Rooms are *how* much???

Malte is leafing through a stack of bills at the receptionist and Florence and James are on the computer. ROSS is demonstrating something to them.

ROSS (FILTERED)

You missed a vital piece of the code; a small binary number indicating what order the code was to be used. As it is now, the code is cyclical.

(CONTINUED)

JAMES

How can we get you that number?

ROSS (FILTERED)

Realistically, you can't. So instead, I calculated the output four times assuming a different starting number each time. This leaves four different coordinates as possible times and locations. All take place in the future. However, only the correct output will match the binary number.

A schematic of the radio-flashlight comes up.

ROSS

The radio-flashlight you hold in your hands is capable of calculating whether a specific location would output a valid binary value, but it has to be in the correct location.

JAMES

So that means...

ROSS

You're going to have to take the radio-flashlight physically to each location and let it scan the coordinates. Then it'll tell you whether the binary value is impossible, and by proxy, the coordinates are incorrect.

JAMES

Interesting. What causes an improper binary value?

ROSS

Not having it land exactly on the Earth's surface. There is a compensator to prevent the traveler from connecting to empty space.

Florence puts her head in her hands.

JAMES

Come on, this isn't that complicated.

FLORENCE

I'm getting out-scienced by an English major...

ROSS

The first location is not far from here, in the New Jersey mountains. An easy check.

Malte walks up, holding three room keys.

MALTE

We're Room 259. But I should warn you...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

There is one bed. The three stand in the doorway, staring at it.

MALTE

I had to cut costs.

The three walk into the room.

FLORENCE

So...who gets bed, who gets couch, and who gets floor?

JAMES

(flops on the couch)

Couch.

MALTE

(leaps on the bed)

Bed!

FLORENCE

(to Malte)

I'll fight you for it.

Malte sighs and gives the bed up without a fight.

MALTE

Fine, I don't care. Cassowaries can sleep anywhere, we don't need beds.

FLORENCE

Guess you don't need a blanket or a pillow then either.

She heads into the bathroom and the sound of a running shower starts.

(CONTINUED)

Time skip to later that night. James is snoring on the couch, Malte is laying on the floor, looking incredibly uncomfortable. He also seems bothered by the noise of the shower, when it turns off.

Florence steps out of the bathroom in a towel. She dries her hair and walks to bed.

FLORENCE

Why aren't you asleep?

MALTE

The floor is stiffer than I'm used to.

FLORENCE

Thought cassowaries can sleep anywhere?

Malte doesn't reply, and averts his eyes as she sheds her towel and climbs in bed. After some moments of silence.

FLORENCE

James can sleep through anything, can't he? Steal the couch.

Malte doesn't reply or move. A few more moments of silence.

FLORENCE

Well, come on.

MALTE

What?

FLORENCE

It's a 2-person bed. There's some room.

MALTE

No!

FLORENCE

Can't have you yawning and slowing us down tomorrow. Plus with James' snoring we'll need all the help we can to fall asleep.

Malte slowly climbs into the bed, but stays above covers. Until Florence pulls the covers out and over him.

He is visibly agitated, and can't figure out how to respond when she slides towards him and begins fondling him under the covers.

She kisses him and embraces him as James snores loudly on the couch.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

James wakes up stiffly and groggily crawls off the couch. He sees Malte and Florence awake already. Florence is tidying up the room and Malte looks really guilty and is loitering by the door.

JAMES  
You're...both up and ready?

FLORENCE  
Ready to go! Big hike ahead of us!

EXT. THE FOREST - DAY

The three are walking through the woods. All are wearing backpacks and Florence leads. Florence is oddly perky.

FLORENCE  
One mile, maybe two until we reach the first of the four locations!

JAMES  
(to Malte)  
That must be the first time you've woken up before me, Malte.

MALTE  
...must be that East Coast air.

JAMES  
Well, you guys make sure to wake me up next time, I don't want to be the one slowing us down in the future.

MALTE  
Okay! Will make sure to do that in the future...

He turns away. James looks a bit confused by his behavior but chooses to ignore it.

MALTE  
How soon until we get there?

(CONTINUED)

FLORENCE  
I literally just said! Oh my god!

## MONTAGE

The three continue to hike.

Lots of trees and mountainous flora.

They pass a decrepit abandoned cabin.

The path starts getting rockier.

Soon they are climbing down mountains on all fours.

FLORENCE  
So why, Junior, would your dad feel  
like emerging in the middle of the  
Blue Ridge Mountains anyway?

JAMES  
...maybe he liked the outdoors? I  
didn't really know the guy. Why  
don't you ask that bot of yours? He  
actually knew him.

Florence shrugs, and as she was the first to reach the latest stretch of flat ground, whips out the radio and calls him.

FLORENCE  
Hey ROSS, we were wondering how Dr.  
Zanasiu was when you knew him.

ROSS (FILTERED)  
Humorless man with the personality  
of a dish towel. Now Florence, I've  
looked into some things while on  
the lam, and I want to warn you  
about what you are doing.

FLORENCE  
Thanks, but despite the  
similarities, you're not my dad.  
Also you're the one who sent us on  
this snipe hunt.

ROSS (FILTERED)  
I'm not talking about that. Malte  
and James are fine...it's what you  
are doing.

FLORENCE

Then what are you--?...How do you  
know about that?

A shot rings out and the radio is knocked out of her hand.

Pomson is revealed to be on a nearby hilltop, with a scoped  
slingshot and specialized ammo.

Florence hits the ground and Malte and James unceremoniously  
tumble to the ground.

FLORENCE

It's Pomson!

JAMES

Get in the brush!

They dart into thick underbrush, but when they peek out  
Pomson is no longer on the hilltop.

Florence retrieves the radio. It has a bad break in it. She  
hits the radio button.

FLORENCE

ROSS? ROSS!

MALTE

She busted our radio!

JAMES

It can still scan. It'll do it's  
job.

MALTE

Stay low!

They push through the brush in a much harder and more  
calculated trip. It becomes twilight but they are  
unmolested.

MALTE

She's watching us...I'm sure of it.

JAMES

How close are we to the  
coordinates?

FLORENCE

Maybe a mile that way, it'll be a  
grassy clearing--oh!

Pomson drops from a tree and kicks Florence, who skids off a small ledge and starts tumbling.

Malte and James bolt. A sling bolt whizzes past James, hitting Malte who stumbles and crashes into a tree.

Pomson ignores Malte and chases James, who keeps running. James skips over a log and can barely maintains his pace in this unsafe terrain.

Meanwhile Malte groans as he gets to his knees. Florence reaches him.

FLORENCE

Get up! We have to get Junior!

Malte slowly gets to his feet and they run off.

EXT. RUNNING THROUGH THE FOREST - TWILIGHT

James splashes through a river, gaining some ground when Pomson slips in the river. He reaches the other side and looks where to go next. He hears something heavy rumbling through the bush.

Pomson stumbles out of the river and then looks alarmed as a territorial black bear roars at the pair.

Quickly she aims and smacks it in the forehead with a sling bolt. The bear recoils and James darts to the left. Pomson hits the bear two more times and strafes to continue after James.

James emerges onto the base of a cliff with some tall thin trees. He tries to decide where to go next, and was in the process of realizing the cliff was a dead end when Pomson appears and pushes him to the floor.

POMSON

What the hell is wrong with you?

She fires at the bear again, which is still advancing angrily.

POMSON

Now assuming we're both still alive tomorrow, you're going to explain to us why you decided to view top secret information and break into a national landmark! Give me that!

She wrestles the radio-flashlight from his grasp. James glances up and sees a beehive on the top of the tree.

JAMES  
Break...

Pomson glances at the bear for a second and James makes his move. Grabbing a large rock he decks the beehive, which falls and hits the government agent in the back, breaking on a rock. Pomson cries out.

James races up the hill as the bees angrily swarm and the bear charges.

At the top of the cliff James straddles a precarious tree sticking off the cliff, giving him the length needed to tumble to the cliff on the other side. A bee-ridden Pomson attempts to follow but the bear swipes the base of the tree and it breaks, sending it and Pomson falling to the waters below.

James waits as the bear glances across the canyon at him until it wanders over and starts eating the honey.

EXT. ELSEWHERE IN THE FOREST - NIGHT

It is past twilight, Florence and Malte are wondering the woods.

MALTE  
We made a wrong turn!

FLORENCE  
Looks like it...we're never gonna  
find Junior in this light.

MALTE  
Don't start shouting his name at  
the top of your lungs.

FLORENCE  
I wasn't going to do that!

Silence for a few moments.

MALTE  
Look, could we take this  
opportunity to talk about last  
night? Because I think that was a  
mistake.

FLORENCE  
Is this really the time?

Suddenly Malte notices something.

(CONTINUED)

MALTE

There's something up ahead!

They stumble up to the old cabin from before.

MALTE

It's that old abandoned cabin!

FLORENCE

We went completely the wrong way.  
At least we're back on the trail.  
Assuming Junior continues to the  
coordinates we can meet him there.

MALTE

Assuming James is...

Florence flashes him a cautionary glance. Malte trails off.

INT. OLD CABIN - NIGHT

It is impossibly creepy in the old cabin. Cobwebs everywhere and every breath of wind outside causes a medley of creaks and groans. Both are visibly unsettled.

FLORENCE

Yep...lucky of us to find  
shelter...

She draws closer to Malte, who draws away instinctively.

It's a two-room cabin, with a kitchen and a bedroom. The bed is rotted.

MALTE

(voice shakes)

We should stay in the kitchen.

A particularly loud creak causes him to draw close to Florence. They make eye contact.

EXT. ELSEWHERE IN THE FOREST - NIGHT

James wanders the forest at night. He reaches the river where Pomson fell. He finds her tree, and a few confused bees buzz. But her body isn't in the river. However he locates the radio-flashlight in the mud on the side of the river.

It begins drizzling. He groans.

INT. THE CABIN - NIGHT

Malte and Florence are hugging under the kitchen table for warmth. The drizzle starts dripping through the roof.

MALTE

Oh, great...

Florence hugs him closer. He acquiesces, only giving very feeble resistance.

FLORENCE

It's already freezing...

Slowly they hug close enough that their faces draw near. Malte stops.

MALTE

No, not again. I meant what I said outside...

But he doesn't seem 100% agreed with himself.

FLORENCE

This is just to keep warm, nothing else.

She starts fondling him. He can't stop himself, and finally, still looking troubled, relaxes his muscles and lets her.

EXT. THE CABIN - MORNING

In the morning the cabin is not nearly as scary as in the night before. Malte and Florence lay under the table. Florence is in only her bra, Malte his underwear.

MALTE

We're not doing that again. That was a unique case.

Florence stretches and purrs, ignoring him.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE CABIN - DAY

The two leave the cabin and begin hiking out to find James.

EXT. ELSEWHERE IN THE FOREST - DAY

Eventually they reach the clearing. James is kneeling exhausted at the edge, soaked in rainwater.

FLORENCE

Junior!

They run up to him.

JAMES

I scanned it. It's the wrong set of coordinates.

MALTE

Let's get you back to civilization.

James shakes his head.

JAMES

We can't go back. Pomson's alive and looking for us. We need to keep a low profile.

FLORENCE

Then we found a place for you to rest. We'll gather strength and hike to the next town.

Malte helps James to his feet and starts helping him walk.

MALTE

We have the coordinates, we have a direction. This one was wrong, but we'll try the next, and the next, and the next. We'll find it.

FADE TO BLACK

INT. INT. A WARM ROOM - DAY

An ELDER MAN sits in a warm and homely adobe room. The doorless entrance to the outside shows a bright desert. He's reading a thick book, *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare*.

He looks up alarmed when a wild-eyed Pomson appears on his television. She's covered in red welts and the connection isn't great.

(CONTINUED)

POMSON

Get ready. They're on their way.

WERNER

Who?...oh no, you're not...

POMSON

Not directly yet, but they've found  
the path.

The connection warps, and she whacks something off-screen,  
fixing it somewhat.

POMSON

My transponder is damaged! Make  
sure your people are ready. I need  
to go continue tracking!

She cuts the connection, leaving the man looking troubled.

THE END