

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TOWN USA - DAY

A crash site. Crumbling, burning buildings. Cars swatted aside. A Boeing 747 has torn through the town.

SUPER: "14 days from now"

A female REPORTER stands in the middle of the carnage. A jagged section of fuselage behind her the only identifiable remains of the craft.

Paramedics and rescue workers, shouting, running. SHAPES wheeled away on gurneys.

REPORTER
--are still investigating, Tom, but
it appears all two hundred twenty-
five passengers survived the
crash...

INT. TV STUDIO - SAME TIME

TOM anchors the desk on air.

TOM
Could you repeat, please?

INTERCUT - CRASH SITE / STUDIO

The shapes on the gurneys are still moving. Other passengers sit among the rubble, shocked, dazed.

REPORTER
All two hundred twenty-five
passengers are accounted for, Tom.
No deaths among the townspeople
either. I have never seen anything
like this.

TOM
Surely that's impossible.

MATT (V.O.)
It was impossible, more or less.
And I'll do whatever I can to stop
them finding out what really
happened.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

A storm rages over the city.

Matt (27) balances on the edge of the roof. He's awkwardly tall but wears a newly found confidence like a slightly oversized suit. His hair is slicked back and his eyes shine with mischief.

MATT (V.O.)
For some discoveries the
disadvantages just outweigh the
benefits.

Cars and people below look like toys in the rain.

Matt raises his hands overhead.

MATT (V.O.)
Perhaps for most. Think of gun
powder, leaded gas, the atom bomb.

The wind catches him and he almost loses his footing.

MATT (V.O.)
All that was needed was for one
scientist to swallow his pride and
keep his mouth shut.

Matt regains his balance, turns to face the roof.

MATT (V.O.)
But I'm getting ahead of myself...
First, I have these guys to deal
with.

Two PRIVATE SECURITY GUARDS advance on Matt. Dark suits, crew cuts, guns with silencers.

One of the security guards tries to grab Matt.

Matt side-steps confidently, but then loses his footing. The wind doesn't help.

He goes over the edge.

EXT. CITY - CONTINUOUS

Falling, his arms flail for something to hold onto. His eyes water as he reaches terminal velocity.

Then, he hits the ground.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

On the pavement, Matt's body looks oddly peaceful. No blood, no damage to the area.

MATT

Sonnova...

He opens his eyes and picks himself up.

The alley is deserted.

The rain shrouds the top of the skyscraper. No one seems to have noticed his impossible survival.

Groggy but otherwise okay, Matt walks out of the alley.

A BLACK SUV is parked at the other end of the alley, a third private security guard steps out.

ZANE (32, crew cut and a face that would crack if it ever smiled) follows Matt out of the alley.

INT. OFFICE - MATT'S CUBICLE - DAY - PRESENT DAY

Matt's cubicle is littered with mobile devices, printouts, open circuit boards.

SUPER: "Today"

Matt looks different. Shoulders hunched, glasses, hair that hasn't been checked in any kind of reflective surface for days.

MATT (V.O.)

Actually, my story starts even earlier...

Matt peers over his cubicle wall at SANDY (24, dark hair hiding intelligent eyes; a little princess voluntarily living in Nerd-ville.)

Sandy gets a cup of tea at the coffee corner.

Matt watches her, mesmerized, then finds his empty mug and leaves his cubicle.

INT. OFFICE - COFFEE CORNER - DAY

Sandy turns to leave and almost crashes into Matt.

Matt pretends he didn't hurry over to meet up with her.

MATT
(fake casual)
Oh, hey Sandy.

Hi. SANDY

An awkward moment as Sandy waits for Matt to say more. Then they speak simultaneously.

MATT SANDY
I like your-- It's, Matt, right?

MATT
Sorry, you first.

SANDY
No, you go first.

MATT
Well... I just wanted to say that I
like your T-shirt.

Sandy's T-shirt carries the legend: "Nerds do it 0x45 style."

SANDY
(embarrassed)
It's hexadecimal.

MATT
Hexadecimal... Yeah, I know.

SANDY
I couldn't find anything else. My
roommate used all my T-shirts to
clean the floor, we had a leak.

MATT
Nice roommate.

SANDY
Well, she pays most of the rent,
so...

Ah. MATT

Matt searches for something to say.

SANDY
Well... I should probably go.

MATT
Sure... Yeah.

Sandy returns to her own department on the other side of the coffee corner.

Matt kicks himself for being so deeply uncool.

INT. OFFICE - MATT'S CUBICLE - DAY

Matt sits at his desk, despondently playing with one of his cells.

GINO (32) peers over his cubicle wall. Gino's carefully grafted style reveals he's probably trying too hard.

GINO
That was really smooth, Matt.

MATT
What was?

Matt clears up his desk, stacking printouts.

GINO
You, flirting like a machine that's read about flirting but doesn't really get it. That looked really sad.

MATT
It looked sad because that's not what I was doing, Gino. I wasn't flirting.

GINO
You sure weren't.

Matt winches as he gets a paper cut. A drop of blood spills from his finger.

GINO
Man, you're such a sissy. That's why they keep passing you over for the product manager position. You got to start manning-up.

MATT
Let's not have that conversation again.