

Wake up, Julia

A screenplay by

Casey Dahlin

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INT. SERVER FARM

Floor to ceiling server racks stacked neatly with blinking equipment populate the room, and fill it with a violent white noise, baking under searing fluorescent lights.

The floor is hollow, comprised of raised plastic blocks, that clunk at every footfall, but at the moment nobody is passing through.

INT. ROUTER ROOM

Nearby, in a long thin room filled with routers and switches, and scorched by the same blinding illumination, a loan IT employee sits at a terminal, typing sporadically in Linux.

Text chart: "Terra Corporation Behavioral Research Laboratories"

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM

Typical of your unused corporate office room, covered completely in white, floor to ceiling.

The props are somewhat less conformist. Toys for varying age groups scatter about the floor.

Very little reading material, a few blocks and constructional toys, and nothing resembling anything from the outside world.

A few metal bits of furniture are scattered into corners, a desk with a diary and a pen, a chair, a trunk, and a blank whiteboard along one wall.

A plain cot bears a girl of about 17, sleeping gently.

Above her is a shelf, where a music box begins to play quietly, and above that some drawings of various lab workers, and one of herself.

An old intercom at the top of the room marked with the brand FREUD clicks on.

FREUD

Wake up, Julia.

She stirs.

FREUD

Wake up. Time to get up now,
Julia.

JULIA lifts herself sleepily from the bed, moves to the middle of the room, where she takes an erect, somewhat inward posture, and looks up at the intercom.

She is dressed in some form of pajamas or hospital attire.

FREUD

Ah, there we are. How's my little girl?

JULIA

Very good, thank you.

She smiles widely.

FREUD

Excellent.

She takes a seat Indian style on the floor.

JULIA

What's going to happen today?

FREUD

Well. . . I'm not sure yet, Julia, Paul said he might like to come talk to you again.

JULIA

That would be nice.

FREUD

I'm sure it would.

JULIA

He said I was pretty yesterday.

She giggles and blushes slightly.

FREUD

Did he?

JULIA

Yes, we were talking about a book.

FREUD

Well, you're very lovely, Julia.

JULIA

Oh, thanks.

She blushes again.

FREUD

You're very welcome. Now, its time for you to clean up. There's some fresh clothes on the way.

JULIA

Ok.

FREUD

Are you hungry?

JULIA

Oh yes.

FREUD

Some pancakes are on the way too.

JULIA

Oh! I like pancakes!

FREUD

I know, I ordered them specially.

JULIA

Thank you!

FREUD

You're very welcome. Now run along Julia.

JULIA

Ok.

She moves toward a door on the other side of the room, in which presumably lies a bathroom.

INT. ROUTER ROOM

A vast regular expression streaks its way across a terminal screen. At the keyboard is ANGELO, the man seen in this room in the opening scene.

He is a young man of 18, at work for the summer.

Behind him sits his friend JOE, also at work (if one may call it that) for the summer, on an inverted plastic crate.

JOE

So what're you doing this Friday?

ANGELO

Mmh . . . probably just hanging around.

JOE

You and Kara still seeing each other?

ANGELO

Think I've seen the last of her.

JOE

Well in that case, what else of hers did you see?

ANGELO

Well at least we know why you're single.

JOE

Why, she not tell you anything?

ANGELO

Two word answering machine message, and mailed back my valentines gift.

JOE

Ouch. Hey, you think a four-pound stuffed bear is flammable?

Angelo smirks.

ANGELO

Its yours if you want it.

JOE

Score.

Joe moves closer to the screen.

JOE

So what kind of permissions do we have here.

ANGELO

Root access on all but five servers, a few restrictions on those, and also there's some secondary network they don't want us touching.

JOE

What's on that?

ANGELO

It controls the coffee makers
on the third floor.

They each smirk and snort at this.

ANGELO

Its probably classified
blueprints for whatever the
hell these people make.

JOE

Ooh, classified. Let's look
inside!

ANGELO

Nah, I think I'll keep this job
for a bit, thanks.

JOE

That's no fun.

ANGELO

Not like its anything exciting.
Hell, its probably only three
machines.

INT. SERVER FARM

Dozens of machines hum in silence.

INT. THE LAB

Men in lab coats move quietly and hastily around a small
room of the same decorating theme as all the rest, this one
filled with terminals and dot matrix printers that spew
information.

A series of sensors and measuring devices are attached to
one wall, reading data from the next room.

A man in strict, 70s-era corporate dress and birth control
glasses listens to one of the lab technicians, one DR. PAUL
MARKS specifically.

His own name is DR. JAMES VOLAIRE. It was his voice that
came from "Freud" only a few minutes ago.

MARKS

We've certainly seen far less developmental difficulty than was feared, she has progressed more slowly in a few areas, obviously her super ego is somewhat abnormal from growing up in a very non-judgmental society, but the curriculum we have provided has taught her to think logically, she is capable of emotionally understanding others, as well as herself, and I think what differences we've seen would be self-healing were she, hypothetically, introduced into society.

VOLAIRE

That's exactly what I told the board.

MARKS

Good, I think they'll be very excited with what they see.

VOLAIRE

Good.

They nod to themselves, looking satisfied.

VOLAIRE

Now, you wanted to meet with Julia today.

He sits down at a terminal.

MARKS

Yes, I did.

VOLAIRE

Should I let her know you're coming?

MARKS

Certainly

Dr. Volaire types a short command into the terminal.

A video feed of Julia's room from the perspective of the Freud intercom box appears onscreen.

She is on her bed, sitting Indian style, and writing in a diary.

He pulls a microphone next to the monitor closer to him, and presses the talk button.

VOLAIRE
Julia . . .

She looks up.

JULIA
Yes?

She leaves her diary and comes to stand in her spot at the center of the room.

VOLAIRE
Is it ok if Paul visits you now?

JULIA
Sure.

VOLAIRE
Thank you very much, Julia.

JULIA
You're welcome.

Julia picks up her diary and puts it away. Voltaire turns to Marks.

VOLAIRE
Go ahead.

Dr. Marks walks out of the door, and into another one just a few feet down the hall.

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM

Julia puts the last block on top of a tower as Dr. Marks watches.

As she places it, Dr. Marks prepares to speak, but Julia beats him to it.

JULIA
How are you?

Dr. Marks seems somewhat surprised by the question.

MARKS
I- I'm very good, thank you Julia.

JULIA
You're welcome.

MARKS
And yourself?

JULIA
Oh, very good, thank you.

She begins to build a second tower next to the first.

JULIA
The eggs were mushy this
morning.

She smiles at this as if it were some embarrassing rumor.

MARKS
Yeah, I noticed. They get like
that some times.

JULIA
But not always.

MARKS
No, not always.

JULIA
Wouldn't you think eggs would
just be eggs?

MARKS
You know, yes I would.

JULIA
I just ate the pancakes. Jo-
Anne says I won't be
nutritionally balanced now.

MARKS
I think it'll be ok.

She builds in silence for awhile.

JULIA
Are you sure you're ok?

MARKS
Hmm?

JULIA
You said you were very good.

MARKS

Hmm? Oh, oh, yes, I'm fine,
Julia.

JULIA

You don't look very good.

Marks draws in his breath to speak.

JULIA

Is something bothering you,
Paul?

MARKS

Well. . . I've been under a lot
of stress. You know what stress
is, right?

JULIA

Kind of. Like when I took my
math test.

MARKS

Something like that.

Marks gets up and sits on the bed. Julia puts down her
blocks and sits beside him.

JULIA

Tell me about it.

She adopts her Indian-style pose, and turns to face him as
if he were a television set.

MARKS

Well, I have a very stressful
job.

JULIA

Oh, is it because of me?

MARKS

Oh no, no.

JULIA

But your job is taking care of
me, right?

MARKS

Yes, but, there's a lot of
other things too.

JULIA

Like what?

MARKS

Well, there are lots of people who want information about you. I have to file reports, and write things down.

JULIA

Why do they want to know about me?

MARKS

I guess they just know how special you are.

Julia smiles and blushes.

JULIA

I wish you could just take care of me.

MARKS

You're a good girl, Julia.

She hugs him.

INT. ROUTER ROOM

The lights are off.

Joe types an excited string of commands at the keyboard, and punctuates with an emphatic jolt to the enter key.

Angelo struggles through the door with a series of vending machine snacks and a couple of drinks.

JOE

We're in!

Angelo drops a bag of chips, and freezes.

ANGELO

. . . What are we in to?

JOE

You know that subnet we were blocked out of?

ANGELO

. . . do you know why we were blocked out of it?

JOE

Not yet, I haven't poked around much, but . . .

ANGELO

Because they don't want us
there! Jesus fucking Christ
Joe!

JOE

Oh c'mon, don't give me that.

ANGELO

Oh, excuse me, I'm sorry, I'm
just not crazy about a guy
named snake keeping my ass warm
for me in a federal prison!

JOE

C'mon, I'm just cu- why is he
called snake?

ANGELO

You're a fucking child, you
know that?

JOE

Ok, now you're hurting my
feelings.

Angelo moves behind him, and pushes a button on a KVM
switch. The terminal connects to a different computer.

ANGELO

Get off.

Joe reaches for the switch.

ANGELO

Get off!

Angelo slaps his hand away. Joe shoves him, and he stumbles
backward.

Joe smirks.

JOE

Pussy.

He casually taps the switchbox, and goes back to work.

Angelo stands up, walks to the back of the room, and opens
a circuit breaker panel. He flips all of the switches to
off.

The lights blink out in the room, and the systems blink
off. First the declining roar of the fans, then a few
blades chopping gently, then silence.

INT. SERVER FARM

An emergency light blinks on to reveal the lifeless racks of systems.

INT. THE LAB

Motion in the room has frozen completely. The technicians simply stare at assorted messages proclaiming the loss of signal.

Dr. Volaire is the first to display a sign of motility.

VOLAIRE

What happened?

A TECHNICIAN speaks.

TECHNICIAN

. . . looks like the network's
down.

Voltaire puzzles the reply for a moment, as if trying to decipher its meaning.

VOLAIRE

. . . ok. You all can break
while I get the problem sorted.

Technicians begin to filter out of the room. Voltaire moves toward a phone.

INT. ROUTER ROOM

The room is completely black.

JOE

Point taken. Turn it back on.

ANGELO

Get off the terminal.

JOE

Ok, ok.

There is a sound of a chair moving, some shuffling, and a bang.

JOE

Ow! Jesus!

The phone rings. A light on it blinks and gives a gentle illumination to the room. Angelo moves forward and answers it.

ANGELO

I.T.

As Volaire speaks, Angelo turns on a key chain light.

VOLAIRE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Hello, this is Dr. James Volaire. We were having some trouble with the network, we seem to have lost all of our connections. We were on the Julia subnet?

ANGELO

Yeah, we're experiencing a bit of an electrical failure.

He scans the breaker box with his light, crossing over some switches marked "Julia 1-9," "Julia 10-18," etc.

VOLAIRE (O.S.)

(filtered)

. . . I was told that we were on battery backups.

ANGELO

Yes, those appear to have failed as well.

The light moves to "Julia Backup 1-9," etc.

VOLAIRE (O.S.)

(filtered)

That's . . . irregular.

ANGELO

Quite. We almost have it back up, it may take a few minutes for the servers to start playing nice with each other, and then you should have service restored.

VOLAIRE (O.S.)

(filtered)

Good to know. To whom am I speaking, by the way?

ANGELO

Angelo Gabriel.

VOLAIRE (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Ah, you're new then?

ANGELO
 Yes.

VOLAIRE (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Ah, I thought so. Well, thanks
 for your assistance.

ANGELO
 Any time.

VOLAIRE (O.S.)
 (filtered)
 Good bye.

Angelo sighs, and turns the breakers back on. The router room whirrs back to life.

INT. SERVER FARM

The lights return, and a massive roar heralds the coming of electricity to hundreds of cooling fans.

INT. BREAK ROOM

Technicians lounge around with coffee and doughnuts.

Another TECHNICIAN, pours coffee as Dr. Marks walks in.

TECHNICIAN
 So, Paul, how was your meeting
 with your little therapist?

There are smirks from the crowd.

MARKS
 Oh very good, would you like me
 to lay on the floor so you can
 kick me when I'm down.

TECHNICIAN
 Certainly, It'll give the two
 of you something to talk about.

MARKS
 Can't I have you fired?

TECHNICIAN
 Eh, yes, probably.

Andrews moves away. Marks moves for the coffee maker. Another technician, DR. JO-ANN NEAL moves next to him to freshen her own cup.

Marks is clearly flustered by her presence. He fills her cup in silence.

MARKS

Do you take sugar?

NEAL

Uh, Coffee Mate is fine.

MARKS

Have you tried the cinnamon?

He gestures toward a jar of cinnamon Coffee Mate.

NEAL

No, actually.

MARKS

Its good. Its very good.

He begins to pour the Coffee Mate slowly.

Volaire enters the room.

VOLAIRE

We're back up.

MARKS

We'll be back in in a minute.

His pouring speeds up.

NEAL

Not so much.

MARKS

Oh!

He stops pouring.

MARKS

Sorry.

NEAL

Yeah.

She moves away. Marks moves to say something, then stops.

He turns back to his coffee, and accidentally bangs his head on a cabinet.

INT. ROUTER ROOM

The lights are off, but the power is on. Angelo is at the terminal. Snack wrappers are accumulating around the desk.

ANGELO
Everything's up and kicking.

JOE
Well that was fun. Want to kick out the plug again and start over?

Angelo hits a button on the switchbox, and types a command.

ANGELO
We're still into that network.

JOE
So get us out, try not to reset the whole building this time.

ANGELO
There's a hell of a lot of breakers for this network.

JOE
Yeah?

ANGELO
Yeah, like six switches.

JOE
Lovely. Log us out.

Angelo types another command into the terminal. Server names begin flowing over the screen.

ANGELO
Shit!

JOE
What?

Joe comes over and looks.

ANGELO
There's a lot of stuff on here.

JOE
Yeah . . . curious yet?

He looks at him.

ANGELO

Ah hell, Martha Stewart did
prison.

INT. THE LAB

A collection of about eight prominent SUITS enter the lab and sit in folding chairs in the center of the room, facing Dr. Volaire's terminal.

An LCD projector has been set up to project onto the wall in front of them, and onto Dr. Volaire, who is currently standing in its way.

"No Signal" flashes above Volaire's head.

VOLAIRE

Welcome, gentleman, I'm sorry we had to delay, there was glitch of some kind a few hours ago, and we needed time to recover.

SUIT #1

I've only got a half-hour, I'm due for another one of these demonstrations at Defense Projects in Nevada tomorrow.

VOLAIRE

Certainly Mr. Kruschev, I do apologize.

INT. ROUTER ROOM

Angelo and Joe are huddled around the terminal, with Angelo typing.

JOE

Why are we looking for
"Voltaire"

ANGELO

He's the guy that called.
Probably runs the place.

INT. THE LAB

Voltaire lectures, still painted blue by the projector.

VOLAIRE

I'm sure you're all familiar
with the past breakthroughs the
Julia project has yielded, both
scientifically, and
financially.

The suits laugh.

VOLAIRE

But there still lies the
question: what is . . .

INT. ROUTER ROOM

Both are as before, looking at a list of files on screen.

JOE

The Julia Project?

ANGELO

Sounds like a safe bet.

A file name, "The Julia Project 04/29/14 v4.6.pdf", is
highlighted.

Angelo begins to type.

JOE

What do you think it is?

Angelo shrugs.

ANGELO

Dieting supplements, new promo
campaigns . . .

INT. THE LAB

VOLAIRE

. . . A window into the mind of
modern man, a chance to grasp
the very fibers of the human
self as it has come to be. And
need I add . . .

INT. ROUTER ROOM

ANGELO

. . . It'll probably pleasure
you sexually as well.

JOE
Alright, cut the . . .

INT. THE LAB

KRUSCHEV
. . . Bullshit, Volaire. Just
show us the product.

Voltaire looks somewhat embarrassed.

VOLAIRE
Of course, forgive me. Lights
please.

The lights go down in the room, Voltaire steps out of the way of the projector and pushes a button on a remote.

INT. ROUTER ROOM

Angelo opens the document.

INT. A MATERNITY WARD - 17 YEARS AGO

Rows of babies, extending far as the eye can see. Through the glass, a shabby looking woman in her fifties gives one little girl particular attention.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)
Julia was born to Virginia
Maria Grace, on February 22,
1987.

The woman lifts her hands to the glass.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)
Efforts to locate her father
were deemed unprofitable, and
ultimately discontinued.

A nurse comes and wheels away the little girl. The woman begins to break down.

INT. A HALLWAY

Four clipboard-bearing technicians wheel the infant Julia down the hall.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)

She was adopted by Terra almost immediately after her birth, and placed in the room just on the other side of the wall you are now looking at.

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM

The room is at this point empty. Julia is moved to the center of the room.

A technician comes in to feed her.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)

Our staff raised her entirely in this room, fed her, changed her, and gave her enough attention to preserve normal development.

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM - 1 YEAR LATER

The room is now somewhat more decorated, with a functional bassinet and a few toddler toys.

Dr. Neal is helping Julia stand.

SUIT #2 (V.O.)

Doesn't that defeat the purpose of isolating her?

With a bit of a struggle, Julia begins to move forward, and soon lets go of Dr. Neal's hand, walking freely.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)

The objective is not so much isolation as it is control.

INT. A STORAGE ROOM

Rows of toys sit on rows of shelves with tags detailing their psychological implications.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)

From the time the project began, everything Julia was exposed to was under our control . . .

A technician takes a ball and leaves.

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM - 3 YEARS LATER

Julia, now a toddler, receives the new red ball from the technician.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)
 . . . from the toys she played
 with . . .

INT. AN OFFICE

Volaire stamps a book with a seal of approval.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)
 . . . to the books she was
 taught to read with; many of
 which were written by our own
 staff.

Volaire is credited as an illustrator for the book.

INT. THE LAB - A FEW DAYS BEFORE PRESENT

The printers print, the screens spew text, the technicians read along.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)
 Conversely, every action of
 Julia's is monitored: her
 position in the room at ten-
 second intervals . . .

On one screen, coordinates float upward in succession.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)
 . . . her biometric status . .
 .

The dot matrix regurgitates assorted biometric information; pulse etc.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)
 . . . and every word she ever
 heard or spoke.

Another screen transcripts one of Julia and Freud's morning conversations as it occurs.

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM - 11 YEARS AGO

Julia, now about six, sits with Marks as he reads to her.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)
 Her education progressed as
 normally as possible under the
 circumstances . . .

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM - 6 YEARS LATER

Now Julia is about twelve, and sits across from marks at a small table. He times her as she solves a block puzzle on an IQ test.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)
 . . . and she's proven to be
 quite a smart girl . . .

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM - 4 YEARS LATER

Julia is now about her present age, standing in front of the white board, gazing up at a large math problem.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)
 . . . her grasp of calculus is
 even slightly above her level.

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The lights are off, and Julia sits on her bed watching a television on a rolled-in cart, and eating popcorn.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)
 But in other areas she is
 seriously inhibited.

Marks and Neal stage an argument on screen.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)
 All she knows about what it is
 to be human comes from her
 interaction with our
 technicians and videos which
 are produced for her benefit.
 And while she has developed
 essentially normally, she has
 no knowledge of the outside
 world.

INT. SERVER FARM

The machines whirr in oblivious autonomy.

VOLAIRE (V.O.)

As far as she is concerned,
earth extends twenty or so
rooms in either direction, and
most of the people in it see no
more of it than she does.

INT. ROUTER ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Joe and Angelo stare stunned at the screen.

JOE

No way.

INT. THE LAB - PRESENT DAY

The suits sit quietly in their chairs.

SUIT #3

Does she ever try to escape?

VOLAIRE

No. In fact she is genuinely
afraid to leave her holding
room.

SUIT #3

Why?

VOLAIRE

Imprinting mostly; association
with food, care, fear of the
unknown, possibly some
childhood trauma.

SUIT #4

What kind of trauma?

VOLAIRE

Hard to say. Children react to
many simple things, the
smallest event can have massive
consequences.

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM

Julia knocks over a tower of blocks.

After they fall, she gathers them together, and places them
in a box under her bed.

Dr. Neal sits on the desk chair, watching over her.

She leans in, and speaks to Julia in a slow, drawn out, child-speak sort of tone.

NEAL

So, Julia, I heard that you haven't been eating your eggs.

JULIA

I don't like them when they're mushy.

NEAL

. . . Well . . . sometimes, we have to eat things we don't like, be it eggs, or . . .

JULIA

I like eggs.

Julia stands up, looking somewhat offended.

Neal leans back and rubs her face.

NEAL

Julia . . . sit down.

Neal gestures toward the bed. Julia sits. Neal pulls her chair across from her, and takes her hands.

NEAL

Julia, its very important that you get the proper foods, ok.

JULIA

I eat the pancakes, and the waffles, and . . .

NEAL

Julia, Rufus didn't get the proper foods either.

Julia seems shaken by the mention of the name Rufus.

NEAL

Do you remember that?

JULIA

Yes.

NEAL

Julia . . .

INT. ROUTER ROOM

The lights are off. A Freud's-eye-view of the scene plays on the terminal screen.

Joe and Angelo sit on the floor, leaning against the racks, not even watching the action onscreen.

Wrappers litter the floor and a beer sits in each of their hands. A few crushed beer cans are about.

NEAL

(from terminal)

. . . I need you to eat your eggs.

JULIA

(from terminal)

Ok.

NEAL

(from terminal)

Ok. I'm going to go now.

JULIA

(from terminal)

Ok.

On the screen, Neal drags the chair back to the desk, and replaces it, then leaves the room. Julia curls up on her bed.

Angelo begins to laugh.

ANGELO

Holy shit.

JOE

Yep.

ANGELO

They keep a girl locked in the closet.

JOE

Yep.

ANGELO

I don't believe it.

Joe lifts himself up and moves toward the terminal.

JOE

Well, believe it.

Joe rotates in his chair.

JOE

Yeah, lets pop in for a visit.
It'll be fun. We could bring
cookies, play twister, hell,
like you said, she'll probably
pleasure us sexually as well.

Angelo fights a smile.

ANGELO

That isn't funny.

JOE

I'm serious.

ANGELO

C'mon.

JOE

Hey, you don't like her locked
up in there, lets spring her.

ANGELO

And hide a fugitive in my
apartment or yours?

JOE

Dude, you don't want chicks in
my apartment.

ANGELO

Great. We'll just have to ask
the FBI, now can you find the
number, or not?

JOE

Alright, your call.

Joe turns back to the terminal, and punches the KVM. He
begins browsing to fbi.gov.

INT. BREAK ROOM

Neal and Marks are again mixing coffee. They talk to each
other just over a whisper.

MARKS

Creamer?

He offers her the coffee-mate can.

NEAL

Thanks, I got it.

She takes it from him. Marks pauses, and clears his throat.

MARKS

I don't think we should be using Rufus to coerce Julia.

NEAL

Pardon?

MARKS

Rufus was a very traumatic event for Julia, and I think we should try to bring it to mind as little as possible.

NEAL

She needs to eat her eggs.

MARKS

Dr. Volaire and I are aware of this, and we are working toward a solution, but neither of us feel that torment is a suitable response to mushy eggs.

NEAL

I just want to make sure your new girlfriend eats better than I did, that's all.

Marks freezes.

MARKS

Whoa. Let's just stop right there.

NEAL

What do you care anyway? Its not like you have to actually pick up the check for her meals.

MARKS

Stop it. Stop it! We will not do this here.

NEAL

Why not? We started it on this counter, why not finish it here?

Marks adopts a shocked smile.

MARKS

You impudent little slut.

NEAL

Hey, I'm not the one trying to
bag some retarded little lab
rat.

Marks shatters his coffee mug on the counter, spilling
coffee on his hand.

MARKS

OWW!

Marks grabs a towel, and grips his hand with it. Both of
them turn around and see two technicians sitting at the
table behind them.

They seem to have noticed the argument going on.

There is an awkward pause. Marks and Neal turn back around
as Marks begins to clean up the counter.

MARKS

If I hear you talk about Julia
like that again, I will have
you removed from this project.

NEAL

Favorite son gonna tell daddy
on me?

MARKS

And for my part, I'll file a
sexual harassment complaint.

NEAL

Oh-

MARKS

That's enough now.

He dumps an excessive amount of coffee-mate into Neal's
cup, sweeps the remainder of the broken mug into the trash
can, and walks away.

INT. ROUTER ROOM

Joe is at the terminal. The lights are off. Angelo is
receiving a manila envelope from someone at the door.

ANGELO

Thank you.

He closes the door.

ANGELO

Here they are.

He walks to Joe and opens the envelope. He dumps out two keycards.

ANGELO

How'd you get these made.

JOE

I sent an email asking for them.

ANGELO

You're allowed to just get these?

JOE

No, but that Volaire guy is.

ANGELO

So you're in everyone's email now too?

JOE

More or less.

ANGELO

Love that low profile we're keeping.

Joe slides a card toward Angelo.

JOE

You know where it is?

ANGELO

I think so.

JOE

Cool, lets shut her down.

ANGELO

Wait, you're coming, right?

JOE

I gotta watch your ass. I'm in security's stuff too, we can watch the cameras from here.

ANGELO

Wait, this was your idea, why don't you go?

JOE
You're better with words.

Angelo turns over the keycard in his hand.

ANGELO
What do I say?

JOE
Tell her we're going partying,
and we want her there.

ANGELO
(beat)
Ok.

JOE
(beat)
you're doing this, right?

ANGELO
Yeah.

JOE
No kidding.

ANGELO
Yeah.

JOE
Not shitting you anymore.

ANGELO
Yeah. . . I guess.

JOE
(beat)
Just answer the phone.

ANGELO
It isn't ringing.

The phone rings. Angelo blinks, and answers it.

ANGELO
I.T.

There is some chatter on the other end.

ANGELO
Yeah, we just had a couple of
routers blow.

More chatter.

ANGELO
We're trying to find
replacements now, we'll let you
know when we get them.

Still more chatter.

 ANGELO
Alright, I'll do that.

INT. THE LAB

Volaire is on the phone, the rest of the technicians sit
still, waiting.

Marks stands to Volaire's left.

 VOLAIRE
All right then. Thank you very
much.

He hangs up the phone.

 VOLAIRE
I suppose we can take a break
then.

The technicians begin filtering out.

 MARKS
What's up?

 VOLAIRE
The router died.

 MARKS
Ahh.

INT. A HALLWAY

Angelo walks down the hall with a keycard in his hand.

He stops as the technicians filter out of the door to the
lab, and into the break room to its left.

He steps aside, and awkwardly greets those that look at
him.

When all are gone, he passes the lab, and comes to the key-
carded door.

With a few looks over his shoulder, several sighs, and whatever further nervous ado, he puts the keycard in, and opens the door.

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM

Julia sits on the bed reading a book when Angelo walks in. She seems surprised to have a visitor.

JULIA
Hello.

ANGELO
Um . . . hi.

There is a long pause.

JULIA
Aren't you going to sit down?

ANGELO
Hmm?

JULIA
I don't know, most people sit down.

ANGELO
Um . . . Ok.

Angelo walks over and sits beside her on the bed.

JULIA
Why are you here?

ANGELO
Uhh . . .

JULIA
Freud didn't tell me you were coming.

ANGELO
Freud? Who's that?

She looks up at the intercom. Angelo stands and approaches it. He notes the "Freud" brand label on the bottom.

Angelo snorts, and points up at it.

ANGELO
Freud?

Julia nods.

JULIA

He's a box.

Julia laughs heartily at this. Angelo doesn't get it, but seeing her so tickled, he laughs anyway.

As Julia recovers, Angelo walks back over.

JULIA

Freud is not a box.

ANGELO

Well, what is he then?

JULIA

He's a Freud.

ANGELO

Yes, so I saw.

Julia laughs again.

ANGELO

What are you reading about?

JULIA

Its about a girl named Maggie who gets sick.

ANGELO

Oh, where does she live?

JULIA

In a room.

ANGELO

Oh, like you.

JULIA

Yes. People in books always live in rooms.

ANGELO

Ah.

Julia goes back to reading for a moment.

JULIA

I have a lot of books, too.

ANGELO

Really?

JULIA

Oh yes, I read all the time.
And I draw a lot. I drew a
picture of Paul earlier. By the
way, what's your name?

ANGELO

Uh, Angelo.

JULIA

Are you here because of the
eggs?

ANGELO

I . . . don't think so.

JULIA

Well don't you have a test to
give me?

ANGELO

No.

JULIA

Well, why are you here?

Angelo has to stop on this question.

ANGELO

Don't you ever get visitors?

JULIA

Yes, but they have things to
do. Except for Paul.

ANGELO

Paul.

JULIA

Yes, he's just my friend.

ANGELO

Well, I'm here because I want
us to be friends. Is that ok?

JULIA

I guess so.

ANGELO

Good. Now, me and another
friend were going to go later,
get a few drinks, hang out, and
we were hoping you would come
along.

JULIA
What do you mean?

ANGELO
I mean I'd like you to come
with me.

She seems confused.

JULIA
Where?

ANGELO
Just outside.

JULIA
Oh, no. I can't go out there.

ANGELO
Why not?

JULIA
I don't know.

ANGELO
Oh c'mon.

Angelo begins tugging her toward the door.

JULIA
I'm supposed to stay here, and
I really have to do some
writing, and we're having
hotdogs today, and I really
like hot dogs.

ANGELO
It'll be fun, there's all sorts
of stuff you've never seen,
I'll get you some hotdogs in
the park, trust me it'll be
great. Just c'mon.

As he pulls her toward the door, Julia fights harder and
harder.

JULIA
Nooo!

ANGELO
Jesus!

Angelo lets go, cringing and looking around to see if
anyone could have heard.

Julia hugs herself, and sits down on the bed, breathing somewhat heavily.

ANGELO

Calm down!

He sits by her again.

ANGELO

Are you ok?

JULIA

Not really.

Angelo sighs.

ANGELO

Don't yell like that.

JULIA

Please don't make me go.

ANGELO

. . . Ok, that's fine, we don't have to go.

JULIA

Maybe you should leave.

Angelo looks wounded slightly at this.

ANGELO

. . . Yeah, I guess so. Hey, listen, I'm not supposed to be here, so don't tell anyone you met me.

Julia's discomfort gives way to puzzlement.

JULIA

What do you mean?

ANGELO

I mean if Paul or Jo-Anne or Freud or whatever asks you, tell them you were reading the whole time, and nobody came in here.

JULIA

You mean lie?

ANGELO

Yes. Good. Lie. That's it.

JULIA
I'm not supposed to do that.

ANGELO
Well . . .

Angelo thinks, then suddenly lights up.

ANGELO
. . . now you can!

JULIA
Huh?

Angelo stands.

ANGELO
As an official . . . person
that comes in this room, I
hereby give you permission to
lie about me being here.

They look at each other for a moment, he looking
anticipatory, she looking puzzled.

JULIA
. . . ok.

Angelo sighs in relief.

ANGELO
Good. Do you still want me to
go?

JULIA
. . . you can stay if you want.
I don't mean to be rude.

ANGELO
Not at all.

INT. SERVER FARM

Marks follows Voltaire through the racks.

MARKS
I know personal lives don't
factor into your management,
but what I saw today was open
hostility.

VOLAIRE

I understand your concern, but given your relationship with Jo-Anne, there's a limit to what I can ethically do.

MARKS

That's why I'm not asking for her to be taken off. I just want her to start seeing a corporate psychiatrist.

VOLAIRE

She is a corporate psychiatrist.

MARKS

So are you, and you know that's no excuse.

Volaire stops.

VOLAIRE

It wouldn't exactly be tactful for me to take action after what you said to her.

Marks stands silent.

VOLAIRE

Alright. I'll schedule some sessions with Crainwright next week.

Marks goes to thank him.

VOLAIRE

For both of you. You don't have to attend together but it won't seem prudent if I single her out.

MARKS

I understand. Thank you.

Volaire looks at him, but remains silent.

INT. ROUTER ROOM

Joe sits at the desk, typing. A few movie posters now decorate the room, cyberpunk and 80s horror flicks.

Volaire and Marks walk in. Joe doesn't look at them.

JOE
Did you bring me back a
girlfriend?

He turns around, and changes color for a moment.

JOE
Oh, uh, what can I do you for?

The two scientists seem confused.

VOLAIRE
We're looking for a Mr.
Gabriel, I spoke with him on
the phone.

JOE
Yeah, he went out to get
another router for you guys.
You're Dr. Volaire?

VOLAIRE
Yes.

JOE
And you're Dr. Marks.

MARKS
Yes. Good to meet you.

He extends a hand. Joe shakes it.

JOE
So you guys wanted to talk to
Angelo?

VOLAIRE
Yes, we were hoping to find out
what was happening to our
network. We haven't been
accustomed to outages in the
past.

JOE
Yeah. Freaky the way this
thing's been crapping out since
we got here.

As he talks, Joe begins to take his cell phone from his
back pocket, and secretly text a message.

JOE
Moment we came in thing's were
going south . . .

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM

Julia watches as Angelo draws in her sketchbook.

JULIA

What is it?

A rose takes shape on the page.

ANGELO

It's a rose.

JULIA

Rose? Like the color?

ANGELO

Well it is rose colored. It's a flower. They grow out of the ground.

JULIA

A flower?

ANGELO

Yeah.

JULIA

You're making that up.

ANGELO

No, I'm serious.

He goes back to drawing. Julia begins playing with the front of his shirt.

ANGELO

What are you doing?

JULIA

Where are the buttons?

ANGELO

It doesn't have any buttons.

JULIA

How did you get it on, then?

ANGELO

Just pull it over my head.

He motions in example.

JULIA

And you get it off the other way?

ANGELO

Yep.

JULIA

I like that. Buttons take too much time.

ANGELO

True.

He draws some more. While he is focused, Julia attempts to lift her own shirt off of her head. It slides off easily, and she sits for a moment, bare from the waste up, pondering the prospect.

She then replaces it without Angelo even noticing.

Angelo's phone beeps with a text message. He takes it out and reads it.

ANGELO

Shit, I gotta go!

He tears off the drawing, and ponders over it for a second.

ANGELO

Do you have a place you can keep this where nobody will find it?

JULIA

Nobody looks in my trunk.

ANGELO

Nobody? You're sure?

JULIA

Yes. That's my personal space. Nobody can look inside.

ANGELO

Alright.

He hands her the drawing.

ANGELO

I have to go.

JULIA

Thank you for visiting me.

ANGELO

Oh, you're welcome.

She hugs him.

ANGELO

Oh! Uh, mmph.

He returns the embrace somewhat tentatively, then gets up.

JULIA

Will you come back?

Angelo turns.

JULIA

I don't have any friends that
draw pictures.

ANGELO

I'll try. I don't know.

JULIA

Oh. Good bye.

ANGELO

Bye, Julia.

He walks through the door.

INT. A HALLWAY

Angelo turns away from the door, and begins to walk quietly down the hall, politely greeting people as he encounters them.

As he moves his pace begins to quicken, and develop a bounce. His greetings get friendlier, and he smiles.

INT. ROUTER ROOM

A new router blinks on the rack as Angelo plugs it in.

ANGELO

Joe you want to check it out
for these gentleman?

Marks and Volaire look on as Joe runs a script to ping all of the Julia servers.

ANGELO

Alright, that should take care
of it.

VOLAIRE

Much appreciated.

He extends a hand. Angelo takes it.

ANGELO
So you're Dr. Volaire.

VOLAIRE
Yes, I am.

ANGELO
Good to meet you. Sorry for the
trouble lately.

VOLAIRE
This is Dr. Marks, my
assistant.

MARKS
Hello.

ANGELO
Hey.

Joe's script finishes.

JOE
Looks like its good.

VOLAIRE
Excellent, thank you very much.
Well, we'll be getting back to
work again.

ANGELO
Big things going on down there?

MARKS
We can't talk about that.

ANGELO
So I guessed. I'm sure its
great whatever it is.

MARKS
Well thank you.

VOLAIRE
Yes thank you.

ANGELO
See you two later then.

They exchange good-byes and Marks and Volaire leave.

JOE
So where is she?

ANGELO

In her room.

Joe turns around.

JOE

You didn't get her?

ANGELO

She didn't want to come.

JOE

You were there for all that time and you couldn't change her mind?

ANGELO

She screamed bloody murder and nearly threw up on herself. I gave up persuading.

JOE

Wow. Shit.

ANGELO

No kidding.

JOE

So what the hell were you doing, you were gone twenty minutes.

Angelo plops down on the floor.

ANGELO

We talked about eggs for a bit. She doesn't like what they've been giving her for breakfast. And then we drew pictures for awhile, and she asked why my shirt had no buttons.

JOE

Bit of a bore, isn't she.

ANGELO

Nah, it was ok. . .

JOE

What?

ANGELO

Nothing.

JOE
Really, what?

ANGELO
She's just, different.

JOE
No shit. Her head's a lab rat,
what's up?

ANGELO
I dunno, its just . . .
different.

Joe looks at him wryly.

ANGELO
What?

Joe turns around.

ANGELO
What?

JOE
Nothing.

ANGELO
Come on, what are you thinking?

JOE
Am I being paid to think?

ANGELO
No.

JOE
Then why would I be doing it.

ANGELO
Because you like screwing with
me.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

DR.CRAINWRIGHT sits at his desk across from Neal in another under-decorated room, this one filled with books.

CRAINWRIGHT
Now I understand your upset,
but I'm sure nobody is screwing
with anybody.

NEAL

Then why am I here?

CRAINWRIGHT

I'm just here to make sure
nothing is bothering you,
that's all.

NEAL

What's bothering me is that all
he has to do is clap and I end
up here.

CRAINWRIGHT

Dr. Marks has also been asked
to see me for evaluation. Now,
can we talk?

NEAL

Yes, sure.

CRAINWRIGHT

That's better.

NEAL

I know how this works.

Crainwright nods.

CRAINWRIGHTT

Good.

NEAL

Good.

CRAINWRIGHT

Let's start from the beginning.
Tell me about Dr. Marks.

NEAL

Well, Dr. Marks and I, as I
believe you know, were in an
intimate relationship.

CRAINWRIGHT

Mhm, and how long did this
last.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

Later, or earlier. Marks is in the chair.

MARKS

About ten months.

CRAINWRIGHT

And what were your thoughts on her?

MARKS

Well, most of what I saw I attributed to a fear of rejection associated with a past relationship.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

Neal's floor again.

NEAL

He was clearly suffering from several textbook neuroses, many of them advanced. I attributed it to his most recent divorce and long time lack of a stable partner.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

Marks' session.

MARKS

She was a permanent shrink, always analyzing me for the neuroses that would, in her mind, cause me to turn her away. My every acquaintance became an object of jealousy.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

Now Neal.

NEAL

He spent most of his time at work, to the point where it became evasive, an attempt to retreat into an environment where he was less likely to face rejection. His favored status at work was more stable and comfortable than. . .

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

Now Marks.

MARKS

. . . an emotionally deprived
vulture just sort of swooping
down and latching on . . .

He impersonates the action with his hands.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

Neal again.

NEAL

I think diagnosing him as a
homosexual would still be a bit
of a leap . . . but let's make
that leap for a moment . . .

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

Marks for the block.

MARKS

She wasn't even living there.
Where does she get off? Not
with me, couldn't even be
bothered to get on in the first
place.

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

Neal in the hot seat.

NEAL

Like I was going to sleep with
him after he fucked Margot.

CRAINWRIGHT

He cheated on you?

NEAL

Probably!

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

Marks in the chair.

MARKS

. . . a bitter, manipulative .
. . .

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

Neal's session.

NEAL

. . . insecure, self-absorbed .
 . .

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

Marks holds the chair.

MARKS

. . . self-absorbed, insecure .
 . .

INT. PSYCH OFFICE

Neal gropes for a conclusion.

NEAL

. . . Faggot!

Crainwright lets the speech ring for a beat.

CRAINWRIGHT

A most enlightening diagnosis
 doctor. I see our time is up,
 you're free to go.

INT. A HALLWAY

Crainwright and Volaire speak to each other outside the
 former's office.

CRAINWRIGHT

There's definitely something to
 be concerned about. Both of
 them have quite a bit of
 resentment about this
 relationship. I do think Marks
 is coping better, but as long
 as they're both around, neither
 one of them will be functional.

VOLAIRE

I see. So you are recommending
 that I continue sending them to
 you?

CRAINWRIGHT
I think it could be beneficial.
I'm drafting a report, if you
need it for records.

VOLAIRE
Send it as soon as its done.

He begins to leave

CRAINWRIGHT
Oh, uh, it probably won't be
finished until later, I'm
taking overtime. When should I
send it?

VOLAIRE
Oh, I'll be here.

CRAINWRIGHT
Working a double shift too?

VOLAIRE
Oh, I'm usually here.

CRAINWRIGHT
Really?

VOLAIRE
Yes, I like to catch up on
paperwork.

CRAINWRIGHT
When do you leave?

VOLAIRE
Sometimes I don't, actually.

CRAINWRIGHT
Hmm?

VOLAIRE
Yes, you see, I have a mattress
in the corner of my office, and
a few blankets, and with the
work load administration sends
down for me its usually easier
just to grab a snack from the
break room, change into my
pajamas, I try to keep some in
my desk drawer, and just . . .

He notices Crainwright's reaction and trails off.
Crainwright stares back accusingly.

CRAINWRIGHT
So basically, you never go
home?

VOLAIRE
Well, really, I-

CRAINWRIGHT
You know I'm starting to wish
we had more time to chat like
this, how about you drop by my
office a little later?

VOLAIRE
Well, I-

CRAINWRIGHT
You'll be here, right?

VOLAIRE
Well yes, but-

CRAINWRIGHT
I'll let administration know
you're coming.

Crainwright glares, then returns to his office, and shuts
the door loudly.

INT. ROUTER ROOM

Joe and Angelo are leaning against the racks, sipping
sodas.

Across from them, a drawing of a rose, similar to the one
done for Julia, is pinned on the wall.

They stare at it, each waiting for Joe's inevitable
comment.

JOE
That's a rose?

ANGELO
Yeah, you got a problem with
that?

JOE
I dunno, looks more like a
PANSY to me.

Joe shoves Angelo.

ANGELO

You're just jealous because you're not as secure in your masculinity as I am.

JOE

Right, why don't you be a man and come out of the closet and join us?

Joe goes back to the terminal.

ANGELO

Right. What are you doing?

JOE

Checking my email.

ANGELO

And everyone else's too?

JOE

Yeah, probably. Oh, somebody in surgery wanted some workstations, I sent those down, and we're supposed to undelete some core dump for reasoning research.

ANGELO

I want to talk to her again.

JOE

Who?

Angelo gestures toward the picture. Joe looks confused.

JOE

. . . ok I give up, what the hell are you talking about?

ANGELO

Julia.

Joe rolls his eyes.

JOE

Dude, she's oatmeal. Let it go. We're not getting her out.

Angelo looks offended by the remark.

ANGELO

She's not oatmeal, she's scared.

JOE

Look, you wanna go mess with some Megacorp's lab rat, that's fine, but you wanna date some Megacorp's lab rat, you do that on your own time, ok?

ANGELO

Hey, fuck you ok, man! Jesus Christ, like you ever even gave a shit about anybody.

JOE

(Talking over Angelo)

Oh come on, you've been drawing friggin' flowers and moping around, it's a friggin' chick flick in here all of a sudden.

ANGELO

I'm getting a soda.

JOE

Go get your fucking soda.

Angelo leaves the room.

JOE

Christ.

He goes back to work. A beat, then Angelo bursts back in, leaving the door open, and looks at the rose. Another beat.

ANGELO

Aww, shit.

He plops down on the floor.

JOE

What?

ANGELO

I'm in love with her.

JOE

Yeah.

Angelo sits for a moment.

ANGELO

We gotta bring her out.

JOE

Ok, when you had that whole moral decency thing going, it was kind of cute, but at this point its just creepy.

ANGELO

Do you ever think about anyone else?

JOE

You're the one that's looking to pluck up a girlfriend, here, alright?

ANGELO

Actually I was kind of looking to spring her from a corporate holding cell. You'd think that'd be on everyone's priority list.

JOE

Why?

There is a long pause. Joe turns around in the chair.

JOE

Why? What's so goddamned wrong about her being in that room?

ANGELO

People are supposed to be free.

JOE

Say's who? And who the hell says she isn't?

ANGELO

900 square feet a big enough world for you?

Joe stands.

JOE

I'm sorry, do they feed her? Does she have clothing? I'm sorry, has there ever been a thing in the whole goddamned world that she wanted and didn't get?

ANGELO

She doesn't know about anything in the goddamned world.

JOE

So much the better!

ANGELO

So it doesn't bother you that she's being treated like some corporate commodity?

JOE

You know my father? He designed telephone switches for 20 years. Worked in a cube. Balanced his checkbook three times a day, pissed himself when he got a credit card bill. Went five years without a raise before they kicked him for some undergrad. He comes home and Jane fucking Fonda comes on TV and wants his last nickel for Starvin' Marvin over in the People's Republic of Whogivesashit. Hell, what about you and me, huh? What are you gonna tell me thirty years from now when we're still doing this shit, or when we're on the curb because nobody wants us to anymore? Who the fuck are you to tell me she's the only one who's some kind of corporate commodity? I get paid, she gets paid, and Thomas fucking Jefferson can bite my ass. That's the world. Wake up, Angelo.

Joe sits down, and watches Angelo, who turns back to his rose drawing. Joe returns to work.

He motions at the picture.

ANGELO

She doesn't know what that is, you know.

Joe stops momentarily, but makes no reply, and quickly resumes.

ANGELO

She thinks I made it up.

He laughs quietly.

ANGELO

Now that'd be something.

(beat)

"Angelo Gabriel, inventor of the rose." Forget about all the poets and the painters, I made the original. That'd be a hell of a trip.

Joe doesn't show much response.

ANGELO

What else can I give her? Hmm? You're right you know, she deserves better.

He hoists himself up.

ANGELO

All I can give her is the world, though. I guess we might've fucked it up somewhere, I don't know, who gives a shit. Can't fix it anyway. It's all I've got though. It's all anybody's got.

He leaves, shutting the door behind him. Joe has stopped in his tracks.

INT. CRAINWRIGHT'S OFFICE

Volaire sits in the center chair, as Crainwright preps a tape recorder at his desk.

CRAINWRIGHT

I just got my new tape recorder. The old one fell victim to coaster-duty under a hot cup of coffee.

Volaire nods in quaint, needlessly interested understanding.

CRAINWRIGHT

I hope you don't mind my breaking it in by taping our session today.

VOLAIRE

Go right ahead.

CRAINWRIGHT

Thank you.

He puts down the recorder, starts it, then comes around and sits on his desk.

CRAINWRIGHT

Tell me, you were married when you first came here, were you not?

Voltaire's manner stiffens slightly, then returns.

VOLAIRE

Yes, yes I was.

CRAINWRIGHT

And she passed away shortly after, did she not?

Voltaire seems somewhat surprised at the questions.

VOLAIRE

You have a very direct approach.

CRAINWRIGHT

I have a hunch, if you don't mind.

VOLAIRE

Oh, certainly. Go right ahead.

CRAINWRIGHT

The question.

VOLAIRE

Oh, yes, yes, my wife passed many years ago.

CRAINWRIGHT

Tell me about her then.

Voltaire swallows silently.

VOLAIRE

Well, we met at Berkley, I'm sure you know I attended there for my bachelor's degree, and my masters in theoretical-

CRAINWRIGHT

Please try to stay on topic.

Voltaire looks flustered.

VOLAIRE

Right. As I said, we met there.

CRAINWRIGHT

And how did you meet?

VOLAIRE

We took a few classes together. Some literature courses, and Calculus. She was brilliant at Calculus.

CRAINWRIGHT

You were attracted to her math skills?

Volaire chuckles lightly.

VOLAIRE

Not exactly.

CRAINWRIGHT

But kind of?

Volaire stops.

VOLAIRE

She was very. . . precise. Organized, efficient. Everything she did it was. . . planned. Orchestrated in a way. Even if she thought of it all at once, there was something about her that just brought everything together so that it was just so. . . right.

CRAINWRIGHT

When did you start dating?

VOLAIRE

We didn't.

CRAINWRIGHT

You didn't?

VOLAIRE

She came over one night, to work together on the problem of the month. We were taking a break, and I made this terrible, awkward joke about us running away together. I was embarrassed, but she went with it, started talking about where we would go, how we would get the money. Soon we were in the car, heading toward Cavalry Presbyterian.

CRAINWRIGHT

Doesn't sound very planned.

VOLAIRE

It was, though. That was the thing. She told me we'd drive Acuras, and live in Oregon, who would get the milk on Thursday, when we would forget, how long we would fight, how many kids we would have, their names, it seemed absurd but it all made so much sense, it was all planned, it was perfect!

CRAINWRIGHT

And then she died.

Voltaire deflates.

VOLAIRE

Yes.

CRAINWRIGHT

You didn't plan for that.

VOLAIRE

No. We didn't. We planned for everything, we even picked out the names for our children. We were going to adopt. One boy, one girl, it was balanced that way so we wouldn't regret anything, and it was a fair number to take care of, see, it made sense! It. . . it all made so much sense.

He remains frozen, staring at some distant object.

CRAINWRIGHT

What were the names?

VOLAIRE

Hmm?

CRAINWRIGHT

The children, what were their names?

Volaire sighs.

VOLAIRE

The boy was going to be called Chavez, I believe. She wanted to adopt one from Guatemala.

CRAINWRIGHT

And the girl?

VOLAIRE

Julia.

INT. ROUTER ROOM

Joe is at the terminal. Angelo stands outside the door, slowly opening it, two packages tucked under his arm, one wrapped in puppy dog wrapping paper, the other, a long, slender, delicate object, in tissue paper.

ANGELO

I'm going to see Julia.

JOE

Oh, that's nice.

Angelo stares at Joe.

ANGELO

Are you going to help?

JOE

Uhhh no.

ANGELO

Ok then.

He gingerly places his packages on the floor, and opens the breaker box. Joe hears it, and wheel's around.

JOE

What the-!

Angelo snaps off the breakers, and the room descends into darkness.

INT. SERVER FARM

Angelo marches away from the door to the router room in the background as the emergency light comes on. Joe leans out after him.

JOE

Asshole!

INT. A HALLWAY

Volaire is moving back toward the door to the lab, when it opens, and a plume of technicians pour from it. Marks trails the pack. He stops in front of Volaire.

MARKS

It's down again.

VOLAIRE

What in the world. . .

INT. THE HOLDING ROOM