

OPEN on MONTAGE OF HOLES TO FAST BOP MUSIC

Pits in sidewalk cement.

A dog's rear end walking down street past a man in construction overalls, who stretches packing or white gaffing tape from the roll.

We leave the dog to follow the end of a rolled up carpet as it's led on a trundle down the street.

The keyhole to a door on the same street. The door opens.

In lobby of building, a young woman college student bends over to pick something up as we pass. She's wearing a skirt and we see just a touch of her underwear as she bends.

At the other side of the lobby, a security guard's black iris and cornea in close detail. We pull back slightly to see he also has a gap in his tooth and a hole in his uniform's collar.

Through doors and a hallway, a crack in the wall. A finger touches it.

Through further doors, into a lecture hall.

INT. LECTURE HALL - MIDDAY

We are at the back of a lecture hall. A small man at the bottom of the hall is delivering his speech to the class. On the board behind him is copious writing surrounding a large swirled circle drawn in the center of the board.

DISSOLVE from circle to

The gaping mouth of a young man in t-shirt and jeans. He dozes in a row of seats before a wall. His body posture suggests unconcerned lassitude.

We hear the professor offscreen, giving his lecture as the young man snoozes.

PROFESSOR (OS)

-And so, we see that because of the transient, ephemeral, and indeed somewhat MYSTERIOUS nature of these tiny, tiny particles, and the ways in which they seem to SHARE each other's energy, it's possible - possible - for one of them to be there. And yet not be there at all.

Luc stirs and unconsciously wipes a wrist across his face. He resettles and resumes his nap.

PROFESSOR (OS) (CONT.)

Some among the sophomoric and poetic seem to enjoy the notion that this aspect of quantum behavior suggests that, just because a particle can theoretically be in many places at once, the remotest possibility exists for such phenomena as... I don't know... walking on water, sinking through floors, et cetera. Let me assure you that the PROBABILITY of this - is extremely rare. Indeed, would anyone be willing to place a wager on the likelihood that this textbook will descend through the floor when I drop it? (beat) One dollar. (beat) A taker, alright-

INSERT - Standard-issue lecture hall clock on the wall, ticking away the last seconds of the hour. As it reaches 12,

BAM! The sound of a heavy textbook hitting the tile floor of a large hall.  
(OS)

At this, Luc flails and wakes.

THE PROFESSOR, CLOSE  
(smiling)

To those of you still 'tuckered out' from the weekend, I hope your capacity for osmosis is better than that of the floor. Good day!

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

The lecture hall doors open and out comes Luc carrying his bookbag and a sweatsuit jacket, walking swiftly.

INSERT - Luc's fingers wrapped around the edge of the door.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Luc makes his way hurriedly down a busy street sidewalk. He passes under a scaffolding and enters the door to a small sandwich shop. A bell RINGS when he opens the door.

INT. SANDWICH SHOP KITCHEN - DAY

THE CHEF'S COUNTER

A man's thick, hairy hands press vegetable ingredients onto a tortilla. They mash the ingredients and mechanically fold the tortilla into a wrap, bending it to their will. Sunlight is coming through the kitchen's window; some nearby plastic wrap shimmers. Each time the hands fold the tortilla, it slowly unbends. The hands press more insistently each time. Finally the tortilla acquiesces to the desired shape of a sandwich wrap.

CHEF (OS)  
Ah, good.

A hand reaches out of the frame and returns with a bag of chips. The hands put the wrap and the chips on a platter.

INT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

THE KITCHEN DOOR

It swings open, and the Chef, Luggio, an Italian American in middle age, comes through with the platter. He wears a dirty but not disgusting apron. He brings the platter to a young woman sitting at one of the shop's small tables. Luc is in the corner of the shop putting on his apron.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

She thanks Luggio, who walks away. She watches Luc.

LUC

He faces the nearby corner where his book bag and jacket hang. He is trying to tie a knot on the back of his apron. His fingers struggle as he attempts the knot, gets his fingers tangled in the apron strings, untangles them, tries again.

THE YOUNG WOMAN

She thinks Luc is cute.

YOUNG WOMAN

The rabbit goes around the hole, then through.

LUC, HER POV

He turns his head over his shoulder to see who's talking. He sees it's a girl, and immediately tries to pretend that he's looking over his shoulder down at his fingers, which is impossible, so he turns, chasing his tail, trying to get a look at his hands. He slips on something and falls.

YOUNG WOMAN

She shakes her head, smiling.

LUC

He gets up and ties his apron successfully, sits at a table near the kitchen, and takes a notebook out of his bag. He flips pages, studying.

YOUNG WOMAN

Chomping her wrap, she watches him.

LUC

He flips pages in his notebook.

INSERT - LUC'S NOTEBOOK

The pages are covered in blue ink: mathematical expressions and equations, short bits of text, diagrams of particles and such.

YOUNG WOMAN (OS)

What is all that stuff?

LUC

He turns and sees her over his shoulder. He is not secretive about his notebook.

LUC

Oh this. It's uh, particle physics. See?

INSERT - THE NOTEBOOK

His hand traces a drawing of a particle colliding with a barrier.

LUC (CONT.)

See? The rabbit goes through the hole.

YOUNG WOMAN

Oh, so are you...like...a scientist? In training?

LUC

Nah, that's uh, not for me. Lab coats, goggles, hours and hours in the la-bore-atory. I want to be a forest ranger. Or maybe a pilot, or, or a fisherman or something. I don't like being stuck in one thing; I'm just in school for the knowledge, ya know?

YOUNG WOMAN

(noting his lack of ambition)

Uh, yeah. Well, nice meeting you.

LUC

You too.

YOUNG WOMAN

She returns to her table and sits down. She resumes eating her wrap, staring out the window.

LUC

He returns his attention to his notebook. Suddenly Luggio is there with him.

LUGGIO

(sotto voce)

Hey buddy, what is your problem, huh?

Luc pretends to ignore him.

LUGGIO (CONT.)

She wants to know you, my friend. A woman; she wants to find a good, stable man, and what do you show her? Not the smart scientist with a bright future, but what, eh?

He tousles Luc's hair, to Luc's annoyance.

LUGGIO (CONT.)

You want to be a fireman, a fisherman, a fighter pilot? (he makes mocking fighter-flying gesture) Come on, buddy - every week something new!

LUC

(sotto voce)

I can't help it, Luggio. I need to keep moving. I'm like a free-floating particle.

The two men watch the young woman collect her belongings and walk out of the shop.

LUGGIO

(gestures toward young woman, visible through the front window)  
There you go! Free floating!

LUC

Ah, you're right, but - if she's 'the one', then it's more or less predetermined that we'll meet and become acquainted at some...point. Two entities that will occupy a common space, metaphorical, physical, planar, at some point further in time...are their paths just floating strands trailing backward from that future confluence?

LUGGIO

(gruffly, as he pulls Luc's chair out)  
Ah, but what if the 'confluence' is right now? Is then all the future just trailing into nothingness?

LUC

Hey, no, you're misunderstanding, because if they are DESTINED to conjoin, then-

LUGGIO grabs him by the collar and begins ushering him out the door.

LUGGIO

Consider me an agent of destiny, young man!

He literally kicks Luc's ass out the door.

LUGGIO

(to himself)  
Dreamer.

EXT. SANDWICH SHOP - DAY

Med. shot - Luc standing under the scaffolding, one hand over his eyes.

The young woman is one door down the street. She is, stooped down at the curb, looking at something concernedly.

LUC

Hey!

YOUNG LADY

(turning to him but not rising)  
Hey. I just dropped my keys down the sewer! I'm so stupid!

LUC

(laughing politely)  
They hit the water?

YOUNG LADY

Yeah.

LUC

Theoretically, you know, it IS possible that they're actually floating on the surface down there.

YOUNG LADY

Actually, they are - I go boating a lot. Got the floating key ring. Can you help me get them out?

LUC

Uh, I doubt it. But I am really good with locks, if you need to get back into your place.

YOUNG LADY

(not sure, but smiling)

Oh, you're a locksmith, too.

She comes over to him. Luc is visibly nervous. She produces a pad and pen from her purse.

LUC AND YOUNG LADY

He leans on the wall, feigning nonchalance.

YOUNG LADY

(while writing)

Okay, meet me at this address at 6:00. Call this number before you come by.

LUC

Uh... (long pause while they lock eyes) okay.

YOUNG LADY

(he's cute again)

I'll be waiting outside, I guess.

LUC

Yeah.

INSERT - LUC'S HAND ON THE WALL

His index finger taps nervously.

CLOSE: Her hands, writing.

YOUNG WOMAN (OS)

My name's Amy.

We follow her hands as they tear off the sheet and stick it playfully into Luc's apron pocket.

INSERT - LUC'S HAND ON THE WALL

His finger, still tapping.

LUC, CLOSE.

His pleasantly shocked visage.

INSERT - LUC'S HAND ON THE WALL, EXT. CLOSE

The point at which his finger taps the brick of the wall.

CUT:

An animation or models. Swirling brick-colored spheres mesh with swirling flesh-colored spheres. Accompanying spacey SOUND, as from an 80s *Nova* episode.

CUT BACK:

LUC'S HAND ON THE WALL

His index finger is partially embedded in the wall! In reality, his finger and the wall have become one at the subatomic level.

LUC'S FACE, CLOSE

He realizes what has happened. It is just as he has been studying. An event of sublime rarity.

BLACK

A newspaper spins towards us, stopping near full frame. The headline: 'ONE IN A ZILLION: MAN, WALL MERGE'. The prominent subhead: 'Physicists, Philosophers to Bury Hatchet'. Discrete but visible below is a black-and-white photo of the sandwich shop with Luc against the wall under the scaffold.

LUC'S FACE, CLOSE

Slowly, panic sets in.

AMY, from Luc's POV, CLOSE

So, I'll see you in a few hours, locksmith, fighter-pilot man?

She walks away.

LUC

He smiles and waves with his free hand, then tries to gently extract his finger, but this is impossible. He begins tugging at it, trying to brace his efforts against the wall with his foot.

The SANDWICH SHOP. Luggio has been watching through the window. He gives Luc a big smile and a double thumbs up.

CUT: EXT. SANDWICH SHOP - HALF AN HOUR LATER. MED. SHOT.

Luc is slumped on the sidewalk, his arm awkwardly raised, his finger still stuck in the wall. It looks somewhat like he's pointing upward, recalling the angel on the Sistene Chapel, except that Luc's expression is sullen, defeated.

A passerby stops and mocks his skyward gesture, imitating a victorious athlete.

PASSERBY

Yeah!!

A businessman walks by and adds to the small collection of pocket change littered on the sidewalk around Luc.

LUC, MED.

LUC  
(after him)  
Thank you!

A pair of navy slacks and sharp shoes walks into the frame. A nightstick dangles.

VOICE (OS)  
Let's get up and move along, there.

LUC  
I can't.

The nightstick taps his feet.

VOICE (OS)  
Whadaya mean ya can't?

LUC  
I'm stuck. To the wall.

He looks up to his hand.

HIS HAND

An arm with police uniform sleeves enters the frame. The arm's hand takes Luc's wrist and jiggles it.

COP  
Well! How in hell didja do that?

LUC  
Uh, with the differing energy states at a subatomic level, geez it must have been the excitement or something, but well with these "shared states" of energy, see - uh. It was an accident.

COP  
...accident, yeah. Well, try and get yourself unstuck before rush hour or you're gonna block up half this sidewalk.

LUC  
Oh shit! What time is it?

COP  
Five thirty. Five.

LUC  
Oh no!

COP  
Hope you don't got somewhere to be.

LUC  
I have a date - I mean, I'm supposed to pick someone's lock, no, I mean uh... a friend got stuck outside her place.

COP

Really. What's the address? (winks) Hey, just kiddin. Good luck!

He leaves.

LONG SHOT: Luc stands and strives anew to free his hand. MUSIC plays over the following: A pair of attractive businesswomen walk by and Luc pretends to be leaning against the wall. He smiles politely as they pass, oblivious to him. They are immediately followed by a man in a tight suit with paper cup in his hand. He shakes the cup at Luc, looking for change. Luc ignores him, still trying to look casual for the businesswomen. The man bends down to pick up some coins still on the sidewalk. His posterior collides with Luc's hip, forcing a manouever where Luc grabs his stuck hand with his other hand and must walk awkwardly over the man's back to avoid getting wrenched. Luc kicks the man on down the street. He immediately returns to struggle with his hand, as two burly movers appear, leading a large trundle down the sidewalk. The trundle is stacked with cardboard boxes, some of which are marked: SCIENTIFIC - FRAGILE! It nearly runs him over.

THE SIDEWALK, LOW

The trundle's wheels stop at Luc's feet.

CONT. LONG SHOT: The movers begin to gesticulate and argue with Luc. He is angrily gesturing to his stuck finger with his other hand. The movers clearly don't buy it. They are gesturing to the cart, pointing to their watches. Luc is pleading with them. One of them tries to back up the cart.

THE SIDEWALK, LOW

As the trundle backs away, it winds Luc's loose shoelace around a wheel.

CONT. LONG SHOT: As the trundle backs away, one of Luc's feet goes with it, stretching him between his finger and toe. The mover pushes the cart back toward Luc, saving him from being drawn and halved, but the other mover tries to grab Luc, who ducks, swinging by his finger. The trundle smashes into the first mover, laying him out. A young skater rolls in from the left side of the frame, immediately colliding with the trundle. He falls into the street as Luc jumps onto this board and uses his stuck finger to roll himself back and forth as the second mover tries to grab him. The skater gets up and rushes at Luc's feet to retrieve his skateboard. Doing so, he trips the second mover, who collapses onto the first as the skater rolls away.

THE MOVERS

They collect themselves and rise, truly angry now.

END MUSIC

LUC

Pulling frantically at his finger.

SANDWICH SHOP WINDOW

Luggio sees the action.

## SIDEWALK SCENE

As the movers approach, Luggio emerges from the shop with a carving knife in hand. He doesn't threaten them with it directly.

LUGGIO  
What's goin on here, my friends?

The movers are unsure.

MOVER #1  
(noticing Luc and Luggio's aprons)  
Your guy here is blocking our cart!

LUGGIO  
Well, how bout you come back later.

He picks his teeth with the knife.

MOVER #2  
What the fuck's wrong with you?

LUGGIO  
(brandishing knife)  
Get out of here!

Reluctantly, the movers leave.

MOVER #1  
We're coming back! You'd better not touch that stuff!

LUGGIO  
(waving them off with the knife)  
Eh!  
(to Luc)  
What the hell's goin on out here? Where you been?

LUC  
Get my notebook, and I'll explain.

LUGGIO  
Okay, smart guy.

CUT: We're tracking sideways over brick. There is an insistent, regular tapping SOUND, metal on brick. Luc's stuck finger passes into the frame, and then a chisel, which has by now carved a few crumbling holes around the finger.

## LUGGIO AND LUC

LUGGIO  
Try it now.

Luc tugs for a moment. There is a CRACK, and then Luc's hand is free, taking a golfball-sized chunk of brick along with it. Luc is exasperated.

LUGGIO  
(shrugs)  
There you go.

LUC  
What am I supposed to do with this?

He holds up the brick stuck to his finger.

LUGGIO, regarding him  
You're one strange kid, you know that? (beat) I guess these things happen...

LUC  
No, they don't! Not in a billion years, according to - ah hell, what time is it?

LUGGIO  
(checks his watch)  
Six thirty. Five.

LUC  
No, no, no! Damn it, I left that girl stuck outside her place!

LUGGIO  
He puts his hand on Luc's shoulder.  
Well, maybe it's just not...a confluence.

CUT: A standard-issue university office clock on the wall. The seconds tick away, with a TAK-TAK-TAK sound.

We come around and find Luc seated in his professor's office. He taps the brick on his finger against the arm of his chair in passive frustration - this is the TAK-TAK-TAK sound.

The Professor, seated at his desk. Newspaper clippings are on a bulletin board behind him, including the one from Luc's vision. He is smiling broadly.

PROFESSOR  
Don't worry. It'll come off - in time.

BLACK.

SLOW FADE-IN:

EXT. AN URBAN PIER, EARLY MORNING.

A figure is at the end of the pier, silhouetted against the morning sky. We see a fishing pole in the air and a satchel next to him. The pole moves up and down.

THE REEL  
A hand, spinning it. The careful observer will note a white bandage on the end of the index finger.

THE FISHING LINE  
The hook draws up from the water; something is caught on it.

THE FISHERMAN

He swings the line carefully over to himself and examines the debris on the end of the hook.

THE HOOK

Hands clean seaweed off the hook. Tangled among the weeds is a set of keys with a floating keyring bobber on them.

LUC

He smiles.

FADE TO BLACK

END.