

SOFTWAR

by  
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## TAGLINES

Wars change. Soldiers don't.

The greatest battle is inside you.

## LOGLINE

Engineer MAYNARD works in robotics at powerful firm SysCON, but has been suffering from recurring nightmares in which he and his coworkers are fighting as soldiers in Sydney, in the war between China and America. As he tries to get his mind straight, the horrifying truth behind the nightmares becomes clear.

EXT. SYSCON CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

It's a gorgeous late afternoon at SysCON, a small startup company located in Long Island, New York. Surrounding the gray-bricked three-story building are manicured shrubbery and tall, imposing evergreens. A line of maple trees leads to the entrance, their leaves bearing the bronze of autumn.

Somewhere nearby, people are CLAPPING.

As we peer into the large windows of the building, we see an ordinary office, the computer screen displaying a screensaver, papers and folders stacked on the desk.

We hear the sharp PING of an aluminum bat hitting a ball.

Next to the computer is a skeletal human-sized robot made of metal and wires. Its red LED eyes slowly blink in and out.

A LOUD CHEER.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

The scoreboard, sitting at the top of the bleachers, is a throwback from the old days, the kind where a person picks up a number and hangs it on hook whenever there is a change.

The scoreboard reads 0-0.

A robot arm reaches over a stack of plastic cards, picks up a "1," and hooks it over the Home score hook.

JAMES MAYNARD slides into third base and claps for his teammate who just scored. Thirtyish and handsome, he's not big enough to have played varsity football; soccer was more likely his sport. He's wearing a softball jersey that reads: THE T1000s.

Loud cheers from the bleachers. From this vantage point, we can see that the softball field is behind the SysCON building, twenty yards away. A larger, warehouse-like structure is to the right.

Maynard stares at the bleachers and breaks open a wide smile when he finds ABBY and DANNY.

An All-American thirtysomething beauty, Abby returns her husband's gaze. She's wearing a New York Mets cap, her blond ponytail pulled through the back. Danny, a ten-year-old bundle of energy, is wearing a Boston Red Sox cap and has a baseball mitt.

DANNY  
Good hit, Dad!

Maynard flexes like a weightlifter, to the delight of his family.

At the plate, the BATTER is ready, his bat held up high, his eyes highly focused.

Maynard continues to watch his family, their whooping and cheering in slow motion. He's so happy to see them having such a good time. Maynard drinks it in.

The PITCHER tosses the ball.

The ball hangs in the blue sky.

The batter takes a mighty swing.

Maynard continues to watch his family.

We hear the PING of the bat.

Abby's expressions turn from one of joy to one of horror. She rises with her mouth wide open, about to shout.

The ball zips right past the diving third baseman's glove, and with an ugly THUNK, it beans Maynard in the head.

ABBY  
(shouts)  
Jim!

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

As the world comes back into focus, Maynard is on his back and staring up at three people looking down at him: Abby, Danny, and a man wearing a jersey that reads: THE BLADE RUNNERS.

He is RAFA RAYMONDE, a thirtysomething Latino man with a large, friendly face that's used to smiling. Maynard is like a brother to him.

RAYMONDE  
You all right, compadre?

MAYNARD  
 (thickly)  
 I think so.

Abby, kneeling next to him, touches his cheek. There are tears in her eyes.

Danny tries his best not to cry.

MAYNARD  
 I have a very hard head, kiddo.  
 Ask your mother.

ABBY  
 I'll tell your team that you're up.

Abby gathers Danny and takes him to the outer ring of watchers. Maynard cranes his neck and sees the concerned faces of his co-workers. He raises his hand and waves, and there's an audible, collective sigh.

In the distance, we hear the approach of SIRENS.

RAYMONDE  
 We called 911.

MAYNARD  
 Why?

RAYMONDE  
 You were out for, like, ten minutes.

MAYNARD  
 Out?

RAYMONDE  
 Not like softball, man. Like lights out.

Maynard reaches for his head and feels for his bump. It's near his temple, a red ball that looks raw.

RAYMONDE  
 War wounds, right?

MAYNARD  
 (laughs)  
 I should've been paying attention.

RAYMONDE  
 Eh, shit happens. I'm just glad you're all right, man.

The ambulance arrives, driving right up to the field and backing up to where Maynard is. An EMT WOMAN jumps out from the passenger door, ready for action.

EMT WOMAN  
Can you speak? What's your name?

MAYNARD  
Jim Maynard.

The EMT Woman kneels down and shines a pen light into Maynard's eyes. She rises.

EMT WOMAN  
Can you sit?

Maynard slowly sits up.

EMT WOMAN  
Can you stand?

Maynard slowly stands.

RAYMONDE  
(to Maynard)  
Can you go like this?

Raymonde pats his head while rubbing his stomach. He chuckles, but the EMT Woman looks at him with a deadly serious expression, which immediately makes him stop.

RAYMONDE  
Why don't I go stand over there.

Abby leaves Danny with Raymonde and joins Maynard. Abby reaches for him and Maynard takes her hand.

The EMT Woman is asking Maynard more questions, but their conversation is fading as we pull back to see the entire softball field and the people on it. Now that everyone knows Maynard is okay, some players horse around.

Out of nowhere, we hear a huge EXPLOSION.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF A CITY - AFTERNOON

We are thrust into the middle of a vicious ground fight in the outskirts of a large city. The landscape is riddled with crashed vehicles, destroyed buildings, and hundreds of bodies. Bombs are EXPLODING, machine guns are BLAZING, and SCREAMS of victory are intermingled with SCREAMS of pain.

As the battle ensues, it becomes clear that there are two sides: soldiers in red uniform and soldiers in black uniform. It also becomes clear that the black soldiers are badly outnumbered.

There's a kamikaze quality in the way the red soldiers fight, fearlessly running toward the source of gunfire, determined to overwhelm with the sheer number of soldiers. This results in many hand-to-hand skirmishes.

It's loud, it's frantic, bodies and body parts flying everywhere, bones snapping like twigs, blood gushing from stumps. It's war spelled backwards: raw.

Five black soldiers hack, chop, and shoot their way through the red enemy lines and run toward the city street.

RAYMONDE (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Alpha Five, do you read?

EXT. DESERTED STREET - MOMENTS LATER

A deserted city street. Many windows of the buildings are broken, doors busted, a war-torn area.

Five soldiers armed with assault rifles are moving quickly along, hugging the empty buildings lined along the street. These men are encased in black armor that looks hard and metallic, and attached to their backs is an oval-shaped shield. Only their faces remain visible, covered by a clear mask.

Maynard, leading this pack of soldiers, speaks.

MAYNARD  
Five, copy.

RAYMONDE (O.S.)  
(filtered)  
Unfriendlylies, 2 o'clock.

Maynard holds up his hand and hugs the nearby wall.

The soldiers behind him mimic his movements.

MAYNARD  
Visual lost. Verify.

Sounds of GUNFIRE. The machine-gun bullets spray down from above, just a few feet away from where they stand.

RAYMONDE (O.S.)  
 (filtered)  
 Verify four unfriendlies, rooftop.

MAYNARD  
 Five requesting tac air.

RAYMONDE (O.S.)  
 (filtered, sounds of  
 distant gunfire)  
 Negatory, five. We got our hands  
 full.

MAYNARD  
 We have to reach the tanker by  
 1300.

RAYMONDE (O.S.)  
 (filtered)  
 Affirm. I'll do what I can.

MAYNARD  
 Over and out.

More GUNFIRE, this time getting even closer. A bullet whizzes by the ear of the largest man in the platoon, MIKE PHILLIPS.

MAYNARD  
 We gotta get these fuckers.

PHILLIPS  
 Before they get us.

MAYNARD  
 That would be the idea. Phoenix  
 Formation. Phillips, you take  
 point.

Phillips and the other men nod.

MAYNARD  
 GO GO GO!

The soldiers get into a tight huddle and adjust their oval shields to protect the group from the bullets. In the center is Maynard, who moves with the group while taking out the snipers as he sees them.

As they move along the street, Maynard sees two snipers. He's a dead shot, bringing them both down with two quick squeezes of his trigger.

MAYNARD  
One down, two down!

RAYMONDE (O.S.)  
(filtered, screams)  
Rocket left!

From the top of a building, two enemy soldiers are aiming rocket launcher on the group. Maynard shoots one down, but he misses the other one.

MAYNARD  
BREAK!

All soldiers crouch and roll away from the rocket, but the shrapnel catches Phillips.

Phillips screams.

Maynard shoots down the last soldier.

MAYNARD  
Four down!

Maynard hurries over to Phillips, who's dead.

There's a chunk missing from his right shoulder, the wound still smoldering from the heat of the shrapnel.

INT. MAYNARD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maynard's eyes open wide in the silence of his bedroom. His face is dotted with sweat. A full moon shines through the window, casting a steely glow.

He looks over to his left and sees Abby sleeping peacefully. The clock on his nightstand reads 3:04AM.

Maynard gets out of bed quietly. He wipes his sweaty forehead with his hand and winces at the bruise left by the softball.

By the door, the family dog, a German shepherd named COOPER, looks up. Maynard pats his head as he leaves the bedroom.

Cooper follows him out.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Maynard sneaks about like a soldier, darting his head in the directions of various sounds.

Cooper follows him, but at a distance, as if he shares Maynard's discomfort.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maynard pushes open Danny's bedroom door.

His son is not in his bed. His blanket is cast aside, his pillow on the floor.

The window is open, the blinds half drawn. A gust of wind catches a few of the blades, making them rattle.

DANNY (O.S.)  
(sleepily)  
Dad?

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Maynard swings around and sees Danny behind him.

MAYNARD  
Hey Danny.

DANNY  
What...what's going on?

MAYNARD  
Couldn't sleep.

DANNY  
(suddenly concerned)  
You're okay, right? Your head...

Maynard lays a hand on Danny's shoulder.

MAYNARD  
I'm fine, champ. Just had a funny dream, that's all.

DANNY  
Oh. I had to pee. I shouldn't have drank that box of apple juice before going to bed, I guess.

INT. DANNY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Maynard walks over to the window and shuts it.

Danny gets into bed.

DANNY

What did you dream?

MAYNARD

I was just running around, doing stuff. You know how dreams are.

Maynard kisses him goodnight and turns off the light.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Cooper is curled up next to the master bedroom door. Maynard crouches down and gives him a good scratch.

Cooper looks up at Maynard with loving eyes.

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

A bright Friday morning at the Maynard household. The kitchen is large but warm, brushed metal appliances in harmony with classic oak cabinets.

Abby, wearing an apron over her t-shirt and yoga pants, is in front of the center island and has two burners going. One frying pan browns pancakes while the other one sizzles bacon and sausage links.

Maynard walks in, still in his pajamas, looking disoriented.

ABBY

Good morning, sleepyhead.

MAYNARD

Did the alarm ring?

ABBY

Twice.

MAYNARD

You could've woken me up.

ABBY

I figured you could use the rest.

Abby flips the done pancakes onto plates, then pours on another batch. Then she's onto the other pan, moving the bacon off and dropping more on.

MAYNARD

Did I wake you last night? I hope I wasn't screaming or anything.

With the bacon sizzling and the exhaust fan on high, Abby has difficulty hearing Maynard.

ABBY

Huh? Wait.

(yells to the family room)

Danny, come on, eat your breakfast!

(to Maynard)

Jim, would you get him? He's playing his game again. It's all he ever does, I swear.

Maynard nods, is on his way to the family room, then stops.

MAYNARD

(too quiet for her to hear)

I had a weird dream last night.

ABBY

(distracted by her cooking)

Okay. No, you weren't screaming. Why did you think you were screaming?

MAYNARD

Never mind.

INT. FAMILY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Maynard family room is full of light with its many windows. Everything about the room is cheerful, though its country-themed decor clashes with the bevy of electronics surrounding the room: two enormous widescreen LCD TVs, a laptop, an iPad, a surround-sound audio system, a Roomba robot, the list goes on.

Both of the TVs are on, and Danny is in front of the bigger of the two. He is lost in the world of his Xbox Two, his fingers mashing his gamepad.

As Maynard watches his kid play the game, the images looks eerily similar to the deserted city street in his dream: dead bodies, burning cars, demolished buildings.

MAYNARD

Breakfast, Danny.

Danny maneuvers his gamepad's camera control to look up.

DANNY

I know you're there, come on,  
yeah...yeah!

Sure enough, there are two snipers waiting for him.

Danny finally notices Maynard.

DANNY

Hi Dad. They're trying to kill me.

Maynard can't get his eyes off the screen. It looks so close to what he saw in his dream. Too close.

DANNY

I gotta get past this part.  
Otherwise I'll have to start from  
the last save point, which was,  
like, a long time ago.

The other widescreen TV, the smaller of the two, is on CNN. The NEWS ANCHOR is interviewing a SENATOR. The crawl on the bottom of the screen reads:

CAN WE WIN THIS WAR, OR HAVE WE ALREADY LOST IT? THE STRAIGHT  
STORY AT 8PM TONIGHT

CHINESE SPY RINGS FOUND IN NEW YORK CITY, ATLANTA

NEWS ANCHOR

We still don't have a viable exit  
strategy. Isn't that right,  
senator?

SENATOR

The administration wants us to  
believe that they do, of course.  
Meanwhile, our men and women are  
dying, and for what?

On TV is a shot of an Army Jeep, overturned and burning.

Maynard stands in front of the TV screen with the video game, blocking Danny's view.

DANNY

Dad!

MAYNARD

Breakfast. Now. You're gonna miss  
the bus.

Danny peeks around Maynard and makes one last shooting attempt.

DANNY

Yes!

VIDEO GAME ARMY VOICE

Good work, soldier. I'm proud of you.

Danny tosses his gamepad controller on the floor and runs toward the kitchen.

DANNY

Just leave the Xbox running, please -- it's saving my position.

Maynard looks at both TVs at the same time.

The video game is showing a replay of Danny's last kill.

CNN is showing soldiers in action, running and shooting.

They're indistinguishable.

Maynard shuts off both TVs.

INT. MAYNARD'S SUV - MORNING

A luxurious SUV, full of the latest high-tech gear. There are four total LCD screens, one for the GPS unit, a touch screen on the passenger side, and one on the back of each front seats, for the viewing pleasure of the backseat riders.

Abby is driving and Maynard is drumming his knuckles against the window.

ABBY

It's that game Danny's been playing. I mean it's on all the time. I think I've even had dreams about it.

MAYNARD

It's just...I never had a dream that real.

ABBY

Maybe it was getting beaned in the head.

MAYNARD

Maybe.

ABBY  
 (sexy)  
 Or maybe you just need...to relax.

MAYNARD  
 (sly)  
 Oh yeah? How?

Abby flashes a devilish smile.

ABBY  
 I can think of a few ways to take  
 your mind off of things when we get  
 back home.

Maynard puts his hand on her thigh and smiles.

EXT. SYSCON PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Maynard's SUV pulls into the parking lot of SysCON. A large banner hangs off a sign: "WELCOME TO ROBO-PICNIC 2020! SOFTBALL GAME: SYSCON vs. APPLIED TECHNOLOGIES"

INT. MAYNARD'S SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Through his passenger-side window, Maynard sees the softball field and few of his co-workers tossing the ball around.

ABBY  
 You're not gonna play, are you?

MAYNARD  
 I guess I shouldn't.

ABBY  
 The neurologist at the ER said you  
 shouldn't do anything strenuous for  
 a couple of days.

Out of nowhere, a crazy, screaming face appears in Maynard's window.

PHILLIPS  
 JIMBO!!!

It's Phillips, the guy who died in Maynard's dream.

Abby screams.

PHILLIPS  
 Sorry, Abby. I didn't mean to  
 scare you. Just Jim.

Phillips yanks the door open. Wearing a pair of gray sweatpants and THE T1000s softball jersey, Phillips looks like a college linebacker: big, young, strong, and happy.

MAYNARD

Looks like I'm wanted.

ABBY

(laughing)

I'll catch up to you.

The moment Maynard steps out of the SUV, Phillips picks him up in a bear hug.

PHILLIPS

You're alive! Alive, my boy!

Maynard looks back at Abby helplessly. Abby shakes her head and laughs.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Maynard and Phillips walk up to the softball field. Phillips punches his mitt every so often.

PHILLIPS

I heard you were out cold for like half an hour?

MAYNARD

Not even ten minutes, Mike.

PHILLIPS

Still, that must've been scary. I played football in high school, all four years, and I never got a concussion. Coach used to call me a lucky, good-for-nothing shithead. That was actually a compliment.

On the field, JOSE LOPEZ, a Latino male, is tossing the ball to BILL MERRIWEATHER, an African-American male.

RANDY KWON, an Asian American who sports a bushy beard, is taking practice swings.

PHILLIPS

Hey, look who's here!

They all stop what they're doing and congregate around Maynard.

Maynard pauses at the faces of Phillips, Lopez, Merriweather, and Kwon. This was the platoon in his dream, and Maynard begins to feel uncomfortable.

MERRIWEATHER

Good to see you're feeling better,  
Sarge.

MAYNARD

Sarge?

MERRIWEATHER

Just playing around.

MAYNARD

(accusatory)

Why did you call me Sarge?

LOPEZ

Probably because we were just  
talking about the war.

MERRIWEATHER

(to Maynard)

Don't tell me you're against it,  
too, Jim.

KWON

Christ, I thought we just stopped  
talking about the fucking war. I'm  
so sick of it.

MERRIWEATHER

(serious)

My cousin's over there, risking his  
neck every day. You think he can  
be sick of it?

KWON

Here we go...

PHILLIPS

Come on, guys. Let's do a recon of  
those wieners over there.

Lopez salutes Phillips.

LOPEZ

Sir yes sir!

PHILLIPS

(to Maynard)

Wanna get some grub?

Phillips puts his arm around Maynard, and the men march toward the buffet table.

EXT. MAYNARD'S PICNIC TABLE - MOMENTS LATER

Merriweather, Kwon, Phillips, and Lopez are sitting on a long picnic table, digging into their respective plates of picnic food: burgers, hot dogs, fries, etc. Sitting next to each of them are their wives.

Maynard is at the end of the table, eating and watching the others chat and laugh. He still looks apprehensive.

Abby walks over with her plate of food and sits down next to Maynard.

ABBY

Don't like your burger?

Maynard looks at his plate of cheeseburger and fries, hardly touched.

MAYNARD

Not hungry, I guess.

Abby chomps a mouthful, chews voraciously, then chases it down with a long slurp of her soda.

ABBY

It's good...

MAYNARD

Apparently so.

ABBY

I can choo-choo-choo it for you, if you like.

(grabs a fry)

Come on, you can do it, open up and let the French fry train through, Jimmy...

Maynard eats the fry.

PHILLIPS

(to the group)

We should head over to the field to warm up.

MAYNARD

(to the group)

I'm gonna sit this one out, guys.

LOPEZ

After yesterday, the last thing I'd want to do is get anywhere near a softball field.

PHILLIPS

But you'll play again, right, Jim? After you feel better?

MAYNARD

Of course, Mike. The doctor said I should take it easy for a few days.

MERRIWEATHER

All right, men. Let's march out. Ten-hut!

Merriweather, Kwon, Phillips, and Lopez rise, and so do their wives.

PHILLIPS

See you over there?

MAYNARD

Do me proud.

KWON

(doing a Ronald Reagan impression)

We'll win it for you, Jim. And Mr. Gorbachev, tear down that wall.

The following conversation fades as they walk away.

LOPEZ

Does this make Jim "The Gipper"?

MERRIWEATHER

You big dummy. Reagan was the Gipper in the movie.

LOPEZ

What the hell is a Gipper, anyway?

Maynard and Abby watch them leave.

ABBY

They're such good guys. Do you know how lucky you are? I'd kill for that kind of camaraderie at my firm.

MAYNARD

It's all the time we spend down in the Box. Which reminds me, I should show you what my team is working on.

Maynard and Abby rise. They deposit their paper plates into the nearby trash can.

EXT. SYSCON CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Maynard and Abby walk away from the picnic and toward the large, gray box-shaped building next to the SysCON main office building.

ABBY

It's not boring, is it? Your latest project?

MAYNARD

Absolutely not.

ABBY

Uh-oh.

MAYNARD

Ten minutes, tops.

EXT. THE BOX - MOMENTS LATER

Maynard and Abby reach the entrance to the Box, a gunmetal gray door with no handle. Next to the door is a small LCD screen and a hand-recognition access unit.

Maynard slips his right palm onto the surface of the unit.

HAND-RECOGNITION COMPUTER

(feminine voice)

Good afternoon, James Maynard.

ABBY

Sexy.

MAYNARD

And always friendly. Always in a good mood.

ABBY

Is there a male version? I could use one of those.

HAND-RECOGNITION COMPUTER  
Access denied. Please contact the  
Security Center.

Maynard touches a button on the screen.

A MECHANICAL WHIRRING can be heard from above. Maynard and Abby look up and see the black security camera turning and twisting to get a better look.

A few seconds later, FRANK SPEER's face appears: in his forties, bald, a thick neck, could moonlight as a bouncer.

MAYNARD  
Hey, Frank. What's going on?

SPEER  
Afternoon, Jim. Our guys are doing some maintenance work on the access control unit. Why aren't you at the picnic?

MAYNARD  
I just thought I'd show my wife what my team's been working on.

SPEER  
Hello, Abby. Nice to see you.

ABBY  
Hello, Frank.

SPEER  
You caught us at a bad time. The servo motor's overheated, so the door can't be opened.

MAYNARD  
All right. I'll just use the underground tunnel from the office.

SPEER  
No, I'm afraid that entrance is being worked on, too. They both use the same type of motors, or some such thing. I have no idea, really -- I just do as I'm told, you know.

MAYNARD  
Thanks, Frank.

SPEER  
My pleasure.

The LCD screen returns to its welcome screen.

ABBY

You can take some pictures, right?  
Danny would like to see them, too.

Abby takes Maynard by the arm. They walk away from the Box.

Maynard looks back at the door. The LCD screen goes dark.

The camera WHIRLS once again, following Maynard and Abby as they leave.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Maynard and Abby are sitting in the front row of the bleachers.

CARLA RAYMONDE, a dark-haired Latino knockout in her thirties, walks up to them.

CARLA

Looks like I got here just in time.

Carla and Abby exchange a quick hug. Carla sits next to her.

ABBY

You guys just tied us.

MAYNARD

Hey Carla.

CARLA

Am I the thirty-eighth person to ask you how you're feeling?

MAYNARD

I should just tell people I have six months to live.

Raymonde, wearing the same BLADE RUNNERS jersey from the previous night, comes over.

Raymonde gives Carla a kiss on the lips.

RAYMONDE

(to Maynard)

How you feelin', bud?

MAYNARD

I have six months to live.

RAYMONDE

So that means you can still play  
poker tonight.

MAYNARD

Sure, I'll take your money.

RAYMONDE

Your husband here is definitely  
suffering from delusions, Abby.

ABBY

Just don't keep him up too late,  
Rafa. And no beer.

Raymonde, horrified, mouths the words to Maynard, "No beer?"

CARLA

I'll make sure the boys don't stay  
up past their bedtimes.

MAYNARD

(shrugs to Raymonde)  
Precautions...

RAYMONDE

This doctor is Dr. Killjoy.

Another cheer from the crowd. Another Blade Runner scores.

MAYNARD

You're on deck, Rafa.

RAYMONDE

See what happens when you don't  
play?

Raymonde walks over to his team and picks up a couple of  
bats. He starts swinging them around.

A STEADY DRONE is heard. Maynard looks up and sees something  
flying in the air.

EXT. FIELD NEXT TO SOFTBALL FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

A flat, tranquil field adjacent to the softball field. The  
lawn is less manicured here, tufts of wildflowers  
interspersed in the green.

Standing in the middle of the open field is LOUIS GUILFORD, a  
short and balding man in his fifties. Guilford is wearing an  
ironed button-down shirt tucked neatly into his blue jeans.

MAYNARD

Boss.

Guilford makes a figure-eight motion with his right hand, and the radio-controlled plane in the sky makes the same flight pattern.

GUILFORD

How're you feeling?

MAYNARD

Like I got hit in the head by a softball. I'm fine. People are worrying entirely too much.

Guilford nods.

GUILFORD

Pretty nifty, huh? Check it out.

Guilford show him the controller, which is nothing more than a round metallic ball roughly the size of a baseball.

Maynard takes the controller and turns left, then right, and the airplane above follows suit.

GUILFORD

What do you think?

MAYNARD

Zero lag. Super responsive.

GUILFORD

A neural gyro, a dual-stage accelerometer, and one other thing...

MAYNARD

A predictive algorithm. Anticipates my moves. Patel's handywork, no doubt. Nice.

Maynard tosses the controller up in the air with a bit of spin, and the plane twirls accordingly.

MAYNARD

You know about the security work they're doing at the Box, Louis?

Guilford looks at Maynard with something between curiosity and concern.

GUILFORD

Just routine maintenance.

MAYNARD

I see.

GUILFORD

What were you doing at the Box anyway? I don't want anybody even thinking about work today.

Maynard hands the ball controller back to Guilford.

MAYNARD

Just wanted to show Abby what I've been working on.

GUILFORD

(incredulous)  
At the Box?

MAYNARD

Well, yeah. Is there something wrong with that?

Beat. There is, but Guilford quickly covers up his surprise.

GUILFORD

No. I'm just amazed your wife is actually interested in what you do.

MAYNARD

She's not.

Guilford and Maynard share a laugh.

GUILFORD

Rest up. We have some ugly deadlines coming up, so I'm gonna need all my top guys ready to go come Monday morning.

MAYNARD

All right, Louis. Come and see the game. I think we're getting our butts kicked, so we're gonna need some major cheering.

Guilford nods, then goes back to controlling his airplane. He makes a spinning motion with his hand, and the airplane flies tight loops.

As Maynard walks away, Guilford looks back in his direction, a deep concern etched on his face.