

He's tried. The scientist trusts no one and keeps no hard records of the technology in the lab.

TEMPLAR

Nuclear fusion. They say it's mankind's only hope after all the oil's gone. This guy's actually done it?

TRETIAK

She.

TEMPLAR

Come again?

TRETIAK

She, Mr. Templar. The scientist is a woman.

(hands over a dossier)

Her dossier. All the information you will need.

TEMPLAR

My fee is fifteen million U.S. dollars, half up front, half when I deliver. You'll hear from me.

Templar turns and walks off.

TRETIAK

Templar, one question.

Templar stops. Turns.

TRETIAK

I ask you to steal a person's entire life's work. You have no reaction. Are you that cold?

Templar stares back, expressionless. He turns and disappears into the fog.

TRETIAK

No, rumor hasn't lied about you, Templar.

CUT TO:

Start →

EXT. WESTCHESTER COUNTY - ESTABLISHING SHOTS

Various establishing shots of this suburban community just north of Manhattan. Pretty, charming, affluent.

INT. WESTCHESTER COUNTY - SUPERMARKET

A large suburban supermarket. The aisles are full of Westchester women: affluent. country clubby. housewifev

types. A HAND reaches for a BOTTLE OF LEMONADE (100% Natural) , bringing it down to the eye level of --

JILLIAN ST. THOMAS. She is lean, a swimmer's body perhaps, with terrific acuteness and authority in her thought, speech, and action. Debate this woman? Fine, but you'd better know what the hell you're talking about. Her stare can stop a train. She's casually dressed. Only her JACKET stands out. It's waist-cut, with a colorful diagram of protons and electrons circling a nucleus embroidered on the back.

JILLIAN

(reads ingredients)

Filtered water, high fructose corn syrup.
Lemon juice concentrate. Citric acid. Gum
acacia...?

(grumbles)

Totally natural, yeah right.

She returns the bottle and turns, coming face-to-face with SIMON TEMPLAR, wearing a moustache and glasses now. He has a bottle of LEMON JUICE in his hand.

TEMPLAR

Try this.

(smiles)

Sorry, I overheard.

(hands her the bottle)

The real thing. No chemicals, no
preservatives.

She reads the label. Satisfied, she looks at Templar.

JILLIAN

Thanks.

She puts it in her cart and wheels off and CUT TO:

INT. SUPERMARKET - PRODUCE SECTION - MINUTES LATER

Jillian is examining apples. There is a THUMPING NOISE. It persists. Finally she looks over at --

TEMPLAR. He's standing in front of the watermelons. He's thumping one with his thumb. He notices Jillian.

TEMPLAR

Hello again. These aren't ripe. How are
the apples?

JILLIAN

Excellent. They're in season.

Templar walks over to the apples. Picks one up. Studies it for a moment.

TEMPLAR

I wonder why He didn't want us to eat these.

A pause. She looks at him, puzzled.

JILLIAN

Who?

TEMPLAR

God. In the Garden of Eden.

JILLIAN

Oh right. Sorry, little slow today. Bad headache.

(looks at the apple)

Uhm, actually, I don't know.

TEMPLAR

Why wasn't it: "No bananas." Or: "Avoid, at all cost, kumquats." Wonder what God had against apples. She gives him a funny look and turns away.

JILLIAN

Sorry. Can't help you.

TEMPLAR

How about William Tell? You really think he shot one of these off his brother's head with an arrow?

Jillian turns around again. A pause.

JILLIAN

Do I know you?

TEMPLAR

Unlikely. I just moved to New York.

She stares at him. This is a very strange man. Intriguing yes, but also possibly a lunatic. She decides to take the dismissive route:

JILLIAN

Well uhm, sir, to answer your apple questions, one, I don't know what God's problem was. Two, William Tell, like Paul Bunyon, never existed. And in case you're wondering, Isaac Newton discovered gravity through planetary observation not because one of those fell on his head, and I seriously doubt that eating one a day will keep the doctor away.

(beat)

Okay?

She wheels her cart off. Says over her shoulder:

JILLIAN

By the way - welcome to the Big Apple.

End →

Templar watches her wheel off. His eyes glint. This is going to be interesting...

CUT TO:

~~EXT. WESTCHESTER SUPERMARKET - PARKING LOT - DAY~~

~~Jillian slams down the hatch of her station wagon, now filled with groceries. She gets in. The car pulls out of the parking lot.~~

~~INT. JILLIAN'S STATION WAGON - DRIVING~~

~~Jillian, driving, drinking her lemonade, listens to a cassette tape. An authoritative, scholarly, Indian voice:~~

~~VIJAY SINGH (V.O., CASSETTE)~~

~~Nuclear fusion occurs when pairs of nuclei meet and their protons and neutrons fuse together into a single nucleus. The fused nuclei move off at high speed, producing energy. Nuclear fusion could provide us with almost unlimited power.~~

~~JILLIAN~~

~~No, really? Moron.~~

~~VIJAY SINGH (V.O., CASSETTE)~~

~~All you need are two hydrogen gases, deuterium and lithium, and a machine to make them fuse under controlled conditions.~~

~~JILLIAN~~

~~C'mon, Dr. Singh. Tell me something I don't know.~~

~~Jillian sees something through the windshield. She turns down the volume and squints --~~

~~JILLIAN'S POV - THROUGH WINDSHIELD A ROLLS ROYCE sits on the road shoulder. As we pass the Rolls, we see SIMON TEMPLAR standing next to it wearing a hopeless expression.~~

~~BACK TO SCENE - JILLIAN looks at the Rolls in the rear-view mirror. She frowns.~~

~~JILLIAN~~

~~Just keep driving.~~