"Central Control?" 1. Establishing wide down shot of monitoring room.

Clayne's voice was almost a whisper as it came through the speaker in the Monitoring Room. Travis, the Major, and Nicole all looked up, but it was Travis who answered. "Yes?" 2. Full shot of Travis, the Major, and Nicole looking up at the speaker.

"The caretaker of the museum is just now leaving. He's locked the door."

"Roger," Travis responded, lowering his own voice. He glanced at the monitoring screen. 3. Close up shot of Travis looking at the monitor. "Eric is still sitting tight in the janitor's closet." He glanced up at the clock. "But he'll have to move pretty soon. 4. Medium shot of Travis looking up at clock. The cleaning crew starts arriving by 6:30. That gives him only forty-five minutes."

"There he goes," Nicole called. 5. Medium Shot of Nicole watching monitor.

"He's moving, Clayne. Just to be sure, from this point on we'll communicate with you via your wrist computer. A window may be open, and he'll be in the front of the building directly over you."

"Ten-four."

Travis turned to Shirley Ferguson. "Okay, Shirley. Don't wait

for our command. Just keep Clayne posted with a running com­mentary into his wrist computer. And for heaven's sake, don't make it buzz first." 6. Over the shoulder shot of Travis speaking to Shirley.

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"Yes, sir."

"He's moving toward the War Rooms," Nicole said, watching the blip of light on the enlarged plan of the museum's second floor. 7. Previous over the shoulder of Travis focuses on Nicole.

"Okay," the Major commanded. "Activate the camera."

8. Medium shot of the Major speaking.

The large screen sprang into life as Nicole flipped a switch. 9. Wide over the shoulder shot of large primary monitor turning on. She recognized the World War Two room almost immediately. The back wall, covered with a huge enlargement of Pearl Harbor and the battleship Arizona billowing clouds of dark smoke filled the screen. She pushed some buttons and zoomed the lens in on the nearest display case. 10. Camera zoom in of the War Room, screen flickers and clears to actual representation. Establishing wide shot.

"Can he see the camera?" the Major asked. 11. Close up of the Major Speaking.

"No, not unless he looks closely," Travis responded. "It's hid­den in a heating vent, but we had to make a small hole for the lens." 12. Camera trucks down to Major’s side to focus on Travis.

"He's been in that room twice since it was installed," Nicole added. "He hasn't ever given any hint that he's seen it." 13. Medium shot of Nicole speaking.

"Here he comes," Shirley called, watching the board. Then she typed rapidly on her terminal to keep Clayne informed. 14. Full group shot of Shirley typing and the rest intently focused up at the screen.

"Look," Travis said, pointing. "He's got a screwdriver in his hand." 14. Continued full shot of group with Travis pointing. Cuts to screen covering frame of Eric walking with screw driver.

"Well, you were exactly right, Nicole," the Major said with a trace of sadness. "I was half hoping you weren't."

"So was I," she answered softly.

"Keep me posted on the readings from his implantation," he commanded, then turned to watch. 15. Medium shot of Major speaking to Nicole, then turning to screen.

On the screen they saw Eric pause for a moment at the en­trance to the War Room, then move swiftly to the case.

16. Wide shot of Eric move quickly across museum floor.

"Pain response at the point-zero-four level," Nicole called.

"Ah," Travis said,. "so he's already starting to feel it. And he hasn't even started on the case yet." 17. Over the shoulder shot of Travis and Nicole speaking to each other.

"Pain response at point-zero-eight-five," Nicole intoned as Eric knelt down next to the case and took a screwdriver from his pocket. "Going up—point-zero-nine-six." 17. Full shot in war room of Eric kneeling down next to case.

"Zero-nine-six!" the Major echoed. "How can he stand it?" 18. Close up shot of the Major Speaking. "Look!" Travis was nearly shouting as he pointed at the

screen. "You can see him trembling. Look at his hands." 19. Full shot of Travis speaking.

Nicole looked, then glanced away quickly. "Pain level hold-

ing steady," she said, staring at the computer console. 20. Close up shot of Nicole.

Suddenly Eric leaped to his feet, took one lurching step away from the case, then doubled over, retching violently. 21. Full shot of Eric retching.

"That's more like it," the Major exulted. "Did he really think he could ignore his implantation?" 22. Medium shot of Major speaking happily.

"Pain response dropping, point-zero-six-two." She watched as Eric slowly straightened. *Give it* up! she urged him silently, but he turned slowly and lifted the screwdriver again. "Pain level climb­ing again." 23. Close up shot of Nicole watching screen.

"If he can override those feelings," the Major said, a little awed by the sight of the figure kneeling down again at the back of the display case, "then we've *got* to implant him at a Stage Three level immediately."

"Well," Travis said, "he's not giving up. There goes the last

clamp. In a moment we'll know what he's got his eye on."

"He just jumped to point-two-five milliamps," Nicole said. "That's incredible!" the Major exclaimed. "Look at him. He

can barely work the screwdriver, he's shaking so badly."

"He's got the back free!" Shirley cried, momentarily forget-

ting that she was Clayne's eyes and ears.

"Pain level climbing sharply," Nicole said. "Point-six-two. Point-eight-eight. Now it's steadying."

"He's fighting for control." Travis's voice was tinged with awe. "I can't believe he can endure that and just stand there."

Nicole thought of an eagle clawing the air for its freedom, and dropped her eyes to the monitor, unable to watch any longer. The tension was as tangible as a steel cable stretched to the breaking point.

"He's reaching inside the case."

"What's he going for?"

"I can't tell with his back to us."

"Point-eight-four," Nicole said in a hoarse whisper. "Point­nine-two. One-point-four!"

"That's impossible!" Travis shouted. "How can he still be on his feet?"

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"Blackout!" Nicole cried. She looked up just in time to see Eric's knees buckle as he toppled forward across the case. His fingers clutched desperately at the top of the glass, but he couldn't find a grip, and he slipped slowly to the floor.

"Look!" Travis said. "It was the M-1 rifle he was after." The muzzle of the rifle projected out of the back of the case about six inches.

"Well, he didn't get it," the Major murmured, obviously pleased.

"What now?" Nicole asked. "Shall we send Clayne in to get him?"

"No," the Major said quickly. "No, he should come out of it in a moment or two. Let's see what happens."

When Eric finally stirred and got slowly to his feet, he looked like a toy robot whose battery had run down. His head hung down, and his movements were jerky and trancelike. The four of them watched in silence as he made an attempt to push the rifle back into place, then gave up and let the screwdriver slip out of his hand and bounce noisily on the floor.

He turned so he was half facing the camera, then shuffled slowly out of the room.

"Tell Clayne he's coming out," Travis said to Shirley. He turned to watch the flashing light on Nicole's monitoring screen as she flipped a switch, and the screen that had carried the tele­vision signal went dark. The Major also turned in his chair to watch Eric's slow progress toward the front door of the museum.

"Do you want me to have Clayne pick him up?" Travis asked.

"Wait a minute," Nicole said. "He's stopped again."

"He's near the front door." Travis pointed to the floor plan superimposed on her screen.

"That's a pay phone there," Nicole said, touching a small square on the grid plan. "He's stopped at the telephone."

"Patch us into Dr. Cameron's phone," the Major com­manded. "Quickly!"

Nicole typed a command on her keyboard, then leaned over to the control panel and flipped a switch. For a brief moment a dull hum came over the speaker, and then a click sounded, fol­lowed by a sharp buzz and then another.

"You guessed it," Travis whispered, as though he could be heard over the phone line. "He's calling Dr. Cameron."

"Shhh!" the Major commanded.

Another click popped, and then a deep voice spoke. "Hello." "Cliff?"

"Eric? Is that you?"

"I couldn't do it, Cliff." His voice held an infinite weariness. "I was afraid of that. I tried to tell you."

"I got into the case, but I couldn't get the rifle."

"Eric, it's okay."

"I couldn't get it out, Cliff."

"Did you put everything back?"

"I didn't *get it. "*

"I know, Eric," the deep voice said patiently. "But did you leave things like they were, so they won't know?"

"I—I can't remember. It doesn't matter. I didn't get it." "Eric, go home. You sound terrible."

"It was terrible, Cliff. So much pain—"

"Look," Cliff said, "why don't you come over here for a while. We'll watch some television."

"No. I'll just walk."

"Eric!" The voice grew sharp. "Stay there. I'll be right over for you."

A deep sigh sounded over the line, then finally Eric replied. "All right."

"Stay at the front entrance." He paused, then, "Eric, it's not the end of everything. I told you we couldn't beat the system." "Yeah, I know. I didn't believe you."

"Okay, stay put, and I'll be there in five minutes."

The speaker clicked, and the hum sounded again. Travis switched it off.

The Major looked at Shirley. "Tell Clayne to wait until they're gone. I want to let Eric go with Dr. Cameron, see what they say. Tell Clayne to go in and check the case to make sure nothing is missing once Eric is clear. If it checks out, tell him to

come back here."

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He stood up. "Nicole, you and Shirley continue to monitor

Eric. If they don't go to Cameron's place, or there is anything out of the ordinary--anything—call me immediately. Otherwise, I want you to patch the bugging device in Cameron's apartment into my office. Travis and I will listen to it there."

"Yes, sir."

"And Nicole—"

"Yes, sir?"

"A job well done, Nicole. Thanks to you, we caught him in

time.

"So what now?" she asked, suddenly feeling as weary as Eric.

He shook his head sadly. "We don't have any choice. He's an incredibly brave young man, but he's too resourceful, too danger­ous. We're not ever going to feel safe with him running around

uncontrolled."

"But he's already implanted."

"Yes, and obviously Stage Two is not sufficient. We'll let him

and Dr. Cameron have their little talk, see what they plan next. Then we'll pick them up and take them in for Stage Three."

He sighed deeply. "Such a waste. Such a tragic waste.") Nicole nodded, staring numbly at the monitoring screen as a

point of light moved slowly across the streets of Shalev.