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Cube 2: Hypercube

By Unknown

Hello?
Anyone here?
Hello.
Numbers...
where's the goddamn numbers?
There's something...
Oh shit.
I mean, they're my numbers...
Damn! Don't I at least
get a shot with my numbers,
you stupid fucks?!
I want a chance!
I want a chance like everyone else.
Oh my God.
Oh, you bastards.
Our Father Which art in heaven,
hallowed be Thy name.
Thy kingdom come,
Thy will be done,
on earth as it is in heaven.
Give us this day our daily bread,
and forgive us our debts
as we forgive our debtors.
Lead us not into temptation--
Lead us not into temptation,
but deliver us from evil.
For Thine...
is the kingdom...
and the power...
and the glory,
forever and ever.
Amen.
Hello?
Are you all right?
Can you hear me?
Are you hurt?
Don't move.
Don't make a sound.
I said, 'Don't move.'
Are you alone?
Blink once for yes,
twice for no.
Is there anyone else in the other room?
All right.

All right. I'm going to release you.
But I can take you down again,
as quick as the first time.
So don't scream, understand?
Once for yes,
twice for no.
Are you alone?
All right.
All right.
What the hell do you think you're doing?
How many rooms have you been in?
What is this place?
I don't know. You tell me,
how many rooms you've been in?
I don't know, five or six.
What about you?
Uh...
this is my third.
You sure you didn't see anyone else?
No.
Have you?
No.
So who are you?
Who are you?
What the fuck are those noises?
Relax. This is just for show.
Pretend that you're scared.
Should be easy.
All right. Get down here now,
or she's dead.
Some hero.
I have that effect on men.
Glad to see you haven't
lost your sense of humor.
- Is this really necessary?
- Just hang on.
Isn't that the same--
Yes.
Hey!
Come back!
Wait.
Jesus Christ.
Hey! Wait!
Where the fuck do you think you're going?

This guy sure moves quickly.
He's just gone.
Maybe something made him go,
maybe you should come back.
This place is awful.
Please don't hurt me.
WoDon't be frightened.
Don't worry.
There's nobody else here.
Just me.
I'm Kate.
What's your name?
Sasha.
That's a beautiful name.
Don't worry.
Everything's going to be all right, okay?
Do you understand me?
I'm just blind,
not retarded.
Finally.
I was beginning to wonder
if I was the only one in here.
I kept hoping I would find some other people.
I've been wondering around
these rooms for hours.
Stay away from me!
No one's going to hurt you.
Well, certainly not.
No. No.
I come in peace, young lady.
I'm Jerry.
This is Sasha.
She's blind.
And she's very scared.
What a bummer,
to be blind in this place.
Do you know what this place is?
No. No. No.
I don't suppose,
either of you two could
let me know what we're doing in here?
No.
Oh... Jerry Whitehall.
Kate Filmore.

What are you doing?

I'm marking the rooms.

This is the fourth room you've been in?

Yeah.

I thought you said you've been wandering these rooms for hours.

Yeah. That's the weird thing isn't it?

Each one of these rooms, has six of these doors, or portals.

But no matter how many portals I go through, I always wound up in the same three rooms. Until now.

It's as if the rooms were moving around or something.

Yeah. But I don't feel any motion, do you?

No.

It's just so strange.

I ran into this guy--

Oh no.

It's getting closer!

- What is?

- I don't know.

Something's coming after us, and I don't think it likes us.

I don't hear any people.

I think it's just motors.

He wants us dead. We have to get out of here right now.

Any suggestion on which way to go next?

Your guess is as good as mine.

I don't know.

Please, we have to move!

Uh... here.

Okay. Sasha, we're going to have to climb a bit of a ladder.

Hold on to me.

- Move quickly.

- Get me out of here!

Help!

- Help me!

- Oh God!

There's a guy hanging.

I can't hold him much longer!

- Okay. I'm coming.
- Oh my God.
What's happening?
Hurry!
Hang on. Hang on.
Hang on.
Grab his...
I'm coming.
I'm coming.
Here...
Good girl. Good girl.
Sasha,
you're going to be okay.
Just stay here.
You're going to be okay.
There you are.
You've found some friends, huh?
Help me get him down.
Fantastic.
- Give me some space.
- I'm here.
- I can grab his legs.
- I'm loosening the belt.
All right.
All right. I got him.
I'm losing it.
Ready, you got it?
- Yeah.
- Hurry.
There it goes.
I know you want a cigarette,
but not yet.
- Slowly. Easy.
- I've got his legs.
Lean him up against this wall.
Okay. Watch his head.
That's it.
Just make sure he's upright.
He's alive.
He's breathing.
Good.
He's military.
Colonel Thomas H. Maguire,
Department of Defense,

Jesus Christ.
He's Pentagon,
hi-tech liaison.
You...
how the hell would you know?
A buddy of mine's doing 10- 20 upstate
for cracking the mainframe
on the Pentagon two years ago.
I helped him write the code.
Maybe that's why I'm in here.
You know for sure we're in prison?
- I'm assuming--
- You know what they say.
Thanks.
That's helpful.
Jerry Whitehall. Thanks.
Simon Grady.
That's Kate.
Sasha.
I'm sorry. I didn't get your name.
Max Reisler.
- Thanks.
- Sasha...
Sasha...
Jerry, could you...
Sure, of course.
Come on, sit him up.
Let's get you sitting up straight here.
Sasha, you okay?
This man's been beaten badly.
He's been tortured.
Look at his hand.
- Cigarette burns.
- Jesus.
They're coming for us next.
Don't you worry.
I won't let anyone hurt you.
I hope it's that easy, Kate.
There's nothing in here.
What do you think?
I figure he knows something
he didn't want anyone to know.
That's usually why people are tortured.
How do you know,

Mr. Cigarette Burns?
What are you, an expert?
As a matter of fact,
you weedy little shit--
They're coming!
They're coming!
They're coming.
They're coming.
Oh, hello.
Do you know where the showers are?
I seem to be lost, again.
I always get lost in this gym.
I don't know why my daughter-in-law
insists on bringing me here.
It's all the way across town.
Whoa.
Watch your step.
Watch your step.
Thank you, dear.
Oh my goodness.
I'm afraid I can't help you with the showers.
I'm Jerry.
You're not little Jerry Reisback,
are you?
No.
Thank goodness. He's my paperboy,
and I owe him \$10.
Right. Well, this is Simon.
Kate and Sasha.
Hello.
And uh...
Max.
Max.
- Max.
- And you are?
I'm Mrs. Paley.
How do you do Mrs. Paley?
You don't happen to know
why you're here, do you?
Oh dear. I was never very good at philosophy.
Do any of us know what's going on here?
Sorry.
I've been trying to get a handle
on the configuration of these rooms.

All I can say is--
They just don't make any sense.
That's right.
They sure don't.
It's as if the rooms
are moving around very quickly.
There's got to be some kind of logic to it.
These rooms just seem to repeat.
You go in one direction,
the room just loops back on itself.
It's getting closer.
Sasha, do you know what it is?
Not really.
But I can hear it.
All the time,
even when you don't.
And it sounds...
...it feels wrong.
Maybe we're in hell.
All right,
let's get some real answers.
His answer was suicide.
Not exactly a comforting thought.
Soldier, up on your feet.
Careful, he's hurt.
Come on, pumpkin,
up you come.
Stop it.
He's in serious condition.
Stop it.
Listen to me, sweetheart--
I'm not your sweetheart,
asshole.
All right.
This man's been tortured.
You want to be next when they come for us?
Who exactly are they?
Well, I'm going to find out.
Come on.
Stop it. Stop it.
Are you trying to kill us?
It's not going to help us if he dies, you know?
You've got no information whatsoever.
- It's here.

- Jesus...
what the fuck?!
Come on.
He's conscious.
Sit him up.
Sit him up.
Come on, soldier.
Talk to me, soldier.
Talk to me.
What's going on here?
Are you speaking to me?
Yes. Jesus Christ. Yes.
Just tell me, how do we get out of here?
I don't know.
You figure out the code,
you get out.
The first one had rules...
The first one?
What are you talking about?
Leave him alone.
He's delirious.
He knows something,
all right?
I'll carry him myself,
just--
The first one had numbers...
What do you mean,
'the first one'?
- Let him go.
- I'm out of here.
Oh my God.
Are you okay?
Did you hit your head?
Yeah. I slipped.
It's a wall.
It wiggled.
- You sure you're okay--
- Look. There it goes again.
That--that--that--
That's-- that's-- I don't know.
No!
Holy fuck.
What is that?
I don't know.

But I don't think we should
stick around to find out.
- Come on, let's go.
- Come on.
Come on, Sasha, I'm here.
I'm right behind you, honey.
Hurry, let's go!
Easy, easy...
For Christ's sake.
What the--
Come on.
There you go.
- Grab right there.
- Where are you?
Come on, Colonel.
It's time for us to go.
I'm not done with you yet.
I'm not going.
What did you do that for?
I'm not going anywhere soon.
Well, fuck you.
Come on, Kate.
Let's get out of here.
Come on, where's the key?
Do you have the key?
You mean this?
Yeah.
No.
What did you do that for?
You don't honestly think you can escape?
We have to try.
Oh my God.
This is gonna hurt.
Kate,
get the hell up here!
No. I'm not leaving without him.
For God's sake,
he's a dead man. Move.
God.
There's no time left.
Let's go.
Oh my God.
There's got to be a way.
Get the-- get the hell out of there.

- Oh my God.
- Leave him, he's dead.
Oh my God.
Let me go.
Let me go.
It's still coming.
Come on.
So what the hell happened back there?
I don't know.
Hello.
And where did you come from?
What's your name?
I'm-- I'm Kate.
Don't you remember me?
I'm Mrs. Paley.
The Colonel was our only link to this place.
Maybe not.
I designed the door panels in here.
The touch sensors.
What?
I was freelancing for a subcontractor, I...
You didn't think this
was worth mentioning before?
I signed a confidentiality--
Given our current situation,
I'd say it's null and void.
- Jesus Christ!
- The legal--
What the hell is this place?
I don't know.
You don't think the guy that makes
the toilets in the space shuttle,
gets to see the plans for the rest of it?
You must have had some
idea what they were building.
It was experimental.
It was a prototype.
For what?
- I'm not sure.
- For what?!
Leading-edge stuff.
There were rumors...
What kind of rumors, Jerry?
What rumors?

Quantum teleportation.

Pardon?

They were just rumors.

You mean, like...

'Beam me up, Scotty'?

Okay.

Now this is getting ridiculous.

What do you know, Jerry?

Nothing.

- You're lying.

- Why would I lie?

Because both you and the Colonel work for them.

Them? Who the hell are 'them' anyway?

What? The government?

The mafia?

Aliens?

Oh my goodness.

It's a tesseract.

Christ, she's losing it.

Isn't it beautiful?

Isn't what beautiful, Mrs. Paley?

Holy shit.

If you look at it from just the right angle...

What did you call it again, Mrs. Paley?

It's a tesseract, sweetheart.

Tesseract?

Tesseract.

It's-- It's a tesseract.

How do you know it's a tesser... act,
or whatever you call it?

Is the second act beginning already?

We should be getting back to our seats.

Excuse me.

Yeah.

Is she for real?

A tesseract,

Holy Christ, of course.

A tesseract.

Jerry, you okay?

Yeah, yeah. I can't believe

I didn't see it before.

It's been staring at us

in the face the whole time.

Maybe you could share

with the rest of the class.
Oh. Of course.
A tesseract...
it's another name for...
... a hypercube.
A what?
A hypercube-- a four-dimensional cube.
Four dimensions?
All the elements are there.
Rooms repeating.
Rooms folding in on themselves.
Teleportation.
It could all very well add up.
Look. Here. See?
Let's call one dimension, length,
and represent that with a simple line.
Now, two dimensions are length and width,
which can be represented by a single square.
Now if we extend that square,
one more dimension...
we get...
a cube,
which has three dimensions.
Length, width, and depth.
Come on, we've all passed the eighth grade.
Hush.
Here's the really funky part.
If you take this cube,
and extend it one more dimension,
we get...
A tesseract.
I thought time was considered
to be the fourth dimension.
Sure. That's one idea.
But what if you have
a fourth spatial dimension?
- There's no such thing.
- Why don't you shut up?
Okay. Okay.
Let's just say that we are in this hyper--
- Cube.
- Cube. Whatever.
Does this diagram show us how to get out?
Well, uh... no.

A hypercube isn't supposed to be real.
It's just a theoretical construct.
Oh. Well that makes me feel better.
Is there a theory on how
we might get out of this...
theoretical construct?
I don't know.
Don't worry, dear.
It's just a matter of time.
That's so much clearer.
Thank you.
Great.
Anyway...
here's my theory for what it's worth:
we are all...
unwilling participants...
in a game show,
and are being videotaped as we speak.
Although I don't condone forcible
abduction of innocent people,
we can take comfort in the fact
that once the show airs,
we'll be able to parlay this
into lucrative sponsorship deals.
Okay, Max.
And what's the object of this game show?
Hmm... I don't know.
To get out alive?
I think we should make a map.
I don't think a map is really going to help us.
Look at that.
That wasn't there a minute ago.
Did you write that?
No. I left my wings at home.
I just marked this room as 10 before it.
Somebody's been here before us.
Thanks.
A really large someone.
Why go through the trouble
of writing it on the ceiling?
Christ.
This place must be huge.
Oh yes, yes.
In a hypercube, there could be

She could be right.
There's a comforting thought.
What the hell are you doing?
Yowza.
The ratings on this show just doubled.
What do you see?
A girl.
Oh Jesus.
I'm going in.
- I think I'm going to puke.
- You all right?
Okay. I just... whoa...
Hey. Hey. Hey.
- Get back here.
- What's happening?
- What's going on?
- Help!
Try to give me your hand.
- Help me!
- You okay?
What the hell is going on in there?
Max,
don't be an idiot.
- Come on back.
- No, it's okay.
- The gravity shifted.
- She needs help,
- she may be hurt.
- Wow.
Are we going in there or what?
Maybe she knows something.
What about our...
less agile members?
I have an idea.
Hello.
Whoa.
I'm all right.
Miss?
Hey, Miss.
Hey.
Wake up.
She's on her way.
I guess it's time for plan B.
Give her mouth-to-mouth and see if it works.

Think I should?
Oh, very funny.
Hi.
What's wrong?
What the hell?
Where am I?
That's the million dollar question.
Does she have to keep cackling like that?
Come on,
let's get this over with.
All right. This is going to be some kind of...
Yeah, Mrs. Paley.
Just keep laughing there.
This is more fun than I've had since
my thirteenth birthday.
Glad somebody is having fun.
This reminds me of that rope swing
we used to have at home.
For God's sake, Mrs. Paley,
this isn't a game!
Come on.
Come on down.
Simon, you guys,
keep her steady.
All right, all right.
Come on.
Okay. And you're down.
That's good.
It's okay.
She's down.
- We've landed.
- Yeah.
It's your turn, you'll
have to climb around the sides.
Well, this is a lot
like the other ones, isn't it?
Christ.
This is going to be fun.
Hello there.
I'm Mrs. Paley.
Who the hell are you people?!
Well...
I'm Kate,
and this is Mrs. Paley.

And I am Julia.

And this is...

Hey. Is this your jacket?

No.

Well then how did I...

I must have had more
to drink last night than I thought.

There's nothing in here.

How the hell did I get here?

Have we been kidnapped?

That's a really good question.

Does anyone remember how we got here?

Last thing I remember was going to sleep.

Where?

In my bed.

Where do you live?

Lincoln, Nebraska.

Kate, I am a healthy, married,
male white engineer,
who enjoys reading horror novels
and eating chocolate ice cream,
as well as climbing around psycho-jungle-gyms.

Okay.

I remember driving home
from Maine State Hospital.

It was late,
and I just wanted to get home,
I've been working long hours.
I'm a psychotherapist.

Simon.

New Haven.

I was out for a drink.

What do you do?

A consultant.

Management consultant.

Yeah, right.

And I'm Santa Claus.

Okay, Max.

How about you?

I live in Palo Alto.

I design computer games.

The last thing I remember,
I fell asleep on my keyboard.

Sasha.

And where do you live?

New Mexico.

I was doing my homework
in the kitchen, like I always do.

Nothing ever happens to me.

The last thing I remember...
is taking the dog for a walk.

Julia?

I was at an after party
for a premiere in Santa Monica.

Are you an actress?

No.

No, I'm an attorney.

Let's just say if I was kidnapped
it was for the ransom.

So we've got Silicon Valley,
Connecticut, Nebraska,
Hollywood, Maine.

Mrs. Paley,

where exactly do you live?

In that high-rise at the corner
of Riverside and 94th.

Could you give me a lift home, dear?

I seem to have lost my daughter-in-law.

Ignorance is bliss.

This doesn't make any sense.

Yeah, well...

I think they probably flew us here.

Drugged us and flew us out here
in private or military jets.

That's what I think.

- Where is here?

- I don't know.

Your guess is as good as mine.

They could have built
an hypercube structure anywhere.

And if this thing really does fold space,
we could be literally anywhere.

What the hell--

What?

Here is that number again.

This can't be the same room.

Jesus!

It's not, because now they're

in a string of other numbers.
There just can't be that many rooms.
Maybe they are not room numbers.
Maybe somebody else figured something out.
We are definitely not alone.
Check this out.
What is it?
What's happening?
Julia,
is that your watch?
No.
No, it's mine.
It--
Well, this is bizarre.
What, somebody else
uses a watch just like yours?
Somebody is playing games with us.
Shit-- look--
this is the watch that my wife
gave me on my 40th.
See?
This is the watch we've just found.
Maybe it's your game
that we are playing, Jerry.
You designed the doors,
your watch. What's next?
- No, I--
- For the love of God, Mrs. Paley--
Mrs. Paley, please don't.
Oh, my goodness,
I think he's still alive.
- Mrs. Paley, please.
- Get her down.
Easy, careful.
Is somebody in there?
- What do you see?
- Jerry?
Oh, God.
There's a guy down here.
Oh!
- The gravity's shifting.
- What's happening?
You okay?
Are you all right?

Simon,
what's going on?
My God.
Hey, hey, fellow.
Oh, Jesus.
- Be careful.
- Ugh!
- Is he alive?
- I don't think so.
- Let's roll him over.
- Yeah, yeah...
Oh God, is he ripe.
What-- what is that?
Oh!
It looks pretty dead to me.
I hope he's still alive.
He's been here for a while, Mrs. Paley.
Oh, poor man.
Who do you think wrote these numbers?
He must have written them himself,
It's all upside down.
It's the same writing
as those numbers we keep seeing.
Oh, no!
It's poor Dr. Rosenzweig.
You know him?
He'll never get his Nobel Prize now.
- Who the hell is he?
- Holy Christ...
Phil Rosenzweig.
Last year he was the leading
theoretical physicist in his field.
- Which was?
- Quantum chaos.
Oh God, Phil Rosenzweig.
I read his book--
- Oh Jesus.
- Oh my God.
Is he--?
Kate, is he--?
- Yeah, he's gone.
- You are positive?
Uh-huh.
Somebody--?

I'm here, Sasha.
Got you.
Does anyone understand these numbers?
What was he writing?
Beats me.
May be he was trying to calculate
his way out of here.
Looks like he ran out of time.
How did old Mrs. Paley know him?
- I don't know.
- Hey, look. More numbers.
Same handwriting.
The question is,
did he solve it before he died?
God. She's okay.
Are you okay?
He must have finished it here.
Look, there it is again-- 6-0-6-5-9.
How does that get us out of here?
- It's got to mean something.
- Yeah, but what?
I don't know,
but we better remember it.
You know, I wonder if is he's got a...
What are you doing?
That's disgusting.
Found a pen.
Hope you have better luck than he did.
Oh no,
this can't be happening.
Oh dear.
Oh dear, just wait.
Oh, I'm such an idiot.
Oh, no. Wait a minute.
She's gonna drive me insane.
Oh,
it was right here.
- What is it, Mrs. Paley?
- Izon, where are you?
I'm such an idiot.
- Did she say Izon?
- Izon, where are you?
You come back here this instant.
Who are you looking for Mrs. Paley?

Have you seen my dog?
He's a darling little Shi-Tzu.
Darn it.
Her dog's name is 'Izon'?
That's weird.
I thought Izon was a--
A weapons manufacturer.
Yes.
And you guys would know that because...
I read the papers.
- Mrs. Paley...
- Poor puppy...
Mrs. Paley, are you sure
you didn't leave the dog at home?
No. He was right here.
I'm such an idiot.
This breaks my heart.
Mrs. Paley...
Mrs. Paley,
what do you do for living?
Oh, nothing.
I'm retired.
I shouldn't have let him off the leash.
Before you retired,
what did you do?
Nothing very exciting.
I was a theoretical mathematician.
Where did you work?
Oh, my head hurts.
At Skippy Research Affiliates--
what do they called it?
A think-tank in Washington state.
She worked for Skippy Research Affiliates
and her dog's name was Izon?
- Mrs. Paley?
- Hmm?
Is it possible that you worked
for Izon Research Affiliates
and your dog's name is Skippy?
How did you know where I worked?
Oh, God.
She worked for a weapons manufacturer?
She's a good friend of our Nobel wanna-be.
I don't think we should trust Mrs. Funnyfarm.

I'm not crazy, and I'm not
hard of hearing either.
I told you no one would believe me.
Mrs. Paley,
what sort of research did you do at Izon?
General, I will not be party to this insanity!
I'm not a general.
I don't care what Alex Trusk says.
It's impossible.
And what's more, it's inhuman.
- Who's Alex?
- Did she say Alex Trusk?
Oh Christ.
We're dead.
This is really getting ridiculous.
Who's Alex Trusk?
Alex Trusk? Hacker extraordinaire?
He's a legend.
This is exactly the kind
of twisted maze he'd create.
Alex Trusk doesn't even exist.
Some things should never be created.
They exist for theoretical purposes only.
It would never last.
Can't you understand that?
Okay, you're a shrink.
Can you tell me what the hell's happening?
I... umm...
I'd say that seeing the dead man
triggered some sort of emotional response.
Flashbacks,
post-traumatic stress--
So she is connected to this, yeah?
Skippy...
Ooh,
I think I hear him.
Skippy?
Mrs. Paley,
Mrs. Paley, don't--
Skippy?
Mrs. Paley.
Oh my.
Help me, please.
Uh, uh.

No, don't trust the old cunt.
She lied about everything.
What a-- Jesus.
What just happened?
It took my head, man.
I lost my fucking head!
Paley opened...
the portal...
Wait, wait,
I have an idea.
I think we're all tired.
We need to calm down, everybody.
Hold it. Wait a minute!
I have an idea.
Let me guess,
you designed the floor too.
You better have a really
good fucking explanation, Jerry.
I know what just happened there was a little...
shocking, but it actually
makes total sense if we're--
in a really multi-dimensional
quantum environment.
English, please.
One fundamental idea of a quantum universe,
is that parallel realities
can actually exist simultaneously.
How do you know that,
Jerry?
All you designed were the door panels!
I read it in Rosenzweig book,
it was a big part of this theory.
What if whoever designed this stinking thing
somehow managed to create
a place where parallel realities
can crossover like that?
So you are saying
we just saw Simon and Mrs. Paley
- in a parallel universe?
- Yes, yes!
Stop it!
A universe where things
turn out a little differently.
- Fuck.

- Uh, please.

Think about it,

think about it.

A few minutes before,

- when you found the watch,

- Yeah.

and we realized that somebody else

had been marking numbers in the rooms, right?

That's when I thought maybe

we should leave markers behind,

in case we doubled back and got side-tracked.

Things like a piece of clothing or jewelry.

I think what a pity it would be

to leave my watch.

But I would do it if I had to.

You're saying that in an alternate reality

we'd already gotten ourselves into such trouble

that you decided that is okay

to leave your watch?

- Yes!

- For crying out loud!

What a load of crap!

There's got to be a logical explanation.

What would you think that is?

This is just an optical illusion or something?

Yeah, sure.

Why not?

Finally, yeah.

A sane idea.

Oh, that's a sane idea.

All right.

If Max is right, why don't you

go and open that door?

- Oh, come on.

- Have a look.

Excuse me?

If you're so sure it's an optical illusion,

open the door and have a look.

You might want to stand

to the side, in case that thing...

Fuck off, Jerry!

Okay, hold it!

All right?

Don't open it.

Say Jerry's right,
I think all of this is a hoax, okay?
I think Jerry's either full
of shit or part of this experiment.
- Simon, I never...
- Shut the fuck up!
I'm agreeing with you, Max.
I think we're all pumped so full of LSD
and I think we're hidden in some CIA hospital
in Area 51, or whatever.
But let's just say,
on the off- chance
that Jerry is actually right.
Then what happens if whatever
the fuck it was in there
that killed the guy,
killed me,
what happens if
that fucking thing gets in here?!
What happens then?!
You're all crazy.
Hey, man,
what are you doing?
Just don't fucking open the door.
What are you so scared of anyway?
I just saw my fucking head
taken off by something or other.
How's that for starters?
Where did you get that knife?
It's mine.
I collect knives.
He had it when I first saw him.
- He sure did.
- That's convenient.
He's the only guy with a knife here,
if anyone was a part
of the experiment... maybe you.
I know! I know!
I've got it! I've got it!
Why don't we all just
get some ice cream
and everyone will feel
a lot better about everything?
You're funny, Mrs. Paley.

You really are a funny old lady.
You're also cute and senile.
You leave her alone,
she doesn't understand.
All right, she's already admitted
working for Izon,
one of the most powerful weapons
manufacturers in the world.
She recognized the figures on the wall,
and she knew the dead guy.
No. Maybe my alter ego wasn't all that wrong.
Maybe we shouldn't trust dear old Mrs. Paley.
Maybe you're the one we shouldn't trust.
I beg your pardon?
Maybe you're the one we shouldn't trust.
Oh.
I'm going to ignore that,
little girl,
because you're a cripple.
I think we should keep moving, huh?
After you.
Kate, I'm really thirsty.
Me too, sweetheart.
Me too.
I'm exhausted.
Are we there yet?
Come on, Mrs. Paley.
Just hold on a little longer.
Who's this Alex Trusk person?
Are you kidding?
He programmed the virus that crashed
the Tokyo stock exchange two years ago.
He's the one that broke into
the Air Traffic Control Grid,
and crashed those two Air Force jets in Nevada
to protest military spending.
You forgot the one about Alex Trusk
being the first genetically
engineered superhuman,
bred in a test tube, who now
lives and walks amongst us.
That sounds a bit far-fetched.
Don't worry.
Alex Trusk is a conspiracy

theorist's wet dream.
He doesn't exist.
Fine.
Just keep fooling yourself.
Would you people just shut up and keep moving?
Do you really believe this stuff
about parallel universes?
If you asked me yesterday,
I'd say no.
But this place changes your
perception about what's possible.
Look, let's just keep this between us for now.
Yeah. Okay.
Here's the deal.
I'm a private investigator.
I'm on a case,
missing persons.
Given our current situation,
this counts as irony.
You're right.
I think they stuck me in here because of her--
Becky Young.
They've emptied my pockets
except for my knife and this.
Maybe it's a message or a warning.
Here's the kicker.
Guess who she worked for?
Izon?
Kate.
Kate.
Kate, you have to wake up,
there's--
What is it?
What's wrong?
There's something here.
Do you see anything?
You're probably just dreaming or some--
Whoa.
There is--
there is something.
What the hell is that?
Kate.
Kate, what do you see?
It's a square.

It's just floating.
What is it?
It's beautiful.
You recognize this too,
Mrs. Paley?
Well, not exactly--
- What just happened?
- Now there's two.
It's multiplying.
- Oh my God--
- Maybe it's the way out.
Oh. Wow.
If we're drunk,
I wanna know what this stuff is.
Maybe that's what a
four-dimensional object looks like.
If that's the way out,
how do we use it?
I hate it.
It sounds wrong.
It's stunning.
The math of it.
It's a perfect quadrangular oscillation.
It's moving.
Mrs. Paley, no!
Ahh.
Get the fuck out of the way!
Jerry, you're hurt.
No. I'm okay.
Look out.
Stay low.
Whoa! Go on.
Come on, Mrs. Paley.
It's time to go.
Over here.
It looks safe.
- Don't stare at it. Go.
- It's coming back.
Come on, Max.
Go, Julia. Go.
- I want to get it.
- No. We've got to go.
Oh my God. Go.
Go up the stairs.

Come on, Mrs. Paley.
Keep going--
Kate!
Sasha.
Jerry.
- Oh Jesus!
- No.
- Sasha.
- No. Just don't do it.
- Just get in here.
- What the fuck are you doing?
Kate!
She's gone. You want to end up like Jerry?
- Sasha.
- Kate!
Kate, I'm here.
Kate.
You're a dead woman.
Oh... oh Jesus.
Sasha.
Kate, help.
- Kate, help!
- I'm coming to get you.
Help me!
Drop to the ground, Sasha.
Now.
Help me.
Okay, Sasha.
Now... uh...
I can see you, Sasha.
Flatten yourself
against the wall, on the ground.
- Crawl towards me.
- No. I can't. I'm scared.
You've gotta move,
or I can't come and get you.
Move towards me.
No. Stop, Sasha!
Don't, Sasha.
Get down.
Damn it, Kate,
what do you want me to do?
Just keep moving until you hit that corner,
and then stay put.

Okay?
Sasha?
Okay?
I'm almost there.
Just crawl on. Keep your side
to the ground. You can do it.
You've made it.
I'm right behind you.
There you are.
Keep your knees in.
Kate, thank God.
There you are. You're okay.
You're okay...
What just happened?
I don't know.
I don't know, Sasha.
Sweet Jesus.
It's shrinking so it can get us.
Please let it be quick.
Okay.
We're going to make a run for it.
- I can't.
- Yes you can. Just hold onto me.
We're going to go to our right.
No. We're going to go to the left.
All right?
- Okay?
- Okay.
On the count of three...
just hold on to me.
One, two, three...
I've got you.
Oh my God!
Sasha, no.
It responds to our movements.
Don't move.
Stay still.
Don't--
Oh my God.
Is it gone?
Yeah. It's gone.
Thank you.
We did it together. Let's get out
of here before it comes back.

My glasses.

You're glasses are gone.

Just go up the ladder.

- Kate.

- Yeah? What?

- I can smell it.

- What?

Did someone die in here?

Yeah.

- Yeah. Jerry died.

- Oh no.

He was so nice.

We've got to go.

We've got to go, honey.

Just get up there.

One foot after the other.

- Where are the others?

- I think we're on our own.

You're doing good.

I see a pattern.

Anyone connected to this--

this hypercube...

eventually dies a very violent,
and painful death.

I would hate for that

to happen to you, Mrs. Paley.

I would.

So drop the act

and tell us how we get out of here.

Huh?

Simon.

Simon, that's enough.

- Shut up.

- Hey, Simon...

- Shut up.

- Okay.

Okay, Mrs. Paley.

You ready to talk?

'Cause I'm all ears.

I really don't need this operation, Doctor.

I'm in perfect health.

Just ask my daughter-in-law

over there. She'll explain.

This joke's really getting stale.

I'm going to give you one
more chance, Mrs. Paley.
You tell me what I need to know,
or I'm going to have to kill you.
Do you understand?
I'm going to kill you.
It's your choice.
Get away from her!
You have a choice to make.
Right now.
Do you want to get out of here or not?
- Yes, but--
- There are no buts!
Hey guys, maybe--
All right.
Oh shit.
It's here.
It's gonna take my head off.
Let's go.
What about Mrs. Paley?
Goddamn it.
- I'm not gonna die here.
- You can't leave her.
- Why should I help her?
- She'll die.
- Forget about her.
- I'm gonna regret this.
Julia!
- I'm trying to get this off.
- Come on. Hurry.
Shit!
Would someone give me a hand?
Would somebody help me pick her up?
Shit!
Let go of me.
Shit!
I'm not staying here.
I'm out of here.
Let go of me.
- Jesus Christ.
- Oh my God.
Oh God.
Where do you think you're going?
Hurry up.

Get back here.

What the hell?

It could mean anything.

Right.

Maybe it's a coordinate of
some kind but in four dimensions.

Some...

I don't know.

For all we know,
it could be somebody's birthday,
or a zip code,
or just a serial number.

I wish I was just...

smarter.

Why do you think you're in here?

I don't know.

Maybe I was just in the wrong
place at the wrong time.

Damn it. There's got to be
some sort of meaning to this.

Maybe they just like to watch us squirm.

Alex Trusk is the only one with the resources
and brains to create something like this.

Okay, Max.

Say you're right.

Say it is Alex Trusk who's
responsible for all of this.

Does it help us get out?

No, we're still stuck here,
with no clue.

And if this is someone's game,
it isn't a fair one.

Max, do you think--

We've got to keep moving.

Come on.

Max?

Max, what's wrong with you?

Holy shit!

Variable time-speed rooms.

- Pretty wild.

- I guess you could say that.

Holy jumping Jesus!

Get your hands off me.

- Hello, Jerry.

- Who the hell are you?
- You don't recognize me?
- Where am I?
- How do you know my name?
- You don't know me?

No.

Where the hell am I?

You don't--?

Wait, wait.

You don't remember me?

- No.
- What about the senile old broad,
- or the little blind kid?
- What?

Or that thing that chopped
you up like little pieces
of deli fucking meat?

I'm a friend-- I mean you no harm.

Let me go,

and I'll be on my way.

No come on, you--

You mean me no harm?

You're fucking hilarious, Jerry.

How long have you been in here?

I don't know.

I just woke up.

You just woke up?

Holy shit!

Holy shit.

Maybe you were right before, huh?

You or the-- whatever--

This place does crossover
parallel alternate realities, huh?

Have you been drinking?

I really don't give a shit anymore.

We are talking about alternate realities.

Can I ask you a question?

Do you mind?

Yeah, okay, sure--

just don't hurt me, huh?

Are you hungry?

Are you... hungry?

Yeah, I guess...

my stomach's--

'Cause I am hungry.
I'm fucking starving.
Oh my God.
Kate, what is it?
Kate?
What do you see?
Kate,
what's going on?
I don't know.
I mean--
I think in some other reality,
things didn't turn out so well.
Again with the Alex Trusk?
Why are you so afraid of this Alex Trusk?
Because he's ruthless.
He's a hi-tech genius
whose morals make Muammar Qaddafi
look like Mother Teresa.
Why are you panicking?
Because he's throwing anybody
connected to this thing in here
to fucking die!
Max,
you're not connected.
Can you keep a secret?
Sure.
I love secrets.
I designed a computer game called 'Relativity,'
where contestants linked
to each other over the Internet
do battle in a 3-D environment,
using different time signatures.
What are you saying?
Are you saying that you designed all this?
No. Just these variable time speeds rooms.
Just the concept.
It was for a game.
Now here we are.
Wow.
This is really some game, Max.
Do you have other little secrets
you want to tell me?
People are dead,
okay?

I'm not responsible for this.
It was just a game.
I can't even sell the stupid thing.
It's all involved in a lawsuit.
What kind of lawsuit?
I don't know,
some--
Right, you're a lawyer.
A company called Cyber Thrill stole it from me.
Cyber Thrill?
You've heard of them?
Yeah.
Are you into computer games?
Settle.
Excuse me?
I strongly recommend that
you settle. You'll never win.
- How do you know that?
- Because...
you're not up against Cyber Thrill.
They're just a subsidiary.
Who owns them?
Izon.
How do you know that?
Because I...
represent them.
I must be hearing things.
Finally.
I was wondering if I was the only one in here.
Do you need a hand there?
You are upside-down.
Do you have any idea what's going on here?
Be careful.
Watch your step.
Crazy.
You are not the only person here, Jerry.
There's lots of people just like you.
How do you know my name?
We've met before,
Jerry.
I get this mouth-watering feeling
when I talk to you.
- What do you mean?
- Come here, look at this.

Hey, hey. Agh!
- Agh, no!
- Take this! And this!
Why don't you just go?
I'm blind, Kate.
I'm a burden.
You can move faster without me.
Sasha, please,
I know how you're feeling.
No you don't.
You have no idea how I'm feeling.
- I know this seems hopeless
- It is hopeless.
No, it's not.
I'm gonna figure this out.
'Figure it out.'
Trust me, precious.
If I haven't figured it out,
you sure as shit aren't going to.
What did you just say?
I'm sorry, Kate.
I didn't mean to--
No, no.
Wait a second.
Back that up.
Why do you think that you should be able
to figure this out?
I wasn't kidnapped.
When I found out they were
putting people in here,
I tried to blow the whistle on them.
So they came after me.
I escaped into the one place
they wouldn't dare follow me--
in here.
Poetic justice,
don't you think?
Who are you?
Max was right.
Jerry was wrong.
I exist.
Oh my God.
Sasha. Of course.
Sasha is the nickname for Alexandra.

Alex Trusk.
Pleased to make your acquaintance.
Damn it.
This is the worst nightmare I've ever had.
I just I wish I'd wake up.
You really think this is all a dream?
Definitely.
In the real world I'd never kiss you.
Oh, really?
Yeah,
you're not my type.
You're not my type,
either.
Aa-ah!
Ya-aa!
Becky Young.
Yeah.
Rebecca Young.
Yeah.
Who... are you?
Who am I?
I'm Simon Grady.
Your parents hired me to find you.
- Really?
- Yeah.
Thank God.
Yeah.
I'm happy to see you too, Becky.
I really am.
I've been wandering these rooms for hours.
Ahhgh!
You gotta love these parallel universes.
You built this thing?
I gave them the key to build it--
better than they wanted.
I gave them a real hypercube.
How do we get out?
Kate, this isn't a game.
There's no happy ending.
This place is out of control.
It's not stable.
Does this number mean nothing?
It's got to mean something.
It's everywhere.

I'm sorry, Kate.
It's over.
No, it is not over.
Not yet.
I refuse to die here.
What the hell?
Oh my God.
We've got to move.
Come on. We've got to get out of here.
- Leave me.
- No, you're coming with me.
Oh my God.
We got to get out of here.
Just go up as fast as you can.
Faster, faster.
Keep going.
Okay. Good girl.
What the hell?
Oh my God.
Okay, we've got to get out of here.
This is insane.
It's Jerry's diagram.
It's all the numbers.
They're all just suddenly in here.
It's Jerry's markings--
that dead physicist's equations--
and that damn colonel's corpse,
just hanging there as if
we never even rescued him?
Everything keeps appearing over and over again.
Sasha--
please, you have to have
some idea what this means.
All the realities are starting to collapse
into one space.
And what happens to us
when they-- 'it' collapses?
The whole thing implodes.
It's only a matter of time.
I'm not gonna just stand here while it happens.
I'm not leaving him behind.
- Oh my God.
- Kate!
- Let me go.

- Get the hell up here!
Oh my God.
Kate.
We don't have much time.
No.
I refuse to die here.
I wish I had your spirit.
Hello, gorgeous.
Miss me?
Huh?
Come on in.
The water's fine.
Agh!
Hello, Kate.
Let her go.
Who are you?
Yeah, it's me--
good old Simon.
Do you remember this?
Do you?
I've waited a long time for pay back.
That was just...
seconds ago.
Don't be so stupid, Kate.
Time works differently in this place.
Hey, just-- okay.
Just let her go.
She's just a kid.
She'll be a dead little kid,
unless you come here to papa.
Okay.
Just let her go--
we can figure something out, okay?
You take her place.
What do you want?
I'm hungry.
- Simon?
- Huh?
There's no point.
We're all dead anyway.
Oh, oh.
Okay.
No!
Oh, come on Kate.

The fun's just beginning.
Oh my God.
What the hell?
- Yah!
- Agh!
I'm really gonna miss you.
Jesus--
Of course,
It's an expiration date.
He figured out when it's gonna implode.
Leave me.
Hello, Kate.
Welcome back.
So, you figured it out.
Yes, sir.
No time to spare.
The device-- any luck?
We'll take that to Darcy and see
if anything recorded on it.
Sir?
Yes, sir.
Phase two is terminated.
I see.
Yes, sir.
Right away, sir.