

UFOLOGY 101

by
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FADE IN:

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

A man in a white LABCOAT stumbles through the dark over uneven ground. Sweating like crazy, his glasses threaten to fall off his face. Still he keeps moving. Panicked. Scared.

Suddenly, behind a hill, three brilliant LIGHTS in a triangle formation rise up -- without a sound.

Labcoat flattens himself behind a boulder. He cowers in fear and tries to get lower as the CRAFT comes closer and closer.

Too late. Harsh yellow light emanates from the craft. Labcoat opens his mouth to scream -- and disappears.

EXT. MOJAVE DESERT - NEARBY - MOMENTS LATER

A coyote howls in the distance.

Two Winnebago's parked in the middle of endless desert expanse. A campfire crackles between them. Four RED NECKS sit in lawn chairs around the fire. Laughter and beer flows freely.

Above them, a cloudless sea of Moon and stars.

DRUNK RED NECK

Beer me.

Fat Red Neck tosses him another beer. POP! Everyone laughs as he gets a foam shower.

FAT RED NECK

Sorry, Bubba.

FLIRTY RED NECK

Dang it, Karl. The whole RV's gonna smell like Molson.

More laughter. Drunk Red Neck wrings out his shirt.

A piercing yellow light suddenly shines down from above. The Red Necks look up.

Three brilliant lights, triangle formation, hover thirty feet above the camp. The Red Necks are mesmerized by the sight. No sound, no wind. Definitely not a helicopter... possibly something from another world.

We've seen this before...

DRUNK RED NECK
Wouldja look at that?

The lights FLASH. The craft turns.

Fat Red Neck pees himself.

The craft zooms off. Again, no sound or wind. It just goes. In seconds, disappears over the distant desert mountains.

Flirty Red Neck catches the last moments on her cell phone camera.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Ivy-covered brick buildings surround a quad blanketed in fallen leaves. Students rush to class through yellow and orange reminders of autumn.

Everything looks like the front page of a college brochure.

INT. PHYSICS CLASSROOM - DAY

An auditorium-style classroom built for 100. Barely a dozen STUDENTS are scattered near the front. They wait, eager pens hovering over note-pads, eyes on the front of the room.

Written on the chalkboard in messy penmanship: INTRODUCTION TO PHYSICS 101.

A student COUGHS.

DR. NAT HARRISON, 30's, ignores the distraction. He can't tear himself away from his laptop screen. Obsessed with science. Less so with normal human behavior and appearance.

ON SCREEN, Harrison watches shaky home video footage. A plump red neck woman points to the sky. A silver, circle-shaped UFO sails overhead. Without warning, it changes direction, and disappears behind a cloud.

Harrison presses a series of buttons. A projector comes to life. Shines the video footage onto a large screen above the white-board.

The students watch the footage. Not sure how to react.

HARRISON
Here. Watch this part. There! See how the craft changes direction, mid-air, then zooms away. Amazing.

Harrison jumps on his desk, climbs over, and sits on the edge facing his students. Enthusiasm shoots from every pore.

HARRISON

There is no man-made craft that could pull that maneuver without ripping apart. The G-forces alone would rip the pilot inside out!

A FEMALE STUDENT recoils with disgust.

HARRISON

What can we conclude about a machine that seemingly ignores the laws of physics?

He waits for an answer. The students stare at him, dumbfounded.

Slowly, a JOCK raises his hand.

JOCK

That it's a fake?

HARRISON

Fake? There's nothing fake about what you just saw.

JOCK

How do you know? They can do anything with computers these days.

HARRISON

Alright. Okay. Forget that whole "might be fake" stuff. If we assume it's real, what laws of physics are broken by the movement of the craft?

Again, dumbfounded looks from the acne set.

HARRISON

Come on! This is Physics 101. I know you're just taking this class to fulfill your science requirement but an understanding of the laws that govern the universe is critical for even the dumbest liberal arts major.

(off their looks)

No offense.

Harrison leaps over his desk, back toward the white-board. He lifts up the board to reveal another board underneath. It's covered, from one end to the other, with a massive physics equation. The most complicated thing you've ever seen.

HARRISON (cont'd)

Based on the movement of the craft
I wrote this relatively simple
equation. Okay, kids... help me
solve this.

FEMALE STUDENT

But Dr. Harrison, this is the first
day of Physics 101.

HARRISON

Galileo made the same excuse. And
look what happened to him.
(off their puzzled looks)
He died.

Harrison looks at the female student. All over her face, the number 1411 is written in black ink.

Harrison blinks. Her face returns to normal.

HARRISON

Fourteen eleven.

DING! Harrison's laptop makes a sound. He rushes over.

ON SCREEN, a new video begins playing. It's the rough video footage taken from the red neck's cell phone. Harrison watches the triangle-shaped craft soar away.

HARRISON

Son of Hawking! That's it!

Harrison closes his laptop. Stuffs it in his satchel.

As he heads for the door...

HARRISON

(to himself)

Gotta go, gotta go. Lots to do.

(to class)

That's all for today. For next
time, read... I don't know, just
read the rest of the book. Write me
a paper or something.

(points at the board)

If any of you can solve that, I'll
buy you a car.

And he's out the door. He leaves a room of very puzzled students.

The female student frowns. She takes a picture of the white-board equation with her cell phone.

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - DAY

A GIANT ROBOT crushes a car. Roaring. Sparks. Flying metal.

The robot walks smack-dab into a Bunsen burner. Tips over.

REVEAL the robot as only three inches tall. The car it just crushed? Of the Matchbox variety.

Eager hands pick up the robot. Put it back on its feet.

The hands belong to DR. WALT MONTGOMERY, 17, a wide-eyed African-American. The Doogie Howser of engineering. Three Doctorates by the age of 15. Einstein's brain in a body that can't grow a beard.

The entire lab is floor to ceiling wires, parts, computers, and engineering tools. Montgomery barely has room to move.

A loud KNOCK at the door.

MONTGOMERY

Enter.

Montgomery speaks with the assurance of a professor three times his age.

ROBBY peeks in. Dim-witted. The school's quarterback. He scans the wall-to-wall crap and settles on the teenager holding the tiny robot.

ROBBY

Hey. I'm Robby Temple.

MONTGOMERY

I am aware of your identity, Mr. Temple. Six foot three. Two hundred twenty pounds. You play the position of quarterback, but with your speed you might think about a change to wide receiver. Body fat percentage well below normal. Grade point average headed that direction.

ROBBY
That was a lot of words. Is Dr.
Montgomery here?

Montgomery laughs. Comes out like a snort.

MONTGOMERY
I would say so.

ROBBY
I've got tutoring with him at ten.

MONTGOMERY
Of course. I have been expecting
you. You are late, but we will end
today's lesson one minute late to
make up the difference.

Robby looks around, amused.

ROBBY
Seriously?

MONTGOMERY
I am Dr. Walt Montgomery.

ROBBY
Am I being Punked?

MONTGOMERY
I assure you. I would not Punk
you... even if I knew what that
meant.

ROBBY
You're the professor of advanced
engineering? You have three
doctorates?

MONTGOMERY
I am. And I do.

ROBBY
What are you, fifteen?

Montgomery looks wounded. The child in him comes out.

MONTGOMERY
Seventeen.

Robby leaves with a laugh.

ROBBY
Whatever, kid. I'll be back when
your voice changes.

The door SLAMS shut.

Montgomery looks at the tiny robot in his hand. The robot sits and lets out a mournful SIGH.

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

Harrison sprints across campus, satchel over his shoulder, man on a mission. Students and faculty give him a wide berth.

Many SNICKER and point. Clearly he's the joke on campus.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE DRAMA DEPT - DAY

Students exit the drama theatre. Smiles and good-natured laughter all around.

ALISON SARAWITZ, 20's, waits across the hall. Trying to look nonchalant as she waits for someone. She's pretty, but shy, with glasses three sizes too big.

A handsome YOUNG MAN exits. His smile could light up the world.

Sarawitz swoons. Her eyes turn to rose-colored stars.

He walks toward her in slow-motion. Her mathematical mind goes to work. A curved line jumps from his chest. Geometric equations form out of thin air. Sarawitz instantly computes his trajectory with her genius mind.

She steps forward with an eager smile. Intercepts the curve. Pushes her giant glasses up her nose.

Suddenly, the young man is distracted. A FEMALE STUDENT walks past him wearing the tightest jeans in the universe. The man watches her go.

The equations recalculate. The curve veers away from Sarawitz until it intercepts the beautiful woman's backside.

Sarawitz sighs. The object of her affection walks away.

SARAWITZ
Darn. The booty variable.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Harrison fumbles with the nozzle and attempts to put gas into his rust bucket. He balances his cell phone between his shoulder and ear.

HARRISON

Quince! We're at Def-Con One, my friend -- four bucks a gallon!?

QUINCY (V.O.)

What?

HARRISON

Nothing. Call Montgomery. Sarawitz. Rendezvous at my place, one hour.

INT. QUINCY'S BEDROOM - SAME

FRED QUINCY, 30's, sports a Frodo shirt and twenty extra pounds. His bedroom is floor to ceiling comic book and movie junk. Like Comic-Con threw up.

He speaks into his phone like Batman responding to Commissioner Gordon.

QUINCY

At once, Dr. Harrison. Avengers... assemble!

(awkward silence)

It's from a comic book. The... never mind. One hour!

Quincy hangs up. Looks around. Panics. Rifles through piles of clothing.

QUINCY

Where? Where? Where?

He goes to the door. Opens it a crack.

QUINCY

Mom, have you seen my cape?

QUINCY'S MOM (O.S.)

It's in the dryer!

QUINCY

It says "dry clean only"!

QUINCY'S MOM (O.S.)
It was dirty! Don't yell!

QUINCY
It's fine! Whatever! Can you make
me a sandwich?

QUINCY'S MOM (O.S.)
Without the crusts?

QUINCY
Well, duh!

Quincy SLAMS the door. Strikes a superhero pose.

QUINCY
To the Batmobile!

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Quincy zooms down the sidewalk on a ten-speed bike. Sandwich (no crusts) in one hand. A black cape tied around his neck, flapping behind him, but shrunk to the size of a napkin.

INT. HARRISON'S HOUSE - DAY

Montgomery, Quincy, and Sarawitz watch the Red Neck UFO footage on Harrison's laptop. He waits for it to finish, arms folded in a look of triumph.

Harrison's house is one big shrine to all things UFO. Posters of alien movies. Stacks of genre books. Plastic aliens heads like some Roswell gift shop.

The video ends. Sarawitz pushes up her glasses.

HARRISON
Well?

SARAWITZ
Clearly a fake. The G-forces alone
on that final maneuver--

HARRISON
--That's what I thought.
Fortunately, the video was taken
with a cell phone. The time-stamp
on the video can be verified
against the signal triangulating
off the nearest cell towers.

They stare at him. Unimpressed.

HARRISON

The time-stamp is real! Which means the video was taken *last night*. There's no visual effects person on the planet that could create a video that convincing in such a short time span.

QUINCY

During post-production on "The Return of the King", WETA Digital was able to render--

HARRISON

--Render my butt, Quincy. Not literally. Never mind my butt. What you just saw was real.

(pleading)

Montgomery? Come on, you believe it, right?

Montgomery sighs.

MONTGOMERY

Technology like that is theoretically possible...

Harrison smiles. Yes, he got one!

MONTGOMERY

...but, shaky video footage is hardly definitive evidence. We're in Bigfoot territory here, Harrison.

HARRISON

What about the witnesses?

SARAWITZ

Drunks with barely an eighth-grade education.

MONTGOMERY

Skeptic Monthly should offer you a job.

SARAWITZ

I know, right?

MONTGOMERY

High-five of knowledge?

SARAWITZ
Give me some brain power.

Sarawitz and Montgomery high-five. They miss.

Quincy rolls his eyes.

QUINCY
(to Harrison)
Look, man. You know me. No one
wants to find real aliens more than
I do. One of them may be hot... and
she may need my help to repopulate
her planet. But I'm with Doogie
Howser and the Nerd Princess--
SARAWITZ

--Hey!

MONTGOMERY

--Hey!

QUINCY
The evidence just ain't there.

Harrison stares daggers at Quincy.

HARRISON
You've been my best friend since
junior high. We were there, opening
day, for "The Phantom Menace".

QUINCY
(with all sincerity)
And we cried tears of
disappointment... together.

HARRISON
This is the one. This is the
footage. You're telling me... you
don't have my back?

QUINCY
Have your back with what? The
video is real? Aliens are real? I
hope they are but there's just no
proof.

Montgomery and Sarawitz just stare. The room gets painfully
quiet.

QUINCY
Cameron can't go along with Ferris
Bueller on this one. Sorry, Nat.

HARRISON

Fine. Don't believe. I'll prove it.

They all look at each other.

EXT. HARRISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A peaceful, quiet street. The stars look brighter than normal.

INT. HARRISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harrison works like a crazy person. Multiple markers, in quick manic steps, all over a white board. A massive equation like the one from his classroom.

Taped to the side of the board: a piece of paper with the number 1411.

HARRISON

Fourteen eleven, my old friend.
You're the key... but where's the lock?

LATER

Harrison paces. Phone to his ear.

HARRISON

Sarawitz, pick up pick up pick up.
I need your giant brain. Does the number one thousand four hundred eleven ring any bells? You want me to say it? Okay, I'll say it.
You're smarter than me. There...
now pick up the phone and help me!

LATER

Harrison sits on the floor. The giant equation looms over him.

He holds up a plaque. It reads "Dr. Nat Harrison. Really High IQ."

INT. DEAN'S OFFICE - DAY

DEAN RUMPLE, forever constipated, holds a picture of the equation from Harrison's class.

Harrison gulps. Fidgets in his chair.

DEAN RUMPLE
The first day, Physics 101. Is this
a joke?

HARRISON
You're always saying we should
challenge our students.

DEAN RUMPLE
Challenge, not torture.

HARRISON
I'm sorry. I'll stick to the
syllabus.

Harrison looks at the digital clock on the wall. It must be
in military time because it reads "14:11"

Rumple squishes the picture. Tosses it in the waste basket
like Kobe Bryant.

DEAN RUMPLE
The student said you showed them
this equation after a video of some
UFO sighting?

HARRISON
Not just some UFO sighting, Dean
Rumple... a genuine, real-life--

DEAN RUMPLE
--Are we going to have a repeat of
last year?

Harrison's excitement fades. He hangs his head.

HARRISON
No, sir.

DEAN RUMPLE
Are you sure?

HARRISON
Yes, sir.

DEAN RUMPLE
There is a place for...theoretical
physics but it is NOT in Physics
101! I've put up with your...
eccentricities because your IQ is
off the charts.

(MORE)

DEAN RUMPLE(cont'd)

But, I'm not tolerating anymore of this UFO nonsense! Stick to teaching physics... and ONLY physics, or you'll find yourself out of a job.

HARRISON

Can I mention UFO's? As a colorful anecdote or humorous soliloquy?

DEAN RUMPLE

I mean it! One more mention of aliens, or spaceships, or Spock from Star Wars and that's it!

Harrison raises a finger to correct him.

DEAN RUMPLE

Careful, Harrison. One. More. Word.

Harrison thinks better, and lowers his finger.

INT. PHYSICS CLASSROOM - DAY

Harrison enters. Eyes down. A beaten man.

The same twelve students sit near the front, eager to see what craziness he has in store today.

HARRISON

Open your books to page... one, I guess.

The students comply.

Harrison slouches to his desk. Tosses his jacket and satchel on the chair.

His complex UFO equation stares back at him from the white board. With a heavy SIGH, Harrison begins erasing the board.

HARRISON

Would someone begin reading? Uh... you. Go ahead.

PIZZA FACE looks around, embarrassed.

PIZZA FACE

(reading)

The story of modern physics starts with Isaac Newton.

HARRISON

Snore!

PIZZA FACE

Should I continue?

HARRISON

Only if you want me to stab myself
with a pen...

The students stare at him, confused. The same female student from before raises her cell phone, ready to record.

Harrison notices. Quickly straightens up.

HARRISON

Wait. No. Forget what I just said.
I was testing you. You paid for
this class with your hard-earned
money. Please, continue.

PIZZA FACE

(reading)

It was an apple falling from a tree
that unlocked the secrets of the
universe.

The Jock puts his hand high in the air.

HARRISON

Question: Tom Brady.

JOCK

Dr. Harrison, do you have any more
crazy UFO videos to show us?

HARRISON

The higher-up's on Mount Olympus
have decreed that UFO's are not
physics, and aren't worthy of your
time.

JOCK

But the video was cool.

PIZZA FACE

(still with the reading)

As Newton was hit on the head, he
stumbled across the concept of
gravity.

HARRISON
(to Pizza Face)
That's good. Thank you.
(to the Jock)
Yes. It was cool. But there's a
ban, lest I find myself homeless in
the near future.

Female Student readies her cell phone. Harrison winces.

JOCK
You know what would be really cool?
Make your own!

HARRISON
Homeless person?

JOCK
UFO video! Put it up on YouTube.
See how many hits you get.

A light-bulb EXPLODES over Harrison's head. He is perfectly still as he realizes the possibilities. Suddenly, he is in motion, pointing at the JOCK as he goes.

HARRISON
Genius! Who ever said jocks were
dumb?

Harrison barely has time to grab his jacket and satchel before he sprints out the door.

FEMALE STUDENT
(as she records)
Here we go again.

EXT. HARRISON'S BACKYARD - DAY

Harrison stomps around his spacious backyard. He marches in a large circle, crushing the grass.

Montgomery and Sarawitz watch. Deeply concerned.

Quincy sits on the back steps, away from the group. Sulking.

SARAWITZ
This isn't normal.

HARRISON
It's the only way.

SARAWITZ

My mom's got some colorful pills in her bathroom. They'll get you looser than a Bosen Particle with a dose of theta radiation.

Montgomery SNORTS laughter.

MONTGOMERY

Good one.

Sarawitz blushes.

SARAWITZ

Thanks. I've been waiting 7.3 years to use that.

Harrison rolls his eyes. Gets serious about his lawn crushing stomp.

MONTGOMERY

Would you care to explain how this is going to work?

HARRISON

I shoot the raw landing footage with my camera. Add in the UFO with some digital artistry. Bingo, bango! Instant UFO video.

QUINCY

How does this help the case FOR your sanity?

HARRISON

Along with the video, I spin a tale in the local media that I made contact with the aliens. Maybe I even have a piece of their ship or something.

QUINCY

So then the whole town will think you're crazy. Crack plan, MacGuyver.

HARRISON

Make the whole thing convincing enough and the government will have no choice but to send their foot soldiers.

The others stare at him. Confused.

HARRISON

The men in black! Secret government
G-Men are the ultimate proof that
aliens are real!

QUINCY

Huh? With a capital WTF?

HARRISON

If the men in black show up, you'll
have to admit that aliens are real.

Harrison opens a can of gasoline. Pours it around the circle.

MONTGOMERY

Congratulations. You can now add
paranoia to your list of mental
disabilities.

Montgomery's tiny robot crawls out of his jacket. Takes one
look at Harrison pouring the gasoline and crawls back inside
with a WHIMPER.

HARRISON

Look. The government denies ANY
interest in UFO's, right? But if
they send in a bunch of agents,
then they are *lying* about their
lack of interest, right? I mean,
why spend the money investigating
something that doesn't exist?

One last stomp for good measure.

HARRISON

You better stand back.

Montgomery retreats. Pulls Sarawitz back to Quincy's
position.

Harrison steps back. LIGHTS a match. Smiles.

MONTGOMERY

Oh, yea. I forgot PYROMANIA.

HARRISON

IpsO-facto. If they are lying
about their interest -they are also
lying about what - they - know.

QUINCY
 Why can't he just build a mountain
 out of mashed potatoes like normal
 crazy people?

HARRISON drops the match.

EXT. HARRISON'S TOWN - DAY

Peaceful suburbia. Not a cloud in the sky.

A GIANT FIREBALL suddenly explodes into the sky.

HARRISON (O.S.)
 Too much?

INT. HARRISON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Harrison works feverishly in front of a computer.

ON SCREEN, a wire-frame model becomes a UFO. A few CLICKS,
 and the craft levitates and zooms away. Another CLICK and the
 digital wizardry is superimposed over footage of his charred
 backyard.

Harrison navigates to YouTube. His cursor hovers over the
 "Upload Video" button.

HARRISON
 And here... we... go...

CLICK!

CUT TO:

CHANNEL FIVE NEWS FOOTAGE

At the anchor desk, HEATHER SUMMERSET breathlessly reports
 the news through a plastic smile.

SUMMERSET
 ...amazing footage last night,
 taken from the backyard of a local
 resident. Is this proof that aliens
 exist?

Over her shoulder, the SHAKY FOOTAGE replays over and over.

SUMMERSET

We caught up with the man who shot the video, Dr. Nat Harrison, professor of physics at the University.

OUTSIDE HARRISON'S HOUSE

Summerset shoves a microphone in Harrison's face.

SUMMERSET

You're a man of science, Dr. Harrison. Does this shake the very foundation of your knowledge of the universe?

HARRISON

Indeed it does, Miss Summerset. I don't buy anything unless I see concrete, definitive evidence. In this case, I saw the evidence with my own two eyes.

SUMMERSET

Simply amazing. What do you say to people who claim this is nothing more than a hoax?

HARRISON

The video speaks for itself. And of course, I am analyzing the object.

SUMMERSET

Excuse me?

Harrison hurries back inside.

HARRISON

That's all I have to say on the topic. I'm sorry. I have to get ready for class.

INT. QUINCY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Quincy watches the end of the news report with a furrowed brow.

QUINCY

Great. Loon to liar in twenty four hours.

INT. VIDEO CONTROL ROOM - DAY

A menacing FIGURE, shrouded in shadow, watches the news footage. He leans forward. Looks closely at the UFO video.

He casually presses an intercom button.

VON KRUELLER (O.S.)
Agents Red and Blue. We've got a
six-four-four.

INTERCOM VOICE
Yes, sir.

VON KRUELLER
They roll in five.

INT. AREA 51 - HALLWAY - DAY

On both sides of the hallway, there are semi translucent drawers with unidentifiable shapes inside. A DRAWER slowly slides open. Inside is a shirtless man. AGENT RED. His eyes snap open. Down the hall, another drawer opens - AGENT BLUE.

INT. HARRISON'S BATHROOM - DAY

Harrison holds a TINY COMPUTER CHIP with one hand. Slightly bigger than a cold pill. He looks into the mirror and takes a deep breath.

EXT. MAIN STREET - DAY

Agents Red and Blue drive their black Cadillac through the center of town. All is quiet, calm, and Andy Griffith-like.

Suddenly, a BOY runs into the street. Agent Red slams on the brake.

The boy stuffs his heart back down his throat.

BOY
Sorry, mister!

Agent Red leans out the window.

AGENT RED
No worries, young man. Run along
and play.

He smiles with far too many teeth. Really. Too many teeth. No smile in the eyes. The boy GULPS and runs off and the smile disappears. Somewhere in the distance, a wolf HOWLS.

Int. Harrison's basement - dAY

Harrison writes on another white board like a man possessed. Numbers here, erasing there. His left arm sports a fresh gauze bandage.

He writes the number 1411. Stops and stares... confused.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

A gray-haired LIBRARIAN, older than dirt, stamps a pile of books. One after another. Clearly she's been doing this for decades.

She looks up... and GASPS.

Agents Red and Blue stand at the counter. They smile down at her in facial expressions more creepy than friendly.

LIBRARIAN
Gentlemen, may I help you?

AGENT RED
We require the names of all books
checked out by Dr. Nathaniel
Harrison.

LIBRARIAN
I'm sorry. That information is
private.

The Agents look at each other. Their smiles disappear.

AGENT RED
It's not private to us. We're with
the government.

Agent Blue reaches in his inside coat pocket. Pulls out a BADGE.

AGENT BLUE
Please note the official looking
badges.

AGENT RED
Look. They're laminated.

Again with the creepy smiles.

LIBRARIAN

I said it's private. Now you boys
run along. You don't scare me.

CUT TO:

AT THE COUNTER - SECONDS LATER

Agent Red folds up a print-out. Puts it in his pocket.

AGENT RED

The US Government thanks you for
your cooperation.

They leave.

The Librarian watches them go, shocked expression on her
face. Every last inch of her face has been stamped with the
word OVERDUE.

EXT. UNIVERSITY PARKING LOT - DAY

Harrison pulls his rust bucket into his parking spot. Gets
out.

The SNICKER of nearby students begins. They point and laugh.
Soon, all around his car, Harrison is assaulted by the
chuckles of the unimpressed.

STUDENTS

(ad lib)

Look, it's the nut. Crazy Dr.
Harrison. Beam me up, Scotty!

Harrison trudges off to class, hiding his hurt feelings.

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - DAY

Montgomery looks ridiculous with a pair of giant magnifying
goggles. He carefully works on a circuit board.

MONTGOMERY

Robot, bring me the number five.

The tiny robot stomps across the workbench carrying an
electric tool. Hands it to Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY

Thank you, robot. You know, you
could really use a name.

The robot nods, yes.

MONTGOMERY
Any ideas?

The robot shrugs. Points at its neck.

MONTGOMERY (cont'd)
Right. No voice box. I will get on
that. I promise.

The robot waves its hand like "yeah, right" and stomps away.

A loud KNOCK at the door.

MONTGOMERY
You may enter.

Agents Red and Blue march in. Montgomery gulps.

MONTGOMERY
Nice suits.

AGENT RED
We are looking for Dr. Walter
Montgomery.

MONTGOMERY
I am he.

AGENT RED
Seriously?

AGENT BLUE
What are you, fifteen?

MONTGOMERY
Seventeen. And thank you for the
boost to my fragile teenaged ego.

The Agents stalk toward him. Montgomery backs up, but all the
junk prevents an easy escape.

AGENT RED
You are a known associate of Dr.
Nathaniel Harrison, are you not?

MONTGOMERY
(defiant)
Who wants to know?

AGENT RED
The US Government.

Both Agents show their badges. Montgomery whistles.

MONTGOMERY
Badges... and they're laminated.

AGENT RED
Tell us everything you know about
Dr. Harrison.

The tiny robot climbs back onto the workbench. Sees Agent Blue. Stomps over, ready to attack.

Agent Blue looks, unimpressed, and FLICKS the robot away with one finger.

INT. OUTSIDE ENGINEERING LAB - DAY

Sarawitz shuffles down the hall. In her arms, a thick book wrapped with a red ribbon.

SARAWITZ
(to herself)
Montgomery, hey. I saw this book.
Thought you might like it.
(beat)
Monty... whassup? You like books?
(beat)
Of course you like books. You're
smart. I'm smart. Check out the
table of contents... it's da bomb!

She comes to the open door. Hears VOICES. She steps back and listens further.

MONTGOMERY (O.S.)
...I met him during the question
and answer session for my second
Ph.D.

AGENT RED (O.S.)
Skip forward. Specifically his
interest in UFO's.

SARAWITZ inches back down the wall a few feet and then sprints off down the hall as she dials her cell phone.

She retreats around a corner... just as Agent Blue peeks out into the hall.

INT. PHYSICS CLASSROOM - DAY

Harrison faces the same eager twelve students. They're on the edge of their seats.

BUZZ! Harrison looks at his vibrating cell phone. The display reads "Sarawitz."

HARRISON
 (to himself)
 I only answer calls from supportive friends.

EXT. A PARKING LOT - DAY

SARAWITZ holds her cell phone to her ear. She listens to it ring.

PHONE MESSAGE
 Hi, it's Harrison. Logic dictates that since I'm not answering, I'm probably in class so please leave a message.

SARAWITZ
 Harrison! I am SO sorry. You were right and worse, these guys are scary. If you haven't seen them, please be careful! Call me when you're done with class.

INT. PHYSICS CLASSROOM - MOMENTS LATER

HARRISON
 (to the class)
 How are we today?

MUMBLES of "fine" and "good" from the college kids.

Harrison looks up. Dean Rumpel stands at the top of the lecture hall. His arms are folded. He looks down with utter disdain.

The Jock throws his hand up.

JOCK
 Please tell me we're gonna talk about the video, man.

Harrison and the Dean stare at each other. This is the moment of truth.

HARRISON
I'm afraid not, young man. This is
Physics 101...
Now... let's talk about Copernicus.

The students GROAN.

The Dean nods. Turns to leave.

EXT. HARRISON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Harrison steers his clunker into the driveway. Before he can step out, he's mobbed by REPORTERS.

REPORTERS
(ad lib)
Dr. Harrison, can we get a
statement? Are you in contact with
aliens right now? Are you really
claiming to have a piece of alien
technology? Why won't you admit
this is all a hoax?

He pushes through. Sprints for the front door.

INT. HARRISON'S HOUSE - EVENING

Harrison SLAMS the door. Leans against it, breathing heavy.

HARRISON
Being a celebrity is hard when you
don't exercise.

AGENT RED (O.S.)
Is that all this is?

Harrison jumps. Agents Red and Blue appear from the darkness of the dining room.

AGENT RED
A quest to be famous?

HARRISON
Jeez! Who are you?

Harrison holds his satchel up like a shield. The Agents produce their badges.

AGENT RED

Agent Red. This is Agent Blue.
We're with the government. We have
badges.

HARRISON

Ah-ha! I knew it!

AGENT BLUE

Knew what?

HARRISON

You're government agents! Men in
Black!

AGENT RED

I'm Red. He's Blue. Black's on
assignment in Detroit... poor
bastard.

HARRISON

Where are you from? What division?

AGENT RED

It's classified.

HARRISON

Do you work with NASA?

AGENT RED

Classified.

Harrison flips out. Throws his satchel down.

HARRISON

This is amazing! I knew you guys
were real. They called me crazy.
Wait. What do you want?

AGENT RED

Dr. Harrison, you claim to possess
alien technology. By the authority
of the US Government, I must ask
you to hand it over.

HARRISON

Oh ho ho... no way, Jose!

AGENT RED

Please?

HARRISON

Not a chance.

Agent Red nods at Blue. Blue CRACKS his knuckles.

HARRISON

You want the alien tech, let me see the ship.

AGENT RED

What ship?

HARRISON

The UFO. You know, the one hidden at Area 51?

AGENT RED

Area fifty-what?

Harrison laughs. Leads them into the

LIVING ROOM

Where they walk past Harrison's giant equation on the white board.

HARRISON

You guys are too much. I'm an American... I know my rights. You're not getting a single piece of anything until I see the ship.

The Agents freeze. They stare at the white board. Then each other.

Harrison, oblivious, flips through a UFO scrapbook at the bookcase.

HARRISON

I've got pictures. Documents. Undisputable proof of the crash landing of an alien saucer near Roswell, New Mexico. No government muscle is going to hide the truth!

Agent Red nods at Agent Blue. Blue approaches Harrison from behind. Stalking him.

HARRISON

Threaten all you want, with your dark suits, your scary sunglasses, and your laminated badges.

Agent Blue lightly deposits and small red dot from a square of wax paper onto Harrison's neck. Harrison drops like a rag doll.

Everything goes dark.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - DAY

Montgomery solders a very high tech looking something or other -- could be a MAG LITE but with knobs and extra lights on the side. Monitor at his elbow. It DINGS and Sarawitz's face pops up.

SARAWITZ

Hey Monty, have you seen Harrison?

MONTGOMERY

Haven't I asked you, repeatedly,
not to call me that?

SARAWITZ

Yeah, Monty, I know. Listen, have
you seen him? He didn't show up for
class this morning. Word is the
Dean is looking for him... and he's
in a firing kind of mood.

MONTGOMERY

When is he not? Have you tried his
cell?

SARAWITZ

Of course.

MONTGOMERY

His home?

SARAWITZ

Duh.

MONTGOMERY

His office?

SARAWITZ

Ditto duh.

Montgomery sits up, his soldering momentarily forgotten.

MONTGOMERY

What variable are we not
considering here?

SARAWITZ
The men in black! Hey, I know
they're scary and all but do you
think they would...

MONTGOMERY is silent.

SARAWITZ
I'll call Quincy. Meet me at
Harrison's in twenty! And Monty...

MONTGOMERY
Yes?

SARAWITZ
Don't tell anybody.

Montgomery looks around the empty lab. His robot rotates its
head around with a slight WHIRRING sound.

MONTGOMERY
Who would I tell?

EXT. A SIDEWALK - DAY

Quincy rides his bike as fast as he can, one hand on the
handlebars, another holding a large fountain drink. He
breathes hard and his little cape flaps in the wind.

He zooms up into a yard and not so smoothly deposits his bike
on the lawn. He runs up to--

HARRISON'S FRONT DOOR

--and joins Sarawitz and Montgomery. Quincy breathes really
hard. He tries to strike a pose but can't breathe, pose and
drink his soda all at the same time.

QUINCY
I came -- assoon -- asIcould.

Montgomery rolls his eyes. They step aside as Quincy unlocks
the door--

HARRISON'S HOUSE

--They step in and fan out.

SARAWITZ
Harrison? You home?

MONTGOMERY

Come out, come out wherever you
are...

QUINCY

Come on man, you're freakin' me
out.

Living Room. Kitchen. Bedroom. Bathroom. Nothing.

Quincy holds his slushy to his perspiring face.

QUINCY

Maybe there's nothing wrong.

MONTGOMERY

Except for this...

SARAWITZ

What?

MONTGOMERY

This dry erase board... is erased.

QUINCY

So? What am I missing?

SARAWITZ

Harrison NEVER erases his theorems.
NOT EVER. He just stacks the board
in the garage and buys a new one.

The look at each other.

INT. HARRISON'S GARAGE - SECONDS LATER

They stare at a huge stack of full size DRY ERASE BOARDS
where most people would put a car. Sarawitz flips through
them.

All have been ERASED.

MONTGOMERY

Assuming he did not suddenly decide
to go on vacation, I think we might
have a serious problem on our
hands.

QUINCY

You mean... he was kidnapped?

SARAWITZ

Or worse.

Quincy thinks it through.

QUINCY.

Aw, crap.

INT. BIO CONTAINMENT - DAY

An unconscious Harrison lies naked on a conveyor belt within a large PLEXI TUBE. Fans whir and he moves through a human car wash. He is scrubbed and dried. A blood sample is taken.

Still, he sleeps.

He is bathed in a BURST of ultraviolet light and then a quick BURST of infra-red.

CUT TO:

INT. A LARGE SITTING ROOM - DAY

This is MONEY. Huge exposed beams of African Mahogany. Subdued lighting. A giant desk with a huge selection of screens to choose from.

A MAN stands in front of the giant fireplace, for now only seen in silhouette.

A pair of double doors open and TWO AGENTS in paramilitary/security uniforms enter carrying Harrison between them. Still unconscious. Now dressed in bright orange work style coveralls.

They place him in the chair opposite SILHOUETTE MAN. The guards quickly exit.

Harrison comes to. Slowly his eyes open and focus on the fire.

He looks around and sees the man. His new outfit. The chairs. Opulence and technology.

HARRISON

Where am I?

SILHOUETTE GUY

Mr. Harrison, you are at nothing less than a profound crossroads in your life.

HARRISON

Who are you?

SILHOUETTE GUY

I brought you here because I have a few questions for you. If you answer my questions, I will answer yours, and you and I will have an understanding.

HARRISON

Where's here?

SILHOUETTE GUY

First things first, Mr. Harrison. Are you the author of these equations?

Behind the desk, the entire wall becomes a video screen. They display all of Harrison's equations as they existed on his dry erase boards. They are displayed in order first as whole equations and then close ups of very difficult mathematics. Harrison's mouth hangs open.

HARRISON

I'm sorry. Have I been kidnapped?

SILHOUETTE GUY

Please answer the question.

HARRISON

Uh, yes. M--may I have a drink of water?

A slight nod from the shadow man.

A hand reaches in from of the darkness with a glass of water. Harrison reacts, startled. He drinks the water greedily. The hand quickly disappears.

SILHOUETTE GUY

Are you aware of what these equations represent?

HARRISON

Theoretical equations... to extract so called zero point energy from any mass that a person might have on hand. Of course, it's all theoretical as we're years away from the extraction technology necessary to pull it off. So I can't prove any of them.

Silhouette Guy pauses for a second. Reaches a decision.

SILHOUETTE GUY

Mr. Harrison. My name is Xander
Von Kruegger.

Von Kruegger steps forward into the light. Mid 50's. Grey,
trim, tall and handsome with eyes and an intellect that you
don't mess with.

HARRISON

The millionaire?

VON KRUEGGER

Billionaire. The collapse of the
housing market has been... good for
me.

Harrison's mouth is open again and he covers by finishing his
water.

VON KRUEGGER

I have many companies under my
personal control. Mostly aerospace,
with multiple government contracts.
One of those contracts is for the
management of this facility.

HARRISON

Uh, huh.

VON KRUEGGER

Would you like to know what this
facility does?

HARRISON

Uh, hmm. Honestly sir, I'd like to
know where the hell I am and what
I'm doing here.

The ROOM BEGINS TO ROTATE and the fireplace gracefully slides
away.

VON KRUEGGER

It's easier if I show you. Then, I
think you will understand.

The room continues to rotate. A circular wall of thick plexi
comes into view in front of the two chairs.

The view is beyond compare. 15 stories high, looking out over
a huge HANGER, as if for aircraft. There is a walkway just
beyond the plexi and Von Kruegger leads them out onto it.

People work below, all in identical orange jumpsuits, amidst a line of ALIEN CRAFT. There are 7, all different in shape, but similar in surface texture and lighting.

2 seem to be fully functional, lit up as if "on". Others seem to be in various states of repair. The vastness of the giant room and the scale of money and effort and technology is truly staggering.

HARRISON

Holy. Shit.

VON KRUELLER

Indeed. Would you like to go to the floor?

Harrison can only nod in agreement. He is in shock. His mouth hangs open as they board an--

ELEVATOR

--where Harrison presses his eager nose against the glass.

VON KRUELLER

Now you understand our need for secrecy. The spacecraft farthest away was discovered in 1939. At the time, the government had no idea what it was or what to do with it. The third from the end was the craft from the famous Roswell incident. The one closest to us was captured in combat just two years ago.

They exit the elevator and Harrison rushes out.

INT. UFO HANGER - DAY

He is practically jumping up and down.

HARRISON

Oh my God! This is fantastic! Do you fly 'em? What do they run on? What are they made of? Have you met the owners!!!?? Ha ha, wait, have you? Met the owners -- the pilots, I mean?

VON KRUELLER

Yes, Mr Harrison. We have met the pilots. Unfortunately the climate of earth is not very healthy for them so the twelve extraterrestrials that we recovered have all expired save the most recent... and that one is expected to expire any day now.

HARRISON

Jeez! I cant wait to tell my friends! They are gonna be stoked!

VON KRUELLER

I'm afraid that won't be possible.

Harrison's mood sours.

VON KRUELLER

You will never be permitted to tell your friends what you have seen here. But let's not focus on the negative. Look around you! What you see is the finest technology in the universe and the brightest minds on planet Earth. We have been working on this technology for 60 years and we still haven't managed to get them out of first gear.

HARRISON

They have gears?

VON KRUELLER

There is a war on and we need your help. Your UFO encounter was a hoax, of course, however, we believe that your theorems are not.

HARRISON

Did you say war?

VON KRUELLER

I did.

Von Kruegger sizes him up and comes to a conclusion.

VON KRUELLER

Mr. Harrison, I am considering offering you a job.

HARRISON
What job is that?

VON KRUELLER
Saving the human race. As I said,
there is a war on.

AGENT RED steps up and whispers in Von Kruegger's ear.

VON KRUELLER
Mr. Harrison, would you mind
showing me your arm?

CUT TO:

INT. HARRISON'S HOUSE - DAY

An arm, rolling up a sleeve. It is Sarawitz. She checks her cell phone messages.

SARAWITZ
Quince, can you turn up the air in
here? It's hot as hell.

She listens for a second.

SARAWITZ
Hey guys, listen to this.

She turns on the SPEAKER PHONE. Montgomery gathers close. Quincy listens as he works on the A/C unit.

HARRISON (V.O.)
Hey Sarawitz, its Nat. Listen,
sorry I couldn't make it to your
party the other day--

SARAWITZ
Party?

MONTGOMERY
Shhh!

HARRISON (V.O.)
I know, I'm a jerk, but you know I
picked out that dog at the pound
and remember how you spent all that
time helping to find my last one?
Well, no more! I had this one micro-
chipped. So that's why I couldn't
make it. Sorry, but it's for a good
cause. See you on campus tomorrow!

She turns off the phone. Puzzled.

SARAWITZ

What was that all about it? He doesn't have a dog.

QUINCY

Look at this. The A/C is off, cuz there's no switch on the bottom. I opened it... and found this.

He holds up a FLASH DRIVE. Montgomery grabs it.

MONTGOMERY

Yes!

Montgomery goes to work. Flash drive in. A few taps on the keyboard... and a VIDEO pops up.

It's the guys in black from a distance. Following Harrison but unaware that they themselves are being filmed.

Suddenly, it hard cuts inside of a public bathroom stall. The camera pans to find Harrison sitting on the toilet.

QUINCY

We don't need to see this.

SARAWITZ

Quiet!

On VIDEO, Harrison holds up notebook paper for the camera. On it are the words "freakin' out!". He crumples the paper, flushes it, then writes on another.

As he is writing, we hear the door to the bathroom open. Harrison freezes, then starts writing again. He holds another PAPER up to the camera. It says: "I'm the DOG!"

He flushes that paper too and the video goes dark.

SARAWITZ

No way! He chipped himself! Quick, look around for any packaging -

QUINCY

Got it!

Quincy zips over to Montgomery at the computer, ripped box in hand.

QUINCY

Can you track him?

MONTGOMERY
Just need the RFID number...

He looks at the box... then taps furiously at the keyboard.

SARAWITZ
How did he get it in his body?

INT. UFO HANGER - DAY

VON KRUELLER
Your arm, Mr. Harrison.

Harrison swallows hard and holds out his arm. AGENT RED pulls out a very scary looking knife.

AGENT RED
Hold still, sir.

He cuts smoothly through the fabric from the cuff to the shoulder. The band aid is gone but the little incision is still there.

Von Kruegger examines the wound.

VON KRUELLER
Ah... a locator chip of some sort?
Have it removed. Then, place him in holding.

AGENT BLUE
Yes, sir. Let's move.

They grab him and hustle him towards the door.

INT. HARRISON'S HOUSE - DAY

Montgomery sits at the computer while Sarawitz and Quincy stand behind him.

SARAWITZ
Come on Monty, the suspense is killing me. Can you do this or not?

MONTGOMERY
Don't call me Monty... and of course I can do it. I'm a genius.

QUINCY
Genius or not, hurry up Monty.

Montgomery works. Tap. Tap.

MONTGOMERY
Got it. Zooming. Southeast for
sure. Zooming. Zooming...

DING. They all stare at the screen with open mouths.

INT. BIO CONTAINMENT - DAY

A TECH holds up the RFID chip with a pair of forceps. Tiny bit of blood on it.

He squeezes. CRUSHES IT. Harrison rubs his fresh bandage and sighs with disappointment.

INT. HARRISON'S HOUSE - DAY

The signal disappears with a BLIP sound.

QUINCY
You guys saw that right? Right?

Quincy giggles like a maniac.

SARAWITZ
Yeah, we saw it.

QUINCY
And then you saw it GO AWAY right?
You know... GONE. Holy Moley!

MONTGOMERY
Area 51. He's at Area 51. They
probably discovered the chip and
destroyed it.

QUINCY
But not Harrison right? Just the
chip?

SARAWITZ
The question is, what are we gonna
do about it?

MONTGOMERY
Do about it? I'm calling the
police!

SARAWITZ
Montgomery, please tell me that you
are not that naive, sweetie.

Montgomery sulks.

MONTGOMERY
I'm not naive.

SARAWITZ
Our only chance of getting him back
is to go get him.

Quincy mouths the words but no sound comes out.

QUINCY
Go - get - him...

SARAWITZ
Monty, what about that flashlight
you've been working on?

QUINCY
Dude! No way!

They ignore Quincy.

MONTGOMERY
It's just a prototype. I'm not sure
it would help us get into Area 51,
anyway. It's just REALLY REALLY
bright.

SARAWITZ
Bright enough to give someone a
sunburn?

MONTGOMERY
Sure.

SARAWITZ
Bright enough to blind someone?

MONTGOMERY
Temporarily...

SARAWITZ
That sounds like a great non-lethal
weapon to me.

QUINCY
Will it make 'em hurl?

Blanks looks. Quincy smiles like a mad man.

QUINCY
Cuz mine will.

INT. A CELL - DAY

Harrison rots in a room made of some white, smooth, vaguely luminescent material. Futuristic, but alas, still a jail cell.

HARRISON
I am the stupidest person ever. I
hope it was worth it. Great, UFO's
are real and you are going to die.

The number 1411 appears on the ceiling. Harrison wipes his eyes, and the illusion disappears.

INSERT SERIES OF SHOTS

--Harrison sleeps on his side.

--He sits.

--He sleeps.

--He shivers.

--He stands.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

HARRISON
You are going to die. Freeze-dried
right here in this room.

CLICK. The door to the cell opens and Guard 1 enters.

AGENT RED
Mr. Von Kruegger wants to speak
with you.

INT. A LARGE OFFICE - DAY

The office of a foreman for a construction site, but very high tech. Ground level on the hanger floor. One wall is all windows looking out to the UFO's.

The other wall is a very large computer screen. The kind you can touch and drag. On it are all of Harrison's equations, but displayed in a cool floating way.

Harrison enters. Von Kruegger is waiting.

VON KRUEGER

Mr. Harrison. I am hoping that you can help me solve a problem.

He nods to the two AGENTS who leave silently.

VON KRUEGER

Those ships out there represent an enemy who can kill us without batting an eyelash. All they have to do is THINK, and our soldiers are dead. The only reason that we even have the craft is dumb luck. That luck is going to run out. We have to know how to harness the power of those ships. The fate of the human race may depend on it.

Harrison lets that sink in. Outside the window, a mini-UFO floats by.

VON KRUEGER

I want to make it clear that your life depends on your effort. I believe, based on your equations, that you have an insight none of us possess. I want you to work with our boys and figure out the math for third, fourth and fifth gears. I'm not a monster... you can make a life here. A career with wonders that never end. There are no other options. You can never leave. If you try, you will be shot. To death. Repeatedly.

A beat.

VON KRUEGER

Am I making myself clear?

Harrison slowly nods. He gets it.

VON KRUEGER

Your escort officer is outside the door. He can show you to your quarters.

Harrison still has not turned or moved.

HARRISON

Why?

VON KRUELLER

Why what?

HARRISON

Why everything? Why all the secrecy? If there's a war on, wouldn't it make your job easier if everyone knew about it? I'm not that smart as physics guys go and I'm only average at the math. I've got a friend -- you should meet her -- that blows me away with her giant brain. Without the secrecy you could have all the Nobel Prize winners here in a few days.

VON KRUELLER

There are aspects to this war that, like any war, are known only to the generals. As they say, "that's classified".

He starts for the door.

HARRISON

Wouldn't the world love to know about something as big as UFO's?

VON KRUELLER

This goes way beyond UFO's.

HARRISON

What does that mean?

VON KRUELLER

Again, "classified".

HARRISON

Nice. What about the really smart guys?

VON KRUELLER

Alas. No. They would be missed, Mr. Harrison. You... would not.

He walks out.

INT. THE HANGER - LATER

Guard #1 waits patiently.

HARRISON
Did you get the same speech?

GUARD #1
I'm certain I don't know what
you're talking about, sir.

HARRISON
Can I get a tour of the craft?

GUARD #1
Certainly, sir. This way.

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - DAY

Montgomery, Sarawitz and Quincy face each other around a lab
table.

SARAWITZ
Problem. Our friend Harrison is
being held against his will in Area
51.

MONTGOMERY
Solution. We get him back.

SARAWITZ
Problem. The authorities won't
believe us or help us.

MONTGOMERY
Solution. We do it ourselves.

SARAWITZ
Problem. We are not soldiers.

MONTGOMERY
Solution. We are technology
personified.

They look at Quincy. He has a bag of chips upended over his
face trying to get the crumbs out.

QUINCY
We have a secret weapon. Trust me
they will never see this one
coming.

MONTGOMERY

Problem. We don't even know if that works.

QUINCY

Solution. We test it on somebody.

MONTGOMERY

I think I have just the guy.

EXT. FOOTBALL STADIUM - DAY

Quincy, Montgomery and Sarawitz sit at the fifty yard line.

The football team in practice takes the field. ROBBY TEMPLE where's his quarterback practice jersey.

MONTGOMERY

There he is now. Go ahead.

SARAWITZ

I don't know guys...

MONTGOMERY

Just do it and let's get out of here.

Quincy pulls the flashlight out of his bag. Keeps it partially hidden. He takes careful aim...

QUINCY

He's pretty far away.

He presses the button.

On the field, ROBBY jokes with his teammates. COACH approaches.

COACH

Temple. How's the knee?

ROBBY

Good, Coach.

COACH

This is going to be a tough game on Saturday--

QUINCY tries really hard to aim it right.

COACH turns green. Then REALLY green.

ROBBY
Hey, Coach you -- all...

ROBBY starts to look really green too.

ROBBY pukes on COACH's shoes. Coach pukes on ROBBY's shoes. Other players puke on each other, in helmets, on the football. It's a puke-copalypse

SARAWITZ covers her mouth with her hand, mortified.
MONTGOMERY's mouth hangs open.

Quincy stands, waves the flashlight like a fire hose.

QUINCY
Yee haw! That's for eighth grade!

INT. THE HANGER - DAY

Harrison walks with LABCOAT #1. Guard #1 follows a respectful distance behind.

LABCOAT #1
We have never been able to get them to move beyond second gear. That's why you see lots of stories about UFO's drifting silently over Illinois or wherever. It's because the pilot is trying to find second gear. Still, first gear, goes pretty fast if we want it to but of course the goal is to figure out how the speed of light stuff works.

HARRISON
Because that would help us win the war, or at least defend ourselves...

LABCOAT #1
I'm afraid I don't follow.

Harrison glances at Guard #1 behind them.

HARRISON
Never mind. So, when you see a UFO going really, really fast and turning corners on a dime -- that must be them.

LABCOAT #1
That's right. Ready to go inside?

HARRISON

Hell yes.

They approach a stepladder going up into a bright yellow hatch like you would find on a submarine.

HARRISON

This doesn't look very advanced.

LABCOAT #1

Yes, I'm afraid this one, well, we just couldn't figure out how to open the door so we had to cut our way in. Took three years.

HARRISON

Damn.

LABCOAT #1

Watch your head.

UFO INTERIOR

Harrison emerges into a white interior made of some molded, smooth material. It slopes down into sunken spaces obviously meant to hold small humanoid forms, all arranged around a central hump in the middle.

HARRISON

It looks like a really big hot tub.

LABCOAT #1

That's a really good description.

Labcoat moves to the center hump.

LABCOAT #1

Which would make this the "heater"
I guess.

Harrison nods with a "good one" smile.

LABCOAT #1

It took another three months to cut into this area here. The guts have been removed. The theory is that these ships all run on some form of zero point energy.

HARRISON

What makes you say that?

LABCOAT #1
You are familiar with the Casimir
Effect and the plates he used?

HARRISON
Sure.

INT. QUANTUM ENGINE LAB - DAY

This is a place that mixes the high-tech world of super advanced theoretical physics with actual socket wrenches. Classy, advanced -- but there is work being done.

Harrison and Labcoat #1 stand in front of a GRAPHITE SPHERE, 3 feet in diameter. It is supported on three man-made legs, a 5-inch bore hole in its face.

LABCOAT #1
This is Anomalous Propulsion Object
153.

HARRISON
Seriously, you don't call it "the
bowling ball"?

LABCOAT #1
No. Why would we?

They look sidelong at each other.

LABCOAT #1
Anyway... the Casimir Effect. We believe that Object 153 is somehow related to that. Instead of plates, we found nesting spheres, one inside the other. We believe that these spheres rotate in different directions, each layer different from the next. Based on the size and number of spheres we believe that we are looking at a device that extracts zero point energy from a single molecule but then allows the Casimir Effect to supply the energy to extract more Zero Point energy from the next larger sphere and so on. If we could make that happen with the first 10 spheres we would be able to achieve "third gear".

HARRISON

Wow. Like a Fresnel lens -- but for energy.

Impressed.

LABCOAT #1

Wh-- uh, yes. Yes! I suppose so, if a Fresnel lens could be made into a perfect sphere.

HARRISON

Or a bowling ball.

Labcoat frowns.

CUT TO:

INT. HARRISON'S HANGER OFFICE - DAY

The windows are covered with large print outs of ship schematics and photos of the "bowling ball". Harrison writes out equations on the active board like his life depended on it.

PULL BACK TO:

INT. VON KRUELLER'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

Von Kruegger has all of his monitors turned to an overhead view of Harrison hard at work. He presses an unseen BUTTON on the side of his chair.

VON KRUELLER

I want updates on his progress every half hour.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT BOILER ROOM - DAY

Pipes everywhere. Steam. Dripping sounds. Sarawitz, Montgomery and Quincy thread their way farther and farther into the maze of pipes--

--finally emerging into a bachelor pad from the 1970's. SMOKE ON THE WATER can be heard.

SARAWITZ

Where the heck are we?

QUINCY
 (singing)
 One, two, Freddy's coming for you.

MONTGOMERY
 Relax. We need help. The Dude can help.
 (calls out)
 Hello? Anybody home?

DUDE (O.S.)
 Back here, man!

The DUDE emerges. Dude is very skinny, very tall, and has a pony tail down the length of his back. VERY thick glasses. White button down shirt with a huge pocket protector. Filled with pens and mechanical pencils. Uber Geek. In his lair.

DUDE
 Hey Montgomery.
 (to Quincy)
 Portly friend.
 (to Sarawitz)
 Cute female friend. What do you want?

MONTGOMERY
 We need some intel. You told me to stop by anytime.

DUDE
 I did?

MONTGOMERY
 Mhmm.

DUDE
 I don't remember that.

They look at each other.

MONTGOMERY
 And you don't have a phone.

DUDE
 Cuz they cause cancer.

MONTGOMERY
 Yeah.

DUDE
 In your brain.

MONTGOMERY

Is this a bad time, because we can come back?

SARAWITZ

Listen, um, Dude? Harrison's gone missing. He's our friend. He put a tracking chip in his arm so we could track him.

DUDE

Wow, man. That takes balls.

SARAWITZ

We know where he is and we're gonna rescue him, but Montgomery said you know a lot about this kind of stuff, so...

DUDE

Got it. Where is he?

They look at each other. It's now or never.

MONTGOMERY

He's in Area 51.

Dude looks at each of them.

DUDE

Really?

Quincy stares, mesmerized by Dude's pocket of pens.

MONTGOMERY

We tracked it just before the signal was lost.

DUDE

Wow. Um... get out.

He starts pushing them out of the room.

SARAWITZ

What? We just got here! We thought you would help us.

He continues to push, his voice turning to panic.

DUDE

You're talking about Dr. Harrison, who I have always had great respect for, but when he started going around TALKING about it and all I knew he was headed to a bad end. He's absolutely RIGHT of course, but duh, you don't talk about it! Get out! Please! NOW!

QUINCY

Why do you have so many pens in your pocket protector?

Everything stops.

DUDE

What?

QUINCY

Why so many? I mean sure, you might set down one and need another. You might do that twice in one day but I count 48 pens in your pocket. Have you misplaced 48 pens in one day before?

DUDE

Who the hell are you?

QUINCY

Quincy.

DUDE

Well, Quincy, I like redundancies. Backups. OK, you gonna stuff me in a locker now?

QUINCY

Of course not. I'm a fellow stuffer. Not a stuff-er.

DUDE

Fine. Whatever. I don't want to get involved.

QUINCY

Harrison has been my best friend since we were kids. He's a stuff-ee too. This is no different. Unless we get him back we're just letting the more popular kids stuff us into another locker.

(MORE)

QUINCY(cont'd)

I know you're scared. We all are.
But my friend needs help.

Dude thinks for a second. Goes to his computer and pulls up a map of Area 51.

DUDE

The first thing you'll encounter is the camo dudes. Really nasty guys who will shoot you the moment they see you.

QUINCY

Don't forget the men in black. They are really pushy.

Dude's mouth drops open.

DUDE

You've seen the men in black?

QUINCY

Grrreat movie.

MONTGOMERY

They've been snooping around here all week. Now they're gone and so is Harrison.

DUDE

Holy crap. You guys are really in deep.

Dude goes to a wall where there is an old junior high style set of pull down maps. He pulls one down. It is a satellite photo that has been meticulously labeled and scaled: Area 51.

As he speaks, he points to the location of each:

DUDE

Sensors. Fences. Guards. Dogs.
Infrared. Bullets. Weapons we've never heard of. No joke.

He looks hard at each of them.

DUDE

If you want to do this, then there is only one way to do it. One way that has any chance of actually succeeding.

He pulls down another roller map. It is a map of the world. A regular plain map of the world.

He hooks the ring onto a pipe in the ceiling revealing the back of the map. A list. Very small type. A thousand names.

DUDE

If this is going to work... we ALL go.

They all look at each other.

DUDE

We're going to reach out to every blogger, to every news group and user group. To every study group and science club. To every comic book fan that ever walked the Earth. It's time for us all to come out of the locker!

QUINCY

Can I borrow a pen?

INT. HARRISON'S HANGER OFFICE - DAY

Harrison feverishly writes out equations. Really complicated. He has filled the giant "active screen" all the way to the bottom.

INT. THE HANGER - SAME

Just outside Harrison's office, workmen put up dry erase boards. Two of them.

INT. HARRISON'S HANGER OFFICE - SAME

Harrison fills the first board.

LATER

Then the second. He makes a phone call.

LATER

Workmen bring in more boards. Another five. They stick them on the wall.

LATER

Harrison fills them all.

LATER

Harrison stares at schematics of a FRESNEL LENS. He draws a CUTAWAY OF A SPHERE. Inside the heart of the sphere he draws a pebble. Then another.

It is a SURFACE OF CONVEX LENSES. All facing inward but part of the larger sphere around it. Then he draws another sphere around that one and on the inside curve, it too has the SURFACE OF CONVEX LENSES.

INT. VON KRUELLER'S SITTING ROOM - DAY

The room is brighter than usual. Harrison addresses Von Kruegger and half a dozen eager Labcoats.

HARRISON

The "bowling ball" -- Object 153 --
could not be drilled because the
bits kept melting.

Von Kruegger gives nothing away. Labcoat #1 nods.

HARRISON

I have been working on a set of
calculations suggesting that Object
153 is a type of fresnel lens.

(off Von Kruegger's
puzzled look)

I theorize that we can cut it using
a non harmonic cutting device. If
this is the case, not only will we
get a look inside, but it may prove
my theory about how the device
manages to extract zero point
energy.

He waits for an answer. Von Kruegger looks at Labcoat #1.

VON KRUELLER

You may proceed... using Dr.
Harrison's design.

He turns his gaze to Harrison.

VON KRUELLER

Assuming you have such a design?

HARRISON

I... don't. Not yet. But I will.

VON KRUELLER

You have until tomorrow.

HARRISON
What happens tomorrow?

VON KRUELLER
I lose my patience.

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - NIGHT

One workbench. Three laptops. Sarawitz, Montgomery and Quincy, lit by the blue glow of their screens.

SARAWITZ
You ready, Monty? Time's a wastin'.

MONTGOMERY
I'm not a miracle worker... just really, really smart. Give me a minute.

QUINCY
Dude. We don't have a minute. Is it gonna work or not?

MONTGOMERY
Yes! I have designed the code that will seek out and identify all of the sites, blogs and user groups that meet our criteria for participation.

QUINCY
Nerd central. Got it.

SARAWITZ
You really think anybody will help us?

MONTGOMERY
This may come as a surprise, but social dynamics are not really our strong suit.

Quincy wipes his nose with his T-shirt.

MONTGOMERY
If I watched this video and could tear myself away from my Battlestar Galatica Blue-Rays, I would want to help.

(MORE)

MONTGOMERY(cont'd)

We read the comics and watch the movies, wishing our whole lives to be a part of something just like this. Geeks of the world: this is your time.

He hits RETURN.

THE INTERNET

We push INTO the computer. DOWN the lines. Electrons zooming through lines. We go underground, through servers. Finally, we emerge in the flickering blue screen of a late night SURFER.

INT. ROGER'S ROOM - NIGHT

ROGER is fat like Jabba, hairy, with piercings and a Pac-Man T-shirt. Roger looks bored as he clicks around. Behind him, on the wall, is a XENA poster. Suddenly, he seems interested and turns up the volume.

ON SCREEN is Quincy holding up a picture of Harrison.

QUINCY

This is my friend, Harrison. We've been best friends since junior high. My friend got in trouble because he knew TOO much. It's true. Here's the video he left for us a few days ago.

Harrison hides and films Agents Red and Blue.

HARRISON (V.O.)

These guys have been following me for a few days now. Best guess... they're not too friendly.

We switch to old pictures of Harrison. Quincy's voice continues.

QUINCY

Harrison didn't do anything to any one, but those guys kidnapped him. He was trying to prove the existence of UFO's and THEY didn't like that. My friend Harrison, he's a smart guy, so left us a trail of high tech bread-crumbs to follow. And they lead right to AREA fifty freakin' one! You heard me.

The video shows the RFID signal coming from AREA 51 just before it was cut off. Quick cut to Quincy.

QUINCY

So, that's where we're going. It's going to be dangerous. We might not be back in time for Fringe. Or Smallville, or even Supernatural. The thing is - we need your help. All my life, I've been picked on... but no more. If you are a geek of any stripe. If you've ever been laughed at because of the way you look or you did good in school. If you have ever been stuffed in a locker then we need your help. We're not going to take it any more!

Quincy holds up the vomit flashlight.

QUINCY

You see this? This is a secret weapon! Download the plans at the link below. Build one and join us as we take back our DIGNITY!

Roger is so excited his fat jiggles as he jumps up and down in his seat.

ROGER

Excelsior!

ROGER'S MOM (O.S.)

Shut up, Roger! Mommy needs her beauty sleep!

ROGER

Sorry Mom!

Roger types like a man possessed.

INT. QUANTUM ENGINE LAB - DAY

Lights shine on the Bowling Ball. A large RESIN BLADE, supported by a giant mechanical arm, prepares to cut.

Harrison takes measurements of the blade and writes them in a notebook. Labcoat #1 approaches.

LABCOAT #1
You sure this'll work? Mr. Von
Krueller is watching.

HARRISON
It'll work.

LABCOAT #1
You sure? I mean. It's our lives.

HARRISON
Honestly... I have no idea--

Labcoat sinks a bit.

HARRISON
--But I've got a good feeling, OK?
Just be ready with the liquid
hydrogen spray. If we do get it
open, we're going to need to keep
it stabilized. Let's get started.

Everyone steps back fifty feet behind a plexi barrier.

INT. VON KRUELLER'S SITTING ROOM - SAME

Von Krueller watches on a monitor.

VON KRUELLER
Let's see what you're made of, Dr.
Harrison.

INT. QUANTUM ENGINE LAB - SAME

The RESIN SAW starts its motion and quickly reaches top speed. Harrison shouts to an OPERATOR at the controls.

HARRISON
Bring the RPM'S down.

The Operator nods and turns a dial. The RPM's slow a bit as the saw descends. It makes contact with the BOWLING BALL but nothing happens.

HARRISON
Keep your RPM's constant, but
increase downward pressure.

The hydraulic hoses above jangle and shake as the pressure increases. Suddenly, a loud SNAP and a flash of light. Smoke rises and the saw increases in RPM's.

HARRISON

It's cutting through! Lower your RPM's and keep your downward motion steady to match.

The pitch of the saw goes up and down as the operator struggles with it. The smoke is horrendous and lit from within by bits of lightning from the object.

The technicians cover their ears. Suddenly, the pitch of the motor goes way high.

HARRISON

Shut it down! That's it! Get the nitrogen spray on it. We've got to keep this thing cool or we are all toast.

LABCOAT #1

Get those fans going and get the fire detail in there.

Operator complies. They watch the smoke and workers clear.

The same sphere is there, with the high tech resin blade hanging above it. Now in two halves. A fine mist of LIQUID NITROGEN is keeping the whole thing cool.

Labcoat #1 and Harrison approach. Inside the solid ball is a perfectly spherical void about 4 inches across. Inside: a SURFACE OF CONVEX LENSES.

Harrison smiles.

Labcoat sighs.

INT. HANGER CAFETERIA - LATER

Harrison sits on one side of the table. Labcoat #1 on the other, tray full of food. Harrison just has coffee.

LABCOAT #1

I'm not a medical doctor but maybe you should try eating food. I've heard people need it to live.

HARRISON

How can you be so calm? Don't you have families on the outside?

LABCOAT #1

Actually... no.

HARRISON

Oh. Sorry.

LABCOAT #1

Don't be. It's easier this way.

HARRISON

Still, don't you worry about what will happen if we don't win?

Labcoat #1 looks away, uncomfortable.

HARRISON

I just want to see my friends again. If I can help us win the war, then I can go back to the University.

LABCOAT #1

A nice dream.

HARRISON

So... what's your name?

LABCOAT #1

Antonio DeMarco.

Harrison laughs... but Antonio is deadly serious.

HARRISON

Hi... Antonio. I'm Harrison. First name is Nat, but everyone just calls me Harrison. My friend Quincy started calling me that when we were kids. Clearly taking his obsession with Indiana Jones and Han Solo to another level.

LABCOAT #1

Harrison... Ford. I get it.

HARRISON

What do I call you?

LABCOAT #1

Jeff. My middle name.

HARRISON

So, Jeff... where are you from?

JEFF

Look, we're really not supposed to talk about personal stuff here. Why don't we stick to physics?

HARRISON

Right. Right. It's just... I am SO freakin' close.

He finishes his coffee.

HARRISON

But I'm stuck. I keep coming to the number 1411. Weird, I know. Another thing: if my numbers are right, we're talking about power with a capital P. More power than you'd need to move one of these craft. More than you'd need to fly at the speed of light. More than you need...

He seems lost in thought.

Jeff sits and slowly chews his food.

INT. HARRISON'S HANGER OFFICE - LATER

Harrison writes fast on his action board. He finds a number from a print out and adds that to his calculation.

He frowns.

INT. THE HANGER - LATER

Harrison marches along his series of dry erase boards. All of them full. He stops.

With a deep breath he does something he has never done before: he erases the entire board except for the top line. He replaces a few variables at the top, and then he's off, scribbling like a mad man.

INT. VON KRUELLER'S SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Harrison barges in with a guard trying to keep up. VON KRUELLER has his button shirt open at the navel and a syringe with some dark liquid in his hand. He is injecting himself in his stomach muscles.

HARRISON

I get it now. I know what you're after. Classified? Yeah, that's a joke...what are you doing?

The Guard catches up and grabs Harrison by the arm.

GUARD #1

I'm sorry, sir. He slipped by me.

VON KRUELLER

It's all right. Wait outside.

The Guard exits. Harrison turns on Von Kruegger, full blast.

HARRISON

There is no war, is there?

VON KRUELLER calmly puts his syringe in a drawer and closes the button on his shirt.

VON KRUELLER

You tell me.

HARRISON

There is no war. All that bull about me dedicating my life to something blah, blah, blah "humanity", blah, blah. I know what you're really after. I know what you want. I'm betting I know who you work for.

VON KRUELLER

If I were you I would change my tone, Mr. Harrison. It is within my power to have to executed. Painfully. Are you aware of that?

HARRISON

I am. I am also aware that no one has gotten this close before. No one but me.

VON KRUELLER

Ah, so you think now that you are irreplaceable? Rather arrogant, don't you think? I know you've been keeping company with Dr. DeMarco--

Harrison looks on quizzically.

VON KRUELLER

--Jeff. He is fully capable of continuing your work with the copious notes and calculations you've provided.

Von Kruegger goes to the window, looks down into the hangar. There, far below, are all Harrison's DRY ERASE BOARDS. Every one has been erased.

HARRISON

(deadpan)

Oh no. Someone erased all my work. Gee... who would do such a thing?

VON KRUELLER

Mr. Harrison--

HARRISON

--Doctor.

VON KRUELLER

Dr. Harrison, I've underestimated you.

He moves back to the desk and sits down.

UNDER THE DESK

He presses a button.

VON KRUELLER

Wow me. Shock me with your knowledge of my dastardly plan.

HARRISON

This is about the Power Source, the ENGINE in those UFO's. There's enough power in each of them to power the entire country for centuries.

VON KRUELLER

Do you really think the human race is ready for that kind of power? 90 percent of the population can't even balance their checkbook. Who could control that kind of power?

HARRISON

Control. That's all you think about isn't it? What gives you the right?

(MORE)

HARRISON(cont'd)

You could easily use the power of one to create another, giving every person on Earth as much free energy as we could ever use. Who are you? Who are you to decide?!

VON KRUELLER

The only thing you need to think about right now is staying alive.

Harrison blinks.

Two large GUARDS enter quietly and stand in the shadows.

VON KRUELLER

Doctor Harrison, this is the job offer. You must have a fully operational craft working at full power within thirty days. If you don't...

Harrison looks behind him at the guards.

HARRISON

I die.

VON KRUELLER

You die.

Harrison stands very still. He looks out at the amazing UFO's and what they represent. The guards move into position behind him.

HARRISON

What will you use this technology for?

VON KRUELLER

Honestly, Doctor, my patience is wearing thin.

HARRISON

TELL ME!

VON KRUELLER

Have you ever heard the phrase "survival of the fittest"?

HARRISON

Of course.

VON KRUELLER

I've always thought that that was such a cruel sentiment.

(MORE)

VON KRUELLER(cont'd)

I intend to make sure that it will never apply to the human race ever again.

HARRISON

How?

VON KRUELLER

Mr. Harrison. I initiated this program in 1943, when I was in my early sixties.

HARRISON

That would make you -

VON KRUELLER

One hundred and twenty-three years old.

HARRISON is speechless.

VON KRUELLER

I am going to give the human race some things it has never had before - Focus. Discipline. Unity. Imagine what we can accomplish!

HARRISON

Tell me. In this utopia you envision. Would people have to inject themselves like you were just doing?

VON KRUELLER

Only the first generation.

HARRISON

You are one sick dude and my answer is no.

Von Kruegger sighs, looks at the guards and gives a very slight nod.

Harrison writhes in pain, TASERED by both guards. The view of the UFOs, of Von Kruegger, of everything goes BLACK.

INT. QUINCY'S GARAGE - DAY

Montgomery paces and chews his fingernails. The robot sits on his shoulder, mimicking the same.

Quincy bites on a Pop-Tart.

QUINCY

My mom's gonna kill me.

REVEAL Sarawitz, or at least her backside, stuck halfway in the driver's side of an old Honda, head below the steering wheel.

SARAWITZ

Relax. It's a simple matter of positive versus negative charges.

MONTGOMERY

Yes. Relax.

(between chews)

I'm almost out of fingernail.

QUINCY

I should be in there. I've seen tons of movies. You take the blue, and the red--

SARAWITZ

--We don't have time for you to play "Gone in 60 Seconds". Harrison's in trouble... this is real.

QUINCY

What if she finds out?

SARAWITZ

She won't.

Suddenly, from inside the house--

QUINCY'S MOM (O.S.)

Quincy!

EXT. DOWN THE STREET - DAY

Agents Red and Blue make tracks up the sidewalk. They walk in perfect unison.

AGENT RED

Would you like me to do the talking?

AGENT BLUE

Would you like to do the talking?

AGENT RED

I am being courteous. I am giving you the opportunity to take lead this time.

AGENT BLUE

Thank you Agent Red.

AGENT RED

You are welcome. Shall we rehearse?

Agent Blue takes a deep breath. Straightens his suit.

AGENT BLUE

Dr. Matt Harrison--

AGENT RED

--NAT Harrison--

AGENT BLUE

--has taken an unexpected vacation to Cuba--

AGENT RED

--Hawaii--

AGENT BLUE

--To visit his dying accountant--

AGENT RED

--Grandmother.

AGENT BLUE

Was that better?

AGENT RED

No. That was... original. But remember, we follow protocol. To the letter. There's no place for improvisation in the US Government.

A LITTLE KID leaps from the bushes. Holds up a Space Ranger toy pistol.

LITTLE KID

Freeze evil aliens!

Agents Red and Blue look at each other.

LITTLE KID

Reach for the sky!

Agent Blue waves his hand. In his palm, an eerie BLUE LIGHT.

The Little Kid lifts off the ground, as if grabbed by some unseen force. Before he has a chance to scream, he's thrown over the roof of a nearby house.

AGENT BLUE
I'm sorry. I improvised again,
didn't I.

AGENT RED nods.

INT. QUINCY'S GARAGE - DAY

VROOM! Sarawitz gets the engine started.

SARAWITZ
Quick! Move your butts like you
play sports!

Quincy climbs in the passenger seat. Pops the last of the Pop-Tart in his mouth. Montgomery piles in the back.

QUINCY
Shouldn't we make sandwiches?

QUINCY'S MOM (O.S.)
Quincy, what are you doing?

MONTGOMERY
Now would be a good time for
increased velocity!

SARAWITZ
(determined)
Pedal to the metal...

Sarawitz slams on the gas. The engine ROARS... but the car doesn't move.

The door to the house begins to open.

QUINCY
She's coming!
(nearly in tears)
I can't be grounded again!

SARAWITZ
(totally calm)
Oh yeah. Drive.

She puts the car in drive.

A big, meaty FOOT in a pink slipper steps through the door.

QUINCY'S MOM (O.S.)

My car!

Sarawitz punches it. The car flies out of the garage.

EXT. QUINCY'S DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Honda ZOOMS down the driveway, knocks over garbage cans, and tears off down the street.

A second later, Agents Red and Blue approach. They watch the car speed away.

Agent Blue raises his hand. His palm GLOWS BLUE. Agent Red grabs his wrist. Pushes it back down.

AGENT RED

Harrison's contacts?

AGENT BLUE

I assume so.

AGENT RED

They discovered the location of his RFID chip before it was destroyed?

AGENT BLUE

A logical conclusion.

AGENT RED

Pursue, and destroy?

AGENT BLUE

Must be Thursday.

HEAVY STEPS come down the driveway. The Agents look. We don't see...

QUINCY'S MOM (O.S.)

My car! My good-for-nothing son stole my car!

AGENT RED

(aside, to Agent Blue)

Does she realize her bathrobe is wide open?

AGENT BLUE

(aside, to Agent Red)

Permission to gouge my eyes out?

INT. A CELL - DAY

Harrison tries to wake up. He lays on a cot that folds down out of the wall. He tosses and turns, in pain.

HARRISON
Wake... wk.... eh... wake...

Harrison blinks.

VOICE (V.O.)
Na - than - iellllll - iellllll.

Harrison blinks and thrashes.

HARRISON
Wake...up....ngnn...

VOICE (V.O.)
Wake...up...Na - than - ielllll.

HARRISON
Wake...

VOICE (V.O.)
NATHANIEL!!!

He pops up, eyes wide.

HARRISON
What!?

VOICE (V.O.)
Are you awake?

Harrison looks around. Nothing to see.

HARRISON
Uh, yes. I think so.

He pinches himself. Feels his arm, slaps himself in the face.

VOICE (V.O.)
Nathaniel. You must listen. There is not much time and your friends are on their way.

HARRISON
What friends? MY friends?

VOICE (V.O.)
*They are listening. Speak to me
inside your mind.*

Harrison paces, confused.

HARRISON (V.O.)
Wait... WHO are you...?

VOICE (V.O.)
I am Theta 1411.

His mouth falls open.

HARRISON (V.O.)
1411...

THETA (V.O.)
Think of me as your granddaughter,
many generations hence.

HARRISON (V.O.)
You're human?

THETA (V.O.)
Mostly.

HARRISON (V.O.)
How are you talking in my head?

THETA (V.O.)
I am from Earth, many thousands of
years in the future. In my time,
telepathic communication is deemed
the clearest and quickest.

HARRISON (V.O.)
Where are you?

THETA (V.O.)
Here, in the facility. Seven floors
below you in a cell much like your
own.

HARRISON (V.O.)
We've got to get you out of here!
We've got to show people what's
really going on!

THETA (V.O.)
Yes, people must know. Please
listen. If you were to see me you
would think of me as an "alien".

(MORE)

THETA(cont'd)

But what you must understand is...
we are YOUR CHILDREN.

EXT. THETA'S WORLD - DAY

Her world. The Earth of the future. They all look like typical GREYS. They move in unison and operate complicated technology with a wave of their hands. The technology is extraordinary, very light and almost magical - but very, very cold. On closer inspection, the Greys look human and ultimately sad.

THETA (V.O.)

Humanity 100,000 years in the future is no humanity at all. We have no passion. For anything. Intellect will replace passion. And pure intellect is cold. So cold. Humanity feels nothing but regret and longing. Longing for a twinkling of what made us... human.
(beat)
I am here to ask for your help.

INT. A CELL - DAY

Harrison bites his nails as he paces wall to wall.

HARRISON (V.O.)

Why me? Wait, were you here waiting for me?

THETA (V.O.)

I was.

HARRISON (V.O.)

Why?

THETA (V.O.)

The algorithms you have created will lead to an understanding of the energy drive in my craft. This will lead to the development of unlimited energy.

HARRISON (V.O.)

But that's a good thing.

THETA (V.O.)

Yes... and no. Unlimited energy can be used for anything.

(MORE)

THETA(cont'd)

It could be used to grow food and end hunger. Or, it can be used as a weapon.

HARRISON (V.O.)

It's why I'm in this cell.

THETA (V.O.)

Yes. This is why you were chosen. Unlimited energy in the control of a small group of people is unlimited control. No one will have to power to stand against them.

HARRISON (V.O.)

So you want to destroy it.

THETA (V.O.)

No. I want everyone to share it. Unlimited power must belong to everyone or no one. If everyone has it, then all will truly be free for the first time in our mutual, infinite history.

Harrison processes this for a second.

HARRISON (V.O.)

Uh, just to be clear -- you want ME to stop all this somehow.

THETA (V.O.)

With my help, yes.

HARRISON (V.O.)

Ri-ight. No pressure.

THETA (V.O.)

Sarcasm? I like sarcasm. We don't have sarcasm in my time.

HARRISON (V.O.)

Yes, but it's not as much fun if you bring attention to it.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - DAY

A lonely highway snakes through desolate terrain. Sun and sand in all directions.

The Honda putters along.

INT. HONDA - DAY

Sarawitz keeps her eyes on the road. Montgomery and his robot pour over map coordinates on a laptop from the backseat.

SARAWITZ

You're sure this is the highway to Area 51?

MONTGOMERY

According to the computer, yes. We can expect to be shot on sight at any moment.

Quincy leans over the front seat. Points his flashlight at Montgomery.

QUINCY

(with a grin)

How ya feelin', Monty? Feelin' sick?

SARAWITZ

Leave him alone.

Montgomery smiles at Sarawitz's rush to his defense.

MONTGOMERY

Go ahead. I'm sure your mom would love to find the contents of my breakfast all over her backseat.

Quincy looks out the back window.

QUINCY

Jeez. Ride our ass, much?

WHAM! The car is hit from behind. Everyone lurches forward with a scream.

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - CONTINUOUS

A black Cadillac REVS forward. Again it crashes into the Honda's rear bumper.

HONDA

Montgomery peers out the rear window. The robot does the same. Both shake with fear.

MONTGOMERY
It's them! The G-Men!

SARAWITZ
How can you tell?

MONTGOMERY
Their windows: tinted. Their car:
unmarked.

Montgomery's POV: Agent Blue smiles. Holds up his ID badge.

MONTGOMERY
Their badges: LAMINATED!

QUINCY
What do we do?

SARAWITZ
You've got a vomit flashlight,
don't ya? Use it!

Quincy nods. Rolls down the passenger side window. Crawls
halfway out.

He takes careful aim at 60 miles an hour.

He pushes the button. Nothing happens.

Quincy crawls back inside. Sheepish look on his face.

SARAWITZ
What happened?

QUINCY
I think the batteries are dead.

SARAWITZ
The batteries are dead!? Did you
bring fresh ones?

QUINCY
I forgot.

SARAWITZ
Dammit!

QUINCY
I didn't plan on spraying the whole
football team OK? I didn't know
that would use up so much juice.

MONTGOMERY

I brought some. They're in the bag
on the floor.

The Cadillac zooms up and slams into their Honda again. BAM!
The Honda SWERVES into the oncoming lane, out of control. An
18-WHEELER bears down on them. Horns BLARE. Everyone
screams.

Montgomery puts his fingers over the robot's eyes.

The car goes left. Tires eat sand on the side of the road.

The 18-Wheeler ROARS by, missing them by inches.

HONDA

They watch the Cadillac spit up sand, then SCREECH back onto
the road.

MONTGOMERY

What are we going to do? This
vehicle's top velocity is
frightfully inadequate.

SARAWITZ

You're right. I could get out and
run faster than this pile of rust.

The Cadillac slams into them again and Quincy's batteries go
flying.

QUINCY

Crap!

He goes after a battery between the center console and the
passenger seat.

QUINCY looks back. AGENT BLUE is hanging out the window. He
is raising his GLOWING PALM like a gun and trying to keep it
steady.

MONTGOMERY

(snorts)

Hardly. The average human--

QUINCY

Uh, guys...

Sarawitz shoots him a look in the rear-view mirror.

MONTGOMERY

--Ah... an exaggeration. Indeed.

QUINCY

Guys...!

Sarawitz scans ahead. About half a mile distant, RAILROAD TRACKS cross the highway. She looks right. A FREIGHT TRAIN rumbles toward them.

SARAWITZ

I have an idea.

QUINCY

GUYS!!!

TOGETHER

WHAT?!

QUINCY

Their gonna shoot us! Or something!

Sarawitz looks in the rearview and sees AGENT BLUE steadying his shot. She punches the accelerator.

QUINCY

Why do I get the feeling there's more vomit in my future?

SARAWITZ

Hang on.

MONTGOMERY

Sarawitz... train. Uh...

(points)

...big train. Not stopping.

SARAWITZ

I know.

Through Sarawitz's POV, the tracks, train, and highway become one big mathematical graph. She quickly plots the speed of the train, the speed of their car, and draws a quick intercept graph.

SARAWITZ

We can make it. We can make it.

QUINCY

No way no way no way no way.

Montgomery smiles. Puts a determined hand on her shoulder.

MONTGOMERY

Yes way. You can do it.

Sarawitz squints her eyes. Grips the steering wheel with white knuckles.

SARAWITZ

Like a hot knife through butter.

QUINCY

Swerve!

SARAWITZ swerves just as AGENT BLUE fires his palm weapon. A HUGE amount of sand blows up just off the road.

DESERT HIGHWAY

The Honda races toward the tracks. The Freight Train races toward the highway. The Cadillac maintains pursuit.

CADILLAC

Agent Red leans far right. Manages to see enough of the road to drive.

AGENT BLUE

Careful. I'm trying to aim here. I can't recharge until we get back to the ranch.

AGENT RED

You wanna drive?

AGENT BLUE

That's not fair. You know I haven't had time to learn.

AGENT RED

You're thirty-five.

AGENT BLUE

Thirty five days is not enough time. They just let us outside a week ago.

HONDA

Sarawitz never takes her eyes off the road.

SARAWITZ

This is it, boys. Put up, or go home.

Sarawitz meets eyes with Montgomery in the rear-view mirror. She grabs his hand, still on her shoulder.

MONTGOMERY

I am glad I knew you.

SARAWITZ

Double ditto.

Montgomery's robot crawls under a seat belt. Buckles itself in.

QUINCY

Is anyone glad they knew me?

The train bears down on them.

Sarawitz SCREAMS! Montgomery SCREAMS! Quincy holds back another wave of vomit.

DESERT HIGHWAY

The Honda flies across the tracks... the rear bumper misses the front of the train by inches.

The Cadillac slams on the brakes. But they can't stop!

The front HITS the train with a deafening CRUNCH. The train sheers off the engine and front wheels of the car.

All that's left is a stunned Agent Red and Blue peering out from the seat of a car that's missing its front half.

CADILLAC

The Agents watch, dumbfounded, as the train rumbles past. They calmly watch the front of their car fly away.

AGENT RED

That was the front of our car.

AGENT BLUE

Indeed it was.

AGENT RED

We must acquire new transportation.

AGENT BLUE
I learned a new colloquialism
recently. Would you like to hear
it?

AGENT RED
Of course.

AGENT BLUE
No shit, Sherlock.

Red raises his eyebrows. Turns to face forward.

AGENT RED
I am filled with the urge to crush
something.

HONDA

Sarawitz ZOOMS away, unscathed. Laughter and smiles all
around.

QUINCY
We did it! Nice driving, Miss
Daisy.

SARAWITZ
Thank you, kind sir.

MONTGOMERY
Do not get too excited. Area 51
lies ahead. Something tells me we
will not be able to just drive
right in.

QUINCY
Any ideas?

Montgomery's robot just shrugs.

INT. A CELL - DAY

Harrison sits, dejected.

HARRISON (V.O.)
I know what I have to do... but I
am NOT going to just leave you here
to die.

THETA (V.O.)

Nathaniel. The collective fate of our humanity depends on your success. I am an afterthought.

HARRISON (V.O.)

You want to save humanity? Then you need to understand that saving YOU is part of that humanity -- I won't leave you behind. I'll get you to your ship... you'll be fine.

He goes to the door. Bangs with angry fists.

HARRISON

Hey! I wanna talk to Von Kruegger!
I know how to reach 5th gear!

INT. A HALLWAY - LATER

Harrison is flanked by two burly guards and two more follow a few steps behind.

INT. VON KRUELLER'S SITTING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

VON KRUELLER

Are you playing a game *Doctor*?

HARRISON

No. I am very serious when I tell you that I want to live. Look at me. This is my serious face.

VON KRUELLER

Either you know how to engineer the power source or you do not. Either you are doing the work or you are not.

HARRISON

I do and I am.

VON KRUELLER

Fine. You may return to work.

HARRISON

Thank you... sir.

INT. THE HANGER - DAY

Harrison now has a personal contingent of two guards. They follow him across the giant hangar floor to his office.

HARRISON

I just need to look at my notes.

They wait outside as he enters.

INT. HARRISON'S HANGER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Harrison goes to his active screen and pulls up his equations. He acts as if he is reading them, running his hand along them, looking for variables. Really, he looks in the reflection at the guard and the cameras on the wall. He fills the screen with equations and then in a smaller screen, he pulls up the schematics for the bowling ball power source. Schematics for the various UFOs.

He sees what he needs but keeps the UFO spinning, then minimizes it. He returns to the door.

HARRISON

I need to go to the craft at the far end to take some measurements.

GUARD #3

One second.

The guard turns away and speaks into his shoulder-mounted walkie.

GUARD #3

Let's go.

INT. THE HANGER - DAY

Harrison leads the way. He keeps his head down but his eyes are darting every which way.

They step up to the craft in question. It is quite striking. A silvery blue color. It rests on a set of industrial mounts that allow for access underneath. Harrison walks the perimeter.

HARRISON

Smooth, huh?

The guard watches him. Weapon at the ready.

HARRISON
Where's the door?

The guard looks tense. Harrison is sweating.

GUARD #3
Just shut the hell up and do what
you hafta. Any funny moves at all,
and I'm under strict orders to kill
you on the spot.

HARRISON
(off his look)
I can get what I need underneath.

He spies a garage mechanic dolly, lays down and slides under.

Out of sight. Underneath the texture is not as smooth but vaguely waffle like. Harrison runs his hands over this surface until he finds what he is looking for, an indentation just a hair bigger than the rest.

He pushes his finger into the indentation and a white circle of light appears. He puts his hand on it and closes his eyes. An OBJECT drops into his hands.

It looks like a large, perfectly spherical snow globe, with exactly one half made of the same light blue metal and the other a swirling mass of glowey, sparkly flowing bits of light.

As he holds it in his hand, it lights up his face and seems to FUSE with his hand.

HARRISON
Hey! Can you give me hand here?
Just pull my feet.

The guard sighs and slings his rifle. Grabs Harrison's ankles and pulls him out.

HARRISON
Wanna see my new toy?

GUARD #3
What is that?

HARRISON
It's my Snow Globe -- of DEATH!

The globe part LIGHTS UP and GUARD #3 goes sailing to the other side of the HANGAR in swirl of quantum energy.

He looks around with a smirk.

HARRISON
Time to make the donuts!

Distant alarms go off. Guards run towards him.

He turns the GLOBE on them. They go flying like bowling pins. He blasts some testing equipment. WHAM!

He blasts a large forklift. Whoosh! It falls over and skids right up to the HANGER DOORS.

Harrison focuses on the GIANT DOORS, takes aim and WHOOSH - KABLAM!!! The doors fly into the desert like tissue paper.

Harrison merrily blasts his way through the hanger, careful not to blast the UFO's. He whistles "Whistle while you work" as he blasts labs, tools. Random walls. Vehicles and guards. LOTS of guards.

He looks up and blasts Von Kruegger's office. He cups his hand and yells:

HARRISON
Sooorrrrrryyyy! But you're an
aaaassssshooooole!

He blasts a set of double doors and goes through.

INT. QUANTUM ENGINE LAB

The object known as the bowling ball is now cut into two halves. Inside it is a series of high tech concentric rings. Both halves are being doused with a constant mist of liquid hydrogen. In the distance, through heavy layers of safety glass, HARRISON can be seen striding through the hanger and blasting away at anything that moves. One of his blasts sends debris into the lab and one liquid hydrogen sprayer is knocked off it's stand.

The outer ring begins to thaw and then glow and burn.

INT. A HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

HARRISON strides along. More guards, he blasts them. Ceiling panels fall away. Lights flicker. ALARMS go off.

Bullets impact the walls around him. Guards rush up behind with M-16's! He BLASTS those too.

HARRISON
Happy birthday to me!

INT. 7TH FLOOR - DAY

Harrison blasts the door out of the stairwell. The guards of this level are waiting for him, but they are no match for his super weapon.

THETA
Hurry Nathaniel. Go through these doors.

He blasts said doors and goes through. Some sort of lab. Dark and sinister. Cold. There are lots of unidentifiable electronics. Test tubes. Small vats containing embryos. Some human. Some not. Some rotting.

HARRISON
Jeeezus.

He comes to a corner and turns it. Large vats filled with yellowing liquid and humanoid forms in various stages of development. He moves closer. They all look like Agents RED and BLUE. HARRISON'S mouth hangs open.

THETA (V.O.)
Hurry Nathaniel. Third walkway on the right. They are here.

HARRISON
Who's here?

THETA (V.O.)
Your friends. And they are in danger. You must hurry.

HARRISON rushes to the walkway, crosses it and comes to a very stout, high tech door.

HARRISON
Not before I get you out of here!
Back away from the door. I'm gonna blow it in.

Harrison backs up a few paces, lifts the snow-globe, and blasts the door off the frame. WHAM! He steps inside--

INT. THETA'S CELL - CONTINUOUS

--It is dark. Little glowing lights all around in amber and blue.

HARRISON
Theta? Are you in here?

He moves farther in. There are slight GURGLING sounds and the sound of FORCED AIR. There seems to be lots of machinery in here.

HARRISON
Theta?

A faint BEEP BEEP BEEP is heard. Sounds like a heart monitor, but triple instead of double.

Then, THETA is in full view. A classic GREY ALIEN, but with tubes running in and out of her body. Her eyes are covered by a patch of cloth.

HARRISON
Theta...

THETA
(straining to talk)
I'm here.

Harrison is at a loss. His eyes tear up.

THETA
My body is dying. I cannot leave this place. You must continue without me.

HARRISON
Why didn't you tell me?

THETA
You would not have believed me... driven by your ideals.

HARRISON
What are they doing to you?

THETA
They are harvesting my genetic material. What you might call my DNA.

HARRISON

Why?! It looks like they are
killing you!

THETA

They are.

HARRISON

But why?!

THETA

I don't know, but I can tell you
that the future that I showed you
has its foundations in this place,
with my genetics.

HARRISON

I am so sorry.

THETA

It does not matter. My mission has
been a success. You are aware of
what the future holds and I am
confident that you will bring this
knowledge to our shared humanity.
Now, take my hand.

Her small, three fingered hand reaches out. Harrison takes
it, tenderly.

THETA

Nathaniel, I want to show you
something...

EXT. HILL OVERLOOKING AREA 51 - NIGHT

Sarawitz, Montgomery and Quincy lie flat on their bellies.
They peer out over a vast desert valley.

Area 51 lies below. Huge runway. Menacing government
buildings and hangers. They watch a flurry of activity as
TROOPS in Jeeps drive about in a panic.

MONTGOMERY

This is strange. No one met us at
the perimeter. We must be the first
civilians to get this far in.

QUINCY

Something's got their panties in a
bunch.

SARAWITZ
Only one man could annoy them like
that--

MONTGOMERY
--Harrison.

More activity below. ALARMS going off.

SARAWITZ
Ideas?

Quincy holds up his flashlight.

QUINCY
The Vomit-Light 3000 is ready for
action. My empty stomach can
personally speak for its
effectiveness.

SARAWITZ
That's your plan? Sneak past a
hundred armed guards by making them
blow chunks?

MONTGOMERY
No. Not good enough. Let me see it.

Quincy hands the flashlight to Montgomery. The young genius
goes to work.

EXT. AREA 51 MAIN HANGER - NIGHT

PRIVATES TALL and SHORT stand guard, combat rifles at the
ready. They watch other troops rush past.

PRIVATE TALL
Mix in the flour. Then bake at
three-fifty for twenty minutes.

PRIVATE SHORT
Are you sure?

PRIVATE TALL
You want it light and fluffy, don't
ya?

BEHIND A JEEP

Montgomery lies in wait, flashlight pointed at the Army guys.
Sarawitz and Quincy just over his shoulder.

QUINCY
Careful. Aim for their stomachs.

MONTGOMERY
I got it.

SARAWITZ
What did you do to it?

Montgomery smiles like a diabolical mad scientist.

MONTGOMERY
I tweaked it.

He turns the flashlight on. The beam hits each guy right in the mid-section.

WITH THE ARMY GUYS

Private Tall grabs his stomach. Short follows, seconds later.

PRIVATE TALL
Whoa...

PRIVATE SHORT
I know...

Their faces turn red. Sweat pours.

PRIVATE TALL
What did I eat?

PRIVATE SHORT
Feels like I'm gonna blow an O-Ring!

PRIVATE TALL
Feels like a gallon of coffee with a hundred bran muffins!

PRIVATE SHORT
My pants won't hold it!

They run away. Quickly.

BEHIND A JEEP

Montgomery laughs.

MONTGOMERY
That, my friends, is the George
Lucas 3000.

SARAWITZ
George Lucas?

MONTGOMERY
It makes a lot of crap.
(off their looks)
Come on! Now's our chance!

They make quick tracks to the hanger's entry door.

INT. QUANTUM ENGINE LAB

The first ring falls away as ash. The Second and Third rings
begin to glow and burn.

INT. AREA 51 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sarawitz, Montgomery and Quincy hustle along the stark
hallway. ALARMS go off.

QUINCY
Give me the light.

MONTGOMERY
Why?

QUINCY
Because it's my invention.

MONTGOMERY
I altered it. Ipso-facto, it is
half my invention now.

QUINCY
I don't care if you altered it. I
invented it. So I get to name it.

MONTGOMERY
What?!

QUINCY
You heard me. Besides, it's
seventeen shades of wrong to make
people crap their pants. I wouldn't
wish that on Hitler.

Quincy snatches it out of Montgomery's hands.

MONTGOMERY

Hey!

Quincy fiddles with the dial.

MONTGOMERY

What are you doing?

Montgomery grabs the flashlight and they wrestle with the business end pointed straight up between them.

QUINCY

Hey! They should PUKE!

MONTGOMERY

CRAP!

QUINCY

PUKE!

MONTGOMERY

CRAP!

QUINCY

PUKE!

Sarawitz reaches in and presses the button. It lights up, both guys get a face-full.

The guys fall OUT OF FRAME and puke. All manner of disgusting SPLOSHY sounds.

They stand up straight and wipe their mouths.

MONTGOMERY

Sorry.

QUINCY

Me too.

SARAWITZ

You're both lucky I didn't set it the other way.

Suddenly, three TROOPS come around the corner. Headed towards them, guns drawn.

Quincy drops to his knees like an overweight Marine. Shoots the flashlight.

The troops drops their guns. Their cheeks bulge. They turn to the side and vomit something fierce.

QUINCY

See? Vomit is much better.

They step over the vomiting soldiers and continue down the hallway.

Sarawitz plugs her nose.

SARAWITZ

Yeah. Much better.

EXT. EARTH ALTERNATE FUTURE

Harrison finds himself inside a vision. Like a giant hologram where he can observe but not interact.

Earth is a carefully managed garden of eden. Enormous man-made structures stretch right up to the sky. Vehicles float and zip. Smiling people enjoy the sunshine.

THETA (V.O.)

I bring you a vision of the alternate future that you will create. Now... go.

HARRISON

Thank you, Theta.

INT. VIDEO CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Sarawitz, Montgomery and Quincy stare, dumbfounded, at a huge bank of TV monitors. Each screen displays a bit of chaos. Explosions. Fire. Wreckage of various degrees. Running, panicked soldiers.

SARAWITZ

Harrison did all that?

MONTGOMERY

The obvious conclusion.

QUINCY

Where is he? Do you see him?

They all peer close. No signs of Harrison.

SARAWITZ

No. Keep looking.

VON KRUELLER (O.S.)

I'm afraid...

They turn. Find themselves pinned in the room by Von Kruegger and half a dozen heavily-armed GUARDS. Montgomery gulps.

The gang raises their hands in defeat. This is the end.

VON KRUELLER

...I'll have to ask you to look over here. At our guns. Which have bullets.

MONTGOMERY

Crap.

QUINCY looks at him. Montgomery's tiny robot crawls back inside his jacket with a whimper.

SARAWITZ

(aside)

Shoot the flashlight.

Quincy grabs the light.

VON KRUELLER

Please don't.

Von Kruegger waves his hand. His palm shines with an EERIE BLUE LIGHT, just like the Agents. The flashlight flies out of Quincy's hand... and Von Kruegger is there to catch it.

VON KRUELLER

A fascinating piece of equipment. I observed its effectiveness on our security cameras. Your invention?

QUINCY

Yeah. So?

VON KRUELLER

I could pull some strings. Get you an engineering position.

MONTGOMERY

Hey! It's half mine!

QUINCY

You have dental?

SARAWITZ

Guys!

QUINCY

(hangs his head)
I'm unemployed and live with my
mom. Don't judge me.

VON KRUELLER

Silence! Your little adventure has
come to an end. No one is rescuing
anyone this evening.

SARAWITZ

Looks like Harrison is doing just
fine all by himself. Or is your
base always in flames?

Von Kruegger advances on Sarawitz. Grabs her by the chin.
Squeezes her cheeks, hard.

VON KRUELLER

The dear doctor will be dealt with,
in due time. You, my pretty little
thing, have seen too much. No one
leaves Area 51 alive... or at least
with their tongue still attached.

Montgomery smacks his hand away. Pushes himself between them.

MONTGOMERY

Get your hands off her!

VON KRUELLER

Feisty little man...

Suddenly, the guard closest to the door is SUCKED OUT and
disappears!

VON KRUELLER

What the--

SARAWITZ

(with a smile)
--Harrison.

Another guard is sucked through the door, his head hitting
the door frame with a sickening SMACK.

The guards panic. Aim their guns... but no one's there! One
by one, the others are sucked into the hallway by an unseen
force.

Von Kruegger backs up. Hides behind Montgomery.

In glorious SLOW MOTION, Harrison enters the doorway. Clothes tattered, face and hair a mess, looking like Rambo the scientist. Fused to his hand: the snow-globe of death!

He takes aim at Von Kruegger.

HARRISON
Nowhere to run, Von Kruegger.

VON KRUEGGER
I am still capable of using your
small friend here as a shield.

HARRISON
Montgomery... zero plane.

Montgomery nods.

VON KRUEGGER
Zero what?

Montgomery drops. Falls flat on the floor.

Von Kruegger is exposed. ZAP! A blast of energy shoots out of the alien device. Nails Von Kruegger in the chest.

Von Kruegger flies back, hits the monitors, sending sparks flying into the air. He collapses to the floor, unconscious.

HARRISON
That was... cathartic.

Laughter and smiles all around. Sarawitz and Montgomery fly at Harrison. They tackle him with hugs. He smiles right back, relieved.

SARAWITZ
You're alive!

HARRISON
Thanks for the rescue you crazy
fools.

MONTGOMERY
You'd have done the same for us.

Quincy stays back. Arms crossed.

Sarawitz and Montgomery step away as the two men face each other like a Western.

HARRISON
Quincy.

QUINCY
Dr. Harrison.

An awkward moment. Montgomery's robot crawls out, sits on his shoulder, and watches.

HARRISON
Well?

QUINCY
You were right. Is that what you
want me to say?

HARRISON
No...
(with a smile)
...just get your big ass over here
and give me a hug.

Quincy complies. They hug. Quincy picks him up. Harrison's back CRACKS.

HARRISON
Spine! SPINE!

Quincy puts him down.

QUINCY
What's the plan?

HARRISON
Not sure, but I was leaning towards
getting the heck outta here.

QUINCY
You were always the smart one.

Harrison removes the device from his palm.

MONTGOMERY
What is that thing?

HARRISON
A device, from the future. Never
mind. Long story. It's your basic
stabilizer from a UFO... it can
make things explode in all sorts of
interesting ways. I think it all
depends on what your mind can dream
up.

MONTGOMERY
Can I try?

Harrison tosses him the device.

HARRISON
Knock yourself out, kid. Seriously,
be careful where you point it.
You'll knock yourself out.

Montgomery puts it on. It fuses to his hand. He smiles like a skinny, nerdy bad-ass.

HARRISON
Follow me.

Harrison leads them out.

A second later--

VON KRUELLER

--opens his eyes. Wakes up with a GROAN.

INT. QUANTUM ENGINE LAB

JEFF is pulling himself out of a pile of debris and shattered glass. He notices the sphere and it's glowing rings.

JEFF
That's not good. Here! Help me get
the nitrogen back on this half!
It's set off some sort of chain
reaction headed to the core!

As they work another inner ring flares up.

INT. AREA 51 - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Harrison and Quincy sprint like geeks possessed.

QUINCY
(out of breath)
Where are we going?

HARRISON
I made some new friends... and I'm
not leaving them behind.

QUINCY
(even more out of breath)
Sounds familiar.

HARRISON
When we get back, I'm buying you a
gym membership.

QUINCY
(disappointed)
I'd rather have an X-Box.

Montgomery and Sarawitz bring up the rear. Montgomery is
fascinated by the snow-globe of death.

MONTGOMERY
Do you think it can do anything
besides blow things up?

SARAWITZ
Just keep it pointed away from my
head, Iron Man.

Without warning, a translucent wall descends from the
ceiling. It cuts off the hallway, Harrison and Quincy on one
side, Montgomery and Sarawitz on the other.

Sarawitz SLAMS into it.

SARAWITZ
Ow! What the--

HARRISON
Alison! Monty!

Sarawitz and Montgomery bang away on their side. Harrison can
see them... but can't hear a thing. The wall doesn't budge.

HARRISON
We'll find a way to get you out!

SARAWITZ
What?

HARRISON
You'll have to go around!

SARAWITZ
What? Are you saying I'm fat?

HARRISON
(eyes wide)
Behind you!

SARAWITZ
What?

HARRISON
(pointing)
BEHIND YOU!

Sarawitz and Montgomery spin around.

Agents Red and Blue, looking thirsty and disheveled from a long walk through the desert, stand behind them.

Agent Blue CRACKS his knuckles.

AGENT RED
We lost the front of our car. Our favorite car.

MONTGOMERY
You did not lose it, sir. It is in pieces... by the train tracks.

Sarawitz smacks him on the arm. Shut up!

AGENT BLUE
I'm gonna enjoy this.

He advances on Sarawitz. Montgomery throws himself in the big man's path, but Blue easily shoves him away.

Montgomery's robot goes flying from his jacket pocket. Lands on the floor with a mechanical MOAN.

MONTGOMERY
Get away from her!

Agent Blue puts his hand around her neck. SQUEEZES.

SARAWITZ
Stop... please...

AGENT BLUE
What's that? I can't hear you... on account of the choking.

Montgomery again throws himself at the Agents. Red pushes him away, back to the floor.

AGENT RED
Stay down, kid. The grown-up's are talking.

Harrison and Quincy bang against the wall. No use.

Agent Blue squeezes tighter. Sarawitz looks ready to pass out.

Montgomery seethes. Small trickle of blood falls from his nose.

He spots his tiny robot on the other side of the hallway. He carefully aims the snow-globe and shuts his eyes.

MONTGOMERY

It's your turn now!

The Agents torture Sarawitz, evil grins on their faces... failing to notice Montgomery's robot growing to ten feet tall behind them!

Light emanates from Montgomery's hand as he watches the robot grow with deep fatherly satisfaction.

MONTGOMERY

I said... get away from her.

AGENT BLUE

Stow it, punk. We'll get to you next.

The robot taps Agent Red on the shoulder.

Sarawitz's eyes go wide.

Agent Red turns around.

AGENT RED

Wha--

BAM! One punch... and the robot sends Agent Red crashing through the ceiling.

Agent Blue reacts. Drops Sarawitz, coughing, to the floor.

He throws his large body at the robot. Punching. Kicking. His hands and feet make comical CLANGS against solid metal. The robot just looks at him and cocks his head.

Agent Blue opens his palm. Aims the blue light... which FLICKERS and dies.

AGENT BLUE

Dammit!

The robot calmly lifts one hand and FLICKS Agent Blue. Blue flies down the hall at ungodly speed, crashes into the translucent wall, and SMASHES it to pieces!

HARRISON

You did it!

MONTGOMERY

No... Monty Junior did it.

Montgomery and the robot exchange a look. They high-five. Montgomery winces as his hand smacks against metal.

MONTGOMERY

Ow.

QUINCY

Monty Junior? Lame. What about Optimus Prime or something?

Sarawitz catches her breath and stands.

SARAWITZ

I like Monty Junior. It's cute.

MONTGOMERY

(blushes)

Really?

SARAWITZ

The real Monty's not so bad, either.

MONTGOMERY

(aside, to the guys)

You hear that? "Not so bad!"

Sarawitz throws her arms around Montgomery.

SARAWITZ

Shut up and enjoy your hero moment.

She kisses him! A full-on, Mario just saved the Princess kiss!

QUINCY (O.S.)

Ugh. No need for the vomit flashlight anymore.

HARRISON (O.S.)

The what?

It's the kiss that never ends.

INT. QUANTUM ENGINE LAB

Labcoats are spraying, even dousing the sphere-half with liquid nitrogen. The BURNING rings are only inches away from the center mass now.

LABCOAT #2
It's not stopping.

JEFF
We have to get our here. We can't
stop it.

LABCOAT #2
Whadda we do?!

JEFF
Hit the radiation alarm and run!

INT. AREA 51 MAIN HANGER - DAY

Harrison and Quincy rush in. The hanger is still in disarray from Harrison's previous assault.

Montgomery and Sarawitz right behind them, holding hands. Monty Junior brings up the rear.

At the other end of the hanger, Harrison spots--

JEFF

--and the other Labcoats. They are all running in his direction.

Suddenly... CLICK! CLICK CLICK CLICK! Two dozen machine guns are cocked and loaded. A swarm of armed soldiers descend from the perimeter.

Some rappel from ropes. Others burst in from holes Harrison blew in the side walls. Within seconds, Harrison, his friends, and the Labcoats find themselves surrounded.

Monty Junior ROARS with anger. The robot clenches his fists, prepares for battle.

BOOM! A blast knocks Monty Junior's head clean off. It flies against the wall. The robot body falls... dead.

MONTGOMERY
NO!

Montgomery looks... the source of the blast--

VON KRUELLER

--sauntering out from behind a line of soldiers. GIANT SMOKING ROCKET LAUNCHER in his arms.

VON KRUELLER

Your little insurrection is at an end, Dr. Harrison. Surrender peacefully, and I'll kill your friends with a minimum of pain.

Quincy steps forward. Raises his hand.

QUINCY

Is the job offer still on the table?

Sarawitz pulls him back with the scolding look of a teacher.

MONTGOMERY

Can I shoot him now?

HARRISON

Aim for the mouth. Pleeeeease.

Montgomery raises his palm to shoot. Then... nothing.

His snow-globe SPUTTERS and dies.

VON KRUELLER

Whoops. Guess you shouldn't have wasted all your power on growing your headless robot.

Dejected, Montgomery sighs and drops the snow-globe.

The soldiers advance. Guns out.

Everyone throws their hands up. Check-mate.

VON KRUELLER

It's such a bad-guy cliché, but... any last words?

JEFF

Yea, we have to get out of here!
The sphere is unstable and a reaction is heading to the core!
We are all radioactive dust in seconds!!!

From the distance, a RUMBLE of heavy feet and excited voices.

Von Kruegger looks around. Confused.

The soldiers look around. Scared.

Harrison looks at who's coming, and smiles.

HARRISON
The geek shall inherit the Earth.

Comic Con explodes into the hanger!

GEEKS of all shapes and sizes rush the soldiers. They storm in, dressed like elves and Storm Troopers. Batman and Spider-Man. Men and women, the chubby and skinny.

Roger leads the charge dressed in a Green Lantern T-shirt three sizes too small. The Dude is right with him, Legolas costume of his own making.

The soldiers cower in the presence of a glasses-wearing, pimple-faced tsunami of nerd anger.

The geeks don't just overwhelm them with sheer numbers... every last one of them is armed with a Vomit Flashlight.

HARRISON
What are they carrying?

QUINCY
This is gonna get ugly. And wet.

Flashlights turn on. Light hits the terrified soldiers.

A few SHOTS ring out, but it's quickly overwhelmed by the sound of PROJECTILE VOMITING.

HARRISON
Oh God! Oh God! OH GOD!

SARAWITZ
Look away... and pray you have a strong gag reflex!

Harrison and the gang dive behind a pile of cargo containers.

Harrison locks eyes with Jeff. They nod.

Jeff and the Labcoats run into battle. Nerds toss them extra flashlights.

JEFF
This is for every wedgie I've ever gotten! YAAAAAAAAAAHHHHH!

Harrison is impressed, even a little scared, by his enthusiasm.

They storm the soldiers, lights waving around like mad men, reveling in the sounds of stomachs being emptied.

VON KRUELLER

Crouches in a corner. Sounds of puking all around. He CURSES to himself.

HARRISON

Ducks as a soldier leaps over the containers. He runs away, hand over his mouth.

HARRISON

We can't stay here. I'm gonna throw up.

MONTGOMERY

Or worse.

HARRISON

What could possibly be worse?

Montgomery and Quincy lock eyes. Sarawitz comes to the rescue.

SARAWITZ

Bullets. Riddled with bullets. That would be worse.

MONTGOMERY

Indeed.

SARAWITZ

Nuclear disintegration. That would suck.

QUINCY

Harrison's right... we gotta get outta here.

Harrison looks across the hanger. Right at the newest model UFO.

VON KRUELLER

Looks. Watches Harrison and his friends sneak across the hanger. They rush past crazy nerds and vomiting soldiers.

VON KRUELLER

Where are you going?

HARRISON

Arrives at the entry hatch. Climbs up--

INT. UFO - CONTINUOUS

Harrison sits at the main controls, obviously retrofitted by humans. The gang piles in behind him.

QUINCY
You're not serious.

HARRISON
I am serious. This is my serious
face. Notice the forehead wrinkles.
Strap yourselves in.

They look around. Not a seat-belt to be found.

SARAWITZ
How?

HARRISON
Just hang on.
(with a smirk)
We're going for a little ride.

Harrison places his hand on the featureless panel. It lights up, dots of light forming around his hand. With his other hand, he grasps a typical fighter plane - style joystick. The ship comes to life. The others brace themselves against the low ceiling.

INT. AREA 51 MAIN HANGER - SAME

Silently, but with great power, the metallic UFO lifts off the ground.

The nerd/soldier battle ceases for a moment. Everyone watches the otherworldly craft rise higher and higher.

HARRISON
Quincy! the firing has stopped.
Tell everyone they have to get out
cuz this place is gonna blow.

MONTGOMERY
And not just chunks.

INT. UFO - SAME

Montgomery catches a final glimpse of his headless robot as the hatch swings around to face the crowd of soldiers and geeks below.

MONTGOMERY

Thanks, buddy.

Sarawitz throws her arm around him.

SARAWITZ

He saved our lives. We'll never forget that.

Montgomery rests his head on her shoulder.

QUINCY steps to the doorway.

QUINCY

Hey everybody! Listen to me!
There's this thing! (to Harrison)
What is it?

HARRISON

A reactor core!

QUINCY

This thing. A reactor core! (to Harrison) and its what?

HARRISON

And it's going to blow up with a nuclear explosion!

QUINCY

This reactor core is going nuclear...right now! It's gonna BLOW!!!

He puffs out his chest and holds the vomit light high.

QUINCY

TO THE FLYING MACHINES!!!

The crowd ROARS and splits off to each of the UFO's and pile up the ramps.

HARRISON

Alright guys... prepare for an exponential G-force increase. Let's see what this baby can do!

Harrison waves his left hand over the controls. The ship instantly goes STRAIGHT UP THROUGH THE ROOF.

HARRISON

I didn't mean to do that.

INT. AREA 51 MAIN HANGER - SAME

BOOM! The ascends into the sky.

JEFF

Watches it fly away. Jaw on the floor.

A soldier sneaks up behind him. Gun ready to--

--but Jeff casually points the flashlight over his shoulder. Gives the soldier a face-full of light.

Jeff smiles as the soldier's cheeks fill with vomit.

BATGIRL (O.S.)
Nice shooting.

Jeff looks. A cute geek girl in a BATGIRL outfit smiles at him.

JEFF
Thanks. I'm Jeff.
(clears his throat)
Antonio Jeff Demarco. We should
go.

INT. QUANTUM ENGINE LAB

The INNER MOST RING is glowing, the last barrier to the core.

IN. THE HANGER

VON KRUELLER

Runs across the hanger. Dodging vomit. Cell phone to his ear.

VON KRUELLER
He stole the craft. Launch
everything you've got.

Von Kruegger hangs up. Looks at the menacing UFO before him.

EXT. ADAMS AIR FORCE BASE - DAY

Four F-22 Fighter Jets take to the sky in a ROAR.

INT. QUANTUM ENGINE LAB

The INNER falls away and the CORE begins to GLOW from within.

EXT. AREA 51 - DAY

All the UFO's come streaming out of the HANGER and into the sky. They aren't flown very well. But they are flying.

EXT. OVER THE DESERT - DAY

Harrison's UFO does a barrel roll then zooms higher into the clouds. The SOUND of the friends CHEERING can be heard.

INT. QUANTUM ENGINE LAB

The CORE turns white. For an INSTANT, the whole of the underground complex is visible as if every wall, floor, ceiling and object, was made of some clear, translucent material. The labs. The offices. The cells. The VATS of new AGENTS. THETA herself. Then, it all VANISHES in a clean, white and SILENT annihilation.

FROM ABOVE, the flightline, buildings, and part of a mountain lift from below and then all falls inward to the worlds largest sinkhole.

INT. UFO - DAY

The four gaze out the window at the passing clouds. Smiles all around.

QUINCY

What's the plan? I mean, do think we're far enough away from the core thin-

WHAM! The UFO is rocked by a huge shockwave.

SCREAMING.

HARRISON

You guys OK? I've got it under control now.

SARAWITZ looks around. Everyone is rubbing their head or elbows.

SARAWITZ

We're OK. Well that's that. Now,
Space. Please say we're going to
Space.

HARRISON

Maybe later. We've got a mission to
complete.

Harrison locks eyes with his friends. Determined.

HARRISON

No more lies. No more secrets. No
more government cover-up's. This is
what we were meant to do.

(lost in thought)

I met someone. A friend... from the
future. In order to save that
future, we have to share this
technology with the world.

He increases the UFO's speed using the man made controls.

HARRISON

That's what we're going to do: show
the world. And no one can stop us.

A warning BUZZER sounds from the console. A futuristic RADAR
appears in a monitor. FOUR RED DOTS close on their position.

MONTGOMERY

Uh oh.

HARRISON

I said "no one can stop us." Didn't
they see my serious face?

QUINCY

I don't think they care, man.

MONTGOMERY

What are you going to do?

Harrison works the controls.

HARRISON

Fifth gear... hold on to your
lunches.

SARAWITZ

Entirely too much talk about vomit.

EXT. OVER THE DESERT - DAY

The UFO maintains course.

Four F-22's break through the cloud layer, hot in pursuit.

F-22 PILOT (V.O.)
Affirmative. Bogey is dead ahead.

VON KRUELLER (V.O.)
Shoot to kill! Shoot to kill! Bring
it down!

F-22 PILOT (V.O.)
Yes, sir. Shoot to kill, confirmed.
Guns hot. Come and give your
grandmother a kiss.

The F-22's erupt with a hail of MACHINE GUN FIRE and
MISSILES.

The UFO is too fast. It veers left, easily dodging the
bullets. The missiles go wide.

F-22 PILOT (V.O.)
Negative contact. Attempting
missile lock-

A SWARM of UFO's slip through the F-22's forcing them to take
evasive action. It's the UFO's from the HANGER. But the
MISSILES are away and sail off into the blue.

INT. HARRISON'S UFO

On the monitor, ROGER suddenly appears. He is wearing a
headset.

ROGER
Gold leader. Come in Gold Leader.

INT. ROGER'S UFO

ROGER'S bulk barely fits into his chair. Behind him are a
whole assortment of COMIC-CON type characters. They are
SQUEEZED IN, holding on for dear life - and everyone has HUGE
SMILE on their face.

ROGER
 We've got your back and the skies
 are clear. Where are we going Mr.
 Harrison?

The missiles change direction... heading back TOWARDS the F-22's.

F-22 PILOT (V.O.)
 Missiles have a lock. Us.
 (beat)
 Shit.

The F-22's try and dodge. No luck.

At the last moment, all four pilots eject to safety.

BOOM! The missiles impact. All four F-22's fall to the Earth in a shower of flaming wreckage.

MONTAGE

Inside all the UFO's there is CHEERING. ROGER gets and congratulatory slap on the back.

INT. UFO - DAY

CHEERS and laughter.

HARRISON
 Thanks - er Red Leader. I think
 you just saved our lives.

INT. ROGER'S UFO

It is the proudest moment of Roger's life, being called RED LEADER. He gets a steely eyed look and surveys his instruments as if he has been a commander of space craft all his life.

ROGER
 My pleasure Gold Leader. What are
 your orders?

INT HARRISON'S UFO

HARRISON
 We don't know the condition or
 power supply of any of these ships.
 (MORE)

HARRISON(cont'd)

I think you should take your squadron and head for the nearest sign of civilization.

ROGER (IN MONITOR)

Roger that. Safe Journies. Red Leader out.

MONTGOMERY

What now?

HARRISON

We need somewhere with lots of people... and cameras.

QUINCY

Japan!

HARRISON

What about the White House?

A BLAST rocks the ship. Everyone is thrown about.

Harrison struggles with the controls. Manages to keep the craft level.

SARAWITZ

What was that?!

A CRACKLE, as a radio comes to life.

VON KRUELLER (V.O.)

Good day, Dr. Harrison.

HARRISON

Von Kruegger.

VON KRUELLER (V.O.)

I hope you've enjoyed your little joy ride. Land the craft, would you please, and no one gets hurt.

Another BLAST hits the ship. Warning BUZZERS sound. The ship starts to lose altitude.

VON KRUELLER (V.O.)

On second thought, how about I just kill you?

Montgomery presses a nearby button. A small video screen appears in a corner of the main screen. An angle from behind... showing Von Kruegger's UFO in hot pursuit!

MONTGOMERY
He's got his own ship!

HARRISON
Now what do we do?

QUINCY
Harrison. Kick his ass!

Harrison smiles.

HARRISON
With pleasure.

EXT. OVER ST. LOUIS - DAY

Harrison's UFO dives through the clouds. Descends into the high-rise canyons of downtown St. Louis.

Von Kruegger's ship close behind. BOOM! BOOM! Blasts narrowly miss Harrison and EXPLODE the glass of a nearby skyscraper.

INT. UFO - DAY

Harrison steers the craft around the falling glass.

HARRISON
Are you crazy? There are people inside those buildings!

VON KRUELLER (V.O.)
Collateral damage in the protection of a secret. Can you live with the guilt, Doctor?

HARRISON
Can you live... with the vertigo?!

Harrison dives toward the street.

Quincy's cheeks fill with vomit.

EXT. OVER ST. LOUIS - DAY

The UFO dives toward pavement, turns, and ZOOMS up at the last second.

Von Kruegger's ship matches him, move for move.

It's the dogfight to end all dogfights. Through the skyscraper canyons, tight turn after tight turn. Harrison tries to shake him, but Von Kruegger stays right with him.

On the street below, PEDESTRIANS run for cover. But many snap pictures first. Record video on their cell phones.

INT. VON KRUEGER'S UFO - DAY

Von Kruegger fires off another blast -- that just misses Harrison's ship. The blast hits a top-floor Penthouse, ripping it to shreds.

VON KRUEGER

What's it like to see death staring
you in the face?

HARRISON (V.O.)

Why don't you ask your wife?

QUINCY (V.O.)

Oh! Good one!

HARRISON (V.O.)

Quincy, be careful! No high-five's
when I'm piloting the ship.

Von Kruegger rolls his eyes.

EXT. OVER ST. LOUIS - DAY

BOOM! Harrison's ship reels from a blast. It loses speed.

INT. UFO - DAY

Harrison frantically works the controls. No luck. SPARKS fly. Smoke pours.

HARRISON

Damn. Damn damn damn. He's got us.
Shields are toast.

QUINCY

Can't you re-route power from the
secondary thingymabob?

HARRISON

This isn't the Starship Enterprise!
I've got...
(looks)

(MORE)

HARRISON(cont'd)

...maybe enough power for one more shot. Then all we can do is steer.

MONTGOMERY

We're done. Deceased. Extinct.

QUINCY

And I'll never know the love of a woman!

(to Sarawitz)

Do you think we can... I'll be quick.

SARAWITZ

Ew, no. A billion times no.

MONTGOMERY

Back off, Quincy. She's with me.

QUINCY

Oh, yeah?

MONTGOMERY

As sure as Fermat's Theorem is unprovable!

Montgomery and Quincy engage in a slap-fight. Harrison tries to pry them apart like an angry dad driving his kids on vacation.

Sarawitz stares ahead. Something catches her eye.

EXT. ST. LOUIS ARCH - DAY

The famous metal Arch shines in the mid-day sun. The UFO's zoom away from downtown, heading straight for the monument!

Police sirens WAIL. SECURITY GUARDS evacuate the Arch, leading TOURISTS away.

The UFO's get closer.

INT. UFO - DAY

Sarawitz stares at the view-screen. The bickering FADES AWAY. Ahead of them, the St. Louis Arch. She also looks at the rear camera shot of Von Kruegger's ship.

Her mind goes to work: A mathematical LINE shoots from the front of the ship. It impacts the Arch, then another CURVED LINE shows the path of the Arch if it were to topple.

Finally, an INTERCEPT GRAPH shows the Arch impacting Von Kruegger's ship.

SARAWITZ
Wait, guys. Listen. LISTEN!

They freeze. Quincy stops, mid-slap.

SARAWITZ
I have an idea.

HARRISON
I'm all ears... on account of our impending death.

SARAWITZ
Shoot the Arch.
(off Harrison's puzzled look)
The St. Louis Arch. Shoot it, three quarters up the right side.

HARRISON
It's full of people.

SARAWITZ
It's not! Look... they're evacuating all the tourists.

HARRISON
I only have one shot left.
Shouldn't I--

SARAWITZ
--Shoot it. Then fly right for it.
You'll know what to do.

Harrison blinks.

HARRISON
Fifth gear. But that's only theoretical.

QUINCY
I don't like theoretical. I like definitive.
(off their looks)
What? I'm not allowed to use the big-boy words?

SARAWITZ
You have to trust me, Harrison.
Fifth gear is faster than light.
It'll work. Do it! NOW!

Another BLAST from Von KrueLLer's ship rocks them about.

HARRISON

You're nuts.

Montgomery holds her hand.

MONTGOMERY

Do what she says, Harrison. I trust her.

Sarawitz makes serious eye contact with Harrison.

SARAWITZ

Please, Nat. Listen to me.

HARRISON

Fifth gear.

(shrugs)

Time for some thrilling heroics.

EXT. ST. LOUIS ARCH - DAY

Harrison fires! The BLAST impacts the right side of the Arch. The structure explodes, chunks of metal rain down.

Below, BYSTANDERS run for cover.

INT. VON KRUELLER'S UFO - DAY

Von KrueLLer peers ahead.

VON KRUELLER

Destroying a National Landmark?
Crack plan, idiot.

Von KrueLLer gets Harrison in his sights. Sets up the final shot.

INT. UFO - DAY

Metal falls... about to impact the ship.

Harrison screams. Sarawitz screams. Montgomery screams.

Quincy cries like a little girl.

HARRISON

(strains)

Fifth gear... NOW!

HARRISON takes his hand off the joystick and puts both hands on the UFO clean and featureless "dashboard". A glow appears around his hands but otherwise -nothing happens.

HARRISON
NOW!!!!

EXT. ST. LOUIS ARCH - DAY

BOOM! The air around the ship ripples. Tears. Explodes away in blue fire.

Harrison's ship DISAPPEARS... then reappears on the other side of the Arch an instant later.

Von Kruegger is not so lucky. He flies right for the biggest chunk of metal.

INT. VON KRUEGLER'S UFO - DAY

Von Kruegger screams!

EXT. ST. LOUIS ARCH - DAY

Von Kruegger's UFO impacts the falling metal. CRUNCH! BOOM! The craft explodes into a million pieces.

INT. UFO - DAY

Harrison and his friends watch the destruction with glee.

HARRISON
(amazed)
Fifth gear... it worked!

QUINCY
I knew you could do it buddy. Never a doubt in my mind.
(off Harrison's glare)
Okay. A few doubts.

HARRISON
(to Sarawitz)
How did you know about fifth gear?

SARAWITZ
This is gonna sound funny but - a little voice in my head.

HARRISON

It's OK. I know what you mean.

Sarawitz gives Harrison a puzzled look until Montgomery plants a big kiss on her cheek.

MONTGOMERY

My girlfriend's a genius!

(off their looks)

That's right. I said it. I'm a man.

INT. IKE'S TRUCK STOP - DAY

The low murmur of truckers talking and eating comes to a complete and utter halt as 6 UFO's gently set down in the parking lot. The GEEK ARMY is triumphant and in need of pancakes as they head inside.

EXT. MISSOURI CATTLE FARM - DAY

Peaceful, quiet farmland. COWS eat grass. Another uneventful day in the life of a cow.

The UFO descends. ZOOMS over the pasture. It banks low, scaring the cows half to death. They MOO with panic.

HARRISON (V.O.)

Quincy, better let me drive.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The PRESIDENT steps out onto the south lawn. Eyes on the sky.

He's flanked by SECRET SERVICE AGENTS and SOLDIERS with guns.

Behind them, the MEDIA jostles for the perfect shot. Cameras on the sky. Everyone's mouth open in amazement.

HARRISON'S UFO

Descends. Slowly, without sound. Tripod legs unfold. The craft sets down.

The hatch opens. Steam pours out giving it a strange, otherworldly look.

The soldiers COCK their guns.

Through the steam... Harrison appears. Quincy right behind him. Then Montgomery and Sarawitz, hand-in-hand.

Quincy gives the President the V-shaped Vulcan greeting.

QUINCY
Live long and prosper... with the
Force. So say we all.

Harrison pushes Quincy's hand down.

PRESIDENT
(to the Soldiers)
Stand down. Stand down.

HARRISON
Mr. President...

Harrison shakes the President's stiff, bewildered hand.

HARRISON
...may I have a few minutes of your
time?

CUT TO:

EXT. UNIVERSITY - DAY

SUPER: "Six months later"

Students rush to class. The Quad looks busier than normal.

On the edge of the parking lot, a newspaper machine screams
the day's headline:

NEW POWER SOURCE ALLOWS MISSION TO MARS BY NEXT YEAR!

EXT. QUINCY'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

Quincy loads a box into the back of a U-Haul trailer. He
closes up the door. Locks it. Looks back at his house with a
satisfied grin.

QUINCY
Well... here we go.

The sound of a DOOR OPENING.

QUINCY'S MOM (O.S.)
Quincy! Don't forget your cape!

QUINCY
Keep it, Ma. A guy's gotta grow up
sometime.

INT. ENGINEERING LAB - DAY

Montgomery works diligently. Sparks fly. He wears welding goggles three sizes too big.

Sarawitz appears over his shoulder. She wraps her arms around him. Kisses him on the cheek.

SARAWITZ
Happy birthday.

MONTGOMERY
Eighteen is supposed to be the big one, right? Why don't I feel any older?

SARAWITZ
That's okay. Stay young as long as you can.
(beat)
What are you going to call him?

REVEAL Montgomery working on another tiny robot.

MONTGOMERY
Her. I was thinking... Sarawitz Junior.

SARAWITZ
Perfect.

INT. PHYSICS CLASSROOM - DAY

Harrison leans against his desk. Hair combed. Nice suit. He's even standing up straight.

Behind him, written in HUGE letters: UFOLOGY 101

HARRISON
Welcome to the first day, of the very first class... of UFOlogy 101.

REVEAL the classroom PACKED with students. Every chair is filled. Some even have to sit in the aisles.

Harrison grabs a piece of chalk. He can't help but smile.

HARRISON
So... where do we begin?

FADE OUT.