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By

Mike W. Rogers

mike.rogers67@hotmail.com  
401-207-2365

**TEASER**

EXT. NEW ENGLAND PREP SCHOOL CAMPUS - DAY

In front of an ivy-covered building, a wooden sign is held between two brick pillars.

"CULVER MILITARY ACADEMY"

"WHERE TOMORROWS LEADERS TRAIN"

INT. DARK WOOD OFFICE - DAY

The oak panel walls keep the room dark even though the slatted wood shutters remain open.

BILL WARREN(18) wears a jacket and tie. He sits before a large desk. His head low, his hand folded on his lap.

MR. CONNORS(60) Culver's Head Master, leans back in his oversize chair behind the massive desk.

MR. CONNORS

Some boys just aren't meant to lead.

Mr. Connors leans forward and shuffles papers on his desk.

MR. CONNORS

If our boys aren't competing to best one another, then I'm unsure the purpose of this institution?

He turns to an unseen entity in the corner of the room.

MR. CONNORS

If you could just collect him at your earliest convenience.

MR. JAMES MCDONOUGH(59) saunters from the shadows. He wears a grey pin strip three-piece suit and a grey manicured goatee.

Mr. McDonough uses his ebony cane to move past Bill without even a look.

MR. MCDONOUGH

I'll have my driver collect him next Thursday.

BILL

Next Thursday!?

MR. MCDONOUGH  
Your prepared to leave?

BILL  
Well, no Sir but--

MR. CONNORS  
(interrupts)  
Until then you will have to earn  
your keep, William. Can't have you  
tainting the well any longer.

Bill raises his head to meet Mr. Connors' eyes.

BILL  
Excuse me, Sir?

MR. CONNORS  
How would you propose you pay for  
your room and board till Thursday?

BILL  
Mr. McDonough has agreed to pay for  
my schooling.

Mr. McDonough turns to Bill and raises an eyebrow.

MR. CONNORS  
Mr. McDonough's obligation to this  
institution ended when you  
disobeyed a direct order.

Not to mention your inability to  
control your emotions.

Both of which could get yourself  
and more importantly the other  
cadets at this academy, killed in  
the field if battle one day.

Without looking up at Bill, Mr. Connors points to the couch.

MR. CONNORS  
You may stay on the couch. You will  
assist the Facilities Manager  
during the day.

BILL  
The Janitor?

MR. CONNORS  
You have another option?

Bill brings his eye's back down to his lap.

BILL

No, Sir.

MR. MCDONOUGH

If that will be all?

MR. CONNORS

Of course, Mr. McDonough, Sir. I apologize for the inconvenience. I hope you understand. Won't hold this against me personally?

Mr. McDonough turns on his cane and walks out of the room. He eyes Bill with contempt as he passes.

EXT. DINING HALL - DAY

Bill wears a hair net, rubber gloves, and a wet apron. He collects a bus bucket from a stand in a busy dining hall.

Brad sits at a table with Thadeus and the other Lineman.

A dinner roll hits William in the head and splashes into a glass of milk.

Thadeus pushes his chair back with a SCREECH.

THADEUS

What are you going to do, Warren?

Bill takes the dripping roll and hurls it. The wet roll hits Thadeus's chest and splashes milk into his face.

As milk drips from his face, Thadeus looks down at his shirt, then down at Brad.

BILL

Whatever it takes.

Bill steps forward in an attempt to fight. His thumbs gripped tight inside his fist.

THADEUS

Maggot, your little brother is done once you step-foot off this campus.

Brad sits up straight and attempts to defend himself.

BRAD

Hey!

BILL  
(interrupts)  
He's not my brother.

Brad sinks back down in his chair.

BILL(CONT.)  
And call me Maggot one more time.

Thadeus grabs the lip of the round cafeteria table and with one quick motion, whips the table aside.

Glasses CRASH, splashing milk on Brad and the other Cadets.

Thadeus pushes Brad to the floor as he passes. Without stopping, he walks up to Bill and pushes him in the chest.

Bill is sent flying onto his butt. He struggles to get up.

Thadeus pushes him back down.

Bill hits the wall and falls slides to the floor.

THADEUS  
Maggot.

Thadeus brings his academy issued boot down on Bill's cheek and drives him flat on the floor..

Brad and the group of Cadets collect around them.

BRAD  
Thadeus! What the hell, Man?

Thadeus LAUGHS and twists his boot tread into Bill's cheek.

A CADET WITH RED HAIR(17) laughs and exposes his braces.

RED-HEADED CADET  
(in a southern accent)  
Look like a bug in a hairnet. Crush  
it! Crush the orphan, hairnet bug.

As the boys LAUGH and William struggles, the dining hall windows above them rattle, unnoticed.

The entire room shakes.

Thadeus stumbles away from Bill.

RED-HEADED CADET  
What in Sam Hill?

A section of the plaster ceiling CRACKS, releases and falls silent through the air, then crushes the Red-Headed Cadet.

Bill leaps up and tackles Thadeus as sections of heavy plaster and wood bounce off his back.

The quake ends. Brad climbs over the rubble of the half-collapsed roof.

BRAD  
(desperate)  
Bill!

Bill's arched back rises among the rubble. Brad wraps his arms around Bill's mid-section and pulls his limp body free.

Thadeus rises from below Bill, unharmed.

THADEUS  
(trying to catch breath)  
Is he okay?

BRAD  
I don't know, Thad.

The dining hall again begins to shake. A section of ceiling drops and crushes a round dining table next to Thadeus.

BRAD  
We need to get him out of here!

Thadeus collects Bill in his arms. They climb out of the rubble as...

THADEUS  
Aftershock!

The remaining ceiling collapses exposing a deep magenta sky.

A brilliant white mountainous stone tumbles through the atmosphere shedding luminescent fragments as it descends.

One of these fragments streaks through the open ceiling and lodges into the far wall of the dining hall.

The shaking room erupts as every electrical appliance in the building jumping to life.

The microwaves BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, to life.

A line of toasters ignite in flames that reach up the wall.

A floor buffer shoots across the shaking floor. The cord snaps out of the wall but the buffer continues to spin.

The brilliance of the shard dulls and SIZZLES and a thick green smoke but the appliances continue to run.

**ACT I**

INT. HOTEL BALLROOM - DAY

**SUPER: WASHINGTON, D.C. 2020 A.D.**

A well-pressed, Stately Gentleman(65) with silver hair and a warm smile steps to a microphone.

WELL-PRESSED GENTLEMAN

Thank you for joining me and my family on this momentous occasion.

If not for all of you I wouldn't be able to stand here and say,

Ladies and Gentlemen, your new President of the United States, President William Gerald Warren.

AUDIENCE

POLITE APPLAUSE.

WILLIAM G. WARREN(50) wheels himself on to the stage. He reaches up to shake hands with the Well-Pressed Gentleman. Bill takes the microphone and positions his chair next to the podium. A distracting absence, the podium a lone tower.

BILL (INTO MICROPHONE)

Question your empathy!

The crowd place their napkins on their plates and exuberantly rise. A rousing standing ovation.

BILL

(into microphone)

From the self-serving ashes of our previous administration's pride, we will build again.

Set a foundation that when built upon, no construct can fall.

Bill pushes his hand through his thick brown hair.

BILL (INTO MICROPHONE)

We must supersede the our current limitations and evolve to a better being, more accountable being.

Bill clears his throat and changes to a more personal tone.

BILL (INTO MICROPHONE)  
When I was a boy my father told me,  
"Bill, I know you can build  
yourself into a better man. The  
trick will be reaming that better  
man".

With your understanding and more  
importantly patients.

Bill braces the arms of his wheel chair.

Two Secret Service Agents appear om either side of the stage

Bill shakes them off.

BILL  
No! No, I can do this.

Bill pushes his butt up off the chair and uses the arm rests  
like balance beams to maneuver himself forward.

BILL  
(continuing his speech)  
We can foster a more caring being.

The HUM of an engine can be heard as Bill's torso lurches  
forward. Under his pants blue lights appear at his knees.

His mechanically aided knees, force his legs straight.

Bill stand and waits awkwardly for his knees to position his  
body behind the podium.

BILL  
A more evolved being! We all may  
just be able to remain "that better  
man"!

An exuberant crowd again rises to their feet, cheers fill  
the small auditorium.

KATE WARREN(40) and their two Children appear behind Bill.

Bill looks back to Kate.

BILL  
Or woman!

Kate positions Bill's wheelchair behind him, so he can sit.

Bill waives to the audience and again waits for his  
mechanical legs lower him back into his chair.



**OFFSTAGE**

BRAD MCDONOUGH(47) waits in the wings, his million-dollar smile elicit smiles from Kate and the Children.

Kate pushes the chair along side Brad as he walks. Brad speaks down to Bill in his chair.

BRAD  
Mr. President.

BILL  
(looks up to Brad)  
Brad, you called me, Bill ten minutes ago.

Brad places his hand on Bill's shoulder.

BRAD  
I called you, Sir and that was an hour ago. Anyway, I just wanted you to try it on for size. And, Bill?

BILL  
Yeah?

BRAD  
It fits.

Brad nudges Bill's shoulder, which receives a sly smile.

BRAD  
We have an unscheduled stop before we can let you go home tonight.

Bill stops and turns his chair to Brad,

BILL  
You suck at whole agenda setting thing, you know that right?

BRAD  
Think of it as an investment. This will be the photo opportunity of the millennium for the Press Corp.

Double doors open by two black-suited SECURITY GUARDS.

**BACK PARKING LOT**

A black town car waits, the engine running. Bill turns his chair to Kate, reaches up to take her by the hand.

BILL

Go ahead to the White House. I'll  
meet you for a late dinner.

Kate leans down from behind the chair and kisses Bill's  
cheek. She slips Bill a clear package of pills. "November  
21st/ Afternoon" is marked on the package.

KATE

(in a whisper)

Afternoon pills, don't forget.

(aloud)

Go have fun with your friends. I'll  
see you back at the White House.

An alarm sounds from Brad's watch.

BRAD

Sorry, Mrs. Warren but time to go.

KATE

Don't you dare give me that Mrs.  
Warren crap, Bradley! You have  
kidnapped Bill more times than I  
care to recall and I didn't expect  
that to change with the Presidency.

BRAD

Sorry, Kate.

Kate pushes Bill over to Brad.

Brad garbs the handles on the back of Bills' chair.

KATE

Just remember, he's your  
responsibility, Bradley.

BRAD

Thanks, Kate. I am more than aware  
of the fact.

Kate smiles down at Bill and follows the a Children into the  
back of the town car.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CONFERENCE ROOM- DAY

Bill's chair is positioned at the head of an oval conference  
table. His jacket over the chairs handle bars on the back,  
he rolls up the sleeves of his white shirt.

BILL

Tammy?

TAMMY BUREGA(49) wears dark glasses and skirt suit. Tammy carries a shoulder bag filled with black folder files.

TAMMY

Yes, Bill?

Tammy stops and corrects herself.

TAMMY

Sorry, Mr. President.

Tammy looks in folders with day glow stripes down the front.

BILL

Hand me the De Las Flores Brief.

TAMMY

Is that what we're calling it?

BILL

That's what I'm calling it! I love the Mexican people but...

TAMMY

Careful, Sir.

BILL

Yes, well, I'm sorry but...  
(in butchered Spanish)  
Recompensa De La Pyramide De Las Flores... is just way too much to ask.

TAMMY

When your country discovers the next clean energy source under one of your Meso-American pyramids, you can call it whatever you want.

Bill holds out his hand not acknowledging Tammy.

BILL

Well, I can't argue with the results. My barber says his new pacemaker could keep him around till he's one hundred!

TAMMY

The Nation would morn, Phil.

Bill begins to run his hand through his hair but stops.

BILL  
The file, please.

Tammy slaps the file onto Bill's open palm.

INT: AIR FORCE ONE - PRESS CORPS SECTION - DAY

SAMANTHA WHITE(22) looks around Air Force One from her seat unable to sit still. Her large blue eyes set off by her platinum ponytail and lily white skin.

Samantha speaks to a head of curly hair in front of her.

SAMANTHA  
(excited)  
Hi! I'm Samantha! Is this your  
first time on Air Force One?!

MARY MARGARET MURRAY(38) occupies the seat. Murray looks down her reading glasses as she writes in her notebook.

Murry has untamed, black curly hair. She wears a vest over a Rolling Stones t-shirt, faded blue jeans, and scuffed white Buck's with the pink soles.

MURRAY  
(without turning)  
Nope.

Murry's stare remains on her notebook.

SAMANTHA  
Mine too! I'm not even supposed to  
be here! I can't wait to meet the  
President.

HAJIME GUNDAMU(20) a petite Japanese woman, wears all black. She attempts to avoid Samantha's bright gaze.

SAMANTHA  
Hi! I'm Samantha!

Hajime looks up from under her brows and timidly shakes Samantha's outstretched hand.

HAJIME  
(timid)  
Hajime Gundamu.

Samantha shakes Hajime's hand but looks right through her.

A LATIN AMERICAN MAN(30) who wears a white shirt with over-size orange lapels, white polyester slacks, and white, faux snake-skin loafers, stares daggers at Samantha though his oversize sunglasses.

Samantha loses her exuberance and slinks back in her seat.

CRAIG LIPSHIT(35) an obese man with a receding hairline, appears from behind an airplane divider curtain.

Craig speaks with a lisp, his hand poised in his khaki covered hips.

CRAIG

*Ladyth and Gentlemen of the Preth Corp! In your Preth Kit, you will find your thurvival guide.*

Craig holds a black spiral bound notebook.

CRAIG

*In thide are detailed directhionth on etiquette to be followed while in the prethenth of the new Prethident.*

Samantha searches through her shoulder bag.

SAMANTHA

*Where-th my th-tupid notebook??*

Murry turns to the COMMOTION of Samantha removing every item from her shoulder bag.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

JORDAN KNOLL(25) a portly Millennial who always looks confused, digs through his bag as he sits next to Brad.

JORDAN

Did he ask what this is about yet?

Jordan removes a laptop from his shoulder bag.

Brad looks toward Bill who talks on the phone.

BRAD

He went right to work.

Jordan leans in.

JORDAN

(hushed)

What was with that luncheon today?  
Those donors paid ten thousand a  
plate and he didn't even  
acknowledge their existence!

BRAD

He's not screwing around. He wants  
to make up for lost time.

Brad's watch makes an audible CHIME.

JORDAN

With a personality like his, we are  
going to need to keep up a good  
rapport with the Press Corps.  
Consider them our marketing  
department for the next four year.

Jordan turns his laptop screen toward Brad.

JORDAN

This should serve as a good start.

Brad looks at Jordan in disbelief.

JORDAN

He'll relax. No one could remain  
stoic around this thing.

Jordan CHUCKLES, his eyes on his laptop screen.

Brad leans in to better see Jordan's display.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - COCKPIT - DAY

PILOT

Pilot Air Force One to Base. Air  
Force One to Kossuth Base.

KOSSUTH BASE (AUDIBLE IN COCKPIT)

Air Force One Pilot, this is  
Kossuth Base. All preparations are  
final for your arrival. Lipstick is  
on the pig, flashbulbs are hot.  
Please affirm Air Force One.

PILOT

Affirmative. Kossuth Base. Message  
authenticated and confirmed.  
Estimated touchdown your location,  
twenty minutes Kossuth Base.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Brad stares wide-eyed straight ahead.

Jordan CHUCKLES as he corresponds with someone in real time.

Brad elbows Jordan in the ribs.

BRAD

(hushed)

Who the hell are you talking to?

Jordan jumps.

JORDAN

Ouch!

Bill looks up at Jordan while talking on the phone.

Tammy clears her throat and glares at Jordan.

JORDAN

(hushed but excited)

Look! All I know is what every  
other curious kid knows.

Brad presses his fingers against the spot he just elbowed.

BRAD

(through clenched teet)

Spill it.

JORDAN

(pained hushed voice)

Stop! Okay! Look, the last eight  
years have been a fiasco for  
keeping United States secret's...  
well, secret.

Jordan types as he talks.

JORDAN

There's a backlog of classified  
information which hasn't been  
released to the public, because the  
Intel we didn't want out was  
spilling all over the place.

BRAD

Unrevealed State Secrets? You  
couldn't give me a head's up!

JORDAN  
Me? Give you a head's up? Dude,  
this is your job! I only had to tap  
the blog-o-sphere to see where we  
are going!

Jordan squints and shakes his head in disbelief.

JORDAN  
How *don't* you know this?

Brad sinks in his chair, deflated.

Jordan looks at Brad with pity. He turns his computer screen  
back to Brad.

JORDAN  
Kossuth. Iowa.

Brad's watch, DING, he sets the dial on his watch.

BRAD  
(setting his watch)  
In the interest of National  
Security, I don't know jack  
anymore. I set imaginary agendas at  
the beginning of each day, which  
just gets scrapped.

Bill reads from white pages on the table to someone on the  
other end of the phone as Tammy fan out her files.

The plane hits sudden and extreme turbulence.

A pitcher of orange juice shatters in the middle of the  
conference room table. Juice soaks the papers on the table.

The vibrations stop and the plane continues normally.

BILL  
Jimminey Cricket!

Bill holds up his papers which drip on to the table.

BILL  
Hey, Tam?

Bill lifts his head from the mess.

BILL (CONT.)  
Get a hand over here?



JORDAN  
What was that!

Jordan's shirt is covered with orange juice.

JORDAN  
May I be excused?

BILL  
Grab me a towel on the way out.

Jordan scans for a towel and spots one around a carafe which he throws and hits Bill on his shoulder.

Bill takes no notice and grabs the towel from his shoulder.

Jordan puts his hand over his mouth, eyes wide and backs out of the room.

Tammy assists the President with cleaning off the papers.

BILL (CONT.)  
Lets...Lets, um...

Bill drips trying not to sound authoritative.

BILL (CONT.)  
Could we get this cleaned up in here?!

Bill raises his voice to inform the Steward's in the attached galley.

The plane hits turbulence. An odd vibration begins to shake the craft. The vibration becomes more intense.

The members of the room press their hands flat on the table or handrails on their chairs and wait for the intense vibrations to end.

Seconds pass before the vibrations end.

CHIEF  
What the hell was that?

Brad looks at his watch. His eyes shoot open.

BRAD  
(to Bill)  
What time do you have?!

Bill looks at his watch.

BILL  
11:31. Why?

Brad remains locked on his watch.

Blood pours from Brad's nose.

BILL  
Whoa! Hey, Bud, you're bleeding!

Bill's chair shoots out from behind the table and rolls to Brad's side. Bill takes a towel off the water pitcher and holds a towel over Brad's nose.

INT: AIR FORCE ONE - PRESS CORPS SECTION - SECONDS BEFORE  
Heavy turbulence violently shakes the people in the cabin.  
Murry drops her notebook and garbs the arm rest of her chair. She launches into prayer.

MURRY  
Holy Mother full of grace...

Samantha continues to search through her shoulder bag for her notebook, unfazed by the turbulence.

SAMANTHA  
Excuse me Craig, Sir, I don't seem  
to have Press Kit.

Craig falls backward from the cabin.

CRAIG  
(high pitched scream)  
Aah!

Samantha looks up from her bag.

SAMANTHA  
(looking for Craig)  
Sir?

Hajime frantically writes a text into her phone.

The Intimidating Latin Man slowly stands and starts to make his way toward Samantha.

INTIMIDATING LATIN MAN  
(think Latin accent)  
Abomination.

His face shows nothing but contempt.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - SUITE ROOM - DAY

DR. BERNERD ABRAMS (49) a lean man from Calcutta with a white mustache, turns on the light.

ELIZABETH KAY (50) a statuesque woman from Atlanta wears a white blouse and a gold necklace against her brown skin.

DR. ABRAMS  
This should suffice.

VICE

Dr. Abrams walks to a desk and tap's on its top.

Elizabeth Kay ascends the tabletop and unbuttons her blouse.

Kay catches the shine of a silver disc embedded in her skin above her breast and pulls her lapel back.

Dr. Abrams turns and CLAPS his hands together, smiling.

DR. ABRAMS  
So! Tell me where the discomfort is emanating.

Dr. Abrams can see the disc and pays it no mind.

The doctor has no stethoscope. He places his ear against Kay's chest.

KAY  
Just in my abdomen for about two weeks, dull pain.

Dr. Abrams confirms her concerns with an UM-HUH, UM-HUH.

Kay looks straight ahead and clears her throat.

DR. ABRAMS  
Your heart is racing.

KAY  
We've just met.

Dr. Abrams raises his head from her chest. He places his hand against Kay's belly and taps the back of his hand with his fingers.

DR. ABRAMS  
Pain? Discomfort?

KAY

No.

Dr. Abrams takes a deep breath of his own.

KAY

(exhaling)

Well, some, same as before.

DR. ABRAMS

Your uncomfortable condition is as concerning as it is perplexing.

Dr. Abrams looks down his nose at his patient.

DR. ABRAMS

I believe you to have a stomach condition. Perhaps an acquired intolerance to soy or dairy. Your body is trying to tell you something Miss Kay and I believe you should stop and listen. You should make an appointment with a physician when we return from our photo-op.

Dr. Abrams finishes with a look of concern.

KAY

Dr. Abrams, you're not a medical Doctor?

Dr. Abrams turns as Kay buttons her blouse.

DR. ABRAMS

Oh, no, Miss Kay! I am a Physicist!  
Dr. Abrams, my father, was the Physician.

Dr. Abrams turns to usher Kay from the room but the room is empty.

DR. ABRAMS

Miss Kay?

INT: AIR FORCE ONE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Bill places his hand on Brad's shoulder.

BILL

You okay?

Brad holds a towel over his nose.

BRAD

Yeah. I guess? That was weird?

Bill puts on his jacket and adjusts his cufflinks.

Intercom CLICKS on.

VOICE FROM INTERCOM

Ladies and Gentlemen, as we make  
our final decent you will see the  
largest expanse of our country's  
greatest export.

Bill squints out the window.

BILL

Corn?

Bill turns to Brad very confused.

Brad smiles an uneasy smile and removes the towel from his  
nose which has stopped bleeding.

## ACT II

EXT. KOSSUTH, IOWA - AIRFIELD TARMAC - DAY

The airfield is surrounded by rows of corn.

The six-person Press Corp wait on the tarmac next to the  
four STEWARDS from the plane.

Four STEWARDS all have bushy brown mustaches stand  
in matching Scottish Clan Kilts.

Bill and his Staff descend the stairs followed by Dr.  
Abrams.

Chief precedes Brad and Bill, weapon at the ready.

DR. ABRAMS

Mr. President, there is something  
you should be aware of! Sir, Miss  
Kay, sir!?

Dr. Abrams pleads go unheard and unheeded.

Steward #2, the tallest of the five, speaks.

STEWARD #2

Mr. President! Members of the Press  
and Members of the President's  
Personal Staff! Area 51!

Steward #3 lifts an unseen panel in thin air.

Under the airborne panel is a red toggle switch.

The Steward flips the switch which triggers a chain reaction of loud SLOW BREAKERS TRIP overhead.

FADE TO:

INT. THE BARN - DAY

Row by row, dusty wooden beams above begin to illuminate. The sun is gone and so is it's oppressive heat.

Two large barn doors narrow a light breeze that plays cool against sweat-soaked assembly.

The Group stands in a large red barn.

They can see Air Force One on the tarmac two hundred yards away.

Chief remain at the ready next to the President.

STEWARD #2

Oh, Sir, please stand down. The President is in no danger. This entire facility is under the auspices of the Department of Agriculture.

Ahead of the Group is a dark glass wall.

STEWARD #2

This way, please.

All four Steward's walk the Group to the back of the barn.

STEWARD #4, the tallest of the Stewards, walks with a limp.

STEWARD #4

In July of 1889, the United States purchased this facility from a Mr. Bartlett Shepard, for the cost of a promise and one American dollar.

Steward #4 pauses, leaves an air of suspense.

STEWARD #4

What you're about to see did not crash in Roswell, New Mexico in 1947. It crashed in Mesilla Valley, Mexico 100 years earlier during the Mexican-American Conflict of 1847.

He takes a deep breath and continues.

STEWARD #4

June 1847, an American soldier Bill Lane witnessed something 'rage from the sky' and crash in the Mesilla Valley. Bill and his platoon were dispatched to the valley to investigate. Twenty-Nine thousand, six hundred and seventy square miles of Mexico and a Trans-Continental Rail Road later we planned to move the ship to the center of the desert in Roswell.

The group look to one another and nod their heads.

STEWARD #4 (CONT.)

But there was an accident. In moving the ship off the train in Roswell, something shot through the sky and spooked the crane operator and he dropped it. Made one hell of a noise! All we could see was the dust from 10 ranches surrounding us coming to see what was all the racket. We had 20 minutes to get the thing half-buried, set some fires and lay those little bodies around the site.

The Steward becomes lost in thought.

STEWARD #4

So, Roswell was a bust so we moved her here!

Steward #4 moves next to the dark window.

STEWARD #4

And now what you are all here to see! We call her...

Steward #3.

STEWARD #3

hushed

Hmm? We didn't go with that? Well, then what do we go with?

The Group hangs on every word as the Stewards converse.

STEWARD #4

BRANDY?

The other Stewards shrug and nod their heads in agreement.

STEWARD #4

We call her Brandy.

Said in the manner of one introducing an untalented child.

STEWARD #3 turns on the lights.

INT. THE BARN - DAY

The illuminated window reveals an enormous flying saucer.

The Group take a collective step backward.

Chief attempts to communicate with the outside world.

The ship hovers in a sunken facility. Technicians in lab coats look between screens and the flying saucer of nickel and brass and wood floats in a floodlit room.

STEWARD #4

This facility houses sixty  
full-time scientists and support  
staff.

Steward #4 walks toward a door at the end of the window.

Steward #1 turns to Chief.

Chief taps the safety on his weapon. Steward #1 raises his eyebrows and moves on.

STEWARD #4

Please watch your step thank you.  
Yes, yes, sally forth people!  
Sally, sally.

The Group walks down the loud white stairs.

MURRAY

Is this the only way down?

The huge machine nudges toward them as they walk down the stairs.

Two thick metal discs. Grey powdered silver and dull shine copper. In the center a massive opaque fan belt.

Tammy turns and talks to Murray.



TAMMY

Just like I imagined it would! Kind of.

Dr. Abrams fans himself with his limp fingers.

DR. ABRAMS

Oh, my! Let me get my breath!

Murray grabs Jordan by the arm to hold herself up.

MURRAY

I need a minute. I'm going through some serious Mayan calendar crap right now!

Craig moves down the stairs and speaks to no one.

CRAIG

Not real. Saw the same gimmick at Universal last year.

Jordan moves down the stairs behind Craig.

JORDAN

Yeah, pretty sure not wasting the President's time on a prank.

Before Craig can reply, Jordan dematerializes in front of him.

Craig shrugs his shoulders and continues off the steps.

CRAIG

Big joke.

INT. THE BARN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Murry shakes as she stares at the ship.

MURRAY

Too big. Way too big to be inside. Should be outside. Where am I?

BILL

And we kept this secret for how long? Gotta be kidding me!

An ELDER LAB TECH stands next to Bill.

ELDER LAB TECH

It was out of commission until it started that floaty thing about

(MORE)

ELDER LAB TECH (cont'd)  
five years ago. Right before the  
incident.

BILL  
The incident?

Bill leans in for more information.

ELDER LAB TECH  
It ate one of the scientists.

BILL  
Ate!

Bill leans back in disbelief.

ELDER LAB TECH  
Well, no, he was working on the  
ship taking some readings and he  
disappeared, dematerialized. The  
device he was using just hit the  
floor and he was gone.

Bill crosses his arms and narrows his eyes.

ELDER LAB TECH  
Dr. Hicks. Funny Dude!

The ELDER LAB TECH smiles a reminiscent smile.

INT. ABOARD THE BRANDY - HALLWAY - DAY

Jordan materializes in a round white hallway. His knees are  
weak, his hands shake.

JORDAN  
What the!?! Hello? Guys? Not cool  
guys!

Jordan bangs on the wall which makes a PONG sound and  
illuminates upon impact. He shakes out his hands and starts  
to run.

JORDAN  
Hello?

Jordan runs and screams down the hall, his arms in a flail.

JORDAN  
Aah!

INT. THE BARN - DAY

A pulsating WOM, WOM, WOM sounds from the ship. A red ball of light moves up and down in the fabric fan belt.

MURRAY

Okay, that noise is going to give me a seizure. When the hell are we getting out of here?

Chief approaches Brad.

CHIEF

A word.

Brad raises his hands to his hips.

BRAD

What's up?

Chief stares into Brad's eyes.

CHIEF

I don't know? You tell me.

BRAD

(pointing to Murry)

Well, everybody seems okay, I think they're more excited than anything. She looks a little freaked.

CHIEF

Brad, you are the President's best friend. You have some Special Forces experience. This makes you an asset. Otherwise, you're just another liability like every other person here. Asset, Liability.

So, When I ask you, 'what's up?' You provide me a status on the President's state of mind and insight on any threat.

Asset, liability.

Brad folds his arms and nods.

CHIEF

There is a secondary mission here. A Scientist who we believe has been in that ship for the last five years.

BRAD

Excuse me?

INT. THE BRANDY - HALLWAY - DAY

Jordan rests with his hands on his knees, covered in sweat. He takes a deep breath, yells and runs down the hall.

JORDAN

Ahh!

Jordan stops and puts his hands back on his knees. A narrow portion of the luminescent white wall rises next to him and reveals a black door. A nameplate on the door reads:

JORDAN NOAH KNOLL

Jordan opens the door and the smell of cut grass in Spring accosts his senses.

INT. THE BRANDY - HOME OF JORDAN KNOLL - CHICAGO, 2008

Jordan climbs over a bed to shut the window from the sound of the neighbors riding mower.

JORDAN

Freakin' Costa!

Jordan shuts the window and flops back on to his feet.

JORDAN

What the...?

Jordan looks at the dresser. A silver frame holds a picture of a child posing with a toy elephant.

JORDAN

I'm home?

INT. THE BARN - DAY

THE LITTLEST LAB TECH begins to set up a tripod and box camera.

Murray takes her pad and pen and walks for the sound, as Samantha follows behind Murray.

Bill places his arm around Tammy.

BILL

Pretend I'm saying something funny.

MURRAY  
Mr. President!?

SAMANTHA  
Mr. President!?

Murray gives Samantha a look of disapproval.

BILL  
I will try to answer your questions  
on this momentous occasion!

Bill's raises his hands in front of the floating ship.

LITTLEST LAB TECH  
Excuse me, please!

Bill recognizes the LITTLEST LAB TECH in the small crowd.

BILL  
Oh, yes, of course.

Bill gives one confident push through his thick dark hair.

The LITTLEST LAB TECH returns behind the box camera.

The Group fall into a pose for the photo. A phosphorescent bulb fills the room. White against white. The room becomes snow blind. The light subsides and the Group is gone, dematerialized.

The Technicians continue their business un-phased.

INT. THE BARN - DARK ROOM - DAY

The LITTLEST LAB TECH moves through the developing processes, hangs to dry, mats to fit.

INT. THE BARN - DAY (CONTINUOUS)

Down a long dark hallway among countless other photos of other crews with their ships, a spot remains open. The LITTLEST LAB TECH wipes the glass, hangs and watches for the nameplate to appear the name BRANDY.

LITTLEST LAB TECH  
Brandy. Huh?

The LITTLEST LAB TECH walks away, whistles the song BRANDY.

**ACT III**

INT. THE BRANDY - RESIDENCE OF CAMPBELL JAMES - DAY

Bill awakens in a beaten leather club chair with a thin Persian rug beneath. An old map of Asia and India hangs on the wall with a Customs Stamp of an elephant in the center.

The smell of Hemp or Jute or Diesel Fuel looms under sandalwood, leather or the small hot hull of a skiff.

A smooth baritone voice floats over Bill's shoulder.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)

Tea?

BILL

Mm, yes, please.

Bill adjusts himself in the seat. He raises his hand to his brow which covers most of his face.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)

It's an Orange Pekoe. I grow it myself.

CAMPBELL JAMES' (65) voice is older but strong and heavy set. The floorboards EEK under his weight. A grey grapefruit sized mound with nubby knuckle-less fingers and Mother of Pearl nails the size of half-dollars lowers a teacup from above Bill's seat to take.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)

Well, I don't grow it. I cure it. Just as important. If not more.

Bill crosses his legs.

BILL

Thank you for the tea. May I have the name of my capture'? So we may discuss terms?

Bill places the tea on his lap.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)

My name, Captain? You, sir, may call me, Campbell. Campbell James. Like the soup.

BILL

The soup?

Bill looks at his cup as he speaks.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)  
Yes, Campbell's Tomato Soup?

BILL  
Anyone ever call you soup?

Bill looks up from his cup his eyebrows raised.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)  
Preposterous!

Bill jumps at the quick response.

BILL  
How about just Campbell then?

CAMPBELL (O.S.)  
That will work nicely!

Campbell leans his grey paw on the back of Bill's chair which CREEKS under the weight.

CAMPBELL (O.S.)  
I believe you may be confused as to why you have been brought here. Please do not see me as a captor. In this time-space reality, as it remains, the area which makes up the exterior of this vessel should still be housed in the USDA Facility you and your crew arrived.

BILL  
Crew?

Bill continues to stare straight ahead.

CAMPBELL  
The other souls who have been transferred to this ship. Your ship now Captain, after your crew photo was established.

BILL  
My ship?

Bill looks around the room.

He is sitting in a colonial period home near the water, Newport, Rhode Island, Williamsburg, Virginia, Annapolis, Maryland.

CAMPBELL

Yes, all of this is yours. Well,  
not this, of course, this is mine  
but the rest is yours William, my  
good man.

Campbell brings his enormous paw down on Bill's shoulder but the weight of the gesture is too much to bear and Bill is rendered unconscious.

CAMPBELL

Oh, goodness!

Bill slams his back on the thin Persian rug and passes out.

Campbell comes around the chair to assist.

Campbell is a stout Burmese Elephant Man, who dons a monocle and a broad gold band about his truck, centered twixt his nubby, ivory tusk.

Campbell dresses in the manner of an English gentleman in Fall, with wool under tweed and whale wide corduroy trousers. He stands 5'11 but seems much taller due to his girth.

CAMPBELL

Well, that won't do at all, will it  
now?

EXT. THE BRANDY - KYOTO JAPAN, FLOWER PALACE - DAY

Chief materializes at the edge of a bamboo wood next to a steady brook that leads to a simple open home.

He raises the scope of his automatic weapon to the structure and swivels, back into the cover of reeds.

Chief talks into his wristwatch.

CHIEF

Sayid, check for Sayid.

But gets no response.

He studies the small home. Through one window a candle is lit and a cup still steams. The candle casts a shadow on the wall, no movement can be seen.

A bamboo pole stands in front of the home that hangs a rice paper sheet.



CHIEF

What the...?

Chief reveals a simple tattoo on his forearm. Three black horizontal lines through a black circle.

The mid-morning wind relents as the sun reveals itself through the backdrop of the Japanese elm, ivory, and oxblood. The banner on the bamboo shoot settles to reveal the same simple symbol tattooed on Chief's forearm.

EXT. THE BRANDY - FLOWER PALACE, MEADOW - DAY

**SUPER: KYOTO, JAPAN 1406**

Samantha sleeps in a flowery meadow.

A small BLACK BUNNY rubs its nose against her's. Samantha scrunches her nose.

SAMANTHA

Stop, tickles.

Samantha turns into the flower bed and falls back asleep.

The Black Bunny repeats the exercise.

Samantha props herself on her elbows then smiles and yawns at the Black Bunny.

SAMANTHA

Hello!

The Black Bunny GIGGLES and Samantha surprised GIGGLES back.

The Black Bunny's giggles become a RUDE LOUD LAUGH.

Samantha crosses her arms and purses her lips.

SAMANTHA

Hey, stop that.

Black Bunny turns and releases a little purple cloud from its butt that makes Samantha cough from toxicity.

Samantha is forced to her knees to get her breath.

SAMANTHA

Mustard gas!?

She watches the black bunny breath heavy from laughing before she spins and runs for the Black Bunny.

SAMANTHA

I'm gonna kick you in the nuts!

Her legs are a blur. She flies through the air and turns at will.

SAMANTHA

Wow!

Samantha smiles as her now much longer ears play against one another behind her head.

Samantha is brought to a sudden stop.

'BONG'

A loud deep tone reverberates a warm cleansing wave throughout the Japanese garden.

INT. THE BRANDY - RESIDENCE OF R. CAMPBELL JAMES - DAY

**SUPER: RESIDENCE OF R. CAMPBELL JAMES**

Bill massages his shoulder and takes quick looks at his host who sits across from him, so not to overwhelm his brain.

CAMPBELL

I do apologize. I've gone to the trouble, though it was no trouble, to replace your tea for something... a bit more accommodating? I do hope?

A silver cup sits before Bill.

BILL

Silly question?

The form of a stout man with an elephant's head sits in shadow across from Bill. His short flat-footed legs just touch the floor as his stubby arm extends from a tweed coat to collect his cup.

BILL

Am I? We? Well, not you but "we" my crew? Are we dead now? Is this what dead looks like?

CAMPBELL

Excellent starting point!

Campbell sits forward on his cane. Bill is sent back into the chair, startled by the sudden charge of the Asian Elephant's head.

CAMPBELL

So many of these conversations over these countless centuries and no one, I must admit, no one has ever started there!

Usually, we end there.

Bill stares at the swirl of the blue crystal ball on the end of Campbell's cane. Campbell folds his hands over the crystal to thwart the distraction.

CAMPBELL

Yes, yes you're turbulence. My doing. Yes, but sanctioned always sanctioned.

Messy business death. It takes time to die, William. Twenty minutes in fact. Mostly just the convincing mess making.

Campbell smiles and shivers.

Bill shakes his head from side to side.

BILL

So wait now...what?

CAMPBELL

The answer to your question William. As far as everyone outside the vessel is concerned, you and your crew are dead.

Trust me, in here, you're fine.

BILL

And outside of here?

Campbell leans in and slaps Bill on the knee.

CAMPBELL

Oh, William like a first form student you're brimming with notions. Isn't it just, just so invigorating!

BILL

No! It isn't. It's frightening!

Bill rubs his throbbing knee.

CAMPBELL  
Are you a Buddhist, Mr. Warren?

Campbell leans back smiling.

BILL  
No, Irish Catholic.

Bill leans toward the small metal cup enticed by its smell.

CAMPBELL  
Then why would you believe yourself  
to be dead? Did Catholicism take up  
the Asian Elephant as a sacred  
tome?

BILL  
Not that I'm aware of but I have  
been away from the church for a  
while?

CAMPBELL  
I can assure you they have not.

Campbell leans his cane forward and again Bill is fascinated  
at the swirling, turning, crystal blue, globe.

CAMPBELL  
Perception William. Perception as  
you well know is everything.

Bill half-listens to Campbell as the cane's globe sets a  
songs pace.

CAMPBELL (CONT.)  
Each of us takes the sum total of  
every experience we have ever had,  
regardless of how minuscule or  
insignificant they may seem at the  
time. We take all of these  
experiences and we pile them up one  
after another into... a tower if  
you will.

Campbell can see Bill's wonder and turns the cane  
counterclockwise.

CAMPBELL (CONT.)  
As each experience occurs it is  
placed atop that tower, atop of all  
previous experience and filters  
through all the other experience we  
have had until it settles on the  
(MORE)

CAMPBELL (CONT.) (cont'd)  
 bottom and forms an opinion,  
 influenced by all the previous  
 layers of experience.

Bill fumbles for his silver cup to take a sip and relaxes.

CAMPBELL (CONT.)  
 Regardless of how misleading,  
 distorted or incorrect that opinion  
 may be, it is forged into your  
 tower of influencing experiences!

Bill is woken from his daze by Campbell's exclamation.

CAMPBELL  
 One cannot conceive or even  
 perceive something which happens  
 outside of their own personal  
 experience.

Campbell pauses and waits for his pupil's inquiry.

CAMPBELL  
 Capiche?

BILL  
 No.

CAMPBELL  
 We'll work on that.

#### ACT IV

EXT. THE BRANDY - FLOWER PALACE, SMALL HOME - DAY

**SUPER: KYOTO, JAPAN 1406**

A loud 'BONG' is heard behind Chief.

Chief turns away from the bamboo home.

CHIEF  
 Soon.

Chief turns to follow the sound to see if he can assist.

CHIEF  
 Really would come in handy right  
 now Sayid!

**MEADOW**

Samantha leans back on her hands. She shakes her head and looks up to a bright white monolith before her.

She lays her palms behind her and gives the slightest push and she is straight up.

SAMANTHA  
That was different?

She takes a step back to see what needs to be seen.

SAMANTHA  
Gigantor!

The MOBILE MECH UNIT before Samantha is eight feet tall and five feet wide, in the shape of a man with an over-sized, egg-shaped head.

The shoulders and feet are adorned in leas made of Lotus flowers.

High on the chest plate is a black circle with three vertical lines, top, bottom, and center.

Samantha peers into the MOBILE MECH UNIT's golden glass visor. The polished glass shield reflects back two large white bunny ears above her head.

As she stares in awe, her jaw slips forward and repositions her nose. It shrinks and turns black as her new white snout, sprouts thick whiskers tween her bright but frightened blue eyes.

Samantha takes a deep breath and belts a horror-full scream.

SAMANTHA  
Ahh!

INT. THE BRANDY - ROUNDED HALLWAY - DAY

Dr. Abrams appears already walking. His head is down as he reads his tablet and walks into the back of a woman.

DR. ABRAMS  
Oh, Hello!

MURRAY turns as she shakes.

MURRAY  
Ha, ha, ha...

DR. ABRAMS  
Oh, no, no young lady.

Dr. Abrams' expression turns to concern.

DR. ABRAMS  
No, sweetie. Shut your mouth. You  
look like a deficient. Won't do!  
Not at all! Come with me.

Dr. Abrams pushes up on the bottom of Murray's jaw.

Murray shoots him an unappreciative look.

Dr. Abrams takes Murray by the elbow and leads her down the  
hall.

He stops as a tone sounds from his tablet, DING.

DR. ABRAMS  
Here we go!

A section of the white wall rises and a door appears which  
reads LAB/ MED BAY.

INT. THE BRANDY - SCIENCE LAB - DAY

DR. ABRAMS  
Oh, Doctor Hicks!

Dr. Abrams stands with his legs open and arms spread as  
Murray walks in front of him and touches everything.

DR. HICKS(55) is a man with a boyish face but white hair. He  
welds on a shiny metallic arm.

He stops his work and removes his goggles.

DR. HICKS  
Crap! I mean hello, you!?

Dr. Hicks rises.

DR. HICKS  
Oh, just get over here you old  
fool!

Dr. Hicks opens his arms wide and begs Dr. Abrams in with  
his bony fingers.

Dr. Abrams takes small quick steps toward his long-awaited  
friend and colleague.

They hold the embrace for three somber moments. Dr. Hicks turns to Dr. Abrams looks him in his eyes.

DR. HICKS  
Who are you?

Dr. Hicks holds Dr. Abrams at arm's length.

MURRAY  
Ha!

Dr. Hicks turns to look for the source of the "Ha" finding MURRAY playing with the metallic arm he had been working on.

Dr. Hicks makes a face and pulls the leg from her hands. Murry puts up a little GROWLING fight then moves on.

Dr. Hicks follows Murray around the room. Dr. Abrams follows Dr. Hicks.

DR. ABRAMS  
It's me, Abrams! Doctor Bernerd  
Abrams? Your friend and trusted  
colleague since Second Form? It's  
2020 Martin! Your time is up! Time  
to come out of the hole old boy!  
Bringing you in from the cold  
Martin!

DR. HICKS  
You, sir, seem like a lovely man  
and I need a lovely man.

Dr. Hicks shows Dr. Abrams a plastic material.

DR. HICKS  
This here is liquid metal. Now, I  
can bend this with my hands, see?

Hicks bends the malleable material.

DR. HICKS (CONT.)  
But if you strike it flat.

Hicks whacks the material against the table making a sound like a thick steel plate. THUNK

Again he bends the material with his hands.

DR. HICKS  
Hardest stuff known to man!

Dr. Hicks throws his arm around Dr. Abrams.



DR. HICKS

An old colleague of mine, a friend really. Theorized that such a substance could exist since we were in the Second Form. Fat Arab fellow, as I recall, always wore a dirty turban. He had a stutter, went by the name of, Abrams, Bernerd. Not, Bernard, mind you, but, Bernerd, emphasis on the "nerd" if you know what I mean. But he smelled just like you.

Dr. Hicks turns and grabs Dr. Abrams his eyes ablaze.  
By George, it is you, Bernerd Abrams! You're still the same thin, clean, Indian gentlemen I remember from the Second Form! Haven't changed a lick! Where's the turban?

Dr. Hick's blank eyes stare straight through Dr. Abrams.

DR. HICKS

So, What brings you to my delusion?

Oh! It's 3:00! Excuse me BerNERD! I have to tell the little men it's Dialing for Dollars Time.

Dr. Hicks enters an attached medical facility fully equipped with modern equipment, examination tables, and beds.

Three STEWARD's are busy at work cleaning, straightening and taking inventory.

DR. HICKS

Gentlemen, Dialing for Dollars time!

3:00pm.

Finish that later Valdez.

DR. HICKS

The key, Dr. Abrams, to avoiding space madness is routine. Routine sir rigors the mind in these inhuman conditions. And as of today, we have yet to establish one. We have discussed it and we would like your assistance to that end.

DR. ABRAMS

A routine?

DR. HICKS

As long as that's the end of it.  
The movie is about to start.

Come along!

Murry follows Dr. Hicks out of the room followed by the Stewards and Dr. Abrams.

DR. ABRAMS

Dr. Hicks, have you forgotten our plan! Dr. Hicks!

The procession continues down the hall.

INT. THE BRANDY - RESIDENCE OF CAMPBELL JAMES - DAY

Campbell taps his cane on the floor twice in recognition of the work yet to be done.

A low oak CREEK is heard as Campbell rolls and stands towering over Bill.

Bill shrinks back in his chair overwhelmed at the sight.

CAMPBELL

For now, all you need to know is,  
while your plane did crash as you  
crossed the border into Iowa from  
Arkansas, brought down by a tornado  
killing everyone on board but  
Elizabeth Kay...

BILL

(interrupts)

Wait, wait, wait, what now Elephant Man?

CAMPBELL

Elizabeth Kay is on this ship now,  
having an experience that will  
change her forever. Once her  
ordeal...experience has completed,  
she will be found three-hundred  
yards away from the plane wreckage  
eight hours after the accident, a  
miraculous event to be sure.

BILL

Kay? She's my Vice President.

CAMPBELL

No, No. You being dead would assure her the Presidency. It will be an uncontested transition.

At the bar, Campbell pours from a bottle of PIMM's #1 over ice. Halfway down his chest, hangs a tiny bottle which holds a tobacco brown liquid he drips on the top of his drink.

CAMPBELL

Miss K will fulfill the promises of you gave not three hours ago.

Campbell clears his throat.

CAMPBELL

You, sir, have a very different destiny to fulfill. No sir! Your fate is set! Set off once more into the brink. Face the shadows in that valley of death! Fight back the Barbarian hordes at the gate!

Campbell lifts his trunk high in the air and takes a sip.

Bill leans forward and looks around the room.

BILL

Where's my chair?

CAMPBELL

Under your butt?

BILL

No, my wheel chair?

CAMPBELL

Oh, yes. As to the matter of your lameness.

BILL

Hey!

CAMPBELL

On the BRANDY, your ship, which I am entitled to name once I have made acquaintance with her Captain.

You will have use of our legs.

Bill drops his tea to the floor.

CAMPBELL

Oh, dear.

BILL

You mean I can stand?

CAMPBELL

As if your spinal column was never severed, saving Thadeus.

Remember William, this ship, your ship, hereinafter referred to as The Brandy, or just Brandy, resides on the temporal plane.

When you do meet your ultimate demise, your legs will be the least of thing freed from the binds of the physical plane, trust me.

Campbell raises his ringed trunk to take a sip form his tea but keeps is monocled eye pasted on William's movements.

Bill places his hands on the arm of the chair. His knuckled go white s he muster the strength to raise his body. A look of surprise washes over his face as he rises with ease.

CAMPBELL

Like I said. As if the earthquake never occurred.

Tears well up in Bill's eyes he takes a timid step holding on to anything he can for support.

Bill widens his stance for support and raises his clenched fists over his head.

BILL

This is incredible!

Bill's knees buckle, his legs no longer hold his weight. He crumbles to the ground.

Campbell's monocle drops from his eye.

CAMPBELL

Oh, dear.

BILL

What the hell!

Campbell approaches an antique horn and receiver phone mounted on a wooden box on the wall.

Campbell revs the handle on the side of the box and places a fabric cord topped with a plug into a switch box.

CAMPBELL (INTO THE RECEIVER)

Dr. Hicks. Yes. I will need your assistance with a pair of prosthetic legs.

(pause)

No, no removal today. Think of an aid for lame legs.

BILL

Their we go with that word again!

CAMPBELL (INTO THE RECEIVER)

Yes. A real head case. Seems his spinal cord is perfectly fine.

(pause)

Purely psychosomatic. Poor sap.

BILL

I'm right here!

CAMPBELL

Are you, William? Are you really?

EXT. THE BRANDY - FLOWER PALACE, MEADOW - DAY

Chief pushes through the foliage. He finds the source of the sound. He paints a small red dot on the nape of Samantha's supple white neck.

CHIEF

Don't move, lady.

Samantha is bent over, ears down, panting in a state of hyperventilation.

Chief drops his sight and flicks the safety switch back on.

CHIEF

Okay, just breath. You're okay.

Chief places his gloved hand on Samantha's back but keeps his eye's trained on the MOBILE MECH UNIT.

He approaches the Unit and removes the ceremonial lotus leis and places his hand on the flat, white chest.

He pulls his hand away, grabs Samantha by the arm and drags her back into the brush, without looking at her once.

Chief tosses Samantha aside and returns to his scope.

Samantha looks up and blinks.

SAMANTHA

Hello!

Samantha tilts her head to the side.

CHIEF

(looking through the gun  
sight)

Lady, catch me at Ernie's in VA  
Beach and we could have a nice  
conversation but right now I have a  
Mech Unit with a Fusion Particle  
Reactor and she's hot.

He turns his attention to Samantha.

CHIEF

So, if you don't mind...

Chief watches Samantha become more rabbit-like with each  
passing moment, before returning to his scope.

CHIEF

That's. That's a lot a' stuff right  
there. Lotta stuff.

Samantha runs her fingers over her new lanolin-like fur.

SAMANTHA

Ernie.

CHIEF

Huh?

Turning his head to Samantha.

SAMANTHA

Ernie.

Samantha's head twitches and eyes blink, while a large, pink  
circle begins to appear on her cheek.

CHIEF

Sayid, where the hell are you, man?

Chief pushes forward toward the hot MOBILE MECH UNIT.

EXT. THE BRANDY - MEXICO, PYRAMID DE LAS FLORES - DAY

**SUPER: PYRAMID DE LAS FLORES - MEXICO, 1971**

Craig and Tammy materialize in a rubble field 30 yards from a pyramid covered in grass. The sun is hot and the sky is cloudless. They hear\_a DEEP BOOMING SPANISH VOICE and squat behind a stone slab, out of view.

CRAIG

What the hell! What the hell!

TAMMY

Shut up.

Tammy stares straight ahead, her eyes dart for movement.

CRAIG

What? Are you kidding me? No! I'm freaking out!

TAMMY

Shut up or I'll smack you across the face.

Tammy meets Craig's eyes with a dead stare.

CRAIG

Okay.

Craig relaxes his hands and slumps his shoulders.

The YELLS become LAUGHS followed by a nasal voice asking high pitched questions.

AUNT RETNA (O.S)

How do you pronounce that? Kekso  
wha...?

CRAIG

That sounds like my AUNT RETNA?

Craig looks for a landmark.

CRAIG (CONT.)

What part of Brooklyn is this?

Craig rises from his knees.

TAMMY

Craig get down!

Tammy yanks Craig down by the back of his shirt.

Aunt Retna turns, knows she saw something.

TAMMY

What part of this situation says,  
run to your Auntie Retna, you  
moron? I would love this to be a  
drug-induced delusion,

Tammy smacks Craig across the face.

CRAIG

What the? Ouch! Damn!

TAMMY (CONT.)

But it's not. It all seems way too  
real. I know this place!

CRAIG

Yeah, me too! Xochitecatl Mexico  
Pyramid of the Flowers. Aunt Retna,  
made me watch home videos like a  
million times.

Craig stands and makes his way around the slab.

CRAIG

Auntie Retna? It's me, Craig!

AUNT RETNA

Craig?

AUNT RETNA (45) raises her manicured hand to block the sun  
as she squints under a floppy red hat.

AUNT RETNA

Chaim, it's your nephew Craig!

Chaim (48) turns his round figure slow even though the dry  
air is good for his sciatica.

UNCLE CHAIM

No, it's not, Retna, you  
over-heated yourself again. It's  
that damn hat! Red does not deflect  
heat. The lady in the store said  
Fuego.

AUNT RETNA

That mean's red Chaim!

Tammy mumbles to herself from her unseen squat.



TAMMY

Roja.

UNCLE CHAIM

Hot, Retna! It means... never mind.

Uncle Chaim turns to Craig.

UNCLE CHAIM (CONT.)

Who are you supposed to be now?

Craig opens his arms to his Uncle.

CRAIG

Uncle Chaim, it's me, Craig! I work for the President now! I'm on a secret mission here so, um, don't tell my folks you saw me here, o.k.?

Uncle Chaim stares at Craig.

UNCLE CHAIM

What the hell are you talking about, Guy?

AUNT RETNA

Chaim!

Chaim shoots a fierce look at Retna

UNCLE CHAIM

Retna! Barry's kid, Craig, is one!

Chaim turns from Retna to face Craig.

UNCLE CHAIM (CONT.)

So, I'm going with, you ain't bein' him. What are you getting at anyway mister? We're just on vacation here! Were not bugging anyone? What gives?

Craig backs up away from his Aunt and Uncle.

Craig looks at Tammy who is fixated on the Man Out of Time from the plane, who no longer looks dressed out of time but is fitting right in.

Craig recognizes the Man out of Time from the aircraft.

CRAIG

Hey, I told you guys with the Press  
Corp need to stay together!

The Man Out of Time with flaming orange lapels turns and stares and raises his fist. A wave emits from his fist which looks like heat from a radiator but more dense and deep blue in color.

It strikes Craig's head and incinerates its contents. Craig's eyes blaze a grotesque yellow before burning out.

Crying, Tammy walks past Craig as he falls, to run down the steps to the pyramid.

INT. ANCIENT COURTYARD - DAY

Tammy drops to her knees in an open courtyard and digs her fingers into the soil, makes two fists full of the dirt and holds them to the sky.

She steps off the soil and watches as the earth settles back to form like memory foam. She kneels and places her hand fast against the soil and again it bounces back.

Tammy fills her pockets with the soil and looks around to make sure no one is watching.

She fixes her hair, wipes her face dry and walks back out of the stone opening to the tour group.

EXT. FLOWER PYRAMID - DAY

TAMMY

Retna? Chaim? Hi! My name is,  
Tammy! I will be seeing to your  
needs throughout the rest of your  
trip.

Tammy places her hands on their backs with a warm smile and motions to take a picture with Chaim's camera.

Chaim raises his shoulders and hands her the camera.

TAMMY

Perfect.

Tammy peers through the viewfinder trying to locate the DARK FIGURE OF A MAN with the flaming orange lapel.

INT. THE BRANDY, MEXICO - DAY

**SUPER: MASON DE VAPURE, MEXICO 2032 A.D.**

HAJIME GANDAMU materializes in a modern white bathroom next to a toilet, which asks her questions in Japanese. She looks at her new surroundings, holding her black spiral bound Press Corps notebook tight to her chest.

Hajime pushes open the glass bathroom door.

HERO GO DIAGO (67) a Japanese businessman with silver hair, talks on a corded phone behind a desk. He stops talking and looks at the door of the bathroom.

HERO GO DIAGO  
Who's there?

In a subservient bow, Hajime, approaches, her eyes peek up under her brow.

HAJIME  
Grand Uncle?

HERO GO DIAGO  
Gaia?

Hero looks puzzled and begins to open his arms to receive her.

SAITO SENGUNI (50) walks into the room. Her hands are folded and her head bowed as she enters. Saito wears a white kimono, decorated with oxblood Japanese Elm trees.

Saito looks up to see Hajime in the room.

SAITO SENGUNI  
Gandamu!

Saito raises her arm and fires an unseen weapon.

No sound of weapon fire, just the backward jolt of the woman's covered arm and a wave, like heat from a radiator, moves across the room.

The wave hits Hajime in the chest. She watches the room disappear from view as she flies through the glass bathroom door.

But instead of landing on the cold bathroom floor she crashes against a bright white rounded hallway wall.

INT. THE BRANDY - ROUND HALLWAY - DAY

Hajime falls to the floor bloody and unconscious, her head slams against the floor as glass cascades around her.

Brad runs full speed, picks her up and continues down the rounded hall out of sight.

#### ACT IV

EXT. THE BRANDY - FLOWER PALACE, SMALL HOME - DAY

Brad rushes through the delicate scenery out of breath and desperate. Confused and out of breath he emerges before a home with a white banner before it. Movement in the home forces Brad to run the other direction.

EXT. THE BRANDY - FLOWER PALACE, MEADOW - DAY

Brad reaches the Mobil Mech Unit and twists the MON symbol on the unit's chest. The unit shrugs downward and the flat chest plate separates and reveals a seated cavity.

Brad pushes Hajime's body into the seat.

A panel holds surgical tubes with hypodermic needle heads. The tubes connect to vials containing a metallic liquid.

Brad plunges the first into Hajime's thigh. The next needle he plunges hard through her chest, her body remains unmoved.

Brad pulls Hajime's lifeless body forward and places his hand on her spine and counts.

BRAD

Ten, eleven, twelve!

He plunges the needle into her spinal column.

The metallic liquid disappears into Hajime. Her body is sent into a full spread eagle, her eyes open wide.

EXT. THE BRANDY - FLOWER PALACE, MEADOW - DAY

Brad drips with sweat as he takes out his tablet.

He touches the chest plate of the Mech Unit to reveals a hologram stopwatch. It displays 69:00:00. Satisfied he taps the chest plate. The clock begins and fades away.

Brad's tablet emits a tone, DING.

A 3D HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAY OF THE BUST OF AN OLDER MAN EMITS FROM THE TABLET.

MR. PATRICK McDonough (65) has combed silver hair. Patrick wears wire-rim glasses and a v-neck.

PATRICK MCDONOUGH  
Bradly? Is it done, Son?

BRAD  
Yes, Sir. Your timing was impeccable. As soon as I materialized she came through the wall, just as you said.

PATRICK MCDONOUGH  
Our information is getting more reliable? Good. How long for full Re-Genesis?

BRAD  
Sixty-nine hours.

Bradly fixes the dial to his watch.

PATRICK MCDONOUGH  
Time can be a trick on that ship, keep a constant fifteen-minute timer.

Patrick McDonough adjusts his watch as well.

PATRICK MCDONOUGH  
Is William on the ship? Has he met your host?

BRAD  
Is he going to recognize me?

PATRICK MCDONOUGH  
I doubt it, Bradly, you were six when you met.

BRAD  
I think I may be growing tired of caring for William, Father.

Brad lowers his eyes to the floor.

PATRICK MCDONOUGH  
Bradly, you're the youngest. He is your ward until you claim your birth-right. As it has always been.

Brad looks at his Father, remains silent.

PATRICK MCDONOUGH

Look, he is the simple one. The simple one always gets the Presidency. It's not like he has to do the job!

Brad grimaces.

PATRICK MCDONOUGH

Well, get comfortable. You are a guest on that ship and whatever it may lack, it makes up with hospitality. That, Campbell James, does very well. And, Bradley?

BRAD

Yes, Sir?

PATRICK MCDONOUGH

Happy Birthday. Please pass the same on to, Carlos, when you make contact.

BRAD

Yes, sir.

**TAG**

INT. THE BRANDY - BRIGHT ROUND HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bill walks with his hands folded behind his back, trying to come to terms with events of the last few hours. As he walks the hallway, a white panel lifts revealing a black metallic door and nameplate. CAPTAIN'S QUARTERS.

Bill pushes the door open.

INT. THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON D.C. - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The White House Bedroom shocks Bill back into the hallway. He steps forward and looks about the room. The stately room is prepared for Bill and Kate's arrival. The room has been equipped to assist a wheel chair bound president. A picture of Roosevelt by the fire.

The television is on. A news helicopter shines a spotlight on the Air Force One crash site.

BILL

Whoa.

Three sections of Air Force One are laid out among debris and small fires, one of Tammy's attache with the day glow stripes down the middle.

Bill steps into the room and crumbles to the floor. His legs useless.

BILL  
Damn It! What the hell was I  
thinking!

From the hallway, people are talking at the door what sounds to be instructions before entering the room.

Bill tries to lift himself on a table but his leg are useless.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #2  
Right this way Mrs. Warren.

Bill throws himself to the floor and uses his arms to pull his dragging legs across the red carpeted floor.

As the door to the room open Bill rolls out of the room and kicks the door closed.

Two SECRET SERVICE AGENTS walk Kate into the Master Suite. Kate cries into a kerchief.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1  
Turn that off will ya.

The Secret Service agent motions to his counterpart.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1  
Sorry, Ma'am, thought we made sure  
that wasn't on.

KATE  
No, no. It's okay, leave it on.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT #1  
Hey, Jim, turn it off.

KATE  
I said leave it on!

Kate looks up her eyes red and swollen from crying.

KATE  
Just get out.

Kate cries and pushes the agents from the room and closes the door CLICK.

Kate looks down to the floor. On the rug lay a clear package of pills. "November 21st/ Afternoon" penned on the front.

KATE

Bill.

Kate smiles and wipes away her tears.

INT. THE BRANDY - ROUNDED HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bill stands up and leans against the door. He closes his eye's and takes a deep breath.

INT. THE BRANDY - BAR - NIGHT

Bill opens his eyes and finds himself looking at a red felt pool table and two empty leather club chairs before a fire.

A hand and wrist, dangling several layers of beaded bracelet, taps Bill on the shoulder.

PHA (O.S.)

Pardon me, Sir? Care for a drink?

Bill turns to find PHA GESAR(35) behind a brass-fixture bar. Pha has short, peach fuzz brown hair and is wrapped in layers of gauzy robes as she polishes an oversize beer mug

BILL

Oh, hello! Um, well, why not. Take a beer if you have it.

Bill looks at his bartender out of the corner of his eye.

BILL

Have we met?

Pha smiles and fills the mug from a tap behind the bar.

PHA

I've been following your career.

As Pha sets the mug of beer before him, Bill reaches his hand out to shake Pha's hand.

BILL

Well, it's nice to meet you..?

PHA

Pha.

BILL

Pha. You can call me Bill.



PHA  
Oh, I wish I could.

BILL  
Excuse me?

PHA  
Your name's not William, Warren.  
They have you all mixed up.

PHA  
But drink up! We'll sort you out.