(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by (Names of Subsequent Writers, in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by (Current Writer, date)

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FADE IN:

TITLE: ALIEN CELL

ON TELEVISON

The burning wreckage of a commercial airliner. A FEMALE REPORTER at distance from the disaster commentating. Fire and smoke still billowing in the air.

FEMALE REPORTER

And with this, the count of commercial airline crashes comes to a total of eight in six months. Once known as the safest way to travel the airline companies are now scrambling to find answers to what has become the most terrifying epidemic in American history. With more on the story here's-

INT. AIRPORT - LOADING TERMINAL - DAY

JASON BLAKE (20s) watching the report on a overhanging TV. Mesmerized. A man dressed in blatant tourist clothes nudges him shaking Jason out of it.

JASON

Wh-- What?

TOURIST

I said helluva thing to show on TV just before we board right?

JASON

Yeah. Crazy.

TOURIST

They're calling us.

JASON

Who?

TOURIST

Flight attendants. Our sections up.

FLIGHT ATTENDANTS wave Jason and the Tourist to the entry tunnel.

INT. AIRPLANE (FLYING) - DAY

JASON sitting next to an OBESE MAN. Trying to get his share of the armrest. Nothing doing. Resigning to the cramped space allowed him against the window.

The OBESE MAN'S phone rings. He picks up.

JASON

I don't think we're supposed to-the lady said just before we took off--

The OBESE MAN continues on his phone.

JASON (CONT'D)

There's just this overhead sign with a phone circled and a slash across it.

The OBESE MAN pays Jason no mind.

JASON (CONT'D)

Just a sign.

An odd noise emits from the OBESE MANS phone. JASON hears it. The OBESE MAN pockets the phone. Slowly gets up.

JASON watching the OBESE MAN wobble down the narrow isle. He stops in front of the emergency exit. Grabs hold of the handle.

JASON (CONT'D)

Um...Not supposed to--

The OBESE MAN jerks the handle. Jerks it again. Over and over. People look at him.

JASON (CONT'D)

Hey!

The OBESE MAN continues jerking the handle. A commotion starts amongst the passengers.

JASON (CONT'D)

Somebody!

An AIR MARSHALL gets up heading toward the OBESE MAN. A flight attendant and her refreshment cart in the way.

AIR MARSHALL

Air Marshall! Freeze!

The OBESE MAN continues tugging the handle. Oblivious to everything. Grunting with every tug.

JASON

Oh my god oh my god oh my god.

The OBESE MAN gets the handle down. The door opens a fraction sucking air out of the cabin with industrial vacuum force. The passengers go nuts screaming. Mad house at 2000ft.

The door widens sucking the OBESE MAN out. Loose papers and small objects swirl along the cabin and out of the door in a frenzy.

The AIR MARSHALL grabs the hatch handle just before it blows to far out of reach. Pulling the door back with all his strength.

JASON clutching his chair. White knuckles. Daring to look back.

The AIR MARSHALL and JASON lock eyes.

INT. INTEROGATION ROOM - DAY

The AIR MARSHALL and a hard nosed SUIT stand over JASON crouched in a chair.

AIR MARSHALL

You were sitting right there when he was on his phone. Who was he talking to?

JASON

I don't know. I didn't hear anything.

AIR MARSHALL

Or you didn't want to hear anything.

JASON

I'm telling you, one minute he's on his phone the next minute he decides he wants to go sky diving.

AIR MARSHALL

And you just sat there.

JASON

What was I supposed to do? Save his seat?

AIR MARSHALL

Pretty quick with the jokes. For a terrorist.

SUIT

Alright. I think we have enough.

JASON

So I can go?

SUIT

You can go. But next time you board a plane: We're watching you.

JASON

But I didn't do anything.

The AIR MARSHALL leans into JASON'S face major intensity.

AIR MARSHALL

Yet.

INT. AIRPORT - DAY

JASON walking toward his mom and dad, he carries an odd shaped instrument case. MRS BLAKE walks toward JASON arms open wide. MR BLAKE doesn't move.

MRS BLAKE

Jason, welcome home.

MRS BLAKE hugs JASON tight. MR BLAKE walks past JASON toward the exit.

MR BLAKE

I hope you're not expecting me to carry your bags.

INT. STATION WAGON (MOVING) - DAY

MR BLAKE driving. MRS BLAKE passenger. JASON in the back along with his luggage cases packing the back to the brim.

MR BLAKE

It was a mucic school. How do you get kicked out of a music school? I guess you have to be retarded. Is he retarded Barb?

MRS BLAKE

He's sitting right behind us Ted.

MR BLAKE

I know where he is.

MRS BLAKE

Stop taunting him.

JASON

Can we just not talk. At all.

MR BLAKE

(Looking at Jason in rearview)

I can't have you moping around the house. You're getting a job. Fast. You were always good with computers. I told Matson next door about you. He said he could set you up.

MRS BLAKE

At least you'll get to see Cindy again.

MR BLAKE

Forget Cindy. He needs a job.

MRS BLAKE

I'll give you Matson's number. You should call him.

JASON stares out the window.

INT. BLAKE HOME - DAY

JASON dropping his bags in the foyer and walking up stairs. As he does he passes a family portrait of him, his mother and father.

MR BLAKE (O.S.)

Don't plan on leaving those bags there!

INT. BLAKES BEDROOM - NIGHT

Black and white posters. Black and white checkerboard motif. Posters of bands comic books Maxim girls. Lots of techie appliances. Computer parts. Video games systems etc.

JASON (ON PHONE)

Mr Matson? Jason Blake. My dad said you might have a job for me?

INT. MR MATSON'S OFFICE - DAY

JASON sitting in front of MR MATSON. White shirt. Tie. MR MATSON skinny dweeb office manager.

MR MATSON

Are you at least going to try to get back into school.

JASON

I don't know. Yes. Can you tell me a little more about this job?

MR MATSON

I won't sugar coat it. People say its boring. People say its a soul smasher. People say they feel like they're rotting alive. But you know what? The job is not too hard. People call in with computer problems. You help them out. Easy money.

JASON

Do I get a cubicle?

INT. JASON'S CUBILCE - DAY

Office floor. Wide open. JASON at his cubcile alone on his island in the middle of many cubicles sprawled all around him.

JASON looking around at the many malaised faces of people trapped in cubicle prisons doing a job they hate for far too long. His phone rings.

TIME CUTS:

JASON sitting attentively listening to his call.

JASON

No. No did you-- yes it has to be plugged in first.

JASON hunched over the phone. Coursing his fingers through his hair.

JASON (CONT'D)

It's supposed to do that. It's not a virus. No I assure you. It comes on when you're idle for too long. Yes I'm sure. Its called a screen saver.

JASON sitting on the floor. Back against his desk lightly banging his head.

JASON (CONT'D)

No you won't be able to get WyFi now. Why? Dropping it in your fish tank definitely distorted the connection.

JASON writing on a post-it. Slapping it on the computer monitor. Leaving his phone off the hook and leaving the cubicle.

THE POST IT: I QUIT.

EXT. STARFIELD PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Est. Shot. Non descriptive building branching off into other buildings on a huge manicured lawn. Sprinklers going back and forth. Quite. Peaceful. Until --

INT. STARFIELD PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - ROOM (DARK) - NIGHT

Screams. Hellish screams. Grunts. Shadows grappling in the darkness. Sounds of a death match.

MAN (0.S.)

No...no no no!

Things thud fall and clang. A heavy metal door opens. Light cuts into the dark room. An ORDERLY rolls on the floor in pain, as--

INT. STARFIELD PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL (WHITE HALLWAY) - NIGHT

DAVID STRAUSSER. Mental patient. Shaved bald. Pro linebacker size. Tearing through the hall. Disoriented. Barely able to keep his balance. Blood spattered on his frayed in-patient clothes. Wild eyed, as--

INT. ROOM (NOW WITH LIGHT) - NIGHT

The ORDERLY sitting on the ground. A SYRINGE protruding from his eye. Another orderly tends to him. A DOCTOR walks in.

DOCTOR

What happened in here? Where's Strausser?

ORDERLY

He attacked Heffman. I-I didn't know what to do--

The DOCTOR races to the hall and presses a button on the wall intercom.

DOCTOR

Lock all the doors in the asylum get all security to the perimeter now.

INTERCOM RECEPTIONIST

Sir? What's happening?

DOCTOR

Just do it! David Strausser is trying to escape!

INT. BLAKE HOME (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

JASON and his parents eating together. MR BLAKE looks at his watch. MR BLAKE lights a cigarette.

MRS BLAKE

How was work Jason?

JASON

Fine. It's great. I'm loving it.

MR BLAKE

You find a place yet?

MRS BLAKE

Ted stop. Have you called Cindy yet?

JASON

Been kinda busy. I will. Can we talk about something else?

MRS BLAKE

I love Cindy. She is kind of strange. But then again so are you Jason. It almost seems meant to be.

JASON

Thanks mom.

MR BLAKE

Cindy's wacked out of her gourde and even then I don't see what she could see in him.

MRS BLAKE

Ted!

MR BLAKE

What?

MRS BLAKE gets up starts collecting plates from the table.

MRS BLAKE

Everyone finished?

MR BLAKE

I barely started.

MRS BLAKE takes MR BLAKE'S full plate of food.

MRS BLAKE

You're done.

MR BLAKE

Did I say something?

MRS BLAKE

Jason take the car keys. Go for a ride.

MRS BLAKE hands JASON keys.

MR BLAKE

Those are my car keys. I didn't say he could--

MRS BLAKE

Shut up Ted. Jason, have fun.

MR BLAKE

He gets to joy ride, I get to starve.

MRS BLAKE

(to Jason)

Don't feel bad if you crash it.

INT. STARFIELD PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Doctors in white jackets conferring. DR ALFO ANTOM approaches. A fellow DOCTOR turns to address him.

DOCTOR

Dr Antom.

DR ANTOM

Skyers. What happened?

DOCTOR

Strausser attacked an orderly. Somehow he got a hold of a syringe. He's gone.

DR ANTOM

Have you notified the police?

DOCTOR

They're on the way.

DR ANTOM

I'll get his file ready.

INT. DR ANTOMS OFFICE - NIGHT

DR ANTOM rifling through files in a cabinet. Pulling a phone book sized one labeled STRAUSSER. Dropping file after file in a packing box.

DR ANTOM in front of his computer. The monitor reads: DOWNLOADING. STRAUSSERS face on the screen.

MONITOR: DOWNLOAD COMPLETE.

DR ANTOM ejecting the CD from the computer. Dropping it in a box full of papers. A worn CHILDRENS COLORING BOOK on top of the file.

EXT. STARFIELD PSYCHIATRIC HOSPITAL - NIGHT

DR ANTOM moving away from the building carrying the box. Clicking the alarm on his key chain. The chirp O.S.

INT. STATION WAGON (MOVING) - NIGHT

JASON driving. Listening to a news report on a recent rash of plane crashes in the Midwest. He takes his eyes off the road fishing through a pile of CD's resting on the passenger seat.

INT. BLAKE HOME (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

MRS BLAKE angrily stacking the last of the dishes in the dishwasher. MR BLAKE stands behind her smoking a cigarette.

MRS BLAKE

I hate it when you smoke.

MR BLAKE

I always said I'd quit if you wanted me to.

MRS BLAKE

Why are you being so hard on him?

MR BLAKE

Because he-- He needs to understand that no one is going to sit around feeling sorry for him when he fails. He has to-- forget it.

MR BLAKE throws his cigarette butt in the sink and lights another one leaving the kitchen.

MRS BLAKE

I'm not finished talking.

MRS BLAKE follows after her husband.

INT. STATION WAGON (MOVING) - NIGHT

JASON looking away from the road fishing through his pile of CD's. He looks up momentarily. Then down again. He looks up as--

JASON'S POV: DAVID STRAUSSER standing directly in front of the station wagons path caught in the headlights.

JASON slams on the breaks half a second too late. STRAUSSER smashes into the windshield rolling over the car.

EXT. STATION WAGON (STOPPED) - NIGHT

JASON hops out. The open door indicator continually beeping.

JASON

Shit shit shit shit shit shit.

JASON looking around. Empty streets and closed business in all directions.

JASON circling the car. Searching the dark road. Strausser has vanished.

JASON (CONT'D)

No no no no no. Serious FML. FML!

JASON laps the station wagon over and over very confused.

INT. STATION WAGON (PARKED) - NIGHT

JASON on his cell phone.

JASON

Hello? 911? There's been an
accident--

The NOSE of a revolver presses against JASON's skull.

STRAUSSER (O.S.)

Shut-up and give me that goddamed cell phone.

JASON claps the cell shut and gives it to STRAUSSER. JASON looks in the rearview and see's STRAUSSER'S face.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

I'm David Strausser. I hate technology.

STRAUSSER stuffs the cell phone in his mouth and chews it crunching it hard and with much effort swallows it.

JASON

I thought I killed you.

STRAUSSER

Yeah, well sometimes a near death experience enhances your concentration.

JASON lunges for the door. STRAUSSER grabs him.

JASON

Get away from me!

STRAUSSER

Don't move.

JASON

What are you going to do? Kill me? Come on I-- I-- I'm practically still a virgin.

STRAUSSER

I wasn't going to say kill you. Jesus kid.

JASON

Rape?

STRAUSSER

I came to warn you--inform you--make you aware of something. I have something for you.

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON

You must have me confused with someone else. You're dealer possibly?

STRAUSSER

I can't give it to you now.

JASON

Good. Didn't want it. Thanks though.

STRAUSSER

Gray soldiers. Zombies. Jumpermen. All over the place.

JASON

Gray what? Look, um, crazy guy, if you're not going to rob, rape or kill me I would greatly appreciate you excavating yourself from my vehicle.

STRAUSSER

What do you know about the work of Alexander Graham Bell?

JASON

Get out of my car!

STRAUSSER

I'm going to give you something.
Not now but soon. Look out for it.

JASON

Out of my car!

STRAUSSER

The apocalypse won't be as obvious as you might think.

STRAUSSER spits out bits of cell phone.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

And never eat fast food. That's part of their plan.

JASON rests his head on the steering wheel.

JASON

Leave or shoot me. Please.

CONTINUED: (3)

JASON raises his head and looks back. STRAUSSER has vanished.

JASON looks to his right. Then his left. Then does a double take.

JASON'S POV: LARGE HEADLIGHTS heading straight for him.

EXT. STATION WAGON (PARKED) - NIGHT

A DUMP TRUCK smashes into the car obliterating the glass flipping the car over.

The STATION WAGON spins slowly on it's top.

INT. STATION WAGON (UPSIDE DOWN) - NIGHT

JASON. Unconscious. Bloody. Specks of glass stuck in his face.

EXT. DUMP TRUCK - NIGHT

Two FAT BEARDED MEN in gray jumpsuits stepping out of each side of the truck towards Jason's car. They stop. Nod at each other and keep approaching.

INT. MOTHER BRAIN LAIR

The location of this place will never be revealed. Day or night can never be determined.

GREEN TRIANGULAR PRISMS form the makings of a dome. A machine with giant cables that lead into the ground covered by 1000's of other cables extend from the wall.

JASON'S HEAD slowly emerges from the top of a holding contraption at the machines center against the wall. His face appears to be unharmed despite the injuries hs sustained in the earlier scene. JASON peers into the darkness struggling to move. Unable.

JASON Anyone out there?

A massive box like machine lowers from the ceiling illuminated by green lights. 1000's of cords connected to it from the ceiling lowering onto JASON"S HEAD.

The helmet engulfs JASON'S HEAD muffling his screams.

The MACHINE hums around him. Turbine engines thrusting surges of electricity crackling across the room building in intensity filling the room with light, as--

INT. STARGIANT BURGER - DAY

JASON at a table mindlessly eating a super sized hamburger. His eyes glazed over. Suddenly he snaps out of his daze. His mouth full of food he hacks and chokes. Someone stands to help. JASON waves him off and runs toward the restroom.

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Outside of the stall. JASON behind the door retching his guts out.

IN THE STALL

JASON wiping his mouth with his hand covered in condiment goo.

JASON

What the hell?

EXT. BLAKE HOME - DAY

JASON walking up his drive way noticing the STATION WAGON evidently in perfect condition. He feels the car in disbelief.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM (BATHROOM) - DAY

JASON in the mirror checking his face. Lifting his shirt checking for any signs of bruises from the accident.

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

JASON pacing his room. Pulling at his hair. Mumbling to himself. He stops noticing something on the bed.

ON BED

A CHILDRENS COLORING BOOK with a note attached to it. JASON picks up the book -- reads the note.

NOTE: Look at this. Show it to anyone you think will believe. -- Strausser.

LATER

JASON on his bed flipping through the coloring book. Brilliant vibrant sometimes insane illustrations cover each page. All of the images indecipherable as to what they are supposed to depict. Almost like scribble. JASON continues flipping pages, as--

EXT. STREET - DAY

A DUNE BUGGY charging down the neighborhood. Swerving wildly. Tipping on two wheels at some points. The driver yelling and screaming with joy, --

INT. DUNE BUGGY - (MOVING) - DAY

Meet CINDY DOWLETT. Neon green hair with leopard spots. Aviator glasses and a pink kerchief. Hooting. Hollering. Driving like wild.

Wheels spraying asphalt.

INT. BLAKE HOME - (FOYER) - DAY

JASON approaching the door as the bell rings insistently he opens it. CINDY smiles brightly at him.

CINDY

Jason!

CINDY jumps into his arms and hugs him tight.

JASON

Cindy? Who told you I was back?

CINDY

Your mom.

JASON

(calling back)

Mom!

MRS BLAKE (0.S.)

I love Cindy!

CINDY

What? You didn't want me to know.

JASON

It's not that. I just wanted to get adjusted first.

CINDY

Like you could ever be adjusted.

JASON spots the DUNE BUGGY.

JASON

What is that thing?

CINDY

Dune buggy. Built it myself.

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON

Yourself? Is it safe?

CINDY

Probably not. Wanna go for a ride?

JASON

No.

CINDY snuggles close to JASON.

CINDY

For me.

JASON

Never.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

The DUNE BUGGY weaving through traffic. Fish tailing. Passing cars on the wrong side of the road. Nearly hit speeding through an intersection. Horns blare.

CINDY

Having fun?

JASON

No.

CINDY

Yes you are.

JASON

Is this even legal.

CINDY

How can anything this fun be against the law?

JASON

There's nothing fun about dying.

CINDY makes a hard right cutting off a car screeching hard to avoid a collision.

EXT. STARGIANT PUT-PUT (PARKING LOT) - NIGHT

Est. shot. Massive mini golf range. Cindy's DUNE BUGGY double parked.

EXT. STARGIANT PUT-PUT - NIGHT

An ORANGE GOLF BALL rolling. Rimming the hole.

JASON stands over it -- knocks it in with is putter.

CINDY

Wow. You're actually not sucking for once.

JASON

Near death experiences tend to enhance your concentration.

CINDY approaches JASON.

CINDY

Why didn't you call?

JASON

I don't know. Lots of reasons.

CINDY

You didn't want to see me?

JASON

It was more like deciding how to announce Jason Blake, the prodigal loser, has returned.

CINDY

You're not a loser. Dork maybe. Nerd yes. Definitely. Maybe a bit effeminate...

JASON

You should be a motivational speaker. You inspire so much confidence.

CINDY

So why are you back?

JASON

Don't want to talk about it.

CINDY

Why?

JASON

Too soon. The wounds are...still fresh.

CINDY

I have ways of making you talk.

CINDY raises her club and takes on a fencing pose.

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON

Put down the club. I'm not-- no.

CINDY

Prepare to fight.

JASON

If this is how you want it. Mind you, pent up rage can be quite an advantage.

CINDY and JASON begin sword fighting with their golf clubs. CINDY knocks Jason's club out of his hand.

JASON (CONT'D)

Hey!

CINDY

What rage?

JASON

Cindy there are witnesses everywhere. This isn't fair. Unsportsman like.

CINDY charges at JASON. JASON runs. CINDY cackles chasing after him swinging her club over her head mase style.

JASON (CONT'D)

This is a lawsuit waiting to happen!

EXT. BLAKE HOME - NIGHT

The DUNE BUGGY pulling in front of JASON's home. JASON has a bandage wrapped around his head.

CINDY

I'm so sorry.

JASON

Stop saying sorry.

CINDY

I am though.

JASON

It's not your fault. Old ladies. Golf clubs. Bad combination. Their hands are in a continuous sweat all the time.

CINDY lightly touches JASON's bandaged head.

CINDY

That club did hit you pretty hard. I've never seen someone fall like that.

CINDY starts to laugh.

JASON

Okay. Laugh it up.

CINDY

You fell like a lead zeppelin.
Like 'whump'. Maybe you have a concussion. Maybe you should go to the doc--

JASON

I don't need a doctor.

CINDY

Just a suggestion. Jeez.

They look up at the stars.

JASON

I had fun. Tomorrow?

CINDY

Ellen wants to go see this acoustic band tomorrow.

JASON

You hate acoustic. Who is Ellen?

CINDY

My boyfriend.

JASON

You have a boyfriend? His name is Ellen?

CINDY

Somebody had to fill the void when you left.

JASON looks away.

JASON

You have a boyfriend.

CINDY

It's no biggie. He knows we're like brother and sister.

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON

A boyfriend?

CINDY

Yes. I have a boyfriend. Is something wrong with that?

JASON

No, there's nothing wrong with it. Great. Happy for you.

JASON gets out.

CINDY

So, later?

JASON

Yeah. Later.

CINDY starts up the dune buggy and peels down the road a cat races from it's path.

INT. BLAKE HOME (BATHROOM) - DAY

JASON looking at himself in the mirror. Some sort of strange rash breaking out on his face.

INT. BLAKE HOME (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

JASON coming down the stairs feeling his face flipping through the coloring book.

MR and MRS BLAKE loafing on the couch watching TV news. A report comes on about two recent plane crashes.

JASON

What are you watching?

MR BLAKE

Nothing. It's TV.

MR BLAKE lights a cigarette MRS BLAKE fans away the smoke.

MRS BLAKE

Two planes crashed today. Both in the same residential neighborhood.

JASON stops to watch hypnotized by the news report.

The broadcast triggers something in Jason.

FLASH: The coloring book. Pages of it swirling, tilting, super vertigo, turning into screams. Passengers on a plane. Its going down. Total panic and terror on board.

JASON loses his balance -- falls into the China cabinet smashing it to pieces.

MRS BLAKE (CONT'D)

Jason!

MR BLAKE blows smoke.

MR BLAKE

That's your kid.

EXT. CINDY'S HOME - DAY

JASON'S FIST pounding on the door. CINDY opens it wearing a full ball gown.

CINDY

Jason?

JASON

I was car jacked. The guy ate my phone.

CINDY

What? When?

JASON

Two nights ago. I have to show you something. Now.

EXT. RURAL ROADSIDE - DAY

Meet THOMAS PELLER leaning next to his car. Smoke steaming from under the hood. The bald sun beating down as a tow truck billows dust driving toward him.

FIVE MINUTES LATER

A LARGE MAN in a gray jumpsuit slams the hood down on the car.

PELLER

Don't tell me it can't be fixed. I need this car. Today. Right now.

The LARGE MAN walks back to his tow truck.

PELLER (CONT'D)

Tell me you can fix it.

INT. TOW TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

DR PELLER irritated -- riding in the middle seat bookended by the LARGE MAN and his vicious dog. PELLER looks at his phone it reads: NO SIGNAL.

PELLER

Thomas Peller.

(the Large Man doesn't
 acknowledge Pellers
 extended hand)

Not very talkative? Neither am I. I guess scientists and mechanics do have something in common. Not that I'm trying to say mechanics -- or scientists --

(the Large Man stares
 ahead)

Jesus.

(looking at his phone)
Absolutely no reception out here.
I need to call work. Figures this happens on the day of my presentation.

The LARGE MAN keeps his eyes on the road ahead of him.

PELLER (CONT'D)

Socioeconomic impacts of the cell phone on society. A behavioral study. How it's changing the way we interact with each other. The disconnect between us and-- I'm boring you. I tend to do that.

The LARGE MAN drives stonewalling PELLER.

PELLER (CONT'D)

Is your phone getting a signal?

The LARGE MAN digs in his pocket -- hands PELLER his cell phone. PELLER dials while the dog snarls at him.

DR PELLER

Could this dog be any meaner?

PELLER puts the phone to his ear. A piercing noise emits from it instantly. PELLER yells in pain.

EXT. TOW TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Blood explodes against the interior of the windshield.

INT. TOW TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

The LARGE MAN and his dog covered in blood. The LARGE MAN continues to drive calmly. He pries his phone from the hands of the headless Dr Peller tucking it back in his pocket.

INT. CINDY'S ROOM - DAY

JASON on Cindy's bed. Flipping through pages in the coloring book.

CINDY putting on earrings in front of her dresser mirror.

JASON

I know you don't get it but just come and look at it again.

CINDY

It's nothing but colorful scribbles.

JASON

Colorful scribbles? This thing is predicting plane crashes and I think it says there are more to come.

CINDY

Nothing in there can predict a plane crash.

JASON

What about the car wreck? The guy who car jacked me? My abduction?

CINDY

There's not a scratch on you. Your face is looking...odd. But your dads car is fine and you didn't even mention it when we went out last night.

JASON

I didn't want to believe it happened. This book predicted a plane crash. I don't know how. Its like a color code, I think.

CINDY

Jason, I have to get ready.

JASON

For what? Why are you wearing a ball gown? You hate dresses. And what's going on with your hair?

CINDY touches her hair self consciously.

CINDY

What about my hair?

JASON

It's not green. Your hair has been green since we were five.

CINDY

Ellen didn't like it green. He's taking me to some fancy soirée. Important people and stuff like that. His dad knows the dean of that art school I want to go to. Remember?

JASON

Your mom wants you to go there. Remember?

CINDY

Maybe I do too. If I can get in.

INT. CINDY'S HOME (LIVING ROOM) - DAY

MRS DOWLETT turning the pages of a photo album filled with baby pictures of Cindy. ELLEN a classically handsome guy sits next to MRS DOWLETT looking at the photos BORED TO DEATH.

MRS DOWLETT

Tell me if I'm boring you with Cindy's baby pictures.

ELLEN

You could never bore me Mrs Dowlett.

When MRS DOWLETT looks away ELLEN mock blows his brains out.

MRS DOWLETT

I hope you're not just saying that.

ELLEN

Of course not Mrs Dowlett.

CINDY enters looking amazing with JASON holding the coloring book. ELLEN stands.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Wow you look amazerful.

CINDY

Thank you Ellen.

JASON

Did you say amazerful?

ELLEN

You know amazing and wonderful.

CINDY

Ellen likes to combine his words and make new ones.

ELLEN

It's a thing I do.

MRS DOWLETT

(ref: Ellen)

That's Jason, Cindy's best friend.

ELLEN

Good meeting you. Ellen Carroso. Cin's beau.

ELLEN shakes JASON'S hand.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

We're running kind of late Cin'. Ready?

CINDY

As I'll ever be. I feel so weird in a dress.

ELLEN

They're going to La'dore you.

JASON

Excuse me. La'dore?

ELLEN

You know love and adore.

JASON whispers to Cindy.

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON

You hate being called "Cin".

CINDY

Shut up.

ELLEN takes CINDY'S arm slightly snatching her away from JASON.

ELLEN

It was good spending time with you Mrs Dowlett and I guess I'll see you around Brian.

JASON

It's Jason.

ELLEN

That's what I said. Anyone have a hearing aide for this guy?

ELLEN laughs and pats JASON on the back leading CINDY past him.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

A LARGE MAN in a gray jumpsuit stuffing what's left of a mans arm into a wood chipper. The machine spews blood and matter against the wall. Something stirs and the JUMPERMAN looks toward the door leading into the garage. Another LARGE GRAY JUMPERMAN drags a woman into the garage. She screams. Tears bleeding her mascara. Both JUMPERMEN hoist the woman up and lower her down toward the mouth of the wood chipper as she screams and cries, as-

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

JASON staring at the insane images in the coloring book. The phone rings and JASON knocks it over. He reaches down putting it to his ear.

JASON

Hello?

STRAUSSER (THROUGH PHONE)

I know you understood it. Don't tell me you didn't.

JASON

Who is this?

STRAUSSER (THROUGH PHONE)

You know who it is.

JASON

Did you draw these pictures?

STRAUSSER (THROUGH PHONE)

Meet me inside the Hollis Ellington Museum. There's a second story window you can get to from a tree. One am.

EXT. HOLLIS ELLINGTON MUSEUM - NIGHT

Est. Shot. Tradition looking museum. JASON creeps along the outside of the building avoiding the security lamps, turning the corner to the back.

INT. HOLLIS ELLINGTON MUSEUM - NIGHT

JASON climbing through a window 15 feet above the ground.

JASON

This is so illegal.

STRAUSSER (O.S.)

It's not that illegal.

JASON

Don't let me fall. I have sensitive bone structure.

STRAUSSER (O.S.)

Let go, don't worry about it.

JASON lets go of the edge. He falls on top of STRAUSSER. They both collapse to the floor.

JASON and STRAUSSER writhe in pain.

JASON

You said you would catch me!

STRAUSSER

My body caught you.

LATER

JASON and STRAUSSER walking through the museum of science.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

The apocalypse won't be as obvious as you might think.

JASON

You said that already.

STRAUSSER

Did you bring the book?

JASON

Yeah. Wait a minute. Where's security.

STRAUSSER

I gassed them.

JASON

You 'gassed' security?

STRAUSSER

Knock out gas. They'll come to in the morning. Massive hangovers.

JASON

Where do you get knock out gas?

STRAUSSER hefts a duffle bag. It sags and clanks. Heavy with canisters.

STRAUSSER

I never leave home without it.

LATER

JASON and STRAUSSER in front of a Alexander Graham Bell display. STRAUSSER puts his full palm on the glass display.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

Alexander Graham Bell. The bastard.

JASON

What does he have to do with this.

STRAUSSER

He started the whole thing. But really if it wasn't him it would have been someone else.

JASON

You never make sense. Is it even possible?

STRAUSSER

The invasion. The take over. The systematic enslavement of all mankind.

FLASH BACK

EXT. BELL'S LAB - DAY

SUPER: 1874

SUPER: BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

STRAUSSER (V.O.)
Bell wasn't always a brilliant
scientist and great inventor

scientist and great inventor. In fact he was actually one of the worst inventors of his day.

INT. BELL'S LAB - DAY

A clutter of metal, copper wire, glass and diagrams. BELL hunches over a table surrounded by mess attempting to connect a wire to a complicated machine. An electric pulse bursts from the machine blasting BELL across the room.

BELL springs to his feet. Charging at the machine with a metal pipe smashing it and everything in sight in a fitful torrent of rage. BELL breaks down into a sobbing cry.

EXT. VILLAGE TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

STRAUSSER (V.O.)

And then one night he was approached by a man he'd never seen before.

BELL walking through town. Past a giant BELL TOWER. A TALL MAN dressed in a modern day trench coat and brim hat emerges from the shadows.

BRIM HAT

Alexander Graham Bell?

BELL turns to face the man.

BELL

Yes?

BRIM HAT

You are an inventor?

BELL

I am.

BRIM HAT

Then it is fate that we have met.

BELL

I have no time for beggars.

BRIM HAT

I do not want you to give me something. I want to give something to you.

BELL sizes BRIM HAT up.

BELL

Good day sir.

BELL attempts to leave. BRIM HAT snatches his arm.

BRIM HAT

I possess knowledge. Knowledge that will benefit you greatly.

BELL for the first time gazes into the man's face. Taken aback and scared.

BELL

What is this knowledge?

BRIM HAT

I can give you the means to create a machine that will make you remembered for all time.

BELL

What could that be?

BRIM HAT pulls BELL'S face close to his.

BRIM HAT

Look into my eyes.

BELL does so. WHITE LIGHT emits form underneath the hat of BRIM HAT shining on BELL'S face. BELL'S face goes flush blood vessels rise to the surface. Yet BELL indicates no sign of pain.

BELL

I see. Yes. Yes. It is brilliant.

INT. HOLLIS ELLINGTON MUSEUM - NIGHT

JASON turning away from the BELL display.

STRAUSSER

They abducted you. You saw Mother Brain. You're stile alive. That's a first.

JASON

Here's your book. May we never meet again.

JASON attempts to hand STRAUSSER the coloring book. STRAUSSER grabs his hand pulling JASON closer.

STRAUSSER

Okay. It's a dream. I'm a dream. This book is a dream. Wake up Jason you're sitting front row center to the doomsday show.

JASON

Funny. It feels like I'm sitting front row center to the crazy man show.

STRAUSSER

If they killed you do you know what would have happened? They would have brainwashed your parents into thinking you never existed on top of anyone else who knows you.

JASON

Then why didn't they?

STRAUSSER

Because Mother Brain wants to know everything. She wanted you to lead her to me. Up until she discovered you I was her biggest threat. She wanted to figure you out. She wanted to know what made you so special.

JASON

I'm not special. And you're just a loon that ate my phone.

STRAUSSER

Am I? Then why are they here?

JASON looks over his shoulder. FIVE GRAY JUMPERMEN stand in the only corridor leading out.

JASON

I thought you said you gassed security.

STRAUSSER

They're not security.

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON

Then who are they?

STRAUSSER pulls pins and throws three gas canisters at the GRAY JUMPERMEN. The canisters immediately explode.

STRAUSSER pulls a gas mask over JASON'S face and puts one on for himself.

STRAUSSER

Breath.

JASON

Why do I have on a gas mask? Why are things exploding inside a museum?

STRAUSSER

Run!

STRAUSSER runs bulling through the GRAY JUMPERMEN as they choke on the gas making a path for JASON following behind him.

INT. HOLLIS ELLINGTON MUSEUM (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

STRAUSSER continues throwing gas canisters. They explode filling the hallway with knockout gas.

JASON

Who are those people?

STRAUSSER

The Gray Army. Jumpermen. Zombies.

JASON

Zombies like the un-dead Zombies?

STRAUSSER

What do you think zombies look like? Like what you've seen in the movies? They're mindless drones controlled by Mother Brain cell phones and satellites. They're ruthless killers who's only mission is to eliminate and destroy anything and anyone that could possibly spread the truth.

JASON

What truth?

STRAUSSER

Oh I don't know. That cell phones are aliens. That satellites are their master. That they have us surrounded and we can't escape. That the takeover isn't just about to begin. It's been underway since the birth of the phone and TV over one hundred years ago.

JASON

What does that have to do with the planes? The coloring book?

STRAUSSER

These 'machines' would not hesitate to drop a plane from the sky to kill just one person. And would it look like an attack? No. It would look like simple human error.

JASON

That's unbelievable.

STRAUSSER

Believe it. This book is your guide to the truth.

A GARBAGE TRUCK smashes through the front of the museum. STRAUSSER lunges a canister through the windshield and it explodes. GRAY JUMPERMEN fall out choking for air.

EXT. HOLLIS ELLINGTON MUSEUM - NIGHT

STRAUSSER and JASON emerging from the hole in the wall made by the truck.

JASON

What now?

STRAUSSER

Go home.

JASON

What about you?

STRAUSSER

Gotta get some things in order. Foil the cabin.

JASON

What?

STRAUSSER

Tomorrow 12:30 am two planes will crash. Its because of her. The apocalypse is being televised.

STRAUSSER and JASON run off in different directions.

INT. MOTHER BRAIN LAIR

The room turns from pitch black to a room full of light. First green. Then red. Then gray. Then the colors begin alternating in a sequence that becomes faster and faster. The mechanical turbine sound of the massive room sized machine churning the entire time.

INT. BLAKE HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

JASON looking at the clock: 11:55 PM. He watches the news. The TV drones on. Fluff pieces news sports and weather.

INT. AIRPLANE - NIGHT

Passengers calmly reclining in their seats waiting to be taken to their destination. A flight attendant passes out pillows to sleepy passengers. One refuses a pillow. Another asks for two. One for him and his daughter clutching a teddy bear.

SUPER: 12:17 am

INT. BLAKE HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

JASON gazing at the coloring book. Then the TV. He surfs through every news channel. And then flips back through them in reverse scratching his face which has gotten worse.

JASON looks at the clock: 12:45 am.

JASON

I almost believed that guy.

INTERIOR TRASH CAN POV: Black. The lid opens and light floods in. JASON drops the coloring book inside.

INT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Candle lights lined along a table.

STRAUSSER leaning against a wall -- swathing it in tin foil. DR ANTOM sitting behind a wooden table writing something in a massive ledger.

DR ANTOM

Did you really have to stab that orderly in the eye? You were only supposed to sedate him.

STRAUSSER

I could have asked him to hold still. I didn't think he would.

DR ANTOM

The boy. Is he with us or not?

STRAUSSER

He's coming around.

DR ANTOM

After everything you told me he experienced, he needs more?

STRAUSSER

It's one of the reasons he could be such a valuable asset to us.

DR ANTOM

Ironic and true. He will come around soon. Very soon. And for regrettable reasons I'm afraid.

INT. AIRPLANE (FLYING) - NIGHT

Most passengers dozing or looking out the window. Reading. Bored. Then a small barely audible pop. Everyone awake hears it. Questioning if they did or not. Looking around at each other. Some ignore it. After a short moment everyone goes back to what they were doing.

SUPER: 1:31 am

BLACK

HARSH SCREAMING

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The back of JASON scrambling on all fours across the carpet twisting out of his blanket. He screams the harsh scream.

ON BATHROOM DOOR

Slamming shut.

Another harsh scream.

INT. BATHROOM - MORNING

JASON'S LEGS. Empty pill bottles ointments and creams spilling on the floor at his feet.

JASON

(to himself)

Shit! Shit!

BATHROOM MIRROR POV: Brief glimpse of JASON'S FACE extremely mutated before he smothers it with a composite of creams. He's hyperventilating. Cream gets in his eye -- JASON yells again flailing his arms.

JASON falls back into the bathtub ripping the shower curtain off of it's rings.

INT. BLAKE HOME (LIVING ROOM) - MORNING

JASON zooming through the living room trying to fit his sandwich through the small hole in his hoodie. He grabs the doorknob to the front door when something catches his ear. JASON bolts back to the living room.

A newscast on the TV.

ON TV

A newscaster reports on a plane malfunctioning and going off course into the path of another plane colliding with each other and crashing into a heavily populated residential area.

JASON

No way.

TRASH CAN POV: Black. The lid opening. JASON grabbing the coloring book.

EXT. BLAKE HOME - MORNING

JASON tucking the coloring book into the pouch of his hood sweater the hoodie still pulled tight on his head. A menacing black conversion van with black tinted windows screeches to a halt in front of the house. JASON stops cold.

The sliding door of the van opens. STRAUSSER sticks out his head.

JASON

There's something wrong with me.

BACK OF JASON'S HEAD. JASON quickly removes the hoodie then pulls it back on.

STRAUSSER

We know. Get in.

INT. BLAKE HOME (FRONT DOOR) - DAY

Someone knocking. MR BLAKE opens the door. A GRAY JUMPERMAN stands in the doorway.

MR BLAKE

Who are you?

The GRAY JUMPERMAN says nothing.

MR BLAKE (CONT'D)

You one of Jason's friends?

The GRAY JUMPERMAN cuffs MR BLAKE'S mouth shoving him back into the house.

EXT. LOG CABIN - DAY

Deep in the forest. A CABIN set in a thicket of trees. Burned out and dilapidated. Unfit for anyone to live in.

The BLACK CONVERSION VAN parked out front.

DR ANTOM (O.S.)

I've never seen it this bad.

INT. LOG CABIN - DAY

The entire interior of the cabin has been now wall papered in tin foil. DR ANTOM examines JASON -- laying back on a wooden table dressed down to his boxers. Large bumps with pimply bumps on top of the large ones cover his entire body. Eyes face chest legs etc. JASON speaks while DR ANTOM examines him.

JASON

Who are you? Where are we?

DR ANTOM

I'm Dr Alfo Antom. Of course you know David Strausser. We are someplace they shouldn't be able to find us. For a while.

JASON

Why would anyone name their child Alfo?

DR ANTOM

You can call me Al.

JASON

Who are 'they' Al?

DR ANTOM

You know by now I'm sure.

JASON

Alien cell phones.

DR ANTOM

Hm. They are deadly. But merely foot soldiers and assassins. It's the satellites we have to worry about.

JASON

What's happening to me?

DR ANTOM

You were exposed to Mother Brain correct?

JASON

Yes. I mean. I think so.

DR ANTOM

She infected you with a computer virus.

JASON

I can't be infected with a computer virus.

DR ANTOM

You're still skeptical. David was right about you.

JASON

I'm getting off this table. Take me home.

DR ANTOM

You can't go back home. Not if you want to live.

JASON

My parents are going to wonder where I am. They're going to come looking for me... Maybe not my dad.

DR ANTOM

Your parents are dead.

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON tries lifting himself off the table. DR ANTOM pushes him back down gently.

JASON

Both of you are psycho.

JASON rolls from the table but falls to the ground too weak to move.

DR ANTOM

Your parents are dead. But not in the way you might think. They are under heavy mind control. To them you never existed.

STRAUSSER

I told him about that. Jumpermen were coming to get you and we were lucky to get to you before they did. So they took your parents.

DR ANTOM

It's better if you start trusting us immediately.

JASON

Alright. Fine. Can you cure whatever this is? Or do I just die. In the woods. Alone with two men.

DR ANTOM

You should feel lucky. Your exposure to the virus was relatively recent. I should be able to reverse it. At least long enough for you and Strausser to accomplish your mission.

JASON

What am I? Like, the chosen one or something?

DR ANTOM and STRAUSSER laugh.

DR ANTOM

No. No not at all. You simply chose to believe.

SERIES OF WIPES

JASON sitting down in something similar to an electric chair.

DR ANTOM wiping down JASON'S chest and face with a clear thick gauze.

DR ANTOM wearing surgical gloves inserting needle like probes all connected with very thin wire into JASON'S eyes scalp chest wrists spine knees and toes.

JASON gritting his teeth.

DR ANTOM (O.S.)

I know you are in great pain. All of this is necessary. It should be over soon enough.

DR ANTOM flipping a light switch.

A powerful surge jolting through JASON'S body. Convulsing. An EKG blipping fiercely.

A GENERATOR with an orange bell light on top spinning and slowing down.

INT. ELLEN'S HOME - DAY

Large. Elegant. A place of real wealth. ELLEN paces back and forth. Excited. CINDY attempts to find a spot to sit on an embroidered couch stacked with pillows. She spots a newspaper on the coffee table.

ELLEN

I can't wait to take you to your first opera.

CINDY

(straining to sound genuine) I can't wait to go.

ELLEN

Wait here. I'll go grab the tickets.

ELLEN runs off. CINDY immediately takes out her phone and dials.

MRS BLAKE (THROUGH PHONE)

Hello?

CINDY

Mrs Blake?

MRS BLAKE (THROUGH PHONE)

Yes?

CINDY

Hi Mrs Blake. Is Jason there?

CINDY picks up the news paper from the coffee table. The headline reports on the double plane crash blaming human error.

MRS BLAKE (THROUGH PHONE)

I'm sorry, who?

CINDY

Jason. Is Jason there?

MRS BLAKE (THROUGH PHONE)

No one lives here by that name.

CINDY

Is he gone?

MRS BLAKE (THROUGH PHONE)

Is who gone? Who is this?

CINDY

Cindy. Cindy Dowlett. Is Jason there?

MRS BLAKE (THROUGH PHONE)

I don't know anyone named Jason.

CINDY

Jason. Your son.

A silent moment.

MRS BLAKE (THROUGH PHONE)

If you call here again I'm calling the police.

Dead line. Cindy gazes at her phone. Tempted to call back. Doesn't.

INT. OPERA HOUSE - NIGHT

ON OPERA STAGE

A FAT MAN finishing his sonnet. The audience applauses. The FAT MAN bows out to his loving audience hidden in the darkness beyond the stage.

ON AUDIENCE

Everyone gets up to give a standing ovation. ELLEN gets up. CINDY follows suit. CINDY's I-POD clatters to the ground.

Earbud strings dangle from her hair. SHE picks up the I-Pod and her earbuds fall out blaring Hard Metal. ELLEN hears the rock and looks at CINDY the Hard Metal thrashing from the ear buds. CINDY smiles sheepishly.

EXT. CYMCELL LABS - NIGHT

Est. shot. Monolith building. Stark. Imposing. A field of radio antennas peppered on the horizon.

The CYMCELL LABS name in bright red neon on the front of the building.

INT. CYMCELL LABS (LABORATORY) - NIGHT

French middle aged scientist FRANCIS CLAUDETT pacing his lab speaking into a voice recorder.

CLAUDETT

This is Doctor Francis Claudett research scientists for Cymcell Labs. This is log 20 dash 4 dash 891 dash 6.

CLAUDETT pauses to eat a spoonful of hot soup at the edge of his lab table.

CLAUDETT (CONT'D)

I have made interesting observations over the last several months concerning the neurological effects cell phones have on the human brain. My findings albeit bizarre have been confirmed by several of my colleagues and there for I do not hesitate to report these finding to my most distinguished peers. It seems a peculiar anomaly No anomaly would make it a rare case. What I have found is an across the board irrefutable occurrence

INT. CYMCELL LABS (HALLWAY) - NIGHT

Bloody work boots walking down the hall slow and deliberate. Stopping at different doors and then walking on.

INT. CYMCELL LABS (LABORATORY) - NIGHT

CLAUDETT

And for the life of me even though the evidence is there I still can't believe it.

Something crashes to the floor in the lab. CLAUDETT stops his tape recorder. Aside from his work station darkness blankets the rest of the room.

CLAUDETT (CONT'D)

Is someone there?

Something clangs in the darkness again. The faint silhouette of a man across the room.

CLAUDETT (CONT'D)

This is a restricted area. Only authorized Cymcell personnel are allowed in this vicinity. Identify your self.

A large bearded man in a gray jumpsuit steps to the edge of the light. Shadows cover most of his face.

CLAUDETT (CONT'D)

What is your business here? Are you a Cymcell employee?

JUMPERMAN doesn't answer.

CLAUDETT (CONT'D)

I said what is your business here.

CLAUDETT squints trying to see the man in the shadows.

CLAUDETT (CONT'D)

What is that in your hand? I said identify yourself

JUMPERMAN pulls the ripcord on what quickly resonates as a chainsaw.

The BOWL OF SOUP shatters against the ground.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK - NIGHT

The JUMPERMAN hefting himself into the truck sprayed in gore. He opens the tape deck of Claudett's voice recorder -- pops the tape out puts it in his mouth and begins chewing on it.

EXT. CYMCELL LABS - NIGHT

The GARBAGE TRUCK pulling away from the deserted parking lot. Fire blast CYMCELL BUILDING windows in the B.G., as --

INT. LOG CABIN (JASON'S ROOM) - NIGHT

JASON on his cot. Tossing and turning. Unable to sleep.

LATER

JASON peeking out the door of his room into the living room. The interior dark and quiet.

INT. LOG CABIN (KITCHEN) - NIGHT

JASON'S HAND snatching keys off the table.

EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

The BLACK CONVERSION VAN headlights cut on. The van reverses wildly turning sharply kicking up dirt and churning deep into the woods fading away.

INT. BLACK CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

JASON peering in the rear view mirror -- his face clear.

EXT. BLAKE HOME - NIGHT

Late. JASON knocking on the door. Ringing the doorbell like crazy. He stops.

JASON

Jason. You live here.

JASON takes out his keys.

INT. BLAKE HOME - NIGHT

JASON walking through the dark home. Things have been rearranged. The house looks totally different from the house JASON once knew.

JASON observes the family portrait we saw in the beginning of the film. Exactly the same except Jason's not in it anymore.

JASON backs away from the portrait and bumps a vase on a tall stool making it wobble tilt and fall. JASON catches it before it hits the ground.

JASON lets out a sigh of relief.

Suddenly MR BLAKE tackles JASON from behind. The vase smashes against the ground. MR BLAKE and JASON hit the floor wrestling. MR BLAKE maneuvers on top of JASON and begins pummelling him.

MR BLAKE

I got him! I got him! Barb call the police!

MRS BLAKE flutters into the room.

MRS BLAKE

Oh my god oh my god oh my god.

JASON on the floor fends off blows from MR BLAKE.

JASON

Dad stop! It's me! It's Jason!

MR BLAKE

The man is crazy Bard he thinks I'm his dad!

JASON

You are my dad!

MRS BLAKE

He's a mad man!

MRS BLAKE screams running from the room.

MR BLAKE

No one breaks into my home. What were you planning? Burglary? Rape?

JASON

Rape?

MR BLAKE

I knew it!

MR BLAKE reaches over and grabs a large piece of the remaining broken vase. He raises it over his head. JASON sees his opportunity and punches MR BLAKE in the crotch. MR BLAKE drops the vase in pain still straddling JASON. JASON looks up at MR BLAKE and then punches him one two three four more times in the crotch.

MR BLAKE falls to the floor crouched in the fetal position yelping in pain.

JASON books it for the door.

CONTINUED: (2)

MRS BLAKE comes back into the room with a knife and sees the open front door then MR BLAKE writhing on the ground.

MRS BLAKE

Ted!

INT. BLACK CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

JASON panting and bewildered. Calming down. Slowly.

VOICE (O.S.)

I've been looking for you.

JASON jumps almost losing control of the car. CINDY comes toward him from the back of the van.

JASON

Seriously. You don't do things like that.

CINDY

We have a lot to talk about.

EXT. STARGIANT BURGER - NIGHT

JASON and CINDY sit on top of a table in front of the closed burger joint.

CINDY

You were right about the plane crashes. That was freaky. And why does your mom think you never existed?

JASON

Brainwashed. Dad too.

CINDY

Sometimes I wish someone would brainwash my mom.

JASON

I punched my dad in the crotch. Several times. That was kinda fun.

CINDY

I don't know what to do Jason. If I believe you I'm crazy. This is way off the map.

JASON

This is beyond the map. There is no map. Strausser and Antom want me to go an a mission to spread the truth.

CINDY

To who? The world? How do you go about that exactly? Sky writing?

JASON

No idea. Its their plan. They're supposed to be insanely smart. But they also just might be insane. There's a good chance I could get killed.

CINDY

Killed?

JASON

Yeah.

CINDY

And you want to do this?

JASON

They make it seem like I'm the key to this somehow. Everything they've said has happened. I believe them.

CINDY

Cell phones are going to destroy mankind. Weird.

JASON and CINDY look at each other for a moment.

JASON

If this is it we might as well act like it right?

JASON pulls CINDY toward him and kisses her. She accepts for a moment then pushes JASON away.

CINDY

Whoa, Jason. Ellen. Remember him?

JASON

The world is ending. Commitments should be thrown out the window.

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON makes a move for another kiss. CINDY pushes JASON again. Harder. Knocking him off the table.

CINDY

Not for me.

CINDY gets up and storms off.

JASON

Cindy!

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

The BLACK CONVERSION VAN driving through the woods.

INT. BLACK CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

JASON driving. Silent. The sound of crackling fire getting louder as he drives through the woods. The sound gets JASON'S attention. The orange glow of fire flickers off the windshield.

EXT. LOG CABIN - NIGHT

Blazing on fire. Three GRAY CONVERSION VANS parked out front. A fireball burst through the front window of the log cabin.

INT. BLACK CONVERSION VAN (PARKED) - NIGHT

JASON peers at the burning cabin. No people in sight. JASON attempts to get out. STRAUSSER pushes him back in. ANTOM draped over his shoulder breathing heavily in pain.

STRAUSSER

The back doors. Now!

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

The BLACK CONVERSION VAN ripping through the woods. Scrapping against trees. THREE GRAY CONVERSION VANS follow in hot pursuit.

INT. GRAY CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

A JUMPERMAN DRIVING wood chips stuck in his face. Another JUMPERMAN sits shotgun.

INT. BLACK CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Plowing through branches.

STRAUSSER

Goddamit they stabbed Antom.

JASON

How bad is it? Hospital. We need a hospital.

STRAUSSER

They'll kill him at a hospital. He's safer with us.

STRAUSSER takes a duffle bag full of gas grenades -- dumps them on the floor.

JASON

This is safe? You call this safe!

DR ANTOM

He's right Jason. Just get us out of here.

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

A GRAY CONVERSION VAN smashes into the back of the BLACK CONVERSION VAN.

INT. BLACK CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

STRAUSSER pulling pins on grenades tossing them out of the passenger window.

STRAUSSER

Don't stop this van for anything.

JASON

Yeah, I was thinking about that. Maybe they could give us directions.

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

The BLACK CONVERSION VAN scrapes between the gap in two narrow trees. The GRAY CONVERSION VANS swerve to each side.

GAS GRENADES explode blowing smoke. Taking away all visibility.

INT. BLACK CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

JASON accidentally turns on the windshield wipers he struggles with the switch.

JASON

Um, oops, I kinda...shit.

STRAUSSER

Turn left here!

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

The BLACK CONVERSION VAN fishtails left almost tilting over. The THREE GRAY CONVERSION VANS close the gap between them.

All four vans tip down a steep hill bucking up and down.

INT. BLACK CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

JASON gripping the wheel left and right trying to keep control.

JASON

Hold on!

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

All FOUR VANS dolly down the hill. A GRAY CONVERSION VAN bounces too hard and flips tumbling end over end past everyone.

Another GRAY CONVERSION VAN clips the back of the BLACK CONVERSION VAN making it swerve out of control. The GRAY CONVERSION VAN bucks too hard jolting onto it's side. The bottom of it slams into a tree hitting the gas tank. The GRAY CONVERSION VAN explodes.

INT. GRAY CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

GRAY JUMPERMAN driving stomps on the gas.

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

The GRAY CONVERSION VAN and the BLACK CONVERSION VAN smash into the side of each other and separate.

INT. BLACK CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

STRAUSSER dumping the last of the gas grenades out of the window.

STRAUSSER

You want it? Come get it.

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

The gas grenades exploding directly in the path of the GRAY CONVERSION VAN.

INT. GRAY CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

The driver plows through the smoke unable to see out of his windshield. Pushing down on the gas even harder.

The smoke begins to dissipate -- red tail lights appear in front of the JUMPERMAN'S line of sight veering to the right. The smoke clears revealing a LARGE TREE directly in front of the van.

EXT. FORREST - NIGHT

The GRAY CONVERSION VAN smashes into the tree ejecting the driver through the windshield.

The GRAY JUMPERMAN soars face first into another tree splattering blood.

INT. BLACK CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

JASON glances in his side view mirror able to see the wrecked gray conversion van wrapped around an oak in flames.

JASON

Nice.

EXT. STARGIANT MOTEL - NIGHT

A big gaudy sign of a giant with a star on his chest. A cheap stucco motel in the backdrop. The BLACK CONVERSION VAN pulling into the lot.

INT. STARGIANT MOTEL (ROOM) - NIGHT

JASON peeping through the curtains out at the sparsely inhabited parking lot.

JASON

I went to see my parents. I was starting to believe you. I mean really. I just wanted to-- I don't know. I had to see for myself. If I would have known--

STRAUSSER

We're alive. Forget about it.

JASON

Can they find us here?

STRAUSSER

I hope not. I'm out of grenades.

JASON

What about Antom?

MOTEL BATHROOM

DR ANTOM lays in the tub. His shirt off. A large wound under his rib.

STRAUSSER

Jason's wondering how you're doing.

DR ANTOM

I'm fine.

(Genuinely to Jason)

Glad to see you back.

JASON

I'm sorry Al. I--

DR ANTOM

Jason. It's okay.

STRAUSSER

(to Jason)

I can patch it up. He should be up breaking down Pythagorean theorems in no time.

JASON

I guess this puts a halt to spreading the truth.

STRAUSSER

Not a chance. But there is something we have to do first.

JASON

What?

STRAUSSER

Go shopping.

SPACE

Hordes of SATELLITES surrounding the Earth.

EXT. COLONIAL MANSION - DAY

Est. shot. The BLACK CONVERSION VAN navigating the long driveway up to the enigmatic home.

JASON (O.S.)

So this guy used to be a daredevil?

STRAUSSER (O.S.)

Sure was. Then he got into covert arms dealing. Natural progression.

INT. COLONIAL MANSION - DAY

An aristocratic man NATHANIEL BELLINGTON leads JASON and STRAUSSER through a well furnished home full of sculptures and valuable looking paintings.

JASON

You sell guns out of this place?

BELLINGTON

What do you think pays for the Persian rugs and the Oxford knickers kid? Bingo games?

INT. ARTILLERY ROOM - DAY

Guns of all kinds. Missiles. Rocket launchers. Grenades. Weapons from every era lining the walls. The Mecca of black market artillery.

STRAUSSER

I never get tired of this place.

BELLINGTON

You're really going to do it this time. You're really going to take these machines down.

STRAUSSER

That's the plan.

JASON

You've been here before?

BELLINGTON puffs a cigarette.

BELLINGTON

Are you kidding? He's my best customer.

LATER

STRAUSSER sifting through a pile of weaponry stocked on the table.

STRAUSSER

Stun guns, gas grenades, flame thrower, brass knuckles, samurai sword, sling shot, billy club, Bic lighter and one more thing.

STRAUSSER sticks his hand deep into the pile of guns -- hands JASON a whistle.

JASON

What is this?

STRAUSSER

Panic whistle.

JASON

Why would I need a panic whistle.

STRAUSSER

You didn't exactly handle yourself so great back at the museum.

JASON

What about the van? Do I get any credit for how I handled the van?

STRAUSSER

No.

JASON

Why do you get the only flame thrower? I want a flame thrower.

STRAUSSER

Oh no, I'm saving this for something special. David Strausser has one rule and one rule only:
 (Sights the flame thrower)
Never burn down another mans log cabin.

INT. STARGIANT MOTEL (ROOM) - DAY

Wrecked. Everything in disarray. Lamps knocked over. Bed sheets pulled off the mattress. A hole in the wall. JASON and STRAUSSER exchange looks of alarm. STRAUSSER notices blood smeared on the carpet.

They survey the room. No sign of DR ANTOM anywhere.

STRAUSSER pushes JASON aside.

STRAUSSER

Dr Antom! Alfo!

STRAUSSER darts through the room. He tugs on the bathroom door. Locked. JASON pounds on the door.

JASON

Dr Antom! Al!

STRAUSSER begins kicking in the door.

STRAUSSER

Dr Antom!

JASON

Stand back.

JASON gets a running start and charges at the door shoulder first. The door opens -- JASON flies through it crashing into the shower curtain pulling it off all the rings.

DR ANTOM stands over the toilet adjusting his belt.

DR ANTOM

What is wrong with you two? Can a man use the bathroom in peace?

DR ANTOM flushes the toilet.

EXT. STARGIANT MOTEL - NIGHT

STRAUSSER (O.S.)

Our best chance at getting to as much of the world as possible is Solotech.

JASON (O.S.)

I've heard of that place. It's a weapons lab.

STRAUSSER (O.S.)

There was a merger. Now it's a communications and weapons lab. Solotech has the largest interconnected satelite interface in the world. If we hack that we practically turn the sky into an I-Max screen for the planet.

INT. STARGIANT MOTEL (ROOM LATER) - DAY

DR ANTOM, JASON and STRAUSSER sit on the floor in a pow-wow looking through pages upon pages of intricate math plans and formulas eating Chinese take out.

JASON

That's what you're writing in that leger. Codes to hack Solotech?

STRAUSSER

That's pretty much Alfo's role. Antom is our resident certified genius. He literally wrote the book on mathematical theory equations, codes and quantum probability.

STRAUSSER fishes a book from underneath the bed. Tosses it to JASON.

The Cover Reads: Mathematical Theory Equations Codes and Quantum Probability by Dr Alfo Antom.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

The Alien Cell are knocking off scientists all around the world. Anyone getting close to even a wiff of what's going on. And people with the potential to be like you Jason. That's why we have to act now. Right now.

JASON looks around the torn apart motel room.

JASON

I didn't know a guy who could write a book like this could trash a room like a rock star.

DR ANTOM

Solotech's pass code system is probably one of the most complex on the planet. They have a security system configured by about 300 programs spanning across the most advanced computers ever made. I beg your pardon if I get a little frustrated trying to figure it out. I never claimed to be Albert Einstein.

STRAUSSER

Alfo's always had a temper.

DR ANTOM

Shut up.

STRAUSSER

See.

JASON surveys the floor covered in pages of formulas.

JASON

This is the Solotech pass code? How are we supposed to memorize all of this if we're raiding it tonight?

STRAUSSER

We can't. We have to enter all of this data onto hard drives. Easy. If we don't get killed. Then hack the first gate computer. Hard. But we might get killed. Then we take those hard drives and upload them into the mainframe. Easy. If we don't get killed.

JASON

Where are the codes for the first gate computer?

STRAUSSER

Over there. Pass the soy sauce.

A large stack of note books piled half way up the ceiling lean in a corner.

DR ANTOM

The first gate has to be hacked manually. That entire stack has to be memorized.

JASON

By tonight? That's impossible.

DR ANTOM

There is nothing the mind can conceive that it can not do.

STRAUSSER speaks with a mouth full of food.

STRAUSSER

Don't worry about it. You're still a light weight.

(MORE)

CONTINUED: (2)

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

I'll do all the heavy lifting on this one. I'm going to need you for extra hands and tech support.

JASON

How long will it take you to memorize all of that?

STRAUSSER

I don't know, two, three hours max.

JASON

All of that. That whole pile. There's about twenty phone books worth of information in that stack.

STRAUSSER raises an eyebrow.

JASON (CONT'D)

Oh right. You're a genius.

STRAUSSER

Just give me time and a few more egg rolls.

EXT. STARGIANT MOTEL (POOL) - NIGHT

JASON kicking up water with his feet at the edge of the pool DR ANTOM standing next to him.

DR ANTOM

I didn't believe any of this either at first. David Strausser was committed to my psychiatric ward two years ago today. Everyone thought he had went mad. He was once a very respected scientist himself.

JASON

Strausser? Was a scientist?

DR ANTOM

A great one. Then he began to observe things. Things that he believed with conviction but could not prove.

JASON

Like what?

DR ANTOM

That there was a pattern to the future. Or patterns if you will. And we can predict them if we tune our minds to the right frequency. There are outcomes and then there is the most likely out come. Under my direct care Strausser tried to prove these outcomes to me. I didn't pay it any attention.

JASON

What happened? How did he convince you?

DR ANTOM

The same way he convinced you. By showing you that book with all the colorful nonsense. Because of the makeup of Strausser's brain and his intelligence if he concentrates while making these erratic patterns-

JASON

Scribbles.

DR ANTOM

You can call them that. If he concentrates, he can interpret patterns that represent possible outcomes of the future. He's getting to the point where they can be very accurate.

JASON

Can you do it?

DR ANTOM

No. But once he proved to me that he could I felt I had no choice but to help. That was when he told me about his Alien Cell theory. And then he told me about you.

JASON

What about me?

DR ANTOM

Don't worry. Your time will come.

CONTINUED: (2)

JASON

If my job is to be the most confused guy ever then you have the right guy.

DR ANTOM

If you don't want to go on, say it now.

JASON

I do.

DR ANTOM

I felt the way you feel right now in the beginning. A little overwhelmed.

DR ANTOM hobbles over to JASON.

JASON

Today? Or since birth?

DR ANTOM

We all feel that way. It's normal.

JASON

My mom came after me with a knife. I've never seen her swat at a fly and she came after me with a knife.

DR ANTOM

That wasn't your mother. Her mind is under Mother Brains control.

JASON

Oh. That's a relief.

DR ANTOM

Is that what's really bothering you.

DR ANTOM sits next to JASON as he kicks his feet in the pool.

JASON

At this point, everything is bothering me.

INT. PIANO HALL (BATHROOM) - NIGHT

CINDY dressed in an evening gown walks past girls adjusting their hair and make up in the bathroom mirror, talking about inane pop culture subjects.

STALL

CINDY crouched on the lid of a toilet finishing the last part of rolling up a joint. She sparks and inhales.

She rummages through her purse and pulls out a photo booth strip of her and JASON at the fair: Jason hugging her as she holds a stuffed lamb.

INT. PIANO HALL - NIGHT

ELLEN watching a PIANIST on stage playing a depressing ballad while interpretive dancers feign dying. ELLEN checks his watch and looks at the empty seat next to him.

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM (STALL) - NIGHT

CINDY blowing smoke into the air. Someone bangs on the bathroom stall.

CINDY

Sorry. Occupado my friend..

The banging continues.

CINDY swings open the door. A girl stands there with her arms crossed. The girl opens her mouth to speak. CINDY slams the door in her face.

The banging continues. CINDY opens the door again. ELLEN stands in front of her with his arms crossed.

CINDY drops the joint between her legs into the open toilet ...

CINDY (CONT'D)

Whoops.

EXT. STARGIANT MOTEL (POOL) - NIGHT

DR ANTOM looking at a photo booth picture of Jason and Cindy at the fair: Jason has the stuffed lamb doll on his head Cindy hugs him tight.

DR ANTOM

Don't give up on her yet. The best ones are always worth chasing after or even waiting for.

JASON

I don't think she's waiting for me. No, I know she's not waiting for me.

DR ANTOM

What if she is?

A duffle bag drops next to JASON. STRAUSSER looms over him.

STRAUSSER

Consider the codes memorized. Lets go stick it to some satellites.

INT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX (SECURITY ROOM) - NIGHT

A SECURITY OFFICER engaged in a conversation on his cell phone with his back to the security monitor console.

ON SECURITY MONITOR

The BLACK CONVERSION VAN barreling toward the gate. A jet stream of fire bursts from the driver side window.

EXT. BLACK CONVERSION VAN (MOVING) - NIGHT

Crashing through the Solotech parking gate dragging the gate under the front fender making sparks fly.

INT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX (SECURITY ROOM) - NIGHT

Alarm sirens jolt the SECURITY OFFICER from his conversation. He swivels his chair to the monitor instantly horrified by the chaos the BLACK CONVERSION VAN leaves in it's wake. He immediately picks up the security com, as--

EXT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX - NIGHT

The BLACK CONVERSION VAN tousles about skidding to a halt.

INT. BLACK CONVERSION VAN (PARKED) - NIGHT

STRAUSSER hooks the flame thrower to his back and takes a arm full of gas grenades.

STRAUSSER

Gas masks on!

JASON pulls on his gas mask, as--

EXT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX - NIGHT

ALARMS BLARING

STRAUSSER and JASON running from the van gas masks on tossing gas grenades everywhere. The grenades detonate violently sending up a cloud of noxious smoke.

A dozen or so security guards run toward them batons and tasers out moving through the gas choking on it.

STRAUSSER bull rushes through them easily using his size to strong arm them.

JASON mostly just runs away trying to avoid guards long enough for them to pass out from the gas. A guard tackles JASON to the ground pulling at his gas mask. JASON struggles to fend off the guard. STRAUSSER gun butts the guard in the back of the head with the flame thrower and helps JASON up.

JASON and STRAUSSER running toward the door as it opens up and more guards flood out. STRAUSSER barrages them with a hail storm of gas grenades and scatters the rest with the flame thrower.

STRAUSSER

Don't forget about your panic whistle!

JASON

I don't need a panic whistle!

INT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX - NIGHT

STRAUSSER and JASON running down the corridor of the building heaving gas grenades in rapid succession filling the floor with gas making their way to a plate glass elevator bank.

STRAUSSER and JASON catch their breath waiting for the elevator.

STRAUSSER

Are you tired?

JASON

You didn't mention the running. Never did you say anything about so much running.

INT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX (ELEVATOR) - NIGHT

Doors opening. JASON and STRAUSSER lob gas grenades into a short hallway.

INT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX (TOP FLOOR) - NIGHT

STRAUSSER turning his head left and right.

STRAUSSER

Clear.

JASON steps out of the elevator.

ON TABLE STYLE TOUCH COMPUTER

Rising from the floor. Simplistic in design.

JASON (O.S.)

Is this it?

STRAUSSER

Don't let it fool you. This thing is Star Trek advanced.

JASON

It does look awesome. Like table top Pac-Man.

JASON attempts to touch it. STRAUSSER bats his hand away.

STRAUSSER

Can you give me some room?

JASON

Why? Will it explode?

STRAUSSER

No. I'm about to go ape shit on this mutha-server.

STRAUSSER sets down his duffle bag and rolls up his sleeves cracks his knuckles pulls his hair back in a pony tail and rolls his neck.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

Open wide.

STRAUSSER moving his hands over the touch screen faster and faster gaining an extreme momentum of dexterity. Lights bleed over his face as he huffs hard rapid breaths. He breath breath breaths banging the screen hard with his hands 3-D virtual icons rise and fall from the screen he grunts banging the machine thrusting his hips into it pounding on it sweating and letting out an intense moan as the computer says "Access approved." He collapses on top of the computer table. JASON hurries over concerned. STRAUSSER waves him off.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

No. I need a moment.

INT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX (INTEL CENTER) - NIGHT

GAS CANISTERS explode engulfing the room in smoke.

High tech computer console stations circle the room.

STRAUSSER moves through the room digging into his duffle bag pulling out two black lunch boxes.

STRAUSSER

Ten servers. Ten hard drives. Each one of these boxes has ten disks. We hack the mainframe upload our virus, then program an impenetrable fire wall and get the hell out of here.

JASON

Guards are going to be up here any minute.

STRAUSSER

I locked the doors before I crashed the first gate. No one is getting in here.

JASON

Great. Um. How are we getting out?

STRAUSSER

Worry about that after we blow the lid off this place.

STRAUSSER hands JASON a black box.

MOMENTS LATER (TIME LAPSE)

STRAUSSER and JASON going at it turning on computer monitors. Hacking through the complex programs. Intense visuals on the screen warnings signs hazard signs. They keep at it breaking down the servers. STRAUSSER runs into a snag. His computer terminal blips out.

JASON

Are you good over there?

STRAUSSER

Damnit! They changed a component. I hate machines! I hate technology!

JASON looks over his shoulder. STRAUSSER whales on the control board with the butt of his flame thrower.

JASON

Strausser!

CONTINUED: (2)

STRAUSSER continues bashing the control board yelling and grunting.

STRAUSSER

I hate you! You bastard! Inanimate!
Object!

STRAUSSER gathers himself quickly spotting Jason behind him.

JASON

You done?

JASON types a few clicks on Straussers keypad. The computer quickly reboots.

STRAUSSER

Don't think I wasn't about to do that.

JASON

Computer tech one. Asylum escapee zero.

JASON and STRAUSSER continue on.

THE BLACK LUNCH BOXES dwindle down in a series of quick time cuts from full to empty.

EXT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX - NIGHT

SQUAD CARS pulling up bell lights on. Cops get out running toward the building doors.

INT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX (INTEL CENTER) - NIGHT

STRAUSSER raising his head at the faint sound of sirens.

STRAUSSER

That's our cue to burn. Done?

JASON types in the last of something on his monitor.

JASON

Finished.

STRAUSSER

I can't wait for you to see what we've--

JASON

Strausser?

JASON and STRAUSSER both look at the entrance to the Intel Center with bug eyes.

ON DOORWAY

Two hulking FEMALE GRAY JUMPERMEN block their way. A BRUNETTE and a RED HEAD.

STRAUSSER

Ooooh. This is bad.

JASON

I thought you said no one could get in here.

STRAUSSER

I guess it was more like no one could get in here...ish.
(Strausser waves)
H-Hi girls.

JASON breaths heavily then runs toward them screaming like a maniac.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JASON (O.S.)

I'm not afraid anymore!

JASON charges toward the women brutes.

STRAUSSER

Bad bad idea.

JASON slams into the BRUNETTE head on crashing into her brick hard frame. He staggers back dazed. The BRUNETTE grabs him with one hand by the throat and lifts him off of his feet.

The BRUNETTE smacks JASON back and forth over and over again.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

Hey! That's my...friend.

STRAUSSER charges at the women. He punches the RED HEAD in the stomach. She doesn't flinch. The RED HEAD picks STRAUSSER up -- lifts him over her head. She spins STRAUSSER around -- tosses him into a computer console smashing everything.

The BRUNETTE continues to smack JASON back and forth.

EXT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX - NIGHT

More SQUAD CARS continuing to pull up.

INT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX (INTEL CENTER) - NIGHT

The RED HEAD holding STRAUSSER in a vice grip headlock. STRAUSSER struggles helplessly.

The BRUNETTE swings JASON by the feet in a circle round and round and round. She lets go. JASON soars through the air smashing through a plate glass window into a room of office cubicles.

CUBICLE ROOM

JASON rolling on his back. He looks up to see the BRUNETTE climbing through the broken window with no regard to the glass cutting her hand.

INTEL CENTER

The RED HEAD choking STRAUSSER hard hard hard squeezing tighter until STRAUSSER goes limp in her hands. She drops the lifeless STRAUSSER. STRAUSSERS rag doll body crumples on the floor. RED HEAD walks toward the broken window leading into the cubicle room.

CUBICLE ROOM

JASON hiding behind a cubicle.

BRUNETTE and RED HEAD toss cubicles aside looking for Jason.

INTEL CENTER

STRAUSSER laying dead.

EXT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX - NIGHT

A SWAT TRUCK skidding to a halt. SWAT MEN hop out the back.

INT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX (CUBICLE ROOM) - NIGHT

JASON hiding under a desk. Thunderous noises banging around him. Office ware being smashed to bits.

BRUNETTE and RED HEAD survey the room. Two cubicles left.

ON JASON UNDER A CUBILE DESK

JASON

Geniuses are not supposed to die this way.

(realizing)

Maybe I'm not a genius.

JASON balls into the fetal position. Waiting. The crunch of feet O.S. getting closer in the quiet room.

JASON quivers in a ball holding his breath. Moments pass. The crunch of feet stopped. JASON uncoils a bit. JASON careens his head around the edge of the cubicle. Empty room. JASON exhales.

TWO HANDS smash through the bottom of the cubicle dragging JASON through it.

RED HEAD tosses JASON across the room.

JASON ricochets hard off a copy machine onto the floor. He reaches in his pocket and pulls out the PANIC WHISTLE.

RED HEAD and BRUNETTE stalk toward him carrying broken heavy pieces of cubicle lumber.

JASON weakly blows the whistle barely making noise.

BRUNETTE and RED HEAD step closer to JASON raising their blunt killing objects.

JASON (CONT'D)

You are so not being very lady like right now!

JASON frantically blows his whistle but nothing comes out.

A GAS GRENADE bounces over JASON'S head landing at RED HEAD and BRUNETTE'S feet. JASON quickly covers his face with his gas mask. The grenade explodes and the gas consumes the JUMPERWOMEN. JASON scurries beneath their legs.

STRAUSSER appears in the smoke JASON joins him kicking the JUMPER WOMEN to the floor.

STRAUSSER

What happened to your whistle?

JASON

It may have been defective.

JASON and STRAUSSER making brisk haste toward the exit.

CONTINUED: (2)

STRAUSSER

I can't believe we did it.

JASON

I can't believe we're not dead.

The doors open just as STRAUSSER and JASON get to them. Dozens of heavily armed SWAT MEN point guns in their faces.

SWAT TEAM

FREEZE!

EXT. SOLOTECH COMPLEX - NIGHT

JASON and STRAUSSER getting pushed into a squad car.

INT. SQUAD CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

JASON sulking. STRAUSSER beams ear to ear. STRAUSSER leans over and whispers to JASON. JASON shakes his head 'no'. STRAUSSER nods his head 'yes'. JASON shakes his head furiously 'no'.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

The SQUAD CAR driving all alone on the deserted street.

INT. SQUAD CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

STRAUSSER erupts into a fitful torrent going crazy in the back seat shaking his entire body jumping up and down bashing his head against the window drooling and speaking nonsense.

COP

Hey! Hey, cut it out back there!

STRAUSSER yodels -- moos like a cow.

EXT. DESERTED ROAD - NIGHT

The SQUAD CAR screeches to a halt. The cop gets out. He opens the squad car back door. STRAUSSER falls out on his side wheeling in circles.

COP

Keep it up fella and you get the taze.

JASON

Don't um, officer just... hold his hand.

COP

What?

JASON

Just hold his hand. It calms him down.

COP

I'm not touching this lunatic.

STRAUSSER flops on his stomach twisting and turning.

JASON

(Exposes his cuffed hands) I would but...

The COP pulls out his taser -- sparks it.

JASON (CONT'D)

Yeah, go ahead tase him. Real smart. His heart condition will really like that.

COP

You think I'm falling for that.

JASON

Go ahead. Kill him. What do I care?

The COP lowers the taser and moves tentatively toward STRAUSSER flopping on the ground.

COP

If he tries anything he gets the taser, heart problem or not.

The COP clasps STRAUSSERS hand.

INT. SQUAD CAR (PARKED) - NIGHT

JASON observes. The COP holding STRAUSSERS hand as STRAUSSER'S movements begin to calm.

COP

(Looking at Jason)

It worked.

The COP instantly drops to the ground. STRAUSSER wiggles to a sitting position.

STRAUSSER

Pressure points. Had loads of time to read about those at the asylum.

EXT. STARGIANT MOTEL - NIGHT

Est. shot.

INT. STARGIANT MOTEL (ROOM) - NIGHT

DR ANTOM, STRAUSSER (dressed in a cop uniform) and JASON perched at the edge of the bed in front of the glitchy motel TV.

ON MOTEL TV

Some mundane sitcom. The screen blip blips -- then goes blue. Bright blue.

STRAUSSER

Can this thing get a better picture?

JASON

Have to ask. What exactly is about to happen?

DR ANTOM

The veil of lies will be pulled agape.

JASON

The veil. Yeah. That's what I figured.

VARIOUS SHOTS

People watching as their TV screens go blue. Switching shots from bars hospitals -- suburban homes -- corporate offices -- the White House -- airplanes -- foreign homes of various nations and nationalities. Back to--

THE STARGIANT MOTEL ROOM

ON TV

WHITE LETTERS scroll up over the blue. ATTENTION scrolls up first then THERE IS NOTHING WRONG WITH YOUR TELEVISION. THIS IS A MESSAGE FROM THE ANTI-MOUSE. YOUR LIFE IS A LIE. YOU ARE BEING CONTROLLED BY SOMETHING VERY CLOSE TO YOU. THE FOLLOWING MESSAGE WILL NOT FREE YOUR MIND. IT IS A GLIMPSE OF THE TRUTH. The words scroll off the screen.

STRAUSSER bobs up and down on the bed -- hugs DR ANTOM. JASON stares at the screen. DR ANTOM puts an arm around both of them.

ON TV

The very tip of the next part of the message rises from the bottom of the screen.

STRAUSSER (O.S.)

This is it.

The TV blips goes black then -- the screen turns RED. Followed by the familiar sound of the emergency broad cast system.

VARIOUS SHOTS

Same sequence as last time. Except all screens go red with the exact same E.B.S siren. as --

THE STARGIANT MOTEL ROOM

STRAUSSER leaping from the bed. Fuming pacing around.

DR ANTOM

David. Calm down.

STRAUSSER

Every single time we come close they put on one of those stupid emergency broadcast system alerts. Question. When the hell has one of those useless sirens ever been followed by an actual emergency? Do people stop to think about that?

JASON

What? What happened? What's wrong?

STRAUSSER goes berserk. He picks up the TV -- smashes it -- punches holes in the wall. He breaks everything in sight yelling like an animal.

DR ANTOM

David!

JASON

It didn't work?

STRAUSSER swirls around.

STRAUSSER

No, it was all for nothing! Somehow they intercepted us. Again.

JASON

You tried this before?

DR ANTOM

Something very similar. The exact same thing happened.

JASON

The virus didn't work.

STRAUSSER

Hello Mr Obvious. Alfo. Maybe this isn't the right guy.

STRAUSSER drives his fist through the coffee table.

DR ANTOM

Mother Brain is an organic super computer. Thousands of times more advanced than the most intelligent human brain. It is extremely hard to out smart her.

JASON

This was our best shot? If Mother Brain can't be outsmarted then what's next?

DR ANTOM

Rest. Start working on a new plan in the morning.

STRAUSSER

I really wish those cops hadn't taken my flame thrower. I have to go destroy a squad car and steal another van. Good night.

STRAUSSER slams the door on his way out.

JASON

A new plan.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

STRAUSSER (O.S.)

Jason. Jason wake up.

JASON'S POV: Eye's fluttering open -- coming into focus.

INT. STARGIANT MOTEL (ROOM) - DAY

JASON rising from bed. STRAUSSER sitting on the end of it -- his back facing JASON. STRAUSSER still has on the policeman uniform although a little more worn and torn.

JASON

What? What is it?

STRAUSSER

Dr Antom. He's gone.

JASON lifts up.

JASON

Gone? Where?

STRAUSSER turns faces JASON. Eyes wet.

STRAUSSER

He's dead.

JASON at the bathroom door looking in. DR ANTOMS still body laying on the tile floor.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

The NEW CONVERSION VAN driving amongst traffic.

INT. NEW CONVERSION VAN - DAY

STRAUSSER driving JASON shotgun.

STRAUSSER

I called 911. They'll find Alfo and take care of it from there.

(wipping his eyes)

He never said how bad the knife wound was.

JASON

Pull over.

STRAUSSER

Pull over? We are now officially on the run. From everybody.

JASON

I said pull over!

JASON yanks the steering wheel cutting off cars in three lanes.

STRAUSSER

All right! All right!

EXT. HIGHWAY (SHOULDER) - DAY

JASON walking away from the NEW CONVERSION VAN. STRAUSSSER coming after him.

JASON

Stop following me.

STRAUSSER

What are you doing?

JASON

I'm done with this. For real this time.

STRAUSSER

You can't just quit.

JASON

I can. I am. I'm not ending up like Al.

STRAUSSER

At least his life had a purpose. A purpose he was willing to die for.

JASON

A purpose? A stupid little message that scrolls up the screen backed by blue light? That's a purpose.

STRAUSSER

I lost everything for this. My family. My career. Everything. This is the only thing that matters because it has to do with everything.

JASON

It's your battle.

STRAUSSER

Its the truth.

JASON

Do you think anyone would have paid attention to that whatever it was? They would have forgotten about it the second they turned off the TV. Guaranteed.

STRAUSSER

You're not getting it. People will believe what they want. We show them the truth and they can choose to believe. Most won't because the lie suits them better. It's more—it's more convenient. But there are ones who will believe. Those are the ones we're after.

JASON

Anyone besides us that believes cell phones are aliens will be thrown in a straight jacket just like you and labeled certified insane.

STRAUSSER catches up to JASON and grabs his arm.

STRAUSSER

Maybe insane is the only way to be in this world.

JASON

Get your hand off of me.

STRAUSSER

Get back in the van. I'm your only real friend in the world now.

JASON punches STRAUSSER in the face. STRAUSSER falls down.

JASON

This is the last time we ever see each other.

STRAUSSER stays on the ground. JASON walks away.

STRAUSSER

You won't survive without me.

JASON

I wouldn't survive with you.

STRAUSSER

After what we did Mother Brain and her gray army won't rest until we're dead smart guy.

JASON doesn't respond.

CONTINUED: (2)

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

You know what? I lied to you. I told you you were a genius. Heres the truth. You're retarded! That's why the alien cell doesn't affect you. You're a retard!

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

JASON walking. Hard wind blowing against him. People walk past him mostly all of them talking on cell phones or texting.

JASON walking past a fancy restaurant. He spots CINDY and ELLEN inside.

INT. FANCY RESTAURANT - NIGHT

CINDY and ELLEN next to each other at a table. MR CARROSO Ellen's father sitting across from them.

MR CARROSO

Then I tell him, if I'm going to invest I'm going to need a return of much more than one point five or its not even worth it. I mean really, be serious or don't even come to me with a deal like that. I don't have the time--

ELLEN

Dad, its Cin's birthday can we talk about something other than business.

MR CARROSO

Right. My manners. So Cindy, Ellen tells me you aspire to be an artist.

CINDY

Since I was a kid.

MR CARROSO

There's a pursuit that takes real passion. Braveness. Knowing the right people doesn't hurt either.

ELLEN

I told her you're good friends with the dean of the school she wants to attend.

MR CARROSO

In SoCal? That I am. Maybe I can talk to him at the rodeo fund-raiser I'm giving at the ranch. He'll be there. Might give Cindy here a leg up.

ELLEN

Was I right about my dad or what? Cin'? Cin', did you hear me?

CINDY

(distracted)

What? I--

JASON enters. He immediately hurries over to CINDY'S table. CINDY notices before everyone else.

JASON

Cindy. I'm so glad to see you.

CINDY attempts to hide her shock.

CINDY

This really isn't a good time.

JASON

Can we talk about the other night?

CINDY

No.

ELLEN

What other night?

CINDY

It's nothing. Leave Jason.

JASON

The past couple of days have been insane. Whatever I did or said maybe I can explain it.

CINDY slams her fist on the table.

CINDY

Just. Leave.

Cindy says this so loud the entire place looks at her.

JASON

Cindy--

CONTINUED: (2)

CINDY

Go. Vamanos. Asta man-never.

ELLEN stand up in JASON'S face.

ELLEN

You can leave or I can make you leave.

JASON closes the gap even more.

JASON

You have nothing to do with this. I've known her way longer so back off.

ELLEN

Yeah well I think I know her a lot better.

JASON looks at CINDY. CINDY avoids his eyes.

JASON decks ELLEN. ELLEN falls backwards over a neighboring table.

CINDY

Jason!

ELLEN gets up brushing himself off.

ELLEN

No no. It's okay. Now I don't have to feel bad about enjoying this.

CINDY

Wait don't--

JASON throws another punch ELLEN blocks it grabs JASON'S arm and twists JASON off of his feet onto his back. ELLEN viciously kicks JASON in the ribs.

ELLEN

My girlfriend said: Leave. Her. Alone!

ELLEN picks JASON up and slings him into the FOUNTAIN drenching JASON.

CINDY

Oh my god.

CONTINUED: (3)

ELLEN

If I ever see you around her again I'll kill you.

This is the first time we see a truly darkside to Ellen.

CINDY looks at JASON soaking wet as does everyone else in the restaurant. JASON looks at CINDY.

JASON

Alright fine. I'll leave.

(ref: Cindy)

Happy birthday by the way.

MR CARROSO takes a sip of his drink.

MR CARROSO

Was that a friend of yours?

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

A fleet of GARBAGE TRUCKS speeding down the road toward the city on the skyline.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

JASON sulking along the street soaked to the bone. Forcing himself to eat a disgusting fast food burger.

INT. MOTHER BRAIN LAIR

Mother Brain turbine engines humming the room glowing a vibrant fluorescent blue.

EXT. SPACE

Millions of SATELLITES clustered together.

The OPTIC SCOPE LENS of a SATELITE rotates and tilts.

POV OPTIC SCOPE LENS: Infrared night vision of JASON tracking him along the sidewalk.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

JASON tossing what's left of his hamburger in the trash. A low rumble behind him. Large engines approaching.

A GARBAGE TRUCK rounds the corner shifting gears. JASON ignores it.

Another GARBAGE TRUCK follows the first then another and another and another.

JASON walks faster turning his fast walk into a jog he looks over his shoulder. More GARBAGE TRUCKS create a centipede formation. JASON starts running. The roar of diesel engines gets louder.

JASON breaks into an all out sprint.

A GARBAGE TRUCK hops the curb driving on the sidewalk headlights bobbing up and down mowing down street lamps mail boxes cafe tables and anything in it's way.

Innocent bystanders scramble any which way they can for safety.

JASON runs for his life coming to the end of the street he see's more GARBAGE TRUCKS heading toward him from the opposite way. JASON ducks into an alley.

The GARBAGE TRUCKS clog the street unable to get past each other. The JUMPERMEN get out of the garbage trucks and follow JASON'S path into the alley carrying various blunt objects.

THE ALLEY

JASON flipping over a fence. The mob of JUMPERMEN not too far off.

BUILDING ROOFTOP

JUMPERMEN looking down on JASON.

THE ALLEY

A legion more of JUMPERMEN marching toward JASON from ahead of him.

JASON runs. The drove of JUMPERMEN force JASON through a narrow gap between two buildings.

EXT. BUS YARD - NIGHT

JASON hopping a fence scrambling through a field of parked abandoned city buses. He looks back the JUMPERMEN crush against the gate bending it to it's breaking point.

ON JASON

Crawling under a bus. The rattling of the fence shaking violently in the distance.

The rattling stops.

ON JASON

Sticking his head out from under the bus.

JASON'S POV: No sign of Jumpermen anywhere.

JASON crawls from under the bus. Walking down the quiet bus yard.

JASON leans against a bus.

A swarm of ARMS burst through the bus glass windows grabbing at JASON standing beneath them. JASON runs.

JASON

Oh god! Oh god!

JUMPERMEN emerge from everywhere chasing JASON.

JASON runs coming to a wall. No exit. Trapped.

JASON (CONT'D)

This is terrific. Real great.

The circle of JUMPERMEN close in on JASON.

The JUMPERMEN pounce on JASON beating him with pipes 4x4's bats and metal rods. JASON attempts to fight back punching -- swinging wildly.

A JUMPERMAN breaks a 4x4 over JASON'S head. JASON falls limp to the ground.

The JUMPERMEN pick JASON up and pass him over their heads to an awaiting GARBAGE TRUCK in the distance actively under way compacting trash.

A HELICOPTER appears overhead a spotlight beaming on JASON as a current of JUMPERMEN HANDS ebb JASON toward the compactor.

INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

STRAUSSSER perched on the opening of the sliding door. BELLINGTON piloting.

BELLINGTON

Need any grenades?

STRAUSSER hefts a baseball bat.

STRAUSSER

No. Pent up rage can be quite an advantage.

EXT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT

Lowering blowing up dirt. STRAUSSER jumps out -- immediately getting pounced on by JUMPERMEN.

JUMPERMEN pile on one after another smothering STRAUSSER beneath them. STRAUSSER explodes from the pile roaring.

STRAUSSER swings the baseball bat wild with rage crushing the skull of any JUMPERMAN that gets close to him making his way through the mob in a violent ballad of head cracking mayhem working his way toward JASON.

ON JASON

Moving over hands closer to the trash compacting GARBAGE TRUCK.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK (COMPACTOR) - NIGHT

JASON falling in. The compactor begins to restart the mechanics for another crush.

ON STRAUSSER

In the crowd of JUMPERMEN fighting valiantly beating people like crazy becoming overwhelmed by the extreme number of them. STRAUSSER breaks his bat across the face of a JUMPERMAN. Now defenseless, JUMPERMEN pile on him again. The pile turns into a mountain of bodies -- Strausser underneath -- finally a really fat JUMPERMAN jumps onto the heap topping it off.

STRAUSSER watches helplessly from under the pile as the GARBAGE TRUCK compactor begins to close.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK (COMPACTOR) - NIGHT

JASON stirring to consciousness. Picking trash from his face. Still not registering where he is. The walls closing in on him.

EXT. BUS YARD - NIGHT

The pile holds. STRAUSSER totally submerged. Out of sight.

The sound of a pin pulled. A puff of smoke filters through the cracks in the JUMPERMEN pile. The pile goes limp. The really fat JUMPERMAN falls off. STRAUSSER'S HAND juts from the top.

INT. GARBAGE TRUCK (COMPACTOR) - NIGHT

JASON coming back to his senses realizing where he is but too weak to move.

JASON'S POV: looking up seeing the machine closing the gap between him and the sky.

JASON struggles to move. A HAND grabs his arm.

EXT. GARBAGE TRUCK - NIGHT

STRAUSSER pulling him out of the closing compactor with one are the other taking off his gas mask. Something catches JASON'S shoe. STRAUSSER tugs but can't get JASON free.

JASON

Strausser!

STRAUSSER

And you never wanted to see me again.

STRAUSSER pulls -- pulls again -- pulls with all of his strength. The gap getting too small for JASON to fit. STRAUSSER pulls JASON one more time losing his balance falling off the side of the truck.

The COMPACTOR slams shut.

STRAUSSER lifts from the ground. Surveys. No Jason.

A silent moment, then--

JASON crawls from behind the garbage truck. STRAUSSER runs and hugs JASON.

JASON

I have never been in such a need for a shower in my life.

STRAUSSER

See what happens when you go off without me.

The Helicopter appears overhead shining the spotlight on Jason and Strausser.

JASON

Is that our ride?

EXT. COLONIAL HOME (BACK YARD) - NIGHT

JASON sitting under a tree. STRAUSSER approaches.

STRAUSSER

I'm sorry. About everything.

JASON

This part was in the book too wasn't it.

JASON holds up the coloring book.

STRAUSSER

What part?

JASON

You knew all this was going to happen. We were going to fail. All of it.

STRAUSSER

The future is a complex equation with unlimited possible answers. just happened to develop an equation that is highly accurate and can only be depicted with crayola crayons.

JASON

You knew Dr Antom was going to die.

STRAUSSER

I knew it was a very high probability.

JASON

So what happens. If we keep going on like this. You knew about Dr Antom. Are you-- Am I--

STRAUSSER pulls at a tuft of grass and lets it blow in the wind.

STRAUSSER

Either way Jason you really don't want me to draw you that picture.

INT. ARTILLERY ROOM - DAY

STRAUSSER strolling along the isles filled floor to ceiling with weapons. He mulls for a moment.

BELLINGTON

See anything in particular?

STRAUSSER

Yeah. I'll take everything.

JASON

What's the plan this time?

STRAUSSER hefts a flame thrower.

STRAUSSER

We're going to send the free world back into the stone age.

EXT. COLONIAL MANSION - DAY

JASON and STRAUSSER loading the NEW CONVERSION VAN with a stock pile of weapons.

STRAUSSER

There is one constant. Mother Brain is invincible. She can't be outsmarted. She can't be destroyed. But the satellites can. We can rip off her tentacles and make her cell phone army useless.

MOZAT

What are you saying? We're going to break into NASA and steal a spaceship.

STRAUSSER

This is really going to throw you for a loop.

JASON

A what?

STRAUSSER

A loop. I'm going to tell you something that will throw you for a loop.

JASON

A loop? How can I be thrown for a loop? That makes no sense.

STRAUSSER

It's a figure of--I'm beginning to doubt your genius.

JASON

You said I was retarded.

STRAUSSER

Where are all these huge men an women wearing gray jumpsuits coming from?

JASON

I don't know.

STRAUSSER

My point exactly. Where is Mother Brain getting all these people? A lot of them drive conversion vans and what else?

JASON

Garbage trucks.

STRAUSSER

Exactly. So I'm guessing home base is the Starfield Waste Management Center.

JASON

The landfill?

STRAUSSER

Yes. And guess what else must be there. The one thing they must protect.

JASON

Mother Brain.

STRAUSSER

Engh! Wrong. The ultimate control center. The one they use to override and manipulate every satelite in space. And I'm guessing as a fail safe Mother Brain and this control computer don't have a connection so each one can't affect the other. So double bonus. There is no way for Mother Brain to interfere.

JASON

So that's what the weapons are for? To take on an entire army of the people we've been running from since I met you. On their turf?

CONTINUED: (2)

STRAUSSER

Really no way around it.

STRAUSSER closes the back door.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

If I could I would so punch Alexander Graham Bell straight in the face.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Est. shot. Barn yard style country dance music emitting from inside.

INT. RANCH HOUSE (BACK OFFICE) - NIGHT

MR CARROSO wearing a tweed suit and ten gallon cowboy hat sits at his desk sipping brandy.

MR CARROSO

What exactly are your plans for this girl son? She's different from the girls you usually date.

ELLEN peeking out the door of the back office at CINDY standing alone bored to tears. Square dance music lofting into the room.

ELLEN

I know. Uneducated. Not much class. A little dumb. But I like her dad. I do.

MR CARROSO

That being said I still can't give her that recommendation. The Carroso family can't be known to associate with people of her...social stature.

ELLEN closes the door and faces his father.

ELLEN

I understand. Very incompressing.

MR CARROSO takes a sip of brandy.

MR CARROSO

What?

ELLEN

Inconvenient and depressing.

MR CARROSO

So what are you going to tell her?

INT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

ELLEN sitting in front of CINDY holding her hand.

CINDY

He's going to give me the recommendation!

ELLEN

It didn't take much convincing. He loves you.

CINDY

This is so great. Oh my god.

ELLEN fidgets.

ELLEN

His recommendation doesn't necessarily guarantee acceptance.

CINDY

Your father said he's good friends with the dean.

ELLEN

Well he is. He is but--

CINDY'S CELL PHONE vibrates on the table and reads: MESSAGE.

ELLEN (CONT'D)

Are you going to get that?

EXT. STARFIELD WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER - NIGHT

Dark clouds looming. Thunder.

INT. NEW CONVERSION VAN (PARKED) - NIGHT

BACK OF THE VAN

STRAUSSER snapping a belt of grenades slung over each shoulder to a belt with knives hanging from it around his waist. Gas mask around his neck and flame thrower at his side.

JASON wearing similar attire no flame thrower. STRAUSSER hands him a whistle.

STRAUSSER

Use it right this time.

JASON eyes STRAUSSERS grenade belt and takes the whistle.

JASON

Those don't look like gas grenades.

STRAUSSER

They're not.

JASON jingles his knife belt.

JASON

I don't want to kill people.

STRAUSSER

Then don't. Just survive.

JASON

You can do it? You can kill someone?

STRAUSSER

Do you really want to know why I hate technology?

JASON

I know already. Cell phones ruined your life.

STRAUSSER

No. That's not it.

JASON

What then?

STRAUSSER

Tater Tot.

STRAUSSER opens up his wallet and shows JASON a picture of himself as a child holding a calculator with a puppy in his lap.

JASON

Is that you?

STRAUSSER

With my two favorite things at the time. My calculator and Tater Tot.

JASON

Oh. I'm still not getting it.

CONTINUED: (2)

STRAUSSER

I loved Tater Tot. And I loved that calculator. One day when I was six I came home to find Tater Tot lying dead on the floor.

JASON

What happened?

STRAUSSER

He choked on my calculator.

JASON stifles a laugh.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

It's not funny. From that moment on I hated anything with a circuit board.

JASON

So this whole alien cellphone, brainwashing, human race enslavement thing, that caused you to lose any chance at a real life or family and subsequently resulted in you being committed to an insane asylum has nothing to do with your hatred of technology. It's because a calculator killed your dog.

STRAUSSER thinks a moment.

STRAUSSER

Well, when you look at it through that prism I guess part of it has to do with what you said. But technology choked my puppy. Now I'm going to make technology choke on me.

STRAUSSER picks up a grappling hook gun and tosses it to JASON.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

The storm thunders outside. ELLEN and CINDY square dance away. CINDY visibly straining to enjoy herself dancing badly.

ELLEN

You're doing it all wrong.

CINDY

That's because I normally don't do this.

ELLEN

Try harder everyone is laughing at us. Mostly you though.

CINDY stops dancing.

CINDY

I'm not going to lie and tell you my feet hurt, I'm going to get a drink.

ELLEN

The song isn't even over yet.

CINDY

It is to me.

CINDY leaves ELLEN on the dance floor. ELLEN continues to dance awkwardly trying to save face.

AT BAR

CINDY on a stool. MR CAROSSO takes a seat next to her.

MR CARROSO

Enjoying yourself missy?

CINDY

Oh this is oodles of fun.

MR CARROSO

You don't have to lie tiny. I hate the music myself. It's just rednecks tend to be generous donators.

CINDY

Maybe a drink would up the fun factor some.

MR CARROSO signals the bartender for two drinks. CINDY takes hers immediately.

MR CARROSO

I admire you you know that?

CINDY

Do you?

CONTINUED: (2)

MR CARROSO

Anyone who can take news the way you did and keep your composure. It's left a mighty impression on me.

CINDY

Thank you.

MR CARROSO gets up to walk off and then turns around.

MR CARROSO

Maybe I shouldn't ask given the circumstances but what is your alternative?

CINDY

Alternative? I don't understand.

MR CARROSO looks puzzled.

MR CARROSO

Ellen didn't tell you did he?

CINDY

Tell me what?

EXT. STARFIELD WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER - NIGHT

STRAUSSER and JASON scaling a wall using the ropes of their grappling hook guns. JASON slips losing his footing and bangs into the wall repeatedly. STRAUSSER shakes his head.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - NIGHT

Raining. CINDY storming away. ELLEN chases after her.

ELLEN

Cin' wait.

CINDY

I tried so hard. I tried to fit in with your life. I did what you said. I dressed the way you liked me to. I went where you wanted to go. I listened to the music you like to listen to. I changed my hair for you. My hair. And do you know why?

ELLEN

Um. No.

CINDY

Because at some point far far back I actually I liked you. But truthfully I think I stopped a long time ago.

ELLEN

Cin'. Please.

CINDY

The light bulb is finally coming on. You never liked me. You thought having a punk rock girlfriend in disguise made you cool. It never did.

People leaving the ranch house stop to watch the fight.

ELLEN

Lets not do this. Not out here. In public. It's hubarassing. You know humili--

CINDY

I can't believe you made me so boring. And dull. And square dance. Me!

CINDY throws off her hat and tears her dress making it into a punk rockish dress short skirt and lets down her hair.

ELLEN

Don't think I'm taking you back in there looking like that.

CINDY

I'm never going back in there. I don't need this or you or your father. I'm out.

ELLEN watches CINDY leave.

EXT. STARFIELD WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER (ROOF) - NIGHT

Raining. STRAUSSER and JASON peering off the edge of the roof at the BLACK CONVERSION VAN parked near the front gate. STRAUSSER kneels down to open a kevlar box with toggles switches and wires disconnected. He begins connecting the wires.

JASON

Explain to me again--

STRAUSSER holds up a finger.

STRAUSSER

Not while I'm connecting coaxial cables.

JASON rolls his eyes.

ON NEW CONVERSION VAN

Parked idle outside the front gate of the compound.

POV: SECURITY CAMERA: monitoring the same image.

STRAUSSER (O.S.)

4...3...2...1...

ON NEW CONVERSION VAN

The sound of a small explosion. SMOKE filters out from the windows and the creases in the doors.

EXT. STARFIELD WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER (ROOF) - NIGHT

STRAUSSER nudging JASON along at a kneel crouch.

STRAUSSER

Go go go go.

STRAUSSER and JASON close in on the rooftop entrance.

ON BLACK CONVERSION VAN

Smoking and then explodes into a ball of fire.

EXT. STARFIELD WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER (ROOF) - NIGHT

STRAUSSER working on the door with a hand held blow torch hammering at the lock with a mallet over and over. The door lock breaks free releasing the sound of a violent alarm.

INT. STARFIELD WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER (EMERGENCY HALLWAY) - NIGHT

STRAUSSER and JASON pulling pins and dropping grenades as they run down the hallway.

EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

Raining hard. CINDY walking along the side of the road holding herself getting soaked.

INT. STARFIELD WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER (MAIN COMPLEX) - NIGHT

A flood of regular waste management workers spilling through the halls. Through the chaos STRAUSSER spots a poster on the wall of Alexander Graham Bell. He walks up to it.

STRAUSSER

We meet at last.

STRAUSSER punches the poster hard and immediately pulls back his injured hand shaking it in pain.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

So worth it. So worth it.

JASON

What are we looking for?

STRAUSSER spots a sign: WASTE DISPOSAL SECTOR. He points it out to JASON.

STRAUSSER

That.

STRAUSSER and JASON push through the tide of people racing past them as the emergency alarm blasts.

INT. STARFIELD WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER (WASTE DISPOSAL SECTOR) - NIGHT

Giant compacting machines crushing garbage loudly. More people rushing past JASON and STRAUSSER.

JASON

They're not even looking at us.

STRAUSSER

There's probably a good reason for that.

Two REGULAR WORKERS fly over JASON and STRAUSSER'S head followed by two more. JASON looks in the direction they came from. TWO FEMALE JUMPERMEN angle toward them tossing anyone in their path.

JASON

Strausser.

STRAUSSER

There's the reason.

JASON

We should have had a plan.

STRAUSSER

Real geniuses don't make plans.

STRAUSSER lobs grenades toward the TWO FEMALE JUMPERMEN. JASON grabs STRAUSSER'S arm.

JASON

There's too many people. You're gonna kill somebody!

STRAUSSER

Cover your eyes and run.

The grenade explodes with blinding light. Regular workers start bumping into each other and colliding into things.

JASON and STRAUSSER make their way deeper into the building. JASON looks back noticing the clumsy chaos.

JASON

A light grenade?

STRAUSSER

I don't want to kill people either.

INT. STARFIELD WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER (SUB-LEVEL) - NIGHT

JASON and STRAUSSER descend a short set of stairs coming to a door that has a full length high tech touch screen face.

STRAUSSER

Wow. Look at this thing.
(Strausser unholsters his
flame thrower giving it
to Jason)

Take this.

STRAUSSER works hard on the screen hacking it. JASON stands guard.

JASON

I don't get it. Where are all the Jumpermen? We only saw two of them.

STRAUSSER

Mother Brain may have another plans.

JASON

Does this door lead to the super computer or whatever it is?

STRAUSSER

I'm willing to bet it puts us on the right track.

STRAUSSER keys in complex codes as strange never-before-seen icons pop up quickly and at random.

The flame thrower goes off. STRAUSSER turns around.

JASON

Sorry. Finger slipped.

STRAUSSER takes the flame thrower and gives JASON a grenade.

STRAUSSER

Use this.

STRAUSSER goes back to work.

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER (PASSENGER CABIN) - NIGHT

A PASSENGER in coach flops uncomfortably in his seat. The man next to him tries to read a magazine but all the movement visibly annoys him.

INT. STARFIELD WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER (SUB-LEVEL) - NIGHT

STRAUSSERS hands moving in a blur over the touch screen door.

JASON standing guard with his single grenade. He hears footsteps.

JASON

Someone's coming.

STRAUSSER concentrates on the door ignoring JASON.

JASON see's shadows on the wall getting bigger as the people who own them get closer. JASON can see the shadow outline of a pick axe and a heavy duty monkey wrench. JASON taps STRAUSSER on the shoulder STRAUSSER waves him off not looking back. JASON pulls the pin on the grenade and tosses it a few feet in front of him -- covers his eyes.

JASON (CONT'D)

Strausser, cover your eyes.

STRAUSSER

What? You pulled the pin! Who told you to do that!

JASON

Someone's coming.

STRAUSSER attacks the door with a furry of dexterity.

STRAUSSER

That's not a light grenade.

JASON opens his eyes and stares at the grenade all too close to killing distance.

STRAUSSER goes berserk on the touch screen door.

JASON

Hurry!

STRAUSSER

I got that memo. It's called a live grenade!

The door flashes white twice and then turns to liquid.

STRAUSSER dives in pulling JASON with him just as the grenade explodes.

EXT. FARMLAND - NIGHT

JASON and STRAUSSER falling from the sky into a thicket of corn stalks.

JASON rises. The sky swirls with spiral white light against black. Corn stalks of blue and red stretch in every direction.

JASON

A farm? I didn't see this outside.

STRAUSSER

That's because it's not outside.

JASON

We're outside. This is definitely outside.

STRAUSSER

I'm not even going to begin to explain trans dimensional multi-reality physics to you.

JASON

Are you saying we're in a different dimension?

JASON looks at the strange sky and the FARM HOUSE very far in the distance hidden between tall odd colored farm vegetation.

STRAUSSER

We're in the lion's den.

JASON

How can a farm be dangerous?

STRAUSSER

Look.

A FLEET OF TRACTORS covering the entire horizon of the farm land manned by JUMPERMEN race in JASON and STRAUSSER'S direction.

ON TRACTOR

A JUMPERMAN angrily switching gears stomping on the gas.

An explosion tips the tractor on it's side.

STRAUSSER tosses two more grenades.

JASON

What now?

STRAUSSER

We get to the farm house.

The TRACTORS keep coming, as--

JASON and STRAUSSER charge through row after row of corn stalks heading toward the FARM HOUSE tractors behind them flood lights glaring down on them making it impossible for STRAUSSER and JASON to hide or escape.

JASON

What's at the farm house?

STRAUSSER

The control center.

STRAUSSER blasts the flame thrower torching the corn behind him.

JASON

You're going to burn us alive!

STRAUSSER

Keep moving.

The TRACTORS plow through the fire explosions going off all around them. TRACTORS get obliterated by grenades while others get severely damaged.

CONTINUED: (2)

A grenade lands right in the lap of a JUMPERMAN driving a tractor it detonates -- leaving just a spine stem.

TRACTORS trudge on past destroyed tractors either on fire, damaged or scorched to ruin in relentless pursuit.

STRAUSSER and JASON push through the last of the corn stalks reaching the farm house.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

STRAUSSER hammers at the lock on the door breaking it off. The rumble of the army of tractors getting louder behind them.

STRAUSSER

Go ahead.

JASON

What do you mean 'go ahead.'? You're coming with me.

STRAUSSER

No. Someone has to hold off the muscle.

JASON see's the fleet of at least FIFTY TRACTORS heading their way.

JASON

All of them? By yourself?

STRAUSSER looks at the oncoming TRACTORS.

STRAUSSER

You're right.

STRAUSSER takes JASON's grenade belt.

JASON

This is not a good idea.

STRAUSSER

Why do you think we recruited you? Your mind is beautiful. You have a way of thinking no one in this world can match.

JASON

Because I'm retarded.

STRAUSSER

Well yeah. But in a good way. So go.

INT. MOTHER BRAIN LAIR

Pitch black. The roar of the turbine engines low suddenly exploding to life. The room stays black.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The sound of all out war booming in from the outside. Metal bending and twisting. Explosions. Large gears grinding. Strausser o.s. yelling war cries.

JASON peeling back thick cobwebs covered in glowing grotesques mini spiders. He bats them off of his arms face and every part of his body.

A MINI SPIDER crawls over a relic MAC COMPUTER from the 1980'S. JASON'S fist comes down killing the spider.

JASON stands over the computer.

JASON

This is the super computer?

JASON presses the enter key. The MAC COMPUTER blip blip blips and comes on. The MAC LOGO assimilates on the monitor.

EXT. FARMLAND - NIGHT

STRAUSSER held up in the air by a large JUMPERMAN. STRAUSSER punches the JUMPERMAN in the face multiple times the JUMPERMAN ignores the pounding unaffected and tosses STRAUSSER through the air.

STRAUSSER nearly lands on the jagged metal shards of a destroyed tractor. He looks up just in time to see a pitchfork coming down on him -- STRAUSSER rolls -- the pitchfork stabs straight through his leg. STRAUSSER screams in pain. He crawls away as best he can finding a shovel being held by the dismembered arm of a long gone Jumperman. STRAUSSER rolls whacking the stalking JUMPERMAN across the face with it. He uses the shovel to get to his feet.

A gang of JUMPERMEN form a circle around STRAUSSER.

STRAUSSER

You people are about to find out why they call me insane.

STRAUSSER charges/limps toward the JUMPERMEN shovel raised high, as--

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The MAC COMPUTER displaying green text typing across it.

JASON

Making me do this by myself. How am I supposed to know what to do? "You can do it Jason you're retarded." What kind of encouragement is that?

A boom. The FARM HOUSE DOOR buckles in splintering the wood. JASON looks back at it then continues to work on the computer.

JASON (CONT'D)

No idea what I'm doing. Absolutely no idea.

JASON presses ENTER.

ON MONITOR

A prompt reads: REQUESTING POWER JUMP START?

Text below the question: Y

Text below the Y: FOR WHICH SATELITE(S)?

Text below the question: ALL

Text below ALL: AT WHAT INTENSITY?

Text below the question: 1000 PERCENT

A warning window appears it reads: DANGER. REQUESTED POWER PERCENTAGE HAS THE POTENTIAL TO CAUSE EXTREME DAMAGE TO SATELITE INTERFACE SYSTEM(S). DO YOU WISH TO CONTINUE?

JASON looks at the monitor.

ON MONITOR

Text below the question: Y

Text below the Y: PROCESSING...PLEASE WAIT...

JASON backs away from the computer.

JASON (CONT'D)

Like I'm going to stick around for that.

A thunder of multiple explosions rock the barn. The walls buckle and crack and the ceiling starts caving in.

JASON (CONT'D)

Strausser!

JASON runs through the barn as it begins to collapse on itself. He tries to open the door but it's jammed from damage. JASON desperately pulls at the door as the ceiling cracks whines and drops in --

EXT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

JASON crashes out of the window next to the barn door -rolls down the steps as the FARM HOUSE breaks apart into rubble.

JASON rises shock in his eyes.

JASON walking down a path of wrecked farm vehicles. The entire farm land burns or smolders dark smoke.

JASON

Strausser? Strausser!

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER (PASSENGER CABIN) - NIGHT

The plane shaking and then levels out. The PASSENGERS exchange looks with each other. The pilot comes over the intercom.

PILOT INTERCOM VOICE

Ladies and gentlemen --

INT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER (COCK PIT) - NIGHT

The PILOT turning off the intercom and turns to his CO-PILOT.

PILOT

What the hell was that?

The CO-PILOT reads his indicators.

CO-PILOT

No clue.

EXT. FARMLAND - NIGHT

JASON approaching STRAUSSER. Propped up on a broken tractor tire wheezing, dark blood soaking his chest.

STRAUSSER slumps on his side. The very tips of a pitch fork stick out of his chest. The broken handle protrudes from his back.

STRAUSSER

Get far away from here and get-and get ready for the fire works.

JASON

This is the part where I say "I'm not leaving you." So I don't think I need to tell you that.

STRAUSSER

Jason. Something big is about to hit this place. And soon. Get as far away from here as you can and take cover.

(Strausser gives Jason a note)

Go here. It was part of the plan.

JASON

But--

A MASSIVE RUMBLE shakes the ground. JASON and STRAUSSER look up. An ENORMOUS TRACTOR with rotating blades trudges toward them.

STRAUSSER

Go! Run! Run! Run!

JASON takes off. The flood lights glow burning white on STRAUSSER as the TRACTOR BLADES close in on him.

STRAUSSER (CONT'D)

I hope you're up there Tater Tot.

The TRACTOR rolls over STRAUSSER with a horrid crunch.

ON JASON

Running through the burned corn field in plain sight of the the ENORMOUS TRACTOR only one hundred yards away.

INT. ENORMOUS TRACTOR (MOVING) - NIGHT

A disfigured -- charred JUMPERMAN cranks gears -- floors the gas pedal.

EXT. FARMLAND - NIGHT

JASON fleeing as fast as he can the ENORMOUS TRACTOR right on his back.

A LAKE appears over the horizon.

JASON uses all the strength he has left to outrun the tractor to the lake.

JASON dives into the lake swimming out far -- far as he can go trying to elude the tractor.

ON JASON

Under water. Swimming deeper and deeper until beyond some seaweed he see's a hatch with a turn wheel knob.

ON ENORMOUS TRACTOR

Treading into the water closing in on JASON'S location the blades churning the water into a frenzy.

ON JASON

Struggling under water to turn the hatch. The blades of the tractor descending upon JASON inches above his head giving him less and less room to maneuver with each second slicing at his hair wafting in the current. No room left. JASON pops the hatch and suction immediately pulls him inside the hole.

EXT. STARFIELD WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER - NIGHT

JASON flushing out of a drainage pipe into a pile of trash. He lifts himself up and looks toward the sky.

EXT. COMMERCIAL AIRLINER - NIGHT

Flying through the sky. Suddenly something SMASHES right through the airplane disintegrating the entire thing.

INT. NASA SPACE SHUTTLE - NIGHT

NASA ASTRONAUTS frantically working the controls.

ASTRONAUT PILOT ONE What the hell is going on!

ASTRONAUT PILOT TWO The damn shuttle is taking a nose dive!

ASTRONAUT PILOT ONE

I noticed that!

EXT. SKY - NIGHT

The NASA SPACE SHUTTLE corkscrewing plummeting toward earth.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

JASON running stopping to crouch on his hands and knees. A loud rumbling coming from the sky shaking the ground.

JASON POV: A LARGE BLACK OBJECT coming down through the stars.

JASON

I don't believe it.

JASON takes off again.

EXT. STARFIELD WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER - NIGHT

The SPACE SHUTTLE falls onto the WASTE MANAGEMENT CENTER detonating into a mushroom cloud sending out an intense shockwave.

INT. MOTHER BRAIN LAIR

MOTHER BRAIN bathed in a sick yellow light turbine engines churning hard slowly coming to a low hum.

EXT. FIELD - NIGHT

The shockwave rocks the chassis of a GARBAGE TRUCK parked on the side of the road tipping it on it's side with a hard thud. Trash rains from the sky.

EXT. GARBAGE TRUCK - NIGHT

A HAND comes out of the trash console followed by JASON'S head. JASON crawls out rolling over brushing off filth. Debris of all kinds raining on his head from the sky.

FIRE AND SMOKE rage in the distance of the former waste management center. JASON looking on at it.

JASON

I've never been so happy to be white trash.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

JASON walking up the pathway to a house. Clothes extremely filthy. He checks the note Strausser gave him.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

JASON'S FINGER ringing the doorbell.

A WOMAN with wild hair answers the door.

WILD HAIR

Yes?

JASON

I'm sorry I must have the wrong house.

JASON turns to leave.

WILD HAIR

Wait, are you Jason Blake?

JASON

Yeah.

WILD HAIR

I'm Mrs Strausser. David's wife.

INT. STRAUSSER HOME (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

JASON following MRS STRAUSSER down a flight of stairs to the basement.

MRS STRAUSSER

He built it in anticipation for this moment. David truly was a genius.

JASON

I know.

MRS STRAUSSER flips a lever in the dim room. The room comes to life. A monitor spanning across the face of an entire wall comes on. A GREEN GRID with hundreds and hundreds of GREEN SPECS appear on the screen.

JASON stares at it.

CINDY (O.S.)

Way better than a Wii, huh?

CINDY hugs JASON from behind.

JASON

What are you-- How?

CINDY

Your friend Strausser sent me a text message telling me to come here. It caught me at the right time.

JASON

Strausser hates cell phones.

MRS STRAUSSER

He must have thought it was very important for her to be here.

JASON MRS STRAUSSER and CINDY all turn to the large monitor.

JASON

To witness the second coming of the stone age.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

Amongst the rubble of the broken down farm house the MAC COMPUTER still remains intact. A percentage bar on the monitor increases: 700%...800%...900%...1000%-- REQUEST COMPLETE...

INT. STRAUSSER HOME (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

MRS STRAUSSER pointing to the little green dots on the monitor.

MRS STRAUSSER

Each one of these green dots represents a satelite in space. When a dot disappears that means a satelite has been destroyed.

A LITTLE GIRL hugs MRS STRAUSSER'S legs.

EXT. SPACE

A SATELLITE floating into view rotating slowly suddenly explodes.

INT. STRAUSSER HOME (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

A GREEN DOT disappears from the screen.

JASON, MRS STRAUSSER, CINDY and THE LITTLE GIRL cheer.

EXT. SPACE

SATELITE after SATELITE exploding shrapnel floating everywhere total chaos in space. Explosion after explosion after explosion.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

The MAC COMPUTER on monitor bleeping: REQUEST COMPLETE.

INT. STRAUSSER HOME (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

ON SATELITE WALL MONITOR

GREEN DOTS disappear from the screen rapidly one third have vanished already.

MRS STRAUSSER'S eyes well with tears. JASON gazes at the monitor. CINDY takes JASON'S hand. They exchange a glance.

MRS STRAUSSER Straussy you did it.

The LITTLE GIRL jumps up and down spinning in circles.

LITTLE GIRL Boom boom boom boom!

EXT. SPACE

A SATELITE explodes crashing into another SATELITE as it explodes a succession of SATELITE explosions ripple around the globe.

INT. MOTHER BRAIN LAIR

Glowing hot blue turbines louder than ever the room rumbles wires and cables fall from the ceiling a horrible whine resonates from the walls.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

ON MAC COMPUTER

A GLOWING MINI SPIDER scurries across the screen.

ON MONITOR

Text reading: REQUEST COMPLETE.

INT. STRAUSSER HOME (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

JASON, CINDY, MRS STRAUSSER and The LITTLE GIRL in front of the monitor watching the GREEN DOTS rapidly disappear. Everyone cheers but JASON.

JASON

Wait. Something's wrong.

MRS STRAUSSER

No. Nothing's wrong. Look at the dots.

JASON

No it's-- it's slowing down.

CINDY

Are you sure.

JASON

Look.

ON SATELITE SURVEY MONITOR

A GREEN DOT disappears. Then another one. Then nothing. And nothing again.

INT. MOTHER BRAIN LAIR

MOTHER BRAIN glowing gray. The turbine whine rising even more. Heat shimmers distorting everything.

INT. FARM HOUSE - NIGHT

ON MAC COMPUTER MONITOR

The screen flashing: REQUEST COMPLETE. Then turns to--

The screen flashing: REQUEST OVERRIDE.

INT. STRAUSSER HOME (BASEMENT) - NIGHT

JASON palms the screen. The remaining GREEN DOTS stay where they are. JASON huffs grabs a tire iron -- hurls it at the SATELITE MONITOR fracturing it nearly in half.

MRS STRAUSSER and CINDY watch JASON'S reflection in the cracked monitor as he storms up the stairs.

The LITTLE GIRL tugs at MRS STRAUSSERS dress.

LITTLE GIRL

Mommy? Where's daddy?

INT. STRAUSSER HOME (LIVING ROOM) - NIGHT

JASON squatted on the couch in front of the TV barely paying attention to a newscaster reporting on the satelite explosions and space shuttle crash which the media has dubbed "Fire in the Sky." He instead flips through the coloring book STRAUSSER gave him.

CINDY (O.S.)

Are you okay?

CINDY sits next to JASON.

JASON

I've seen people die. My parents are zombies. Everyone in the world is a electronic slave and TV can't be any happier for the ratings hike so: no.

CINDY edges closer to JASON.

CINDY

You want to know why I pushed you away that night?

JASON

Because you think I'm lame. I realize that.

CINDY

Not as lame as you might think.

JASON

Then why?

CINDY

In all the years that we've known each other been around each other and confided in each other it took the end of the world for you to finally show me how you felt.

JASON

I just never knew how to say it.

CINDY

Its easy. You just say it.

JASON rises to meet CINDY'S face.

JASON

Is this that moment where we should kiss? Because it's kind of feeling like that moment.

CTNDY

You're the genius. Figure it out.

JASON and CINDY kiss. JASON pulls back.

JASON

That's it. Dr Antom cured me. I'm immune.

CINDY

What?

JASON

Mother Brain. Strausser knew I would figure it out.

JASON gets up off the couch noticing the taxidermy dog next to the fire place with the name plate "Tatter Tot".

JASON (CONT'D)

I'm not a genius. I'm retarded.

EXT. PARKING LOT - MORNING

JASON pacing on a cell phone in an empty parking lot.

JASON (ON PHONE)

You know where I am. Come get me.

JASON throws the cell phone down and stomps on it. Glares about the empty parking lot.

A low rumble. Then a GARBAGE TRUCK swerves into the lot at full speed barreling toward JASON.

JASON stands in the direct path of the GARBAGE TRUCK as it bares down on him.

ON JASON

Not moving the GARBAGE TRUCK less than fifteen yards away.

JASON shuts his eyes tight.

The GARBAGE TRUCK screeches to a stop inches from hitting him.

JASON'S POV: Eye's opening just in time to see a JUMPERMAN'S fist coming toward his face.

OVER BLACK

The thud of Jason hitting the ground.

FADE IN

INT. MOTHER BRAIN LAIR

JASON encased in the machine. He looks up and see's the large cube helmet lowering onto his head.

JASON's head enclosed in the machine. A moment of quiet passes still and serene.

JASON

You messed with the wrong computer tech.

UNDER HELMET

Flashing in 3-D around JASON'S HEAD ultra graphics sequence a virtual barrage of colors complicated equations flashes of old footage of great inventions PULSES OF ELECTRICITY STRIKING JASON'S FACE advertisements random conversations Alexander Graham Bell with evil cat eyes a mushroom cloud the entire color spectrum solar system various other images. JASON yells in severe pain.

OUTSIDE HELMET

The Mother Brain lair vibrating shaking explosions burst from the walls machine parts fly everywhere.

UNDER HELMET

More colors more images ELECTRIC PULSES strike JASON'S face severely intense engulfing him and charring his skin. JASON screams.

MOTHER BRAIN LAIR

A pulse of WHITE LIGHT FLASHES through the room machine parts explode from the walls into flames snapping and collapsing wires electricity surging through the room as everything falls apart breaking at the seems.

Then nothing. Everything has come unhinged.

JASON emerges from under a pile of cables watching the wall of MOTHER BRAIN BURN.

FADE TO WHITE

FADE IN

INT. JASON'S BEDROOM - DAY

JASON jolts up from bed. Survey's his room. Everything appears to be normal. MR BLAKE has been talking to him. MRS BLAKE stands at the door.

MR BLAKE

And I'm sorry. Do what you want I don't care. Just... do it quietly.

MRS BLAKE

So if you want to go back to music school, we'll help. But why not think about going to one here in Starfield?

MR BLAKE

(Mr Blake lights a

cigarette)

Oh and Cindy is outside waiting on you.

JASON springs from bed and gives MRS BLAKE a huge hug and kisses her on the cheek.

MRS BLAKE

See Ted? I told you he would appreciate it.

(to Jason)

Try not to smear the make up dear.

JASON kisses his mom again.

JASON

Mom, you actually know who I am.

MRS BLAKE

(Smiling)

I should? Shouldn't I?

JASON darts from the room.

MR BLAKE

What about me?

JASON (O.S.)

Thanks!

MR BLAKE

Do we have any ice packs Barb? My crotch is killing me.

INT. BLAKE HOME (FOYER) - DAY

JASON pausing in front of the family portrait. It appears as the portrait in the opening -- him included.

EXT. BLAKE HOME - DAY

JASON coming out of the front door.

A BLACK CONVERSION VAN sits outside. CINDY rounds the front bumper.

CINDY

What happened?

JASON

There was this-- and then -- I don't know. Its over. I hope.

CINDY kisses JASON.

CINDY

Hope is good.

CINDYS cell phone rings. They both listen to it.

JASON

Are you going to get that?

CINDY takes the cell out of her purse -- looking at it ring -- then heaves it out into the street -- a car runs over it.

CINDY

Couldnt have been anything important.

JASON

How about we go for a ride?

CINDY

Yeah. I'd like that.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The BLACK CONVERSION VAN peeling off swerving side to side down the street.

FADE OUT.