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APHRODITE TERRA

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WGAw

EXT. DONNELLY BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Sunny day in Lake Elsinore, Southern California desert city.

LINA TRELIS, 20s, gorgeous, bikini, stands in a gazebo. She sips a tropical drink and keeps time to an iPod tune.

Lina faces a huge ravine that falls away from the property rear. Beyond the ravine stretches the main town and lake.

Lina flicks her right shoulder.

The bikini string on that shoulder drops off. Lina looks there, then down at her legs.

A vine coils itself around her right arm, another up her left leg. Lina slams down the drink, rips off the iPod earphones.

LINA

Jack!

Lina looks next door, at a black metal bar fence separating the properties. Various plants and flowers cover the fence.

She starts to laugh.

LINA (CONT'D)

Jack! Help!

Just above the fence, a completely black face with malevolent red-pupiled eyes pops up.

JACK (V.O.)

Lina? Is that you?

Lina laughs harder.

LINA

Yes! Get this thing off me!

She now laughs hysterically.

LINA (CONT'D)

Hurry!

Vines slither across and around Lina's body. She swats at them, dances and hops simultaneously.

At the fence, the black face turns out to be a Lake Elsinore Storm baseball cap.

Jack's head and upper body rise as he stands on a rock. JACK MEYERS is early 30s, average looking, bookish.

JACK
Just a minute, Lina!

LINA
Jack, it's perverted! Hurry!

Vine encircles Lina's left breast.

Next door, Jack disappears as he steps down.

EXT. JACK'S BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Jack rushes to a laptop computer on his patio table. He clicks the mouse, works the keyboard.

Midway along the fence, several vines slither back and over, then settle themselves amidst the other plants.

LINA (V.O.)
Thanks! Can I come over for a sec?

Jack looks anxiously around his backyard.

LINA (V.O.)
Jack, did you hear me?

JACK
Um... okay!

Jack walks to the fence near Lina's house and opens the gate latch.

Lina appears and slips inside. Jack locks the gate.

LINA
That's the second time Creepy attacked me.

JACK
I'm sorry, Lina, but I didn't do it. I think it's intercepting a radio signal or something.

LINA
It's okay. He was trying to get me naked though.

JACK
Creepy - er - the Venetian Vine is attracted to, um, heat.

LINA
 Hmm. Well, he's friendlier than
 Slap-Happy.

Lina points to a plant near the bottom of the fence.

A fly buzzes above it. Two large purple flippers slap the air, catch the fly and drop it into the bucket part of the plant. It shudders, shakes - then burps.

JACK
 That one's kinda immobile. You
 want something to drink?

LINA
 No thanks, I have a Lava Flow over
 there.

Lina points to a spot in Jack's backyard.

LINA (CONT'D)
 What's that?

She indicates a plastic blue tarp stretched over a wide area. Rocks hold it down. Under it are three round bulges (each is approximately 4 feet wide, 3 feet high).

A corner of the tarp flaps noisily. A few branches from a bulge peek out.

LINA (CONT'D)
 Is that some kind of bush?

JACK
 It's... Wait here, Lina.

Jack runs to the flap, secures it with a rock, then returns.

LINA
 They look like giant balls. And
 weren't there four?

JACK
 How... How would you know that?

LINA
 I can see a little bit into your
 backyard from my bedroom window.

Lina gestures to an upper window on the side of her house.

JACK
 From your... your bedroom?

LINA

Uh-huh. I like watching you from up there. Can I call these Blue-Balls? Since you won't tell me what they are?

JACK

Oh sure! I like your names.

LINA

Of course I'd really rather know what they are...

JACK

I can't talk about them. They're experimental.

LINA

So? Creepy and Slap-Happy are too, right? And Plowboy?

JACK

I know, but these are different. You'll see them someday. Promise.

LINA

Okay. Damn, I've gotta go. Bob will be home soon and we're eating out again. Bye...

Jack unlocks the fence gate. Lina goes through, then stops.

She turns, kisses her hand, then touches Jack's cheek.

Jack closes the gate, then slowly backs up.

Slap-Happy's purple flippers reach out and yank his ankles.

Jack falls back into the fence. Other plants move in on him.

EXT. LAKE ELSINORE - NIGHT

Two BOYS, ages 8 or 9, sit in a small rowboat on the calm lake, near the shore.

PERRY

C'mon!

JASON

Wait, I think I see someone!

PERRY

Where?

Jason points to the shore. A COUPLE walks by on the beach.

JASON
Get down, they'll see us!

They hunker down. Finally, Perry sneaks a look.

PERRY
Wait... Okay they're going away
from us. It's safe.

JASON
You sure?

PERRY
Yeah! Let's go! I can't stay out
here all night!

Jason straightens up. He looks around, then takes a single cigarette out of his shirt pocket.

He hands it to Perry, who takes a disposable lighter from his pocket. Perry lights the cigarette and takes a puff.

JASON
My turn!

PERRY
In a second...

JASON
Perry I never did it before! Give
it to me!

Perry hands the cigarette to Jason. He puts it in his mouth and breathes in.

JASON (CONT'D)
Nothing's happening!

PERRY
Close your mouth around it, doofus!
Then suck it and... what's THAT?!?

Perry points behind Jason and down into the water.

Along the lake bottom, a faint blue-glowing object moves slowly towards them.

Jason twists around for a look and sees it. His mouth opens and the cigarette falls into the lake.

JASON
It's after us! Perry!!!

Perry grabs the oars and thrusts one at Jason.

PERRY

Here! Let's go back!

JASON

It's right under us! Lookit! The monster's behind you!

The glowing object continues slowly past them.

Jason and Perry stand and crane their necks to follow it.

The boat tips, they both fall into the lake.

INT. JACK'S DEN - EVENING

Various plants in huge pots sit on the floor, windowsills, on shelves and on Jack's desk.

Jack sits at his computer. He mouse-clicks, and a green box appears on-screen with black lettering: TC-1 DOPE RUN. Under the lettering, a progress bar indicates 22% complete.

Jack clicks again.

The doorbell chimes.

Another green box appears on-screen as Jack stands.

INT. JACK'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jack opens the front door.

In the doorway stand RANDY and CANDY LOFTON, fraternal twins, each in their 30s, geeks. Both wear horn-rimmed glasses.

JACK

Hi guys, c'mon back.

They squeeze into the doorway at the same time.

CANDY

Why don't you...

RANDY

...go in first.

Candy slips through doorway, then Randy follows after her.

They walk in step behind Jack.

INT. JACK'S DEN - CONTINUOUS

Jack sits at the desk. Randy and Candy stand behind his chair.

The computer screen displays a green box with black writing: TC-2 DOPE RUN. The progress bar reads 26%.

JACK
Here's all of them...

He mouse-clicks until 3 green boxes appear.

RANDY
What about the dope run...

CANDY
...on the spare cell?

Jack absently pets a cactus plant on his desk.

JACK
Ouch!

CANDY
Spare cell?

JACK
You know how windy it's been,
right?

RANDY / CANDY
Yes...

JACK
Well I've been having trouble with
the tarp...

RANDY / CANDY
Trouble?

JACK
Uh-huh. And um, when I came out
yesterday morning it was flapping
open and the spare was gone. I
think it got blown over the fence.

Randy and Candy turn inward and look at each other.

CANDY
Did you go out...

RANDY
...and try to find it?

JACK

Yeah. Found a few seeds is all.
Kinda leading towards the lake...
But we're fine with these three as
long as they all work.

Jack goes into the kitchen and fusses with the blender.

JACK (CONT'D)

Right? C'mon, cheer up! Botanist
Blizzard?

CANDY

Okay. Red algae.

RANDY

Blue seaweed.

JACK

We'll be fine. A few more weeks
until we make history!

RANDY

Seventeen days...

CANDY

...nine hours, 31 minutes.

JACK

Right! Randy, you want some moss
green ivy in your blizzard?

EXT. DONNELLY ROOF - NIGHT

Lina looks up and behind, from her bedroom window. A
collapsible ladder stretches from the window to the roof.

BOB DONNELLY lies flat on the roof and peers at Jack's
backyard through binoculars. He is late 40s, overweight,
balding. He wears night vision goggles (NVGs).

LINA

Can you see the Blue Balls?

BOB

Shhh! They're out there! Jackie,
Raggedy Ann and Andy.

LINA

You mean Candy and Randy?

BOB

Whatever.

LINA

Honey, it's cold. Don't you want to peep at something else?

BOB

In a minute. They're poking around out there! What the hell for?

LINA

Maybe looking for the fourth one?

BOB

I don't think so. Things are big, baby. I mean how could you lose one... Wait a minute! The robots are lifting up one of the corners! Yeah! Roll that tarp back! What's that?!? Glowing? Look! OH, hey, OH NO!... Help!...

Bob scrabbles and slides down the roof.

LINA

Honey? Honey? You okay?

Bob's yell fades.

Quiet for a beat, and then something makes a sound similar to a basketball swishing into the net.

EXT. JACK'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Jack, Randy and Candy look towards the Donnelly roof.

JACK

Get them covered!

Randy and Candy trip over each other, then get to the corner of the tarp. They secure it under a rock.

Jack, covered by the tarp, crawls out from under.

EXT. DONNELLY DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Bob hangs from the basketball hoop above the garage, entwined in the net. Several net cords gag his mouth.

Lina rushes out of the front door and looks around.

LINA

Honey? I can't see you! Oh my God where are you?

BOB
Sht.p...La.na...

Lina cocks her head and looks around on the driveway.

Eventually she looks up.

LINA
Oh thank God you're all right,
honey!

BOB
Sht.p...La.na...

LINA
Huh? Stop? But I haven't done
anything! What should I stop?

BOB
Shtup...Li.da...

LINA
Are you calling me stupid!?!?

Bob spits out the cord.

BOB
St..ep...Lad..der...Step...Ladder..
STEP LADDER! GET IT! GET THE STEP
LADDER! GET ME THE GODDAMNED STEP
LADDER!!!

INT. CHLORESS'S HOME OFFICE - MORNING

CHLORESS VALES, late 30s, attractive, sits at her luxuriant desk.

Chloress's shapely legs stretch out from her plush chair, her ankles held by a green silk sling.

Ten FEMALE ATTENDANTS stand in line to the right of her feet.

An ATTENDANT bends over the right foot and applies a light green shade of nail polish to the little toe. She moves on.

Another ATTENDANT applies a slightly darker green polish to the next toe, then she moves on.

CHLORESS
Terrain. More terrain. Terrain,
terrain, terrain.

As the next WOMAN moves into position, the intercom sounds.

GERMAINE (V.O.)
Ms. Vales?

The feet jerk to attention.

CHLORESS
What is it, Terrain? Germaine?

GERMAINE (V.O.)
Mr. Acres on hold, Ms. Vales, and
also Mr. Donnelly in Elsinore.

CHLORESS
Chuck first, then the idiot.

GERMAINE (V.O.)
Yes, Ms. Vales.

CHUCK (V.O.)
Chlo?

CHLORESS
Well hello Chuck nuggles! Still
shovelling it?

The feet nestle together, softly move over each other.

EXT. FRY PAN DESERT PLAIN - CONTINUOUS

In the California Mojave Desert, a circular flat plain ringed
by low mountains.

CHUCK ACRES, 30s, good-looking outdoors type, wears a white
hard hat and sunglasses, sits in the cab of a Caterpillar
with a scoop shovel. He holds a cell phone and binoculars.

CHUCK
Like when we was hitched. I dig
til I hit bedrock. Got a problem
out here in Fry Pan.

CHLORESS (V.O.)
Oh crap! McWhifferkugel?

A small, solitary white building sits in the distance with a
sign out front reading: *McWHIFFERKUGEL'S SAVORY SMOKED HAM*

A tiny figure is barely visible in front of the building.

Chuck looks again through the binoculars.

The binoculars frame a middle-aged man in an apron. He holds
a ham in one hand, and shakes a fist with the other.

He drop kicks the ham into the desert in Chuck's direction.

CHUCK

Yep. Ham shack is still occupido.
Supposed to demolish it today but
he ain't budging.

INT. CHLORESS'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chloress's feet separate, then slam into each other.

CHLORESS

Damn! All right, stay there. I'll
call this ham bone and give him
double our offer and he'll be off
our terrain in an hour. I need
everyone out of the Fry Pan now!

CHUCK (V.O.)

Ten-roger, Chlo. Am I gonna see ya
when you meet your flyboy general
for the terrain inspection?

Chloress's feet move back together.

CHLORESS

Um-hmm. Terrain. Umm. How's your
heavy equipment?

CHUCK (V.O.)

Oiled and ready.

Chloress's big toe of her right foot disappears between the V
of the big and second toe of her left foot.

CHLORESS

Sounds good. Have it cranked...

GERMAINE (V.O.)

Ms. Vales? Mr. Donnelly says it's
urgent...

CHLORESS

Gotta go now, Chuck nuggles...

CHUCK (V.O.)

Yep. Okay Chlo. Bye.

CHLORESS

Bye-bye.

Chloress's feet move apart as she clicks the intercom.

CHLORESS (CONT'D)
Germaine? Give me the fool.

EXT. CANDY / RANDY BACKYARD - NIGHT

The backyard bristles with telescopes of different shapes and sizes. Candy and Randy peer through several of them.

Jack looks up at the sky, then points at a bright object.

JACK
Is that Venus?

RANDY
No Jack, that's the planet...

CANDY
...Jupiter. Venus won't be visible until tomorrow morning.

JACK
How much more time?

CANDY
Directly overhead in one minute...

RANDY
...twenty-eight seconds.

JACK
How fast is it going?

RANDY
Seventeen thousand...

CANDY
...five hundred fourteen point three eight six miles per hour.

Jack walks among the telescopes, then stops at one.

JACK
Wow! Can you see it yet?

RANDY
Almost ready to.

JACK
Hey guys! How come this one's aimed sideways?

Randy and Candy straighten up, look at each other.

RANDY
Oh well that 'scope is still...

CANDY
...being calibrated I think for
over-the-horizon...

RANDY
...viewing of I believe the
aurora...

CANDY
...borealis phenomenon, yes.

JACK
But wouldn't it be better aimed
this way? This open area...

Randy points at the sky.

RANDY
Here it comes! Okay Sis,
activate...

CANDY
...the COOTI. Got it!

JACK
Which one's the COOTI again?

RANDY
Right there.

Randy points to a radar dish-like device aimed skyward. It makes a slow and deliberate sweep across the sky.

RANDY (CONT'D)
The coordinates are fed in there...

Randy points to a laptop computer setup on a small table.

RANDY (CONT'D)
...and align the telescope...

CANDY
...to automatically keep the object
in perfect focus.

JACK
And the deflector thing works the
same way?

CANDY
Yes. Jack, the laptop. See it?

The laptop screen is black, but a small, slowly spinning white object eventually takes shape in the center.

The object resembles a microwave oven. A telescope tracks it. The telescope moves in parallel with the COOTI.

RANDY

Space Debris Item 110598 will be...

CANDY

...directly overhead - now.

The laptop shows the space-oven in large clear focus. The COOTI dish and telescope point straight up. They continue to track the space-oven as it moves in its orbit left to right.

RANDY

See it Jack? Jack?

Jack looks through the sideways-aimed telescope.

Framed in the lens is a bedroom in a house across the way.

On a bed, a naked woman wearing only a veil and spurs on her feet, rides on the back of a man dressed as a zebra.

She pulls the reins of a bit in his mouth and digs her spurs into his side. He rears up and waves his front "hooves".

JACK

You guys know about the woman over there and that horse guy?

RANDY

Technically, Jack, a zebra, or equus quagga...

CANDY

...is in fact a close, um, cousin of the...uh...the um...

INT. CHLORESS'S HOME OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Chloress walks on a green treadmill. On the wall ahead of her, a huge green flat screen TV shows stock reports.

CHLORESS

(into a green cell phone)
...and why did they deliver that piece first anyway?

MAN (V.O.)

I guess it's the easiest one to make. Should I put the foreman on?

CHLORESS

I'm not talking to him! That's what I pay you for! Tell him to take it back and get a longer one!

MAN (V.O.)

Ms. Vales, didn't we figure a seven-foot neck gets you a one hundred foot statue? That's what this is, I checked!

CHLORESS

Well I want it bigger. This is Athena, don't you get that?!? I checked too, and Lady Liberty is one hundred eleven feet and I want Athena taller! Can't they stretch it or something?

MAN (V.O.)

No Ms. Vales, it's carbon-fiber, they'll have to mold a new one.

CHLORESS

Then tell them to get molding! Now if I wanted Athena to be a hundred seventy feet tall, how big a neck is that?

Chloress looks at the TV, which now shows a long view of Lake Elsinore from the beach.

She turns off the treadmill and steps away from it.

MAN (V.O.)

Oh, I'd guess twelve feet or so.

CHLORESS

Fine. Call back when they deliver a twelve foot neck. Goodbye!

She closes the cell phone and turns up the TV sound.

REPORTER (V.O.)

...bedroom desert community that boasts a skydiving center now might become a mecca of scuba diving as well.

(MORE)

REPORTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 That's because of what happened
 right here in this lake last night,
 just about fifty yards or so
 offshore.

TV focuses on an older MALE RESIDENT.

MALE RESIDENT
 It's like that Eliot Ness thing,
 the monster in that lake up in
 Denmark.

REPORTER (V.O.)
 Sir, you mean the Loch Ness Monster
 in Scotland?

MALE RESIDENT
 That dinosaur, Nessie. Me and the
 missus are goin' there next summer.
 Now we can tell those Swedish folks
 about our own dinosaur too!

TV focuses on the reporter on the beach.

REPORTER
 The parallels to that Scottish
 mythical creature have not been
 lost on the town of Lake Elsinore.
 Some residents are already
 referring to this watery phenomenon
 as "Elsie". But what is it? To
 try and find out, we'll ask the two
 young men who witnessed the event.

TV focuses on the two boys Perry and Jason, to either side of
 the reporter.

REPORTER (CONT'D)
 And what is your name, young man?

PERRY
 Perry Haller. I saw it first.

JASON
 No you didn't I did!

PERRY
 Liar! Plus you dropped it in the
 lake, doofus!

Perry reaches across the front of the reporter and pushes
 Jason.

REPORTER

And your name?

JASON

Jason Turner and you made it fall
out of my mouth!

Jason shoves Perry back.

PERRY

Bite me! You were scared!

REPORTER

Gentleman please calm down, you're
on television! Now, what was in
your mouth, sir?

JASON

The ci... ci... I mean the hook,
the um silver - silver hook! For
fishing!

REPORTER

You both told the police what you
saw. Can you describe it for us?

PERRY

Well like it came up from behind
our boat...

JASON

It was like rolling on the bottom
like really slow...

PERRY

And it had a light on it! It was
like this bright blue light...

JASON

Yeah like a flashbulb is how bright
it was and that's when I dropped
the cig... the silver, the hook out
of my mouth!

PERRY

And I told doofus not to stand up
in the boat but he did...

Jason shoves Perry again.

JASON

You pushed me, you jerkoff!

PERRY

And then he tipped the boat over
and we fell in...

Perry raises his fist, so the reporter moves over to shield Jason. Perry swings at Jason anyway.

He misses and hits the reporter in his family jewels.

The reporter begins to fall backwards in a sit-down position and unfortunately uses his microphone-holding hand to break the fall.

INT. JACK'S DEN - AFTERNOON

Jack sees the TV report.

JACK

Oh no! Could Elsie be...

INT. CANDY / RANDY LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Candy and Randy sit at each end of a couch.

They watch the same TV report as Jack.

RANDY

...our grown energy...

CANDY

...run amuck?

INT. DONNELLY LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob sits alone on a couch and also watches the TV report.

BOB

Holy fuck!

INT. CHLORESS'S HOME OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Chloress rushes to her desk, then clicks on the intercom.

CHLORESS

Germaine? Get the nincompoop on
the phone now! Hurry!

GERMAINE (V.O.)

Which one, Ms. Vales?

CHLORESS

Lake Elsinore! Donnelly! Mr. Blue
Balls! Get him! GET HIM!

EXT. DONNELLY ROOF - LATE NIGHT

Once again, Bob, with NVGs, spies on his neighbors. Lina stretches out on the roof next to him.

An open cell phone lies near Bob.

BOB

(whispers into phone)
The geeks are getting antsy!
Something's ready to go down,
Chloress!

CHLORESS (V.O.)

(into phone, breathless)
Ms. Vales... to you, Bob. What are
they ...oh no don't move baby it
hurts my rhythm... What're they
doing out there?

Between Bob and Lina, near the cell phone, sits a small receiver with a sound-dish. It hisses static.

Lina holds and aims the sound-dish at Jack's backyard.

BOB

Well they're - Ms. Vales, did you
know the balls are gone?

CHLORESS (V.O.)

The... oh God... blue balls?

BOB

Right, the big balls under the blue
tarp! It's all kind of flat now!
Hey, two of the kooks are removing
the tarp, wait a minute!

Jack's hushed voice comes out of the receiver.

JACK (V.O.)

...eleventh of August at three
forty-one in the morning. I'm Jack
Meyers and my partners Candy and
Randy Lofton are ready to test the
most astounding scientific
discovery of the twenty-first
century! And it all started with
Russian thistles. Okay guys: Go!

EXT. JACK'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Jack pans the yard with a video camera.

Candy and Randy are each at an end of the tarp that covers most of the yard. They bend down at the same time and pick up a corner.

Candy walks forward with hers, Randy walks backward with his, they both trip and fall.

RANDY

God...

CANDY

...dammit!

EXT. DONNELLY ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Bob giggles.

LINA

Shhh! What did Jack say about the Russians?

INT. CHLORESS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two figures make love on a huge round bed.

The top figure wears a white hard hat. It's Chloress, atop ex-husband Chuck. On a night stand is an open cell phone.

CHLORESS

Russians? Say it baby, say it...

CHUCK

Terrain, darlin', terrain...

CHLORESS

OH GOD... Wait... Bob what... what's happening?

BOB (V.O.)

The cyborgs fell on their asses, Ms. Vales! I bet they'll smother each other with the tarp next! Okay wait they're up now...

EXT. JACK'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Jack films as Candy and Randy, at each end of the blue tarp, slowly roll it back.

Three discs are framed at ground level, each four feet across. They're positioned so they nearly touch, in a triangular layout.

The discs are made up of one-inch hexagons, similar to a beehive pattern. The hexagons emit a dim blue glow.

In the center of each disc is a bigger hexagon, three inches across, and it emits a brighter blue glow.

EXT. DONNELLY ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Lina watches the revelation of the discs, then she drops the sound-dish.

The dish rolls down the roof, drags the receiver with it and falls to the ground.

EXT. JACK'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Jack, Candy and Randy hear the rattle as the sound-dish falls down the roof. In unison, they look in that direction.

EXT. DONNELLY ROOF - CONTINUOUS

BOB

The robots are looking this way!

Bob and Lina flatten out and put their heads down.

Eventually Bob peeks his head up.

BOB (CONT'D)

Okay, they're back at it. Shit, now we can't hear anything! Baby, look at those blue discs!

CHLORESS (V.O.)

Blue... oh baby... dicks? Not blue... ahh right there!... balls?

BOB

Discs, Ms. Vales! Discs! Shh... The humanoids are on the move...

EXT. JACK'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Candy and Randy move towards Jack's house and fuss with the equipment that was previously setup in their backyard.

We see telescopes, several computers and the COOTI radar dish-like device aimed skyward.

Jack moves towards the glowing blue discs with his camera.

INT. CHLORESS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHLORESS

OH GOD! Babe say it again. Again!

CHUCK

Terrain, precious. Miles of terrain, darlin'. Square miles. Hundreds. Thousands. Terrain, terrain, terrain...

CHLORESS

Ahh! Yes... Ahh... Almost there...
Bob what are they doing?

EXT. DONNELLY ROOF - CONTINUOUS

BOB

The automatons are diddling with the computers. Wait! The discs are moving!

EXT. JACK'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

A bright glowing blue hexagonal spindle rises slowly from each disc center. The spindles stop about one foot above ground. A thin, highly-polished deflector device caps each spindle. Hinges on the cap grip each side of the spindle.

JACK

Status?

CANDY

Spindle projection is...

RANDY

...locked in. Spindles functional.
Acquisition in seven seconds...
six... five...

CANDY
 ...four... three... two... one...
 Target acquired!

A telescope, aimed at the horizon, slowly moves upwards. The COOTI dish moves in tandem with the telescope.

On a computer screen, the space-oven slowly grows in size.

EXT. DONNELLY ROOF - CONTINUOUS

BOB
 Ms. Vales? Ms. Vales? Something
 big's about to go down...

CHLORESS (V.O.)
 OH GOD... AHH...

LINA
 The telescope is moving!

EXT. JACK'S BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

Jack lowers the camera and backs up to join Candy and Randy, then he re-focuses the camera at the discs.

RANDY
 Fifteen seconds to zenith.

Randy hits some keys and buttons on the computer.

Out on the discs, the spindle caps open.

RANDY (CONT'D)
 Spindle Cap alignment complete.

CANDY
 ...COOTI beam tie-in confirmed.
 Auto-fire armed.

JACK
 This is it!

RANDY
 Space Debris Item 110598 zenith in
 ten... nine...

CANDY
 Eight... seven... six... five...

JACK
 The world will never be the same...

RANDY

Three... two... one... Engage!

On the blue discs, hexagons in a line that touch the center spindle of each glow bright blue.

A high-pitched whine sounds, and then out from each disc spindle shoots an electric blue beam of energy upwards.

The beams, deflected by their spindle caps, meet at a point in the sky and merge into a single larger beam.

On the computer screen, the beam impacts the space-oven to the right of center. A burst of orange-yellow energy flares and the space-oven freezes for a moment. Then it slowly spins in the opposite direction.

JACK

Yes!

CANDY

Object rotation...

RANDY

...reversed successfully!

INT. CHLORESS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHUCK

THAT'S IT DARLIN'! TERRAIN!!!

CHLORESS

AHH...YES...YES...YESSSSS!!!

EXT. DONNELLY ROOF - CONTINUOUS

LINA

Oh my God Bob, that was better than the 4th of July! Bob. BOB???

Sound of a basketball swishing into the net.

BOB

Sht.p...La.na... Sht.ep...La.da...

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. CHLORESS'S BUSINESS JET - DAY

Chloress solo-pilots her lime green jet. No door between her and the passengers.

In the all-green cabin sit Jack, Candy and Randy.

In the aisle bustles flight attendant KIRBY, male, 30s, wearing a green jumpsuit.

Candy stares ahead at Chloress.

JACK

We're not in trouble? I mean how much should we tell him?

CHLORESS

Everything. Relax, Jack. I know the general quite well. He's going to make you all very rich.

RANDY

But we maintain control of the direction...

Randy waits for Candy to finish his sentence. She does not.

RANDY (CONT'D)

...for the project, Ms. Vales?

CHLORESS

Call me Chloress. We're friends, right? Of course you'll have direct control of the project.

(into radio)

Bower ARB, Seven Charlie Victor, out of six thousand for two five zero zero, over.

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.)

Roger your twenty-five hundred, Seven Charlie Victor. Winds ten to fifteen southwest, unlimited visibility. Cleared for runway four two whiskey, over.

CHLORESS

(into radio)

Roger, out.

(over her shoulder)

Kirby dear, would you make sure everyone is strapped in?

Kirby checks everyone's seat belt.

He stops at Candy's seat.

KIRBY

Ma'am, would you buckle up, please?

Candy ignores him, stares at Chloress.

KIRBY (CONT'D)
Ma'am, would you...?

Kirby reaches around Candy and buckles her belt.

Candy peers over his shoulder, eyes fixed on Chloress.

Kirby takes his seat and buckles up.

KIRBY (CONT'D)
All set, Cap'n.

The jet angles down for its approach.

JACK
Randy, what's with Candy?

RANDY
I... don't know. Maybe the
altitude is affecting her
equilibrium. Sis? You okay?

Candy nods slightly but keeps her eyes on Chloress.

Chloress notices, smiles as she prepares for landing.

INT. GENERAL DRESSER'S CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

GENERAL BILL DRESSER, 50s, fit, sits at a conference table.

Chloress sits next to him. Across from them sit Jack, Candy and Randy.

At the table's end is a large computer screen, with an image of the blue energy beam's impact on the space-oven.

Dresser points at the screen with a laser pen.

DRESSER
Taken by one of our satellites a
day and a half ago. We traced its
origin to your property, Mr...
who's the gardener, again?

CHLORESS
Doctor Jack Meyers is a
horticulturist, Bill.

JACK
I am NOT a horticulturist or a
gardener! I have a Ph.D.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
in Botanical Genetics and a
Master's degree in Chemistry.

DRESSER
Very impressive, Doctor Meyers.
And how did you go from gar... from
botany to shooting energy beams
into outer space?

JACK
Ms. Vales are you sure that we
should...

DRESSER
Doctor Meyers. Let's get something
straight for one friggin' minute.
You and your crew are damned
fortunate that Ms. Vales here
interceded on your behalf. Do you
know the penalty for endangering
the safety of international outer
space?

JACK
But there was no danger!

RANDY
All calculations were verified...

Randy looks expectantly at Candy.

CANDY
...were verified... verified with
dry runs and multiple redundancy!

DRESSER
Oh? And suppose the beam
shooter... well, who pulled the
trigger on this thing?

JACK
Actually the computer directed the
firing mechanism...

RANDY
No human could activate the beam...

CANDY
...at the precise instant to
intercept the target.

DRESSER

Figures. The computer did it. We have a manned mission up there, folks! What if our space cadets - I mean scientists - took an orbital stroll and then came home to a shredded-wheat space station?

CHLORESS

Bill... General Dresser, I don't think this is really necessary...

JACK

But General, we didn't...

DRESSER

Look, Doc and Reggie...

RANDY

That's Randy.

DRESSER

...and Cassie...

CANDY

Candy.

DRESSER

...everything's fine! We're all friends here. The Air Force wants to help. Now, perhaps you can give me a quick rundown on the project. What's this about the Russkies?

JACK

The Russians? No, General. It's just me and my two colleagues.

DRESSER

Sure. Okay, proceed.

JACK

What we're doing is growing energy from tumbleweeds.

DRESSER

You're doing what? Tumbleweeds? Those little bastards that blow across my runways?

JACK

Yes. The botanical name is salsola tragus.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Also known as prickly Russian
thistles. They're an invasive
plant.

DRESSER

Ah hah, I knew it! The Russkies
are planning to invade! And you're
right about 'em being pricks...

JACK

General. They are tumbleweeds. We
genetically altered them to grow
into extreme high energy solar
cells.

DRESSER

You did what?!?

JACK

Tumbleweeds are full of seeds. One
bush can have as many as a hundred
thousand. We modified the plants
to extract phosphates and silica
from desert soil. The seeds
metabolize that into phosphorus and
silicon.

DRESSER

You're losing me, Doc. What good
are silicone injections...
(glances at Chloress)
...to a tumbleweed?

JACK

Silica and phosphates. I'll let
our solar power engineer explain.

Under the conference table, Chloress brushes across Candy's
shoes with one of her bare feet.

RANDY

Yes. Solar cells are mostly
silicon, similar to computer chips.
The silicon is doped...

Randy pauses for Candy but she does not continue his thought.

RANDY (CONT'D)

...doped with phosphorus. After
that it can convert light rays into
electrical energy. Also, boron is
added during the doping phase. The
boron improves conductivity.

DRESSER

Boron?

JACK

Yes, but we used something else.
Sis? It was her idea.

CANDY

Oohh!

Chloress traps one of Candy's legs between hers.

RANDY

Sis?

CANDY

Yes... We, um, instead of boron we
used fullerene.

DRESSER

What the hell is that?

CANDY

It's a form of carbon... The
complete name is... is...
buckminsterfullerene.

DRESSER

Buckminster... You mean that
British guy?

RANDY

Buckminster Fuller was an American
who invented the geodesic dome. He
lived his last years...

CANDY

...out here in Los Angeles. This
carbon molecule was named for him.

JACK

General, have you heard of the term
buckyballs?

CHLORESS

Bucky... Balls?

Chloress tugs at Candy's leg, tries to remove her boot.

Candy dips up and down in her chair.

CANDY

Oh yes... Um... uh... carbon...
bucky-legs... er, balls...

JACK

Randy, could you continue?

RANDY

General, fullerene molecules, or buckyballs, are shaped like miniature soccer balls. We discovered that this structure multiplies the energy produced in a solar cell by a factor of sixty.

DRESSER

Sixty? Whoa! In soccer balls, eh? Really? Well that'll give us a - ha ha - leg up on the Russkies!

CANDY

Leg! ... Up!

Chloress wraps her legs firmly around Candy's thigh and tugs away. Candy gasps.

JACK

Candy? Are you all right? We really need you to explain about the beams into space...

Chloress halts her leg assault.

CHLORESS

General, Candy Lofton is an astrophysicist and she wants to handle this. Isn't that right, Candy?

CANDY

Um... Yes... Well of course, Ms. Vales. Yes. I'm sorry. I was just... I was still recovering from jet leg. Lag. Jet lag. I'm... I think I'm better now.

Chloress gives Candy an approving nod.

CANDY (CONT'D)

As my brother said, buckyballs greatly increase the power generated from solar cells. But their hollow structures store energy as well.

RANDY

Which means that these high energy solar cells...

CANDY
...are also self-contained
batteries.

DRESSER
I see. All that is fine, Cassie.
But why direct that energy into
outer space?

CANDY
We designed the system to generate
rapid spin...

RANDY
...upon celestial objects. With
enough beam power, the object's
path can be altered.

DRESSER
For what purpose?

JACK
Asteroid, meteoroid and comet
deflection.

DRESSER
That's it? Nothing more practical
than that? Pretty weak, Doc.
Frankly I don't think the United
States Air Force is interested...

Chloress kicks Dresser, but keeps her leg touching his.

CHLORESS
Jack, please continue.

JACK
With Candy's work in astrophysics
and computers, we've been able to
precisely aim and fire a beam using
her COOTI system.

DRESSER
Very... intriguing. Uh... COOTI?

Chloress hooks her leg around Dresser's.

CANDY
Close Orbit Object Track
Integrator...

RANDY
COOTI.

DRESSER

And you used COOTI... to hit a piece of... space junk?

CANDY

We wanted to demonstrate that COOTI was accurate, and that it could...

RANDY

...reverse the spin on the object in orbit.

JACK

By altering an orbiting object's spin, its position can be changed dramatically.

Chloress positions her foot close to Dresser's crotch.

DRESSER

AHH! And... and so... the FOOTIE... er COOTI... could be used... to steer an asteroid... away from Earth?

JACK

Exactly! We believe this is the best usage to develop...

Dresser's intercom sounds.

WOMAN (V.O.)

General Dresser?

DRESSER

Ya... Yes?

WOMAN (V.O.)

General, are you all right?

DRESSER

Of course! What the hell is it?

WOMAN (V.O.)

General Hexton wants to meet with you a half hour early for your flight with him to Washington.

DRESSER

Hexton! Shit. Okay, tell that weasel... the general to ask for me at the Skydogs Club.

WOMAN (V.O.)

Very good, General. Oh, and your regular massage appointment is in twenty minutes. Should I cancel?

DRESSER

Massage? Uh... Well no Margaret, I'll keep it. Thank you.

Dresser tries to stand.

Chloress extricates her leg, then Dresser stands.

DRESSER (CONT'D)

Folks I'll have to conclude the meeting at this time for other engagements. You all staying over?

CHLORESS

We're flying back.

DRESSER

Fine, I'll give you a quick tour and then walk you back to the flight line...

An overflying fighter jet roars as the meeting breaks up.

Candy and Randy slowly move nearby Dresser and Chloress.

Jack stays seated a few seconds longer, then notices the computer screen, gets up and moves closer to it.

He focuses on the energy beam.

Jack traces his finger up the beam image and pauses when he notices a purplish tinge at the edges of the beam. He frowns, shakes his head.

EXT. BOWER AIR RESERVE BASE - CONTINUOUS

General Dresser, Chloress, Jack, Candy and Randy walk towards the runway, where Chloress's green jet is parked.

DRESSER

...training for air reservists, mostly. And a few special projects we keep under wraps.

CHLORESS

Thank you for the tour, General. Hasn't changed that much since I was here.

DRESSER

You were a good pilot then and still are, Ms. Vales.

CANDY

You... You mean Ms. Vales flew jets here, General?

DRESSER

Test pilot. Good as they come. Well, everyone, I'm off, so...

CHLORESS

What's that, Bill?

Chloress points to a mini-hangar at the end of the runway. It is surrounded by a fence.

A guard patrols the perimeter.

DRESSER

That? Oh, that's just an old hangar we'll be demolishing, is all that is. So, have a good flight...

Chloress looks dubiously at Dresser.

The group breaks up and the four climb aboard the green jet.

The jet turns on the tarmac, heads down the runway and gets airborne.

Dresser salutes it, and the jet rocks its wings.

EXT. DONNELLY BACKYARD - DAY

Bob, in sunglasses, sits in a lounge chair and reads a real estate magazine. He is close to Jack's plant-covered fence.

On a table to his left sits an almost-empty pitcher of margarita, a half-full drink glass, a flyswatter.

A snaky vine appears behind Bob and taps his right shoulder.

Bob turns to the right.

The vine sneaks to the table, dips into the pitcher and sucks up the remaining margarita.

BOB

What the hell?...

Bob faces forward, settles, reaches for his drink. The vine drops out of sight. Bob sips the drink, puts it back on the table and keeps his left hand over the glass top.

The vine snakes onto the table, wants to get into the glass. It stiffens, then drops out of sight.

The vine comes up on Bob's right side and taps his shoulder.

He turns to the right.

BOB (CONT'D)

Hey who is?...

A plant resembling a construction wrecking ball swings wide and smacks Bob upside the head.

Bob's sunglasses pop off, then he crashes into the drink table. Everything goes flying.

BOB (CONT'D)

You son of a bitch!

Bob scrambles on the grass and comes up with the flyswatter.

Lina appears at the patio door.

LINA

Honey?

BOB

C'mon, you bastard! Let's see what you got!

Wrecking-Ball swings back and forth, looks for an opening. Bob swats at it futilely.

Wrecking-Ball aims high, swings, and as Bob swats, it drops and hits him in his gut. Bob sprawls on the grass.

Lina runs out of the house.

Bob struggles to his feet.

LINA

Jack! Jack! Home-Wrecker is going crazy, HELP!

Wrecking-Ball swings again and hits Bob in the crotch as he turns to Lina. He falls onto his back, curls up.

BOB

Owwwww!!! Ohhhh!!! All right!
That's it! I'm gonna burn the
whole goddamned fence down!

LINA

JACK, STOP HOME-WRECKER! STOP HIM!

Wrecking-Ball is about to finish Bob off when it suddenly jerks, stops, and retreats up and over the fence.

BOB

Say goodbye to your fence, Doctor
Triffid! Toast! Baby, get me the
son-of-a-bitchin' gasoline...

LINA

Honey let me talk to Jack, please.

BOB

Huh? I just got my ass beat by a
killer fucking tomato! Go for the
gas! We're gonna have the biggest
goddamned stir fry in history!

LINA

Honey, please go in? I'll talk to
Jack. When I come back we'll play
Lingerie Fashion Show.

BOB

Fried green-assed tomatoes, Meyers!
That's what... Fashion show? You
mean with that... purple sheer...
nightgown... and the see-through
candy pajamas, the tutti-frutti
ones?

Lina comes close to Bob, nibbles on his ear.

LINA

Um-hmm. And the dissolving peach
bra. Now you go inside and get
ready. Go.

Bob limps towards the house.

Lina watches him go, blows him a kiss, then walks to the
front of the houses and over to Jack's driveway.

INT. DEN - JACK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jack fiddles with the computer. The doorbell rings.

Jack looks around the den and freezes.

The doorbell rings again.

LINA (V.O.)
Jack? Jack? It's Lina!

Jack scrambles out the den door and quickly closes it behind him. He smooths his hair, then moves towards the front door.

LINA (V.O.)
Jack? C'mon, it's me!

Jack opens the door.

JACK
Hi Lina. I'm really sorry about Home-Wrecker, I hit the wrong menu option. Then the mouse jumped off the desk. Is Bob all right?

LINA
He's fine. Can I come in?

JACK
Um it's a mess, maybe not...

LINA
Please Jack? I want to tell you something. It's important.

JACK
Well, okay.

INT. LIVING ROOM - JACK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lina sits on the love seat. Jack stands nearby.

JACK
Are you thirsty? Can I get you something? A Botany Shake, maybe?

LINA
No, I'm fine.

He sits in an easy chair.

JACK
What did you want to talk about?

LINA
You're going to hate me.

JACK

Never.

LINA

You will. But it's better if...

BOB (O.C.)

Ba-by! Al-most rea-dy!

Jack looks confused.

LINA

Ignore him. Anyway, I was saying it's better that you know.

JACK

About what?

LINA

Bob and I have been sort of spying on you.

JACK

You mean you... What about the other night?

LINA

We saw everything. From the roof.

JACK

Oh my God. But it was three in the morning, how did you know...

LINA

Bob works for Chloress Vales and she asked... ordered him, to find out everything he could about your... experiments.

JACK

So... Oh, that's why she visited me the next day...

LINA

Yes.

JACK

Why, Lina? Why didn't you tell me?

LINA

I... I don't know. There aren't many choices for a girl in my position...

BOB (O.C.)
Ba-by! I'm in my Judg-es Robe!

Lina stands.

LINA
I have to go, Jack. I'm so sorry.

Jack stays seated. Lina bends to give him a quick kiss.

Jack recoils. Lina freezes, then hurries out the front door.

Jack moves to the front door, looks through the door window.

As Lina gets to Jack's driveway, she turns back for a moment and wipes her eyes.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - WHITE HOUSE - EVENING

General Dresser and GENERAL PETER HEXTON, 50s, sit in chairs facing the PRESIDENT, early 60s, at his desk.

DRESSER
It's the precision, sir. They nailed an object a meter across, orbiting at seventeen thousand miles an hour. Exactly where they wanted to hit it.

PRESIDENT
To alter the... what did you say, the rotation?

DRESSER
Correct. Spun it in the other direction. Unbelievable.

PRESIDENT
Pete? Ever heard of this? From orbit, or from the ground? Pete?

Hexton cranes his neck sideways towards the edge of the President's desk.

HEXTON
Oh, sorry, Mr. President. Well, I've heard of nothing better, that's for sure. We're building in that kind of accuracy for our anti-missile beam platforms.

PRESIDENT

Uh-huh. How far along are you on the prototype?

HEXTON

Six months from completion, sir. Then an eighteen month test phase.

PRESIDENT

That, plus delays, and we're looking at what? Two or three years before it's ready?

HEXTON

That sounds about right, yes sir.

PRESIDENT

Well gentlemen, I've got a dilemma. Pete, I just sent the bill yesterday for full funding of your FireStar Omni-Shield to the House. Am I now supposed to tell them a couple of weekend hobbyists beat the U.S. military to the punch? Bill, what do you think?

DRESSER

Well, Mr. President, I'm not sure FireStar is viable now, as I've told General Hexton. From what Ms. Vales reported, and then my meeting with the creators...

PRESIDENT

Um hmm. Well, if Chlor... um, Ms. Vales has put this much into her research, it's probably legit. Pete? What's your problem?

Hexton again cranes his neck sideways at the desk.

HEXTON

Is that where it happened, sir?

Hexton points down at the kneehole of the President's desk.

PRESIDENT

Where what happened?!?

HEXTON

The thing, sir. With the blue dress?...

PRESIDENT

Monica! I thought you meant Ms. Vales. For your information that didn't occur under this particular desk. Anything else on your mind?

HEXTON

Sorry, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

Bill, you mentioned a possible test site, what was it called?

DRESSER

Fry Pan, sir. That's a piece of desert near the base. The Air Force wants to sign a ten-year lease from the property owner.

PRESIDENT

Don't tell me. Ms. Vales?

DRESSER

Yes, sir. Except now she's asking four times the original amount of the tentative lease agreement.

PRESIDENT

She apparently misses nothing. What's the land slated for?

DRESSER

Air trials of the new Peregrine helicopter, sir. But under the circumstances we, I mean, I thought...

PRESIDENT

Yes. This seems a more pressing usage. We need something remote, and right now. Pete?

HEXTON

Frankly, Mr. President... Can I speak freely, sir?

PRESIDENT

That's why you're here.

HEXTON

Well, Mr. President, I think any focus we put on this... this fluke from these amateurs just takes more time away from FireStar.

(MORE)

HEXTON (CONT'D)

Valuable time and money. We're making very good progress, sir.

PRESIDENT

When have I heard that before? High Frontier? SDI? And now your FireStar system? Christ!

HEXTON

We can make this one work, Mr. President. I know it!

PRESIDENT

I'm sure. But I don't want to squander this ground-based shot we have for anti-missile defense. If for no other reason than it's a helluva lot less vulnerable to attack. So...

Hexton starts to protest but the President holds up his hand.

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

General Hexton, I'd like you to work with General Dresser here to pull off a test of this... this... What are we going to call it?

DRESSER

Sir, the gardener... I mean the botanist who altered the tumbleweeds said their scientific name is salsola tragus. I figured we might call this Project Tragus?

PRESIDENT

Fine. Tragus it is. Pete, what about a test target, once this contraption is ready to fire?

HEXTON

For FireStar, we're already set up to target a sub-launched dummy ballistic missile from one of our Ohio-class boomers.

PRESIDENT

Okay. You'll coordinate that when the time is right. Are we about ready to wrap this up?

DRESSER

Mr. President, I just thought of something else.

PRESIDENT

Of course, Bill. I think the Romanian ambassador can wait a bit longer. What is it?

DRESSER

Mr. President, we need to keep the actual purpose of the test from the inventors. They're pacifists. They want to use this for asteroid deflection.

PRESIDENT

I see what you mean. Can you simulate a phony target? Space junk or something?

DRESSER

Yes sir. I think they'll bite.

PRESIDENT

Good. Anything else, gentlemen?

INT. (UNDETERMINED SETTING) - LATE AFTERNOON

CLOSE SHOT of a man's face.

MAN

Can't wait any longer. Please, come over here.

WOMAN (O.C.)

I don't know...

MAN

Come sit in my lap. I won't bite.

WOMAN (O.C.)

I'm having second thoughts. Maybe this wasn't such a good idea.

MAN

Let's go. It'll be all over in five or six minutes and then you'll be glad you did it. Trust me!

WOMAN (O.C.)

You've done this a lot, right?

MAN

Thousands of times. I still get a thrill from it and so will you.

WOMAN (O.C.)

God I must be crazy. Okay...

Hold the tight focus, as a young woman's face now appears in front of the man's face.

MAN

Oh that's good. Now lean forward just a little.

WOMAN

Like this?

MAN

Perfect position, now I can work my hands. You comfortable?

WOMAN

I can hardly breathe.

MAN

Just relax. That'll make the thrill even more enjoyable. You ready?

WOMAN

Oh God...

MAN

Don't forget to arch your back. And if you can touch my butt with your feet, that's a good thing.

WOMAN

Good for whom?

MAN

And remember to have a happy face when you look into the camera.

WOMAN

Dear God, don't let my family and friends ever see the video.

MAN

Nonsense! They'll love it. Okay. Now we're going to duck-walk.

WOMAN

Ducks? Oh Ohh!

Stay focused as both faces drop a bit, then move forward.

The light intensifies on their faces as they move.

Eventually their faces are in sunlight.

MAN

On the count of three! One...

WOMAN

Help...

MAN

Two...

WOMAN

Me...

MAN

Three! JUMP!

WOMAN

Gaaahhhhhddddddd!

A man (on top) and a woman (underneath) jump from an airplane in a tandem parachute setup.

They free-fall as the small drogue chute opens.

They wave at the camera.

The man does a few spins, and both mug for the camera.

He pulls the main chute.

They float down, both in a forward sitting position.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Oh my God that was FANTASTIC! Oh wow! Wow! WOW!

MAN

I knew you'd like it! I get a rush every jump I make!

Shot of Lake Elsinore, their POV.

WOMAN

Oh the lake is beautiful, so blue! This is wonderful, you were right! Thank you for not letting me chicken out!

MAN

My pleasure! See the drop zone over to the left? We'll be landing in less than a minute so be ready to pull your legs in.

Focus on woman's face. It briefly flashes blue.

WOMAN

What was that?

MAN

Where?

WOMAN

The lake! Didn't you see?

MAN

No!

WOMAN

The whole lake flashed bright blue!

MAN

I don't see anything! The sun's getting low, probably just a reflection.

WOMAN

It's gone now! But it looked so clear...

MAN

Probably nothing. Okay, pay attention. We're almost on the ground. Go ahead and pull your legs up to your chest so I can land standing up. You ready?

WOMAN

Yes! Am I doing it right? Like this?

MAN

That's fine, here we go! We'll land like a cotton puff, you'll hardly feel it!

They float to the ground.

The parachute comes down and falls over the woman's head.

She struggles, then lifts the chute away from her face...

EXT. LAKE ELSINORE - UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

...closely follow a largemouth bass as it swims near the bottom of the lake. Eventually the bass's head angles down.

The lake bottom is covered by interlocking hexagonal shapes. A dim blue glow pulses from it in all directions.

The bass looks back at the camera, its eyes widen and its mouth drops open.

INT. CANDY / RANDY HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

CANDY

She said to trust her! And I...

RANDY

...do? But why?

CANDY

Because she said everything would...

RANDY

...work out in the end?

CANDY

Yes!

RANDY

Well I want to go! How can she...

CANDY

...stop you? Her limo will be...

RANDY

...bringing goons? Is that it?

Candy stays silent and peeks out the window at the driveway.

RANDY (CONT'D)

Okay Sis. But at least tell me everything...

CANDY

...we discuss about the project? Of course, Ran. We're still a...

RANDY

...team. Is Jack going to be there...

CANDY

...with me? No. He'll be at Fry Pan with us on Saturday. Thank you, Ran, for...

RANDY
 ...calming him down about Bob and
 Lina and Chloress spying on us.

A horn sounds out on the driveway.

CANDY
 Yes. Well it's time to...

They move towards each other to hug, trip over their feet,
 and catch each other.

RANDY
 ...get going. Don't forget to
 be...

CANDY
 ...careful. I will. Bye, Ran.

Candy breaks the hug, then leaves.

Randy watches through the window. Two large goons dressed in
 green open the green limo door for Candy. She waves to him.

RANDY
 Come back home...
 (pauses)
 ...soon, Sis.

EXT. FRY PAN DESERT PLAIN - MORNING

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Time sequences show progression of Project Tragus in the
 planting of the tumbleweeds, their growth and transformation
 into power cells.

Chloress, Candy, Randy, Jack, Bob, Lina and Generals Dresser
 and Hexton walk together. Jack is the honcho, gestures and
 speaks about the tumbleweed planting operation. Lina watches
 approvingly. Candy watches Chloress approvingly. Randy and
 Bob look lost. Generals Dresser and Hexton are tight-lipped.

Jack breaks from the group, gestures at the 3-disc layout.
 As he walks back, he trips and falls flat on his face.

Jack scrambles to his feet, looks for the cause of his spill.
 He finds something in the sand, dislodges it, picks it up.

Jack holds up a sand-covered ham. Everyone is puzzled except
 for Chloress, who smiles, comes up to him and takes it.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRY PAN DESERT PLAIN - AFTERNOON

Focus on dozens of half-grown tumbleweeds, two to three feet across, planted in triangular groups of three.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRY PAN DESERT PLAIN - LATE AFTERNOON

The tumbleweeds are fully grown, four to five feet across. Jack, Lina, Bob, Candy and Randy stand near the edge of the planted area. Amongst the tumbleweeds, workers spray a black powder around the base of each plant.

BOB

What the hell's that stuff, Doc?
You trying to kill these prickly bastards?

JACK

That's carbon soot, very rich in buckyballs. The plants need it for the doping.

BOB

Of course! If these trouble-weeds wanna get coked to the gills on buckyballs, who are we to stop 'em?

CANDY

Not trouble-weeds, Bob, they're...

RANDY

...salsola tragus. Tumbleweeds.

BOB

(looks at Candy)
Great. Raggedy Ann and Andy, the whore-ticulturists of the desert.

CANDY

What did you call...

RANDY

...my sister?

Randy advances towards Bob. Bob backs up, laughs and taunts him. Randy lunges for Bob, then trips.

BOB

Ha ha! Think you can catch me Mr. Cyborg? I was a power forward in high school! C'mon, cyborg!

CANDY

Ran! It's okay! I'm not a...

RANDY

Whore? He called you a whore!

LINA

Honey, quit making an asshole out of yourself!

JACK

C'mon Bob! Knock it off! Let's get back to town for dinner! Bob?

Bob still jukes and dodges, taunts Randy. As he gets near a huge tumbleweed plant, he over-corrects on a dodge and falls backwards into it. He sinks in, nearly disappears.

BOB

Ahhhhhh! Owwwwwww! Help! Help!

Everyone comes up to help pull him out, including Randy. Bob is covered in pricklies and yells even more loudly in pain.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRY PAN DESERT PLAIN - NIGHT

Pan across group of Jack, Lina, Bob, Chloress, Candy, Randy and Generals Dresser and Hexton as they all look out across the desert plain. Very slight blue glow to their faces. Chloress gooses General Dresser.

Move around to show the desert plain. It's dotted with the fully grown tumbleweeds, each glowing pale blue from the thick main stem (brighter glow) to the branches, leaves and seeds (dimmer glow).

Slowly pan away from the tumbleweeds and focus back on the faces of the group. The blue glow on their faces is brighter. Lina gooses Jack.

Pull back to show the tumbleweeds are gone, replaced by flat discs in groups of three. The discs glow at a steady rate. Occasionally a disc flares more brightly.

FADE OUT.

INT. GENERAL DRESSER'S CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Jack, Candy, Randy, Chloress, General Dresser and General Hexton sit at the table.

DRESSER

Methane attractor? I don't understand, Jack.

JACK

The beams attract and trap methane, General.

HEXTON

That stuff from the cattle ranches?

JACK

Yes. Methane also comes from coal mines and rice paddies and landfills. The ocean, too.

HEXTON

The Texas Panhandle beats 'em all. I once drove through...

DRESSER

General Hexton! Jack, continue.

JACK

I saw a purple tinge on the beam edges that shouldn't have been there. So I ran tests. The purple comes from a chemical reaction. Buckyballs are pulling in methane from the surrounding air.

RANDY

What Jack is saying is that our tri-discs...

CANDY

...can beam methane gas into space.

DRESSER

And why is that important?

CHLORESS

Because, Bill, methane is one of those nasty global warming gasses.

JACK

Right. So we already have three benefits from the tri-discs. Clean power. Asteroid deflection. And a greenhouse gas reducer.

DRESSER

Yes, well, very good, Jack, and everyone. Thank you.

(MORE)

DRESSER (CONT'D)

Now before we leave I want to confirm that everything's set for tomorrow's test. General Hexton?

HEXTON

Yes. The test commences in the afternoon at two forty-eight and twenty-three seconds, P.M. Ms. Lofton is coordinating with my staff and she can confirm we're ready to go. Correct, Ms. Lofton?

CANDY

There are sixteen pieces of space debris that will be hit in sequence, a half-second apart. The COOTI system will track...

(waits for Randy, then continues)

...will track the targets and auto-fire the matching tri-discs.

HEXTON

Right. We have sixteen tri-discs activated with four in reserve.

Hexton looks conspiratorially at Dresser.

DRESSER

That's everything for now. Will you be staying on base tonight?

CHLORESS

No. Candy and Randy don't want to miss the lunar eclipse.

JACK

Oh? What time?

CANDY

Full occlusion will be at...

RANDY

...eleven nineteen tonight.

DRESSER

Okay. Meet here at eight-thirty sharp tomorrow. We'll have breakfast and then head over to the Tragus Command Center. Questions?

Nobody says anything.

Everyone but Dresser and Hexton leave the conference room.

INT. GENERAL DRESSER'S CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dresser and Hexton stand at a window of the conference room, overlooking the runways. They watch as Chloress's green jet gets airborne.

DRESSER

Time.

They walk to the table. Dresser buzzes his secretary.

DRESSER (CONT'D)

Marissa? Get the President on the phone. He's expecting the call.

MARISSA (V.O.)

Yes sir.

DRESSER

(to Hexton)

You're sure four will be enough?

HEXTON

More than enough to kiss it...

MARISSA (V.O.)

General? The President is ready.

DRESSER

(hits speaker button on security phone)

Mr. President? We're ready here.

PRESIDENT

It's just you and Pete?

DRESSER

Yes sir.

HEXTON

Yes sir.

PRESIDENT

So tell me a story, gentlemen.

DRESSER

The test is ready for tomorrow afternoon, Mr. President, at around a quarter of three.

PRESIDENT

Good. Pete, what about the target? Hey Monica, come out from under there! Ouch!

(MORE)

PRESIDENT (CONT'D)

I've got serious business here!
(laughs heartily)
Did you get that, Pete?

HEXTON

Um yes, Mr. President, ha ha. Yes I... I got it, sir. The target. Yes. The USS Alaska is already in the patrol section we need, Mr. President. Commander Gerard and I know each other well. He's ready for action, sir. And very security-conscious. Doesn't trust anyone.

PRESIDENT

Okay. Exactly what should I expect?

HEXTON

Just after the main test on the space debris, my staff will fire a quad burst at Commander Gerard's dummy missile.

DRESSER

They hacked COOTI, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

COOTI? What the hell is that?

DRESSER

Close Orbit...

PRESIDENT

Forget it, I don't need to know. So Pete, you hit the missile, and then what?

HEXTON

The missile will be toppled so that it hits the atmosphere tail first, and at a steep angle. That will cause disintegration.

PRESIDENT

And if it gets through the atmosphere? It's not going to fall on top of my desk, is it Pete? Where would Monica hide?

HEXTON

Ha, Mr. President. Even if it gets through, the missile will fall into a remote section of the Arctic Ocean. There's no problem, sir.

PRESIDENT

Let's hope you're both right. Okie doke. Good evening, generals.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jack, in pajamas, walks down a hall and through the door of another bedroom, nearest to Bob's house. He opens the window and removes the screen. Jack looks out and up.

The Moon is almost directly overhead. About a third of it is hidden as it moves into Earth's shadow.

Jack watches awhile, then pulls his head back in.

He picks up the screen and is about to fit it in.

The bedroom window of Bob's house slowly opens.

Jack puts down the screen and moves next to the wall by the window. Then he peeks out the window.

Lina, in a sheer nightgown, leans out her bedroom window.

LINA

(loud whisper)

Jack? Are you there?

Jack pulls back to the wall, then peeks around again.

LINA (CONT'D)

I saw you! Jack, talk to me!

Jack comes into full view and leans out.

JACK

Hi! Where's Bob?

LINA

Shh! He's snoring, I don't want to wake him. Isn't it beautiful?

Jack looks directly across at Lina's chest, where her nightgown has slightly opened.

JACK

Oh yes...
(then looks up)
It really is, yes, very much.

LINA

Are you ready for tomorrow?

JACK

Yes. Are you coming?

LINA

No, Chloress says it's high security or something. Even she can't go.

JACK

Oh.

LINA

It's okay, you'll have to tell me all about it after. Right?

JACK

I'll tell you and Bob what I can. Tomorrow night?

LINA

Bob won't be here, he's doing an evening showing in Laguna Beach.

JACK

Oh okay. Just you then.

Lina smiles and looks up again. They both watch as the Moon is now about three quarters obscured by the Earth's shadow.

BOB

(talking in his sleep)
Cyborg... Green tomato beam...
prickly bush lover...

LINA

(looks behind her)
Jack, I better go. So I'll see you tomorrow?

JACK

Yes Lina, I'll see you then.

LINA

Good night, Jack.

Lina raises her arms to close the window. Her nightgown opens further. Jack watches. Lina smiles at him, waves, then moves from the window.

Focus up as the last of the Moon disappears in the eclipse.

EXT. FRY PAN DESERT PLAIN - AFTERNOON

Overhead shot of tri-discs, some intermittently flash blue.

Overhead shot of nearby Tragus Command Center, a group of hi-tech buildings and radar dishes and antennas.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bustling activity in a typical hi-tech military environment, with computers, consoles, workstations and a huge screen in the front center. A digital time readout shows 2:31.

General Dresser moves behind the central workstation, where Candy and Randy and Jack sit.

DRESSER

Just an observer today, huh Jack?

JACK

Mostly, General.

DRESSER

Me too. So, only about seventeen minutes to go. We all set?

RANDY

All tri-discs fully-powered and...

CANDY

...responding perfectly to tracking commands.

DRESSER

Excellent. And no need to call on the four in reserve? Not even one?

CANDY

No, General.

DRESSER

Okay folks. I'm meeting with General Hexton to brief the President. I'll be back before you're ready to fire. Good luck!

Dresser continues on, looks at various displays and personnel and workstations as he heads across the main room. A display catches his eye at a workstation, and he stops.

A USAF major and captain monitor several tri-disc video displays of the Fry Pan. Dresser points to one.

DRESSER (CONT'D)

Major? What have you got there?

MAJOR

Oh, good afternoon General. Those are prairie dogs, sir. We picked them up on the perimeter of Fry Pan. Watch.

The major points to a monitor, then clicks a few buttons and a tri-disc glows briefly.

The group of prairie dogs stand on their hind legs and sniff the air, then dive into their burrows. The major and captain smile, Dresser laughs.

DRESSER

I'll be damned. I don't hear a thing, do you?

MAJOR

Out of human hearing range. Another usage for the tri-discs, General. A prairie dog whistle.

DRESSER

Carry on.

Dresser moves to a hallway off the main floor. He walks to an unmarked door and opens it with a key, then slips inside.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - SECURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

General Hexton is at a desk, with two scrambler speaker phone systems on the desktop.

Dresser takes a seat nearby.

HEXTON

(into phone)

Mr. President? Commander Gerard?

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Yeah Pete.

GERARD (V.O.)
Present, sir.

HEXTON
General Dresser is here and he'll
provide the final details.

DRESSER
Thanks, General Hexton. Mr.
President, Commander Gerard, we're
about fifteen minutes...

GERARD (V.O.)
Excuse me, General Dresser?

DRESSER
Yes Commander?

GERARD (V.O.)
I'll need you to authenticate with
me first, sir.

HEXTON
Oh God here we go...

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
Commander, cram it. He's cleared
through me.

GERARD (V.O.)
Yes but Mr. President, if I made
you authenticate then naturally
General Dresser - if that's who he
really is - must also do so.

HEXTON
Rick... Commander Gerard, we're on
a timetable here!

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
Gerard, as your commander in chief
I order you to shut your trap and
let General Dresser continue!

GERARD (V.O.)
Sir, U.S. Navy Undersea Regulation
twenty-two-E, section six point two
reads: The properly cautious
submarine commander must assume
that any communication...

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
Oh shit.

GERARD (V.O.)
...from any person regardless of
country of origin...

DRESSER
Alaska executive officer, relieve
Commander Gerard!

GERARD (V.O.)
...and despite the familiarity with
said person being the submarine
commander might have...

HEXTON
RICK! Stop!

GERARD (V.O.)
Mr. President, I am simply
following...

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
Bite me, Commander! One more peep
and you're on three days bread and
water. Bill, proceed.

DRESSER
Thank you Mr. President. The beam
deflector event, or BDE, is about
ten minutes away. At BDE plus four
minutes, Alaska fires the dummy
Trident. What's your position now,
Commander?

GERARD (V.O.)
I cannot give that out unless...

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
Gerard, is your XO there? Pete,
who's Alaska's executive officer?

HEXTON
Rick we'll get a reverse track from
your missile trajectory anyway...

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
WHERE THE FUCK IS ALASKA, GERARD?!?

GERARD (V.O.)
Barents Sea, one hundred thirty one
nautical miles south-southeast of
Bear Island, sir. Bearing fifteen
degrees. Speed, one knot. Depth,
one hundred feet.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
What an asshole...

DRESSER
So, after Alaska's launch, we'll cut in the reserve tri-discs and fire a beam approximately a minute and a half later. That will topple the Trident.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
And then you'll return to your pen at Groton immediately, Gerard.

DRESSER
(stands)
Mr. President, Commander, I'm going back to the beam direction center now. General Hexton and I will both give confirmation before you launch, Commander Gerard.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
Fine, Bill. I'll be on the line throughout. Good shooting.

DRESSER
Thank you, sir.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

As Dresser walks towards the main workstation, he spots the monitor for the prairie dogs and stops to watch.

The prairie dogs are out of their holes, stand on their hind legs and sniff the air.

Dresser moves on and takes a seat at the main workstation.

CANDY
Hello General. The first target is nearing line-of-sight horizon. We'll have acquisition...

RANDY
...in about forty seconds. All other targets close behind.

DRESSER
How long til they're overhead?

CANDY
About three and a half minutes.

Dresser nods, then scans the main room. Various workstations send signals to the tri-discs.

Out in the field, the spindle tops open. The tri-discs glow a brighter blue.

Dresser glances at the prairie dog workstation. The major and captain catch his eye, point to the monitor and shrug.

On their monitor, the prairie dogs fidget, seem agitated.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Acquisition of Target One in six,
five, four...

RANDY

...three, two, one, acquisition!
Zenith fire point calculated.
Targets two, three, four now
acquired, and...

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - PRAIRIE DOG STATION - CONTINUOUS

The major and captain look intensely at the monitor, which shows about a dozen prairie dogs. They all act oddly, shake a bit, cock their heads at the sky.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

Dresser focuses on Candy and Randy as they coordinate the aiming and firing.

CANDY

All targets acquired, moving toward
zenith. Beam deflector event in...

RANDY

...one minute, four seconds.
Three, two, one. And fifty-nine
seconds, fifty-eight. All tri-
discs focused and aligned...

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - PRAIRIE DOG STATION - CONTINUOUS

The major and captain look at the prairie dogs, then at each other, puzzled. The prairie dogs issue nervous barks as their agitation increases.

EXT. LAKE ELSINORE - SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The lake surface is smooth as glass for a few seconds.

Slowly at first, then increasing, bubbles form across the surface. As the lake is panned, back and forth, the bubbling increases to a roiling, foaming action.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - PRAIRIE DOG STATION - CONTINUOUS

The major and captain watch their monitor, transfixed.

All of the prairie dogs suddenly stop, stand at attention, crouch and then LEAP into the air, six feet up or so.

EXT. LAKE ELSINORE - SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

The whiteness of the foaming surface of the lake slowly changes to glowing blue.

Pull back to incorporate the entire lake in the shot.

A huge blue glowing beam explodes from the surface and heads straight to the sky.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - PRAIRIE DOG STATION - CONTINUOUS

The prairie dogs freeze at the peak of their leaps.

In slow motion, all of them come down simultaneously, head-first, and disappear into their burrows.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

CANDY

...forty-two, forty-one seconds...

RANDY

...WAIT... We're getting tumbling
of target number eight! General...

At this point begins low-level flurry and panic in the main room. The intercoms in the main workstation come alive.

MAJOR (V.O.)

General, Station Five! The prairie
dogs just went apeshit, sir!

USAF WOMAN (V.O.)
General Dresser one of the targets
is dropping in orbit...

USAF MAN (V.O.)
Sir, Station Two, have we fired?
Massive beam firing detected...

DRESSER
What the living hell broke loose?

CANDY
General we're fourteen seconds from
BDE on the first target...

RANDY
...and no tri-discs have fired yet!
Should we go ahead...

DRESSER
WAIT! Hold onto your asses!

CANDY
...nine, eight, seven...

DRESSER
...Shit!
(grabs main intercom)
All Tragus stations, scram the BDE!
I say again, scram the event! I'm
ordering a complete tri-disc
shutdown, base-wide! Now!

On the big screen, the tri-discs dim, then the blue glow
flickers out on all of them.

A secure phone rings. Dresser picks it up.

DRESSER (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Yes! I know! I don't know, Pete!
How the crap would I know?!? We're
in shutdown. Yes. Everything is
scrammed. Tell them both. I don't
care! Sunspots or something! I'll
be there in a few minutes.

Dresser slams down phone. Another intercom sounds.

FLORES (V.O.)
General Dresser, Lieutenant Flores
at Station Three.
(MORE)

FLORES (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We've detected and are tracking a major beam event, sir. A burst of three seconds in duration.

DRESSER
 Well how can that be, Lieutenant? We scrambled before anything on this base fired! Check your data...

FLORES (V.O.)
 It's solid, General. We've traced the beam's origin to latitude thirty-three point six six eight north, longitude one seventeen point three two six west.

DRESSER
 See? That's not us! Um... Where the hell is it?

FLORES (V.O.)
 Lake Elsinore, sir.

DRESSER
 Elsinore? D'you mean the city or the lake itself?

FLORES (V.O.)
 The lake, sir.

Jack, Candy and Randy exchange worried glances.

DRESSER
 (lower voice)
 What the hell do we have in Lake Elsinore on this?

JACK
 Nothing...

RANDY
 That we...

CANDY
 ...know of.

DRESSER
 Shit. Okay, just a second.
 (dials secure phone)
 General Hexton? Are they still on the line? Okay. Keep them there. Stay put. Don't move. What? Can't you hold it? Christ. Then go! I'll be back in a minute.

FLORES (V.O.)

General?

Dresser slams down the phone.

DRESSER

What, Lieutenant?!?

FLORES (V.O.)

DeepSat Four is tracking the rogue beam, sir. It's moving close to the speed of light and is expected to impact the sun in approximately seven minutes.

DRESSER

Could it?...

FLORES

Oh, no General. Its energy will be completely absorbed with no effect.

DRESSER

Thank you, Lieutenant Flores.

(picks up intercom)

Everyone remain on station until further notice.

(clicks intercom off)

I'll be speaking with the President. Let me know if anything urgent happens.

Dresser moves across the main room, steals a glance at the prairie dog monitor.

From one of the burrows, the head of one prairie dog peeks over the edge.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - SECURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dresser bursts into the room, speaks as he walks.

DRESSER

Mr. President?

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Bill? 'bout goddamned time!

DRESSER

Sorry sir, it's been nuts here.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

So, the test is blown. What did you screw up?

DRESSER

Uh, nothing, sir. I scrambled because somebody else beat us to the punch. A rogue beam fired just before we were supposed to.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Rogue beam? From there?

DRESSER

No, Mr. President. We tracked the beam's origin to Lake Elsinore, that's a desert town south of here. From the lake itself, sir. Powerful as all hell.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

It didn't hit anything, did it?

DRESSER

Grazed a piece of space debris, is all, sir. Otherwise, it's headed into the Sun and that's the end of it. But we don't have a clue who fired it, or why.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Commander Gerard, did you fire it?

OUTER SPACE - DEEPSAT FOUR

Satellite POV shows the tiny Earth and tinier Moon far off.

Underneath them, a bright blue point of light grows bigger.

Follow the point of light as it becomes the huge bright blue rogue beam. The beam roars past DeepSat Four in three seconds, hurtles through space directly towards the Sun.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - SECURE ROOM - AFTERNOON

GERARD

Yes I did, sir.

PRESIDENT

YOU WHAT?!? When did the Navy get a hold of a beam weapon? And how come I wasn't told about it?!?

GERARD

The beam? No, not that sir. The dummy missile. With the test cancelled, it was the quickest way to clear the tube, Mr. President. So we could put the live missile back. Wouldn't want to be caught with our fly open, right sir?

PRESIDENT

Shit on a shingle. Gerard, what's the Navy got in Lake Elsinore?

GERARD (V.O.)

Nothing I'm aware of, sir.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Don't be playing any need to know horse-shit with me, Gerard.

HEXTON

Maybe we should get the lake checked out, Mr. President?

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

Jack, Candy and Randy speak in hushed voices.

CANDY

Jack, are you thinking...

RANDY

...what we're thinking?

JACK

I think so. Oh my God. The plant that blew away during the doping process! Elsie!

RANDY

But how could it have produced...

CANDY

...a beam of such power? And what told it to fire?

JACK

Maybe... Maybe a chemical factor in the water? Or just growing in water accelerated its growth? I never tested for that, these are desert plants, after all!

CANDY

But a specific radio wave
transmission has to initiate...

RANDY

...the beam projection. How could
that have happened?

JACK

I don't know. For now, keep quiet,
let's see what happens. We don't
want to jeopardize the project.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - SECURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Good point, Pete. Something's in
that friggin' lake. Gerard, you're
our underwater expert. Any
suggestions?

GERARD (V.O.)

Maybe we can send in a SEAL team,
Mr. President.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

That's not bad, Commander. What've
we got that's close, Bill?

DRESSER

We have a few SEAL teams based out
of San Diego. We can airlift one
to Elsinore in less than an hour.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Good. Get on it. And keep a tight
lid on this whole goddamned thing.

GERARD (V.O.)

My recruiter was a Navy SEAL...

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

He's fired, Gerard. You're next.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - STATION 3 - AFTERNOON

A USAF officer, CHERI WATERS, 20s, sits to the right of
Lieutenant Flores. On his monitor is DeepSat Four's view of
the rogue beam receding towards the Sun.

On her computer, she runs calculations and shakes her head.
Flores looks over and notices. He moves behind her.

FLORES

What's up, Cheri? Trouble?

CHERI

I'm pretty sure. My God I hope I'm wrong. Check me out, would you?

CHERI (CONT'D)

This is the rogue beam's path to the Sun. Right?

FLORES

Yep. We're two minutes into the firing so impact on the Sun should be in six minutes. Give or take.

CHERI

Take. Take like five minutes off your estimate. I've checked my positioning calculations from eight sources and I can't find an error.

FLORES

I don't get it. The Sun is exactly where it's supposed to be!

CHERI

I know. Look.

FLORES

Oh. Fuck. US!

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Focus up to eventually show a light yellow-colored planet as it spins slowly in a clockwise direction.

Follow the rogue beam as it roars by.

Rotate around the planet to focus on the growing point of blue light as it increases in size.

Focus on the planet from front. The huge beam slams into it with massive force on its extreme right edge. Multi-colored flare-ups explode in the planet's atmosphere as the beam drives into the planet's edge for three seconds.

Focus on the planet as it stops its clockwise rotation, then rotates slightly faster in a counterclockwise direction.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - SECURE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

GERARD (V.O.)

...I gave my recruiter some jive
once and I forgot he was a SEAL...

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

We still secure on this missile
targeting that never happened?

DRESSER

Yes sir. Only ones who know are us
and the two officers who hacked
COOTI. And they're rock solid.

GERARD (V.O.)

...told him I wouldn't join his
pansy Navy...

HEXTON

Mr. President? Wasn't this
supposed to be a sure bet?

GERARD (V.O.)

...so he gave me my first
underwater endurance test...

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Don't bust anyone's balls just yet,
Pete. Let's not panic.

GERARD (V.O.)

...ever wonder what the life of a
plunger must be like?...

An internal base telephone on Hexton's desk buzzes.

HEXTON

(into phone)

Yes? He is, Lieutenant Flores.
Let me put you on the speaker.

DRESSER

Flores? What is it?

FLORES (V.O.)

The rogue beam, sir. Um, a funny
thing happened on the way to the
Sun.

DRESSER

I thought we were squared away on
that?

FLORES (V.O.)

It never got to the Sun, General.
Something was in the way, and
that's... just a second, I'm
getting a post-impact trajectory
report, hold on...

Loud crash is heard from the phone.

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Bill, what'd he say about impact?!?

DRESSER

I'm not sure myself sir...

HEXTON

As I said, Mr. President, this
whole Project Tragus is...

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Shut up, Pete! Chrissakes! Bill,
did you fuck this thing up?

CHERI (V.O.)

Um, General Dresser? This is
Captain Waters.

DRESSER

What the hell? Where's Flores?

CHERI (V.O.)

Lieutenant Flores fainted, sir.
Just before that, he said: "There's
going to be another belt."

DRESSER

Spell it out, Waters.

CHERI (V.O.)

Sir, the rogue beam impacted the
second planet from the Sun, with
great power. It hit Venus.

DRESSER

It what?

HEXTON

Hit who?

PRESIDENT (V.O.)

Holy shit!

GERARD (V.O.)
 ...I was face down in the commode
 and I saw my whole life...

CHERI (V.O.)
 But that's not why Lieutenant
 Flores fainted, sir. The beam hit
 the edge of Venus and altered its
 rotation and orbit.

DRESSER
 Okay...

CHERI (V.O.)
 Venus now has an elongated orbit.
 Or, it will, until it intersects...

PRESIDENT (V.O.)
 Oh no...

CHERI (V.O.)
 Us. The Earth. General, there's
 going to be another asteroid belt.

GERARD (V.O.)
 ...my whole friggin' life going
 down the drain...

FADE TO BLACK.

EXT. DONNELLY BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

Focus on the gazebo, then move down to Bob, head on shot.

A magazine is in front of Bob's face, with just his eyes
 visible over the edge of it.

Bob pretends to read, but over the top of the magazine he
 constantly moves his eyes up, then back and forth.

Pull back to show a drink on a table to his left. To his
 right is a gas-powered chain saw, powered on, but idling.

Bob faces Jack's fence. The plants on it are restless.

Every time a plant looks like it might come for Bob, he
 casually bends down and revs up the chain saw. The vine or
 plant shudders, and stays put.

BOB
 Puke green bastards! Yellow
 bellies! Agent Orange freaks!
 (MORE)

BOB (CONT'D)

(Puts down paper, grabs
chain saw, revs it and
waves it over his head)

How'd you like I turn the whole lot
of you into cole slaw, eh? Anyone
feel froggy? Give it your best
shot, veg-brains!

Bob sits down, puts back the chain saw next to his chair,
then goes back to "reading".

Suddenly it gets eerily quiet.

Birds from trees in the area all fly off simultaneously.

Bob frowns, stands up, looks around, then sits down again.

EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE

POV extremely fast-moving object as it rushes down through
the clouds.

The object breaks through the clouds and we now see large tan
areas, indicating desert, as it speeds down.

To the north is a lake.

EXT. DONNELLY BACKYARD - AFTERNOON

A high-pitched whine splits the air.

BOB

What is that?!? Meyers? What kind
of crap are you pulling now? Huh?

He steps out of the gazebo and walks toward his back fence,
looks out toward the ravine and the lake beyond.

The sound grows more intense, then stops for a half second.

We next hear a terrific boom and crashing sound.

Focus on the gazebo. It's in shambles.

The dummy Trident missile sticks nose first in the center of
the former gazebo. It vibrates back and forth slightly, like
an arrow that has just hit its target.

Before Bob can do anything, a loud buzzing sounds. Bob looks
around, then down.

The running chain saw, thrown clear by the missile impact, is no longer on idle, but at full throttle.

Chain saw chases Bob all over his backyard.

Bob dives through his patio door screen. The screen leaves a cutout image of Bob.

The chain saw hesitates, gathers itself and follows right through the cutout and into his house.

INT. BOWER AIR RESERVE BASE - CONFERENCE ROOM - EARLY EVENING

The President, Dresser, Hexton, Jack, Candy and Randy sit at the conference table. The President's main speech writer, MS. KELLER, 30s, attractive, sits next to the President.

PRESIDENT

Magnetar? They'll buy that? You getting all this, Ms. Keller? Can you make sense...

MS. KELLER

...out of it for your speech? Yes sir. I'm taking notes and recording everything.

Randy frowns at her.

CANDY

As I said, Mr. President. A gamma ray burst from a magnetar. That's the only thing I can think of that might...

(looks questioningly at Randy)

...that might go undetected by astronomers, and be powerful enough to change the orbit of Venus.

PRESIDENT

Fine. Now, tell me about the shoot tomorrow.

Randy hits a few buttons on a keyboard and displays a graphic on the computer screen at the end of the table.

The screen shows the Sun, Venus, the Earth and Moon from a top down view. Venus is left of center on a line from the Sun to the Earth. A glowing yellow line projects the collision path between Venus and the Earth.

RANDY

We have no choice but to combine
the power of all twenty tri-discs
to hit the Moon right here.

(uses laser pointer to
highlight Moon)

DRESSER

Why can't we just hit Venus again?

RANDY

Because we don't have enough beam
power to get Venus back to its
retrograde orbit.

HEXTON

What about that other beam? The
one in the lake?

PRESIDENT

No go, Pete. The SEAL team shut
her down for good. Big mother.

JACK

The center spindle was almost four
hundred feet across.

HEXTON

What made it fire?

DRESSER

Caltech. They were bouncing radar
beams off Venus at the time,
mapping the surface or something.

CANDY

One of the return signals must have
hit Lake Elsinore and the spindle
interpreted it as a fire command.

RANDY

And so to continue...

(he points to the Moon)

...the idea is to hit the Moon and
push it to this position.

(points to an area of
space near Earth)

Its gravitational pull should alter
Venus's course so it misses Earth.

(traces a line just to the
outside left of the
yellow collision line)

PRESIDENT

Assuming this pool shot works,
where's Venus gonna end up?

CANDY

It will enter the Jovian system.

Candy nods to Randy, who presses some buttons on the keyboard and changes the image.

Another graphic appears on the computer screen showing Venus, the Earth, Mars, the asteroid belt and the planet Jupiter.

An orange orbital arc extends from Venus to a point near Jupiter.

DRESSER

Jove?

CANDY

Jupiter. Venus will be captured by
Jupiter here...

(accepts the laser pointer
from Randy, indicates a
location near Jupiter)

...and become...

RANDY

...a permanent far moon around that
planet.

PRESIDENT

Okay folks. I think I've got
enough of the picture. Ms. Keller,
will there be any issues...

MS. KELLER

...working this into a
comprehensive speech? No. And
I'll consult with our three experts
as necessary.

PRESIDENT

Okay then. Anything else, General
Dresser?

DRESSER

Mr. Lofton will start with my
people to re-program the discs, Mr.
President. We're also flying
Doctor Meyers and Ms. Lofton to LA
for a few hours, then back here.

JACK

I have to come back?

DRESSER

Yes. For security reasons, everyone involved in the operation stays on base overnight. Other than yourself of course, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT

I'm not going anywhere. Let's pray I'll be able to fly back to Washington tomorrow night. That's it then. Ms. Keller, we've got work to do.

Everyone stands as the meeting breaks up.

RANDY

Sis, you'll get the scopes and recording computers ready?

CANDY

Of course, Ran. And I'll be here soon to help...

RANDY

...in the tri-disc realignment. Okay. Be careful.

INT. CHLORESS VALES OFFICE - NIGHT

Focus through pale green glass of a huge window behind Chloress's desk.

Far away on the giant floodlit lawn, pan across a large, long and smooth object, with various curves.

Chloress and Candy stand at the window, close together.

CANDY

Ms. Vales?

CHLORESS

Chloress. Please don't call me Ms. Vales again, okay? Do you know what my name means? Chloress?

CANDY

No.

CHLORESS

It means green. Chloress was the Greek goddess of vegetation.

CANDY

Oh.

CHLORESS

And my last name. Do you know what Vales means?

CANDY

Uh...

CHLORESS

It means...
 (one hand goes to Candy's chest)
 ...valleys...
 (other hand goes between Candy's legs)

Candy's eyes grow wide as her glasses fall off.

CANDY

Yes... Uh... Okay... B.B.but Chloress, what is that out there?

CHLORESS

Hmm? Oh, that thing there is a thigh. The thigh of Athena.
 (picks up Candy's glasses, hands them to her)

CANDY

Athena?

CHLORESS

Um-hmm. I'm erecting a statue of Athena. Or, I was, until... Her thigh alone is fifty-two feet long. What do you think about that?

CANDY

Oh, that is a very good length for a thigh.

CHLORESS

I agree. Now Candy, you don't have much time. Let's sit on the couch and have a quick chat before you go.

As she escorts Candy to the couch, Chloress hits her desk intercom.

CHLORESS (CONT'D)
 Germaine? Bring us two green
 sherries.

GERMAINE (V.O.)
 Right away Ms. Vales.

CANDY
 Chloress? Can't you come back with
 me to the base?

CHLORESS
 No. Security or something. And
 I'd just be in the way. So. I
 heard the President's speech just
 before you arrived. We're close
 friends, you know.

CANDY
 Oh. Are you friends with General
 Dresser too?

CHLORESS
 He was my first husband when I was
 a test pilot at Bower. But...

The office door opens and Germaine brings in two green sherries on a silver tray. Candy and Chloress each take one.

CHLORESS (CONT'D)
 Thank you Germaine.

Germaine leaves.

CHLORESS (CONT'D)
 About this beam deflection tomorrow
 at the base, Candy. Are you
 absolutely sure it will work?

CANDY
 I hope so. We have just barely
 enough power to push the Moon into
 a deflecting orbit.

CHLORESS
 Why can't you shoot it tonight?

CANDY
 We have to wait for the solar cells
 in the tri-discs to fully recharge.
 (MORE)

CANDY (CONT'D)

And we want the Moon to be in the best position.

CHLORESS

I see. So Venus will go all the way out to... Jupiter, did the President say?

CANDY

Yes. We won't have an evening star anymore. Or a morning star.

CHLORESS

Such a waste. But the world will be saved. People will rejoice. And you and I can have more fascinating conversations.

CANDY

Oh yes I would love that very much, Chloress.

CHLORESS

Um-hmm. And I can erect my Athena. And develop more terrain.

CANDY

Terrain?

CHLORESS

Land, darling. Real estate. Acreage. Once when I was testing a new cabin warning system in a jet and got too close to the ground, it kept repeating: "Terrain! Terrain! Terrain!" I liked that. Seeing all that terrain from miles up. When I left the Air Force I made it a personal mission to attain as much of that terrain as I possibly could.

CANDY

(looks at watch)

Oh Ms... Chloress, I cannot stay much longer. I have a military charter flight back to the air base in about a half hour.

CHLORESS

I understand and I won't keep you. Shall we?

They finish their drinks and stand. Chloress leads Candy intimately and slowly across to the office door and through.

EXT. JACK'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Jack walks along the side of his house towards the backyard. He pauses at the side of his house and looks up.

Jack sees the Moon halfway up in the sky.

He looks in the other direction and sees, low in the sky, an enlarged pale yellow planet Venus. It is about one fourth as large as the Moon.

Jack shakes his head, then continues walking. Jack doesn't notice, but Lina at her window looks down at him.

Bob skulks in his own backyard, close to his house. He steps out as Jack passes him.

BOB

Meyers!

JACK

Bob! I didn't see you there.
How's it going?

BOB

I just heard our President. Did you do that? You and the cyborgs?

JACK

Of course not. But the President asked us to help us with this Venus deflection.

BOB

Uh-huh. Seems funny though. Know what I mean, Meyers?

JACK

Look Bob, I'm just going to secure the backyard and get some things and then I have to go.

BOB

Wait! Before you go. First if we survive this thing I want all those triffids - those plants - taken down from your fence. They're a son of a bitching menace!

JACK

Well I... Of course you're right.
I'll take care of it next week.

BOB

Damned well better. I mean it,
Meyers. Also, don't you be looking
at my girl with starry eyes any
more!

JACK

Who? Lina?

Jack glances up at the side window as he says this.

Lina hastily backs away from the window before Bob, who also
looks up, can see her.

BOB

Who else? Of course Lina! She's
my girl and that's the end of that!
Understood, Meyers?

JACK

Well of course, Bob. Lina and I
are just neighbors, that's all.

BOB

I'm your neighbor too, Meyers. And
I don't like you. Let's keep it
that way!

Bob storms off into his backyard towards the patio door.

Jack looks up at the window again.

Lina is there. She waves quickly, then disappears.

Focus up to the approaching Venus in the night sky.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dresser, Jack, Candy and Randy sit at the main workstation.

Behind them, in a raised, glassed-in observation room are the
President, Ms. Keller, General Hexton and various Secret
Service and staff.

Dresser looks over to the prairie dog monitor.

From all the prairie dog burrows, tiny periscopes poke up.
They rotate around in quick, jerky movements.

The major and captain catch Dresser's eye and shrug.

DRESSER

Jack. Candy and Randy. I have to ask. Let's just assume this doesn't work and Venus keeps on coming right at us. When will it... impact?

CANDY

As Venus gets closer it moves faster because of Earth's gravitational pull. If we fail, Venus will hit the Earth in approximately fifty-one minutes.

DRESSER

With no place to run. Correct?

CANDY

Yes. Both planets will be torn to pieces.

DRESSER

And what will happen to the Moon?

RANDY

It will probably become a planet. We think that some of the debris from the Earth...

Randy, as he looks back towards Dresser, glances up to the glassed-in room, where Ms. Keller looks directly at him.

She brings her hand up to her mouth as if to cough, but cups it around her mouth as a shield from the others instead. She moves her tongue suggestively at Randy.

RANDY (CONT'D)

...and... and from Venus will be pulled into the Moon, making it bigger. The rest will form into rings and orbit the Moon. We won't be able to call it the Moon anymore. I mean we...

JACK

We'd have a new planet like Saturn, but no one left to name it.

CANDY

General, we won't fail. Everything is going to work.

DRESSER

Time?

CANDY

Seven minutes, eighteen seconds.

EXT. BOWER AIR RESERVE BASE - RUNWAY - AFTERNOON

Long shot of Chloress's green jet as it comes in for a landing. It taxis to a stop near the guarded mini-hangar at the end of the runway.

Two women disembark, and head towards the mini-hangar.

They stop near the guard and converse. His gestures indicate non-cooperation with Chloress. Eventually she prevails.

The three go over to the side of the mini-hangar and peer through a window.

They eventually look up to the sky, where we can clearly see, even in daylight, the approaching Venus.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN ROOM - AFTERNOON

Various shots of the workstations and the main viewing screen, where the twenty tri-discs are aimed and tested.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN WORKSTATION - AFTERNOON

Dresser, Jack, Candy and Randy focus on screens and operations as the countdown clock flashes.

CANDY

Target is eight point six eight million miles distance. Beam firing in one minute, twenty-two seconds.

RANDY

General, all tri-discs are operational and aligned, and now under COOTI control.

Randy turns as he says this, and again catches the eye of Ms. Keller in the glassed-in booth.

She smiles, turns her back to him, then casually drops her hand to her waist and squeezes her butt cheeks.

Across the room, the prairie dog monitor still shows the mini-periscopes twitch around.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Show the planet Venus roar by, rotating in a counterclockwise direction.

Pull back to show a far off Earth and Moon lying in its path.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN ROOM - AFTERNOON

No dialogue. Various shots of workstations, people, the President just prior to beam activation.

The clock winds down, and a huge hum sounds while sixty beams from the twenty tri-discs fire simultaneously.

The three small beams from each tri-disc merge into one beam.

These twenty beams meet and become one giant thicker beam.

This beam heads directly for the Moon.

On the prairie dog monitor, all the mini-periscopes shoot up into the air simultaneously.

EXT. BOWER AIR RESERVE BASE - RUNWAY - AFTERNOON

Near the secured building, the three figures turn and watch the beam shoot into the sky.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN ROOM - AFTERNOON

The center screen tracks the beam into space, as everyone watches and cheers.

RANDY

All tri-discs fired! Beam impact
in fourteen point seven seconds!

CANDY

COOTI reports the beam directly on
target!

Candy and Randy each have their fingers crossed and exchange a quick, secret look.

DRESSER

Go! Kick Venus's ass!

PRESIDENT

Go! Give Jupiter a big wet kiss!

The President lightly slaps Ms. Keller on the back.

It is enough to cause her to stumble a bit against the glass, so that her breasts are pressed flat against it.

Randy turns and sees them, eyes widen. She smiles at him.

On the prairie dog monitor, little white flags stick up from the burrows and flutter in the wind.

CANDY

Impact on the Moon in nine seconds.
Eight. Seven...

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The beam roars by and heads for the right side of the Moon.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN WORKSTATION - AFTERNOON

CANDY

Impact... Now!

EXT. OUTER SPACE

The beam hits the Moon with an orange explosion.

Rotational speed of the Moon increases slightly.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN WORKSTATION - AFTERNOON

Hubbub in the command center. Dresser stands behind Jack, Candy and Randy. He clicks a button for an intercom.

DRESSER

Yes? Hello?

FLORES

It's Station Three, General,
Lieutenant Flores.

DRESSER

Flores? How is...

(yells)

Quiet everyone!

(to Flores)

(MORE)

DRESSER (CONT'D)

How's your pug, Flores? Didn't you fall on your nose or something?

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - OBSERVATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

No dialogue. An aide motions the President over to a corner of the room. Aide hands a cell phone to him.

The President's face becomes grim as he listens and talks into the phone.

The President hands the phone back. He and several others leave the room in a hurry, including Ms. Keller.

INT. TRAGUS COMMAND CENTER - MAIN WORKSTATION - AFTERNOON

FLORES

Yes, General. And my face is better, thank you sir. The swelling has gone down a little and I should be able to wear my glasses in a few days. But sir...

DRESSER

Yes, Lieutenant? Spit it out!

FLORES

People don't call me Flores anymore, they call me Floor-Nose and I don't appreciate that, sir. Even my wife heard about it and now...

DRESSER

Yes well I'll meet with Elaine this weekend and speak to her on this matter...

FLORES

No General that won't be necessary! It's really in here where it's upsetting...

DRESSER

Flores? Lieutenant? Did you call me about your nose or was there something else?

FLORES

Sorry, General. The initial
telemetry readings have been
analyzed for the Venus trajectory.
It's not too good, sir.

The room falls silent.

DRESSER

Describe "not too good",
Lieutenant.

FLORES

The beam, sir. It was off-target a
little. The Moon was not hit on
its extreme outer edge, but just to
the left of it.

DRESSER

Uh-huh...

FLORES

So it sped up the Moon's rotation
only slightly.

DRESSER

Go on...

FLORES

The orbital trajectory was hardly
affected, sir.

DRESSER

Meaning...

FLORES

It could be like a bank shot in
billiards, General. It's possible
that Venus will hit the Moon, and
then hit us head on.

Dresser stiffens, stands at attention, then fall straight
down onto his nose. The sound reverberates through the
command center.

A secure telephone buzzes as Candy and Randy move to Dresser
to revive him. Jack picks it up, listens. He occasionally
nods in assent.

Jack hangs up the phone and joins Candy and Randy in
assisting Dresser.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Shot of Venus as it whizzes through space, closing in on the Moon and planet Earth.

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS OF PANIC - AFTERNOON

Panicked people in the streets look up at approaching Venus.

USS Alaska submarine, Commander Gerard spots Venus and the Moon through his periscope, then orders the sub to dive.

Prairie dogs in their burrows dig furiously straight down.

Sandwich-board man walks the street with these words on his sign: REJOICE! IT'S Venus-~~Earth~~ **DAY!**

EXT. BOWER AIR RESERVE BASE - MINI-HANGAR - AFTERNOON

Doors of the mini-hangar slowly open.

Something inside, a craft, but we cannot make it out exactly.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Venus closes in on the Earth.

The Moon is off to the side and in front of Earth.

Venus veers slightly towards the Moon.

EXT. VARIOUS SHOTS OF PANIC - AFTERNOON

Huge waves in the oceans. Flooding of some towns and cities.

People scream, run in all directions.

EXT. BOWER AIR RESERVE BASE - RUNWAY - AFTERNOON

Far off shot of a jet as it speeds down the runway, lifts into the air.

The jet quickly rises in altitude.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Venus moves towards the Moon. As it passes very close by, Venus bumps the Moon slightly.

The Moon tears apart and disintegrates, while Venus continues on its path.

EXT. SKY ABOVE BOWER AIR FORCE BASE - AFTERNOON

Jet pushes its nose skyward.

Two plumes of yellow flame shoot out the rear of the jet, and it streaks straight up into the sky.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Space jet moves grandly across the screen, left to right.

INT. SPACE JET

Head on shot of Chloress as she looks straight ahead.

CANDY

Look Ms. Vales! I mean Chloress!
Look!

Chloress looks to her right and we see the face of Candy in profile as she looks to her right.

Move around to show what Candy sees, out the window of the space jet.

The planet Venus is visible in a sliver phase.

The space jet moves towards the larger, darker portion in shadow.

Pull back and pan from the rear of the space jet. Move forward as we see passengers strapped into seats. All look out the windows towards Venus.

We see the President and some staff, General Hexton, General Dresser with a huge bandage on his nose.

In the first row are Jack and Lina. They hold hands.

Chloress pilots. Candy sits next to her.

CANDY (CONT'D)

Look! See that darker area?
That's Aphrodite Terra!

CHLORESS

Beautiful. Aphrodite what?

CANDY

Terra. Like in "terrain". It's the largest of the two continents.

The space jet bucks slightly.

DRESSER

What's that? Are we crashing?

CHLORESS

I don't think so, Bill. Just some minor turbulence from astern.

JACK

But Candy, why are we able to see anything on the surface? Isn't Venus always covered by thick clouds?

CANDY

Yes, that's true, Jack. But when the rogue beam hit and reversed the orbit, the shock tore much of the atmosphere from Venus.

Venus is now almost completely in shadow as the space jet moves towards the darkened area.

LINA

It's so wonderful, isn't it Jack?
(kisses him)

PRESIDENT

How long is Venus going to be here, Ms. Lofton? Isn't it going to Jupiter or something?

CANDY

No, Mr. President. Venus is now part of a binary system. It is now permanently orbiting around a common center of mass.

PRESIDENT

I have no idea what that means. Does it mean we can go home? What am I going to say if we can go back? What will I tell the people? Ms. Keller? Where's my speech writer?

JACK

Lina! Oh wow - look at that!

The space jet has now maneuvered so that Venus is completely in shadow.

Pan the camera up from Venus to show the Earth, with RINGS like Saturn. Earth total-eclipses the Sun behind it.

Everyone in the space jet looks at the sight in awe.

CANDY

Oh it's incredible! Ran! Ran!
Can you see?

At the back of the space jet, behind the passenger seats, is a curtained-off enclosure. We see little disturbances and pushes on the curtain, from within.

EXT. SPACE JET

The wings of the space jet roll side to side.

The nose of the space jet moves up and down.

INT. SPACE JET

CANDY

Ran?!?

From curtained area, Randy's head pops through the opening.

RANDY

What is it Sis?

CANDY

Look out the window! Now Venus really is Earth's twin! Look!

Randy looks, sees the eclipse.

Next to him appears Ms. Keller. She nibbles on his ear as they both look out.

MS. KELLER

C'mon tiger. Let me show you my Mound of Venus...

EXT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Focus on Jack's house from the front, then to Bob's house.

Move between the two houses, then stop.

Pan up the side of Bob's house until we reach the open bedroom window. The ladder stretches up to the roof.

Pan up the ladder, until we see Bob. He stands astride his roof in a black robe, watches Venus disappear in Earth's shadow.

BOB

Lina! Come back! I need you babe!
Let's play Lingerie Fashion Show
again, honey!

Focus towards the back of the Donnelly property, where far off near Lake Elsinore, we see fireworks shooting into the night sky.

BOB (CONT'D)

Lina! I have my Judge's Robe on!
Come back home! Please?!?

Pull directly behind Bob.

A dark vine moves up the house and across the roof. The vine taps Bob on the right shoulder.

BOB (CONT'D)

Lina! Li... Huh? Who?

Bob looks to his right. The Wrecking Ball plant smacks him upside the head.

BOB (CONT'D)

Not again! Ahhhhh!!!...

Bob loses his footing on the roof and falls, slides, towards the front of the house.

Sound effect of a basketball swishing into the net.

BOB (CONT'D)

Shtp... Lida...

Pull back and up to show all of the plants on Jack's fence move off of it, and towards Bob's house.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Shot of Sun, Earth with rings, and Venus all lined up, as the space jet gleams and orbits to the side of Venus.

THE END.