

SUICIDE AT AREA 51

Written by

Jac Roberts

10.04.18

OVER BLACK:

SUPER: *"Accepting the absurdity of everything around us is one step, a necessary experience: it should not become a dead end. It arouses a revolt that can become fruitful,"* Albert Camus, Philosopher.

FADE IN:

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - MAINTENANCE SHED - NIGHT

Stars twinkle and crickets chirp. The moon beams bright. Under a smokey sky, the doorless maintenance shed looms in the foreground below the slope of a hillside.

We watch as a mysterious object crescendos over the horizon: as it turns out... it's a flying saucer. The vessel floats above the shed and floods it with a beam of light.

But as strange of a sight as this is, the saucer doesn't look quite... *proper*. A hazy glow evaporates atop its cranium. A beat later, it zooms away toward the nothingness.

Not long after, the night critters go silent. Next, we see an obtrusive starburst penetrate below the floorboards of the shed. Upon closer inspection, we realize there's a trapdoor. A small hand reaches through it...

...followed by a slim and non-clad silhouette that emerges from the kaleidoscope gleam. It's female in shape.

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - LONE HIGHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

A naked young WOMAN stumbles out along the road and walks the median with no direction or purpose. In the background, headlights appear and grow larger over time -- soon disclosed as part of a nifty lil' sports car.

The small hot rod pulls alongside the woman and the passenger window rolls down to reveal the driver: the REAL JIM BELUSHI.

REAL JIM BELUSHI

Miss. You ok? Hey, miss. What're you doing here? Come on, I'll give you a ride.

The woman hesitates.

REAL JIM BELUSHI

I don't bite. It's freezing out. Hop in -- I'll take you wherever you need to go.

Timidly, she takes the bait and enters the vehicle.

Belushi punches a button on his cell phone, then appropriately covers her body with his "*House of Blues*" sports jacket. He smiles at her politely and drives away. We linger on the road and watch the car's taillights dim.

Suddenly, an intense flare of golden luminescence erupts from inside the cab. We hear a scream. The driver's side door opens and Belushi drops out of the car. He gasps for air.

He runs all the way back, toward us. Something's not right: his skin -- face, neck, and arms -- are somehow severely burned; whether chemical or radioactive, we do not know. Belushi keels over and drops to the ground, dead.

Out along the opposite stretch of highway, several newer pairs of headlights glint. At last, a small military motorcade arrives. An older male SCIENTIST, wrapped in a hazmat suit, exits the cargo bus and examines the driver.

Miscellaneous crewmen step up to receive their orders:

SCIENTIST

Load the body into the truck.

As they get to work, we follow the scientist as he treks back toward the sports car. Upon arrival, we come to find, in real time, that the strange woman is no longer inside the cab of the car. In fact, she's nowhere to be found whatsoever.

The jacket is gone, too. But what does remain, is Belushi's cell phone. The text app is open and reads: "*FOUND HER.*"

The scientist pulls off the hazmat hoodie so we can get a full look at him -- an older man with silvery hair.

SCIENTIST

Where did you run off to meow?

He's the kind of scientist to say "meow" instead of "now."

CUT TO:

INT. EJRS AEROSPACE SYSTEMS - OFFICE - DAY

Forty-something-year-old EWAN RUSKIN fidgets with his wedding band. Sitting at a cluttered desk, he stares at a cracked computer monitor. On it...

...the company logo: "*EJRS Aerospace Systems.*" It features an animated airplane that zips past a globe of the Earth as it spins right-to-left. It's, umm, amateur in its execution.

Enter ADELAIDE, Ewan's twenty-something-year-old secretary. She carries with her the daily mail.

EWAN

Do I live in some sort of perpetual hell, driven by incompetence?

ADELAIDE*

Not paid enough to be competent.

Ewan swings the monitor around to face Adelaide.

EWAN

This is why we need a graphics department. Who are these freelance jokers, living in their mom's basement? I mean... look at this. It sucks. The earth-logo spins backwards, for christ almighty.

ADELAIDE*

Kids eager to get the goddamn hell of mountain time; light up a dab.

EWAN

I should quite, you know. Today.

Ewan exits the app. Displayed as wallpaper on his backdrop is a picture of the Millennium Falcon perched atop the ATLAS-I.

ADELAIDE*

Don't submit your letter of resignation just yet, *buckaroo*.

Adelaide hands off the mail, but holds onto one last package. Ewan rips through the envelopes. Most are rejection letters -- specifically from Boeing, Lockheed Martin, and JT3. Each header begins with, "We regret to inform you..."

EWAN

I'm overqualified anyway.

Adelaide stalls. Suspicious, Ewan swipes the final piece of mail from her. The return address reads, "*Kuffer Family Law*."

EWAN

She won't even see me in person.

ADELAIDE*

Cheer up. Lunch with your pop in thirty. Bologna sandwiches. Yum.

EWAN

Run a hot poker through my ass.

ADELAIDE*

Life's absurd, darling. Live in spite of it.

EWAN

Something my mother would say.

ADELAIDE*

Smart gal.

(beat)

Oh, don't forget -- I'm out of town after tomorrow for a conference: electric currents in geospace. You'll be on your own.

Ewan grunts. Nods. Then waves off his secretary.

CUT TO:

INT. NTL MUSEUM OF NUCLEAR SCIENCE/HISTORY - GALLERY - DAY

A framed picture hangs on the wall. It shows off two images: The first, a cartoon caricature of a hand giving the finger with the palm drawn to look like ass-cheeks. Text above it reads, "*Beware! Rectal Wrecking Ruskin is Everywhere!*"

The second, a forty-year-old man in a hardhat with his *digitus medius* shoved all the way inside an insulated duct pipe. He poses with a wry smile. Behind him, not so prominent, is another man who hams it up for the camera.

WALLACE (O.C.)

For my services to the advancement of the nuclear sciences.

EWAN (O.C.)

School kids not come here on field trips anymore?

WALLACE RUSKIN, the man in the pic, much older now, admires the image of his younger self. Ewan shakes his head.

EWAN

Hope you scrubbed that finger.

WALLACE

Used your mother to sponge it off.

EWAN

Back up, old man. Lucky she's not around to kick your ass.

WALLACE

Worried I contaminated the womb?
Relax. Best part of you ran down
your mom's leg anyway.

EWAN

Who's this joker?

Ewan points out the young man in back. Wallace waves it off and steps away. He and Ewan carry lunch sacs as they walk-and-talk their way through the museum.

WALLACE

Cold War flyboy. Decent pilot
though. Captain Joseph Gehrking.
Worked some on the Trestle program
in the seventies, too.

EWAN

No shit. What happened to him?

WALLACE

He was a quack. Had these
conspiracy theories in his head.
Roswell, hollow moon -- that sort
of nonsense.

EWAN

Ah. So he was into aliens.

WALLACE

Fuck no. That's all bullshit. He
knew that. Still, ol' Gehrking felt
there was more going down than the
government let on. He was obsessed
with that tech stuff, like your
mother. But he got wacky with it.
Portals, invisibility, mind
control.

(beat)

Ick! Bologna sandwiches? Starve me,
why don't ya?

Wallace pulls out a crusty breaded-mayo disaster from his lunch bag. He gags, then chucks the contents into the nearby Transuranic Package Transporter, Model 2 (a.k.a. TRUPACT-II), designation 3-18. It sits on display in midst of the museum.

EWAN

Good thing these TRUPACT's are used
for waste management.

WALLACE

Or is it a portal?

Ewan hesitates. Is it a "portal?"

WALLACE

Dude, I'm fucking with you.

Wallace leads the way toward the exit--

EXT. NMNS/H - BACK LOT - CONTINUOUS

--and he and Ewan perch at a stationary picnic table. In the background we see the ATLAS-I (the EMP testing apparatus that was on Ewan's wallpaper; we'll learn more about it later on).

WALLACE

Anyway, in seventy-seven, on a training mission, Gehrking unexpectedly broke formation while flying an A-10 Thunderbolt II. He flew a few hundred miles off course and crashed outside Vail, Colorado. Body was never recovered. Search teams never found the four AGM-65 Mavericks either. Missiles.

EWAN

Yeah. I'm aware. There's a few on display out front. Funny. There's four there, too.

WALLACE

Government regarded the incident as a suicide. No other explanation.

EWAN

You don't believe that though.

Wallace shrugs. Ewan bites into his sandwich and regrets it.

Fighter jets take off from neighboring Kirkland Air Force Base. The noise made sounds like a crack of thunder. Contrails pollute the sky, left behind from engine exhaust.

EWAN

I think the quickest way: sneak onto base. That's how I'd do it.

WALLACE

The fuck you talking about?

EWAN

Suicide. I'd drive past the gate up in Dulce. Or Area 51. Pedal-to-the-medal until a guard takes me out.

WALLACE

Suicide? Make it easy -- jump off a bridge, numb-nuts.

EWAN

People survive that kind of shit. It's on the news all the time: somebody nose dives off the Golden Gate Bridge -- they make it out, you know. All mangled up.

WALLACE

Horseradish. Hire a hitman, then.

EWAN

Too expensive.

WALLACE

Put a gun to your mouth, pussy.

EWAN

Case in point, I am a pussy. What if I botched that up, too? Half my head's blown off and I'm a veggie.

WALLACE

You're a fucking idiot.

EWAN

Call it a "Self Inaugurated Euthanization Initiative."

WALLACE

Theatrical bullshit. Think it makes you a badass? Gehrking wasn't a hero. He was a hothead. A blowhard.

(beat)

This about Jess?

EWAN

What? God, no.

WALLACE

She left you, bro. No use for it. Grow up. Take some responsibility.

EWAN

Like you did with mom?

Wallace sneers. But begrudgingly, he backs off.

WALLACE

Fine. I'll support you. Want to get blasted in the face by a Groom Lake cowboy because a girl made you sad and your dick soft, I'm all for it.

(beat)

But if you fuck this one up, even a little, son, I swear to God on your mother's grave, I'll hunt you down and kill you my own goddamn self.

EWAN

Thanks, pop. Won't let you down.

Ewan crumples his lunch bag, trashes it, and exits.

EXT. NMNS/H - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

As he exits the museum, Ewan walks past the display of fake ground missiles (the same AGM-65 Mavericks-style Wallace described) used as showpiece props to entice visitors. He can still hear fighter jets crunch the skies overhead.

The parking lot is mostly empty. But on his trek toward the vehicle, Ewan stops short to scoop up a rusty nail that he spots on the ground.

Ewan arrives at his beater car. He circles it; examines the wheels. After a quiet pep-talk to himself, he stabs the nail into the rubber side wall of the front driver's side tire.

CUT TO:

INT. EWAN'S CAR (MOVING) - ROAD - DAY

Ewan drives. He stares intently at the dash -- specifically, the non-illuminated TPMS indicator. Quick gasp of air--

--and he swerves, purposely. A test. Then, he sheers the car again -- a bit harder this time. But the TPMS stays unlit. Okay... another deep breath. He leans his body to one side--

BRING! BRING!

--but, oh shit! His mobile phone rings. Ewan aborts the attempted swerve and answers the cell with, "Hello?"

LAWYER (V.O.)

Hello, Mr. Ruskin. This is Jacob Kuffer from "Kuffer Family Law." How are you doing today, sir?

EWAN

Uh, fine.

LAWYER (V.O.)

Glad to hear it. I was curious if you received our package. Any chance you've had time to review?

EWAN

Saw it. But haven't looked it over.

LAWYER (V.O.)

No worries. If you can take a look at that, sign it, and send it on back to us at your earliest convenience, it'd be much appreciated. Our client doesn't want to have to drag this out any longer than need be. Sound good?

EWAN

Yeah. Um, sure. Whatever.

LAWYER (V.O.)

Thanks so much. Any questions, don't hesitate to call the office. Information's in the packet. Have a great rest of your day, Mr. Ruskin.

There's a click. An awkward pause. At last, Ewan chucks the phone at the dashboard; it bounces back and pelts him square in the eye.

This time, he loses control. The car skews right, then left--

And *CRASH!*

--it hops a curb and pops a tire. The TPMS indicator flashes.

Ewan peels his face off the steering wheel. Out the windshield, he can see that the blue sky is etched with drifting contrails. But soon something odd happens...

...as some sort of spark, like an electronic feed of static, dances along the contrails. Briefly, the sky almost goes dark -- as if it were nighttime -- but then floods back into day.

CUT TO:

INT. TIRE SHOP - SALES FLOOR - DAY

The goofy sales rep -- "DAVE," as the name tag reads -- inputs info from his kiosk. Ewan leans over the bar and massages the bruise on his cheek received from the accident.

DAVE

Okay, Ewan Ruskin. Got your name in the system. What can I do for you?

EWAN

Got a flat.

DAVE

Nice. Let's go check it out.

Dave leads the way, but Ewan's sights drift off toward the partition window that overlooks the garage floor where the real work is done. It's in there that he can see a lone woman, in greaser overalls, work alongside the group of men.

That's JESS, Ewan's soon-to-be ex-wife. He watches her pull a tire from a jacked-up car and roll it toward the tire changing machine for a carcass removal.

EXT. TIRE SHOP - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Ewan points out his car. Dave inspects the damage. There's something off-putting about Dave's cheerfulness -- like the jingle-jangle of the ridiculous keychain, snapped to his belt loop, somehow makes him more droll than purposely meant to.

DAVE

What line of work you in, sir?

EWAN

Engineering. Aeronautics.

DAVE

Sweet. You build planes?

EWAN

I analyze and interpret data. Evaluate, write reports, modify...

Dave kicks the donut, checks the air pressure.

DAVE

Got'cha. So I notice you have a different brand of tire for each wheel. No tread left either. Donut's bad, too..

(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

I can set you up with thirteen inch Michelin's -- top of the line. Get the whole set done in one go. I'd have to order them. You're looking at, maybe, fourteen hundred bucks.

Distracted, Ewan peeps back at the garage to spy on Jess.

DAVE

Say, settle a bet: when a plane's in the air, does the pilot fly it, like, downward the whole time?

EWAN

What does that mean?

DAVE

The nose, I think. The pilot would have to tilt the aircraft... down.

EWAN

You mean "pitch?" Why'd he do that?

DAVE

I got this friend, see, at church -- says he goes to these conferences. They got this theory that the Earth is... ya know, that it's...

To demonstrate, Dave pantomimes a flat table-like surface.

DAVE

And that if Earth were a globe you'd have to, uh, "pitch" the plane down most the time. I guess.

EWAN

How much for just the one?

DAVE

The tire? Three-fifty. But I recom--

EWAN

Let's do that.

DAVE

Sir, best consider swapping them all out.

EWAN

Just the one. Thanks.

DAVE

Yeah. Sure. Set you up back inside.

Dave, again, leads the way -- but this time Ewan covertly breaks off and makes for the garage floor--

INT. TIRE SHOP - GARAGE FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

--where he confronts Jess. But she's hard at work rolling, bolting, and machining tires to rims.

JESS
No fucking way. You need to go.

EWAN
Jess, can we talk?

JESS
Not even amicably.

EWAN
Huh? You act like I cheated on you.

Jess places a wheel on the tire changing machine. She hits a lever that inserts a metal blade-scoop underneath the bead. It spins and peels away the rubber carcass from the rim.

JESS
You wouldn't do that though?

EWAN
Of course not.

JESS
What would you do?

EWAN
Nothing.

JESS
Nothing?

EWAN
Nothing.

JESS
And there's your problem.

EWAN
You wanted me to cheat?

JESS
Goddammit. No, Ewan. I wanted you to try. To initiate. Be there. Do something instead of nothing.

EWAN

Here I am.

(beat)

I mean -- what the fuck, Jess? Why the papers? Clue me in, here. Give me a reason. Why you don't love me? Hell, why don't you even like me?

JESS

If it'll make you go away, I'll tell you: I no longer love you... For. No. Reason.

Jess rolls a new tire toward the machine. Ewan stops it with the heel of his foot.

EWAN

Just quit, huh? Weren't into it?

JESS

Yeah.

EWAN

Just like that?

JESS

Just like that.

Flustered, Ewan lifts the tire up off the ground.

EWAN

Tires. This was better than me?

JESS

Put that down.

EWAN

Fuck engineering.

JESS

Ewan... Put. It. Down.

EWAN

Minimum wage. Rather than future? Stability. Promise. With me...

JESS

There's no promise of any sort of future with you.

Fuming, Ewan slams the tire onto the machine -- but his right hand gets caught underneath the rubber lip. In midst of his bumbling rage, he accidentally bangs the lever--

--and the rim-changer arm spins. Ewan's hand gets caught between the tire and the bead. It's sucked into the machine and the blade slices -- instantaneously -- through his wrist.

Abhorrent looks of horror: first on Jess; she nearly vomits. Then on Ewan, as he watches BLOOD SPURT LIKE A FUCKING GEYSER from his decapitated appendage. He faints.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. HOUSE (LATE 1970'S) - YOUNG EWAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

YOUNG EWAN, about eight-years-old here, applies the finishing touches to an impressive "marble maze" -- a two foot tall art project constructed out of typing paper and Scotch Tape.

It comes complete with tracks, turns, and levers -- and its design is based on the ATLAS-I (wow... you sort of have to wonder if this thing will pay off by the end).

Anyway, from outside, we hear the buzz of a gas-powered lawn mower. A beat later, ABBEY enters -- Ewan's mother. Her left arm is in a sling, although it's not commented on.

ABBHEY*

No kidding. You're almost done? You show it to dad yet?

YOUNG EWAN

You're the first. Want to see it?

ABBHEY*

Fuck, eh. Let her rip, *buckaroo*.

At the maze's highest peak, Ewan sets a large steel ball on the starting mark and recites a countdown. The ball is set loose and it navigates through an intricate course.

But once at the finish line, the ball reaches maximum velocity. It minces the paper-dam, goes airborne, and smashes through the bedroom window. Ewan mutters an obscenity.

ABBHEY*

Don't suppose your dad will notice.

But from somewhere outside, the consistent buzz of the lawnmower is disrupted by a *CHUCK-CHUCK-CHUCK* sound -- and suddenly, the steel ball makes its way back. It obliterates the other half of the window. Abbey and Ewan duck for cover.

WALLACE (O.C.)

(from outside, livid)

Goddammit! Who threw that?

Abbey and Young Ewan break into laughter.

YOUNG EWAN
Holy shit! You see that?

ABBEY*
Bet your ass. Let's do it again.

Excited, Young Ewan resets the marble maze.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. HOSPITAL - PREOPERATIVE ROOM - NIGHT

Ewan comes to. He's alone -- lying atop a bed, dressed in a medical gown, and hooked up to an IV that feeds into his arm.

He grimaces as he raises his right forearm toward his face -- and becomes horrified by the sight of a stump where his hand was, wrapped in gauze that's already bloody near the tip.

Ewan strips the IV needle from his vein. He fumbles out of bed and finds his clothes folded inside a plastic bin on top of a pushcart. He grabs the box and hobbles toward the exit.

INT. HOSPITAL (VARIOUS LOCATIONS) - CONTINUOUS

Covert as fuck, Ewan makes his way through the hospital. He bounces from one room to the next -- and snakes through hallways and wards as he tries to avoid the medical staff.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Nearly home free, Ewan slinks into the waiting area. He keeps his head low as he crosses the perimeter -- no one notices or suspects a goddamn thing--

--until he notices one particular goddamn thing: and that'd be Jess. She's hunched down on a guest chair, still in her greasy overalls. Currently, she's asleep -- but her head and shoulder are nuzzled all cozy-like...

...against that outer-keyring-wearing mother fucker, Dave. He's asleep, too. But what's he doing here? Cautiously, Ewan creeps toward the couple. Gosh darn, they look at peace.

It's sickening. But there's one silver lining: Jess cradles her purse in her lap. Inside, Ewan spots a set of car keys. He gives the waiting area a once over -- just to make sure he's in the clear -- and then makes his move...

INT. HOSPITAL - PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS

Quickly, Ewan hurries to distance himself from the main building. He hits the panic alarm on the keys until he hears a chirp. He follows the sound.

DAVE (O.S.)
Wait! Mr. Ruskin.

Mr. Tire Extraordinaire catches up. Ewan hides the car keys.

DAVE
You got surgery in an hour.
Where're you off to, man?

EWAN
Dave. It's Dave, right? Ever wonder
if life -- hell, even yours, for
Christ's sake -- holds any sort of
importance?

DAVE
Uh... don't know. Can't complain.

EWAN
Sure you can, Dave. In reality,
life is meaningless. It's a wonder
we all don't kill ourselves.

DAVE
Seems unproductive. Doesn't make
much sense.

EWAN
It's a paradox.

DAVE
You're in a funk, man. Happens to
us all. Let's get you back inside.

EWAN
I have my own medical card, thank
you very much. HIGHLY. CLASSIFIED.

DAVE
What's that mean? Like, marijuana?

EWAN
Means the world's not two-
dimensional, dingus. It's not flat.

A few yards away, Jess enters the parking structure. She keeps her distance.

DAVE
 (sympathetic)
 Sorry you had to find out like
 this. We planned to tell you.

EWAN
 Hope she makes you miserable.

Ewan flees -- he disappears into the void of the structure.
 Once out of sight , Jess joins Dave.

DAVE
 He's upset. The divorce must be
 hard on him. Still loves you.

JESS
 It's not me.

Dave respond with a simple, "Huh?"

JESS
 He's not doing this because of me.

Jess peeps into her purse. The keys are gone. Dispassionate,
 she calmly walks away without further care.

CUT TO:

INT. JESS' CAR (MOVING) - I-40 WEST - NIGHT

Ewan drives. Pale from the blood loss, he cradles his severed
 hand. The gauze is now saturated with red all over. Ewan
 wipes the sweat from his brow.

In search of tissues, he pops open the arm rest storage.
 Awkwardly, with his left hand, Ewan digs through the mess --
 then touches at something peculiar. He removes the newfound
 object: a photograph of he and Jess. Duck pond. Graduation.

That's when Ewan notices the dashboard display; it features
 new polaroids -- this time of Jess and Dave. Tire shop. The
 park. Hiking. Etc. And they look happy as all hell.

BRING! BRING!

Ewan reaches into the medical bin and finds his cell phone.

ADELAIDE* (V.O.)
What the hell, mother fucker?

EWAN
 Adelaide. Hi. Listen, I'm fine--

ADELAIDE* (V.O.)
*--Why's UNM Hospital calling me,
 asking where you are?*

EWAN
 Uh. I don't know. Heroin overdose.

ADELAIDE* (V.O.)
Get your ass back there. Now.

Ewan grimaces over the pics of Jess and Dave.

EWAN
 I need you to do me a favor.
 Tomorrow, shred the papers.

ADELAIDE* (V.O.)
What papers?

EWAN
 The divorce papers. Shred them.

ADELAIDE* (V.O.)
*Christ, Ewan. That's illegal. Give
 the girl a break. Let her off the
 hook -- you deserve better.*

EWAN
 Do it. Trash everything.

ADELAIDE* (V.O.)
Where are you?

EWAN
 Please. Shred the shit out of them.

ADELAIDE* (V.O.)
Talk to me. What's going on--

Ewan hangs up. And just ahead, he spots a gas station.

INT. GAS STATION - STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Enter Ewan, the hospital storage bin under his arm. He does his best to peruse the store and not call too much attention to himself. But hell -- he just looks so damn suspicious.

He keeps his nub hidden and snags a few boxes of gauze. Ewan than pays for them at the register. The cashier shrugs. Obviously, he's seen worse.

INT. GAS STATION - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ewan changes out of his gown and into his former clothes.

He unwraps his nub: it's black, decrepit, and sour. Ewan gags. Painfully, he covers the wound with fresh bandages. In the mirror, he pays heed to his sickly complexion.

EWAN

You. Are. A. Badass. Get shit done.

Ewan abandons the bathroom--

INT. GAS STATION - STORE - CONTINUOUS

--and coolly walks toward the main exit.

But there's a new customer present, over near the coffee station: a McKinley County POLICE OFFICER.

Ewan averts his gaze -- but it's unavoidable: at some point the two lock eyes. Now in a much quicker, ever more dubious manner, he darts out the door.

INT. JESS' CAR (MOVING) - I-40 WEST - MOMENTS LATER

On the road again.

The polaroids of Jess and Dave on the dashboard display continue to taunt Ewan. He scrapes and tosses them toward the other end of the vehicle. This includes the one with him, too.

How about some tunes? Ewan flips on the radio. Music play. All is well and good. Until it's not...

...and static disrupts the signal. Ewan scans the channels -- but one by one the stations go fuzzy. Shit's bollocks--

--but not as aggravating as flashing police lights in the rearview mirror. Double shit.

Ewan pulls over. He hides his stump and waits the awful gut-wrenching eons it takes before the bureaucratic authoritarian finally arrives at his car door. He peels the window open...

...and sure enough, it's the officer from the gas station -- T.H. QALETAQA, by name.

T.H. QALETAQA
 Evening, sir. I'm Officer T.H.
 Qaletaga with the McKinley County
 Sheriff's Department. How are you?

EWAN
 Fine. Good.

T.H. QALETAQA
 Look a bit ill. Anything to drink
 tonight?

EWAN
 Course not. Just... the flu.

T.H. QALETAQA
 Ran your tags. Vehicle belongs to
 one Jessica Grieves. You her?

EWAN
 The wife's, actually.

T.H. QALETAQA
 Wife, huh? Listen, do me a favor --
 let's take a look at your license
 and the car's registration.

Ewan sets to work to find the proper paperwork. The challenge comes from doing so left-handed. Little is accomplished in his task when, instead, he abandons the operation entirely.

EWAN
 Officer, I'll level with you -- I
 stole the car.
 (beat)
 I'm chasing one last sunrise.
 See... I, um, get these migraines --
 they've been going on for a while.
 I thought it was nothing until my,
 uh, wife forced me to see a doctor.
 Cancer, turns out. Right there -- a
 tumor inside my head. Not much I
 can do about it. It's been hard.
 Real emotional strain, you know? So
 much so, she left me...

This asshole must be lying. But to drive the point home, Ewan shows off one of the polaroids of Jess and Dave.

EWAN
 ...for this fuck. Wears a keychain
 on his belt-loop. Very tacky.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

EWAN (CONT'D)

Just asking for a little
compassion. Some understanding. Let
me beat that sunrise.

T.H. QALETAQA

Compelling. But if my twenty years
on the force taught me anything,
it's this one truth: if you can't
dazzle folks with brilliance,
baffle them with bullshit. Yours is
neck-deep in shit.

(beat)

Why don't you step out of the car
for me, sir.

Seems the only thing that can save Ewan now is an act of God.
He might want to thank the heavens for what happens next:

Because the entire sky flickers, then lights up -- and in an
instant, it's afternoon with REAL DAYLIGHT and blue skies.
Both he and Qaletaga are awestruck. But as quickly as the
anomaly happens, it fades back into the dark of night.

T.H. QALETAQA

How'd you do that?

Ewan denies the accusation -- as he is no sky-deity. So for
now, the officer steps away, momentarily, and radios the
Sheriff's Dept. on his walkie. When he returns from the
private correspondence, Qaletaga proposes new terms:

T.H. QALETAQA

Not sure you intent, Mr. Ruskin,
but do I have assurance you'll
return the vehicle back to your ex?

EWAN

You bet. Piece of junk, anyway. The
tires are starting to go.

T.H. QALETAQA

Perhaps check into a hospital?

Ewan nods.

T.H. QALETAQA

Ok, then. Have a good night.

The officer -- who appeared here as a classical "ThresHold
Guardian" trope -- signs off. With that, the powder-keg of
pressure is alleviated. Ewan exhales with an audible sigh.

CUT TO:

EXT. NELLIS BOMBING / GUNNER RANGE - SAFE ZONE - MORNING

We're just off the main road known as "Extraterrestrial Highway" -- on the outskirts of one of the most classified military bases of all time: goddamn Area 51. Signs posted read "Restricted Area" and "No Trespassing."

They're practically billboards beckoning for alien conspiracy enthusiasts -- like the dozen or so already camped out from the night before. Enter Ewan... into this circus. He parks.

But most of these "spectators" are packed up and ready to leave for the day. However, once out of the car, Ewan is greeted by two young nutters, MEL and SINDY. They load amateur surveillance gear into their van.

MEL

Showing up late to the party, mister. Didn't miss much, though -- so I guess you lucked out.

EWAN

Missed out on what?

SINDY

Shit, really? Where you been? Major sightings not more than two nights ago. On the news and everything.

MEL

Hell yeah! Locals one town over say they witnessed strange lights beyond that hillside. One claims to have seen a UFO maybe two miles down the Extraterrestrial Highway.

EWAN

Must have missed it.

MEL

I suppose you don't subscribe to "Ground Zero Media?"

Mels slips Ewan a business card. It reads, "*Mel and Sindy, Investigative Truth Seekers. Conspiracy Tropes Fool All Dopes.*" It promotes their website, "*GroundZeroMedia.com.*"

EWAN

No. I don't subscribe. Thanks.

SINDY

Check us out. We do vlogs, interviews--

MEL

--talk to folks like Richard Hoagland and Norio Hayakawa. Real scientists. Best in their field.

EWAN

They're not scientists. They're quacks -- like Alex Jones. But with PhD's.

MEL

Bet your ass they are.

SINDY

They've been on Russian TV and everything.

EWAN

Hacks. That's not what science is. Know what really happens in Groom Lake? Experimental aircraft. Weapon guidance systems. Pretty things like that -- designed to wipe our Russian friends off the Earth. No UFOs. No fucking... mind control.

MEL

Holograms! They got holograms. All part of their New World Order, man.

EWAN

Science fiction. There's about as much as much of that as there are dead aliens inside Area 51.

MEL

Exactly.

The convoy of conspirators roll out. One of them hollers out at Mel and Sindy, "Hey, see you back at the motel!"

SINDY

Say, if you're not a truth seeker, why show up here at all?

EWAN

Simple: I plan to trespass into those mountains and commit suicide.

MEL

(beat)

That a joke? Ha! Hell of a sense of humor, mister!

EWAN

Sense of absurdity, let's say.

MEL

Jesus, you had me going for a sec. Listen, if you end up pussing out, swing by the Little A'Le'Inn. Small motel outside of Rachel, off Old Mill Street. I'll buy you a beer, we'll talk -- maybe do an interview for our vlog. How about that?

EWAN

I'd rather die.

The sarcasm isn't lost on Mel; he cracks up and enjoys another "haha" moment.

SINDY

See ya, mister.

Mel and Sindy board their van and drive off. If Ewan still had a right hand, he'd flip them the fuck off. With a smile.

EWAN

Fucking lunatics.

On that line, we HARD CUT to:

The spin-out of car tires. Then, a leap into a WIDE SHOT. Ewan navigates Jess' car right past the "Keep Out" signs... directly into restricted military territory.

INT. JESS' CAR (MOVING) - NB/GR - WILDERNESS - MOMENTS LATER

Ewan drives. The mountainous terrain is quite scenic. Of course, he's under scrutiny -- no doubt about that. Every so often, he catches a glimpse of a motion control camera or the glint of something reflected off a nearby mountain peak.

But in addition, he is also being "watched." It's a sensation that we grasp -- as maybe something moves and slips through the brush -- but it might not be so apparent to Ewan...

Then, at last--

EXT. NB/GR - SECRET BACK GATE - CONTINUOUS

--Ewan makes it to the infamous "Secret Back Gate." Only two orange pylons, with a warning sign posted atop of each, separate him from certain mortal danger... should he cross.

He sweats. The time is now. Either full-retard, or go home. Deep breath. Foot ready to crush the gas pedal--

--but Ewan's plan is thwarted when an all-white truck hops the embankment and blocks him from crossing the threshold.

Two men, CAMO-DUDE 1 and CAMO-DUDE 2, dressed in military fatigues, jump out of their pickup, with sidearms drawn and ready, and immediately confront Ewan.

CAMO-DUDE 1
Out of the car. Out of the car!

As best he can, Ewan abides and exits out the vehicle.

CAMO-DUDE 1
Can I have you step over here.

EWAN
Yeah...

CAMO-DUDE 1
Let me see your hands. Your hands --
let me see you hands...

Ewan panics as the Camo-Dudes close in on him.

CAMO-DUDE 2
Put your fucking hands up! I'm not
going to tell you again. Turn
around!

CAMO-DUDE 1
Stay on him. I'll pat him down.
(to Ewan)
You got anything on you?

EWAN
No.

Camo-Dude 1 goes to town -- he aggressively frisks Ewan.

CAMO-DUDE 1
Any weapons? Spread your feet --
spread your feet.

The officer kicks Ewan's legs apart. He explores his wonders.

CAMO-DUDE 1
Why are you all the way out here?

EWAN
Just a traveler.

CAMO-DUDE 1
Huh? Just a traveler?

EWAN
Yeah. I was going to turn around.

Meanwhile, Camo-Dude 2 compares the distance between Ewan's car and the pylon crossing.

CAMO-DUDE 2
Want me to get a ruler out and talk about centimeters?

EWAN
I -- I don't know.

CAMO-DUDE 2
Listen, we're going to give you a chance, okay. Get back in your car and get the fuck out of here. We'll call Lincoln County and they'll write you a seven hundred and fifty dollar ticket.

EWAN
Sorry for the hassle, guys. I'm just a traveler. My bad.

CAMO-DUDE 1
Come on! Get the fuck out of here!

Ewan shakes. He reaches with his right hand to open the car door. But oh shit! -- that's right -- it's missing. Almost forgot. He stands there and looks at his bandaged nub; all the while, the Camo-Dudes scream at him to leave.

But it's now or never -- and Ewan makes a break for it. He sprints right past the point of no return, into restricted territory. At this junction, time loses all relevance.

The Camo-Dudes are not far off. Then--

--BANG!

A heap of dirt explodes just underneath Ewan's feet. He stops dead in his tracks. To his left, a silvery glint reflects off of a mountain crest; aptly named Sniper's Peak. At once--

--BANG!

Again, a burst near his toes. Ewan stumbles and falls over -- inside a fissure that opens up into a steep slope. He bounces and bangs all the way to the bottom.

EXT. NB/GR - SLOPE BOTTOM - CONTINUOUS

At this point, four or five all-white pickup trucks come out of the woodwork. They surround Ewan from every angle. A dozen or so armed men in camouflage fatigues descend upon him within seconds. They bark every order and obscenity.

EWAN

I'm sorry. Don't kill me! Please
don't kill me! I made a mistake --
I don't want to die!

The men grab him, kick him -- and Ewan eats fucking dirt. Every barrel of every gun gets crammed into the back of his head. This is it; Ewan's going to die...

...until he doesn't -- in which case, the pressure of one gun goes away. Then another. He hears an officer gasp, and another choke. One man screams until all goes silent. Ewan peeps out of the brush to witness a bazaar sight:

One-by-one, the Camo-Dudes get thrown about like rag-dolls -- only... it happens by no discernible force.

As if by voodoo, limbs twist and necks break. They are force-flung into boulders, dragged across the ground, and pitched backward into trees.

Camo-Dude 1's ribs get cracked inward... and his whole body explodes in a bloody mess. Same for Camo-Dude 2 -- *BLAM!* -- and a slurp of his entrails gets splattered across the earth.

The remainder of the security personnel, too, explode into a million little pieces of flesh and gore -- *BING! BONG! BOOM!*

In an instant, the mayhem is over. Ewan is unharmed. Seconds later he's introduced to the culprit: a young woman who slips into view, partially hidden behind a boulder. She's naked, save only for the "*House of Blues*" sports jacket she wears.

It's the goddamn woman from the teaser!!!

Visibly exhausted, the woman faints. For a long while, Ewan sort of lingers, bereft of speech, in recovery from the gruesome spectacle of whatever he just witnessed.

EXT. NB/GR - SAFE ZONE - MOMENTS LATER

Still in Jess' car, Ewan maneuvers safely out of military territory. Away from Area 51.

He joins the highway and heads south -- but he's not alone; now he carries with him a precious cargo... who happens to be asleep in the backseat.

CUT TO:

INT. NMNS/H - BACK LOT - DAY

A familiar sight and sound, now, as Aircraft pulverize the sky with contrails in the distance. Wallace, along with other old timers who work at the museum, play a little backyard golf. He chokes up on his club and smacks the ball into oblivion.

WALLACE

Goddammit.

There's some banter between the elders as Wallace defends his golf play. The jabs come to a halt when their voices are overruled by the jingle-jangle of keys -- as Mr. Tire Shop himself encounters the group...

DAVE

Mr. Wallace Ruskin?

...and that's right; it's Dave who crashes the senior party.

DAVE

I'm Dave Murray. Umm. Jess' boyfriend.

WALLACE

The proverbial blackhole peeps out from its shadow.

DAVE

Right. She said where to find you. It's about your son. Ewan.

WALLACE

I'm aware of his name.

"Wallace, we golfing or what?" one geezer hollers out. But Wallace waves him off. Instead, golf club in hand, he joins Dave as they walk back toward the main building.

WALLACE

Wel'p, Jess' new boyfriend, there a reason you're here at this point and time, funk'g up my gameplay?

DAVE

Ewan was in an accident. Yesterday.

WALLACE

Saw him yesterday. All was well.

DAVE

Jess and I took him to the hospital last night. But, for whatever reason, he didn't want the surgery.

WALLACE

Christ. The hell did he do?

DAVE

Like I said, sir -- total accident. Swear to God. But he ran off -- before the operation.

WALLACE

Okay... where to?

DAVE

Wouldn't say. He stole Jess' keys -- then left the hospital.

WALLACE

That little asshole.

DAVE

Hate to think it had something to do with me.

Wallace holds the door open for Dave. Both enter the museum--

INT. NMNS/H - GALLERY - CONTINUOUS

--and walk/talk through the gallery. It's dead. Even for a Thursday. Maybe one or two folks linger, but that's all.

DAVE

I prayed hard about it last night -- figured I'd come to you. Maybe you'd know something.

WALLACE

How would I?

DAVE

He's your son -- maybe you could predict his whereabouts. Or why he'd take off in the first place.

WALLACE

You assume that predictability is a property of our theories about the world, not a property of the world itself.

DAVE

I just want to do the right thing.

Wallace and Dave arrive at the TRUPACT-II.

WALLACE

For someone who comes across as moderately dispersive, you seem remarkably robust.

DAVE

Huh? What's that mean?

WALLACE

Means, maybe, you shouldn't be fucking with somebody's wife.

Wallace wallops Dave hard across the face with the golf club. Dave drops quicker than a baby thrown in a dumpster on prom night -- and right into the doorway of the TRUPACT-II.

Wallace taps an inconspicuous lever and the door closes. He reaches for another button and taps that too. The machine hums, then puttters out. On a liquid crystal display screen, he reads the message: ERROR; CODE: 318.

Next, Wallace just kicks the damn thing. That seems to do the trick, and the machine comes back on.

CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE A'LE'INN - FRONT DESK - DAY

Ewan stares at a large map of the USA thumbtacked to the wall. The text above reads "*D.U.M.B Tunnel Network.*"

With Area 51 as the starting point, lines are stitched together from one coast to the other and make up a network of dots that span the country, from Manzano, NM to Cheyenne, WY.

Enter the older motel OWNER. She starts the check-in process.

OWNER

Pardon the wait, sir. Always gets a little rambunctious around here when folks think they've seen a UFO. Or Elvis.

EWAN

Chance encounter with Anunnaki?

OWNER

Happens. Though Elvis does room here quite a bit.

(beat)

Feeling all right, sugar? You look like the underside of a leftover casserole.

A casserole served in hell; Ewan looks like bantha fodder.

EWAN

I think it's the heat.

OWNER

It gets warm out, no doubt about it. We got a pool for guests, so don't be shy about taking a dip. Is it just yourself tonight?

EWAN

Me. And a friend.

OWNER

Two beds then?

Ewan nods, then digs out his wallet.

EXT. LITTLE A'LE'INN - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jess' car, back seat: the young woman comes to. She doesn't sense where she is. Not right away, at least. The windows are rolled down. After a while, the woman slinks out over the door jam -- jacket on, butt exposed.

EXT. LITTLE A'LE'INN - COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER

Cautiously, the young woman wanders the outside perimeter of the motel. She holes up just across the way from the pool. There, she watches guests laugh and swim.

At the other end, a man exits his room and walks across the courtyard (we know him; it's Mel). His girlfriend, Sindy, enjoys a sunbath. He hoots something flirtatious at her, then passes right by the young woman. She stays out of sight.

Mel makes his way to the café. The woman follows just as Ewan exits the reception area. He misses her by a fraction of a second.

INT. LITTLE A'LE'INN - CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

The café is decorated with knickknacks related to little green men and conspiracy merchandise inspired by Area 51.

The place also bustles with many of the UFO enthusiasts we met a few scenes earlier at the safe zone. There's plenty of chatter about aliens, a good deal about a ring, and a Dark Lord, and something about the end of the world. (LotR ref.)

Enter the young woman. Bottomless, her presence doesn't go unnoticed. Mel gives her a ripe ol' look-see-do.

Unabashed, the woman spots the dessert buffet and b-lines for the pie.

EXT. LITTLE A'LE'INN - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Ewan groans.

His reaction is warranted. The backseat of Jess' car is empty. So yep, the woman ran off. To somewhere...

INT. LITTLE A'LE'INN - CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

At the dessert bar, the woman examines all the delectable cakes and pies behind the glass. And though, perhaps not the close encounter they were expecting, the patrons muse at this odd sighting.

MEL (O.C.)

See something you like?

Mel eases in on that ass, the hound. Unconcerned, the woman points at the key lime.

MEL

Good choice. Their key lime is *muy magnifico*.

Mel calls out a server to serve the woman up a slice.

MEL

So... you from around here?

Mel spits some cringy game -- and, for better (or worse), it's certainly cheesier than anything I can write here. But not to fret... Ewan to the rescue! He cuts between them.

EWAN

Carrot out the stew, horn-dog.

MEL

Whoa... you know this girl?

EWAN

I do. Move along, rugby.

Ewan snags a linen from a nearby table and rips away the cloth. He wraps it around the woman's waist which effectively fashions a makeshift skirt.

Key lime pie in hand, Ewan uses it to lure the woman to another table, in the back, away from other guests. The two sit and the woman devours her tasty treat.

EWAN

I'm going to come out the gate and ask -- and I mean no disrespect -- you run away from a cult?

No answer. The woman shoots him a cross look instead.

EWAN

Okay. Sworn to silence, maybe. My name's Ewan. You have a name?

The woman mumbles something through the glob of pie in her mouth. Ewan leans in to try and catch the vowels...

ÍOSA

Íosa.

(beat)

My name. Yee-Oh-Sah...

There you go... the woman's name is ÍOSA.

EWAN

Íosa. That short for something?

No answer.

EWAN

Good stuff. So, Íosa, what were you doing out there -- near that place? Don't you know it's dangerous?

From afar, Mel catches Ewan's attention and gestures with a big wry grin on his face. Ewan huffs as he waves him off -- but does so with his nub-hand. Íosa takes notice. Embarrassed, Ewan pulls back and hides it.

EWAN

Accident. Stupid mistake -- no big deal. Changing a tire.

She shrugs and works her way through the crust of the pastry.

EWAN
Where're you from?

Íosa cocks her head. She points to the ceiling.

EWAN
Makes sense.

ÍOSA
You live on the surface?

EWAN
Well, not in a submarine -- if
that's what you mean.

By the look of it, it's probably not what Íosa meant.

EWAN
Um, I live back west. Albuquerque.

ÍOSA
Alba--

EWAN
--Kerky. Yeah. In New Mexico. As
opposed to the old one.

Íosa looks down at her plate, the pie is all eaten up. Heartbreak. Eager to subdue the awkwardness, Ewan takes it.

EWAN
How about some more pie?

Íosa's eyes light up. She nods, yes please.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - COUNTER - DAY

On her mobile, Jess listens to a voice mail prompt:

DAVE (V.O.)
Yo! It's Dave. Leave a message.

JESS
Hey, babe. Grabbing a coffee. Not
sure if you wanted one. K, bye...

At the counter, Jess hangs up and orders a tall latte from the millennial barista. But before she's able to pay for it, Wallace cuts in line and ponies up cash.

WALLACE
 (to the millennial)
 And a plain coffee, too, please.

JESS
 Geez. What's with the Ruskin clan?
 Can't leave well enough alone.

WALLACE
 Hey. I'm perfectly content.

JESS
 No dog in this fight?

WALLACE
 I made my boy a promise, yes. But
 nothing about a fight.

JESS
 So what is it then?

WALLACE
 To shoot that fuck right in the nut
 sac. He don't use them. And you
 don't need them.

Jess stares down Wallace in the most deadpan way possible.
 Then... gregarious laughter, from both mouths. The barista
 returns with their drinks and the two find a seat.

WALLACE
 Dave seems like a nice guy.

JESS
 He is. I hope you went easy on him.

WALLACE
 Like a buttered lamb.

JESS
 He's a good Lutheran boy. You tend
 to get all Christopher Hitchens on
 people who like their earth served
 up six thousand years old or less.
 (beat)
 But this is about Ewan.

WALLACE
 I'm not here to dig up old wounds
 or pry into personal affairs -- but
 as the fuck-tard's pop, I'd be
 remiss if I didn't at least try and
 figure out what the hell's rattling
 around in that bozo's brain.

JESS

Honestly... I think he's bored.

WALLACE

Well hey, honey, welcome to my every day.

JESS

Right? But with Ewan, it's something deeper.

WALLACE

He's looking to prove something.

JESS

Could be.

WALLACE

Heard he was in an accident. Why'd you let him go?

JESS

I called his bluff. Honestly, I thought he'd be back by now.

WALLACE

Crazy bastard. Thick-headed. Christ, he's just like his mother.

JESS

Ever think... it might have something to do with her?

WALLACE

What? No. She did what she had to.

JESS

Still -- the way Ewan tells it, he was eight.

WALLACE

Mommy issues?

JESS

Is that wildly unreasonable?

WALLACE

Well, fuck.

JESS

I got to go. If you find him... a nut. His right, maybe. Also, have him bring my car back.

Jess leaves the table. Wallace sits alone to process.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE A'LE'INN - COURTYARD - DAY

Exit Ewan and Íosa from the café to the courtyard, toward their motel room. Right away, Ewan falters and stumbles -- like he were drunk. He tightly clutches his nub and winces.

ÍOSA
Are you well?

EWAN
I'm a goddamn champion. I'm one cool dude.

ÍOSA
"Cool dude?"

EWAN
That's me. Real piece of work.

ÍOSA
Where is the rest of your hand?

EWAN
Two states away, give or take.
Along with my heart.

ÍOSA
No heart either?

EWAN
Nothing I couldn't leave behind.

ÍOSA
How do you function?

EWAN
Nihilistic meaninglessness. What
can be broken, should be broken.
(beat)
Sorry. That's mom talking.

A roaring splash of water can be heard off-camera. Curious, Íosa turns to scope out the swimming area, where there's still a few guests hard at play.

Ewan falters again. Íosa lifts him up.

EWAN
Here we are... this our room.

At the room door, Ewan struggles to jam the key into the lock. A simple task that's quite strenuous for him.

INT. LITTLE A'LE'INN - ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The motel room is basked in a low ambient glow -- an orangey hue made by possible by the curtains. The door creaks -- it opens wide and floods the room in a harsh white light. Enter Ewan and Íosa.

EWAN

Wel'p, the key works.

Not more than a foot or two inside, with the door barely shut, Ewan collapses like the Greek Sovereign Debt Crisis.

ÍOSA

Why are you hurt? Where did your hand and heart go?

EWAN

They'll grow back.

(beat)

You're a cool dude, Íosa. Íosa...

(beat)

Holy fuck, this suicide thing is an ordeal.

Ewan's peepers close. We hope that he's only fallen asleep, but he could most certainly be dead, too. Íosa cradles Ewan's wounded nub like it were a football. She concentrates... and then something quite extraordinary happens:

Her hands ignite into a golden glimmer. She squeezes her palms over the damaged gauze. The light penetrates the flesh underneath -- as if we were witness to some sort of whacked-out *E.T.* shit...

We trust that this is to help Ewan. After a moment, Íosa's hands return to normal. She slides her fingertips up Ewan's arm -- then onto his chest. She stops just above his heart.

Patiently, Íosa's waits. She feels for Ewan's heartbeat. After a moment, she reaches for his brow and concentrates her energy. We sense that she senses something.

Then, at once, and very much startled by the telepathic link, Íosa lets go of Ewan's head. She holds still. A beat later, she backs away... into the curtains.

CUT TO:

INT. EJRW AEROSPACE SYSTEMS - FRONT - DAY

Enter Wallace. He notices the rays of golden as they light push through the slits in the blind. The shimmer of the fading sunbeams highlight the messiness of the office.

ADELAIDE* (O.C.)
Hello? Someone here?

Now enter Adelaide. She's startled when she make contact with Wallace.

ADELAIDE*
Oh! Hi. Um, hi there.
(composed)
Something I can help you with, ol' buck?

WALLACE
I'm here to snoop.

ADELAIDE*
Pardon?

WALLACE
Your boss went off the deep end.

Wallace brushes past Adelaide into Ewan's personal office--

INT. EJRW AEROSPACE SYSTEMS - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

--and confronts a few oddities once inside. For instance, there's a shredder machine set up with some documents already split into pieces. Adelaide dips inside after him.

ADELAIDE*
Ewan wears emotions on his sleeve--

WALLACE
--if the sleeves don't fall off first.

The envelope from the divorce firm is still intact -- Wallace is able to spot its name on the return address before Adelaide scoops it up.

ADELAIDE*
What do you mean by that?

WALLACE
He's a silly kid. He does silly things.

Wallace moves to the desk. There's still the stack of rejection letters from various engineering firms. He rifles through them.

ADELAIDE*

Slow your roll, dude. You can't pillage through his personal shit.

Wallace spots the logos from Boeing, from JT3, etc.

WALLACE

Interesting job choices.

ADELAIDE*

He aims high.

WALLACE

Should've gotten better grades at ITT Tech then.

Yeah... like ITT Tech is still a thing, lol.

ADELAIDE*

And who are you again?

Wallace plops the rejection letters back onto the Dorito-dusted computer keyboard. The leaflets strike the "Return" key and the homepage monitor flickers on.

Wallace notes the desktop wallpaper -- the same image of the ATLAS-I with the Millennium Falcon perched atop.

WALLACE

Ahh... the old ATLAS-1. "The Trestle," we called it. I remember those days.

ADELAIDE*

What were "those" days?

WALLACE

It was a kickoff party called the Cold War Kegger. Just the popular kids -- us and the Russians -- to see whose bomb was bigger.

ADELAIDE*

You mean whose dicks were biggest?

WALLACE

Not only size, but hardness. We didn't want planes falling out the sky from an electromagnetic pulse if ever there was a nuclear attack.

(MORE)

WALLACE (CONT'D)

So, the air force commissioned this baby -- completely built out of wood and glue laminate, mind you -- to test an aircraft's in-flight hardening capabilities.

(beat)

I remember sneaking my son onto base to see this once, thirty-plus years ago. Loved the thing. He used to build these marble mazes out of paper. I think he made this once. I don't know -- could have been something else.

ADELAIDE*

Cute. He include the Falcon, too?

WALLACE

Eh, my wife could have shown him that. She was promoted to Area 51, if you can believe that. Ewan would need a bit more clearance though.

Wallace snaps his eyebrow, as if an idea snuck into his head. He checks the rejection letters... the business logos...

WALLACE

Wait a minute... that's it! Area 51. Thanks, doll.

Wallace breaks for the exit--

ADELAIDE*

Wallace.

--but stops on a dime when he hears the woman recite his name. He slowly turns back to look at her.

ADELAIDE*

Make sure that little *buckaroo* gets home safe.

Bewildered, or unsure, Wallace simply nods at Adelaide.

CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE A'LE'INN - ROOM - NIGHT

Ewan is passed the fuck out. But get this -- he looks to be in better health. His cheeks be rosier.

Meanwhile, Íosa tinkers about the room, entranced by the mundane things motels have: shampoo, conditioner, soap...

But nothing is too unfamiliar. She pops on the TV with ease -- and the first thing that plays is a broadcast similar to "Info Wars," hosted by some Alex Jones-type figure. The anchor rambles off the most insane conspiracy theories.

After her intrigue is subdued, she hears raised voices from somewhere outside, then peeks out the curtains.

Outside, Íosa watches a young couple walk and grope one another as they make their way through the courtyard. We know them as Mel and Sindy. Both are wet after a late night dip in the pool. The lovers vanish into their room.

Íosa checks on Ewan. He's still fast asleep on the floor.

EXT. LITTLE A'LE'INN - SWIMMING POOL - MOMENTS LATER

Enter Íosa into the vacant swimming area. She circles the perimeter, mesmerized by the blue ripply translucent liquid. Then it's off with the "*House of Blues*" jacket.

At the shallow end, Íosa slowly climbs down the steps into the water -- and embraces a spectrum of new sensations as the crisp liquid envelopes her body. The makeshift tablecloth-dress floats atop the surface and encircles her.

Íosa finds herself lost in an ethereal playtime.

MEL (O.C.)

Marco!

Íosa freezes, startled. Again, she hears, "Marco!" At last, Mel steps out of hiding and comes to the pool's edge. He hasn't changed out of his swim trunks.

MEL

You got to holler back "Pollo."

ÍOSA

P -- P -- Pollo... ?

MEL

You know, you shouldn't be swimming alone. At night. Not unless you have yourself a life guard.

ÍOSA

What is that?

MEL

A life guard is someone to save you from drowning. You drowning? Should I come in there and save you?

Íosa shrugs, then coyly nods her head. Hot damn, that's all Mel needed: he swan-dives into the pool and makes a big splash. A spray of water hits Íosa. She laughs. Mel breaches the surface.

MEL

Oooh, that feels good! Doesn't that feel good?

ÍOSA

You are a strange... dude.

MEL

I'm strange? Darling, I'm not the one topless in a public pool.

(beat)

Oh wait...

Mel stands above the water line and puffs his chest--

MEL

...looks like I am.

--and then splashes backwards into the water. It's the cheesy dance of seduction. There's some splish-splash, a calculated move or two, and Mel gets handsy with the young naive woman.

It culminates in him pulling her close -- then a few kisses on Íosa's neck. She does not resist. In fact, it seems as if she enjoys it; something of a turn-on, and Mel doesn't let up. Íosa lets out a moan.

Golden light radiates out from underneath her skin, below the water line--

MEL

It get warmer in here?

--and the glow that emits from her only gets more intense. The whole pool lights up like an LED display as Mel reaches under her dress. But the glimmer goes radioactive.

MEL

You on your cycle -- why you look like you're about to explode? Damn, it's hot in here.

It's going to get a whole lot hotter -- as the water begins to bubble, it frightens Mel. He backs away from Íosa. But the power of "touch" has been unleashed:

The entire pool goes from bubble to boil.

Mel recoils. He swims for shore, his cries for help sound like whimpers as he forces them out his pain laden lungs.

As the water goes nuclear, Mel's skin begins to cook. The seduction artist goes from sleazeball, to perfectly grilled cooked, to charred jerky within a matter of seconds.

And Mel, barely alive by now, gurgles one last wail as the wicked water wildly wrenches over him.

INT. LITTLE A'LE'INN - ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ewan comes to. It takes him a moment before he's composed enough to make sense of his whereabouts. He sits up. The first thing he checks are his bandages. Yep, still there. But wait a minute...

...Ewan unwraps the bloody gauze. Instead of exposing a gangrene mess, his forearm ends with a perfectly healed nub.

EWAN

Íosa?

Ewan checks the empty motel room. No Íosa. Only the TV blares as the onscreen host rants about child-crisis actors hired by Nazi sympathizers during so-called "school shootings."

EXT. LITTLE A'LE'INN - SWIMMING POOL - CONTINUOUS

--and that's because she's still at the pool, but crouched behind a lawn chair like a startled puppy.

Though the water is calm by now, steam still rises off the top of its surface. The burnt corpse, that once was Mel, now bobs up-and-down as it floats aimlessly in the pool.

Enter Ewan.

EWAN (O.C.)

Íosa? Hey, you all right? What happened? What's that in the pool?

ÍOSA

Accident.

That doesn't sound good. So Ewan approaches the pool. He soon learns what the massy char is -- the victim's body turns over and he recognizes the face.

EWAN

Holy criminy! Is that -- is that who I think it is?

Íosa sheepishly bats away.

ÍOSA

I did not mean to. He was nice.

EWAN

You did this? How?

(beat)

Know what -- don't tell me. We have to call someone. The police or something.

Ewan checks his pockets until he finds his cell phone. He races to the other end of the pool as he dials the standard digits. There's a few seconds of a ring tone until we hear the familiar, "9-1-1. What's your emergency?"

EWAN

Yeah, hi. I'm at the, um, the motel. Shit, what the hell motel is this? I'm at -- at -- at, ya know... the weird one. So there's been, um, an accide--

--Ewan's cut off by a blood curdling scream. He spins around... it's Sindy! Goddamn, shit, fuck! As Sindy revs into freakout-mode at the sight of BBQ-Mel, Ewan hangs up the phone and quickly runs toward her position.

EWAN

Settle down, young lady. This looks worse than it is.

SINDY

What happened? What'd you do?!

EWAN

Nothing. He's fine. He's fine!

The two go at it, and Ewan pleads for Sindy to calm herself -- but she escalates her hysteria to the likes of a theater troupe who tries to perform Shakespeare in a crowded bar.

This prompts guests to poke their heads out of their rooms and reprimand against the noise; profanities like, "Shut the fuck up," and "I hope an alien anal probes you!" Classy.

Point is, if Ewan can't get Sindy under control, he'll have a whole hell of a lot more problems to deal with--

--so it's interesting that at this most sensitive moment, Sindy's voice box gets cut off, almost like a record scratch. In addition, her eyes go cross... then her head and face glow, from translucent red to gold.

This is revealed to be Íosa's doing: she has a hand clasped over the back of Sindy's cranium. Visible light-energy is transferred from her palm into Sindy's headspace until--

Ker-Splat!

--Sindy's face explodes outward, and blood and brain matter spatter all over Ewan. Íosa lets go and Sindy's body collapses and falls into the pool. Ewan relapses, in shock.

EWAN

What just happened?

Two dead bodies in the swimming pool. That's what just fucking happened.

Ewan hunkers down in a chair as the horror of the ordeal fills his brain. For a time, there's silence. The two bodies do a great job of staying hush poolside. Minutes pass. Maybe hours.

In either reality, with the moon in full bloom, the night grows dense -- and Ewan shakes off his nerves with an erratic journey that sees him occupy all four corners of the pool area; a style reminiscent to a crazy person in a psych-ward.

Íosa watches, curious. Then, after a hefty eternity, Ewan splashes his face with pool water to cleanse the blood from his brow. He turns to Íosa--

EWAN

We need to hide the bodies.

--and effectively, at this very controversial juncture, Ewan chooses to be her accomplice in murder. Wow, what a power this woman must have over him (or in general). He moves toward her -- desperate, but sure-headed.

EWAN

Íosa, do you understand? If someone finds them -- if they catch you... it's over. We'll go to jail. Maybe something worse.

(beat)

We bury them. Deep in the desert.

At first, Íosa appears lost or confused -- as if Ewan's suggestion barely registers. But then, a satisfied wink:

ÍOSA

I know where.

Ewan peers over to take another gander at Mel and Sindy. The bodies bob.

EWAN
 Yeah? Ok. Cool. Cool.
 (pause)
 So... how much can you lift?

Ewan holds back an upchuck -- nearly ready to vomit.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEVADA DESERT - MAINTENANCE SHED - NIGHT

Let's set the mood: we remember this place from the teaser; stars twinkle and crickets chirp. The waxing moon beams.

Headlights impinge on the area, and snake up the shed to better illumine the small and dilapidated structure. Ewan pulls forward in Jess' car and alongside is his passenger, Íosa.

EWAN
 This is the place, eh? Let's get
 this over with.

Ewan parks and sets about his next task: he exits the vehicle, pops open the backseat door, and unbuckles what remains of the corpses of Mel and Sindy.

He's nearest Sindy. Ewan tugs at her body; he leverages himself to pull her out the car. As he does so, Sindy becomes undone, and together she and Ewan fall out the car. The dead body falls right atop of Ewan and pins him to the ground.

The horrid mess of brain matter left inside Sindy's skull dangles and slaps against Ewan's face. He gags.

Meanwhile, Íosa exits. She unintentionally kicks out a few polaroid pictures. Curious, she looks through them.

The pictures focus on a very pretty woman. Most feature her with some nobody of a fellah. The two are engaged in various activities -- but the most prominent ones include her at an Albuquerque tire shop.

But there's one -- just one -- and perhaps by accident -- that exclusively includes this same happy woman, but she's wrapped around Ewan. Perhaps... this imprints on Íosa...

As we rejoin Ewan, he continues to struggle with Sindy -- the corpse still on top, as it effortlessly pins him down. All manners of Ewan's bumbling attempts to escape only seem to make things worse.

Íosa to the rescue: she grabs Sindy by the hair and yanks her mortal remains off Ewan.

With unnatural strength and ease, she drags the body to the old shed and plops it inside. She comes back for Mel.

Again, Íosa removes and drags the body with incredible ease. Ewan follows -- and the two make for the shed.

EWAN

I don't get it -- don't people come out here?

Inside the shed, Íosa dumps Mel's body through a trapdoor.

EWAN

The hell. Where's that lead?

Íosa motions toward the sky. Specifically, she points to the moon.

EWAN

Right. Makes sense. Why shouldn't a hole lead all the way up to there?

(pause)

Level with me, Íosa. Who are you? Where do you come from? Really?

Íosa shakes -- as if there were a chill in the night air. She steps away from Ewan.

EWAN

What's the matter?

He reaches out and takes her by the hand. Íosa keeps one palm tightly fisted up. Ewan investigates and she finally eases up; she relinquishes a photograph. Ewan opens it. It's of him and Jess -- from better days.

EWAN

Oh. Post-graduate. A young engineers ready to take on the world, put some planes in the sky. This was when I proposed to her.

(beat)

Means nothing anymore.

A single tear swells up in Íosa's eye.

EWAN

This was a long time ago.

It then rolls down her cheek. Ewan gently wipes it away.

EWAN

It's all right. This was nothing. You shouldn't be upset.

There seems to be a kiss that's about to happen. Like, forget for a moment that Ewan and Íosa just dropped two bodies into a hole in the ground, somewhere out here in the desert. For now, there's a real connection between the two.

They come closer together. Their eyes close... and their mouths lean in for a kiss. But their lips never touch... because the most unexpected fuckery of all-time happens--

--as the shed, and all the territory around it -- which includes that once foreboding hillside -- light up like a Buddhist monk protesting the Vietnamese government. The world goes from night to day in the blink of an eye.

At once, military vehicles surround the perimeter. The men who jump out at them in swarms are not the common "Camo-Dude" sort we met earlier -- these are soldiers; Mili-Dudes, we'll call them. Armed to the teeth.

They quickly close in on Ewan and Íosa with laser-fast accuracy. The jig is up -- Ewan's surely about to die now, and there's no place to hide. His hands reach for the sky. But then--

--Íosa knocks him over. He falls through the trapdoor...

INT. MAINTENANCE SHED (BELOW) - TUNNEL SYSTEM - CONTINUOUS

...and lands right atop Mel and Sindy. Gross. Íosa jumps down and joins him. There's no time to explain -- she grabs his hand and leads him deep into the questionable tunnel system -- something like an old mine, maybe.

At their heels, Mili-Dudes. Ewan can hear them jump in, one-by-one, at the entrance point. Íosa is focused, though, and steers him through the treacherous subterranean.

They make twists and turns through the underground labyrinth that Ewan can only speculate. But the sounds of footsteps from their pursuers is quite persistent.

A few hundred yards later--

INT. CONTROL STATION - SUBTERRANEAN - CONTINUOUS

--and Íosa, at last, brings Ewan to someplace wholly unexpected -- like a command post built right out of an old B-movie, but with better production value:

The entire room looks like an older operation base made from abandoned computer equipment and parts;

circa World War II, but not beyond that. In the middle, a *cylindrus* (similar to a TRUPACT-II). It looks almost half steampunk by design.

Ewan barely has time to process his whereabouts before reality sets in and the matter of the Mili-Dudes becomes an immediate threat. The possibility of their impending demise transitions into certainty, so Ewan steps in front of Íosa.

But his efforts are folly as Íosa pushes him aside. She reaches out an arm... and thus, it radiates a golden hue.

EWAN

Wait, they're only doing their job!

The girl listens not. She's about to go Eleven from "Stranger Things" on these fuckers.

Then, inconceivably, an extreme burst of light unfurls out the *cylindrus*. It's enough to distract Íosa. She and Ewan look back toward the source--

--just as the Mili-Dudes catch up and start to fill the control room. But they, too, become entranced by the blaze.

Together, the entire company witnesses a silhouette emerge from the entrancing shimmer of the *cylindrus*. Once the light dims, both friend and foe can visibly comprehend who this strange figure turns out to be. Ewan states the person name:

EWAN

Dad?

That's right... the being who emerged from this -- this "portal," thing -- is none other than Wallace Ruskin. He steps toward Íosa.

WALLACE

Time to put you back in your box.

Wallace brandishes an odd piece of equipment; a futuristic weapon of sorts (if you want to be technical). He fires it -- and a unique plasma burst explodes from the barrel.

It strikes Íosa hard against the chest -- and she gets flung all the way across the room. Suffice it to say, she's out for the count.

EWAN

What the fuck, pop?

WALLACE

Told you if you screwed this up, son, I'd finish the job myself.

Via Ewan's POV, Wallace aims the gun at him... and then--
 --BLAST!

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. HOUSE (LATE 1970'S) - BACKYARD - TREE FORT - DAY

Perched high atop a platform in the natural canopy of the tree, Young Ewan puts the final touches onto his model airplane (built to his own specifications).

YOUNG EWAN

Ha. Finished. Let's get you in the air, "Cocksucker."

That's the plane's name, apparently, written on its wing. Anyway, Young Ewan nears the platform's edge -- he performs a brief countdown of "three-two-one," then launches the model into the air. It takes to the sky quite well.

With glee, Young Ewan watches it zig-zag and fly. The plane glides just over the roof of the house -- but as it makes its descent, the boy can easily peer into the front yard.

There, an official-looking SUV pulls into the driveway. A pair of SUITS exit and walk toward the front door. The smile is wiped clean off Young Ewan's face.

At once, he climbs down from the tree fort, hops off the ladder, runs across the backyard--

INT. HOUSE (LATE 1970'S) - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--and busts right through the house. The Suits are already there, at the door, with Wallace.

YOUNG EWAN

What's going on?

WALLACE

Easy, son. Everything's fine.

YOUNG EWAN

What're these jackasses doing here?

WALLACE

Official business.

YOUNG EWAN

Oh, spare me. Where's mom?

ABBEY* (O.C.)
Right behind you, *buckaroo*.

Suitcase in her left, now prosthetic hand, Abbey enters the living room.

YOUNG EWAN
This is bullshit.

ABBEY*
When the sky's falling, take
shelter under bullshit. Those men--

...meaning the suits near the door...

ABBEY*
--they think I can make that
happen. Bullshit is the glue that
binds this nation together.

YOUNG EWAN
Big deal. Why leave?

ABBEY*
I want to give you something.

Abbey pops open the suitcase and gives him a lenticular image printed on paper stock about the size of a baseball card. It's of the Millennium Falcon.

ABBEY*
That's what I get to make.

YOUNG EWAN
The Falcon?

ABBEY*
The hologram, my dear. But bigger.

Tears swell in Young Ewan's eyes. The Suits close in, but Wallace holds them back.

YOUNG EWAN
So what. Still sucks.

ABBEY*
I know you're sad. You're sad now --
but you must accept periods of
unhappiness. And I promise you,
you'll experience happiness to
come. Dualism. It's funky as hell,
but something we all endure.

(beat)

(MORE)

ABBEY* (CONT'D)
 Life's absurd, darling. Live in
 spite of it.

And on that note, Abbey hugs her son one last time, kisses her husband, and finally leaves with the suits. Wallace holds onto Young Ewan to keep him from chasing after his mother.

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - RECOVERY WARD - UNSPECIFIED TIME

What does "Undisclosed Location" mean? For meow, think other-worldly or alien. And as we enter the scene, we begin it with a POV (presumably, it's Ewan's).

At first, all is black. We hear a low hum or rumble. Then, soon enough, an ethereal atmosphere comes into view -- once the eyelids open we come to witness strange artifacts... lights, doohickies, and shimmers of a J.J. Abrams lens flare.

What we see, from this perspective, is actually the ceiling. We hear heavy, internal breathing. The world tilts, and now we're level with the room. Nothing looks too familiar; there's plenty of high quality tech, but it looks foreign--

--no... it looks alien. Could we be inside Area 51?

Wait a tic... we see hands. TWO hands. If this were the POV of Ewan's body, shouldn't we be missing one? Soon after, we move off the bed and toward the exit on the other end of the recovery room. The door slides open automatically--

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

--and suddenly we're thrust into a long and sleek corridor. It bustles with an impressive workforce, and all personnel don attire specific to their profession: that includes military, scientists, and even lowly maintenance workers.

Still in POV, we move through the crowd. There's no shortage of confused faces. A young soldier tries to high-five us. And there's plenty of wandering about, but eventually we end up at a dead-end.

It's here that we confront a smooth, reflective black wall. It does quite well mirroring an image back. We know this because we see, now, whose POV we've so far experienced--

--and it's NOT Ewan. Well... it is AND it is not. Reflected back on the wall is none other than actor and comedian extraordinaire James Adam Belushi.

An actual projection of the man himself! The driver we met way earlier!

CHARLEMAGNE (O.C.)

Well, meow, that looks good on you.

We exit the POV.

Belushi spins around (or, whatever the getup could be; a "guise", maybe) -- hence the name: BELUSHI-GUISE. Anyway, he faces CHARLEMAGNE. You'll remember him as the scientist from the teaser. The old dude who said "meow" instead of "now."

BELUSHI-GUISE

Wait. What looks good?

CHARLEMAGNE

The bionic hand. Not a bad job.

Belushi-Guise waves the right hand around. Eerie...

BELUSHI-GUISE

Why shouldn't it be?

CHARLEMAGNE

You didn't come here with it. Top of the line. Smooth as silk. Going to feel like a thousand kittens purring against your balls when you stroke your dong with it.

BELUSHI-GUISE

I'm married.

CHARLEMAGNE

Ah, you keep the dominate arm on the mouse. Tell you what, stay off the Inter-webs. Give your right hand a go at the joystick. It'll make you feel like you're back in high school.

(beat)

Charlemagne Martel. Pleasure to meet you.

Charlemagne forcibly shakes Belushi-Guise's hand.

CHARLEMAGNE

Hey now -- where's this been? *Ha!*
Joking. Totes a j/k.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Where am I? What the hell is that?

Belushi-Guise points to his reflection in the wall.

CHARLEMAGNE

To me: co-owner of the of wildly popular "House of Blues" franchise.

BELUSHI-GUISE

I'm Jim Belushi.

CHARLEMAGNE

In a manner of speaking, yes. Cutting edge shit. You're in for a doozy, Mr. Belushi. I'll show you.

Charlemagne enters a secret code on the wall. Where it once was completely smooth, a seam meow appears and creates a sort of door frame. The same section of wall then lifts open. The scientist enters. Apprehensive, Belushi-Guise follows.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - SECRET HUB - CONTINUOUS

The passageway that Charlemagne leads Belushi-Guise through is both bio-engineered (grown) and artificial -- as if 70s Cold War tech were integrated atop the "alien" nano-fauna.

And there's no shortage of lens flare, too. Disclosure: throughout our time "here," best get used to flare.

CHARLEMAGNE

Impressive credentials, bee-tee-dubs. Don't think we hadn't noticed.

Oh bee-tee-dubs, Charlemagne carries a chart. He shuffles through the paperwork.

BELUSHI-GUISE

I did okay.

CHARLEMAGNE

An overstatement. Not top of your class -- but your thesis on noise reduction and environmental impacts from resulting planes and helicopters... well, it's intriguing, to say the least.

BELUSHI-GUISE

The bureaucrats didn't think so. Funding for noise pollution research isn't on the top of anyone's list.

CHARLEMAGNE

Or radar. *Ha!* Engineering joke. Shame, though, you were allocated to a third rate firm. I admit -- your talents were wasted. If I had my way, you'd be at Boeing. No doubt. Lockheed, at the very least.

BELUSHI-GUISE

I'm used to life not working out.

CHARLEMAGNE

Look, everyone's got quotas. Mandates. Companies fall victim to corporate change. Even the big ones. It's not the seventies anymore and we have to reflect the times. Means we got to diversify. Equal outcome. No more of these "equal opportunity" shenanigans.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Why not hire the most qualified.

CHARLEMAGNE

Spare me the "white privilege" bull shit, am I right? It's identity politics. Tribalism. Sorry, dude -- but it just doesn't pay to be a white heterosexual male anymore. No use crying about it.

BELUSHI-GUISE

So explain the new look. Everything's the same -- except, meow, I'm an overweight white male.

CHARLEMAGNE

To be fair, you already were overweight. But celebrity -- that's something different. That we can work with.

(beat)

Forget about JT3. I know why you applied; to get close to Area 51, am I right? Listen -- small potatoes. Here... we got some boss shit going on. Believe-you-me.

With his right hand, Belushi grabs at Charlemagne's shoulder.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Hold up, mister. You're telling me we're NOT at Area 51?

A beat later, the bionic hand begins to shake. Then it goes all-out berserk. Briefly, Belushi-Guise's outer "cover" goes in-and-out of static, and we see Ewan underneath. Charlemagne intervenes and makes a few adjustments to the settings.

Soon after, all is normal and Ewan is back to Belushi-Guise.

CHARLEMAGNE

Apologies. Haven't quite worked out all the bugs. Some components aren't properly synced. So... try not to shoot or blow up anything.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Level with me... where are we? My Skywalker-hand? This place? Are we--
(soto)
--are we in an alien space base?

CHARLEMAGNE

The fuck we are! There's been zero contact, observation, or signal from an extraterrestrial origin -- local, galactic, or otherwise. Do I make myself crystal clear?

BELUSHI-GUISE

Fermi paradox. "Where the hell is everybody?"

CHARLEMAGNE

Exactly! You get it.
(beat)
Okay, good. Meow, I'd like to show you something.

Charlemagne continues the tour. Further down the hub, he disappears through a new door-scape. Belushi-Guise follows--

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

--and enters a robust set piece that showcases plenty of holographic monitors (holo-monitors), futuristic buttons, and flashy things. It's here that the true white collar scientists go about their experiments and, well, science.

It's cool and all -- but the aesthetic is overshadowed by the presence of one specific person: Wallace-Fucking-Ruskin.

WALLACE

(to Belushi-Guise)
Boy, you look ridiculous.

BELUSHI-GUISE
Son. Of. A. Bitch.

WALLACE
(to Charlemagne)
You're supposed to be some kind of
genius. This is the best you could
come up with?

CHARLEMAGNE
Didn't want to arise suspicion.

WALLACE
Belushi. No, not suspicious at all.
What's he been in lately? Can't
think of anything.

CHARLEMAGNE
Your son's the correct build. Right
height. Fits him like a glove.

BELUSHI-GUISE
Will you two codgers knock it off!
Shoot me straight.

CHARLEMAGNE
You're not authorized to be at this
location. So best if you blend in.

BELUSHI-GUISE
And a D-list actor does just that?
(to Wallace)
This is holographic tech, isn't it?
The kind mom left to work on.

The debate is cut short by a noise-prompt. A tech savvy
CISGENDER NON-BINARY then encroaches Charlemagne:

CISGENDER NON-BINARY
We're ready, sir.

Charlemagne snaps his fingers, excited. He scampers off
toward a dark curved glass that divides the Command Room from
something more ominous (which we'll call the "Syphon App").

BELUSHI-GUISE
(to Wallace)
You ain't off the hook, old buffer.
You shot me. Me; your goddamn son.

WALLACE
You fucked up. I swore on your
mother's grave.

BELUSHI-GUISE

You wouldn't have been able to find me. Let alone get to me.

WALLACE

Portal three-eighteen.

BELUSHI-GUISE

The museum's TRUPACT-II. You weren't pulling my leg -- a portal.

WALLACE

A glitchy one. And too costly to tear down, so it's been repurposed to look like a waste management unit -- hidden in plain sight.

BELUSHI-GUISE

But how did you actually find me? I was way... deep... underground.

BRING! BRING!

Get the fuck out. Is that... is that Ewan's cell phone ring? For what it's worth, it makes for fine discomfort. Belushi-Guise picks the mobile from his pocket and answers:

LAWYER (V.O.)

Hello, Mr. Ruskin. This is Jacob Kuffer. Kuffer Family Law. Following up to see if you had a chance to sign the divorce forms?

Confused, Belushi-Guise responds with, "Uhhh..." Finally, Wallace has the sense to snag the phone and hang up.

WALLACE

This -- this is how I tracked you. And how they pinpointed your location. You talk too much, dummy.

BELUSHI-GUISE

The nine-one-one call...

WALLACE

(to Charlemagne)
And seriously, you have cell service up here?

CHARLEMAGNE

On a great company plan. Although, the one-point-three seconds of lag time is a bit frustrating. But you get used to it.

Wallace pockets the cell phone for himself.

Another noise-prompt soon after. Then, one-half of the partition glass lights up and reveals what's inside the Syphon App. Belushi-Guise notices an "output" apparatus -- very sophisticated, very strange. Almost alien.

Beyond its wild aesthetic, the wire and probe network links directly into a surface plate -- and strapped to the plate...

...is Mister-Tire-Salesman-Extraordinaire: Dave Murray. The poor bastard is agitated. Scared. He calls out for help, but receives none.

BELUSHI-GUISE

I am so, so... so -- so screwed.

Meanwhile, nonchalant, Wallace fills a porcelain mug with fresh coffee. Oh, and just in case I forgot to mention, there's a coffee maker in the Control Room. Not important.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Why is my soon-to-be ex-wife's new boyfriend strapped to something out of a Bond movie?

WALLACE

Made a trade. Even-stevens.

BELUSHI-GUISE

For what?

Wallace rubs his eyes, exasperated by meow. When is this damn coffee going to kick in?

WALLACE

I came looking for you. Somehow, that caused me to interfere with a missing persons case. My bad. But you -- you just so happened to be directly involved in the same investigation. Your bad. To spare us a "target letter," or white-collar subpoena in front of a grand jury -- or even an arrest -- I made a deal. Gets you off hook. Gets me off. So... you're welcome, son.

BELUSHI-GUISE

That makes as much sense as individual baseball. The guy's a simple grease monkey. He shouldn't have to take the heat for something I did or didn't do.

WALLACE

Christ. You're too agreeable.

BELUSHI-GUISE

What's going to happen to him?

WALLACE

Don't know. Worst case -- we call it a "Self Inaugurated Euthanization Initiative."

BELUSHI-GUISE

Now you listen to me, dad. That's not funny.

Wallace sips his coffee. Belushi-Guise, however, at his wit's end, rips the cup away--

BELUSHI-GUISE

Neither is me being involved in a missing persons case. Dave is not--

--but the bionic hand does that shaky thing again. The frequency of vibration becomes so extreme, it pulverizes the porcelain mug into dust. Then, all-stop. Weird...

The moment is interrupted by Charlemagne:

CHARLEMAGNE

Gentlemen! Who wants a science lesson? At this juncture in time, we're on the brink of a new technological revolution. Our dilemma: how do we tap the full energy -- not just potential -- but the full energy of any mass body? Chemical? A measly zero-point-zero-zero-zero-zero-zero-zero-zero-zero-one percent of M converted to E. Nuclear reaction? Maybe point-zero-eight. Gravitational? Science fiction. All quite insufficient and inefficient. Until meow...

Lights go on in the other half of the Syphon App, where the "input" apparatus is housed. With almost the same design features as its neighbor, there's one important difference:

Íosa is strapped to the machine. Can you imagine Ewan's expression underneath the Belushi-Guise's holographic face?

CHARLEMAGNE

...a conduit to limitless power. We about to get funky.

WALLACE

(to Belushi-Guise)

There's your missing persons.

At their proper stations, the scientists set to work. They sequence and acclimatize data points -- then spout off technical jargon. Another initiates a verbal countdown.

Meanwhile, we get a dazzling light show inside the Syphon App. We notice that a flux-loop conduit joins the two apparatus chambers together. That, in turn, beams a visual energy feed directly from output to input. Got it?

Next, we see a hot glow. Dave screams. The cause of this occurs to his right hand. Piece-by-piece and atom-by-atom, his appendage breaks down -- all the way to the molecular level -- and is syphoned off into the flux-loop.

From there, the "energy" passes the conduit and enters Íosa's body. She radiates to an unbelievably brilliant gold. The device then powers down. Essentially, we've tossed "E equals MC-squared" out the window.

CHARLEMAGNE

Essentially, we've tossed "E equals MC-squared" out the window. We converted the matter from this young man into something new entirely. Not quite anti-matter, but close. We don't know, actually.

Belushi-Guise walks toward the Syphon App and confronts Dave. Exhausted, and left with a familiar nub, the young man pants.

CHARLEMAGNE

And the base-code in the asset's DNA, the girl, makes it possible to store and distribute enough energy to power the United States for a year. From his hand alone.

Íosa glows. Belushi-Guise goes to her. The apparatus sucks the energy back out of her. Light dissipates from her skin. Next comes a rumble. The sound of a boom. The floor shakes. From his/her control panel:

CISGENDER NON-BINARY

Successful power transfer into
"Blue Beam," sir.

CHARLEMAGNE

(to Belushi-Guise)

Eager to see what your mother had developed after all these years?

(MORE)

CHARLEMAGNE (CONT'D)
 (to Cisgender Non-Binary)
 Are the satellites in position?

CISGENDER NON-BINARY
 Yessir. Initiating meow.

On the holo-monitor, we see a reserve of divergent orbital satellites come online.

CHARLEMAGNE
 Where's aircraft flown since this morning? Pick out a rural location.

CISGENDER NON-BINARY
 Fort Hayes, Kansas, sir.
 Picnickers.

We get to see just that, too, on a second display feed: a gorgeous summer day in the park; family and friends.

CHARLEMAGNE
 Perfect. Let's block out the sun.

Belushi-Guise watches as the satellites, on screen, shoot a laser beam back and forth between each instrument. The source unifies, then gets split-up. Each satellite sends back down a projection of refracted light toward the Earth's atmosphere.

On the ground-image link, the same projection sequence spreads across the sky, just over the picnickers. It morphs into a sort of haze -- next, this "holographic light" molds into something more clear: big, bulbous storm clouds.

The clouds flicker. Next, lightning erupts from their bellies. On a speaker playback, the flashes of light are met with cracks of thunder. The picnickers run for cover.

CHARLEMAGNE
 Incorporate rain.

Belushi pays attention to the Cisgender Non-Binary on the control board -- and with a few button pushes, he/she initiates rain into the holographic simulation.

CHARLEMAGNE
 Nice. Tell you what -- skip the hail storm and let's give them a few seconds worth of a blizzard.

The rain turns into an all-out nor'easter. The poor picnickers become frantic -- run out to save their belongings and pack up. Charlemagne relishes the chaos on screen.

Unimpressed, Wallace taps Charlemagne on the shoulder.

WALLACE

Are we done here?

CHARLEMAGNE

(to Cisgender Non-Binary)

That's enough for today. Power down
the simulation.

And on that instruction, the clouds break and the sun comes
out once more. The picnickers are left startled and confused,
yes, but pretty much everything else returns to normal.

BELUSHI-GUISE

I've seen this in use before.

CHARLEMAGNE

No doubt. We randomly test. Project
Blue Beam: the biggest bang for
your buck when it comes to the
authentic VR experience. Right
meow, we have satellites
strategically positioned over most
the disc of the Earth. They work in
unison to create a true 3D image
wherever desired. With them, we can
create whatever simulation we wish:
a rain storm, glacial changes,
meteor impacts--

WALLACE

--alien invasion. Or apocalypse.

CHARLEMAGNE

Yes. Well... provided the system
were sophisticated enough to render
a detailed package to that degree.
We're a few decades off still.
Images are glitchy, at best.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Reflections project off -- what? --
the stratosphere? Mesosphere?

WALLACE

Neither. To do this, you'd need to
build a colossal invisible screen
able to refract images. Chemtrails.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Bullshit. Condensed water vapor --
all that is. A conspiracy theory.

WALLACE

How do you know?

BELUSHI-GUISE

My degree says "aeronautics engineer" on it. Not "movie projectionist."

WALLACE

Your mother knew more than I did.

BELUSHI-GUISE

What's the point of all this?

CHARLEMAGNE

Ha! I'm glad you asked. You see--

--BOOM!

Unexpectedly, the Command Center is hit with a massive power surge. Everyone gets knocked over as the room shakes. From the Syphon App--

--Dave lets out a bloodcurdling screech. Lights flash on-and-off inside the device; and the flux-loop conduit goes loco!

The staff of scientists scramble -- but are too late to prevent the further destruction. Then, shockingly, the entirety of Dave breaks down and molecularizes to the quantum level, until his body and screams cease to fucking exist.

Íosa lets out her own gut-wrenching shriek. Strapped within the input apparatus, she absorbs ALL of Dave's energy-essence. By the time she is completely charged, Íosa radiates an intense atomic white and gold.

The Syphon App redistributes power from Íosa back into the main system -- but it's too much. The room trembles violently as staff crank into overdrive.

To save Íosa, Belushi-Guise bangs on the glass. He met with failure. But then -- as if by thought -- his bionic hand begins to twitch. If it worked on the coffee mug, why not meow? He places the hand on the glass.

It quivers until the frequency of vibration is invisible. In an instant -- *CRACK! SHATTER! BANG!* -- the glass explodes. Belushi-Guise dives into the Syphon App and unstraps Íosa from the machine. He hoists her over his shoulder.

CHARLEMAGNE

Stop! You could kill her.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Stay back!

Belushi-Guise does his best "talk-to-the-hand" maneuver--

--but the preternatural appendage responds in a new way -- as it fires off a plasma charge -- *BLAST!* -- but it's too hapless, however, and said charge strikes the input apparatus and blows it to smithereens -- *KER-BOOM!*

Security personnel rush the scene. Belushi-Guise fires back with his hand to ward off the threat. He jumps for the exit.

CHARLEMAGNE

You're making a very big mistake.

WALLACE

Son, there's nowhere to go.

We'll see about that. With just a thought, Belushi-Guise blows a hole through the door-hatch and escapes with Íosa.

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Like the Command Center, the corridor suffers power failure, and even physical damage. Staff members clamber to keep their feet about them.

Then -- *BLAST!* -- the reflective wall explodes. Enter Belushi-Guise and his precious cargo into the fervent chaos.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Where's the exit? Hey, how do I get out of here?

No response. Instead, he rushes down the gangway and finds an alternate route. At last, he navigates into a new passageway--

INT. UNDISCLOSED LOCATION - OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS

--but comes into contact with something entirely unexpected. Just ahead is a large circular window. Looking outside, we see that it's night. Or dark. Or something. More so, there doesn't seem to be a horizon line.

Belushi-Guise gently puts Íosa down on the floor. Slow and cautious, he walks himself to the window. With every step closer that he draws toward it, his mouth grows agape.

At last, he stands directly in front of the window and peers out. What he sees is astonishing. He looks down on the Earth. The ENTIRE Earth -- viewed from this observation point.

However, the goddamn Earth doesn't appear as a globe. It is NOT a sphere at all. Hell no. The Earth--

--is a LARGE... FLAT... DISC!!!

WHAT .

THE .

FUCK?

INT. MOON BASE - OBSERVATION DECK - CONTINUOUS

Notice that the name of the scene heading changed. Secret's out. And that's right... we've been on a MOON BASE this whole time. In orbit above a FLAT EARTH.

Before Belushi-Guise has time to fully appreciate this bombshell, the room is flooded with Mili-Dudes. They surround him. And arrest him.

Enter Wallace and Charlemagne. But with them... a five star GENERAL named JOSEPH GEHRKING. There's something familiar about him, too. Like we've met this guy before.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Escort the civilian to the brig.

As ordered, the soldiers remove Belushi-Guise from the area.

WALLACE

Go easy on him, Joseph. He's the only son I got.

GENERAL GEHRKING

We'll deal with him accordingly.
You have my word.

(to Charlemagne)

As for you, Mr. Martel, I won't be so lenient.

The station rumbles and lights flicker. The General sneers at Íosa, incapacitated but still aglow. He exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOON BASE (FROM SPACE) - LUNAR ORBIT - UNSPECIFIED TIME

We rotate around the moon. Way down below, the Flat-Earth looms quietly in the void of space. The sun, much further away, illuminates half the disc -- morning over the U.S.

We continue to circle the moon until we reach its "dark side." But as it turns out, not so dark after all; in fact, it looks very much like the Earth does at night (in all those fake "spherical" images)... except, more alien.

However, the lighting grid flickers. Randomly. And in different sectors, unsystematic zones. In addition, small escape pods and ships eject off the lunar surface.

GENERAL GEHRKING (O.C.)

(prelap)

No success in restoring full power.

(MORE)

GENERAL GEHRKING (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Your experiment was reckless,
dangerous, and worst off all...

INT. MOON BASE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

GENERAL GEHRKING
(to Charlemagne)
...unauthorized. I've been forced
to evacuate most personnel back to
Groom Lake. Tell me why I shouldn't
brig your ass and have you gang
raped by the Russian ambassador and
his cohorts?

General Gehrking hovers over Charlemagne. He has deep-set eyes, weather-worn skin, and old burn scars that cover two-thirds of his face.

CHARLEMAGNE
I wouldn't be to the ambassador's
liking, I'm afraid. I like spicy
food. I hear they prefer the cold.

Wallace sits nearby at a control station and listens in.

GENERAL GEHRKING
You've put this station and the
whole operation at risk.

CHARLEMAGNE
Sir, with all due respect, we need
to know exactly what she's capable
of. She's exemplary. Surpassing the
rest, by far. It explains how she
escaped in the first place. She's --
she's essentially a god.

Power surge. Equipment then fluctuates.

GENERAL GEHRKING
You're relieved of your duties,
Charlemagne. Until further notice.

Charlemagne, like a pathetic macho-man, sizes up the General.

GENERAL GEHRKING
Until further notice. Fiery asshole
or not, I will have you Ruskie-
fucked.

Seething, but ultimately outranked, Charlemagne whimpers toward the exit.

GENERAL GEHRKING

One last thing, Charlemagne. I've ordered the asset destroyed.

You can see it in Charlemagne's eyes that he's appalled. Outraged. Internally irate. Nonetheless, he's dismissed.

Wallace calmly approaches Gehrking.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Am I making a mistake?

WALLACE

A gang-rape would do the weasel some good. Put hair on his chest.

GENERAL GEHRKING

I was thinking more the girl. But my hands are tied. Politics.

(beat)

But it's good to see you, old friend.

He and Wallace shake hands and hug it out, bitch.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Never expected to see you again. How'd you get here?

WALLACE

Portal three-eighteen.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Risky. Never had luck with that one. Thought I'd been the last to use it.

WALLACE

Right. After you "accidentally" crashed your Thunderbolt II.

GENERAL GEHRKING

A promotion. Only you and a handful of others know about that.

(beat)

What's your son doing here? He access the portal?

WALLACE

Nah. Chalk it up to the Jeane Dixon effect.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Postdiction?

WALLACE

Hindsight bias. Possibly an act due to the law of truly large numbers.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Any outrageous thing is likely to happen. How about his encounter with the asset?

WALLACE

Coincidence of *actus reus and mens rea*.

GENERAL GEHRKING

That's a head scratcher.

WALLACE

He's working through a divorce.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Ah. Makes sense. And the Jim Belushi-Guise?

WALLACE

At the very least, it might help the *incel* get laid.

'Nuther power shortage -- this time a brownout. Lights dim.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Wallace, friend, good to see you. I'll make sure that you and your son get off base as soon as possible. In the meantime, he's being detained in section Forest D-Zone-Eight. If you'll excuse me, I need to get back to work.

The two men part ways; General Gehrking to his command duties and Wallace to wherever the hell his son is "detained" at.

CUT TO:

INT. MOON BASE - FOREST D-ZONE-8 - UNSPECIFIED TIME

Unlike how one would think of a holding cell to look like, this place is more of an actual living/breathing forest. But, again, "alien" -- or whatever the fuck that means.

Enter Wallace. He mee\ts up with his son (who's hardly detained by any stretch of the imagination). Meanwhile, Belushi-Guise tampers with his bionic hand, but can't get it to do all the wondrous things it did earlier.

BELUSHI-GUISE

There's at least a half-dozen fungal species here. Most of which produce psilocybin.

WALLACE

Psychedelics. Neat. What say we get fucked?

BELUSHI-GUISE

Already am. I'm tripping balls in the core of the moon. Only way to explain any of this. Maybe this IS my real fucking hand -- and it shoots lasers, and I'm "According to Jim" star Jim. Adam. Belushi.

WALLACE

You were never a star.

BELUSHI-GUISE

So that's your old military buddy up there? Captain Joseph Gehrking.

WALLACE

General, now. Six star.

Six star?! No shit. Guess I was wrong earlier.

BELUSHI-GUISE

He don't look very... suicidal.

WALLACE

Relative.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Relative? As in "not dead."

WALLACE

He gave up friends. Family. Marriage. Kids. A normal life.

(beat)

What about you, huh? Gehrking made something of his plight. Still want to off-yourself? Or be an asshole?

BELUSHI-GUISE

The abyss of the bung-hole. I'm a crappy engineer. Shittier husband.

WALLACE

And a number two Belushi.

CUT TO:

INT. MOON BASE - ASSET CONTAINMENT - UNSPECIFIED TIME

We join Íosa. Her current situation... dire. She's contained within a clear cylindrical tube. The staff tasked with her disposal: Waste Management. In charge, MIX TOXIC MASCULINITY.

They run the standard protocol needed to identify harmful substances, a checklist from "The Hazardous Waste Identification Process:"

Is the material a solid waste, y/n? Yes. Is the waste excluded from the definition of solid waste or hazardous waste, y/n? No. Is the waste a listed or characteristic hazardous waste, y/n? Yes. Is the waste delisted, y/n? No. The waste is subject to RCRA Subtitle C regulation.

Incineration.

Íosa comes to. Immediately, she knows she's in trouble. She bangs on the glass and begs for help. The Waste Management team ignore her in lieu of their busy work and pressure to meet deadlines.

ÍOSA

Not cool, dudes. So not cool!

Mx. Toxic Masculinity concocts a serum to "put her down," like a sick dog taken to the vet.

Enter Charlemagne.

CHARLEMAGNE

Mind if I have a look?

MX. TOXIC MASCULINITY

No can do. Order from General Gehrking, himself. He wants the asset destroyed.

CHARLEMAGNE

Well, no shit. She blew out nearly half the network. Critical systems are offline.

MX. TOXIC MASCULINITY

Umm, yessir. I believe that's why the General ordered for her--

CHARLEMAGNE

Didn't you hear a word I said? The base is unstable. Orders came in to evacuate. You can't waste power terminating the asset when it needs to be maximized elsewhere.

MX. TOXIC MASCULINITY

I realize that, sir, but--

CHARLEMAGNE

--You'll move her to an escape pod.
I'll accompany her offsite and
dispose of the asset on Nee Ned ZB.

MX. TOXIC MASCULINITY

All due respect, those are not our
orders.

CHARLEMAGNE

Overruled, subordinate. I'm the
senior officer and I'm pulling rank
on the grounds of human
endangerment. We do not draw
unnecessary power. Either get the
asset into a shuttle pod or I'll
see to it you burn in the
incinerator. Capiche?

The head of Waste Management signals his crew; they abide by
Charlemagne's request.

INT. MOON BASE - FOREST D-ZONE-8 - MOMENTS LATER

Although continual power surges continue to plague the moon
base, Belushi-Guise and Wallace peruse the tranquil
detainment center and avoid the problematic systems failure.

BELUSHI-GUISE

She never came home.

WALLACE

Who? Oh. Your mother.

BELUSHI-GUISE

I guess when you're stationed on
the moon it's a good excuse to
avoid the holidays.

WALLACE

Oh, knock it off. Was it so bad
growing up with me?

BELUSHI-GUISE

Worse. You're impossible to
underestimate. Take my lowest
priority and put yourself beneath
it.

WALLACE

Your priorities couldn't get you a career at Area 51 though.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Dead-end job anyway.

WALLACE

That's what you were looking for, wasn't it? An end to your infraction?

BELUSHI-GUISE

A minutia of anything prolific. Mostly, I wanted closure.

WALLACE

Comes with experience. Combine everything you love and dismantle it. Tear it apart, rebuild -- until it becomes something new. Different than what it was before. But from the same stuff.

BELUSHI-GUISE

(pause)

The girl -- Íosa -- what will happen to her?

Wallace shrugs. He knows, of course, but won't say.

INT. MOON BASE - SECRET HUB - MOMENTS LATER

Upon a specialized cart, the Waste Management team pushes the clear and cylindrical tube, used to house Íosa (her skin still aglow, mind you), through the hub network. Charlemagne walks beside her.

ÍOSA

Ewan. Where is he?

CHARLEMAGNE

Sweet girl... he left.

ÍOSA

No. I saved him.

CHARLEMAGNE

Back on Earth, maybe. But we found you. He went home, Íosa.

ÍOSA

What home?

CHARLEMAGNE

He loves someone there.

ÍOSA

Not true. Not for a long time.

Charlemagne halts the company. Then, from the pocket of his of his coat, he retrieves a polaroid and presses it to the glass for Íosa to see. It's the same pic with post-grad Ewan, and Jess, that she found earlier.

Íosa, her skin, emits an imprecise luminescence; a physical representation of the obliteration of her heart.

CHARLEMAGNE

I know you're in pain. Anyone would be. But you, Íosa, needn't succumb to it. Not so easily.

A wall opens. The team cart Íosa into a new room--

INT. MOON BASE - EVACUATION PORT - CONTINUOUS

--and make for single-passenger pod. Designated personnel prep and launch other members -- military, maintenance, medical, etc. -- in sequence from the manifest roster.

As Waste Management works to secure Íosa, the cylindrical capsule works in such a way that they can easily lift, dock, and secure it into the pod.

CHARLEMAGNE

You know what you are, young lady?

ÍOSA

I'm... a cool dude.

CHARLEMAGNE

No. Too small. Too ordinary.

(beat)

You. Are. A. God.

Just then -- an insane power surge! Sparks burst from every technical crevice and console aboard the base. Quickly, Charlemagne activates the escape pod.

CHARLEMAGNE

You're no object, Íosa. You're more than just a *thing*. You're what man can only dream of becoming.

Meanwhile, skeptical, Mx. Toxic Masculinity looks over Charlemagne's shoulder. Specifically, at the alpha pretexts he enters into the control pad.

MX. TOXIC MASCULINITY
Sir, those aren't the correct
coordinates for Nee Ned ZB.

He nudges Charlemagne to move. When that doesn't work, Mx. Toxic Masculinity physically wrestles him out of the way.

MX. TOXIC MASCULINITY
The asset's to be destroyed. On
General Gehrking's orders.

Charlemagne has had enough. He locks eyes with Íosa -- as if to telepathically say to her, "now or never."

CHARLEMAGNE
Do. It.

MX. TOXIC MASCULINITY
(to Waste Management)
Report this to command. I'm
shutting the launch down.

CHARLEMAGNE
DO IT, GIRL!!!

And to the millisecond -- just before Waste Management foils Charlemagne's plan -- Íosa fucking snaps. So hear me out... remember when she took out that squad of Camo-Dudes with her telepathy in the desert, to save Ewan from his bs "suicide?"

Well, she gets to do that here, too. Except... it happens in one fell swoop -- and it affects everyone unfortunate enough to be in this particular scene, at this particular time. Every goddamn extra and background player gets dropped.

CHARLEMAGNE
A god can do or have anything.
Anything she wants.

Okay... so, everyone else dies a quick, horrible, and violent death EXCEPT for Charlemagne. Clear? Good.

CHARLEMAGNE
What do you want?

ÍOSA
Ewan...

CHARLEMAGNE
Even if you have to kill for it.

ÍOSA
Silence. I want silence.

CHARLEMAGNE
God speed.

Charlemagne smashes the "Send" button on the control panel. It releases the locking mechanism to the shuttle pod and launches Íosa into space.

EXT. MOON BASE (FROM SPACE) - LUNAR ORBIT - CONTINUOUS

The single-passenger escape pod shoots out like a bullet. It careens out into the black void, zooms past our perspective, and hurls toward that big beautiful frisbee-like thing below:

Flat-Earth.

INT. MOON BASE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

The Cisgender Non-Binary is at his/her work station. On holo-monitor, he/she receives a prompt: UNAUTHORIZED POD LAUNCH.

CISGENDER NON-BINARY
Sir. Unauthorized pod launch.

General Gehrking comes to investigate.

GENERAL GEHRKING
Pull the manifest. Maybe a glitch.

CISGENDER NON-BINARY
No crew discrepancy, sir. Pod checks out as empty. Wait--

GENERAL GEHRKING
What is it?

CISGENDER NON-BINARY
--I have a radiation signature. It's hot, sir.

GENERAL GEHRKING
Radiation? That can only mean--
(oh, shit!)
--what's the intended destination?

The monitor flubs. A power surge erupts. It resets the computer -- but the blip is lost. The Cisgender Non-Binary does his/her best to analyze the limited data.

GENERAL GEHRKING
Where's it going, private?

CISGENDER NON-BINARY
I wanna say -- southwest United
States, sir. Nine hour flight time.

GENERAL GEHRKING
Can you get a weapons lock on it?

CISGENDER NON-BINARY
Negative, sir. Weapons are offline.
Guidance systems, offline. Radar,
scope, cameras, operations,
everything--
(beat)
--except...

GENERAL GEHRKING
Except what?

Gehrking moves closer to the monitor in order to read the analysis for himself. Whatever he sees onscreen, he's not happy about it.

INT. MOON BASE - CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Empty floor. Thwarted by the slam of quick feet. Immediate and purposeful. General Joseph Gehrking, accompanied by a few Mili-Dudes for effect, moves through the corridor.

INT. MOON BASE - FOREST D-ZONE-8 - CONTINUOUS

The unit, lead by Gehrking, follow the twinkly foliage trail directly to Belushi-Guise and Wallace.

WALLACE
General. Something the matter?

GENERAL GEHRKING
We're about to find out.
(to Belushi-Guise)
Mr. Ruskin, previous to you
boarding the base, you had direct
contact with the asset, correct?

BELUSHI-GUISE
You mean Íosa. Sure.

GENERAL GEHRKING
Are you aware that I ordered for
her immediate termination?

BELUSHI-GUISE

Dude, what -- like Sarah Conner?

GENERAL GEHRKING

I'm not familiar with her, nor am I involved with civilian matters. But rest assured, my decision wasn't taken lightly. That being said -- there's been a breach.

WALLACE

The girl escape?

GENERAL GEHRKING

High probability, although statistically indeterminate. My gut tells me "yes." An escape pod, bound for Earth. Extrapolating the limited data, we've pinpointed it to... the ol' Land of Enchantment.

WALLACE

Big state. Anything more specific? The base in Dulce, maybe. You always hear rumors that the "Roswell Greys" were recruited to shanghai human guinea pigs for bizarre genetic experiments.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Conjecture. Alien nonsense. Charlemagne was behind this attack. He intends to create chaos. Perhaps by using the asset's vulnerability against her.

BELUSHI-GUISE

What vulnerability?

GENERAL GEHRKING

You, Mr. Ruskin.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Meow that's conjecture. A bad story trope. We're supposed believe that a naive girl falls for me -- an older man -- and runs amuck?

GENERAL GEHRKING

"Filial imprint." Behavior studied in previous assets have revealed a tendency to mimic empathetic caregivers. She looks to you as a parent, Mr. Ruskin. Not a lover.

BELUSHI-GUISE
(disappointed)

Oh.

WALLACE

There's a twist. I always knew
you'd make a terrible father.

GENERAL GEHRKING

The asset will lash out. It's in
their nature. A temper-tantrum
needs an audience. If dad's not
around, she'll go looking for mom.

BELUSHI-GUISE

No. I mean... that could only be --
wait a minute. Oh. Shit.

(pause)

I need to get to the surface. Meow.

Before Gehrking is able to answer, a nearby tree cracks
apart. It falls. In the forest. And makes a sound. But it
lands right atop Mili-Dudes. Gun shots.

GENERAL GEHRKING

CEASE FIRE!

The Mili-Dudes escape entanglement -- not the easiest task --
but are ambushed by a new breed of soldier:

Great. Big. Lizard. Creatures. In uniform -- and armed with
automatic weapons. An all-out shootout erupts between them
and the Mili-Dudes. Gehrking calls out over and over again
for a "CEASE FIRE!" -- but it falls on deaf ears.

Casualties start to pile up -- but only on the side of the
Mili-Dudes, however. The LIZARD-SOLDIERS get hit, sure, but
never go down. And since the attack was so sudden, no one
took the time to study the fresh hostile invaders--

--and as strange as it is, they don't appear fully corporeal.
Rather... they seem artificial.

GENERAL GEHRKING

(to Belushi-Guise)

Holograms. Make for the exit.

As they run like hell, Belushi-Guise and Wallace do their
best to withstand the battle. Once or twice, they get shot by
Lizard-Soldiers. However, they continue to escape unscathed.

So why do all the Mili-Dudes get taken down? The answer...
friendly-fire.

A trick that the fake holographic Lizard-Soldiers pull -- a successful ploy to get them to shoot at each other in midst of the confusion.

BELUSHI-GUISE

How the hell we get off this rock?

WALLACE

Same way I got us here.

Belushi-Guise and Wallace escape Forest D-Zone-8. But Gehrking gets left behind; on his own terms, of course.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Go! Retrieve the asset.

Then... he locks himself in. Once the gun fight is over, the Lizard-Soldiers evaporate into invisible photons of nothing.

Soon after, a bulbous swirl of vapor and wisp enter like a fog, and congeal into an odd cloud that stacks into layers. The smoke solidifies to create a color-rendered image--

--a misty godhead of sorts, in the shape of Charlemagne's face; a puppet-illusion called the CHARLEMAGNE-DEITY.

GENERAL GEHRKING

If you're still aboard the station,
I'll scissor-fuck you myself.

CHARLMAGNE-DEITY

Tempting. I'll clean the pipes.

GENERAL GEHRKING

We're not ready to go live.

CHARLMAGNE-DEITY

A nudge then, Mr. Gehrking. The
grain of sand to shape into a
pearl. If that's what it takes.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Not if it's imitation.

The Charlemagne-Deity laughs. His eyes billow and the holographic projection folds over -- the fog turns into a cyclone and engulfs Gehrking.

INT. MOON BASE - OBSERVATION DECK - MOMENTS LATER

...a *cylindrus*, built to the same specs as the TRUPACT-II and whatever steampunk device we saw earlier in the tunnels.

Yep, a portal.

Oh, and by the way -- there is totally a portal on the observation deck. It's been here the whole time.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Isn't there an escape pod that I can, I don't know, fly back in?

Belushi-Guise and Wallace standby as the newest member of their team, the Cisgender Non-Binary, preps the *cylindrus* for transport.

CISGENDER NON-BINARY

Evacuation port is a mess. The asset did a number down there. To arrive on the surface quickly, this is our best option.

WALLACE

Is portal three-eighteen online?

CISGENDER NON-BINARY

Negative. Could be due to power fluctuations on the station. However -- direct link to fifty-one. You'll need to shuttle the rest of the way.

WALLACE

I won't be joining.

BELUSHI-GUISE

No way -- I can't do this myself.

WALLACE

You'll be fine. We'll be in sustained contact.

As Wallace says "contact," the Cisgender Non-Binary is already wiring up Belushi-Guise with a small earpiece: a communication device.

BELUSHI-GUISE

This isn't at all nerve-racking.

WALLACE

Man-up, alright? Be the hero. If the asset's primary target is--

BELUSHI-GUISE

--Íosa. Okay. Stop referring her as an asset, like she's a fucking car battery. She's a person.

WALLACE

Well that "person" is going to jump-fuck your wife's motor to the next multi-verse. To keep her from doing that, how about take some goddamn responsibility? Mr. Dad.

We'll shit -- Belushi-Guise wasn't expecting a verbal bitch-slap. There's no opportunity to argue a case against it, however, because Wallace pushes him inside the *cylindrus*.

WALLACE

(to Cisgender Non-Binary)
Beam his bitch-ass down, Scotty.

Right away, a burst of light erupts from the portal. In a radiant flash, Belushi-Guise disappears into the spectrum...

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. COLLEGE CAMPUS (EARLY 2000'S) - DUCK POND - DAY

Graduation day. The more fresh-faced adult versions of Ewan and Jess circle the pond. Ewan removes his ridiculous gown.

JESS

I'm proud of you.

EWAN

Eh, fuck it. Hey, I'm hungry. Let's grab some wings. Feel like wings?

JESS

From designing wings to eating them, huh.

EWAN

No blueprints on the board yet. Need a job next.

JESS

First step toward a legit career. Boeing would be wise to hire you.

EWAN

Wonder what the screening process is like. I could apply to your Boeing -- get one-on-one training.

JESS

I don't know -- think you're qualified? Maybe you can un-Lockheed my Martin instead.

EWAN

All clear for takeoff.

Ugh. Cringe. Anyway, we watch the antics of this young couple in love. They kiss. Then--

--BRING! BRING!

Ewan's mobile phone rings. Annoyed, he answers it with a short quip, "What up?" After a brief pause, a woman's voice:

ABBEY* (V.O.)

Congratulations, buckaroo. But now more than ever, it's important you forge your own way in life.

EWAN

Who is this?

ABBEY* (V.O.)

Embrace it, and all its absurdity. Don't follow in my footsteps.

EWAN

Mom?

But across the pond, he spots a woman on a cellphone. It's definitely Abbey. Like, for sure. She waves at him with a normal looking left hand -- then turns away and disappears behind the fountain garden. Jess snaps her fingers.

JESS

Yo! Earth to Ewan. Who was that?

EWAN

Not sure...

JESS

You said "mom." That's weird.

EWAN

I don't know. Let me think.

JESS

Let's get wings. Come on.

EWAN

Wait. I'm confused...

Ewan chases after the figure. He calls back the number, but receives an "out of service" prompt instead.

EWAN

Couldn't have been her, right?

JESS

Lemon pepper sounds good. Maybe the spicy habanero.

Following Abbey's path, Ewan circles the fountain garden. The woman has vanished. There's only an old man on a bench who feeds the ducks.

Not yet convinced, Ewan tries several more times to call the number back. He gets flustered, met with frustration.

EWAN

Goddammit.

--and pitches the cell phone like an out of shape Nolan Ryan. But the electronic brick strikes a tree and bounces back; it cracks Ewan square in nose--

BACK TO PRESENT:

INT. AREA 51 - PORTAL - *CYLINDRUS* CHAMBER - DAY

--and present day Ewan flings backward out of the portal -- as if the said physical action were caused by the above flashback, in that he were hit in the face with a cell phone.

And yes, I said "Ewan," not Belushi-Guise, because that's who falls out of the portal. He dons a white skintight suit. The uniform leaves little to the imagination.

EWAN

I'm naked.

WALLACE (V.O.)

Say again? Do you read me? Over.

EWAN

(to comm)

Yeah. Yeah, I'm here. It's just...
I look like a gay deep sea diver.

WALLACE (V.O.)

Holographic emitter must have been damaged during transport. I don't know -- hit the reset.

Ewan peers over the hand-tech -- a piece of equipment that looks very alien to him, built from sophisticated nanotech and laced with swirly fiberoptic components.

EWAN

This has a reset?

WALLACE (V.O.)

No time to stall. Head toward the hub. South end of complex.

EWAN

Hub?

WALLACE (V.O.)

The D.U.M.B. network, idiot.

EWAN

The "Deep Underground Military Base" network. It's fucking real!

Excited, albeit cautious, Ewan slinks into the debar of 51.

EXT. AREA 51 - COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS

According to Encyclopedia Britannica, Area 51 is described as follows:

"A secret U.S. Air Force military installation located at Groom Lake in southern Nevada. It is administered by Edwards Air Force Base in southern California."

"The installation has been the focus of numerous conspiracies involving extraterrestrial life, though its only confirmed use is as a flight testing facility."

"In 2013 the U.S. Government officially acknowledged the existence of Area 51."

But to this day, the facility remains highly classified and its operations are kept to a "need to know" basis. I wish I could describe more, but in actuality... it's a ghost town.

Seriously, though -- Ewan struts down the long walkway, barracks to his right and the airline runways to his left, but he's completely alone. It's all empty. The walkway, the buildings. Everything.

This place, umm... sucks. A "self inaugurated euthanization?" Here? I'd rather be dead. Just go home. Eat a pie. Key lime. That'll quash your depression. And you get to eat a pie.

Okay, spoke too soon. The compound is not completely lifeless. Some ways off, in the distance, Ewan spots a watch tower and someone is perched in it. A Camo-Dude? Or a base GUARD, perhaps? Maybe. The man watches Ewan, but stays put.

Calmly, but with the nerves about to set in, Ewan continues down the pathway. Once again, however, his eyeballs spot more trouble; it's another guard -- this time near the barracks.

Then another guard. And another.

It goes on like this -- with one guard after another, out of the woodwork, unexpectedly. At last, ominous, two begin to follow Ewan. And suffice to say, it's more than just the desert sun that makes his skin crawl. His earpiece crackles:

WALLACE (V.O.)
Ewan, what's your status?

EWAN
Hundred yards or so from the south lot, give or take a few miles.

WALLACE (V.O.)
*We're sequencing your credentials.
Try not to get caught as a
civilian.*

There's now a dozen or so guards on his ass... so, yeah -- Ewan's in for a smooth sail. Actually, he makes it all the way to a flight of stairs; similar to a New York subway station port. He jots down the flight of stairs.

INT. AREA 51 - D.U.M.B. HUB - CONTINUOUS

The "HUB" is a large service junction built underground that connects the U.S. to all its secret bases. It's like a military grade hyperloop, with shuttle pods that travel at hypersonic speeds. But... in the style of a New York Subway System. Ugh.

At the bottom of the stairs, Ewan appears out from the darkness. However, to the surprise of no one, he's pulled back into the shadows; the culprits, of course, are two or three of the foreboding guards.

But, when spun around to face said patrollers, it's not at all Ewan that they confiscate. Instead, to the surprise of everyone, it just so happens to be Belushi-Guise.

BELUSHI-GUISE
Can I help you gentlemen?

Confused, the guards apologize. Despite their blunder, however, they become quite enlivened to meet Belushi-Guise. They request autographs. Once serviced, the team backs off.

BELUSHI-GUISE
(to comm)
I made it to the hub.

What a relief...

INT. MOON BASE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

...and it's a sentiment shared by Wallace, too.

WALLACE

(to comm)

Good. Let's get you home. It'll take a few hours.

(to Cisgender Non-Binary)

I need to hit the head. Got one of those up here?

CISGENDER NON-BINARY

Down the hall, sir. To the left.

WALLACE

Great. Empty the ol' catheter. Need anything whilst I'm out?

CISGENDER NON-BINARY

I'm good, sir. Thanks.

At once, something wicked happens: a power surge... but unlike anything that's come before. The controls all spray sparks. Systems flicker, then explode.

WALLACE

Report!

CISGENDER NON-BINARY

Recess overload. Chain reaction due to an isolated power deposit in the main nuclear core.

WALLACE

Can you flush it?

CISGENDER NON-BINARY

Stand by...

The Cisgender Non-Binary sets to work: he/she swipes buttons and pulls relays. But his/her technical wizardry is limited -- the situation goes from fucked to fucked-nine-ways-to-Sunday.

A work-panel malfunctions -- it blows up right in the Cisgender Non-Binary's face. The impact kills him/her instantly.

When another surge goes "POP!", it causes a structural support beam to get knocked over. In turn, it strikes Wallace hard in the chest. The old man is flung across the room. He hits a station, then is out for the count.

CUT TO:

INT. SHUTTLE (MOVING) - D.U.M.B. TUNNEL - DAY

Depressed, Belushi-Guise takes a seat. Implemented into the backs of the headrests are video monitors. The screens flip on and play a "safety" tutorial. The host is none other than the Real Jim Belushi.

REAL JIM BELUSHI

(on monitor)

Hello! Welcome aboard the Majestic Twelve, your service vehicle to all things D.U.M.B. I'm actor, comedian, and 1997 Super Bowl Performer Jim Belushi. As you enjoy your time aboard the Majestic, I'll be here to provide a comprehensive and standardized method of capturing and corroborating all aspects of competency, since the potential for safety incidents is high...

Belushi-Guise studies the screen as he watches the Real Jim Belushi narrate a safety video. He's a spokesperson. Rather, he's the "face" for all of this weird classified government shit. The "Belushi" popularity now make sense.

ADELAIDE* (O.C.)

Punt kick the shit out of my cunt --
is that you?

The character slug gave it away, but yes'm -- that voice indeed was Adelaide's. Ewan's secretary. Awkward as fuck.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Run a hot poker through my ass.

ADELAIDE*

Big fan.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Of what?

ADELAIDE*

You. You're him, right?

Adelaide points to the Real Jim Belushi safety video.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Am I getting fucked with?

ADELAIDE*

Hey, buddy -- cool your jets. I'm a fan but I ain't no groupie.

(MORE)

ADELAIDE* (CONT'D)
 Let's get to know one another
 first. Start over: I'm Adelaide.

She extends a hand, but oddly, her left. Belushi-Guise is
 hesitant.

BELUSHI-GUISE
 (soto)
 I suppose anything at all is
 possible. Some things are unlikely.
 Some things will never happen. But
 they always could, at any time.

Belushi-Guise reaches out and shakes Adelaide's hand. There's
 a literal static shock as their palms touch and he recoils.

BELUSHI-GUISE
 Ow! That me?

ADELAIDE*
 Or me. I just came from a lecture
 on electric currents in geospace.

BELUSHI-GUISE
 Rephrase. How'd you get -- I
 mean... You're. Here. Explain that?

ADELAIDE*
 Geez. That's a doozy, Mr Belushi. I
 contract here. Part time. That
 might explain the probability of
 our meeting, I assume. Readily, the
 statistics of any one of us being
 here is so small that the mere fact
 of our existence should keep us all
 in a state of contented dazzlement.

BELUSHI-GUISE
 What?

ADELAIDE*
 That's what you meant.

BELUSHI-GUISE
 Say again?

ADELAIDE*
 The probability of us meeting. Do
 you need a water? You seem ill.

BELUSHI-GUISE
 I'm fine. Surprised, is all. Didn't
 expect to see you.

ADELAIDE*

You seen me before?

BELUSHI-GUISE

Sure, maybe -- if two plus two equaled four.

ADELAIDE*

If by any sort of process I could convert two and two into five it would give me much greater pleasure. Maybe we crossed paths in another life.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Life is--

ADELAIDE*

--absurd. The irony kills me.

(beat)

Ha. Certainly doesn't take a military genius to see that. So, *buckaroo*... how is it you've come to travel amongst us mortals?

BELUSHI-GUISE

I blew out a tire. I wonder if it's fixed. Would you excuse me?

Before Adelaide has a chance to answer, Belushi-Guise exits his seat and funnels down the isle, toward the restroom.

INT. SHUTTLE (MOVING) - RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Belushi-Guise enters the tiny space and locks the door. He rubs his temples, as if a migraine were about to set in.

He splashes himself with water and peers into the mirror. The liquid interferes some with the photon-emission -- and for a moment, we see Ewan under the holographic projection. Belushi-Guise touches the glass of the mirror.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Save the ex. You. Are. Still. A.
Badass.

The mirror cracks and distorts his face. Damn, must have been a malfunction of the bionic hand again. He sits on the toilet and rubs his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW MEXICO SKY - SUNSET

Directly overhead, an airplane flies by. It leaves a wake of chemtrails behind (bonus: we now know what their intended purpose is for). Soon, the plane is all but gone and the engine sounds fizzle away.

Then... INCOMING! -- the escape pod punctures the atmosphere and bursts through a line of chemtrail. It rockets towards the earth -- and the ground underneath, we quickly realize, there is a cityscape. Albuquerque. Oh, boy!

INT. TIRE SHOP - SALES FLOOR - MOMENTS LATER

The sales floor is empty.

Items on display begin to rattle; as if caused by, seemingly, an outdoor vortex -- like a big-rig that hauls by. But the vibration is met with a deep *BOOM*, and some products fall from their shelves. A tire rolls over the floor.

Around the corner, Jess enters. Flummoxed, she cleans the mess. As she does so, she makes a call on her cell phone. Right away, straight to voice mail:

DAVE (V.O.)

Yo! It's Dave. Leave a message.

JESS

Hey. I'm closing up shop. The guys here are worried, you know. I'm worried. Where are you? Call me.

Jess hangs up. Then... it's lights out. She arms the alarm system. Oddly, it shorts out, sparks, and backfires on her. Startled, Jess recoils; her fingers singed.

At the register stations, computer monitors flicker on-and-off. Overhead lights blink wildly, too. All related electronics go haywire. Jess backs away from the wall until she's centered near the sales floor.

A curious light creeps over the shop -- but not natural to anything inside. Then, all goes dark -- save for the light from the beyond the windows outside, due to a fading sunset.

A new gleam of something is produced after the eerie wash -- just behind Jess -- and long before she notices. It moves. We recognize the form. It's Íosa. The young woman radiates. She appears sickly. Sparks protrude from her pores.

ÍOSA

Marco.

Jess peeps over her shoulder, startled.

JESS
Holy hell, what are you?

ÍOSA
It is a game. You say "Pollo."

JESS
How did you get in here?

Íosa points to the ceiling; obvious to us, now, not Jess.

JESS
I -- I don't know who you are. You
better leave. I'll call the cops.

Jess brandishes her cell phone. A threat. But Íosa, fully at ease, waves her finger and pops it out of her grasp.

JESS
How'd you do that?

ÍOSA
I am a god.

JESS
If this is a trick -- if one of the
guys put you up to this -- it's not
funny.

ÍOSA
I wanted to see this woman.

Íosa brandishes a polaroid -- the one of Ewan and Jess, from the days of yesteryear. The polaroid burns at the corners where she holds onto it. Present day Jess feels her jaw drop to the floor.

JESS
Where did you get this?

ÍOSA
I like your smile.

JESS
You should go. I mean it. I want
nothing to do with that man.

ÍOSA
Are you upset?

JESS

I think -- it's been a rough few days. The stress -- stress is getting to me. That's, uh, maybe what this is.

Íosa draws in closer, maneuvers around Jess.

At the same time, Jess reaches into her purse. When Íosa comes just near enough, she blasts the young woman with a spritz of pepper spray.

Íosa recoils, but it ultimately proves ineffective against her. Meanwhile, due to the confined space, Jess falls victim to the spray; she coughs wildly and her eyes start to water.

Jess lunges whatever she can at the girl -- to distance herself. Íosa coolly presses forward, able to use her "powers" to circumvent Jess' almost feeble attacks.

It's dark outside by now.

At last, Íosa corners Jess. She raises her pointer finger. Jess watches, intent and concerned. The young woman glides it toward the center of Jess' forehead, but just before she makes contact--

--a shadow, from outdoors, blocks light from a streetlamp that comes through the main window. Íosa's finger has not moved, but both she and Jess turn their heads to examine this new disturbance.

The figure places its left hand on the glass. There's a vibration that comes off it. A frequency spike. Then -- *KER-BUSTA!* -- the glass shatters. Enter the figure...

...and it's Ewan. He aims the bionic hand at Íosa.

EWAN*

Step away from the lady, Íosa.

JESS

(disbelief)

Ewan. Dammit. This is your fault.

EWAN*

Maybe we can talk about this later.

JESS

I want you out of my store. Both of you. Right now.

Íosa intervenes and makes a hand gesture. With her pointer finger and palm, she shapes her hand into a gun.

At last, with the form made, she makes contact with Jess' forehead. Then--

EWAN*

Jess... maybe cool it with the sweet talk.

JESS

This has gone on long enough. Ewan, I'm going to ask you nicely. Get the fuck out--

--Jess is flung backwards, head first, like a goddamn cannonball. She smashes into the wall.

EWAN*

(to Íosa)

That... was quite unnecessary.

Íosa gives Ewan an inquisitive look, as if she doesn't quite recognize him. Slowly, she walks toward him. Her first instinct is to place her hand upon his chest, over his heart.

She stares into Ewan's eyes. There's something cold about her silenced glare; like innocence lost. She reaches for his forehead, but stops--

--at once, there enters a cataclysm of shadow and light, outside, beyond the broken window.

Íosa is beckoned to it. She and Ewan frame themselves in the square of the window to peer beyond the exterior of the tire shop. Their bodies go completely silhouetted...

...as the sky starbursts into white shimmery clouds. If this were some movie other than the one being told now, you'd almost expect Mufasa from "The Lion King" to appear. But instead, we get a rendering of a gargantuan deity--

--who looks exactly like Ewan. The EWAN-DEITY, as it's named. Where the audio resonates from it, we do not know, but its thunder crashes are perceptible and its voice, "Íosa, come with me," is radiant and crystalline.

The "real" Ewan reaches for Íosa, but she's hot to the touch.

EWAN*

That's not me.

ÍOSA

You are not you.

EWAN*

It's a trick.

ÍOSA

You. Are. Not. You.

At this juncture, Íosa makes her choice -- by magic, mystery, or marvel -- to leave the earthly-Ewan and follow the deity. And thus, she's perfectly capable of levitating. The Ewan-Deity moves in the sky. Íosa follows. The light fades away.

Seconds later, earthly-Ewan hears a whimper. It's Jess. She crawls off the floor and leans against the wall. Ewan rushes over to comfort her... as best he can.

EWAN*

What you saw -- her existence is a being. Simply. Therein which, a being is existence.

JESS

Sign the fucking papers. Sign them. Then leave me alone.

EWAN*

That's what you want?

JESS

Take it all. Your fucking car -- all of it. You're dead to me.

Fine. Be that way, Jess. Ewan exits. The woman breaks down and sobs. She plucks her cell phone and makes a call. The signal goes straight to voicemail:

DAVE (V.O.)

Yo! It's Dave. Leave a message.

Alone, without closure, Jess weeps. Profusely.

CUT TO:

INT. MOON BASE - COMMAND CENTER - UNSPECIFIED TIME

Wallace comes to. He can notices that the equipment damage is already severe. Sparks leak out control panels like water from a faucet. Hurt, but not broken, he removes himself from the floor and navigates the destruction.

The command center is empty -- void of anybody else except a ghostly figure behind a three-dimensional projection at the operation station. The image on the dash is the Ewan-Deity we just witnessed. It moves across the city with Íosa in tow.

Wallace confronts the figure in charge of the controls:

WALLACE

Joseph?

That's right. General Joseph Gehrking (six star) operates the program displayed on the projection.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Wallace. Ever wonder why we have the privilege of being in this Universe for a few short decades -- to be able to understand something about it? Why we're here? Why we're born? Where we come from?

WALLACE

Are you... drunk?

It appears so. A half bottle of some "Pappy Van Winkle's Family Reserve" sits on the console. The most expensive this production can afford.

GENERAL GEHRKING

I get angry about competing accounts -- except to say, "this is how it is; it was written in a holy book two thousand years ago and that's the end of it." It's a demeaning view of the Universe.

WALLACE

I need to contact Ewan. I sent him to the surface. To engage the asset. Íosa.

GENERAL GEHRKING

What have we done to our children, Wallace? We've shut down their minds. Faith. Unsupported by evidence. It's a lethal weapon. Unscrupulous people can get ahold of young men, manipulate their blind faith, then use them as weapons -- use them as human bombs.

WALLACE

Faith is the perceptive gray area where scientific facts meet an individual's experiential truths.

GENERAL GEHRKING

It's a psychological weapon. I don't think that any kind of reasoned argument would do that to people.

(MORE)

GENERAL GEHRKING (CONT'D)

Makes me want to cut it off at its roots. At the very least, to stop the inculcation into people of the idea that there is something virtuous in faith.

Gehrking marvels over the Ewan-Deity on screen. He wipes his hand through the hologram. Photons distort and wisp against his fingertips.

GENERAL GEHRKING

And here we are exploiting that faith. Making it true. A reality. Something people can actually see. In the shape of your son, no less.

WALLACE

Joseph, where is Charlemagne?

GENERAL GEHRKING

Charlemagne... must remain... void from brain...

A buzzing sound cuts in over the PA system.

EWAN* (V.O.)

Wallace. Wallace, do you read?

WALLACE

Yeah, I'm hear. Ewan, that you?

EXT. FREEWAY - I-25 SOUTH - NIGHT

Remember Ewan's old clunker of a car? It's back on the road again -- this time it sports one whole sleek new tire. Admittedly, a bit of overkill for such a crap-car.

Anyway, Ewan speeds along the highway. He chases after the Ewan-Deity. The supreme being moves in the distance -- toward the city's downtown area, actually.

EWAN*

For now. I've been trying to reach you. Want to tell me what the hell's going on up there?

WALLACE (V.O.)

Gehrking initiated "Blue Beam." He's luring the girl away from the city using the Deity-Package.

EWAN*

There a reason it looks like me?

WALLACE

The imprint, dummy. We've been over this.

EWAN*

Right. Copy that. Where's she headed?

WALLACE (V.O.)

Working on it. Stand by...

Ewan takes the offramp and makes for the same destination as the holographic deity and Íosa.

INT. MOON BASE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Gehrking punches in code at the control panel. A map appears onscreen. Intently, Wallace watches as a dotted line circumvents a path from downtown to its final and true destination... the ATLAS-I.

WALLACE

ATLAS-I. You're leading the girl toward the Trestle?

GENERAL GEHRKING

I really believed our government was telling the truth. "Blue Beam" was an effort to try and liberate people living in unfortunate circumstances.

Wallace pushes Gehrking aside to gain access to the controls. He faces little to no opposition from the General.

WALLACE

Christ, Joseph -- you faked your own death to advance your career. Why, meow, a sense of morals?

GENERAL GEHRKING

It took a very long time for me to develop any kind of skepticism at all -- our relationship with the Universe is electronically naked. Left unprotected our communications can be subverted to purposes that are contrary to the intent of the person who originally sent it. We're being watched.

Pounding on buttons, Wallace attempts to shut down the Deity-Package. He's met with, "Access Denied."

WALLACE

Program encrypted. I can't override the Deity-Package.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Our expectation of privacy is being abused. When the engineering of these systems was designed -- the sixties, the seventies, the eighties -- we inherited architectures that did not foresee the problem of electronic interception by civil or private authorities that would interfere with them to do whatever they want with them.

WALLACE

Spit it out, man -- are we fucked?

At a second panel, Gehrking presses his hand to the console. This initiates a weapons prompt. Onscreen: a ground-to-air missile launcher, equipped with four ballistics, goes live.

The launcher's position is most peculiar -- as we see that the missiles, intended for show-use only, located just outside the front doors of the National Museum of Nuclear Science & History, are in actuality live devices.

The missiles go hot. Wallace goes cold.

WALLACE

You bastard -- you hid the AGM-65's in plain sight? Right under my nose. This whole time. Goddamn you.
(to Ewan, on comm)
Ewan, get your ass to the girl.
Meow! I'll cut you a path.

EWAN* (V.O.)

Almost there.

Wallace subverts the General's protocols and uploads a new program on holo-monitor. This one reflects "Blue Beam Proper" -- after which, a familiar artifact appears on the monitor. We'll get a better look at the object when we join Ewan on the ground.

Meanwhile, the General backs away from his console and sits in a chair. He draws a sidearm weapon from his holster.

GENERAL GEHRKING

Íosa is beacon. A galactic antenna.
She allows our enemies to spot us.
(MORE)

GENERAL GEHRKING (CONT'D)

To conquer and destroy us. We can't let rivals know our whereabouts.

WALLACE

What have you done, Joseph?

GENERAL GEHRKING

The girl is primitive. Unprotected. So if we destroy her, we can keep our communications encrypted. If other worlds try and listen in, all that they'll hear will be indistinguishable from cosmic microwave background radiation.

Wallace barely listens to the bumbling ol' General. He's busy finalizing the upload of the new program package. Once complete, he hits "send." Meow shit gets interesting:

EXT. SPACE - ORBIT ABOVE FLAT-EARTH - CONTINUOUS

A collection of satellites -- named Aura, Glory, CALIPSO, Aqua, GCOM-W1, and OCO-2 -- integrated with sophisticated tech that combine laser outputs and mirror refractors in order to produce object beams and reference fragments--

--networked together, it then bounces a swath of light back toward the Earth. It then penetrates the atmosphere. If you follow this flow of pulsating photons--

EXT. DOWNTOWN - CENTRAL AVENUE - NIGHT

--back toward the surface, and into the veil of chemtrail pollution, you would realize that it's responsible for the holographic effect that makes up the Ewan-Deity.

This incredible godhead thing maneuvers into downtown.

Close behind: Íosa. She floats above the street and follows, hypnotized by the divinity artifact. Her powers are on proper display, too, as sparks and bolts of light pop from her appendages -- then zap the ground and help keep her airborne.

The mere sight of this Tom Foolery bamboozles quite a few bystanders, naturally. A few blocks away, however--

INT. EWAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

--Ewan arrives on the scene. The mere sight of the Ewan-Deity and Íosa, up ahead, is every bit as bizarre to him as it is to outside onlookers. But then--

--gridlock! Traffic makes it impossible for Ewan to pass.

EWAN*

Hit a snag. Fucking traffic. I'm
blocked in!

WALLACE (V.O.)

Something's coming. Keep your cool.

At this confluence, I feel that we should take a moment to reflect--

--to reflect on and address a question you've undoubtedly had since the start of this picture: will the UFO we witnessed in the teaser ever make an appearance again? And if so, when?

Wel'p, get your wallets out, dear producers; the budget for this movie is about to double. Because the UFO does return:

Right... Fucking... Meow! I mean "Now!"

ZONK! -- A flying saucer materializes right out of thin air. Upon assembly, it's low altitude -- and as luck would have it, it hurls toward Ewan like it's playing a game of "Chicken."

Ewan cranks the wheel and cuts a hard right. He barely avoids a direct collision.

EWAN*

Holy shit!

But that was only one saucer. Out the car windows, Ewan observes the materialization of even more UFO's -- as one after another descend from the skies... or from between buildings... or from other boulevards and avenue.

The saucers wreak havoc in exceptional sci-fi fashion.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - CENTRAL AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

Outside Ewan's vehicle, the saucer chaos extends to other drivers and pedestrians. On both sides of the road, cars and trucks crisscross, screech, and crash into one another.

The impact: FULL. SCALE. ALIEN. INVASION.

Citizens endure "Independence Day" style mayhem with all the grandeur, tropes, and recklessness one would come to expect from an alien assault.

It should be noted, however, that whilst the UFO's do fire off lasers and shit, that in no way at all is there actual damage done. These are holograms, after all. Any calamities that occur are strictly due to human reaction and panic.

From down the road, vehicles bump in and out of the way form each other -- they clear a path for a new arrival:

The Master-Ship (what we saw on the holo-monitor earlier).

It approaches Ewan and his car -- to which, it dials in its own visual cue. Ewan examines it out the car side window.

WALLACE (V.O.)

It's me, boy. Try and keep up.

EWAN*

Go ahead and stop me, old man.

The Master-Ship breaks formation and darts back down the cleared road. Ewan hits the gas and follows.

Saucers from all over join in and help regulate the citizens as they pave a path for Ewan to pass.

Meanwhile, the Ewan-Deity and Íosa are far, far ahead of the chaos. The couple leave the downtown area looking like a twisted Macy's Thanksgiving Day Parade float.

INT. MOON BASE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Wallace turns to Gehrking. The General fiddles with his gun.

WALLACE

Shut down the missile launch.

GENERAL GEHRKING

We've been so betrayed. We have been so terribly betrayed.

WALLACE

Do you job, General. Shut down the fucking missile launch!

GENERAL GEHRKING

My apologies, Wallace. No husband should be without his wife. No child to grow up without his mother. It was me. I ordered Abbey back into the field. To work on Blue Beam. She never forgave me.

WALLACE

You're going to get people killed.

GENERAL GEHRKING

No man may take my life from me; I
lay my own life down.

And on that note, Gehrking places the barrel of the pistol in his mouth and pulls the literal fucking trigger -- *BANG!*

And we become spectators of an actual suicide -- the result of which opens up the back of the General's head and produce a visceral gooey red mess of brain matter splattered along the wall.

WALLACE

Abort mission, Ewan. Hell is about
to rain down.

EWAN* (V.O.)

I got this. I can get to her!

Frustrated as all fuck, Wallace slams his fist down on the control panel. There's a burst of sparks. Nothing more can be done. The story must write itself out meow.

CUT TO:

EXT. NMNS/H - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

So those "prop" AGM-65 Maverick missiles on display that we saw from Act I, if you remember? It turns out they were never actually decommissioned.

The stands where each missile is perched go live. Lights flicker. A visible countdown sequence initiates -- and the missiles spin in unison. They point toward their target: a gloomy fog beyond the museum.

Right then, the Master-Ship careens past the missile launchers. A breath or two later, Ewan arrives in his car. He slams the brakes and looks out the car window -- if only to take note of the AGM-65's and grasp the dire situation.

A breath later, tires spins and Ewan follows the Master Ship's lead. A fleet of other saucers follow said vessel.

Just then, missile one is launched. A burst of fire and smoke burst out its anus -- and the projectile goes airborne.

EXT. ATLAS-I - RAMP / PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

Also known by its alias, the Trestle, the ATLAS-I is the codename for a unique electromagnetic pulse generation and testing apparatus.

The structure is built by a framework of 6.5 million board-feet of lumber that consists of horizontal beams supported by two pairs of sloping legs, which are used to support the main surface platform.

The colossal construction connects to a service road by means of a long ramp. The ground underneath it aggressively slopes out from existence, until you reach the rostrum.

It's here, atop the main stage, where we witness the movie's most iconic shot yet: the synchronicity of the Ewan-Deity and Íosa aboard the Trestle -- together in abundance as light moves around them and cascades over the podium edges.

Below the harsh mistress of the moon, Íosa beams like a laser, comparably to a goldfish; since neither the former nor the latter are capable of so much as a whistle. Except, perchance, on this night.

But from the service road, full speed ahead, the Master-Ship arrives. It barrels down the ramp.

Soon after, Ewan in his clunker-cruiser.

The Master-Ship reaches the platform first -- it tilts its trajectory upward and aims hard and steady for the Ewan-Deity. The saucer intends to ram the projection in its outlandishly cartoony face--

--and it does just that... and in an epic "POOF!" of swirl and smoke the holographic entities collide. But by the time it's over, the crash is nothing more than a listless fizzle.

Íosa falls aboard the platform, disillusioned.

Particles of light evaporate; morsels of untroubled and harmless shrapnel. The ordeal is almost anti-climactic.

Almost... until we realize, along with Íosa, that a fucking five hundred pound rocket, sealed with a payload of Tritonal high explosive, is in range and on target -- aimed directly at her. INCOMING!

The missile's fierce power booster propels it through the sky, the sound deafening. With her doom imminent, Íosa shields her eyes. But it's not forthcoming -- when from out of nowhere, a vehicle circles her body -- *VROOM! VROOM!*

It's Ewan to the rescue! He swings out the car and hits the goddamn deck -- therein which, the auto goes ballistic and blocks he and Íosa from the arial ballistic. It could not have been cut any more closer--

KA-BAM! BOOM!

--as the missile strikes the car and both get blown to fuck-a-roo and back. Plastics and metallic shrapnel fall from the sky. Ewan starts the long crawl toward Íosa, but there's a problem... and it's -- INCOMING! -- missile number two!

Quick goat-thinking, Ewan brandishes the the bionic hand. He fires off several plasma charges at the projectile -- *BLAST! BLAST! BLAST!* -- finally, the last one nails its mark.

A direct hit, yes, but the AGM-65 merely falters. It arcs left... rotates right...

...then *BOOM!* -- hits the Trestle ramp. An entire chunk of the bridge explodes in a fiery glory. The reality of the destruction, of course, is that Ewan and Íosa are now stranded atop the ATLAS-I with no escape route.

The young and weary woman reaches out...

EWAN*

It's okay. I'm here.

ÍOSA

There is no place to go.

EWAN*

That's okay. There doesn't always have to be.

ÍOSA

If it were real, I would want to be there.

Ewan grasps her hand. The light underneath Íosa's skin glows in and out corporeal refinement.

EWAN*

You're an idea, Íosa. Beautiful. Absurd. There is no hope for it.

INCOMING!

An ear-piercing screech batters the nightly void -- and missile number three descends upon them. Ewan brandishes the bionic hand and fires. For whatever reason -- dumb luck or peradventure -- he knocks it off course.

The missile's trajectory falters. Its nose dips and the flying torpedo sails directly underneath the main platform--

BOOM!

--and detonates somewhere below the underbelly. Twelve stories worth of wooden-beam support just below erupts in flames and carnage. The rostrum violently quakes and a tremor rips apart the stage.

Ewan falters. He lands hard on the bionic hand and effectively damages it. The holo-image of him shifts, although not radically.

At this point, it doesn't matter -- the rumble of missile number four can be heard in the distance. If the previous acts of tremble and wobble separated the two, Ewan spends his last efforts to get back to Íosa once more.

EWAN

It's your choice. We stay. Or we go.

The platform shakes. Íosa does not budge.

EWAN*

Íosa... whatever it is you want, take it.

ÍOSA

I -- I like the silence. And key lime pie.

EWAN*

Take us there.

In a final embrace, Ewan and Íosa linger. The girl looks up into the sky -- she has a perfect view of view the full moon, the celestial orb of so many secrets, as it beams brightly in the heavens.

ÍOSA

The moon is beautiful.

EWAN*

It's only an idea, *buckaroo*.

Even though the thunderous roar of the missile grows ever deafening, the couple use their might to lean into one another. Íosa begins to burn white-hot.

Then, within a flash, Íosa transforms into pure energy. Her plasma, her charge -- her everything, really -- swoon like a tornado of fire that pulls itself up, into the azure. The same thing happens to Ewan; both disappear beyond the ether.

The timing could not have been more perfect -- for as soon as they vanish, the missile strikes the platform... *BOOM!*

The final image in the sequence shows a massive explosion and the wicked death of the ATLAS-I. To the ground it burns.

INT. MOON BASE - COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

On holo-monitor, Wallace watches in horror as Trestle explodes and collapses. Unsure of Ewan's fate, he curses--

WALLACE

Dammit! No!

--and bows his head to sob. The old man shows his soft side. Though it's rather short lived...

...as the somber mood is interrupted by a supernatural force of light. The whitewash is temporary, however -- and once the flash is extinguished, it leaves behind the arrival of Ewan and Íosa, huddled together. The girl remains radioactive.

Father and son acknowledge the impossibility of one another with, "Ewan, is that you," answered by, "Hello, Wallace."

A lackluster reunion, overshadowed more so by the moans of our sweet girl, Íosa. Are we to feel sympathetic? Maybe...

EWAN*

She's not going to make it.

WALLACE

Ewan, you fool.

EWAN*

She deserves her silence. We demand the truth. A noise. And a revolt. Let it be fruitful. You know what's coming.

BRING! BRING!

Strange. Is that a cell phone ringing? Oh, that's right! Wallace confiscated Ewan's mobile earlier. He plucks it from his pocket and answers with a confused, "Hello."

BELUSHI-GUISE (V.O.)
*Dad! Hey, is that you? If you hear
 me, I got bad news...*

WALLACE
 Ewan?

BELUSHI-GUISE (V.O.)
*Yeah. It's me. Listen -- I didn't
 make, it.*

Wallace turns to face Ewan -- who's right here. In the room.

WALLACE
 What do you mean, "didn't make it?"

CUT TO:

EXT. GAS STATION - PAY PHONE - NIGHT

Big. Fucking. Reveal (if you hadn't caught on to it by now):

Belushi-Guise is on the ground. We catch up with him, hunched over the pay phone with the handset pressed to his ear.

BELUSHI-GUISE
 The tire shop, dad. I never made
 it. On the shuttle... I must have
 passed out. Next thing I know, I
 wake up in fucking Gallup!

Along the main highway, a semi-truck barrels down the road.

INT. MOON BASE - COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Back on the moon, Wallace's skin goes white. He scoffs at Ewan: the son who returned to him only moments ago in a blaze of glory, but meow whose presence is an obvious charade...

...and as Ewan's bionic hand continues to malfunction, the illusion becomes exposed: and Ewan transforms into Adelaide. Another glitch and pinch of static of said hand, and Adelaide morphs into her final appearance:

Abbey. Wallace's ex wife. Ewan's mother.

ABBEY*
 An incomprehensible universe is
 best reflected in an
 incomprehensible story.

Like Wallace, Íosa, too, bears witness to the epic deception (although, we sense she knew all along). Still... in anger, her teeth clench -- her eyes melt. Literal heat radiates from her skin, and the clothes off her body burn.

BELUSHI-GUISE (V.O.)

Dad, still there? What should I do?

WALLACE

Run, boy. Run and hide. Not safe to show your face again.

Belushi-Guise never has a chance to ask what or why in retaliation -- not once Íosa comprehends the fact that she's been duped in the ultimate betrayal. Like all bombs do... this one goes off.

And boy howdy, does she ever: Íosa ignites -- and the Big Bang is set in motion. As for Wallace and Abbey, they go fusion... along with the moon base, and all turns to white.

EXT. GAS STATION - PAY PHONE - CONTINUOUS

Belushi-Guise screams into the phone:

BELUSHI-GUISE

What happened? Where's Íosa?

Call disconnected. The reason is simple, albeit unbelievable. Shit, even inexplicably unexpected:

The moon... goes... *KA-BOOM!*

Let me reiterate that: the goddamn moon... EXPLODES. If you think that warrants another page dedicated to the words--

WHAT. THE. FUCK?! (as exclaimed on page 67)

--then you've hit the hammer on the head of the dick-tip.

In relation, if there were a medium for sound waves to travel through, between here and the moon, Beluishi-Guise would have to wait thirteen days to hear the spectacular detonation above. But since the earth is flat and the laws of physics are fucked--

--we hear the "*KA-BOOM!*" quite immediately. Furthermore, the landscape brightens far and wide -- to instant daytime-like levels.

Belushi-Guise watches in horror. And shock. All that shit.

Enormous pieces of chunky moon rock scatter across the sky. But as time wanes on (which the moon may never do again), the firmament slowly fades into black -- but within, it contains one hell of a light show.

Belushi-Guise hangs up the phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NEW MEXICO DESERT - HIGHWAY (TO HELL) - NIGHT

Nothing at all matters. Crickets chirp, yes -- but the moon no longer beams bright. Only bits of its stellar debris ignite the welkin above -- like a longwinded firecracker gone off, suspended in its own dreary elegance.

Alone, with no direction or purpose, Belushi-Guise trudges along the road's median.

Headlights appear in the background. They grow larger over time -- soon revealed to be that of a common police car. The vehicle pulls up alongside him.

The window rolls down to reintroduce a suitable and rather convenient coincidence: Ewan's original "Thresh Hold Guardian" from Act I... Office T.H. Qaletaga.

T.H. QALETAGA

Crazy shit out tonight. Need a lift, friend?

BELUSHI-GUISE

I appreciate the offer, but it's meaningless.

T.H. QALETAGA

Good to be alive though.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Not for me. Self inaugurated euthanization. I'm dead inside.

T.H. QALETAGA

Sir, by chance seen the sky lately?

BELUSHI-GUISE

I keep my nose to the ground.

T.H. QALETAGA

No way to live.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Better than "knowing" at all.

T.H. QALETAQA

Pardon?

BELUSHI-GUISE

It's an insult. A Reliant Robin.
Worthless. May as well be an incel.
Or a lone trodden, gutter trash,
fungal hyphae infested piece of
mildewed vaginal spittle!

T.H. QALETAQA

Oh. Say, you look familiar. I seen
you before?

Belushi-Guise stops in his tracks. He approaches the officer.

BELUSHI-GUISE

I'm an actor.

T.H. QALETAQA

Bingo. You got my attention.

BELUSHI-GUISE

How would you like to get the rest
of the world's attention?

The officer smiles. Sounds like a deal too good to pass up.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BROADCAST STUDIO (LIVE STREAM) - NEWS DESK - DAY

On screen, over BLACK:

A crude graphic of a Flat-Earth appears. Block letters cross-
zoom over the picture to spell out the following:

"Ground Zero Media."

This dissolves into a news-type studio, similar to "Info
Wars." A silhouette sits behind a desk. Then, it's lights up
to reveal Belushi-Guise. He speaks directly to camera.

BELUSHI-GUISE

Hello, folks. Welcome to "Ground
Zero Media:" the only site online --
let's be honest -- the only goddamn
channel in news and media --
period! -- bringing you the real
truth. The left is lying to you,
people. We're under invasion! And
the liberals refuse to do a thing
about it.

(MORE)

BELUSHI-GUISE (CONT'D)

(beat)

Joining me in the studio to discuss
chemtrails is my guest T.H.
Qaletaga. Good to have you with us.

In civilian attire, T.H. Qaletaga sits next to Belushi-Guise.

T.H. QALETAGA

Good to be here, Jim. Big fan.
Loved you in, "The Principal."

BELUSHI-GUISE

As you know, the government has
introduced a whole host of
radioactive isotopes, aluminum
dioxide (the list goes on and on) --
into the atmosphere; and the
scientists, meteorologists,
astrophysicists, and others I have
talked to have said that what
they're spraying and releasing can
actually eat holes in the
atmosphere and damage the soils of
the planet. We're going to talk
about that in greater detail, but
first: I want to say thanks to our
sponsors over at JT3. They make
these kinds of protein shakes.
They're delicious -- go buy some...

We slowly dolly back from the screen and realize, soon
enough, that the program plays out on a holo-monitor:

BELUSHI-GUISE

*...now, Mr. Qaletaga, you were on
the force for how many years?*

T.H. QALETAGA

*Twenty-two years. And I'll tell
you, there was no shortage of
strange phenomena during my tenure.
The government's been pumping
toxins into the atmosphere for
decades now. That's what you see
when planes pass overhead:
chemtrails. But they're messing
with the weather, they're buying
armored vehicles and millions of
rounds of ammo, and TV shows are
badmouthing the founding fathers--*

BELUSHI-GUISE

*Not to mention sending children --
as slaves, mind you! -- to Mars.
All apart of their New World Order.*

T.H. QALETAQA

*No doubt about it. The evidences is
overwhelming.*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NEE NED ZB - COMMAND CENTER - SOL DAY

On the same monitor, Belushi-Guise and Qaletaga continue to debate conspiracy theories. A figure moves through the holographic projection. We recognize him/her as the Cisgender Non-Binary.

CISGENDER NON-BINARY

Channel's subscribers have doubled.
Views continue to rise.

CHARLEMAGNE (O.C.)

Such a relief. I can relax meow.

That's right, we next reveal the man behind the curtain:

CHARLEMAGNE

All's going according to plan.

Charlemagne sneers as he licks his lips--

--but what exits his mouth is anything but human. Instead, we notice a snake-like tongue that laps over his teeth. It convulses and smacks at his upper movable maxillary. His eyes distort and change color to a yellow hue.

We dolly out--

--only to be joined by a few other key figures we met previously on the moon, such as Mx. Toxic Masculinity (and his staff). But there are multiple copies of the same. Their eyes turn yellow, too.

And no shit... Dave is among them. A Clone. Many clones.

Anyway, Charlemagne stages himself near a glass pane, and beyond it--

INT. NEE NED ZB - CHAMBER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

--a prison of sorts. Here, confined to tiny individual cells, are rows of children, isolated from one another. We sense that these poor souls are kin to Íosa, maybe.

If we dolly through the corridor, on our way up--

EXT. NEE NED ZB - SURFACE - CONTINUOUS

--we exit the building. Meow we witness a lone structure embedded upon a red and rocky surface. Furthermore, if we climb toward the outer zenith, beyond the orange atmosphere, it becomes clear what the hell this place is:

The planet MARS.

CUT TO BLACK.