

THE MAN WITH A KILLER SPHERE

Written by

Julien Blaecke

14699, rue Sherbrooke Est
MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA H1A 5M7
jblaecke@gmail.com

FADE IN:

EXT. A WEALTHY SUBURB - DAY

A luxurious neighborhood. Vast estates. Flawless roads.
Expensive cars in the driveways.

A WOMAN (V.O.)

The man with a killer sphere. What
an imbecile. Surely I hated him for
what he represented and surely a
lot... a lot of people loved him
for what he represented.

EXT. A WEALTHY SUBURB - DAY

A quadrilateral. Five of the most expensive houses.

A WOMAN (V.O.)

Today he's our beacon, our leader.
The one we, the four of us, respect
the most. The one we, each one of
us, are ready to give our life for.

EXT. A WEALTHY SUBURB - DAY

A closer view of the five houses. One is an old colonial
style design home. One more a manor than a house. One similar
to the Adam's family mansion. One an Indian Palace. One a
small castle.

A WOMAN (V.O.)

The four of us...

SUPERIMPOSE : "A circle draws itself around the house with an
old colonial style".

A WOMAN (V.O.)

Jodie the linguist.

SUPERIMPOSE : "A circle draws itself around the house similar
to an Indian Palace".

A WOMAN (V.O.)

Robert the guru master.

SUPERIMPOSE : "A circle draws itself around the small
castle".

A WOMAN (V.O.)

Karl the military consultant.

SUPERIMPOSE : "A circle draws itself around the house similar to the Adam's family mansion".

A WOMAN (V.O.)
And myself. Amber the video game designer.

SUPERIMPOSE : "A circle draws itself around the manor".

AMBER (V.O.)
And here... the one... our leader, Mickey Mike.

EXT. A MANOR - DAY

A manor.

Paparazzi in fireproof suit waiting at the front door. Each one of them accompanied by an assistant, also wearing a fireproof suit. Holding a fire extinguisher. Suffering from intense hand shaking. Fear is in the air.

AMBER (V.O.)
In those days he was one of these pathetic internet celebrities. The kind gaining its notoriety through stupid, non-sense, non constructive performances.

A fashionable man gets out of the house. He's MICKEY MIKE (35). Closely followed by a sphere the size of a bowling ball. Made of fire. Floating loosely in the air.

Cameras flashing all around him.

AMBER (V.O.)
One day Mickey Mike found out that a sphere made of fire was following him everywhere.

The sphere generates a BEAM OF FIRE. Six Paparazzi and two assistants, now human torches, are rolling on the ground. The others assistants are extinguishing the fire.

Mickey Mike walks among them. Smiling.

AMBER (V.O.)
He decided...

INT. A COMPUTER SCREEN - DAY

A video frost on Mickey Mike standing in a deserted alley at the corner with a crowded boulevard. The video is untitled "The man with a killer sphere". The number of view at the bottom : 55000.

AMBER (V.O.)
 ... to make a video. The idea was
 to share with the rest of the world
 this uncommon particularity.

The video plays. Mickey Mike is smiling.

AMBER (V.O.)
 "A sphere made of fire is always
 with him and it kills random
 people".

MICKEY MIKE
 (to the camera)
 A sphere made of fire is always
 with me and it kills random people.
 Let me show you how it works.

He walks down the boulevard.

The sphere generates A BEAM OF FIRE. It simultaneously burns to death four persons. An old hippy but not his wife. A couple of elders. A hot dog street vendor but not the 10 years old boy eating a hot dog.

People screaming in terror. Running in all directions.

AMBER (V.O.)
 A billion views after only two
 weeks.

Mickey Mike runs back into the alley.

AMBER (V.O.)
 Every single person having a
 computer on this planet knew the
 video. But then...

INT. A CRIMINAL COURT OF JUSTICE - DAY

A court of justice with a female judge, JUDGE GOYER (65), presiding from the bench.

Mickey Mike standing right in front of her.

AMBER (V.O.)
The trial happens.

JUDGE GOYER
And you are sure Mister Mike that
you don't want a lawyer to
represent you? You still have the
time to --

MICKEY MIKE
Thank you, your honor. I'll be ok.

JUDGE GOYER
As you wish.

Mickey Mike smiles...

AMBER (V.O.)
He was accused of negligence
causing death and was categorized
as the first "lethal human weapon".

JUDGE GOYER
The jury has given his verdict.
Mister Mike for the accusation of
negligence causing death you are
found guilty. I therefore sentence
you to ten years of prison in the
Desperado County Jail and one
million dollars fine for the
outrageous video you made, changed
in extra years of prison if you are
not able to pay the sum.

The judge Goyer HITS the gavel on the table.

AMBER (V.O.)
Surely Mickey Mike was claiming his
innocence due to the sphere being
totally out of his control.

MICKEY MIKE
But your honor, I'm innocent. The
sphere is not under my control. I
have no power over it.

AMBER (V.O.)
And then...

INT. A CRIMINAL COURT OF JUSTICE - DAY

Back to the court of justice.

Mickey Mike is wearing an orange jumpsuit with three white letters in the back, DCJ. Seven lawyers are surrounding him.

AMBER (V.O.)

...the second trial happens. Since he was designated as a new human category, the American society for the protection of human rights sued the government for racial discrimination. A point of law the Judge had to concede. After two days and five hours in prison, Judge Goyer released Mickey Mike with one million dollars for moral prejudice.

JUDGE GOYER

You are a free man, Mister Mike.
Try to avoid populated area.

MICKEY MIKE

I will. Thank you, your honor.

AMBER (V.O.)

But the worst was on its way. With the one million dollars, Mickey Mike hired an agent to make money out of money. And what came out, well... it was just a bunch of terrible ideas that unfortunately worked. People are so weak, that's sad. Anyway, his career in the entertainment business started.

INT. A FLAT TV SCREEN - DAY

A black flat screen.

AMBER (V.O.)

First he created a sportswear line...

The Tv turns on. A male model (20's) proudly wearing a sportswear outfit.

A closer look. On his chest the logo representing a fire ball with on top of it "*The man with a killer sphere*" capitalized.

AMBER (V.O.)

...with that stupid logo. A huge success.

The male model turns around. Revealing in his back the logo covering the whole upper part. Large and colorful.

AMBER (V.O.)
The running shoes.

The male model points at his shoes. A closer look at them. The same logo.

AMBER (V.O.)
And the underwear...

Back to the male model. Unzipping his pants but...

AMBER (V.O.)
...but just figure it out.

...the channel switches.

The opening credits of an animated series. An epic music. Showing a montage of a man with a sphere accompanied by a young boy.

AMBER (V.O.)
Then came the cartoon. Pathetically popular.

A MAN (V.O.)
"The man with a killer sphere"! In the last episode he confronted his archenemy "the man with an icy quill". But once more "the man with a killer sphere" unintentionally murdered his sidekick in the process. Will his new sidekick, Mega Bob, survive? You will know if...

Again the channel switches.

AMBER (V.O.)
That was bad but not the worst.

A title appears out of BURSTING FLAMES - SUPERIMPOSE : "The Ignimate". The opening credits rolling over a montage of inmates burned to death by the sphere accompanying Mickey Mike.

AMBER (V.O.)
The "Ignimate"! That reality show was so popular and so... insane as well. The principle was quite simple.

(MORE)

AMBER (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Ten inmates inside the death row had to participate to different kind of highly lethal challenges. Every time there was a winner. He then had the opportunity to face Mickey Mike and his sphere for a, I quote, "being consumed or being released". The previous season, two inmates survived and these episodes were the least well received. Yes this show was insane. And Mickey Mike was making more and more money. Then one day...

EXT. MICKEY MIKE'S MANOR - DAY

Back to the manor.

A moving truck in the driveway. Four mover guys wearing fireproof suits are unloading it.

Mickey Mike is standing right in the middle. Supervising.

One of the mover is running erratically. In fire. The sphere being always after him.

AMBER (V.O.)

... more precisely four weeks ago, he moved into the manor and became "my neighbor across the street". And two days later...

EXT. AMBER'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The house similar to the Adam's family mansion.

Through a huge panel of windows a living room. A young woman working on a supercomputer system. AMBER (29), the nerdy girl.

AMBER (V.O.)

...he broke into my house. I was working. You see my job was all my life. And... it vanished because of Mickey Mike. It was the last time, that very night, I enjoyed my job... ever.

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The living room is influenced by a Gothic esthetic.

A gigantic computer with three flat screens in the middle of the room.

Sitting in a chair, Amber is multitasking.

AMBER (V.O.)

I was a lead environment artist employed by a major company in the video game industry. My job was fascinating, my income very generous... I couldn't be happier until Mickey Mike bursted into my house. Accorded to him everything was total bullshit. A non sense, gibberish speech. But today... I know that Mickey is always right.

Police light-bars are flashing through the huge panel of windows.

AMBER

What... the... fuck is that?

Amber straightens up in her chair. To get a better view. Police cars in the driveway.

MICKY MIKE (O.C.)

Everything is just total bullshit.

Amber startles.

AMBER

What the fuck!

Mickey Mike in his sportswear outfit. Catching his breath.

AMBER (CONT'D)

What are you doing here? How did you even get in here?

MICKY MIKE

I had to --

AMBER

Your sphere! Oh my god... are you here to kill me? Or try to kill me? Is that why you are here?

Some windows EXPLODE.

Multiple gunshots hit the house interior. Making bullet holes in the walls. Damaging furniture.

Amber and Mickey Mike get down on the floor.

The computer is heavily hit. Screens explode. A total loss.

The gunshots stop. The partially destroyed house is quiet again.

A POLICEMAN (O.C.)
 (through a megaphone)
 Please do not leave your house. I repeat, stay at home! Stay at home until further notice. Be cooperative and do not leave your house or we'll have to kill you. Thank you citizen. We serve and protect... always.

Police cars engines start. Leave in a matter of seconds.

MICKEY MIKE
 Phew... they're gone.

Mickey Mike stands up.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)
 Nice interior you have... you had here.

Amber jumps to her feet. In rage.

AMBER
 Fuck you! Asshole!

MICKEY MIKE
 Oh, don't be moody. It was --

AMBER
 Don't be moody? Are you for real?

MICKEY MIKE
 You are in shock.

AMBER
 I can't threaten you to call the police... they... I don't know... speak quickly!

MICKEY MIKE
 What?

AMBER
 Give me... a fucking explanation!

AMBER (V.O.)
 And it made even less sense. It was about root beer.

MICKEY MIKE

Alright. My favorite soda is root beer.

AMBER

What?

MICKEY MIKE

Root beer is the reason why I'm here, hiding from the police.

AMBER

God, I hate you. Fucker.

AMBER (V.O.)

Root beer was truly his favorite soft drink. And on the same evening before Mickey Mike came to my house...

EXT. A STREET - NIGHT

Mickey Mike in his sportswear outfit is walking. Speaking on his cellphone.

AMBER (V.O.)

...he went to the grocery store to buy another kind of soda... just to try something different.

MICKEY MIKE

(on the phone)

How did you get my phone number? (*a time*) I want to buy something right now. Is there any rule in your grocery store against that? (*a time*) Just because I'm usually doing my shopping on Thursday doesn't mean that I can't come today. What are you -- (*a time*) No. I don't need to justify myself. What...

(beat)

What this is about? Sir... how did you get my phone number? (*a time*) Hello? Hello?

Mickey Mike turns off his cellphone. Frustrated.

On the other side of the street a grocery store with its huge neon sign saying : "Le Clever Market".

Mickey Mike crosses the street.

INT. LE CLEVER MARKET - NIGHT

"Le Clever Market" a typical grocery store. Empty.

Mickey Mike comes in. Walking fast. He knows why he's here.

A FEMALE VOICE OVER

Le Clever Market, always le clever choice. At le Clever Market you always have le choice. This week don't miss our special offer, "you buy one, you get one free", on our store brand root beer, "La clever root beer". It includes all sizes because size doesn't matter when it tastes so good.

MICKEY MIKE

Size doesn't matter when it tastes so good? What the...

Mickey Mike heads to the soda aisle.

INT. LE CLEVER MARKET / SODA AISLE - NIGHT

The entire shelf is packed with bottles and cans of "La Clever root beer".

A sign in the middle of the aisle. In capital letters "*La Clever root beer. You buy one. You get one free*".

Mickey Mike walks along the shelf. A very long shelf.

MICKEY MIKE

Oh, come on!

He reaches the end of the aisle. A dozen of two-liter soda bottles of different flavors covered with dirt.

Mickey Mike stops. Runs his finger along the shelf.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

Ok, let's go for orange.

Mickey Mike grabs the orange bottle. Walks back.

INT. LE CLEVER MARKET / CHECKOUT ZONE - NIGHT

The checkout zone. Almost empty.

Only one cashier. A woman wearing a fireproof suit over her job uniform, MARTHA (45). Her name-tag is visible through the large visor, up on her right shoulder.

Mickey Mike goes right to her.

He puts the orange soda bottle on the conveyor belt.

MICKEY MIKE
Obviously not your best selling
product.

Mickey Mike touches the bottle. Dirt on his fingers. Showing them to Martha.

MARTHA
No one is forcing you to buy it.
Besides there's a special deal on
the root beer this week. You buy
one, you get --

MICKEY MIKE
I know.

MARTHA
Stop whining then.

MICKEY MIKE
I... what?

Mickey Mike looks around. No one's here except Martha.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)
How did you know I was coming?

MARTHA
I didn't know you were coming.

Mickey Mike points the fireproof suit Martha is wearing.

MICKEY MIKE
Why are you wearing a fireproof
suit, then?

MARTHA
That... is my job uniform.

MICKEY MIKE
Your job uniform? Ok... from where
I'm standing... Martha... I can see
your name-tag on what appears to be
your real job uniform. Through your
helmet visor.

MARTHA
Damn... you got me.

MICKEY MIKE
And...?

MARTHA
And what?

Mickey Mike sighs.

MICKEY MIKE
And how did you know I was --

MARTHA
I don't know... to pass the time...
I guess.

MICKEY MIKE
What?

MARTHA
I lied to you about my uniform to
pass the time, to spice up my life.

MICKEY MIKE
To spice up your life. Martha...
You --

MARTHA
You are weird.

MICKEY MIKE
I am weird?

Mickey Mike sighs again.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)
What I want to know is how did you
know I was coming?

MARTHA
My boss told me. You gave him a
phone call.

MICKEY MIKE
No I didn't.

MARTHA
Of course you did. You're here.

MICKEY MIKE
No.

MARTHA
You are weird.

MICKEY MIKE
He... gave me a phone call!

MARTHA
No he didn't.

MICKEY MIKE
How can you be so sure?

MARTHA
Because he didn't.

MICKEY MIKE
Why's that?

Martha leans over the cash register. Her helmet very close to Mickey Mike's face.

MARTHA
He doesn't know you. I know all his friends and you are not one of them.

Mickey Mike takes one step back.

MICKEY MIKE
Ok Martha... I got the feeling I'm losing my time. How much for the bottle?

Martha moves back behind the cash register. Straightens up into an exaggerated professional posture.

MARTHA
Are you sure you are not interested with our special offer on the root beer?

MICKEY MIKE
Yes. Martha. I am sure.

Martha presses a few buttons on her electronic cash register.

MARTHA
Twenty nine dollars.

MICKEY MIKE
Twenty nine dollars? Are you serious?

MARTHA

Yep.

MICKEY MIKE

How many bottles of that thing are you selling me exactly?

MARTHA

One and only one, dear customer. But we have a special offer on the root beer. It's a very good deal, you --

MICKEY MIKE

No thank you.

Mickey Mike takes out thirty dollars. Gives the cash to Martha.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

Unbelievable... Keep the change.

MARTHA

Thank you for shopping with us. Le Clever Market, always le clever choice.

Mickey Mike grabs the bottle. Moving toward the exit doors.

MICKEY MIKE

Yeah... I'm not too sure about that.

Mickey Mike gets out.

EXT. LE CLEVER MARKET - NIGHT

The doors automatically close.

Mickey Mike looks closely at the bottle he's holding.

AMBER (V.O.)

The whole situation was so bizarre. Martha was so bizarre. Something was wrong... everything was wrong and Mickey Mike had to know why.

Mickey Mike opens the bottle cap. Takes a sip.

AMBER (V.O.)

It was not orange soda, it was...

Mickey Mike spits out the liquid on the ground.

MICKEY MIKE
 Fucking root beer! Fucking orange
 root beer!

Mickey Mike storms back inside "Le Clever Market".

INT. LE CLEVER MARKET - NIGHT

Mickey Mike comes in. Leaving the soda orange bottle on a counter. Walks as fast as he can through the grocery store. Determined.

A FEMALE VOICE OVER
 Le Clever Market, always le clever
 choice. At le Clever Market you
 always have le choice. This week
 don't miss our special offer, "you
 buy one, you get one free", on our
 store brand root beer, La clever
 root beer.

He turns in the soda aisle.

INT. LE CLEVER MARKET / SODA AISLE - NIGHT

Mickey Mike walks along the shelf.

A FEMALE VOICE OVER
 It includes all sizes because size
 doesn't matter when it tastes so
 good.

He reaches the end of the shelf.

He seizes the cola flavor. Opens it. Takes a sip. Puts back the bottle in the free space. Grabs one with the apple flavor. Opens it. Takes a sip.

MARTHA (O.C.)
 Are you willing to pay for those?

Mickey Mike startles. Turns around to face Martha still wearing a fireproof suit.

MICKEY MIKE
 Martha... again.

MARTHA
 Yes... me, again. And?

MICKEY MIKE

I'm not sure if you know that, but if my sphere is not attacking you, you are safe. You can take off your --

MARTHA

I know. I have seen your stupid videos, and Tv shows and all the stupid things you've made.

MICKEY MIKE

Well, this is... honest, not very nice but honest. Anyway... Why are you still --

MARTHA

Do you always answer a question with another question? Are you dodging me?

MICKEY MIKE

If I'm... dodging you? You are so...

Mickey Mike rubs his face. Bothered.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

Martha, are you aware that all your products here, which includes the orange soda I've bought earlier, is root beer. The orange soda is actually orange root beer. Orange root beer, Martha!

MARTHA

What about the cola and apple juice bottles?

MICKEY MIKE

These are also root beer!

MARTHA

Are you going to pay for these two bottles?

MICKEY MIKE

If I'm going to... wait a minute. Root beer is the only stuff you are selling despite the label on the bottle and... it doesn't bother you?

Mickey Mike looks around.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

This place is so empty... Is your boss around, Martha?

MARTHA

He's having lunch now.

MICKEY MIKE

Maybe I could talk to someone else then? One of your colleague?

MARTHA

Nope.

MICKEY MIKE

Why's that?

MARTHA

They are having lunch now.

MICKEY MIKE

Everybody, but you, is having lunch at the same time. You are on your own to manage the whole grocery store. You?

(beat)

That's what you want me to believe?

MARTHA

Nope.

MICKEY MIKE

Ok. What it is? What it is, annoying Martha?

MARTHA

I'm not alone.

Mickey Mike sighs. Overwhelmed.

MICKEY MIKE

Alright. Martha. Could you --

MARTHA

The police?

Mickey Mike stunned is running out of words.

MICKEY MIKE

What?

MARTHA

POLICE!

Twenty police officers jump through the shelf. Bottles fly in all directions. Spilling their content all over the floor.

They surround Mickey Mike, all of them wearing a fireproof suit. A small fire extinguisher attached to their waistband. Pointing their gun at him.

Mickey Mike's sphere reacts. It PROPELS A BEAM OF FLAMES on one of the police officers. Setting him on fire. His colleague on his right uses his fire extinguisher. Puts it out. The sphere initiates another beam of flames. The police officer extinguishes it once more. And so on.

MICKEY MIKE

What the fuck... has just happened?
Since when precisely the police was
there, spying on us? For what
purpose? And why so many? Why so
many?

MARTHA

I knew you wouldn't pay for all
these bottles?

MICKEY MIKE

Only two bottles.

MARTHA

So I called them.

MICKEY MIKE

For two bottles?

MARTHA

You have to be punished by law.

Martha takes a few steps toward the mess on the floor. A dozen of bottles scattered in a vast puddle of root beer. She points at it.

Police officers don't move.

Behind them the police officer in fire falls down. Under the constant sphere assaults. His colleague uses his fire extinguisher.

The victim is gesticulating. Flames strike him every time the fire is off.

MARTHA (CONT'D)

See what you did! You've just made
a terrible waste of all that
amazing soda we are selling with
our soul.

MICKEY MIKE

What? You... Oh screw that. Don't you think... Martha... the police has just made a more considerable waste of your so lovely soda than I did?

MARTHA

It doesn't count. They incarnate the law. You don't.

MICKEY MIKE

I've never met a person like you before, Martha.

MARTHA

Thank you.

MICKEY MIKE

This is not a compliment.

Five police officers move closer to Mickey Mike at once.

FIVE POLICEMEN

(at once)

Sir, you broke the law.

Mickey Mike glances at the police officer catching on fire again and again.

MICKEY MIKE

Well... not yet. Technically I still can buy these two bottles.

FIVE POLICEMEN

(at once)

Sir, you broke the law.

MICKEY MIKE

Alright, that... is creepy. Why are you guys speaking at the same time?
(pointing at the police officer in fire)

And you do realize there's one of you constantly in fire. Maybe he could just get out of the grocery store? For everyone's safety.

FIVE POLICEMEN

(at once)

Sir, you go back to your house and stay at home.

Mickey Mike sighs. Exasperated.

MICKEY MIKE

Everything's wrong with this grocery store... everything. Ok... Agents of the law speaking coordinately, I'm going to pay for these two bottles so I guess we can say that everything is back to normal... so to speak.

Mickey Mike grabs the two opened bottles of soda. Police officers grip their guns tighter.

FIVE POLICEMEN

(at once)

Sir, drop the bottles down! Now!

Mickey Mike hastily puts the bottles back on the shelf.

MICKEY MIKE

A little bit over the edge.

FIVE POLICEMEN

(at once)

Sir you broke the law.

MICKEY MIKE

Right. That's disturbing.

Mickey Mike glances again at the police officer in fire.

FIVE POLICEMEN

(at once)

Sir, you broke the law. You go back to your house and stay at home.

MICKEY MIKE

No. I won't. As a law abiding citizen I have rights and --

The police officer in fire stands up. Runs in circle. The sphere right behind him. His colleague after them.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry but can't you guys do something about your colleague. I know he's wearing a fireproof --

FIVE POLICEMEN

(at once)

You broke the law.

Mickey Mike lets out an exasperated cry.

FIVE POLICEMEN (CONT'D)

(at once)

Sir, this is our last warning. If you don't cooperate, we will open fire and kill you.

MICKEY MIKE

Good.

(beat)

Alright, "psychocops". Too much for me. I'm done.

Mickey mike walks away. His sphere follows him. Releasing its victim from his torment.

The police officer's fireproof suit is carbonized but intact.

FIVE POLICEMEN

(at once, on their Walkie Talkie)

Dispatch, he's going back to his house. Everything is back to normal. Everything... is back to normal.

INT. MICKEY MIKE'S MANOR - NIGHT

A luxurious interior still under construction.

Mickey Mike stands behind the front door. Talking on his cellphone.

MICKEY MIKE

(on his cellphone)

Totally insane, man. Aggressive policemen came out of nowhere, not saying that five of them were speaking at once while an other one was perpetually on fire because of my sphere. Root beer was the content of every single bottle, even the orange soda was freaking root beer and Martha, the -- (a time) No I didn't -- (a time) No, I didn't buy -- (a time) No, not even just one. What's wrong with you? (a time) The special offer? Are you -- (a time) Alright, you know what?

Mickey Mike turns off his cellphone.

AMBER (V.O.)
 Truly, it's all started with root
 beer.

Mickey Mike grabs the front door knob. Keeps the position.

 AMBER (V.O.)
 Even his best friend was involved
 in a conspiracy about root beer.
 Mickey Mike needed to clarify
 things.

 MICKEY MIKE
 Fuck it.

Mickey Mike opens the door. Leaves. The door slowly swinging
 back to the frame.

 AMBER (V.O.)
 Mickey Mike was and is our own
 revolutionary man. Always.

The door closes. From the street HEAVY SQUEALING NOISES mixed
 with POLICE SIRENS.

 A POLICEMAN (O.C.)
 (through a megaphone)
 Please do not leave your house. I
 repeat, stay at home! Mickey Mike
 cooperate or we'll kill you.

 AMBER (V.O.)
 Police and...

INT. AMBER'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Back to Amber's living room.

 AMBER (V.O.)
 ...root beer. What a mix.

 AMBER
 What now?

 MICKEY MIKE
 What now? I don't know.

 AMBER
 Right. But you owe me. So how are
 you going to --

 MICKEY MIKE
 Owe you? Owe you what?

Amber moves to her former computer, now more a total wreck. Pointing at it.

AMBER

What about that? And I'm not even talking about my house!

MICKEY MIKE

That is not my fault.

AMBER

And what about the crazy police you've brought here?

MICKEY MIKE

That... is not my fault! They were pissed off because of the root beer situation... what I just explained to you.

AMBER

The root beer. I see.
(beat)
So where do we go now?

MICKEY MIKE

You believe in my story.

Amber moves closer to Mickey Mike.

AMBER

Of course not. That's the stupidest story I've ever heard.

MICKEY MIKE

But you're going to help me.

AMBER

No I won't. You owe me. You owe me... I don't know... let's say billions.

MICKEY MIKE

Billions of what? Billions of rocks.

AMBER

What a funny man you are.

Amber moves closer to Mickey Mike. Her face now very close to his.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Since you are a fucking Tv star,
billions should mean nothing to
you. Let's say two billions for the
computer and the house.

MICKEY MIKE

You are out of your mind.

AMBER

I didn't destroy the house of my
neighbor pretending it was all
about some root beer I didn't buy.

Amber puts a finger on his chest.

AMBER (CONT'D)

You owe me and I'll stick with you
until you pay me back.

MICKEY MIKE

Are you serious?

AMBER

What do I have... more... to lose?
Tell me!

Mickey Mike goes to the broken windows. Picks up a piece of
glass.

MICKEY MIKE

They are spying on me.

AMBER

How's that?

MICKEY MIKE

When I got out of my house, they
literally pounced on me. I think
they were watching me the whole
time.

AMBER

Great. But still we can't just stay
here and wait for... what exactly
to happen? Plus we need answers
about that creepy situation we are
in, no sorry... I mean you put us
in.

Mickey Mike rolls his eyes.

MICKEY MIKE

I have no friend I can rely on. My agent and best friend could have been the one guy we share our problem with but --

AMBER

What?

Mickey Mike sighs.

AMBER (CONT'D)

But... what?

MICKEY MIKE

He's the one I spoke with on my cellphone after I came back from the grocery store.

AMBER

I see. What are you going to do?

MICKEY MIKE

Well... I...

Mickey Mike walks back to Amber. Rolling the piece of glass between his fingers.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

You are really not helping. I thought it was a figure of speech and --

AMBER

It was not. You're on your own, pale. So. What's your next move?

MICKEY MIKE

Clearly these police officers are stupid psychopaths. But it doesn't mean that all the police officers in the world are psychopaths.

AMBER

Probably not.

MICKEY MIKE

What about downtown? Maybe things are different over there?

AMBER

Let's go then.

Mickey Mike throws away the piece of glass. It shatters on the floor.

MICKEY MIKE

Good. My car is parked on the driveway. We just --

AMBER

Bad idea. Too visible. Let's take the subway.

MICKEY MIKE

Ok.

Mickey Mike moves toward the front door.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

We are an amazing team.

Amber grabs her jacket under a pile of shattered pieces of furniture. Dusts it off.

AMBER

We are not a team. I don't want us to be a team. Ever.

Amber puts on her jacket.

EXT. A SUBWAY ENTRANCE / A WEALTHY SUBURB - DAY

Early hours in the morning. An avenue very crowded.

Above the subway entrance a sign says PARADOX STATION. Mechanical stairs give access to the station.

People are rushing into the subway entrance.

AMBER (V.O.)

A simple plan. A quest we've never had the opportunity to achieve.

A very muscled man holding two guns. Determined and enraged. He's KARL (42).

AMBER (V.O.)

We met Karl that day.

He OPENS FIRE on an unknown target, not visible from where he's standing.

Panic spreads through the crowd. People run in all directions. Screaming. Violently bumping into each other. Running away.

KARL
FUCK YOU ASS-BITCHES!

Five police cars slide on their tires. Screeching. Stop around the subway entrance. Their lights flashing.

Almost twenty Police officers heavily armed, with guns and shotguns aiming at Karl. Some out of their cars. Taking cover behind the opened front doors. Others walking toward their colleagues.

Karl walks backward toward the subway entrance.

KARL (CONT'D)
FUCK YOU... EVERY SINGLE ONE OF
YOU!

Karl OPENS FIRE. Shooting at the car on his right. The light bar on the top explodes. Bullet holes on the hood and left front door.

The police officers SHOOT AT ONCE. Bullets bouncing all around Karl.

The subway's entrance sign disintegrates. Some parts of the concrete, defining the pre access to the mechanic stairs, detaching. Even the asphalt itself suffers from multiple bullets holes.

Karl does a backward jump while shooting.

KARL (CONT'D)
FUCK YOU... ALL!

He's still in the air when the action freezes.

AMBER (V.O.)
But who is Karl?

EXT. AN OUTDOOR SHOOTING RANGE - DAY

An outdoor shooting range.

At the firing line two men (mid 20's) lying on their stomach. FIRING their rifle. One is overweight, the other very slim.

Behind them Karl is walking back and forth.

They cease fire.

KARL
What are you doing? What the...
fuck... are you doing?

The overweight man turns his head toward Karl.

THE OVERWEIGHT MAN

Are you serious, man? I mean who cares anyway. We're going to be in the scene for what... ten long seconds before to be shot to death.

Karl leans toward him.

KARL

Listen fat fuck! The production company paying the three of us is expecting from me to teach you the proper way to fire a rifle and is expecting from you to shoot well as a direct result so you could realistically portrayed soldier as well as possible in their fucking film on the Afghanistan war. So you just shut the --

THE SLIM MAN

No. They just want us to look like real soldiers. That's all.

The slim man turns his head toward Karl.

THE SLIM MAN (CONT'D)

Besides that, we won't mimic shooting anything since we are both going to die among seventy four other dudes.

THE OVERWEIGHT MAN

Just because I'm a little bit chubby doesn't give you the right to call me fat fuck.

KARL

Yeah... you know what fat fuck! You shut the hell up. I'm the boss here. So if I want you to shoot the way I want you to shoot, you'll do that. Got it?

THE OVERWEIGHT MAN

Oh... really? And what are you going to do if we don't... do that hey?

Karl draws his gun from his waistband holster.

KARL

I'm going to shoot both of you in both your fucking legs.

THE OVERWEIGHT MAN

Oh... well, ok. Let's do that, then.

The two men turn their heads back to the targets.

KARL

Alright, ass-bitches!

THE SLIM MAN

Ass-bitches?

KARL

Now that we are on the same page, I want you to perceive your rifle as a lovely pussy. You treat it like a pussy. You'll be gentle with it, the same way you would be with a lovely pussy. So ass-bitches, shoot with your pussies!

THE OVERWEIGHT MAN

What the fuck? Shoot with your pussies? Really? You just don't --

KARL

I said... shoot with your fucking pussies! You fucking faggot! Or I swear to God, I'm going to fuck you in the legs!

THE SLIM MAN

Fuck you in the legs? Ass-bitches? This dude is --

THE OVERWEIGHT MAN

Shoot man, just shoot. Don't think and shoot.

They shoot at their target.

AMBER (V.O.)

Nothing didn't make any sense with Karl. Why? Because Karl was considered as a delusional man. But was he? Really? At that time he was.

INT. KARL'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

A Middle Ages atmosphere. Walls made of stone. Fake torches. Huge medieval weapons.

Right in the middle of the living room the famous actor GEORGE CLOONEY sitting on an oversized couch. Karl is facing him.

AMBER (V.O.)

Karl was a personal friend of George Clooney. George Clooney, you see, has many friends. Well George Clooney is a very friendly man.

GEORGE CLOONEY

Karl I know, for a very long time now, what you are going through but you have your guru friend and neighbor helping you on that matter, right? Not to mention my sister.

KARL

Yes, but George --

GEORGE CLOONEY

I need your help for my next film.

KARL

The Monuments Men.

GEORGE CLOONEY

Exactly.

KARL

I'm sorry George.

GEORGE CLOONEY

It's fine, Karl. Did you read the "Pdf" file I sent you?

KARL

I did. Dudes going after pieces of art during World War 2. Is there any connection with the aliens involvement, cause you know --

GEORGE CLOONEY

Karl, you are the best military consultant in the movie business and that's why I'm here.

(MORE)

GEORGE CLOONEY (CONT'D)

I know we are very good friends,
but today I came to meet the
military consultant. I need some
advice, real advice, on the
authenticity in the acting.

KARL

What I'm eager to provide to you.

George Clooney nods.

GEORGE CLOONEY

Very good then. I'm listening.

KARL

You've just used the word
authenticity. If one has the desire
to embrace authenticity, one has to
see the whole picture.

George Clooney sighs. Defeated.

GEORGE CLOONEY

Karl, please. Stop. I don't want to
go down that road again. Not today.
This movie is my project. It's very
important to me. For once can you
just --

KARL

I've been abducted by fucking
aliens, George! And I'm one hundred
percent sure about that. I can feel
it deep in my soul. I'm having
recurrent bad dreams. I got
incoherent thoughts. Sometimes I
even mix things together making new
sense out of them not knowing if
I'm not fucking turning mad in the
process. I'm fucking fucked up,
George!

GEORGE CLOONEY

I'm aware of that, as well as very
concerned about your psychological
issues. That's why you are under
the supervision of my sister, one
of the best psychiatrist in town.
That is also why I'm always
listening to your stories as a good
friend trying to help. But...
please... not today. Give me...

(MORE)

GEORGE CLOONEY (CONT'D)

I don't know, something like ten minutes so we can focus on the characters of my movie.

(beat)

Please, Karl. I'm begging you here.

Karl jumps to his feet. Pointing his finger angrily at George Clooney.

KARL

Fuck it, George. I'm pretty sure those ass-bitches from the government are involved in... I mean they have to be --

GEORGE CLOONEY

I'm sorry? Those what? Ass-bitches?

KARL

Yes. Ass-bitches. Ass-fucking-bitches!

GEORGE CLOONEY

No Karl, you can't say that. This insult doesn't exist.

KARL

Of course it does.

AMBER (V.O.)

No it doesn't.

EXT. THE SUBWAY ENTRANCE / PARADOX STATION - DAY

Freeze frame

A gunfight.

Karl is shooting while performing a backward jump. The twenty police officers are shooting at him.

Bullets from different calibers floating in the air.

Unfreeze

All the bullets HIT their targets. The police cars. The concrete defining the subway entrance. Massive impacts.

Karl vanishes into the mechanical stairs.

The police officers cease fire. Dashing into the subway entrance.

The place is empty. The police cars lights are flashing, the only discernible movement.

Amber and Mickey Mike turn the street corner. Walking towards the subway entrance.

MICKEY MIKE

Well, everything's going to be fine... with my sphere. Nothing to worry about after all.

AMBER

Thanks for the info captain obvious.

Mickey Mike gives her an incredulous look.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Where's everyone?
(pointing at a police car)
What does that mean?

MICKEY MIKE

A terrorist attack maybe. At least it would be more rational than --

AMBER

Because a terrorist attack is something you would enjoy?

Mickey Mike stops walking.

MICKEY MIKE

What? No! What I'm saying is --

Amber raises her right hand.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

God, she's annoying.

Mickey Mike goes after her.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

We are trying to figure out what's wrong with them. I just hope that it's not another nonsense act they are --

AMBER

Pointless. Anything else?

MICKEY MIKE

No. I --

Karl is now standing next to the coffee vending machine, the turnstiles behind him.

KARL
GO TO HELL!

Karl OPENS FIRE.

The police officers take cover behind tables. Crouch down against coffee shop windows.

They OPEN FIRE. A HAIL OF BULLETS.

Tables under multiples bullet impacts. A coffee shop window explodes. The collector booth riddle with bullets...

Karl is frenetically pulling the triggers. Stepping backward. He passes a turnstile.

The police officers move forward. Keep firing. More destruction.

A police officer is hit in the right arm. The one next to him is hit in the left thigh. Both of them fall down. Squeezing their wound.

AMBER (V.O.)
Karl was a very well trained
soldier. One of the best. One of
the luckiest as well.

Karl runs away. Disappearing behind a wall.

Police officers cease fire. Except for the two wounded, they all go after him.

The two wounded police officers stand up. Staring at each other for a couple of seconds.

They walk toward the station entrance. Blood spilling on the floor. Unnatural.

The two police officers passe the turnstile. Disappear behind the wall.

INT. PARADOX STATION / FOOD COURT - MOMENTS LATER

Back to the food court. Devastated.

Amber and Mickey Mike get inside the food court.

MICKEY MIKE
Now I get it!

AMBER

What?

MICKEY MIKE

Why the paradox station sign
outside was in a so bad shape. It
was bullet holes. I wasn't sure,
now I am.

AMBER

You're so clever Sherlock.

Amber intrigued walks cautiously across the food court.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Maybe it was indeed a terrorist
attack but where are the police,
the medical staff, the dead or the
wounded...

Amber points at blood stains on the floor.

AMBER (CONT'D)

There's fresh blood on the floor.
Obviously the attack has happened
not so long ago and yet the place
is empty.

MICKEY MIKE

What now?

AMBER

I don't know, you tell me.

MICKEY MIKE

No, I mean what do you think about
the situation?

AMBER

Honestly?

MICKEY MIKE

Yes. Of course honestly.

Amber notices the coffee vending machine from the company
"Give me a coffee break". Smiles. Moving swiftly toward it.

AMBER

I... I don't know. I think... we
can get free coffee.

Mickey Mike clasps his hands behind his head. Sighing.

MICKEY MIKE

Damn.

Amber reaches the coffee vending machine. Inspecting.

AMBER

Victory! It's all fucked up and now...

She pushes a button. An empty disposable cup falls in the open compartment. Coffee is dispensing right into the waiting cup.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Here we go. Free coffee for the way!

Mickey Mike joins Amber at the coffee vending machine.

MICKEY MIKE

Don't you think you could at least being a little bit more into it. I mean since anyway you are with me in that weird experience or whatever you want to call it, you could, I don't know... help.

Amber grabs the coffee cup. Smells it.

AMBER

Perfect.

MICKEY MIKE

Did you hear what I just said?

AMBER

Yep.

Amber passes the turnstile.

MICKEY MIKE

And...?

AMBER

Can we go now?

Mickey Mike follows Amber. Shaking his head in disagreement.

He reaches the vending machine. He stops. Hesitating.

AMBER (CONT'D)

Hello? Someone's there?

Mickey Mike pushes the button.

INT. PARADOX STATION / THE RAILWAY STATION - DAY

An underground vaulted train station. A corridor in mid section to access the platform on both sides.

Early hours in the morning. Overcrowded.

SCREAMS and RUMBLES ECHOING from one of the corridors. Everyone turns around.

People rush out of the corridor in complete chaos.

Karl enters the station. Turns around to face the corridor. OPENS FIRE.

Again panic spreads through the crowd. People run in all directions. Screaming. Violently bumping into each other. Running away. Crawling.

A train ARRIVES at the station.

The group of police officers quickly makes its way inside the station. They OPEN FIRE.

The train stops. People inside the subway cars lie on the floor.

The automatic doors slide open. The train is under an heavy rain of bullets. Windows explode. Bullet holes covering the interior.

Karl standing right next to an opened door. Jumps inside the train.

Police officers move forward. Keep firing.

INT. PARADOX STATION / A CORRIDOR - DAY

A vaulted corridor with advertising posters.

Amber and Mickey Mike, each one holding a disposable cup of coffee with the logo of the company "Give me a coffee break", are walking down the corridor.

AMBER

The moment of truth.

MICKEY MIKE

Well...

Mickey Mike lifts up the cup to his lips when a couple of GUNSHOTS RESONATE throughout the corridor. It startles him. Spilling some coffee on the floor.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

Good lord!

He wipes his right hand on his trousers.

Amber makes sign to stop. Puts a finger on her lips. Pointing in the direction ahead of them.

They are now at the end of the corridor leading to the station.

A dozen of police officers are pointing their guns at the train. One of them is close to Amber and Mickey Mike's position.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Shit. What do we do?

AMBER

(whispering)

What do I know?

MICKEY MIKE

(whispering)

Oh enough already!

AMBER

(whispering)

What?

Mickey Mike takes a step forward without knowing. His sphere now very close to the police officer shakes.

MICKEY MIKE

(whispering)

The situation is very dangerous... obviously. Maybe you could help for a change or what about sharing ideas.

AMBER

(whispering)

No way. And stop asking cause I won't... ever. That would be too easy.

MICKEY MIKE

(whispering)

But why, for Christ's sake? You are here, with me, behind that dozen of heavily armed police officers, most probably crazy ones.

(MORE)

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

You are risking your own life and
you are not doing anything, not
even trying!

AMBER

(whispering)

A question of principle.

MICKEY MIKE

(whispering)

A question of principle? At such a
moment?

AMBER

(whispering)

You are the one that brought the
crazy police in my home and now all
my belongings are no more...
because of you! It's payback time,
homie.

MICKEY MIKE

(whispering)

Payback time homie?

AMBER

(whispering)

Yep, until you give me my money.
Don't forget. You owe me homie.

MICKEY MIKE

(whispering)

You are so childish! That's total--

A POLICEMAN (O.C.)

You! What are you doing here? Why
aren't you home?

They turn around to face the police officer now almost
entirely inside the corridor. The sphere not yet in a direct
line of sight is violently shaking.

AMBER

The one you've destroyed, shithead?

The police officer points a finger at them.

THE POLICEMAN

You are under arrest for not being
at home.

AMBER

Is that a joke? What are you --

The police officer moves forward. A bullet shot from behind him goes through his right shoulder. A huge amount of blood splashes in Mickey Mike's face.

Police officers OPEN FIRE on the train.

Mickey Mike rubs his face. Trying to wipe some of the blood off when his sphere PROPELS A BEAM OF FLAMES on the police officer.

Set on fire the man screams in pain. Runs back to the station. Leaving a fire trail behind him.

MICKEY MIKE

Oh my god! I got blood all over my face. In my eyes, even in my mouth! God... that's terrible!

AMBER

Don't be such a whiner. We have better things to do.

MICKEY MIKE

Fuck you Amber. That blood is from an other man and it's covering my face. That's --

Mickey Mike freezes. Stunned.

AMBER

What now?

MICKEY MIKE

It tastes like ketchup! Oh my... fucking... god that is Ketchup blood!

AMBER

Move your ass, idiot.

Amber goes into the station.

MICKEY MIKE

You. You...

Mickey Mike sighs. Frustrated.

He Follows her.

INT. PARADOX STATION / THE RAILWAY STATION - DAY

Back to the vaulted train station. A post war landscape. Bullet holes and destruction.

Police officers are FIRING THEIR GUNS at the train. Moving closer to the passenger car where Karl crouched down is protecting himself.

Amber and Mickey Mike get out of the corridor behind the police officers.

AMBER

We need to go in that train.

MICKEY MIKE

Are you crazy? They are shooting at it like morons.

AMBER

And then they're going to shoot at us.

Karl and Amber cautiously walk down the platform.

MICKEY MIKE

You don't know that for sure.

Mickey Mike's sphere PROPELS A VAST STREAM OF FLAME. Setting five police officers in fire.

Panic spreads among the disorganized group of police officers. Those in fire run erratically. Screaming in pain. The others turn around SHOUTING INCOMPREHENSIBLE WORDS. Searching for the source of the attack.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

Forget what I just said.

AMBER

Sure. Always.

Amber and Mickey Mike run toward the nearest open door. Amber throws away her coffee.

Two police officers identify them. FIRING AT THEM.

Mickey Mike and Amber jump inside the passenger car. Mickey Mike manages to keep his coffee without wasting it. Talented.

A couple of new bullet holes into the right side of the train.

Karl takes advantage of the situation. FIRING his two guns at the police officers facing the other direction. Two of them hit in the chest fall down.

The TRAIN HORN BLOWING. The passenger car sliding doors are automatically self closing.

Police officers are now targeting Karl. New bullet holes.

The train is moving. Police officers keep firing.

The train speeds up. Leaving the station.

Police officers cease fire.

Two of them in fire are running in all directions. Four others corpses lying on the ground are burning. Weirdly shaking. But no scream of pain...

INT. A SUBWAY TUNNEL - DAY

A railroad tunnel with no end. From one side a light is getting bigger and bigger. Accompanied by the INCREASING SOUND OF A TRAIN HORN.

A train passes through the tunnel.

INT. A PASSENGER CAR - DAY

The train is in motion.

Amber and Mickey Mike are alone. Sitting. Mickey Mike still holding his disposable cup of coffee.

AMBER

Innocent people were inside that station. Why did they keep firing?

MICKEY MIKE

I don't know at who they were shooting at but whoever they, he, or she were... well they, he, or she should be very dangerous.

AMBER

It doesn't excuse anything. When you are supposed to protect innocent people, you don't shoot at them. That's... They are insane murderers. They are --

MICKEY MIKE

We'll get to the bottom of this situation. Plus...

Mickey Mike lifts up his cup of coffee.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

I managed to keep my coffee, so we can share it... or not. I'm not quite sure a coffee is something you can share with someone else.

AMBER

I don't care. That coffee is... what I need, right now.

Karl opens the lid on the disposable coffee cup.

KARL (O.C.)

Do not drink that coffee!

Both look up at the door making a connection between two passenger cars. There is Karl. Standing in an overly manly posture. Still holding his two guns.

MICKEY MIKE

What?

Karl runs at Mickey Mike.

KARL

Get rid of it!

MICKEY MIKE

What?

Karl hits the coffee cup with the barrel of one of his guns. The cup goes directly to the floor. Spilling its entire content.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

What the hell man? That coffee was -
-

KARL

Nothing except what you don't need.

MICKEY MIKE

Who are you already?

AMBER

He's Karl. One of our neighbor. But you don't know any of your neighbor, right? The man with a killer sphere has no time for no one except maybe --

KARL

Yes! With all that blood on your face, I wasn't sure.

(MORE)

KARL (CONT'D)

You are that dude on Tv with the
sphere burning people to death.
That show is so entertaining, man.

AMBER

Hey Karl.

KARL

Hi Amber.

MICKEY MIKE

You guys already know each other?

AMBER

Because... he's one of my neighbor.

KARL

How come your sphere is not
attacking me?

Mickey Mike tries to wipe some blood off his face with his
right sleeve.

AMBER

I asked the same question when we
met.

MICKEY MIKE

I'm not sure. I think it kills
random people.

KARL

Cool.

Amber rolls her eyes.

AMBER

Why in hell were you shooting at
cops, Karl?

KARL

Because of coffee.

AMBER

What?

KARL

Coffee is the reason why.

AMBER

Absurd.

KARL

Is it? What about two persons so eager to take the metro they are ready to risk their life in the middle of a gunfight to do so?

MICKEY MIKE

Well, the whole thing started with some bizarre issues concerning root beer and the police was just --

KARL

I see, root beer. You risked your life for root beer. And that... is not absurd.

AMBER

I... We... It's more the police the problem, actually.

Mickey Mike stops wiping the blood off his face. Now nearly clean. Staring blankly at his sleeve. A large red stain.

MICKEY MIKE

You're right, Karl. This is absurd. Especially the police. They are...

Mickey Mike smells his right sleeve. Seeking to confirm what he already knows.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Ketchup.

KARL

Crazy as fuck! Coffee, coffee is...

(beat)

Each time you travel, you badly need a coffee. So good it is. Right?

MICKEY MIKE

For me it's the one from the company "Give me a coffee break". That coffee is incredibly tasty.

KARL

I know. Coffee is the problem.

(beat)

This morning I was at the airport waiting for my flight.

INT. AIRPORT / TRANSIT AREA - DAY

KARL (V.O.)

On my way for the shooting of Brad Pitt's new movie, "Fury".

FADE IN

The rest zone. A dozen rows of armrest seats.

Surrounding the area are only coffee shops, definitely familiar, "The Coffeederation", "Give me a coffee break", "Coffeextreme", "Eh, dude where's my coffee" and "Coffeelosophy".

A boarding gate.

Three very muscular security guards with name tags on their uniform identifying them as JEB, JEFF, and JEDD (30's) staring at Karl.

He's sitting in the middle of the deserted area. Alone.

The three security guards come to him.

JEFF

Sir, my colleagues and myself, we've noticed that you are not enjoying a good cup of coffee.

KARL

And?

JEB

You should. There's nothing better than a good cup of coffee.

KARL

I'm fine, thank you.

Karl narrows his eyes. Focusing on the different name tags.

KARL (CONT'D)

You guys look the same. You have almost the same name. You have the same job. That's creepy. Very creepy.

JEDD

We are colleagues and nothing is --

KARL

You guys are not relatives?

JEDD

No sir.

KARL

That is... exceptional. I... You should be --

JEB

We are not here to talk about us, sir.

JEFF

We are here because you are not enjoying a good cup of coffee. Do not try to change the subject.

KARL

What? What the fuck are you --

JEDD

You watch your language, sir. We are sworn security guards.

KARL

Sworn security guards? I've never heard of such a thing. Anyway, that doesn't prevent you from being morons.

JEDD

I'm warning you, sir!

Jeb grabs Jedd's right arm.

JEB

That's ok Jedd. He's playing with you. Do not fall into the trap. That's exactly what he's intending to --

KARL

What the hell is going on here?

JEFF

Maybe the money is an issue.

KARL

An issue for what?

JEB

Thank you, Jeff. You just put your finger on it. The answer to his bad attitude.

KARL
My bad attitude?

JEFF
You are frustrated because you
can't afford a good cup of coffee.

JEDD
Ok. You know what guys... Let's buy
him a good cup of coffee so we can
just move on.

JEB
Yes Jedd! You are the man.

KARL
Time out. Stop. You guys are...
wait a minute.... It's about my
flight, isn't it? There's something
inside that plane I'm not supposed
to see or maybe you simply don't
want me inside that plane... at
all. That is why you are --

JEFF
Sir, we'll call the police if you
don't cooperate.

KARL
What?

JEDD
Just enjoy a good cup of coffee,
sir.
(beat)
You may spare yourself a great deal
of trouble.

KARL
Listen numbnuts --

JEFF
Ok Jeb. I think we have no other
choice. Call the police please.

JEB
Right away.

Jeb goes directly toward the boarding gate. Grabs a walkie-talkie.

KARL (V.O.)

The reason why I didn't want a cup of coffee was because two days before I found out what was wrong with it. These guys were right about one thing. The coffee... was the main problem.

INT. KARL'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Sitting on his gigantic couch. Karl is watching TV.

KARL (V.O.)

I was watching Tv, well not literally since I was once again lost in my thoughts. You see I have been abducted by aliens and surely I'm still going through a lot, I mean --

AMBER (V.O.)

That is not the point, right?

KARL (V.O.)

No, I guess it's not. So I was pulled out of my daydream by that newest "Coffeelosophy" commercial, you know that one with Socrates.

On the Tv screen a chubby man with a thick beard. Dressed with a toga. Standing right in the center of the Parthenon. Socrates.

A MAN (V.O.)

"Crito", the new amazing brew from "Coffeelosophy". That coffee is so good that even Socrates himself can't resist.

Socrates goes to a table carved into a huge rock. Grabs a cup of coffee. Takes a sip.

SOCRATES

That coffee is so good even I, can't resist.

JINGLE

"Coffelosophy, the coffee that you just think about it"

Karl seizes the remote control. Turns off the Tv.

KARL (V.O.)

I needed that coffee, even if "Coffeelosophy" as well as its direct competitors was only located in the travelling area such as metro stations, airports or train stations. A characteristic I've never noticed until that very day.

KARL

Socrates is right.

Karl leaves the living room.

INT. PARADOX STATION / FOOD COURT - DAY

The place is not too crowded.

The few persons present are enjoying their coffee with extreme positive emotions. As if it was for a commercial. Not very realistic. Excited by their beverage they are TALKING LOUDLY. LAUGHING. YELLING with no good reason behind it.

KARL (V.O.)

So I went to the Paradox Station since it's in the neighborhood.

Karl is standing in the middle of the food court. Scans the whole place until his eyes stop on the coffee shop named "Coffeelosophy".

Karl goes to the coffee shop.

INT. COFFEELOSOPHY - DAY

A small coffee shop. Portraits of Socrates, Plato or Pythagoras on the walls. A highly irritating classical music.

Behind the counter a huge banner reads "Coffeelosophy, the coffee that you just think about it". A simple menu board right below.

In his two tones of flashy yellow uniform a teenager (15). His name tag says "associate MAC JOHN".

Two young couples and an old man reading his news paper in the back. Enjoying their coffee.

A metro worker holding a disposable cup of coffee with the logo of the company "Coffeelosophy" is leaving. He passes Karl heading to the counter.

Karl reaches the counter. Frowning upon the unpleasant loud music.

MAC JOHN

Welcome to Coffeelosophy sir. The coffee that you just think about it. What tasty coffee would you like to enjoy today?

KARL

I would go for your new coffee. You know the one Socrates is drinking in the commercial.

MAC JOHN

The Crito it is.

KARL

Alright.

Mac John turns around to face the percolators.

KARL (CONT'D)

Oh and it would be for takeout, please.

Mac John comes back behind the counter.

MAC JOHN

I'm sorry but I have to cancel your order.

KARL

Why's that?

MAC JOHN

Because you can't have it for takeout. You'll have to enjoy your Crito inside our establishment.

KARL

Why?

MAC JOHN

Because you... just can't.

KARL

Ok, so what about the other dude?

MAC JOHN

The other dude?

KARL

The customer that you had served just before me. He has left with a coffee in a disposable cup of coffee which has been specially designed for takeout orders.

MAC JOHN

And then?

KARL

And then?

(beat)

What's the fuck is wrong with you?

A MAN (O.C.)

Wow, wow! What's going on here?

A very thin man (22) wearing the same two tones uniform as Mac John, takes position behind the counter. His name tag says "assistant manager LADELPHIA".

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA

What's the problem, John?

Karl fixes his eyes on Mac John's name tag.

KARL

John or Mac John? Whatever, I just don't give a shit. Anyway.

MAC JOHN

My first name is John.

KARL

Really... your name is John Mac John! And you. The straw dude...

Once again Karl fixes his eyes on Ladelphia's name tag.

KARL (CONT'D)

Ladelphia.

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA

Assistant manager Ladelpkia, sir.

KARL

Yeah... whatever. You are selling coffee the same way, right... Phil?

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA

How do you know my name? Do we met before? Only my closed friends call me Phil, since my real name is --

KARL
Yeah, I bet they do.

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA
What?

Karl looks around suspiciously.

KARL
Where are the fucking cameras
bozos? Cause it's a joke, right?

MAC JOHN
A joke? You are weird, sir.

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA
Associate Mac John this man is a
customer. Also --

KARL
Also as a customer all I want is a
fucking Crito for takeout. Can you
just --

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA
No sir. We can't. However you can
enjoy the Crito inside our
establishment.

KARL
What's so complicated with the
takeout concept?

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA
Nothing... obviously.

MAC JOHN
The dude is weird.

Karl sigh. Exasperated.

KARL
Why can't I get one? Why? Just
fucking tell me why?

Assistant Manager Ladelpkia grabs a sign at the end of the
counter. Puts it right before Karl. The red sign says in
large white capital letters "Takeout only for VIC".

KARL (CONT'D)
Ok. I presume I'm not a VIC.

MAC JOHN
Bingo.

KARL
And what's a VIC?

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA
A very important customer.

KARL
And how does one become a VIC?

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA
Very simple, sir. All you need to achieve is to order two hundred and fifty coffees prior your first takeout order.

KARL
Bullshit.

MAC JOHN
No it's not.

KARL
Oh, yes it is.

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA
Sir, that is our policy.

KARL
And your policy is bullshit.

Karl moves back to the front door.

KARL (CONT'D)
Maybe your competitors are making life easier for their customers.

MAC JOHN
You will come back, sir.

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA
You will come back... very soon.

KARL
Yeah... sure.

Karl leaves.

INT. COFFEEDERATION - DAY

A small coffee shop. Pop art pictures of cups of coffee. A highly irritating classical music.

Behind the counter a huge banner reads "Coffeederation, a whole nation of coffee". A simple menu board right below.

In their two tones of flashy red uniform two girls (16), a perpetual radiant smile on their faces. Theirs name tags says "associate BERENICE" and "associate JANICE".

Six young hipsters. Two females and four males. Drinking their coffee.

Karl enters the coffee shop. Heads to the counter. Frowning upon the unpleasant loud music.

BERENICE

Welcome, dear customer, in our vast and so beautiful "coffeerama"!

KARL

I thought it was "Coffeederation".

JANICE

Definitely dear customer and you just enter our realm. We call it "coffeerama".

KARL

Oh.

BERENICE

I am Berenice.

JANICE

And I am Janice.

BERENICE

We are the two "nices"!

JANICE

We are the two "nices"!

KARL

Oh... whou...ah.

JANICE

Also we are both super nice! Isn't it amazing?

KARL

Fantastic.

JANICE

Really?

KARL

No. If I order a coffee, can I have it for takeout?

BERENICE
Of course. Your "coffeetisfaction"
prevails... always.

Karl gives Berenice a doubtful look. Takes a look at the menu.

KARL
I would go for... your
"Coffeedorable".

BERENICE
Excellent choice. Janice?

JANICE
Right away, Berenice. Let's have
some "coffeethusiasme" around here.

Janice moves to the right end of the counter. Goes through a self closing door.

Berenice stares at Karl with a perpetual large smile on her face.

KARL
Well... I'm very "coffeennoyed"...
right now.

JANICE (O.S.)
And one "Coffeedorable"!

The self closing door opens on Janice holding a disposable cup of coffee. But then she FALLS DOWN. Lets go of the cup. Coffee spilling all over the floor.

JANICE (CONT'D)
It's ok. It's ok. I'm fine. I'm not
injured.

KARL
Oh my...

JANICE
I'll get you another one. No
worries.

Janice goes through the self closing door.

JANICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
No worries.

Berenice is still staring at Karl with the same perpetual large smile on her face.

BERENICE
She'll get you another one. No
worries.

KARL
Yep.

Berenice remains completely immobile.

BERENICE
It won't be long.

KARL
Nope.

Karl doesn't feel at ease.

JANICE (O.S.)
Oh no!

BERENICE
What is it Janice?

JANICE (O.S.)
What a "coffeestrophy"!

BERENICE
What's going on Janice?

JANICE (O.S.)
A "Coffeeclysme" has just occurred,
Berenice. I miscalculated my grasp.

BERENICE
And?

JANICE (O.S.)
The coffee pot has slipped through
my fingers.

BERENICE
Damn.

KARL
You guys are annoying as fuck.

BERENICE
Really?

KARL
Yep.

BERENICE
You're joking, right?

KARL

Nope.

BERENICE

Oh. Ok.

JANICE (O.S.)

Berenice I need to make a new pot
of coffee.

BERENICE

It's ok, Janice. Go ahead.

Karl points the coffee puddle on the floor.

KARL

Are you going to clean the mess on
the floor while we are waiting? I
mean, it's part of your job, so
maybe you could --

BERENICE

It's fine. It will dry by itself.
Besides the coffee won't be long to
make.

Karl sighs. Defeated.

BERENICE (CONT'D)

I'll keep you company for the next
two hours. Just you and me.

KARL

What a lucky man I... wait. Two
hours? What for?

BERENICE

To make a new pot of coffee.

KARL

No.

Karl moves back to the main door.

BERENICE

No what?

KARL

I'm out.

BERENICE

But...

Karl opens the door. Leaves.

INT. "GIVE ME A COFFEE BREAK" - DAY

A small coffee shop. A soothing lounge music.

Behind the counter a huge banner reads "Give me a coffee break, just give me... a coffee break". A menu board right below with one single item in enormous capital letter, "Large size coffee".

A young man (15) wearing messy grunge clothes. Reading a comic book behind the counter. A crooked name tag on his chest says "Fuck off".

A young lady sitting next to the window. Checking her cellphone. Enjoying her coffee.

Karl enters the coffee shop. Heading to the counter.

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
What's up?

Karl reaches the counter. Takes a look at the menu.

KARL
So many choices... I guess I'll
have a large coffee.

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
"Arrright", smart ass. Let's roll.

He moves at a snail's pace toward a self closing door.

KARL
For real?

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
What?

KARL
Are you at your maximum speed?

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
I'm rushing. You are a customer
after all.

KARL
Really?

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
Cream, milk, sugar and other shits.
I think there's some on the
tables... so you're on your own,
pale.

KARL
No worries. I'll have it for
takeout anyway.

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
"Arright" man. Whatever you want.
But you have to know the price is
not quite the same.

He reaches the door.

KARL
What do you mean?

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
A little bit more expensive.

KARL
How come?

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
I don't feel like I need to give
you any explanation.

KARL
Wow. You --

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
Takeout sucks, man.

KARL
Right. How much is it?

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
One hundred and forty seven
dollars.

KARL
For a fucking coffee? Are you out
of your --

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
Yeah, dude. For a fucking coffee.
But then you could have it right
here, in our cozy coffee shop for
only one dollar and forty seven
cents.

KARL
Come on, juts give me a break. All
that shit is just --

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
Oh yeah, smart ass. You think you
are clever, right?

KARL
What?

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
Give me a break... You are, what,
the thousandth dude today that came
around thinking is a total genius
with that joke.

KARL
Ok, you know what... don't bother
with the coffee and all.

Karl goes back to the main door.

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
Sounds good to me. I hate making
coffee anyway.

He jumps back behind the counter.

KARL
Why am I not surprised?

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
I don't know. You tell me.

KARL
Fuck off!

THE FIFTEEN YEARS OLD BOY
Likewise.

Karl opens the door. Leaves.

INT. COFFEELOSOPHY - DAY

Associate Mac John and assistant manager Ladelphia are
waiting behind the counter.

Karl enters the coffee shop. Goes directly to the counter.

MAC JOHN
See. You came back.

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA
He came back.

Karl reaches the counter.

KARL

I came back. Hashtag golf clap.

MAC JOHN

What we are saying here is that you need to trust our judgement sir. We are professional coffee makers.

KARL

Impressive.

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA

Thank you. We are just doing our job the best we can. That's all.

KARL

That was sarcasm.

MAC JOHN

So you are going for a "Sarcasm"?

KARL

What?

MAC JOHN

The "Sarcasm" is the coffee you want to order.

KARL

No. It was a figure of speech.

MAC JOHN

Oh I see. Either way, that's also a very good choice.

KARL

What?

MAC JOHN

Our special latte the "Figure of speech". Definitely delicious.

KARL

A total nightmare. And don't tell me that's one of your freaking coffee.

MAC JOHN

No. Actually it's not.

KARL

Good. So what I want to order...

(MORE)

KARL (CONT'D)

god knows why it's all of sudden getting so complicated... I want the "Crito"

MAC JOHN

I'm sorry sir, but didn't you just choose the "Figure of speech"?

KARL

No, I was...

Assistant manager Ladelphia raises both his hands in the air as a stop signal.

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA

Wow, wow, wow. I'm afraid I have to intervene here. I've very clearly heard you from where I'm standing. I don't know what kind of silly game you are playing but you did choose the "Figure of speech". You did, sir.

KARL

Intense...

(beat)

I indeed used the term "Figure of speech" but I was not referencing a coffee. I used it to define the sarcasm I employed. Simple as that.

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA

Oh so now it's the "Sarcasm".

Karl sighs. Exasperated.

KARL

No. I want the "Crito".

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA

Sir you really need to make up your mind or maybe you want to order the three of them. But if that's a joke, I have to tell you that you are the only one laughing right now.

KARL

Ok, you know what. Just forget every single word that I have said until now and please give me the "Crito". Only the "Crito".

MAC JOHN
And not for takeout, right?

KARL
Not for takeout.

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA
Sir, I'm sorry to say that but you
are a very complicated man.

KARL
I... certainly am.

Mac John turns around to face the percolators. Assistant
Manager Ladelpia gives him a hand.

KARL (V.O.)
Something was wrong with these
coffee shops. The takeout order was
merely impossible and I don't even
bother to explain to you the
situation inside the coffee shop
named "Eh dude where's my coffee".
I mean the two guys over there were
so lost, confused and incoherent.
Total chaos.

Mac John finally puts the cup of coffee before Karl.

MAC JOHN
Enjoy your "Crito", sir.

Karl grabs it.

ASSISTANT MANAGER LADELPHIA
Drink it and... just think about
it.

Ladelpia points at the banner right behind him. To
illustrate his comment he gives Karl the finger-gun with the
wink and the "CLICK-THE-TEETH NOISE".

Karl stares at him. Unbelievable.

He goes to the last table right next to the front door.

He takes a seat. Puts both his hands around the cup of
coffee.

Mac John and Ladelpia do nothing except staring at him.

KARL (V.O.)

Anyway, just before I came back to "Coffeelosophy" I made a detour via my house so I could bring my tiny army flask with me. You see I was very motivated at that point to enjoy this coffee at my home. Not one of these coffee shops, for one reason or another, allowed me to buy a takeout coffee. I don't believe in coincidences. Something was fishy. I needed to know exactly what it was.

Karl lifts up the cup of coffee to his lips. Mimics taking a sip from it.

Mac John gives him a thumb up along with an enlightened smile.

KARL

I don't know what's going on in this town but things are going from bad to worse.

Karl smiles back. Waving.

KARL (V.O.)

All I had to do was to wait for the right moment.

A very old lady gets inside the coffee shop. Goes straight to the counter. Ladelphia and Mac John welcome her.

Karl pulls out his flask from his jacket pocket. Hides it between his legs. Seizes the cup of coffee. Filling up the flask.

He places it back inside his jacket pocket.

Karl stands up, leaving the empty cup on the table. Walks quickly toward the front door.

He leaves.

EXT. KARL'S HOUSE / FRONT PORCH - DAY

The late afternoon hours.

The covered porch of Karl's house. A rocking chair facing the street.

KARL (V.O.)

I decided to have my coffee on my front porch. Chill and relax.

The main door swings open. Karl gets out of his house an empty mug in one hand, the flask in the other.

He goes to the rocking chair. Sits. Pours the content of the flask inside the mug.

KARL (V.O.)

And as bizarre as this may seem the whole mystery about the takeout coffee impossible to get was revealed because of Preacher George most well known as "Douchebag George".

Karl puts the empty flask on the floor. Takes a sip at his mug. Sighs. An utmost relaxing moment.

On the street "DOUCHEBAG GEORGE" (27) stops right in front of Karl's house. The so cliché apocalyptic preacher with a billboard covering his body. It says "*Follow me through the gate of the after world so you won't be a pathetic worm for the rest of your miserable life*". The "Douchebag" as well. Orange tan skin. Tight tee-shirt. Black cap with the word "Swag".

KARL (V.O.)

When you meet the guy the doubt cannot exist about the origin of his nickname.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Bromigo! Can you spare me a few minutes, I'd like to have a word with you about --

KARL

No, no... no, no, Douchebag George. Not again and especially not right now. Whatever you have to say, I'm not interested... at all. Leave. Just go away.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

I'm tired of that shit!

KARL

What?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
 Preacher George! Preacher George is
 the nickname I chose, not
 "Douchebag George".

KARL
 You can't choose your own nickname.
 People give you a nickname
 according to the way they perceive
 you. And... you look like a
 douchebag.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
 No I'm not! I'm a preacher.

KARL
 No one cares.

Karl brings the mug to his mouth, but --

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
 I spread a message and it's very --
 He doesn't take a sip.

KARL
 Boring. Man, you can't, you
 definitely can't imagine the tons
 of bullshit I had to go through to
 get that very coffee. Also right
 now, at that exact moment, it's for
 me coffee time with peace of mind
 and relaxation. Which also means
 without you. Therefore.... Fuck
 off!

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
 My message is... boring? My message
 could literally save your life.

KARL
 You really don't get it, do you?
 Whatever you are saying or need or
 have to say, I am not fucking
 interested. The only thing I care
 the most is my coffee that I am not
 enjoying because of you, that is
 getting cold because of you. The
 whole fucking planet could collapse
 and it won't change anything about
 my deep and only interest for my
 coffee.

Once again Karl brings the mug to his mouth, but --

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

How can you be so indifferent with your own safety, bro? You need to react or the whole world is going to eat you alive. Follow me at the church of the "After world". There I could show you the way out of your misery.

He doesn't take a sip.

KARL

What you call a church is your "nasty crooked house". I'm good here. Thank you. Bye bye.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

You are so blind. Why aren't you listening to me, bro?

KARL

Oh but I am. And I'm running out of patience... "assbitch".

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

What?

KARL

You are an "assbitch".

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

This insult doesn't exist.

KARL

Yes it does. You are an asshole. You are my bitch. You are an "assbitch".

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

I see.

KARL

Good. Can you just fuck off, now?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

No.

KARL

Of course.

Karl pauses. He has to find a way out.

KARL (CONT'D)

Ok you know what? I'll come to meet you at your house, I mean that church of the after word of yours or whatever name you gave to it. So... can you go now?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

World not word. It's written on the billboard I'm wearing.

KARL

Yeah... Anyway... I'll be there in five.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Because you really think you are the first one to play that trick?

KARL

God, I feel so hopeless right now.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Alright you win. Enjoy your coffee ahead of a future that will never happen.

Frustrated "Douchebag George" walks away.

KARL

Ahead of a future that will never happen?

Karl sighs.

Karl once more brings the mug to this mouth. Takes a sip.

KARL (CONT'D)

This dude is such a pain. God he's a --

Karl loses consciousness. He releases his grip on the mug. Shatters on the floor. Coffee spilling.

EXT. KARL'S HOUSE / FRONT PORCH - DAY

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE (V.O.)

Karl? Karl? Are you ok? Bro?

FADE IN

Back to the covered porch of Karl's house.

Almost noon.

Karl is passed out in a puddle of coffee. The shattered mug right next to him.

"Douchebag George" is leaning over him.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
Bro? Do you hear me?

Karl is slowly coming back to his senses. Struggling to wake up.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE (CONT'D)
Yes! Yes! Bro, here you go.

Karl opens his eyes. Painful. Rubs his forehead.

KARL
God my head. What happened?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
I don't know. Apparently you passed out bro.

Karl raises himself into a sitting position.

KARL
And you are still here... wait.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
What?

KARL
Where's the night?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
What?

Karl still rubbing his forehead tries to focus on what's surrounding him.

KARL (V.O.)
I wasn't certain the coffee had anything to do with my fainting but let's say that my suspicions were very high on that matter. What else could have knock me out so hard? Beside I was almost sure "Douchebag George" wakes me up a little bit to early. Maybe I was supposed to open my eyes thirty minutes later, one hour later... who knows.

Karl pushes himself up. Goes toward the front door of his house.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
Are you alright, Bro? I mean do you
--

KARL
Fuck off.

Karl opens the door. Goes in.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGES
What?

KARL
Fuck off!

Karl slams the door.

KARL (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Anyway, two days later...

INT. THE AIRPORT / TRANSIT AREA - DAY

Back to the transit area.

Jeb, Jeff and Jedd, the three very muscular security guards are surrounding Karl.

KARL (V.O.)
On my way to the shooting of Brad Pitt's new movie "Fury", I decided to avoid coffee... just to see if it would make any difference. And that's precisely when things escalated so quickly and became a bit... crazy.

JEFF
Ok Jeb. I think we have no other option here. Call the police please.

JEB
Right away.

Jeb goes directly toward the boarding gate. Grabs a walkie-talkie.

Karl jumps to his feet.

KARL
Are you kidding?

JEDD
That is not our concern anymore.
You now will have to discuss your
bad behavior directly with the
police.

KARL
Because I don't want to have a cup
of coffee? Seriously?

FIVE POLICEMEN (O.C.)
(at once)
Sir you need to cooperate!

Karl turns around to face twenty police officers. Each one of them having their hand on their gun, ready for action.

KARL
What?
(beat)
How did you get here?

FIVE POLICEMEN
(at once)
Sir all you need to do is to get
yourself a cup of coffee. Do not
make things worse or we'll have to
intervene.

KARL
What?

FIVE POLICEMEN
(at once)
Sir, that's our last warning.

KARL
You guys are totally nuts.

FIVE POLICEMEN
(at once)
Sir you've chosen to not cooperate.
By the power of the law we now
compel you to go back to your home
until further notice. If you choose
not to comply, we'll be in the
obligation to open fire on your
person.

KARL

Fucking unreal! What kind of moronic police are you? Hun? You can't... compel... me to go home or to have a cup of coffee for I'm not putting anyone's life in danger. I'm not a fucking threat! Fucking assbitches!

The police officers point their guns at Karl.

KARL (CONT'D)

Alright... alright fuckers! I need my suitcase. Is that Ok?

FIVE POLICEMEN

(at once)

You may proceed.

Karl leans forward. Reaches under his seat for a suitcase.

He opens it. Seizes two guns. Dives under the row of armrest seats.

Police officers OPEN FIRE. Partially damaging a few seats.

Jeff and Jedd rushes toward the boarding gates where Jeb is already hidden.

Karl laying on his back shoots in the legs of the police officers. One at the right foot. One at the calf. One at the tibia. All three fall down.

Jeff and Jedd jump behind the boarding gates.

The shooting stop. Police officers reloading their weapon.

Karl stands up. Runs to the boarding gates.

JEB

No, no, no! You'll get us...

Karl jumps over the boarding gates.

JEB (CONT'D)

We are all going to die because of you! You --

KARL

So long, sucker!

Karl is crawling down the corridor. The boarding gates in his back. He's out of range.

Police officers OPEN FIRE. The boarding gates are repeatedly hit. Glass shatters. Bullets holes riddle the counter. A computer screen explodes.

Karl keeps moving.

Jeff, Jeb and Jedd are crouched down. Their head tucked toward their chest.

Jeff gets shot in the head. Collapse. Dead.

Karl takes a quick look at him. Turns on his right.

Jeff body is HARSHLY CONVULSING with ELECTRIC ARCS PULSATING out of him.

Police officers walk forward. Keep firing at the boarding gates.

INT. AIRPORT / MAIN HALL - DAY

The main hall. Overcrowded.

Karl is walking toward the main entrance. Keeps looking back.

The police officers step out of the crowd. One of them identifies Karl. Points at him.

The police officers OPEN FIRE. Panic spreads through the travelers. People stampeding.

Karl runs toward the main entrance.

Bullets flying everywhere.

Some travellers hit collapse. Others are pushed to the ground. Trampled. Others try to find a place to hide. Others run away.

The automatic sliding doors open. Karl rushes out.

EXT. AIRPORT - DAY

The main road facing the airport.

Taxis cab parked. Travelers going in and out of the airport. Some cars stop. Others leave.

About a dozen of taxi drivers on the sidewalk. Smoking. Talking.

Karl appears in the crowd. Swiftly reaches the nearest taxi cab. Open the driver's door. Sits.

Taxi drivers see him. One of them, an OVERWEIGHT MAN, runs toward him.

Police officers emerge from the airport. Determined.

THE OVERWEIGHT TAXI DRIVER
Wow, wow! That's my taxi! What
the...

The overweight taxi driver sees the police officers.

THE OVERWEIGHT TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
(gesticulating)
Police! Police! Over here! This man
is stealing my car!

Police officers turn toward him. Recognize Karl. Run toward the taxi cab.

THE OVERWEIGHT TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
You are fucked man! And the keys
are...

Uncertain. The overweight taxi driver pats down his pockets.

THE OVERWEIGHT TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
Oh... snap.

Police officers point their guns at the vehicle.

THE OVERWEIGHT TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
Oh... snap.

Karl STARTS the taxi cab's engine.

An heavy SCREECH OF TIRES. It Careens down the road. Following the direction for the highway.

Police officers OPEN FIRE. The crowd explodes into mass panic. Some running away. Others crouching down.

The taxi cab gets away. Police officers stop firing.

EXT. A HIGHWAY - DAY

Heavy traffic.

The taxi cab SPEEDS UP along the highway. Making its way inside the traffic.

Seven police cars in FULL PURSUIT. Moving closer.

Karl's cab SWERVES to the right on the emergency lane. Two police cars keep it up on his tail. The five others swing through the traffic.

Karl is totally into it. Pedal down. He sees one of the five police cars moving to his side. Passenger window opened on a police officer holding a shotgun.

Karl spots a very tiny space between the central concrete barrier and the pick-up truck right ahead of him. Just enough room for his car.

The police officers pumps his shotgun. He'll take his chance.

The taxi cab speeds up. Moves between the pick-up truck and the concrete.

The police officer OPENS FIRE. A good part of the truck open cargo area is PULVERIZED. The pick-up truck SKIDDING struggles to keep his trajectory with success.

On the other side the taxi cab is HEAVILY SCRAPPING on the concrete.

But Karl knows. The pick-up truck is slowing down. Karl moves ahead of it right before the police car. SWERVES on the truck. It spins toward the police car also losing control. Colliding. A dozen of cars skid into that huge mess.

A police car right on his tail. Five others inside the traffic.

Karl sees an opportunity. An exit right ahead of him, the traffic panel saying "*Paradox Square*". Keeps the car in its lane. At the last second VEERS into the exit.

The police car on his tail tries to execute the same maneuver. In vain. It CRASHES HARDLY into the barrels of water making the gore.

The taxi cab gets away. Disappears.

The five police cars slow down. Get in a line. Move to the emergency lane. The traffic is now very slow.

The police cars one after the other go into reverse until the exit access. One at a time they speed up into the exit.

EXT. AN AVENUE - DAY

A large avenue meets at one point a beltway exit. Not so much traffic.

The taxi cab SKIDS from the beltway access right into the avenue. At a very high speed, it finds its way inside the traffic.

POLICE SIRENS ECHOING. Five police cars SCREAM through the slower traffic from the beltway.

EXT. AN AVENUE - DAY

The taxi cab moves into the bus lane. Speeds up. Two police cars right on its tail.

Inside the traffic three police cars are in pursuit. The first one flanks him. BAM! It COLLIDES WITH the front part of the taxi cab. Karl's car SPINS AROUND the police car until it stops at a right angle to the traffic.

Karl engages its car into reverse. It goes directly on the sidewalk. Stops right next to the "Paradox Station" entrance.

Karl jumps out of the taxi cab. Runs toward the subway's entrance.

He turns around. OPENS FIRE.

Panic spreads through the crowd. People run in all directions. Screaming. Violently bumping into each other. Running away.

KARL
FUCK YOU ASS-BITCHES!

Five police cars slide on their tires. Screeching. Stop around the subway entrance. Their lights flashing.

Karl, the subway entrance right behind him, moves backward.

A police truck stops. The two rear doors open. Almost ten police officers. Heavily armed. Rushing out of the truck.

Almost twenty Police officers heavily armed, with guns and shotguns aiming at Karl. Some out of their cars. Taking cover behind the opened front doors. Others walking toward their colleagues.

KARL (CONT'D)
FUCK YOU... EVERY SINGLE ONE OF
YOU!

Karl OPENS FIRE. Shooting at the car on his right. The light bar on the top explodes. Bullet holes on the hood and left front door.

The police officers OPEN FIRE. Bullets bouncing all around Karl.

The subway's entrance sign disintegrates. Some parts of the concrete, defining the pre access to the mechanic stairs, detaching. Even the asphalt itself suffers from multiple bullet holes.

Karl does a backward jump while shooting.

KARL (CONT'D)
FUCK YOU... ALL!

He's still in the air when the action freezes.

KARL (V.O.)
All because I refused to have a cup of coffee.

INT. THE PASSENGER CAR - DAY

Back to the passenger car.

The train is still in motion.

KARL
Well more some kind of drug than real coffee.

AMBER
Things are getting weirder and weirder. Root beer is the only soft drink you can buy and coffee makes you sleep, if... what you both are saying is the truth.

The train slows down. Entering a station.

MICKEY MIKE
Why did you do that, Karl?

Karl stares at Mickey Mike. Puzzled.

KARL
What?

MICKEY MIKE
Bring loaded guns to an airport.

KARL
I... well, I --

MICKEY MIKE
A nail clipper is prohibited
because it can be considered an
improvised weapon and you brought
loaded guns?

KARL
These guns are for training. I have
a permit.

MICKEY MIKE
I think I'm risking my life being
with you.

KARL
Well... fuck you.

The train stops. Mickey Mike and Amber look through the
window.

MICKEY MIKE
No. We are fucked.

AMBER
With the police trying to kill us,
I thought it couldn't get any
worse.
(beat)
I was wrong.

KARL
What are you --

Mickey Mike points the huge tiled nameplate embed on both
side of the station that reads "Paradox Station".

KARL (CONT'D)
Oh come on!

AMBER
It's a curse.

MICKEY MIKE
God, I feel sick.

The TRAIN HORN BLOWING. The passenger car sliding doors
automatically self open.

"Paradox Station". The station is brand new. Empty. No one.

Karl, Mickey Mike and Amber get out of the train.

AMBER

Nothing, nothing is logical
anymore.

All of sudden a strong golden aura BURSTS OUT of Mickey Mike's body. An excess energy RADIATES from his body in a PULSATING FLAME LIKE AURA. His eyes now having a glowing amber color are unnaturally bright.

MICKEY MIKE

What... the... fuck?

AMBER

I'm... confused.

KARL

We need to find our way out of this
craziness. There's always a way
out.

MICKEY MIKE

Please let me know if I'm bothering
you, guys.

KARL

What? What do you want?

MICKEY MIKE

Hello? I'm burning.

KARL

You are not in pain.

MICKEY MIKE

And? Flames are getting out of my
body, Karl!

Karl walks toward the corridor. Amber follows him.

KARL

Maybe. But right now we have more
important things to deal with.

MICKEY MIKE

Really? Well, thanks for supporting
me. I feel so --

KARL

Mickey, what exactly do you want us
to do? We don't even know why or
how you are burning?

AMBER

One thing is certain. Discretion is not an option anymore.

Mickey Mike follows them.

MICKEY MIKE

What now? Are you saying it's my fault?

AMBER

No. I don't know. Maybe.

KARL

We really need to know what's going on and I just know the man that --

MICKEY MIKE

Fuck you Amber.

KARL

Robert.

MICKEY MIKE

Who's that?

AMBER

Another one of our neighbor.

KARL

A very wise man. One of the most powerful guru on earth.

MICKEY MIKE

You're kidding, right?

INT. ROBERT'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

KARL (V.O.)

The one and only person I trust blindly.

A vast living room. Different pieces of furniture ultra colorful. The "L-shape elephant sofa", the "wooden elephant table", "the elephant stairs" and even the "elephant main door".

Terrorized. In a super burst of panic. ROBERT "The guru master" (53) wearing a long guru dress with an elephant printed in the back, is anxiously staring out the window.

KARL (V.O.)

Robert perfectly masters the art of self control and self awareness. That's why he's a guru master. He teaches to others the way to reach a perfect mental state where sanity and equilibrium are the key.

Robert nervously closes the curtains.

ROBERT

What the fuck do they want? Why are they coming here? Oh... they are not who they say they are. Yes. It's a trap. They know I know and now they want to kill me. Why is that happening to me? Why? Why? I don't want to die! Oh my god! I'm going to die.

Robert pulls the curtain mid opened.

ROBERT (CONT'D)

What do I do? What do I do?

HEAVY DOOR BANGS.

KARL (O.C.)

Robert? Are you there?

ROBERT

Fuck, fuck, fuck!

KARL (O.C.)

Robert?

ROBERT

Play dead. Just play dead. It will be over soon.

Again HEAVY DOOR BANGS.

KARL (O.C.)

Please, Robert. Open the door.

ROBERT

Their strength should be extraordinary. Oh my god, I didn't think about that? Why didn't I think about that? Maybe it's not too late. I just have to do the same thing they are doing in movies.

(MORE)

ROBERT (CONT'D)
I'm going to move every single
piece of furniture behind that
door. Yes. Yes that would do the
job.

KARL (O.C.)
Come on Robert! We see you through
the window.

ROBERT
Shit!

Robert closes the curtains.

KARL (O.C.)
Dude.

ROBERT
What do you want?

KARL (O.C.)
We need to talk to you.

ROBERT
About what?

KARL (O.C.)
Robert, please, just open the
fucking door.

ROBERT
Nope.

KARL (O.C.)
Why? I mean you know me, right?

ROBERT
I'm not sure.

KARL (O.C.)
What?

ROBERT
Maybe you are a decoy. I can't let
you in. I'm sorry.

KARL (O.C.)
A decoy? What the fuck Robert?

ROBERT
Go away!

KARL (O.C.)
Ok.

ROBERT

Really?

KARL (O.C.)

Yep. What can I do? Obviously you won't change your mind, so... take care Robert.

Robert moves back to his living room. Takes a seat in his sofa. Breathing a sigh of relief.

KARL (O.C.) (CONT'D)

What is your fucking problem?

In panic Robert jumps to his feet. Turns around.

Karl, Amber and Mickey Mike are standing in the doorway of the living room. Still an excess of energy PULSATING out of Mickey Mike.

ROBERT

God how did you come... Oh my fucking god this man is burning alive!

KARL

We know. It's nothing.

MICKEY MIKE

Fuck you.

KARL

You are not in pain!

MICKEY MIKE

I'm the human torch. Perfectly normal, right?

ROBERT

How did you --

KARL

Your back door.

ROBERT

Damn. Anyway. If you weren't you I would be dead by now.

KARL

What?

ROBERT

I'm not sure. I mean this is crazy and --

AMBER
That's why we are here.

ROBERT
Who are you?

Amber shakes hands with Robert.

AMBER
I'm Amber. Your neighbor.

ROBERT
Yes, right. The Addams family's house.

MICKEY MIKE
I'm Mickey Mike.

ROBERT
I know who you are. The Tv freak with his killer sphere. By the way, is it not supposed to attack me?

MICKEY MIKE
Not really. I'm not sure. I think that's a random act.

ROBERT
I'm lucky, then.

AMBER
We need your help, sir.

ROBERT
Robert, please.

AMBER
We need your help, Robert.

ROBERT
About what?

INT - ROBERT'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back to Robert's living room.

Robert and Karl sitting on the "L-shape elephant sofa" facing Amber and Mickey Mike.

Nickey Mike standing in a corner of the room.

KARL
We don't get it, Robert. Police officers are... they --

MICKEY MIKE
They shoot at us if we don't go back home.

ROBERT
I feel better now.

KARL
What?

ROBERT
Two days ago I entered a living nightmare.

EXT - LE CLEVER MARKET - DAY

Back to the grocery store with its huge neon sign : "Le Clever Market".

ROBERT (V.O.)
I went to "Le Clever Market" to buy root beer.

Robert gets out of the grocery store holding a plastic bag with the shape of two two-liter bottles. Walking toward the street.

MICKEY MIKE (V.O.)
Root beer. You're kidding right?

ROBERT (V.O.)
No. Why? I love root beer.

Robert reaches the sidewalk. Turns on his right. Keeps walking.

ROBERT (V.O.)
It was a very ordinary day until I walked down that alley.

Once more Robert turns on his right. Heading into an alley.

EXT. A BACK ALLEY - DAY

A deserted alley. Overflowing dumpsters.

Two physically identical police officers are facing each other very closely. They are OFFICER#1 and OFFICER#2.

OFFICER#1
You're right. I hate this guy. He's irritating.

OFFICER#2
He's their leader.

OFFICER#1
God my head!

OFFICER#2
Let's share that headache of yours, would you?

Robert appears at one end of the alley. Not so far from them. Freezes.

Officer#1 slowly detaches his own head from his body. He unlocks it. Revealing a mechanical system.

Robert jumps behind a dumpster. Unseen.

OFFICER#1
Why did he decide to quit drinking root beer? That's not logical.

Officer#1 is waiting. Holding his head. Officer#2 removes his own head. Robert has a gag reflex.

ROBERT
Oh my fucking god almighty!

OFFICER#2
We don't know.

They swap their heads.

OFFICER#1
I'm pretty sure it has something to do with George the preacher.

OFFICER#2
Douchebag George is the founder, even if --

They fix the head of one another on their body. Robert has another gag reflex.

OFFICER#1
He's acting like a traitor to our cause.

OFFICER#2
He's having issues, I grant you
that... Wow, your headache is
intense.

OFFICER#1
I told you.

OFFICER#2
We need to go to the backup and
reset you.

OFFICER#1
Sure. But what about Mickey Mike?
He's our priority.

OFFICER#2
You forget Robert.

ROBERT
What the fuck?

The two officers turn their heads toward Robert.

OFFICER#1
What about him?

OFFICER#2
We have directives.

OFFICER#1
How do we decide?

OFFICER#2
We don't. Let's just go in his
direction and --

Robert screams. He Runs away.

OFFICER#1
Very clever.

OFFICER#2
Thank you.
(rubbing his head)
God it hurts.

OFFICER#1
We have time.

OFFICER#2
Indeed. Let's go to the backup
department and reset your head.

The two officers turn around. Walking up the alley.

EXT. A STREET - NIGHT

The street is empty.

Robert is running. Drained.

On the other side of the street Mickey Mike is walking. Speaking on his cellphone.

MICKEY MIKE

(on the phone)

No I didn't -- *(a time)* No, I
didn't buy -- *(a time)* No, not
even just one. What's wrong with
you?

ROBERT

(out of breath)

God, I'm exhausted.

Robert stops running. Looking in all directions.

He goes toward his house similar to an Indian palace.

ROBERT (V.O.)

I went back home.

He reaches the front door. Opens it. Goes inside.

ROBERT (V.O.)

I decided then to wait and see.

He closes the door.

INT. ROBERT'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back to Robert's living room.

ROBERT

What else could I do?

MICKEY MIKE

Robots! It explains so many things.

KARL

Here's the proof I've been looking
for. Aliens are behind this plot.
Yes. I was abducted by aliens and
they are our enemies.

AMBER

Not sure.

KARL

Damn you. It's obvious. You have to
--

AMBER

No it's not. Apparently these
police officers are robots, not
aliens.

KARL

They are robots controlled by
aliens.

Mickey Mike comes closer.

MICKEY MIKE

Your disagreement is not helping.
Can we just --

AMBER

How can you be so sure? Do you have
anything relating these robots to
aliens we, by the way, have never
seen.

KARL

I believe in Robert story even if
I've never seen one of these robots
with my own eyes.

AMBER

The police officers robots are easy
to verify. Your story about aliens
is just an incoherent dream. Anyway
Mickey Mike is --

All of a sudden a strong golden aura BURSTS OUT of Amber's
body. An excess energy RADIATES from her body in a PULSATING
FLAME LIKE AURA. Her eyes now having a glowing amber color
are unnaturally bright.

Amber and Mickey Mike share the same characteristics.

AMBER (CONT'D)

What... the... fuck!

MICKEY MIKE

Good. I'm not the only freak
anymore.

AMBER
 (patting herself)
 Very heartwarming. Thank you.

MICKEY MIKE
 You'll get use to it.

INT. ROBERT'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back to Robert's living room.

AMBER
 What now?

MICKEY MIKE
 We need answers. Quickly. Things
 are getting worse.

ROBERT
 I know someone. She's the most
 exasperating person I've ever met.
 She may have answers or a way to
 find them.

INT. JODIE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

AMBER (V.O.)
 Jodie was a linguist exclusively
 working with movie stars. She was
 without no reasonable doubt one of
 the worst linguist ever. But then
 her brother was one, if not, "the"
 most influential producer in
 Hollywood.

FADE IN

A vast living room made in an old British colonial style.

A very classy British woman. Sitting in a chair, JODIE (38)
 Facing her on the couch is George Clooney.

JODIE
 Repeat after me, "Bonjour je
 m'appelle George".

GEORGE CLOONEY
 That... is french, not German.

JODIE
 Yes it is. Totally German.

GEORGE CLOONEY
I'm not linguist and --

JODIE
No doubt about that.

GEORGE CLOONEY
Ok, but that is not German. For
example "Guttentag" is a German
word and --

JODIE
That is Dutch... George.

George Clooney in disarray, rubs his face.

JODIE (CONT'D)
You are a dick in foreign languages
and that's exactly why you are
here. Today. With me.

GEORGE CLOONEY
We hired a consultant on the set
and he said that --

JODIE
A consultant?

GEORGE CLOONEY
Oh god.

JODIE
A fucking consultant? Are you
kidding? Why are you here then? I'm
a professional and I'm not wasting
my precious time with losers
intending to get a second opinion
about a job perfectly executed in
the first place! You --

GEORGE CLOONEY
"The Good German" is a movie taking
place during World War 2 which is
why we need an historic consultant.

JODIE
An historic consultant. I see. Ok.
All good then. My bad George.

George Clooney sighs in relief.

JODIE (CONT'D)
 Anyway, let's keep going. We don't
 have much time. And listen for a
 change.

George Clooney frowns. Overwhelmed.

AMBER (V.O.)
 Indeed. Jodie is a very
 exasperating woman.

EXT. JODIE'S HOUSE - DAY

A typical Georgian style house.

In the driveway Mickey Mike, Karl, Amber and Robert are
 heading to the front door.

AMBER (V.O.)
 She was our last resort.

Robert knocks at the door.

AMBER (V.O.)
 Yes, she was and...

The door opens.

AMBER (V.O.)
 ...we were not disappointed.

Jodie is there with that excess energy RADIATING from her
 body in a PULSATING FLAME LIKE AURA, her eyes having that
 glowing amber color unnaturally bright.

Same attributes as Mickey Mike and Amber.

JODIE
 Good timing.

INT. JODIE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back to Jodie's living room.

Robert is sipping his tea.

KARL
 What the fuck, Robert!

ROBERT
 What?

KARL
You are drinking a fucking tea!

ROBERT
And?

KARL
You're kidding, right?

ROBERT
Jodie's tea is so good. The best
I've ever drink in my whole life.
You see that tea is an amazing
diuretic and --

KARL
We have big ass problems! And
you... you are drinking a fucking
tea!

ROBERT
Things won't get worse because I'm
drinking a cup of tea.

Jodie with her both hands makes a thumbs down gesture.

KARL
What does that mean? We are not
fucking gladiators!

JODIE
Just losers.

KARL
And you are not?

JODIE
It's sad but I need you as a team
to achieve my goal.

KARL
Who the fuck do you think you are?

MICKEY MIKE
She's right.

Everyone turn their head toward Mickey Mike.

Mickey Mike is very calm. The sphere is steady.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

Now I am... again. I'm not sure who I am but I know that I truly am now. I know that Mickey Mike is not who I am. This... is my true self.

KARL

Fucked up and delusional.

AMBER

Karl!

KARL

What?

Amber gives him a disapproving look.

MICKEY MIKE

We are not where we are supposed to be. We need to find the way out.

KARL

How did you change into --

JODIE

Not the right question.

KARL

When?

JODIE

Nope.

KARL

Damn.

JODIE

When did you stop drinking root beer, Mickey Mike?

INT. JODIE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back to Jodie's living room.

KARL

Total bullshit!

JODIE

I've followed each one of you and --

KARL

Since when?

JODIE

The day when Mickey Mike went to
the grocery store to buy root beer.
My instinct told me that --

KARL

Are you spying on us?

AMBER

That's disturbing.

JODIE

Well... Not really. I... yes.
Totally.

AMBER

You are creepy.

JODIE

That is not the point.

AMBER

Maybe. Maybe not.

KARL

Alright. What this is about?

JODIE

What's your favorite soft drink?

KARL

Root beer.

JODIE

And you think that's a coincidence?

KARL

What? Are you --

AMBER

Creepy as fuck.

JODIE

No I'm not.

AMBER

Ok

KARL

But she's right. What does that
prove? Mickey Mike loves root beer.
I love root beer. Tons of people on
earth love root beer.

Jodie crosses her arms over her chest.

KARL (CONT'D)

What now?

JODIE

That's also my favorite soft drink and Robert's too. We all love root beer in that room.

AMBER

What a revelation!

JODIE

Two days ago I trespassed at the High School, went into the lab and analyzed a sample of root beer.

AMBER

With highly precise school material?

JODIE

It did the job.

KARL

And what did you find?

JODIE

A huge amount of Thorazine.

KARL

Which is?

AMBER

A very powerful antipsychotic.

JODIE

How do you know that?

AMBER

Don't ask.

KARL

They are drugging us! I knew it! Aliens are behind all --

JODIE

And when I stopped drinking root beer --

MICKEY MIKE

You transformed yourself, the same
as we did Amber and I. The
Thorazine restrained our true self.

JODIE

That's what I think.

Jodie walks to the window. Stops. Standing there. Her back
turned to the group.

AMBER

That's fucked up.

KARL

There's more, right?

JODIE

I followed you as well Karl. I
analyzed coffees from all the
different company, using a flask to
get a sample.

KARL

The take-out issue?

JODIE

Yes. This time I found Zolpidem.

KARL

Zolpidem?

AMBER

Strong sleeping pills.

Everybody stares at Amber. She smiles awkwardly.

ROBERT

God. What's going on? They are
drugging us. Police officers are
robots. That's insane.

Jodie turns around.

JODIE

Even our names are fake.

ROBERT

What?

JODIE

Our names sound like very bad
jokes.

She points at Robert.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Robert Roberiguez

She points at Mickey Mike.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Mickey Mike.

She points at Amber.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Amber Ambericka.

She points at Karl.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Karl Karlite

ROBERT
So what are you saying here is that
we are the victim of a huge
conspiracy since our youngest
childhood? The same as the "Truman
Show"?

KARL
And what about you?

JODIE
I'm sure it's not, Robert.

ROBERT
How's that?

KARL
What's your full name?

JODIE
Do you remember anything from your
childhood? Any old memories, any
memorable event, anything? I mean
you should, right?

ROBERT
Well... I... I don't.

JODIE
Neither do I or anyone else in this
room... right?

Jodie is waiting. Karl comes closer to her.

KARL
What is your name?

JODIE
No one is able to remember anything
from a distant past. No active
memory.

KARL
Alright. You made your point.

JODIE
So now if you ask for my opinion
what I think we should do is --

KARL
You still haven't told us your
name.

JODIE
Who cares, Karl! It won't help us.

AMBER
That's true.

JODIE
Thank you.

AMBER
But how do we know for sure that we
can trust you? Maybe you are one of
them?

KARL
Maybe you are their leader.

JODIE
Come on! That's stupid. Why would I
give all these informations to you
guys if I were the ultimate bad guy
in that story?

ROBERT
I think you're right Jodie.

JODIE
Thank you.

ROBERT
I'm also pretty sure they won't
give up. Just tell us your name so
we can move on.

JODIE
I don't believe it. That's just...
anyway. My name is Die.

AMBER
No fucking way!

Amber cannot help but laugh.

KARL
So your full name is Jodie Die.

Amber bursts out laughing. Karl giggles.

JODIE
Oh yeah, right... that's funny. We
can spare the time.

KARL
But how do one pronounce your name?
Is it Jodie Die, Jodee Dee, Jodie
Dee, or Jodee Die?

JODIE
Who fucking cares?

Amber can't stop laughing.

JODIE (CONT'D)
Oh yeah, just keep going. That's
probably going to help. You are
so... immature.

KARL
Maybe. But your name sucks. Big
time.

INT. JODIE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

Back to Jodie's living room.

ROBERT
What are our options? Do we have
any option?

MICKEY MIKE
"Douchebag George".

JODIE
I agree.

KARL
Are you out of your freaking mind?
This guys is insane. With his
church of the --

JODIE
Not insane. Different.

KARL
Perfect. That's perfect! We are
deliberately heading for disaster.

Mickey Mike levitates toward Karl. He stops right in front of him.

KARL (CONT'D)
So... now you are flying.
Upsetting.

MICKEY MIKE
Trust me "Douchebag George" is our
way out.

KARL
Oh fuck it.
(beat)
I don't care.

ROBERT
But where is he?

MICKEY MIKE
It would be difficult to localize
him without being noticed by the
police.

AMBER
He's always preaching his non sense
speech on the streets. But it's
never the same street. It's never
the same time of the day either.

ROBERT
We are doomed.

KARL
I know where to find him.

Everyone turn their head toward Karl.

EXT. DOUCHEBAG GEORGE'S HOUSE - DAY

KARL (V.O.)
He's my neighbor, well a couple of
houses away.

FADE IN

A prestigious neighborhood.

A crooked house. Incongruous. The front door is partially broken.

Karl, Robert, Amber, Jodie and Mickey Mike are standing side by side on the sidewalk. Facing Douchebag George's house.

Except for Karl they all have that excess energy RADIATING from their body in a PULSATING FLAME LIKE AURA, their eyes having that glowing amber color unnaturally bright.

Jodie is levitating.

KARL
I feel so lonely right now.

Everyone turn their head toward Karl.

KARL (CONT'D)
What?

No one's moving.

KARL (CONT'D)
I am not happy, ok! I am the only one who have been abducted by aliens. Now I am the only one not consumed by flames.

Everyone is still staring at Karl.

KARL (CONT'D)
What?

AMBER
That's it?

KARL
Fuck you.

Amber points at the house.

AMBER
Is that it?

KARL

Yes. That's the one.

(beat)

What a lovely home. And it's getting worse every day.

Everyone is still staring at Karl.

MICKEY MIKE

Let's go inside.

They are all going toward the main door, but Karl.

KARL

Now I know how hopeless is the every day life of the fat fuck awkward ginger at school.

Karl follows them.

INT. DOUCHEBAG GEORGE'S HOUSE / LIVING ROOM - DAY

The living room is in very bad shape. The walls, ceiling and floor are bent at a sharp angle.

Flickering fluorescent tubes on the door under the stairs. It reads : "*The church of the after world*" with a sign pointing down.

Mickey Mike, Robert, Amber, Karl and Jodie are standing in the middle of the living room.

KARL

The inside is way more fucked up.

AMBER

And empty.

ROBERT

Maybe it's the secret lair of a serial killer.

KARL

What the fuck is wrong with you?

A VIOLENT SHAKING. Several pieces of wood breaking loose from the ceiling and walls. Scattering over the floor.

Jodie raises her hands. A translucent shield spreads all over the group.

The pieces bounce off the dome.

The phenomenon stops.

KARL (CONT'D)
How did you do that?

JODIE
I can do many things.

MICKEY MIKE
We are in perfect control. We all
will be very soon.

JODIE
I know myself. I don't remember
myself.

AMBER
Interesting.

KARL
No. It's not. It's total nonsense
and --

ROBERT
The earthquake is over.

Karl looks at Robert. Incredulous.

MICKEY MIKE
It was not an earthquake. The point
of origin came from the basement.

KARL
Oh... great.

Police sirens. Tires squealing. Police light-bars are
flashing through the windows.

KARL (CONT'D)
Better.

MICKEY MIKE
I'll take care of them.

KARL
All alone? Just like that. You
against a dozen of police officers
or robots, or whatever the fuck
they really are.

Mickey Mike levitates toward the front door.

MICKEY MIKE
I'm the leader.

JODIE

Our only way is the basement. We need to know the point of origin since it should be what we are looking for.

KARL

But we don't know that for certain. And what is that... the leader thing?

AMBER

Who cares?

KARL

Well... I do. I --

ROBERT

Maybe Karl is right.

KARL

Thank you. But about what? The leader thing or --

ROBERT

See what the neon tubes are standing for. "The after world down there". It's perfectly clear. You go down there. In the basement. To meet your creator in the after world. The secret lair of a serial killer.

Mickey Mike pushes the dismantled door. Gets out. Blue and red light flickering through the door frame.

KARL

Totally not what I was thinking. You are --

AMBER

Anyway "Douchebag George" is not very normal. Everybody can see that.

KARL

And it explains everything?

JODIE

I sense another shaking coming. We need to move on.

AMBER

Karl?

KARL

Alright. We are four. He's alone.
So I guess that's ok. If he's a
fucking psychopath.

EXT. DOUCHEBAG GEORGE'S HOUSE - DAY

Mickey Mike stands on the front porch.

Several police cars and a swat van are parked. Their light-
bars flashing.

Twenty Policemen heavily armed. Aiming at Mickey Mike. Taking
cover behind their cars.

FIVE POLICEMEN

(at once through a
megaphone)

Sir, you need to be brainwashed.
Cooperate and everything will be
back to normal.

MICKEY MIKE

I'm awake now.

FIVE POLICEMEN

(at once through a
megaphone)

That's why you need to be
brainwashed, sir. If you don't
cooperate we will open fire on your
person.

MICKEY MIKE

You can try. But you are just
machines.

Police officers OPEN FIRE.

Mickey Mike don't move.

He waves his right hand. All the bullets stop in mid air.
Makes a sweeping gesture. The bullets take a U-turn. With his
two hands he pushes forward. The projectiles now in fire are
propelled toward the police officers.

Police officers take cover. An absolute mayhem descend upon
them. Cars are hit. Set on fire.

Three police officers meet the same fate. Hit. Burning. Their
synthetic flesh melting. Showing underneath the undubitable
truth, robots.

Two cars explode. Five police officers are thrown away by the blast wave. Fire spreading to the other cars.

Police officers are defeated.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)

I hope we never meet again.

Mickey Mike goes back inside the house.

INT. DOUCHEBAG GEORGE'S HOUSE / STAIRCASE - DAY

A staircase made of cracked wood. Leading to the basement. The stairs go very deep. Only thick darkness down there.

Amber and Karl are walking down the stairs side by side. Right behind them Robert and Jodie.

Two powerful blasts echoing.

JODIE

Police officers are now harmless.

KARL

How can you be so sure? Maybe they've thrown two hand grenades.

JODIE

Impossible. Mickey Mike is our leader.

KARL

Sure. The easy answer. Again.

Amber and Robert's feet are lifting off the stairs. Making them levitate.

AMBER

We know who we are but we don't remember why we are who we are.

KARL

What are you confusing about? Why am I the only one --

AMBER

The undeniable fact that Mickey Mike is our leader is a simple truth we can't ignore.

Karl sighs. Exasperated.

KARL
I'm not on fire. I'm not
levitating. I feel diminished.

They reach a level. Flickering fluorescent tubes on the wall.
It reads : "*This way Bros*" with an arrow pointing down.

KARL (CONT'D)
What the... This way bros?

AMBER
Weird.

KARL
No. Stupid. Not weird. Stupid.
(beat)
Why would one need to point the
direction to follow when there's
only one direction you could follow
in other words, down the stairs.
And to be certain you get the info
he felt the need to add an arrow,
just in case you would go... where
exactly?

ROBERT
Back upstairs... maybe.

KARL
Oh and because he put these neon
tubes on the wall I can't change my
mind? I see the info on the wall
therefore I'm compelled to go down
the stairs?

MICKEY MIKE (O.C.)
No.

The group turns around. Mickey Mike is standing behind them.
Not a single scratch.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)
He wants to advertise.

KARL
He wants to advertise? Seriously?

AMBER
Mickey Mike knows things.

ROBERT
He's our leader.

KARL
 (sighing)
 Oh god.

JODIE
 Mickey Mike knows.

Another shaking. Everyone is trying to maintain their balance.

It stops.

MICKEY MIKE
 We need to go.

The group goes down the stairs.

KARL
 What about the police?

JODIE
 Mickey Mike is our --

KARL
 Forget what I just said. Forget it.
 I just... I just can't stand it
 anymore.

INT. DOUCHEBAG GEORGE'S HOUSE / BASEMENT - DAY

A vast basement.

A futuristic device shaped like a phone booth.

Mickey Mike, Karl, Jodie, Robert and Amber are standing at the bottom of the stairs.

KARL
 What now? What is this thing?

They move closer to the device.

ROBERT
 A gate.

KARL
 A gate? What for?

A strong golden aura EXPLODES out of Karl's body. An excess energy RADIATES from his body in a PULSATING FLAME LIKE AURA. His eyes now having a glowing amber color are unnaturally bright.

KARL (CONT'D)
 Wow! So much power! So
 exhilarating!

Another shaking. Once again everyone is trying to maintain their balance.

Right in the center of the device a faint light is hardly spreading. Pulsing.

KARL (CONT'D)
 What... the --

A blast of light. A burst of air.

"Douchebag" George is standing inside the device. Proud.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
 Astounding, isn't it? I love the
 blasting effect. So spectacular.

"Douchebag" George gets out of the device.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE (CONT'D)
 I have to admit that my machine is
 not fully operational when I'm
 coming this way, but I'm working on
 it. You know the vibrating thingy
 slowly destroying the house. It's
 messy. Anyway. You are here.
 (beat - smiling)
 You got it. My "Church of the after
 world". My speech. I knew it would
 work out.

KARL
 Honestly... not at all.

JODIE
 We came here only because we had no
 other choice.

KARL
 Like I said.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
 Oh. Whatever. Here you are and I'm
 super thrilled.

"Douchebag" George goes back to his machine. Proudly standing next to it.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE (CONT'D)

You see even if I'm the design programmer of the whole thing, I can't stay long. The program identifies me as a virus and kicks me out. The "church of the after world" was my way to talk with you without raising suspicions.

"Douchebag" Georges points at them. Smiling.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE (CONT'D)

You are all aware of your true nature. The flames. The mind control ability and all the other things.

(beat)

Well everyone but Karl. A little bit behind, hey bro. No worries. You'll get there. Trust me. It's just a matter of time. Just a matter of --

KARL

Flames getting out of my body without hurting, an unnatural blast inside a bizarre device from where you've magically appeared, police officers being robots. What about tangible answers for a change?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

I'm on the same page, bro.

KARL

Ok. So you are an alien... That's what it is, right? Obviously you are an alien. The only rational explanation. But are you friendly or --

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

I'm not an alien.

KARL

Oh.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

You are.

KARL

What?

MICKEY MIKE

Logical.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

You guys want to know the truth,
the untainted truth. All you have
to do is to go through the gate.

KARL

Fuck you Morpheus!

MICKEY MIKE

So be it.

KARL

What? You don't even know what's
behind that thing. You can't just
jump into the void only because
someone is asking you especially
when he has just said to you that
you are a fucking alien.

"Douchebag" George pushes a button on the right side of the machine. A BUZZING effect. An air curtain in the middle of the device.

Robert enters the machine. Goes through the air curtain. Disappears.

KARL (CONT'D)

What the fuck guys? Stop it!

MICKEY MIKE

Why?

KARL

Because you can't blindly trust
people.

Amber goes through the air curtain. Disappears.

MICKEY MIKE

I trust him.

KARL

Why?

Jodie goes through the air curtain. Disappears.

MICKEY MIKE

Because it's the only possible
choice.

Mickey Mike goes through the air curtain. Disappears.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Your call, Bro. You stay here, all
by yourself, with robocops and all,
or you --

KARL

Fuck...

Karl goes through the air curtain. Disappears.

INT. A STARSHIP / SERVER ROOM - DAY

What is this place? Impossible to say.

A room all made of metal.

The futuristic device in the center. A double door in the
back.

A large panel of windows. Behind it billions of thin but
large blue screens lined up on an endless horizontal shelf.

The machine is functioning. BUZZING. An air curtain in the
middle.

Mickey Mike, Jodie, Amber and Robert are standing in front of
the machine.

Karl appears in the air curtain.

KARL

...you "Douchebag Georges".

Karl stumbles. Almost fall.

KARL (CONT'D)

Where the fuck are we? What the...
fuck... is this place?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE (O.C.)

Welcome aboard.

"Douchebag George" is behind the machine.

KARL

Welcome aboard? Aboard what?

"Douchebag George" pushes a button on the right side of the
machine. It stops.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

The Earth legacy.

KARL

The what?

MICKEY MIKE

I can sense it.

JODIE

I can hear it. The language is unknown to me and yet I perfectly comprehend it.

KARL

Can you please just cut the crap? For once.

ROBERT

A starship.

KARL

What?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

The Earth legacy is the starship we have built almost twelve thousand years ago right before the annihilation of our beloved planet, major event we now celebrate once a year.

KARL

What planet?

MICKEY MIKE

The Earth.

KARL

And they say I'm delusional.

Mickey Mike levitates. Stops before the windows.

MICKEY MIKE

What's the date?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

The year is 31984. I know that right now the truth is difficult to assimilate. But it is what it is, right?

"Douchebag Georges" laughs. No one reacts.

KARL

Difficult to assimilate? Are you for real?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
 Alright, let me clarify things.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

A huge starship. The shape of a planet. Floating in space.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE (V.O.)
 The Earth legacy is almost as big
 as the Earth was. Well after all
 it's an artificial replica of the
 Earth.

EXT. SKY - DAY

An aerial point of view. A continent very similar to the
 Pangaea. Light somehow spreads out but there's no sun.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE (V.O.)
 The world population is around 2
 billions. There's only one
 continent, the same as the Pangaea
 was millions years ago. A temperate
 climate. A single government.

INT. THE EARTH LEGACY / SERVER ROOM - DAY

Back to the server room.

KARL
 Ok I see the whole picture now
 which is very scary, insane and
 unreal but still something doesn't
 fit. Where were we before to get
 here... exactly? A parallel
 reality?

MICKEY MIKE
 A computer generated reality
 intermingled with reality, to put
 it simply.

Mickey Mike points at the billions of thin but large blue
 screens behind the window.

MICKEY MIKE (CONT'D)
 In one of those.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

I am the creator, well the program founder, well even if it's a lot more complicated than a simple program, well definitely not the way you can see it.

KARL

So the reality is... here and now, right?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Right.

KARL

So all these things behind that window are other programs as well, right?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Right. For other alien species we have captured.

KARL

So we were prisoners and you freed us?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

I...

Mickey Mike turns around.

MICKEY MIKE

Why?

A flash occurs

KARL

What is that?

INT. THE EARTH LEGACY / ELEVATOR - DAY

An elevator made of metal.

A dozen of robots having a human shape but without skin. Just synthetic flesh and muscles combined with an elaborate mechanical system.

Each one of them is holding a futuristic machine gun.

The elevator reaches its destination.

Doors slide open. A two way corridor. A sign having an arrow pointing the right side. It says : "*Alien server room*".

The robots get out.

INT. THE EARTH LEGACY / SERVER ROOM - DAY

Back to the server room.

JODIE

A small detachment is coming. They are armed. Still I can't communicate with the ship. That's confusing.

KARL

What?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

I should have seen this coming. The ship is regularly scanning itself. Checking out for sick people, violence or --

KARL

Dudes getting out of their blue shit.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Yes, things like that. Anyway, they are machines. If we don't cooperate they will --

KARL

Shoot at us?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Kill us.

KARL

Shit. Do we have a plan?

Mickey Mike moves closer to "Douchebag" George.

MICKEY MIKE

Why did you free us, George?

KARL

I'm sorry but how in hell to know that is going to help us, right here, right now?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

He's right. These robots are...
very lethal.

MICKEY MIKE

Trust us. There's no need to worry.
Can you please answer the question?

KARL

Trust us? You can't implicate me
since I'm not worried but fucking
scared with these deadly robots in
that fucking starship getting out
of fucking nowhere. Fuck it, man!
Last week I was very comfy in my
fucking comfy house and today I'm
thirty thousand years later in
space with fucking deadly robots
trying to kill me and I'm not
supposed to worry?

ROBERT

You are overreacting, Karl. You
need to calm down and trust our
leader.

KARL

Overreacting? Fuck you Robert!

AMBER

You are here with us and you have
no other choice but to stay here
with us.

(beat)

George?

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Alright. The Earth Legacy is for
the most part built with your
marvelous technology. We reach your
world eight thousand years ago. Our
scientific and military experts
determined you were a very advanced
species, way more than we were at
that time. They asked for a meeting
with your world leaders, you, and --

ROBERT

It was a trap.

LOUD BANGS on the double door.

INT. THE EARTH LEGACY / CORRIDOR - DAY

The robots are lined up in front of a double door. A sign above. It says "*Alien server room*".

The first robot runs into the door. It's slightly twisted.

The robots behind are waiting.

He's hitting again and again. Slowly destroying the door. Still it resists.

He stops. Points his machine gun at the door. Opens fire.

INT. THE EARTH LEGACY / SERVER ROOM - DAY

Back to the server room.

LOUD GUNSHOTS. The double door is badly damaged.

ROBERT

The meeting was a fake.

"Douchebag" George stares at the door. Worried.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Aren't we supposed to do something about that? I mean they're coming... like very soon and --

KARL

One thing at a time.

"Douchebag" George turns around to face Karl.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

What? Are you...

Karl is levitating. Has perfect self control.

ROBERT

They imprisoned us and destroyed our world with our own technology.

Amber moves to the panel of windows.

AMBER

And that's what they do for each planet they reach. They use the knowledge.

(MORE)

AMBER (CONT'D)
Absorb all the resources.
Annihilate the entire planet.

ROBERT
Of course these are just
suppositions, well founded
suppositions but still
suppositions.

MICKEY MIKE
If you want us to help you, you
have to give us back our
memories... George.

The door under a heavy rain of bullets. Nearly destroyed.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
Alright.

"Douchebag" George moves quickly to the machine.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE (CONT'D)
I don't think I have too many
choices nor the time to really
think...

The door collapses.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE (CONT'D)
ABOUT IT!

He pushes a button on the left side of the machine.

Robots enter the room. Pointing their guns at the group.

Jodie, Amber, Robert, Mickey Mike and Karl are in trance.
Eyes shut. Motionless. Calm and quiet.

FIVE ROBOTS
(at once)
Cooperate. Now!

"Douchebag George" puts his hands in the air.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
Sure.

FIVE ROBOTS
(at once)
Everybody move to the right side of
the room and turn their faces to
the wall.

"Douchebag George" goes to the wall. The group doesn't move.

Five robots take a step forward. Aiming at them.

FIVE ROBOTS (CONT'D)

(at once)

Cooperate! Now! Cooperate! We open
fire in five, four...

They open their eyes.

JODIE

(unknown language)

Ki'lik klek Kol'klstre.

FIVE ROBOTS

(at once)

Three, two...

KARL

(unknown language)

Kek.

The robots fall down. Deactivated.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Oh my god... you guys just... what
did you --

MICKEY MIKE

We are the Eluar from the former
planet Eleusis and we control this
ship.

JODIE

(unknown language)

Kra'klke ko'ort krist'kel.

MICKEY MIKE

Let's speak human for our guest.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Guest?

JODIE

The link between me and the ship is
perfect.

KARL

Jodie gave me access to the
military files. The whole defense
system is now disabled.

AMBER

There's no emergency exit.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
What exactly are you doing?

MICKEY MIKE
We're going to purge the "Earth
Legacy".

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
What? Are you going to kill
everyone? You can't kill everyone.

ROBERT
Why? I can sense their brain
activity. I easily could change
their perception toward an extreme
violent behavior. In less than an
hour the purge would be over.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
You can't do that.

Mickey Mike stares at "Douchebag George". Evaluating.

MICKEY MIKE
Why? Humans destroy entire worlds
for their own profit. They are a
plague.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
Not all humans are thinking that
way. The human being... we are
complicated.

MICKEY MIKE
It's not revenge. Just a way to
bring balance to the universe.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
No. That is not --

ROBERT
It's done.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
What?

ROBERT
No cruelty however. You put it
well. We are not monsters. I
stopped their heartbeat.

"Douchebag" Georges falls on his knees. Pale.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Oh my god... my children! What have you done?

ROBERT

I've spared all the children and... you. Your wife was already dead, wasn't she? I couldn't sense her.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

What? I --

MICKEY MIKE

You are going to be the leader or mentor or whatever name or title you will choose. We give you a second chance. Amber is looking for a new home, a planet similar to your old Earth.

AMBER

Done.

MICKEY MIKE

Let's move the starship to the planet coordinates.

JODIE

Processing. Boosting the hyperdrive and... on our way.

"Douchebag" George stands up.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

Wow, wow! Wait a minute --

MICKEY MIKE

In two decades we'll come back to you and see if the human race is evolving in the good way. If not we'll eradicate you.

AMBER

If it's going well... we'll come back forty years later.

JODIE

We are in orbit.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

What? That's fucking crazy. What the fuck --

MICKEY MIKE

And another forty years later. And so on.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

That's insane. You are insane.

(beat)

God! You've just murdered billions of people! Billions of people!

MICKEY MIKE

You have freed us.

(beat)

Now. Be quiet and focus.

"Douchebag" George angry, takes a few steps ahead. Standing just a few inches from Mickey Mike.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE

What... What are you talking about?

Quiet and focus? In such a situation. In such a horrific situation? You are... pure evil.

Mickey Mike moves his face closer to "Douchebag" George's one.

MICKEY MIKE

I give you a second chance.

A blinding flash of light.

WHITE SCREEN

EXT. A VALLEY - DAY

WHITE SCREEN

FADE IN

An enclosed valley spreads out. A vast jungle facing it. Untouched. Wild.

Standing before the jungle "Douchebag" George. Speechless.

He slowly turns around until he's facing the valley.

Another blinding flash of light.

Billions of children of all ages and races are standing in the valley. Staring at "Douchebag" George.

DOUCHEBAG GEORGE
That escalated quickly.
(beat)
I'm so... fucked.

EXT. SPACE - DAY

The Earth Legacy is floating in space.

AMBER (V.O.)
The Earth Legacy is no more. We
gave it another name. The
equivalent in your language would
be the Ark since so many species
but the human race are in that
ship.
(beat)
We rule galaxies. We are pacifiers.

FADE OUT.

- THE END -

