

THE ARRIVAL

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FINAL

"SHOCKWAVE," REVISED 9/14/95, YELLOW

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MEADOW - GREENLAND - DAY

1 (X)

WIDE on a meadow, rolling and sun-drenched, tall grasses dancing in the wind. This could well be the heartland of America.

(X)
(X)
(X)

CLOSE on Arctic boots. Walking through the meadow.

(X)

Presently ILANA GREEN stops in the meadow -- and looks around with both amazement and apprehension. She's dressed in a heavy down Anorak, incongruous amid the pastoral setting. Spotting something, she strips off gloves and reaches down to pluck...

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

A poppy.

(X)

2 EXT. MEADOW'S EDGE - GREENLAND - DAY

2 (X)

The FOREMAN waits at the periphery. Behind him we see a snowcat and icescape. Nothing else.

(X)
(X)

FOREMAN
(calling)
Well, what the hell is that?
"GeoSciences?" What are you?

ENTERING FRAME:
(OUT OF BREATH)
"NOW WHAT ARE YOU AGAIN?"
~~GeoSciences?~~
WHAT IS THAT?
A GEOLOGIST?

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

3 EXT. MEADOW - GREENLAND - DAY

3 (X)

Ilana knocks back her hood, peels off sunglasses for a better look at the poppy.

(X)
(X)

"GeoSciences." ILANA
Not a botanist. I was doing greenhouse research when your call came in. The atmosphere.
(to herself; scanning meadow)

(glasses off)

I thought this was a joke....

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

INTERCUTTING ILANA, FOREMAN:

show

FOREMAN
Well, I had to call somebody. Been drilling ice in Greenland for the last 18 summers straight -- and I don't remember nothing growing this far north. Nothing.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

ILANA
You'd have to be a lot older.

(to herself)

(X)
(X)

3 CONTINUED: 3 (X)

FOREMAN (X)
Can't hear. What? (X)

ILANA (louder) (X)
Nothing has grown here since the start (X)
of the Permian Age -- and that was 290 (X)
million years ago. (X)

FOREMAN (X)
Well, so what's going on? I mean -- (looking around) (X)
why is it here now? (X)

ILANA (turning back) (X)
Shouldn't be. 4 (X)

4 EXT. GREENLAND - DAY

ONE KILLER SHOT: START eye-level on Ilana as she looks up (X)
at the sun, feeling its warmth on her face. PULL UP AND (X)
AWAY to reveal her standing amid the meadow that lies on (X)
a valley floor...PULL BACK MORE to show the meadow as a (X)
smudge of green amid the vastness of the Arctic...MORE to (X)
find a distant horizon slicing into FRAME...MORE to include (X)
the sun, big and hot and flaring across the sky...MORE to (X)
take us 70,000 feet above Greenland and to make visible the (X)
curvature of the Earth. (X)

MATCH DISSOLVE TO: (X)

(OMIT SCENES 5-7) (X)

8 EXT. 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - NIGHT 8 (X)

The curvature of a huge radio telescope, 130 feet across. (X)
CONTINUE THE PULLBACK as the dish moves, reorienting. We (X)
RETREAT across the desert floor... (X)

9 EXT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - NIGHT 9 (X)

...and TRANSIT the window of a tracking station. ZANE (X)
ZIMINSKY leans into FRAME to consult a spectroscope, where (X)
we see the baseline static of a distant star. He switches (X)
magnification. (X)

ZANE
(shaking head)
Butt-smoke. Pure, unalloyed
butt-smoke.

9 CONTINUED:

9

Zane chair-rolls to his workstation -- no, his altar.
Indeed, this control room is his electronic chapel. Amid
SETI posters ("Are We Alone?") is a plaque:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
or else what's Heaven for?"
-- Robert Browning

ZANE

(from notes)

Moving on to Wolf-336, an F-class
star at 7.36.7 right ascension...
5.21 declination....

Slumped nearby is CALVIN, a rabbinical-looking station
engineer. He's dead-ass tired.

*Zane chair-rolls in spectrum analyzer to make a
fruit plot -- revealing CALVIN.*

*Or... he jets down the coordinates... slips the paper on
Calvin's bald head.*

9 CONTINUED:

CALVIN
I thought that was the last one.

ZANE
Why'd you think that?

CALVIN
'Cuz you said it would be.

ZANE
What? No, no, no -- I distinctly remember forgetting that.

CALVIN
I don't know why I put up with this. Yes, I do. Because I always let you drive. I'm a ride-share hostage.

THE MAMMOTH DISH

ZANE
(not listening)
F-class star...recent variability... 14.6 light years away....

*THE SEAT'S, 'OKS UP
TO SEE BIG DISH MAMMOTH
THRU WINDOW.*

Resigned to another sleepless night, Calvin enters new coordinates. Through a viewing window, we see the mammoth dish realign outside. Calvin heads to the loo.

CALVIN
This is just nuts. The whole approach. SETI is tough enough in the microwave band, now you wanna search FM? With all that noise? C'mon, man. It's like trying to find a needle in a haystack of needles.

*TO STAFFS,
WIKS TO LOO.
STAY. PAND H.M.
INTO B.B.*

A PHONE TRILLS. Zane snags it.

*(sticks head back out)
"I'm trying to find needles."*

ZANE
Station Five.

CHAR (V.O.)
Is my voice even vaguely familiar to you?

ZANE
(instantly apologetic)
I'm trying to get out of here, but Calvin's holding me up again. Should be home by one, one-thirty. Just go to bed and I'll wake you up from the inside out.

(looks around)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

CHAR (V.O.)
 One-thirty Tuesday? Wednesday?
 A.M.? P.M.?

During the conversation, Zane checks a new spectrum that integrates on the scope. Nothing there.

ZANE
 What can I say? I'm a ride-share
 hostage. But look, I'll try to....

BACKGROUND LAUGHTER on the phone. Zane scowls.

ZANE
 Where are you?

CHAR (V.O.)
 I'm having a drink with Becky.

ZANE
You're in some bar? While I'm here
 working?

CHAR (V.O.)
 There's a cute hockey player here.
 But he says he's only in town for the
 night....

ZANE
 I give up. What do you want?

CHAR (V.O.)
 I want your ass in bed, Zane.

Knowing an ultimatum when he hears one, Zane starts packing up.

ZANE
 All right. I'll leave now if you
 leave now -- but do not talk to
 strangers on the way out. *see you at my place in ~ 15 minutes*

CHAR (V.O.)
 You swear you'll be there? I don't
 want a repeat of last week.

ZANE
 Look, if I say I'll be there, I'll
 be there. End of story. Nothing's
 more important to me than our....

9 CONTINUED: (3)

9

A SOUND drowns him out: Coming over speakers, it grows into a SKULL-RATTLING SQUEAL. It's like a dozen fax signals squeezed into one. (This is the SHOCKWAVE SIGNAL.)

10 INT. BATHROOM - TRACKING STATION - NIGHT

10

Hearing, Calvin pisses on his shoes.

2 SHOTS. CUC's face.
CUC'S SHOES.
(SHOTS MULTIPLE FRAME)

11 INT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - NIGHT

11

The phone drops from Zane's hand, instantly forgotten. He bangs heads with Calvin over the spectroscope. Now there's something there, something spiking above the static. They switch to a 3-D waveform display.

CALVIN

Good solid spike...nice symmetry to the modulation....

ZANE

Detection Protocol. Now.

They explode apart: Calvin dives back to his controls. Zane slaps open the "Signal Detection Protocol" manual, finding the red pages. The Hot Sheets. In fast sync:

ZANE

Confirmation Phase One....

CALVIN

Swinging dish five degrees off-axis....

ZANE

And signal fades. Looking good.

CALVIN

Now swinging dish back on target...

ZANE

And signal returns. Definitely sky-based. Gotta hummer here.
Confirmation Phase Two....

CALVIN

Initiating software check....

ZANE

Jumping ahead to Phase Three...
second-source verification.

He snaps up a red phone.

13 CONTINUED:

13

ZANE
 (over shoulder)
 Stalled out on me! Right there!
 Just stalled on me!

14 INT. DISPLAY LOBBY - JPL - DAY

14

START on full-size mockups of space probes -- Voyager, Pioneer, Galileo. CAMERA FINDS a project manager, PHIL GORDIAN, listening to the SHOCKWAVE SIGNAL through ~~headphones~~ *over a portable set.* He's the captive audience of Zane and Calvin. *Pioneer*

GORDIAN
 That's it? 42 seconds.

ZANE
 Listened all night, but it never repeated.

CALVIN
 All night and all morning.

ZANE
 It's 42 seconds of non-random, non-Earth-based signal. This could be it, Gordy.

GORDIAN
 Sounds...compressed. Like a military burst communication.

ZANE
 No way. Not at 107 MegaHertz.

GORDIAN
 (scowling)
 107? What're you doing so far below microwave?

O.S. ZANE
 Look. The only way an extrasolar race is going to know about us is if they pick up on our signal leakage -- radio, TV, military radar -- all below the microwave band. Doesn't it make sense that we should be looking for them in the same way? So I reconfigured the spectrum analyzer, wrote new filtering algorithms, then targeted all viable stars within --

14 CONTINUED:

14

GORDIAN
You're saying you deviated from the
approved survey.

ZANE
Dup Fuck the survey. It's a circle-jerk
of epic proportions.

15 INT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - JPL - DAY

still + BEHIND

15

Gordian scans data as he walks administrative corridors.
Zane and Calvin dog his heels.

GORDIAN
It's a variable star? This...
"Wolf-336"?

ZANE
14.6 light years away.

GORDIAN
But if it's a variable, it expands
and contracts dramatically. How could
intelligent life actually develop in
such a volatile --

ZANE
It's only been unstable for the last
50 years, which means it's possible
that some kind of life could still
exist there. Maybe it's a distress
call. Maybe they're sending out their
Encyclopedia Gallactica, jettisoning
all their knowledge before it goes
down with the ship. Maybe it's --

GORDIAN
(soberingly)
It's 42 seconds, Zane. And it never
repeated.

ZANE
That's why we gotta stay on this one,
Gordy -- in case it does. I'll pull
double, triple shifts if I have to,
but I want priority status, and I want
dish-time -- serious dish-time.

CALVIN
During normal business hours.
Preferably.

15 CONTINUED:

15

Reaching his office, Gordian stops and sifts blindly through the data. What's wrong? Why isn't he excited by all this?

GORDIAN

Calvin...go home and get some sleep.
Zane....

He opens the office door like a crypt-keeper.

16 INT. GORDIAN'S OFFICE - JPL - DAY

16

ZANE

(thunderstruck)

Are you even shittin' me?

GORDIAN

It's a mandatory 20 percent cut-back.
The tracking station has a fixed
operating cost -- I can't touch that.
I've got to look at personnel.

ZANE

Gordy. I've been here ^{seven} ~~nine~~ years.

GORDIAN

I can swing a month's pay instead of
two weeks...maybe I can extend health
benefits beyond that. I know it's
cold comfort, but....

Zane stares disbelievingly at the DAT tape in his hand.
The Shockwave tape.

ZANE

Lemme get this straight. I come to
you with what may be the pre-eminent
discovery of the 20th century -- the
possibility of extrasolar life --
and I get shitcanned for it?

STOPS (GYAO?)

GORDIAN

Zane. I know how important this is.
But searching for E.T.s is a tough
sell on Capitol Hill. If we don't
start spending the money on "harder"
science, we're going to lose it.

ZANE

Oh, Christ alive.... Awright, so
forget about me for a second. What
about the signal?

Z EJECTS TAPE?

16 CONTINUED:

16

GORDIAN
Well, of course I'll pass it on to Decoding -- see if there's any pattern-recognition there, but -- you know the rule. "If you can't confirm it..."

GORDIAN EJECTS DAT TAPE

ZANE
"...it doesn't exist." What asshole made that rule? And can we fire him instead?

GORDIAN
It doesn't please me to see us losing the brightest and best. I wish there were another way. I honestly do.

17 INT. GORDIAN'S OFFICE - JPL - DAY

17

GORDIAN'S POV: Through window blinds, we see Zane trudging across the plaza below.

HOLD on Gordian a beat. Watching. Thinking.

18 INT. EXECUTIVE WASHROOM - JPL - DAY

CLOSE ON DAT TAPE CUTTING in his hand. (3)

18

CLOSE on a door being locked.

CLOSE on duct tape ripping from a roll. (1)

CLOSE on a smoke-alarm being taped over. (2)

CLOSE on a flameless lighter igniting. (4)

~~Alone in the bathroom, Gordian touches the lighter to the DAT tape. It turns to molten plastic. He lets it drop into a toilet. One flush sweeps everything away.~~

19 EXT. ZANE'S HOUSE - DAY

19

It's a neglected house in the foothills of Altadena. Twelve hours late, Zane's car limps into the driveway.

20 INT. KITCHEN - ZANE'S HOUSE - DAY

20

START on a cat dish. A hand lifts it off the floor, revealing a newspaper beneath:

RECORD HEAT IN SOUTHLAND

20 CONTINUED:

20

Her back to CAMERA, a woman dumps the cat food in the garbage. Zane slouches through the back door.

CHAR

The cat ran away, Zane. I don't know why you still put food out.

CHAR turns. She's a bewitchingly attractive creature. In a million years, we never would have paired her up with a high-function technophile like Zane.

CHAR

(reading his face)
What's wrong? What happened?

ZANE

Well, it's sorta like...spontaneous early retirement.

He stands there awkwardly, overwhelmingly morose. Char cocoons him with an embrace.

ZANE (CONT'D)

Expected you to be mad.

CHAR

I was before, if it helps.

ZANE

How 'bout now?

CHAR

I still want your ass in bed.

21 INT. BEDROOM - ZANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

21

ZANE

Oh, Jesus...oh, God...oh, Jesus....

Rivered with sweat, Zane has a near-death orgasm before collapsing back onto the bed. Char rolls off to catch her breath.

CHAR

(amused)
The only time you're religious is when you cum.

ZANE

Well, if church had been more like this.... Man, it's hot in here.

21 CONTINUED:

21

CHAR > *holding off*
 Open the door.

ZANE
 It doesn't bother you? I'm a human
 swamp.

CHAR
 I've always run hot.

Char moves into the bathroom, runs a towel under cool
 water. Zane opens a slider...

22 EXT. BALCONY - ZANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

22

...and steps onto a balcony. Venus and the evening stars
 are making an appearance. Char returns and wipes him down
 with a damp towel. It feels reincarnating.

CHAR
 (gingerly)
 How you doin' for money? If you need
 me to, I could maybe....

ZANE
 There's a SETI program up north.
 Guy who runs it was beggin' me to
 come up there. Bill Wyatt. Might
 give him a call....

CHAR
 Zane. Are you really thinking about
 going back to it?

ZANE
 (still in mourning)
 We had a bell-ringer this morning --
 really good signal. Just couldn't
 confirm it in time.

CHAR
 You had something really good last
 year, too -- and it turned out to be...
 what? A broken microwave oven?

ZANE
 What's your point? That there's
 always something to give me false
 hope? That I'm wasting my life?

CHAR
 I didn't say that. But interesting
 that you did.

*Char's Africa Tower
 from her neck.*

22 CONTINUED:

22

A elderly black woman -- MRS. ROOSEVELT -- appears in a window of the house next door. Noticing two naked bodies, she dons glasses for a better look.

CHAR

C'mon. Someone's watching.

23 INT. UPSTAIRS BEDROOM - ZANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

23

She pulls him back inside. Zane gives her a look of genuine bewilderment.

CHAR: WHAT?

ZANE

How the hell did I wind up with someone like you?

*Best in Big City
HIM NERVE BOWIE (TH)
HEC IN HIS LAP IN
SHIRT / 3 TITANIC*

CHAR

I got tired of rich guys with good futures.

ZANE

No, really. What is it you see in me? What made you call me that first time?

CHAR

(shaking head)

Boy. When their self-worth goes.... Okay. I see a man of great intelligence, dedication, a cute kind of insecurity, a little paranoia....

ZANE

This went to shit fast.

CHAR

Well, why do we have to analyze everything? Can't you just trust that I do love you?

ZANE

Algorithms I trust. Boolean logic I trust. Beautiful women...they just mystify me.

CHAR

Two years and we're still talking about trust. Amazing.

ZANE

I should shut the hell up, huh?

23 CONTINUED:

23

CHAR

Zane, it's your career and I'll support whatever decision you make. But if we're ever going to make it, we've got to work on our problems here. On planet Earth. And that's just hard to do when you're always off looking at the stars.

ZANE

"Listening."

CHAR

"Listening."

ZANE

We falling apart here? Is that it, Char?

CHAR

I don't know, Zane. Are we?

24 EXT. UCLA - DAY

24

Weaving through pedestrians, a young TEACHING ASSISTANT (T.A.) reads a magazine as he peddles his bike across campus. He dismounts near a "GeoSciences" building.

25 INT. ILANA'S OFFICE - UCLA - DAY

25

CLOSE on the open magazine dropping onto a desktop. It's a scientific journal. Photos show the meadow in Greenland. The article is titled:

THE ARCTIC POPPY -- A CHILLING PARADOX
by Ilana Green

Working at her desk, Ilana looks up.

T.A.

Good article.

ILANA

They hacked the guts out of it.

T.A.

You know, they did cut the part where you predicted the end of civilization. Too bad. I liked that part.

ILANA

Do you have my satellite package?

THINK WITHIN
INSIDE SHOOTING OUT

25 CONTINUED:

25

T.A.
Right here. Good morning, by the
way.

From a rucksack, the T.A. removes an oversized envelope
return-labeled "NASA." Ilana scowls at the weight of it.

ILANA
Feels light.

26 INT. ILANA'S OFFICE - UCLA - DAY

26

START on thermographic satellite photos of the Earth, the
Arctic prominent. They're scattered across Ilana's desk,
tossed aside. Useless.

ILANA
(into speaker phone,
patience thinning)
...no, I'm saying it's incomplete.
There're no chemical break-downs, no
broad-band chart information --

NASA MAN (V.O.)
I'm sorry. That information isn't
available at this time.

ILANA
Look, I was promised this information
two months ago. We aren't dealing
with national secrets here -- just
routine analysis of the atmosphere.
Now why should --

NASA MAN (V.O.)
There's a problem with that satellite.
It's blind to certain trace gasses.

ILANA
Really? As of when?

NASA MAN (V.O.)
I believe it lost a solar panel.
Some functions were shut down to
save energy.

Ilana's eyes land on a TV, playing soundlessly in the
corner. News footage shows drought-thinned corpses in the
Sudan. Hundreds and hundreds. Already dead.

DRAUGHT
FOOTAGE

26 CONTINUED:

ILANA

Well, here's the problem: I've devoted my sabbatical to greenhouse trace gasses. If I don't get this data, I might as well be studying cow farts in Montana.

NASA MAN (V.O.)

I'm sorry. But you'll have to wait until the new satellite is in place.

ILANA

Okay, what's the launch date?

PICK UP PEN

NASA MAN (V.O.)

I'm sorry. That information isn't available at this time.

ILANA

Round and round it goes. Thanks for naught.

She hangs up. Her T.A. reappears.

T.A.

As
~~Any~~ luck?

ILANA

Need to be a mason these days to work with NASA. It's like one big brick wall.

*T.A.
You know, Ilana, you could just work with the data -*

She stands to think. Her eyes keep coming back to the ghastly images playing on television.

ILANA

Let's find another way. I don't care if we beg, borrow, or hack it off someone's computer. I need that ~~data.~~

Information

27 EXT. HOUSE #1 - DAY

27

CAMERA FOLLOWS Zane as he trudges up the front walk of a suburban house. We can't see his face, but we notice he's wearing common work clothes. And a tool-belt.

ZANE

A B.A. in Electrical Engineering... Masters in astrophysics...seven years of higher education...and it all ends like this.

28 INT./EXT. HOUSE #1 - DAY

28

An unseen hand opens a front door. On the porch stands Zane, remade in the image of a TV repairman. It's a sadly comic sight.

ZANE

'Morning. I'm here to fix your satellite dish.

29 EXT. SERVICE YARD - "SKY-HI SATELLITE" - DAY

29

This is the service yard for "Sky-Hi Satellite" -- company vans, spools of coax and fiber-optic cable. Zane leans on a pay phone, tearing into a band-aid.

WYATT (V.O.)

Moffet Field.

ZANE

Bill Wyatt? Zane Ziminski.

WYATT (V.O.)

Oh, yeah. Zane. Right.

ZANE

I know you said you'd get back to me, but I felt obligated to tell you about this other job offer that came up. Telecommunications. Looks pretty sweet, too.

(wrapping finger with band-aid)

I mean, the health plan alone...

WYATT (V.O.)

Well, good. You should take it, Zane. Because I don't think it was going to work out here.

Something dies inside Zane. — AWAY FROM PHONE.

ZANE

Really. Well, I thought you were looking for radio astronomers -- some "good creative thinkers." Isn't that what you said?

WYATT (V.O.)

Creative is one thing. Too creative is another.

ZANE

I'm not tracking.

29 CONTINUED:

29

WYATT (V.O.)

(gingerly)

Not sure I should be saying this,
but...I talked to Phil Gordian at JPL.
And while he wouldn't quite...well,
the indication was that....

ZANE

Just say it.

WYATT (V.O.)

He said you were faking signals in
order to keep your job.

30 INT. ZANE'S SAAB - DAY ^① *CHL MOUNT, DRIVER'S SIDE* 30A black anger festering, Zane drives fast. *DS9A13 PAGES CTM CTX*

31 EXT. GUARD HOUSE - JPL - DAY 31

The Saab noses to a stop at the guard house. A new face
-- JPL GUARD #2 -- appears. Zane knuckles the parking
permit still stuck to his windshield.

ZANE

I know where to park.

The guard nods, reaches inside the booth to raise the gate.
Another hand stops him: It's Guard #1, Lord of the Parking
Realm.

JPL GUARD #1

Hang on. I do believe this permit has
expired.

(to Zane)

Got an appointment?

ZANE

C'mon. Just open up. I'll park where
I'm supposed to park.

JPL GUARD #1

(relishing it)

Well, let's just see if they left a
"visitor" pass for you. You see
anything here, ~~Charlie?~~ I don't see
anything here. Nope, there's nothin'
here.

(MORE)

31 CONTINUED:

JPL GUARD #1 (CONT'D)
 (in Zane's face)
 Tell you what. Just put this Swedish
 shitmobile into reverse and park it
 on the street. We'll call upstairs
 for you.

32 INT. ZANE'S SAAB - DAY

32

Doing a slow burn, Zane backs up -- then slams the car into
 first, stomps the accelerator.

33 EXT. GUARD HOUSE - JPL - DAY

33

The Saab swerves the gate. Jumps the sidewalk. Careens
 for the main plaza.

JPL GUARD #1
 ZIMINSKI!

34 INT. ZANE'S SAAB - DAY

34

ZANE'S POV: Weaving around people and posts like
 roadcones.

35 EXT. ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - JPL - DAY

35

CLOSE on tires braking hard.
 Zane bails out and charges inside.

36 INT. PRESS HALL - JPL - DAY

36

The TERRAFORMER speaks on stage. He's a German-born
 macro-engineer, and as such, everything about him is big --
 big gestures, big gut, big ideas. Big pictures of Mars
 fill the screen behind him.

17.5 SECS.
 TERRAFORMER *0.5.*
 ...to raise the temperature of the planet ten-fold, to change its atmosphere into one suitable to colonization...to construct farms and cities and build an infrastructure capable of supporting thousands of colonists. Make no mistake about it, never before have we undertaken a task of this size -- the terraforming of Mars. *steps into life*
 SECS 7 ENTER 7
 (WEISS)

36 CONTINUED:

Hall doors open. Zane appears in a blast of light. He starts prowling the audience...cutting across rows... stumbling around like a bear in a campground.

ZANE

Gordian...someone said he was here...
I'm looking for Phil Gordian....

The man on stage can't ignore it any longer.

TERRAFORMER

Excuse me. But perhaps you'd care to
use the microphone?

ZANE

Thanks.

Startling the man, Zane vaults onto stage and commandeers the lectern.

ZANE (CONT'D)

Gordian? Is he here? I need to talk
to Phil Gor....

In the audience, one dark shape rises.

GORDIAN

The man was in the middle of a
seminar, Zane. Maybe we should step
outside while --

ZANE

Did you even give it to Decoding?
Did you even see what was there?

GORDIAN

What are we talking about?

ZANE

The tape! The signal! If you're not
going to analyze it, I want my tape
back!

GORDIAN

I'm sorry, Zane, but...I just don't
know what you're referring to.

A beat -- then Zane drops the mike and goes for him.
Bodies intervene: The guards are here.

JPL GUARD #1

Hey. Show me how smart you are and
walk away right now. Before this gets
truly ugly.

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

ZANE
 (railing at Gordian)
 What're you doing this for? Why
 are you telling them lies about me?
WHY?

Guards haul him out the door. Gordian shakes his head.

GORDIAN
 He's a troubled young man. Very
 troubled. My apologies.

He sits, again blending with darkness. The terraformer
 picks up the shards of his lecture.

TERRAFORMER
 ...so where.... Polar ice. Yes,
 after the polar ice has been melted,
 the atmosphere again grows thicker.
~~Finally a kind of critical mass is~~
~~reached, and at this point, the~~
~~planet's atmosphere begins to work~~
~~for us instead of against us....~~

9-10 SECS.

37 EXT. ORO VALLEY - DAY

RE-ESTABLISH the tracking station.

38 INT. TRACKING STATION - DAY

A PHONE TRILLS.

CALVIN
 (answering)
 Station five.

ZANE (V.O.)
 Tell me I'm not losing my fucking
 mind. Just tell me.

TRAFFIC NOISE fouls the line. Calvin scowls.

CALVIN
 Zane? Where are you?

39 EXT. EMERGENCY CALL BOX - FREEWAY - DAY

39

Zane stands at an emergency callbox on the freeway.
 He's hot-wired the phone inside.

39 CONTINUED:

ZANE

They're acting like it never happened.
I just saw Gordian, and it's like we
never gave him any tape.

INTERCUTTING:

CALVIN

Listen, Zane --

ZANE

But then I remembered. It should
still be on the backup DAT system.
We still got a copy of the signal,
right?

CALVIN

Well, yes and no....

He looks over his shoulder at two grey-suited men -- the
D.O.D. GUYS. They're confiscating station logs, computer
print-outs.

CALVIN (CONT'D)

(shielding his voice)

There's some D.O.D. guys here going
through our stuff. Apparently it was
a burst from a spy satellite.

ZANE

What?

CALVIN

It's a defense thing, Zane. Which is
probably why Gordian couldn't tell you
about it. We aren't cleared for this
spy shit.

ZANE

Cal, Cal, Cal. Listen to me very
carefully. Satellites don't move like
stars move. We tracked the thing in
sidereal time, okay? In star time.
Now I don't know who these guys are
-- but I do know they're lying to you.

Little hairs start dancing on Cal's neck. He does a
slow-turn to check on the men...

And one is right there, right in his face.

D.O.D. #1

Is this everything?

39 CONTINUED: (2)

39

ZANE

Cal. If you haven't told them about
the backup system -- don't.

TIGHT on Calvin. He's taking heat from both sides and not
handling it well.

D.O.D. #1

Do we have it all?

ZANE

Don't tell them, Cal. Don't you
fucking dare.

CALVIN

(to D.O.D. guy)

There's a backup system.

40 EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

40

As Zane does a wardance of frustration.

41 EXT. STATION HOUSE - ORO VALLEY - DAY

41

START on boxes of confiscated material, piled inside a car
trunk. The trunk slams closed.

Calvin watches from the station house as the D.O.D. guys
start to leave. He rallies his courage for one parting
shot:

CALVIN

So if this was a spy bird...why was
it moving like a star?

The D.O.D. guys exchange looks.

D.O.D. #1

Not really sure. We'll have to get
back to you on that.

They leave. HOLD on Calvin -- wishing he'd never asked the
question.

42 INT. BROKERAGE HOUSE - DAY

42

Electronic ticker board. Among this suspender-and-tie
world, we find Char working a phone.

42 CONTINUED:

CHAR

...it's a very aggressive company.
 And with the federal mandate for
 airbags, they're perfectly positioned
 to dominate the market for years to
 come. "Blade Technologies." I'll
 send you a prospectus, but I'm
~~advising all my clients~~ -- *strongly advising that ...*

*Seriously
 uninvolved*

She double-takes as Zane appears. Telepathically, he
 orders her off the phone.

CHAR

Call you back, Doug? Five minutes.
 Thanks.

She hangs up.

ZANE

So I get this signal. This signal
 from an F-class star, just like our
 sun but a little hotter, okay? First,
 they act like it's nothing. But now,
 now they're going to unimaginable
 pains to make it disappear.

CHAR

Zane? I thought you had a new job.

ZANE

Something's going on here, Char.
 I mean, why would they do that?
 What is it they're trying to hide?

CHAR

Maybe we can talk about this later,
 huh?

ZANE

I want to talk now.

CU, 2 X TRTS

He hammers her desk. She stares daggers, letting him know
 she won't tolerate a scene here.

ZANE (CONT'D)

(easing up)
 I called last night. Twice.

CHAR

I got the messages.

42 CONTINUED: (2)

ZANE

Well, I thought the problem was I wasn't around enough. But now that I am -- you're not. What is this? Tales from the Darkside?

CHAR

I guess I have been avoiding this.

ZANE

(seeing red flags)
Define "this."

CHAR

The brokerage is strongly suggesting that I head up the office in San Diego. Soon. It'd mean moving there.

A numb beat. Striving for calm:

XTRA X

ZANE

Okay. Can you just say "no"?

CHAR

Oh, thank you, Zane. I tell you I'll support any career decision you make, but when it comes to me and my work --

ZANE

You're actually considering this?

A CO-WORKER appears, an alarmingly handsome guy. He lays a hand on Char's backside.

Char? ^{Mr.} Kinsey CO-WORKER on line five.

CHAR

(to Zane)
I gotta take this.

ZANE

Wait. By any chance, is he going to San Diego?

CHAR

(bugged)
Zane? Why don't you stick your paranoia back in your pants and get out of here. I'll call you.

ZANE

Okay. Fine. No problem. When?

42 CONTINUED: (3)

42

CHAR
Whenever I get to it.

ZANE
Tuesday? Wednesday? AM? PM?

CHAR
Go.

43 INT. ~~DEN~~ ^{BEDROOM} - ZANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

43

Bathed in the light of a DRONING TELEVISION, Zane sleeps in a Barcalounger, cat toys strewn on his chest. PHONE RINGS. Lurching awake, Zane knocks over a Chinese Checkers board. Marbles bounce everywhere.

ZANE
Yeah. I'm here. Hello?

A DIAL TONE greets him. Confused, Zane looks at the television -- where a late-night movie character speaks into a phone. It was the TV that rang.

ZANE
Aw, man....

He checks the clock. Midnight. She never called.

44 EXT. BACKYARD - ZANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

(CRANE)

44

A lonely tableau: Zane stands like a statue, face upturned, eyes trained on one particular corner of the cosmos.

ZANE
Right now...they could be talking to us right now....

It's too much to bear: His knees turn to taffy and he hits the ground. This is it. Rock bottom. We figure it can't get any worse for Zane until...

SPRINKLERS SPUTTER on. Zane laughs blackly as he takes the soaking. It's like the whole world is pissing on him.

He gets up and sloshes for the house -- but stops near a home satellite dish. He stares as an idea takes shape. A wild-ass idea.

ZANE
An array?

44 CONTINUED:

(44)

Oblivious to the sprinklers, Zane hurries to the rear fence and checks a neighbor's yard. There's another dish there.

ZANE

A phased array....

45 EXT. FRONT PORCH - HOUSE #2 - DAY

(45)

(NOTE: SCENES 45-58 constitute a FAST-CUTTING MONTAGE that shows Zane putting his idea into action. PUNCHY MUSIC throughout.)

An unseen hand opens a front door. On the porch stands Zane, dressed in "Sky-Hi" work clothes.

ZANE

'Morning. I'm with your local satellite company....

46 INT. RADIO SHACK - DAY

46

As Zane buys an armload of electronics -- patch cords, analog-digital converters, coax, sidereal-time motors.

47 EXT. FRONT PORCH - HOUSE #3 - DAY

(47)

ZANE (CONT'D)

...and for a limited time, we're offering a free upgrade for a totally automated, fiber-optic control system...

48 EXT. SERVICE YARD - "SKY-HI SATELLITE" - DAY

48

As Zane swipes a fiber-optic spool.

49 EXT. FRONT PORCH - HOUSE #4 - DAY

(49)

ZANE (CONT'D)

...again, at no charge to you. Just another way in which we're improving service to our valued customer.

HOMEOWNER

What if I'm happy the way it is?

ZANE

I'll unscramble the Disney Channel for 20 bucks.

49 CONTINUED:

(49)

HOMEOWNER

Sold.

50 EXT. YARD - HOUSE #4 - DAY

(50)

As Zane installs a new driver-motor on a home dish.

51 INT. "SKY-HI" SERVICE VAN - DAY

(51)

CLOSE on a map of the service area, lying on the front seat of the van. Connected dots form a "Y" pattern. Technical notes abound.

Driving, Zane pulls into another driveway.

52 EXT. PHONE POLE - DAY

(52)

As Zane strings fiber-optic cable up a phone pole, tapping into a box there.

53 EXT. ZANE'S GARAGE - DAY

(53)

Boxes...bike parts...billiard sticks: All sorts of junk comes raining down on the back yard. CAMERA CRANES up to a second-story garage window where we find...

54 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - DAY

STAGE

(54)

Zane. He's jettisoning years of clutter from the garage attic. In QUICK CUTS, we see him:

Patching a hole in the roof... *From INSIDE? →*

Adding halogen lights...

Sweeping and mopping the attic...

Tacking up anti-static visquine...

Installing equipment racks...

55 EXT. ZANE'S GARAGE - DAY

(55)

And unloading equipment from his Saab. On his way into the garage, Zane tosses a wave to...

Old Mrs. Roosevelt next door. She's peeking through a window with "Neighborhood Watch" stickers.

56 EXT. VARIOUS PHONE POLES - DAY (56)

As Zane runs more and more fiber-optic.

57 EXT. VARIOUS YARDS - DAY (57)

As Zane modifies more and more dishes.

58 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - DAY STAGE
(58)

As Zane drives a nail to hang the Browning quote:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp,
or else what's Heaven for?" *Swink*

DISSOLVE TO:

59 EXT. ZANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT (59)

The house sits under a bright canopy of stars.

60 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - NIGHT STAGE
(60)

START on Zane. From a small tank, he dispenses liquid helium, adding it to a cooling jacket around the low-noise amp. DRAW BACK to reveal mixers, converters, analyzers -- all stacked to the rafters. This is it. His new tracking station.

CLOSE as a "System Temperature" read-out plummets: 80 degrees...30...-20...-70...-120...-170...-230. And there it levels off.

Zane fires up power supplies. Lights begin cycling, computers begin glowing -- and Zane watches it all like a kid watching a giant train set. But then...

A NOISE turns Zane around. Where was it? Outside?

Flattening to the wall, Zane sneaks up on a window. And just as he looks out...

Someone looks in.

ZANE
(recoiling)

Jeezus....

He spills downstairs...

GARAGE SET?

61 EXT. ZANE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

...and pushes outside. KIKI hangs upside-down in a tree, foot snagged in a crook. He's a 12-year-old black kid. Apparently he just fell.

ZANE
What're you doing here and how soon
can you leave?

KIKI
Hey, what're you doin' here?

ZANE
I live here, you mind?

KIKI
I mind you grabbin' on me. Leggo.
Leggo....

ZANE
I'm trying to get you down.

KIKI
I can do it myself.

Zane backs off. The kid squirms in vain.

ZANE
You live next door now? Is that it?
With Mrs. Roosevelt?

KIKI
I "live" in L.A. Just stayin' here
templike.

ZANE
Well, I don't want anybody nosin'
around here.

KIKI
Hey, if I was gunna steal your stuff,
it'd be over and done, okay?

ZANE
What do you know about my stuff?
And what the hell you doin' climbing
trees at one in the morning, anyway?
You should be out tagging freeway
signs, or something.

Giving up on trying to free himself, Kiki folds his arms
and gives Zane a cold upside-down stare.

KIKI
I don't gotta tell you shit.

(61)

61 CONTINUED:

ZANE
Fine. Hang there all night.

KIKI
Hey! Where you goin'? Gemme down
outta here!

Zane does. In some pain, the boy rubs his ankle.

ZANE
I'm waiting.

KIKI
I just climbed up there to get
closer. Never seen so many of 'em
before...y'know, from L.A.

ZANE
What're you talking about? Never seen
what?

KIKI
The stars. I just wanted to get
closer to all them stars.

*LOW ANGLE ON
ZANE? STARS
AROUND HIM?*

Zane shrinks visibly. It's the one thing the boy could
have said to completely disarm him.

ZANE
How's that leg?

62 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

KIKI
What's that thing there?

*Z: Didn't I tell you to
wait downstairs?* STAGE
62

ZANE
? Low-noise amp. Don't touch.

KIKI
And what's this blinky shit *there?* here?

Zane rolls his eyes: He's trying to get an ice pack on the
boy's foot, but Kiki keeps popping up to inspect equipment.

Here. Sit down - and hold this.
ZANE
Would you just sit here and hold this?

KIKI
Don't want that thing. ~~It's cold.~~

62 CONTINUED:

(62)

ZANE
Well, just keep your butt down, your
foot up, and your mouth shut. You can
watch, but don't touch anything.

LAW SUIT?

KIKI
I weren't gunna. Shit.

Zane sits at his laptop. Enters "CONTROL ARRAY" mode.
Pecks out coordinates on the keyboard. KIKI OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

63 EXT. VARIOUS YARDS - NIGHT

(63)

QUICK SHOTS: A half-dozen satellite dishes begin moving in
syncopation, the eerie dance choreographed by Zane's unseen
hand.

64 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

STAGE
(64)

A schematic of the array appears on Zane's computer:
It's the "Y" pattern we've seen before. Kiki edges
closer.

KIKI
What're all them dots?

ZANE
They're satellite dishes. Each one.
You string enough of them together,
and you make one big radio antenna.
Basically.

KIKI
So what's it do?

ZANE
(a beat)
It lets you get close to the stars.

65 EXT. VARIOUS YARDS - NIGHT

(65)

One by one, the dishes lock onto their target.

66 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

STAGE
(66)

Zane hits "COMBINE ARRAY INFORMATION." He swivels to a new
monitor as a thin spectrum appears, integrates.

ZANE
Try a calibration check here....

66 CONTINUED:

KIKI

See if you get "K-BUMP." 92.9.

Zane tweaks out some bugs, then flips on the audio. Over the speakers, swimming through LIGHT STATIC, we hear a forlorn BEEPING. It brings a grin of success.

ZANE

Greetings from beyond the solar system. That's Voyager II.

KIKI

Whazzat?

ZANE

What year were you born?

KIKI

'83.

Zane winces, feeling ancient.

ZANE

"Voyager" is a planetary probe launched in mid-70's. Don't they teach science in school anymore?

KIKI

Too busy checkin' us for guns.

ZANE

(concerned)

They find one on you?

KIKI

Not me, just everyone else. That's how come the folks wanted me outta L.A. Crazy shit goin' on. CAN I COME IN?

67 EXT. VARIOUS YARDS - NIGHT

Dishes realign. In one yard, a family dog cocks its head, watching a pirouetting dish. We're reminded of the RCA Victrola dog.

68 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

CLOSE on the spectroscope. It shows baseline static.

68 CONTINUED:

ZANE (O.S.)
 So this is the star, "Wolf-336."
 We check the spectra...at different
 magnifications...looking for anything
 unusual....

It's later. Still mesmerized, Kiki has wormed his way
 closer to the action. Zane seems to abide it: In fact,
 it's kind of nice to have someone here in the small hours
 of night.

ZANE (CONT'D)
 But all we find, unfortunately, is
 the typical radio noise of an F-class
 star.

FRAME A
 TWO-SHOT

KIKI
 But you talked to 'em before, huh?
 The aliens? This channel?

SINGLE
 COVERAGE

ZANE
 This star, this frequency. But we
 can't really talk. See, it takes
 years for a radio wave to get here.
 So we really just listen.

KIKI
 But what'd they say? Before?

ZANE
 Maybe how to live forever...how to
 make nuclear power safe...or hey,
 maybe they were just ordering out for
 pizza.

(off Kiki's look)
 See, we won't really know what they're
 saying, not at first. But that
 doesn't make it any less important.
 If I can confirm this signal -- if we
 can find it again -- then we'll
 finally know we're not alone. That's
 why we call it "The Shockwave" --
 because it'll just shatter all these
 pious bullshit notions we have about
 ourselves being the center of the
 universe...about being created "in
 God's own image." Oh, yeah, Kiki --
 there's other people out there. And
 they're gonna be stranger than we can
 ever imagine.

Duly awed, Kiki turns to the window and peers up at the
 night stars.

68 CONTINUED: (2)

KIKI

Wonder what they're gunna look
like....

69 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Early morning. An old pickup motors down a quiet street.
A door of the truck reads simply "GARDENING." *LAWN SCAPING.*

The truck parks. Two gardeners get out. Though their
clothes are different, we recognize them as the D.O.D. guys
(from SCENE 39).

70 INT. BEDROOM - CAL'S HOUSE - DAY

CLOSE on a digital clock. At 7:00, an ALARM BLEATS.

In bed, Cal makes a blind grope for it. But his hand can't
find the clock. Soon another hand enters FRAME to kill the
alarm.

Calvin's eyes open. "Who did that?" He rolls onto his
back to find...

The two gardeners. Standing over his bed.

71 EXT. ZANE'S HOUSE - DAY

Dressed for work, Zane eases out the kitchen door like a
sleep-deprivation patient. It takes supreme concentration
not to spill his coffee. He locks up the house and turns
for the garage...

And runs into a seven-foot man. Coffee goes flying. But
it's only Kiki, messing around on stilts.

KIKI

Gunna try again? Tonight? If you
are, I could wait up and sorta, you
know...maybe...help some this time.

Zane peers next door. Mrs. Roosevelt is seen, watering a
brown lawn.

ZANE

Didn't tell anybody about our little
clubhouse, did you?

KIKI

~~No possibility.~~

Remains mist
What am I, new?

71 CONTINUED:

ZANE
Well, what about your grandma? She
doesn't care if you're out at night?

KIKI
Not after 10 o'clock.

ZANE
What happens at 10?

KIKI
She passes out on NyQuil. *(ugh, 5/1/42)*

ZANE
Tell you what. Whenever I'm up there,
you can come over. But only if you
got the proper I.D.

KIKI
So where I get that at?

72 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

START on a tacky label-gun badge. It reads...

"KIKI"
Signal Detection Team

WIDER to find Kiki perched on a crate-chair, buffing his
new badge as Zane fires up the tracking station.

ZANE
(Control Voice)
"There is nothing wrong with your
television set. Do not attempt
to adjust the picture. We are
controlling reception...."

73 EXT. VARIOUS YARDS - NIGHT

As the satellite dishes begin their nocturnal ballet.

74 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - NIGHT

KIKI
Hey, Zane? What about me? Huh?
When can I do somethin'?

ZANE
Okay. Hit that key.

2-5407

72

73

74

74 CONTINUED:

2 - SHOT

(74)

KIKI
What one?

ZANE
That one.

KIKI
This one here?

ZANE
Yes.

KIKI
The one right under my finger?

ZANE
Gimme your badge. You're fired.

KIKI
I'll do it.

He presses the computer key like someone lighting the Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center.

Heads up tape recorder
As Zane ~~tops off the helium in the cooling jacket,~~ Kiki watches the new spectra appear.

KIKI
So what's it gonna look like?
This Shockwave deal?

ZANE
Just a spike.

KIKI
Big one or little one?

ZANE
Fairly big.
(glancing over shoulder)
Yeah, sort of like....

He does a killer double-take: ~~Something juts from the baseline static.~~ Instantly Zane slaps switches, rolling a ~~tape-recorder~~ and activating speakers. The attic fills with an OTHERWORDLY SQUEAL.

75 EXT. VARIOUS YARDS - NIGHT

DUTCH ANGLES on the dish array. The SHOCKWAVE continues.

(75)

76 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - NIGHT (76)

Zane switches over to 3-D waveform display: We see the signal rippling and pulsing demonically.

ZANE

This is it...this is the exact same thing that....

But now INTERFERENCE. The 3-D waveform goes haywire. The interference clarifies into music -- SALSA MUSIC.

Kiki and Zane swap looks. "What the hell?" They listen a few more seconds. Then...

CLOSE on the waveform. Falling flat.

CLOSE on the spectroscope. Only a baseline.

CLOSE on the speakers. Only a NUMBING HISS.

77 EXT. VARIOUS YARDS - NIGHT (77)

Where CRICKETS CHIRP peacefully.

78 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - NIGHT (78)

KIKI

And I didn't touch nuthin', okay?

Confused, Zane rewinds the tape-recorder and replays the SHOCKWAVE SIGNAL.

ZANE

Same thing. Same signature, same periodicity....

(with a scowl)

Only what the hell is....

Again, SALSA MUSIC.

KIKI

What's this Lambada shit?

ZANE

It's a bounce. A radio wave that kicks off the inversion layer and bleeds in through the side of the system. Godfuckittohell.

KIKI

It's comin' from Earth?

TV.
God bless it to hell

78 CONTINUED:

Now words bleed through: It's a SPANISH-SPEAKING RADIO ANNOUNCER, giving call-letters:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
...X-M-R-S-L, San Marsol.

ZANE
Some Mexican radio station on the same frequency...tells us where the bounce came from, but....

KIKI
(deflating)
But it's bogus? All of it?

ZANE
Wait a sec. The first signal was definitely sky-based -- we verified it. But this one is Earth-based....
(backing up)
Two identical signals...one comes from space, the other from Earth....

He drops into a chair, rubs his woeful head.

ZANE (CONT'D)
I'm all screwed up here. Doesn't make sense....

It hits him like a triple espresso.

ZANE (CONT'D)
Unless they're talking.

KIKI
Hey. Last night you was tellin' me how we can't --

ZANE
Not in real time, no. But nothing wrong with swapping information -- a two-lane radio highway through space. Inbound, outbound. You see?

KIKI
Whaddya mean? Someone beat us?
Someone in Tacoville found our aliens?

ZANE
Well, either that, or....
(a beat)
Or, I suppose it could mean that....

SHUTS OFF RECORDER

*Z WALKS OUTSIDE
SITS ON CUCHI*

78 CONTINUED: (2)

78

The universe rearranges in his mind. Suddenly he's on his feet, moving for the stairs.

ZANE

Cal. I gotta talk to Cal.

79 INT. ZANE'S SAAB - NIGHT

79

ZANE'S POV: Driving dark residential streets. We turn a corner -- and an explosion of emergency lights greets us.

80 EXT. CALVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

80

Police cars. Firetruck. Neighbors mulling in bathrobes. Wide-eyed, Zane exits his car. An ambulance is closing up. Zane hops police tape to get there. He presses his face to the rear windows and sees...

DIARDA HERE

81 INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

81

Calvin. His skin a lifeless blue.

ARE THEY TRYING TO RESUSITATE?

82 EXT. CALVIN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

82

The AMBULANCE WHELPS away. Zane just stands there, ripped. In snatches of dialog:

NEIGHBORS

...something about a bad heater... carbon monoxide...how long was he in there...terrible accident, just terrible....

DISSOLVE TO:

83 EXT. N-CAR - DAY

83

Buildings stand like sandstone periscopes at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. SUPER this:

NATIONAL CENTER FOR ATMOSPHERIC RESEARCH
BOULDER, COLORADO

84 INT. WORKSTATION - N-CAR - DAY

84

CLOSE on a computer screen. An Historical Sequence Model is being run for "Greenhouse Trace Gasses." A half-dozen spots dilate across the Earth's mid-section -- first yellow ...then amber...then bright red. Disturbingly, they look like bleeding wounds.

N-CAR MAN

...huge concentrations of trace gas here in the Central Mexico...the Yucatan...Ecuador...Brazil....

ILANA

"700 percent" increase over the last five years? How can that be?

Standing behind a COMPUTER TECHNICIAN, Ilana and the N-CAR MAN trade looks.

N-CAR MAN

My very question. Just how accurate is this database you sent us, Ilana?

ILANA

Hard to say. We cobbled it together from ground stations, balloon readings, and Uncle Earl's aching corns. Some of your own numbers in there.

N-CAR MAN

No satellite data?

ILANA

NASA's bird has a bum wing.

N-CAR MAN

Well, you've obviously got some ratty data.

ILANA

(not so sure)
We checked it as best we could....
(a beat, then to
computer technician)

Can you run me a futurecast? Say ten years, assuming the same increase?

The man keystrokes. Momentarily a new sequence appears -- and we watch the red wounds grow...and grow...and grow. The whole Earth is hemorrhaging before our eyes.

84 CONTINUED:

84

N-CAR MAN

Well, it better be wrong. According to this, we're looking at an increase of ~~15~~ degrees Celsius over the next decade. And that's just....

ILANA

Catastrophic.

N-CAR MAN

I was going to say "impossible" -- but yeah. That too.

Ilana looks again at the image of the bleeding Earth. The nearest wound originates in Central Mexico.

DISSOLVE TO:

85 EXT. RUNWAY - MEXICAN AIRPORT - DAY

85

As a commuter plane lands.

86 INT. MEXICAN AIRPORT - DAY

86

Deplaning passengers move through an obstacle course of vendors selling Panama hats and tortoise-shell goods. One vendor -- the SKELETON MAN -- hawks small hand-carved skeletons and coffins. He CHATTERS them at...

Zane. He sidesteps and keeps moving.

87 EXT. MEXICAN AIRPORT - DAY

87

Emerging from the terminal, Zane sets down his duffel and palms sweat off his forehead.

CABBIE

You come to see the ruins, my friend?
I take you to some much very good places.

Moving quick, the CABBIE slings Zane's duffel into his "taxi" -- a VW bug. Zane follows his luggage.

EXT ZANE

Just head for town. / 117.
(getting in)
When's it start to cool off down here, anyway?

87 CONTINUED:

*INT.**EXT.*

87

CABBIE
In San Marsol? This is "cool off."

88 INT. VW TAXI - DAY

88

START on a collage of photos. Faces of a Latin family -- father, mother, a glut of kids.

CABBIE (O.S.)
...and this is Roberto, Francisca,
Clarita, Miguel, Consuelo...

WIDER, we find the photos plastered to the headliner of this, the Sistine Chapel of taxi cabs. Giving more attention to his family than his driving:

CABBIE (CONT'D)
...Miguelito -- little Miguel -- ah,
here is Chu-Chu -- and, of course,
Teresa, mi esposa. Oh, and Jorge.
How can I forget? Little Jorge....

CLOSE on a note that Zane unpockets: "X-M-R-S-L -- San Marsol -- ~~107.5 Mz.~~"

107.3 UZ

CABBIE
Near town, there is a tree with the face of Jesus on it. And from the eyes, juice comes. Like it is crying. You want to sees the crying Jesus tree?

Zane clicks on the car radio, FUZZES through the dial. He stops at 107.5. Strangely, there's only STATIC.

ZANE
This dial right?

CABBIE
Right, left -- both ways. *> 315 W E A L ?*

The cabbie doesn't understand. Zane tries again to tune in the station, but it's just not there.

ZANE
(showing paper)
This radio station. You know where it is?

CABBIE
Oh, very far. Not close to town.

88 CONTINUED:

88

ZANE
Let's go there.

CABBIE
The crying tree is more good.

ZANE
The radio station. I need to talk to
the people there.

89 EXT. RADIO STATION - DAY

89

TILT DOWN on a tower antenna, revealing the call letters "X-M-R-S-L." At ground-level, we find the charred ruins of the radio station, still smoldering. FIREMEN rake out hot-spots.

Zane takes it all in with troubled eyes.

Finished talking to a bystander, the cabbie moves back to Zane.

CABBIE
Accidente, he say. But no persons
was here -- gracias a Dios -- when
the fire come last night.

ZANE
Too late....

CABBIE
Como?

ZANE
One day too late.

90 EXT. HOTEL #1 - SAN MARSOL - LATE DAY

90

The taxi parks in front of a shocking pink hotel.

CABBIE
"Posada San Marsol." One of our much
very best hotels.

Zane gives the hotel a once-over. It's the kind of place
where the roaches have fleas.

91 INT. ZANE'S ROOM - HOTEL #1 - LATE DAY

91

A Latina MAID brushes a small brown scorpion off the
ceiling, readying the room for...

91 CONTINUED:

91

Zane. Sweating, he reaches to open the balcony door. The doorknob and spindle come off in his hand. He gets it open somehow...

92 EXT. BALCONY - HOTEL #1 - LATE DAY

92

...and steps out onto the balcony. The view overlooks rooftops. Small satellite dishes are visible.

ZANE

You see these things?

MAID

Como?

ZANE

The TV dishes? Alli? And alli?

MAID

Oh, si, si. "Antenna parabolica."

ZANE

Do you know any big ones here?

MAID

"Big"....

ZANE

Not small like those. But big. 50, 60 feet wide. Biiiiig.

MAID

Oh, no. Nada "big" en San Marsol. Nada.

93 INT. ZANE'S ROOM - HOTEL #1 - LATE DAY

93

Zane clicks on the room radio. He tunes in the STATIC at 107.5 -- and cranks it up, monitoring the frequency. The maid gives him a crazy-Gringo look on her way out.

94 INT./EXT. ZOCALO CAFE - SAN MARSOL - NIGHT

94

Night is still hot. LOCALS jam outdoor cafes around the zocalo, drinking beer or coffee with milk, DINGING THEIR CUPS for refills. A vendor selling skeleton marionettes CHATTERS past...

Zane. Wearing Walkman headphones. Reading maps over empty dinner plates. He looks twice at the skeleton man, now retreating. "Haven't I seen him before?"

(X)

ONE SKELETON BONE

94 CONTINUED:

94

Shrugging it off, Zane stands and digs for money, ready to pay for dinner. But now he notices...

A blonde woman. Seated nearby, she studies her own maps. Hiking shorts and Timberline boots -- probably an American. Not drop-dead gorgeous like Char. But there's something about her that keeps Zane looking. Something independent. Brazen.

Now their eyes touch. Zane considers inviting himself over: It'd be a natural thing to do -- two compatriots in a foreign land. Sharing a beer. Some laughs. Maybe even a bed. Yeah, that sure would be nice...

But Zane drops his money on the table and leaves. That's not why he came to Mexico.

Ilana Green goes back to her reading.

95 INT. ZANE'S ROOM - HOTEL #1 - NIGHT

95

In the bathroom, an old ball-and-claw tub fills with water.

Zane unpacks. The ROOM RADIO PLAYS STATIC. Presently, out a window, Zane notices...

A man. He stands on a dark balcony across the street. Is he just outside smoking? Or is he watching us?

96 EXT. HOTEL #1 - NIGHT

96

WATCHER'S POV: Of Zane dropping a window blind.

97 INT. ZANE'S BATHROOM - HOTEL #1 - NIGHT

97

Zane shuts off the tub and starts to strip. Presently FOOTFALLS. He looks up to track...

GHOST FEET across the ceiling. They stop right overhead. WATER SQUEAKS ON.

Exposed PIPES RATTLE as someone starts to fill the tub upstairs.

98 INT. ZANE'S BATHROOM - HOTEL #1 - NIGHT

98

Minutes later. Zane is splayed out in the tub, phone to his ear, listening to JUNK MESSAGES on his home machine. MESSAGE #1 is someone from work, wondering if he's sick.

98 CONTINUED:

Presently a drip hits his face. Zane opens one eye to consider...

The ceiling. The drip comes from a hairline crack.

ZANE

"The much very best hotel...."

With simian dexterity, he adjusts knobs with his feet, topping off the tub. MESSAGE #2 plays.

Fed by the ceiling crack, a rivulet of water runs down a side wall. Soon water is sheeting down.

But Zane is oblivious, his attention devoted now to MESSAGE #3:

CHAR (V.O.)

I called this morning. Just didn't leave a message. You there now?

(a beat)

Well...I guess I didn't get back to you that night because I was mad.

~~(MORE)~~

~~CHAR (CONT'D)~~

I get so tired of being questioned, Zane -- about even the basic things. And maybe I was feeling some guilt, too, for steering you away from what you should be doing...what you love the most. But you were such an ass the last time we talked....

(a beat)

Damn, can't remember if this machine lets you ramble -- so I better just admit this quick: I miss your weird paranoid brain. Call when you can.

(a beat)

Where are you, Zane?

A HANGUP. The voice was melancholy yet inviting, and it got to Zane. He blows a sigh, reaches over the side of the tub to cradle the phone -- and frowns. Water is pooling on the floor. Zane double-checks...

The crack in the ceiling. It's tripled in size.

Zane erupts from the tub just as...

The whole CEILING COLLAPSES and...

A second tub crash-lands into the bathroom. Porcelain explodes. A window shatters. A wave of water rolls Zane right out the bathroom door...

98 CONTINUED: (2)

98

And dumps him in the bedroom.

ZANE
Jesus Fuckme Christ....

Somewhere a woman is SCREAMING. Zane inches back to the bathroom. Both tubs are gone, replaced by a yawning hole in Zane's floor. Below, a NUDE WOMAN screams insanely: There's another hole in her floor. The wreckage of three tubs lies in the ground-floor bathroom.

Zane looks up. Through the ceiling hole he sees...

A wall mirror. In it, we see the reflection of a man trying to look down without showing his face. It's the skeleton man.

Their eyes meet. Suddenly the mirror is empty.

GHOST FEET SPRINT across the ceiling.

99 INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL #1 - NIGHT

Running into his ^{Shoes} pants, Zane charges into the hallway. He finds the door to the stairs -- just as someone blurs past the door window.

99

PH 5
TUE-10
JW

100 INT. STAIRWELL - HOTEL #1 - NIGHT

Zane pushes into the dark stairwell. Stumbles down the steps. Crashes into stored cots. Slings them away and keeps going. Hits the ground-floor door...

SEES SKELETON ONLY 100
UP S.H.

101 EXT. ALLEY BEHIND HOTEL #1 - NIGHT

...and bangs outside.

101

102 EXT. STREET - SAN MARSOL - NIGHT

START on a giant skeleton, seemingly floating on air. TILT DOWN to reveal a "Day of the Dead" procession. Townspeople carry gifts to the cemetery as minstrels play a DIRGE. The floating skeleton is a papier-mache creation held aloft by fishing poles.

102

CAMERA PICKS UP the skeleton man as he tries to blend with the procession, glancing over his shoulder at...

102 CONTINUED:

102

Zane. Weaving. Jumping. Trying to keep sight of...
The skeleton man. He breaks from the parade.

103 EXT. SIDE STREET - SAN MARSOL - NIGHT

103

Running, the skeleton man takes a corner wide.

Steps behind, Zane rounds the same corner...

And plows into a gang of ghouls.

Zane recoils hard. The GHOULS LAUGH at him: They're only costumed figures, products of some Halloween/Day of the Dead interbreeding.

Zane punches through the ghouls and spies...

The skeleton man. Vanishing down an alley.

ALL PART
OF N1

104 EXT. BOX ALLEY - SAN MARSOL - NIGHT

104

The skeleton man slows to a stop. Furtively, he looks for a way out -- but finds sheer walls surrounding him. Now Zane catches up. He's breathing like a race horse.

ZANE

So just who the hell are you?

No response. He closes in cautiously.

ZANE (CONT'D)

I saw you in town. I saw you at the airport. You were waiting for me. You knew I was --

A door opens. Zane whirls to see TWO MEN exiting a building. And in that moment of distraction...

The skeleton man does the impossible: With an eerie BONY SOUND, his knees unlock and bend backwards. He crouches low on double-jointed legs...

105 EXT. ROOFTOP - SAN MARSOL - NIGHT

105

...and springs straight up to catch the parapet of a two-story building. It wasn't a jump. It was a vertical take-off.

106 EXT. BOX ALLEY - SAN MARSOL - NIGHT

106

Zane turns back -- and finds himself alone. A SCRAPING SOUND leads his eyes to...

The rooftop. The skeleton man claws his way over the parapet and disappears.

ZANE
(stunned)

How....

He searches for the fire escape, the ladder, the fence that must have been used. But there's nothing. There's no human way the skeleton man could have escaped.

DISSOLVE TO:

A107 EXT. OMNITECH ROAD - DAY

A107 (X)

START CLOSE on a long velcro strap being torn off an equipment bag.

(X)
(X)

HIGH-ANGLE: Quick-inflating, a weather balloon leaps out of the bag and streaks past CAMERA. It carries a small radio package.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Ilana watches her balloon rise.

(X)

107 EXT. MEXICAN HIGHWAY - DAY

107

An armadillo sunbathes on a highway that bisects dense jungle. Suddenly a JEEP SLASHES by, nearly running it over.

108 INT./EXT. RENTAL JEEP - DAY

108

Zane drives the rental Jeep. He listens to STATIC over his headphones. Reaching an overlook, he pulls to the shoulder, slips off the headphones.

(X)
(X)
(X)

109 EXT. SAN MARSOL OVERLOOK - DAY

109

Below lies the town of San Marsol. Zane scans with a monocular but comes up empty.

(X)
(X)

ZANE
Where do you hide a 20-meter dish?

109 CONTINUED:

109

The headphones go back on as he turns for the Jeep -- but (X)
now he hears a CRACKLING INTERFERENCE. Zane checks... (X)

The Walkman dial. It's where it should be -- "107.3" (X)

Now Zane spots the power lines overhead, the source of (X)
the interference. (X)

ZANE (X)
(realizing) (X)
Power. They need power. (X)

110 EXT. POWER-LINE ROAD - DAY

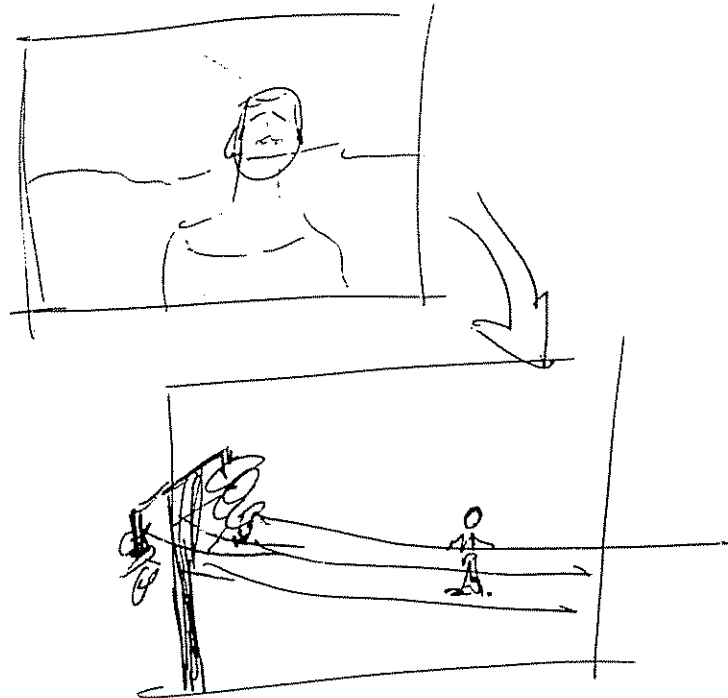
110 (X)

The HEADPHONES CRACKLE as... (X)

Zane drives, following the power lines. Soon the power lines separate from the road, disappearing over a rise.

Zane stops and gets out. CAMERA PUSHES PAST Zane as (X)
he climbs a rise to find...

*CLIMB UP TO
FAKE POWER LINES
IN F.G.*



111 EXT. OMNITECH COMPLEX - DAY

111

A modern industrial complex, situated improbably amid wilderness. At the core of the complex is a power plant, smokestacks off-gassing. The voltage lines terminate here.

112 EXT. POWER-LINE ROAD/OMNITECH COMPLEX - DAY

112 (X)

Zane scans with his monocular.

(X)

MONOCULAR POV: PANNING the face of the main building, DROPPING down to reveal a circular courtyard -- and a curious bit of modern sculpture there.

(X)

(X)

(X)

113 INT./EXT. RENTAL JEEP - DAY

113

Zane drives downhill. But around a bend he comes upon an altercation at roadside: Ilana is being rousted by uniformed guards. She's tug-of-warring with them over some equipment -- and losing the war.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(X)

114 EXT. OMNITECH ROAD - DAY

114

ZANE

Hey. Hey.

No one hears. He jumps from the Jeep and wedges in.

ZANE

C'mon, ease up, ease up....

Now the guards notice him. SPANISH WORDS spit in his face. Hands begin slapping his body, patting him down. Zane resists -- and suddenly pistols appear under his nose. And Ilana's.

ZANE

Hey, Americano, Americano....

Unimpressed, the guards push Zane into their truck, banging his head in the process. Ilana is shoved in behind, her gear confiscated. The guards load up and blast down the road, passing...

(X)

A security gate. "NO TRESPASSING" in both English and Spanish. Another sign reads "OMNITECH INDUSTRIES."

(X)

(X)

115 INT. SECURITY ROOM - OMNITECH COMPLEX - DAY

115

Through a window, we see guards conferring MOS with a plain-clothes SECURITY WOMAN. She sifts through Ilana's equipment.

115 CONTINUED:

WIDER to find Zane and Ilana inside an airless room.
Zane nurses a head wound.

ILANA FIXES "GLASSES HERE?"

ILANA

Well, I feel compelled to say two things -- "Thank you," and "That was a really asinine stunt." We could've both been shot.

ZANE

"You're welcome," and "You're right."

ILANA

Didn't I see you in town last night?

ZANE

(nodding)
Zane Ziminski.

Ilana shakes head but says blood types may not be compatible.

ILANA

Ilana Green.

ZANE

↳ So why were they rousting you?

ILANA

Something about my gear they didn't like.

ZANE

What is that stuff?

> S.N. LEAVES

ILANA

(dismissively)
It's technical.

ZANE

Some kind of radiosome? For atmospheric sampling?

(X)
(X)

She looks at him with new eyes.

ILANA

That's right. That's exactly right. Just who are --

The security woman enters. She's uncommonly reserved for a Latina. *OK*

SECURITY WOMAN

(with accent)

The equipment. It was marked with the letters "N-C-A-R." This is....

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

ILANA
National Center for Atmospheric
Research.

SECURITY WOMAN
And this is your place of work?

ILANA
It's borrowed equipment. I live and
work in California.

SECURITY WOMAN
And the nature of your research?

ILANA
GeoSciences. Can I ask what we've
done wrong?

SECURITY WOMAN
Just a moment. Your first name --
with an "I" or an "A"?

ILANA
"I." Ilana. Ilana Green.

116 HIDDEN-CAMERA POV:

116

Rapid-fire, Ilana's face appears in panoramic thermograph.
Biographical data is accessed...cross-checked...updated...
and dispatched. It all happens in mere seconds.

117 INT. SECURITY ROOM - OMNITECH COMPLEX - DAY

117

SECURITY WOMAN
Thank you.

Her attention turns to Zane.

ZANE
Zane Ziminski.

SECURITY WOMAN
Yes. We know who you are.

A blinkless beat. How could they know?

SECURITY WOMAN (CONT'D)
Your wallet. It was dropped in the
road outside.
(to both)
And you are traveling together?

117 CONTINUED:

117

ILANA

No. We just met.

SECURITY WOMAN

I see. Two Americans...strangers... here at the same time. A coincidence, I suppose.

Zane and Ilana trade looks, beginning to wonder if it really is a coincidence. Smiling abruptly, the woman returns Zane's wallet.

GARDIAN ENTERS

SECURITY WOMAN (CONT'D)

I wish to apologize to you both. We have over-reacted in this matter. As for your equipment, it appears to be ruined. If you leave me a local number, I will see that you are repaid.

1155 - 1155-4111 11 PD.

ILANA

Wait a second. Why were we detained? Why did those men take my gear in the first place?

START MURKIN/TRACE

SECURITY WOMAN

You were on private land.

ILANA

But isn't this a public utility? And why was I accosted like that in the first place?

SECURITY WOMAN

Please understand this is a new type of power station -- and with new technology come those who would try to steal it. You are staying in San Marsol, yes?

ILANA

What do you mean by "new type"? You still burn fossil fuels, don't you?

GARDIAN TURNS

SECURITY WOMAN

But with great efficiency. Very few emissions.

G#2

ILANA

What kind of emissions are you speaking of?

O.S.

117 CONTINUED: (2)

117

During, Zane's eyes wander to the window. The guards are splitting up. One man turns to CAMERA and startles us: It's Gordian -- or at least some Latino twin. The man's hair and complexion are darker, but the face is dead-nuts identical.

SECURITY WOMAN

(to Ilana)

I am no expert in this matter --
unlike yourself. Do you wish to be
repaid for the equipment? Perhaps
if you were to leave a phone number....

Zane stands, pulls Ilana away.

ZANE

Call it a push. C'mon.

118 EXT. MAIN BUILDING - OMNITECH COMPLEX - DAY

118 (X)

Trailed by Gordian #2 and other guards, Zane and Ilana exit the building and cross the courtyard. As they pass the modern sculpture:

(X)
(X)

ILANA

(glancing back)

Well...they say there's a twin for everyone in the world.

ZANE

No. That's not it.

ILANA

Look, you roll the genetic dice often enough, eventually they'll land on top of each other.

ZANE

No, Ilana. That's not it.

They reach their cars, brought here. Zane pauses for one last look at Gordian #2 -- and that curious sculpture.

(X)

ZANE (CONT'D)

Follow me back to town. And don't make any stops.

HOLD on Gordian #2, watching with vapid curiosity as Zane and Ilana leave.

*D.O.D. #1
"If need be"
"We go where we need to go"*

MATCH CUT TO:

119 EXT. COMMERCIAL HOTHOUSE - DAY

119

Gordian #1. Stepping out of a Ford Taurus.

120 INT. COMMERCIAL HOTHOUSE - DAY

120

START on temperature/humidity controls. Read-outs are in the triple-digit range.

Briefcase in hand, Gordian makes his way through this commercial hothouse, brimming with orchids and other tropical plants. Soon he locates...

Small job, really.

The two gardeners (a.k.a. "D.O.D. guys"). Though it's stiflingly hot in here, all three men seem comfortable.

GORDIAN

(handing over paper)

I understand you do residential work. I've got a weeding problem I'm hoping you can help me with. Here's the address.

Handwritten scribble with "D.O.D. #1" and "No job too small"

Making no other arrangements, Gordian leaves.

Gardener #1 checks the address as his partner opens the briefcase left behind. Inside he finds...

A compact steel box. Carefully, Gardener #2 throws the latches on the box and lifts out...

A sphere of burnished copper. No larger than a tennis ball, it could be taken for a child's plaything -- if only it weren't so precisely machined.

121 EXT. KIKI'S HOUSE - DAY

121

Kiki sweeps the driveway while roller-blading, blending work and play seamlessly. Soon he toe-brakes, noticing...

A pickup truck in Zane's driveway.

Curious, Kiki skates closer.

122 EXT. ZANE'S HOUSE - DAY

122

Gardener #1 exits the side door of the garage, kills the lights, locks the door. Turning, he sees...

Kiki. Watching him.

122 CONTINUED:

122

The man smiles a greeting, picks up his leaf-blower.

Kiki's eyes slide between the gardener and the garage.
How did he get in? Did Zane give him a key?

123 EXT. FRONT PORCH - KIKI'S HOUSE - DAY

123

From the screen door:

MRS. ROOSEVELT
(calling)
Kiki? When you're done out there,
need you to run to the store....

124 EXT. ZANE'S HOUSE - DAY

124

Gardener #1 fires up his LEAF-BLOWER, drowning out any
questions Kiki might have had.

125 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - DAY

125

CAMERA PANS across Zane's dormant tracking station --
and soon finds the copper sphere, the "imploder." Resting
on the floor, it looks harmless enough. Until...

It moves, "righting" itself. A thin light shaft appears (X)
beneath, lifting the imploder off the floor like a piston. (X)
Soon the light shaft retracts, leaving the imploder (X)
floating on midair. (X)

SEAMS RATCHET. The imploder opens. Wild light spills (X)
out. (X)

Pushing back shadows, the wild light sweeps the room like (X)
a lighthouse. The light tugs on... (X)

Small objects. Paper, cups, headphones go airborne.

The imploder beats faster and faster. (X)

126 EXT. ZANE'S HOUSE - DAY

126

The LEAF-BLOWER REVS louder and louder.

127 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - DAY

127

Now big objects go airborne. Everything not nailed down is
circling on air, whirlpooling around the imploder.

128 EXT. ZANE'S GARAGE - DAY

128

A bird lands on a tree branch near some attic louvers. Instantly the bird is gone, sucked into the attic.

129 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - DAY

129

The debris compacts into a central mass. The mass grows hot and bright and then...

FLASH. The imploder detonates in DEAD SILENCE, stealing the sound right out of the air.

WIDE SHOT of Zane's attic -- stripped to the stud walls. There's nothing left except sparking wires.

130 EXT. ZANE'S HOUSE - DAY

130

An hour later. The gardeners pack up and drive off. Zane's yard never looked better.

DISSOLVE TO:

131 INT. CANTINA - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

131

ZANE
So we're talking global warming,
is that it?

*ILANA REPAIRING GLASSES
W/ SAFETY PIN?
MAYBE NOT.*

In a hotel cantina, Zane and Ilana huddle over a slew of thermographic photos and beer bottles. It's late: A WAITRESS cleans ashtrays languidly, wishing they'd leave.

ILANA

Yes and no. "Yes," we're showing a increase in global temperature over the last decade. It's not much, but if you factor out the cooling effects of volcanic activity, the trend is... well, it's happening. Our factories can't pump out seven billion tons of CO2 each year and not do damage.

ZANE?

ZANE

And the "no" part?

ILANA

It snowed in Jerusalem this year. We saw Gulf hurricanes in March, six months out of season. Right now, we have droughts in the Sudan that are killing thousands -- with no end in sight.

131 CONTINUED:

131

ZANE

Okay. But is there really anything strange about strange weather?

ILANA

Separately, no. Collectively...
I begin to see patterns. Symptoms
of a very sick Earth.

(reaching O.S.)

Show you something else....

132 INT. ILANA'S ROOM - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

132

A shadow slips inside Ilana's room.

Keeping the lights off, the skeleton man sets aside his marionettes to focus on his other stock-in-trade -- the hand-carved coffins. He opens the first one gingerly. Inside are...

Prawn-sized scorpions.

133 INT. CANTINA - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

133

CLOSE on Zane's hands shuffling through photos of the meadow at the top of the world.

ZANE

This is the Arctic?

ILANA

90 miles from the pole.

ZANE

Well...what's it doing there?

ILANA

(a small shrug)
Individually, a small anomaly...
collectively, one more symptom.

(backing up)

The Arctic is incredibly sensitive to environmental changes. That's why we go there -- because things happen first in the Arctic. It's a window on the future.

ZANE

So you see something bigger than just global warming.

WHAT TELLS US THIS IS ILANA'S ROOM?

2 & ILANA'S CLOSET REACTED.

133 CONTINUED:

133

reverse / humanity / from me / from the / from the / from the

ILANA
I see some...some "major climatic
ordeal" happening.
(tugs on a beer)

Shit, I get so damn apocalyptic when
I drink. But you have to remember
that every profound turning point of
this planet -- including the demise
of the dinosaur -- began with a shift
in climate. Even a 10-degree increase
is enough to melt 70 percent of the
polar ice and wipe out all agriculture.
Wipe out us.

A thousand-yard stare from Zane.

ILANA
Okay, it's my last beer.

ZANE
No, no, no, I'm just....

CUT TO:

MEMORY HIT: Of a man on stage at JPL.

TERRAFORMER
...to raise the temperature of the
planet ten-fold...to change its
atmosphere into one suitable to
colonization....

CUT BACK TO:

ZANE
"Terraforming."

ILANA
Hmm?

ZANE
This guy at JPL...he's been giving
talks about Mars and how its whole
environment could be changed -- how
we could "terraform" it and then live
there. Never happen, of course --
costs hundreds of billions. But he
was saying something about....

CUT TO:

133 CONTINUED: (2)

133

MEMORY HIT:

TERRAFORMER

...after the polar ice has been melted, the atmosphere again grows thicker. Finally a kind of critical mass is reached....

CUT BACK TO:

ILANA

What is it?

ZANE

(giving up)

Don't know. Might try to get ahold of him, if it's not too....

(checking watch)

Wow. Did the time-warp dance here.

Ilana takes the check.

ILANA

Put this on my room....

134 INT. ILANA'S ROOM - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

134

Done, the skeleton man closes his coffins and leaves Ilana's room.

135 INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

135

ILANA

Well, before I go around saying the sky is falling -- or even warming -- I've got to get new gear from N-CAR.

They reach her door. Ilana digs for keys.

ZANE

When do you leave?

ILANA

First thing tomorrow. You?

ZANE

Don't know yet. Still haven't seen everything I need to see.

She opens the door, reaches inside for a switch.

136 INT. ILANA'S ROOM - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

136

CLOSE on Ilana's hand. At the last second, it hesitates, hovering over the light switch -- and a black scorpion poised there.

137 INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

137

ILANA

(turning back)

Must say I enjoyed the talk, Zane. It's uncommon to find someone who can actually grasp the things I'm passionate about.

ZANE

Yeah. Hear you.

An awkward beat. Even though they've been talking business, there's been an undercurrent of something else all night long.

ILANA

So...where're you staying?

ZANE

Well, I was in room 302 of the big pink place -- till it merged with room 402.

138 INT. ILANA'S ROOM - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

138

CLOSE on Ilana's hand. It settles on the doorjamb just inches from the restless scorpion.

ILANA (O.S.)

What, some kind of accident?

ZANE (O.S.)

Everything is, lately.

139 INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

139

ZANE (CONT'D)

So how's this dump?

ILANA

Not bad with the lights off.

ZANE

Maybe I'll get a room.

139 CONTINUED:

ILANA
Well, look. I'm gone first thing in the morning. Why don't you just stay here now, keep the room tomorrow?

ZANE
You mean...share it?

ILANA
Well, there is a couch. So at least we'd have the appearance of respectability.

140 INT. ILANA'S ROOM - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

140

As a scorpion scampers over the couch.

141 INT. HALLWAY - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

141

ZANE
(off balance)
'Spose we could...though, uh....
I mean, not that I don't find the proposition intriguing, or anything.
And not that you just propositioned me.

(half-beat)
Did you?

ILANA
Boy. Lot of guilt for someone who hasn't done anything yet, Zane.
I take it there's a warm body in bed at home.

ZANE
Out of my bed, still in my head.
I dunno....
(deciding)
There's probably something to be said for abstinence.

ILANA
In moderation.

Zane dusts off his smile. She pecks his cheek.

ILANA
"Terraforming." If there's anything there, get it to me. Care of UCLA.

141 CONTINUED:

141

ZANE

I will. And hey, just...be careful,
okay?

She nods, reaches again for the light-switch...

142 INT. ILANA'S ROOM - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

142

...and flicks it on. The scorpion is gone.

HIGH ANGLE of the room, ceiling fan in FOREGROUND.
Each blade has a scorpion. Switched on with the lights,
the blades gather speed.

Ilana moves into the bathroom as...

Scorpions sling off the blades...

And PLINK-PLINK-PLINK down over the room. One scorpion
lands in an open suitcase.

143 INT. LOBBY - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

143

Zane slides money at a DESK CLERK.

ZANE

Change for the phone? Cambio?

144 INT. ILANA'S ROOM - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

144

Ilana pulls on a robe, starts grubbing through her open
suitcase.

ILANA
Slippers...slippers....

*Where did I put...
? FINE SCUBA/CLEANSER*

Her hands probe the dark depths until...

She recoils in pain. Wondering what just stuck her, Ilana
pulls out...

Eyeglasses. One hinge is secured with an safety pin,
worked open.

145 INT. LOBBY - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

145

Over a pay phone:

CHAR (V.O.)

Hello?

145 CONTINUED:

145

ZANE

Man, it was good to hear your voice.

CHAR (V.O.)

Zane. Look, I'm really sorry about before, but like I tried to --

ZANE

No, you're right, I was an asshole. But look -- you still get downloads at home? Stock stuff?

CHAR (V.O.)

Yeah, but --

PLANEWOLF

ZANE

"OmniTech Industries." Check it out for me.

146 INT. ILANA'S ROOM - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

146

Ilana washes her face. Eyes shut, she gropes for...

A towel on the bathroom counter. Folded thickly.

Ilana presses the towel to her blind face. Finished drying, she drops the towel and moves away. HOLD on that towel -- as a scorpion crawls from the folds.

147 INT. LOBBY - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

147

CHAR (V.O.)

Slow modem, still waiting. So when're you coming home, Zane?

ZANE

(a odd beat)

Who said I was gone?

CHAR (V.O.)

Stopped by yesterday -- papers were stacking up. I put them inside.

(back to business) *PLC*

Okay, here we go -- ticker "~~OmniTech~~."
"OmniTech Industries." Went public in 1986... "a leader in clean-air technology," blah, blah, blah. Looks like they buy up old power utilities, overhaul, put them back on-line. Ecuador...Peru...three facilities in Mexico....

147 CONTINUED:

147

ZANE

Wait. There's more than one plant?

CHAR (V.O.)

As of January 1, they have...eight facilities on-line, 12 more planned. All in third-world countries.

ZANE

20 plants? Where's all this money comin' from?

CHAR (V.O.)

American investors. Your mutual funds at work.

A sober beat.

ZANE

Okay. Thanks.

CHAR (V.O.)

What, that's it? After four weeks, you call me up for a stock report?

ZANE

I don't know what else to say, Char.

CHAR (V.O.)

How 'bout "I miss you"?

ZANE

I shouldn't have to say it.

148 INT. ILANA'S ROOM - HOTEL #2 - NIGHT

148

Ready for bed, Ilana throws back covers. She fails to see...

A tangle of scorpions. They scuttle deeper under the covers.

Ilana sets her alarm, clicks off a lamp. She slips under the covers -- and reclines in her bed of scorpions. The way she folds her arms on her chest reminds us of a corpse. A peaceful beat, then...

A HORRID GASP.

> INTO CAMERA

- 149 EXT. OMNITECH COMPLEX - NIGHT 149
- ESTABLISHING VIEW of OmniTech by night. Hazard lights (X)
pulsing. Smokestacks working overtime. A scatter of (X)
office lights in the main building. (X)
- (NOTE: This ANGLE is the same as, or similar to, that of
SCENE 111.)
- 150 EXT. POWER-LINE ROAD - NIGHT 150 (X)
- Zane stares at the plant from afar. (X)
- ZANE
- 20 plants....
- He thinks about that -- then lifts his monocular for (X)
another look at something. (X)
- A151 MONOCULAR POV: Of the sculpture in the floodlit A151 (X)
courtyard. The shape is familiar to Zane. But could it (X)
really be what he thinks it is? (X)
- 151 EXT. OMNITECH ROAD - NIGHT 151 (X)
- START on the OmniTech signs that warn off trespassers.
Not giving the signs a second look, Zane ducks through a
barb-wire fence alongside the security gate.
- 152 EXT. LAVA FLOES - OMNITECH COMPLEX - NIGHT 152 (X)
- Zane makes his way across lava floes, jumping a moat of
water.
-
- 153 EXT. MAIN BUILDING - OMNITECH COMPLEX - NIGHT 153 (X)
- Vertical steel bars form an inner perimeter. Zane appears, (X)
shadowing outside the bars until he gets a good angle on... (X)
- The sculpture. (X)
- Taking out pad and pen, Zane starts sketching. (X)
- ZANE (X)
If that's it... (X)
- CLOSE on the sketch. He's turned the sculpture into the (X)
feedhorn of a radio telescope. The tip of an iceberg. (X)

CONTINUED:

153

ZANE (CONT'D)

Then how big does that make....

(X)
(X)

Abruptly, security lights die all around him. Building lights follow, extinguishing floor by floor. Soon all that remains is moonlight.

(X)
(X)
(X)

Reaction Zane: "What the hell?"

(X)

Now a DEEP RUMBLING from the Earth.

(X)

CLOSE on the steel bars. They're shaking. Vibrating. HUMMING like tuning forks. And now just beyond...

(X)
(X)

ANGLE BUILDING: The sculpture rises from the courtyard. Beneath it comes a huge spire. Beneath that comes a titanic shaft, lifting out of the ground like a Minuteman missile in slow motion.

154 (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

A155 INTERCUT Zane, jaw lagging open. Whatever he expected, it wasn't this.

A155 (X)
(X)

B155 ANGLE BUILDING: Rising to full height, the shaft tops the building. Now the spire blooms -- unfolding into a deep-space antenna. It's so big it blots out half the stars.

B155 (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

ZANE

My God....

(X)
(X)

Now the SHOCKWAVE SIGNAL. Coming over his headphones, it nearly blows Zane's ears off.

(X)
(X)

Headlights approach. Zane ducks the sweeping headlights, then watches as...

(X)
(X)

C155 EXT. INNER GATE - OMNITECH COMPLEX - NIGHT

C155 (X)

A VW taxi stops at a security gate. The cabbie steps out.

(X)

C155 CONTINUED:

C155

Reaction Zane: It's the same guy who picked him up at the airport.

The cabbie steps to a panel box. He keys it open to reveal a glass plate inside. Light strobes under the glass, analyzing the cabbie's face.

The gate opens.

D155 EXT. MAIN BUILDING - OMNITECH COMPLEX - NIGHT

D155 (X)

Done broadcasting, the dish collapses into a spire. The shaft pulls the spire back down to courtyard level. Soon all that remains is the tip of the spire, once again doubling as sculpture. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Conspicuously absent is Zane. (X)

155 EXT. OMNITECH COMPLEX - NIGHT

155

The VW taxi drives onto the grounds, parks. The cabbie disappears into the factory. A beat -- and now the hood of the VW opens. Zane rolls out.

156 INT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

156

Inside, vast MACHINERY GROANS AND POUNDS. Zane skulks around, steering clear of night-shift WORKERS. Presently he finds...

A hard hat. And coveralls.

157 INT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

157

Now in coveralls, Zane moves more freely, searching out...

The cabbie. He confers with the security woman.

Zane trails them through the plant. At first the workers ignore his presence. But then a change: More and more heads begin turning Zane's way. Do they know he's an outsider? How could they?

EXTREME CLOSEUP on Zane's face. A trickle of sweat appears.

Workers draw together. Their eyes keep coming back to...

Zane. He wipes the sweat away -- then looks from his damp fingers to the arid faces that scrutinize him. He's the only one sweating in here.

157 CONTINUED:

157

The cabbie and the security woman turn a corner,
vanishing. Picking up the pace, Zane turns the same
corner...

158 INT. CUL-DE-SAC - POWER PLANT - NIGHT

158

...and finds himself in a cul-de-sac. Where did they go?

159 INT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

159

En masse, the workers start after Zane.

160 INT. CUL-DE-SAC - POWER PLANT - NIGHT

160

Suspecting an unseen passage, Zane feels his way around pipe-lined walls. But there are no seams. And just as Zane thinks he must be hallucinating...

The floor moves. Grows. Rises seven feet to reveal...

A hidden elevator. A worker vacates the elevator, never spotting...

Zane perched on top.

Now the elevator begins lowering. Zane has to decide in a heartbeat: Does he go underground? Or does he get the hell out while he still can?

When the workers turn the corner, all they find is smooth floor.

161 INT. HIDDEN ELEVATOR - TERRAFORM FACTORY

161

Zane descends. But to where? There are no indicator lights, no controls. Soon the fast-moving rock outside the elevator door gives way to...

(X)
(X)

(NOTE: Level One omitted.)

(X)

Level Two: A cylindrical room, easily 100 yards across. Huge venting hoods sprout from the ceiling. Beneath that is a Venturi ring, rotating fast. Suddenly a titanic VAPOR BALL appears, RUMBLING as it rises past us. The vapor ball passes through the Venturi ring and gets sucked away by the venting hoods.

(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Stunned, Zane inches forward to look for the source of the vapor ball. On the floor of Level Two he finds...

Com-center. Display screens flash strange glyphs and schematics. Humanoid shapes -- just distant silhouettes -- cross in front of the sail-like screens, processing a new SHOCKWAVE SIGNAL.

CLOSER on the humanoid shapes. Are they people? Before we can figure it out, a second VAPOR BALL erupts through a central atrium.

Abruptly Level Two is gone, replaced by fast-moving rock: We're between levels. When the rock ends, we find...

(X)
(X)

161 CONTINUED:

161

Level Three: A dark Stygian world.

P.O.V. FROM ELEVATOR

Zane squints through the hot, muggy air. He can't see much except...

Soft shifting lights.

P.O.V. FROM ELEVATOR

162 INT. LEVEL THREE -- TERRAFORM FACTORY

162

The elevator docks. A leery beat -- then Zane steps out. He hears only the RUMBLE of VAPOR BALLS, unseen now.

Drawn by the shifting lights, Zane ventures ahead.

163 INT. CONVERSION LOBBY - TERRAFORM FACTORY

163

He reaches a console, the source of the lights. Strange chairs here, angles all wrong. Suddenly a shaft of light illuminates, revealing...

A164 ANGLE ON ALIEN: An alien right here, seated and facing away. Its skull is split in the rear. Skull-flaps move up and down in opposition, "fanning" the exposed brain beneath. A164 (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

B164 ANGLE ZANE: Stumbling back, blending with shadow. B164 (X)
A conversion platform illuminates. (X)

C164 ANGLE ALIEN: Standing. With back-bending legs, it walks up a ramp to approach the platform. Its last two steps are onto an invisible cushion that tops the platform. C164 (X)
(X)
(X)

CLOSE on the alien's legs. SNAPPING forward into more human dimension. (X)
(X)

CLOSE on the alien's thumbs, retracting. (X)

CLOSE on the alien's skull-flaps closing down, forming a humanlike head.

164 INT. CONVERSION PLATFORM - TERRAFORM FACTORY

164 (X)

ALIEN CONVERSION: In quick succession, energy hoops girdle the alien. The first adds a translucent membrane...the second "cures" the membrane into something resembling skin...a third adds hair...a fourth adds details like nails and eye coloration. Seconds later, a human female is stepping off the platform. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

(OMIT SCENE 164A)

165 INT. LEVEL THREE - TERRAFORM FACTORY

165

Having seen enough, Zane backs out of the conversion lobby and turns to get the hell gone. But which way to the elevator? He moves blindly through featureless passages. The VAPOR BALL SOUND GROWS LOUDER. Zane rounds a barrier, takes another step... (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

But his foot misses the floor. Zane falls...

166 INT. EXHAUST ATRIUM/LEVEL FOUR - TERRAFORM FACTORY

166

And crash-lands with a groan.

Stabilizing, Zane finds himself on some kind of platform. He peers over the edge to behold...

Level Four. This may not be Hell -- but it'll do until the real thing comes along: A central cauldron dominates the floor below. A huge ingot of raw material speeds down a distant ramp ("ingot-luge") and plunges into a hopper. A BRILLIANT FLASH of light -- and then an angry VAPOR BALL roils out of cauldron and vents upward through the atrium. (X)
(X)
(X)
(X)
(X)

Zane shields himself. (X)

The hopper disc rotates. Oddly -- ominously -- the hopper docks right beneath Zane. (X)
(X)

Wind at Zane's back. The platform begins shaking. He turns -- and sees a truck-sized ingot rushing at him. He's standing on an ingot-luge.

166 CONTINUED: 166
Zane leaps...
And catches onto a support.

A167 ANGLE INGOT: Plunging into the hopper below. A167 (X)
FLASH. (X)

B167 VAPOR BALL POV: Rising past Zane. B167 (X)

C167 ANGLE CAULDRON: The disc rotates, now bringing a C167 (X)
work-station into VIEW -- and an alien, standing on the (X)
work-station. (X)

D167 CLOSER ANGLE ALIEN: He spots Zane -- and reaches for D167 (X)
an ALARM. (X)

E167 ANGLE ZANE: Adrenal fast, Zane starts climbing. E167 (X)

168 INT. LOCK-DOWN MONTAGE - TERRAFORM FACTORY 168
In QUICK CUTS, we see the factory shutting down:
On Level Four, cauldron doors begin closing. (X)
On Level Two, the Venturi RING WHIRS to a stop. (X)
In com-center, screens go to raster. Soon they come back
on-line -- with images of Zane. (The "Wanted Poster.")
(OMIT SCENE 169)

170 INT. CONVERSION LOBBY - TERRAFORM FACTORY 170
CLOSE on a monitor -- as the Wanted Poster appears here.
FAST TILT UP to Zane's harried face: He knows they're
on to him.

170 CONTINUED:

170

Zane spins, gives the conversion platform a hard look. (X)
Could it possibly work? Coming to his senses, he abandons
the idea and bounds out into... (X)

(OMIT SCENES 170A-170B)

A171 INT. LEVEL THREE - TERRAFORM FACTORY

A171 (X)

Featureless corridors. Hearing ALIEN VOICES, he slows (X)
and looks down on... (X)

Three aliens. They group beneath him, blocking his way. (X)
Soon a fourth alien arrives -- and begins passing out (X)
things that look disturbingly like weapons. (X)

B171 INT. CONVERSION LOBBY - TERRAFORM FACTORY

B171 (X)

Zane retreats here. With both dread and hope, he looks (X)
again at... (X)

The conversion platform. It pulses with light, ready to (X)
go. Now Zane makes a decision that could save his life --
or end it. (X)

CLOSE on his clothes hitting the floor.

CLOSE on his feet, stepping up onto the platform's (X)
invisible cushion. (X)

CLOSE on his face -- scared shitless as the first energy (X)
hoop descends toward him. (X)

Carrying a weapon, an alien enters and scans. It looks up (X)
to the platform to find... (X)

A strange new Latino Zane. (X)

The alien looks Zane right in the eyes...cocks its head in (X)
deliberation...then turns and leaves, searching elsewhere. (X)

(NOTE: SCENES B171-A177 employ "Latino Zane.") (X)

171 INT. LEVEL THREE - TERRAFORM FACTORY

171

Redressed, Zane lurches back to the elevator portal. He
looks down to see...

The elevator rising.

The elevator docks. Inside is the security woman. An
itchy beat -- and now she sidesteps, making room for one
more.

172 INT. HIDDEN ELEVATOR - TERRAFORM FACTORY

172

Zane boards. The elevator ascends. The security woman looks askance at Zane -- and he can feel the eyes. Does she suspect?

The security woman ASKS SOMETHING in an alien tongue.

Zane scratches his palms. He can feel the sweat collecting under his new skin ("syn-skin").

The security woman REPEATS HER QUESTION.

Light from Level Two floods the elevator. Panther quick, Zane braces against the back wall...

And boots the security woman off the elevator. She HOWLS as she freefalls away.

173 INT. CUL-DE-SAC - POWER PLANT - NIGHT

173

The elevator grows from the floor. Zane crawls out like a man escaping a premature burial.

He checks around a corner to see...

(X)

Increased activity on the floor of the power plant. Guards double-timing.

(X)
(X)

Now Zane catches his reflection in a steel panel. The skin on his temples is starting to blister. Zane checks his palms. They're tearing open, sweat coursing out. The syn-skin is rejecting.

ZANE

Lemme outta here....

174 INT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

174

CLOSE on Zane's hand hammering a switch.

(X)

175 EXT. OMNITECH COMPLEX - NIGHT

175

A containment door rolls open. Zane staggers outside, syn-skin blistering all over.

- 176 EXT. LAVA FLOES -- OMNITECH COMPLEX -- NIGHT 176 (X)
Reaching the floes, Zane plunges his head into a small (X)
waterfall... (X)
- A177 EXT. UNDERWATER -- NIGHT A177 (X)
...and starts ripping off his face. (X)
- 177 EXT. LAVA FLOES -- OMNITECH COMPLEX -- NIGHT 177 (X)
Guards race over the floes with flashlights. But all they (X)
find here is... (X)
Syn-skin. Floating on the water in big swatches. (X)
- 178 EXT. OMNITECH ROAD -- NIGHT 178 (X)
Running maniacally, Zane makes it back to his Jeep. He (X)
keys the ignition, backs up onto the road, stomps the gas (X)
just as... (X)
A guard appears in his headlights.
A BONE-CRACKING impact.
The Jeep rocks to a stop. Zane looks over the hood but
sees only the rising heat of a cracked radiator. Did he
just kill a man? He backs up and looks again.
It's not the radiator that loses heat -- it's Gordian #2,
who lies half-dead on the ground. Swaths of skin have (X)
been ripped open, and billows of heat escape the wounds.
Commotion at the gate behind him: Guards are coming.
Zane shudders out of his stupor. Jams the Jeep in gear.
Stands on the gas. He runs right over the thing on the
ground and never looks back.
(OMIT SCENE 179)
- 180 EXT. SAN MARSOL -- EARLY MORNING 180
Sunrise.
WAITERS set tables around the zocalo.
Working in a shop window, a BAKER sets out sweet breads
shaped like skulls.

181 INT. OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

181

DETECTIVE

And you did see them. At the power station. These fantastic creatures.

ZANE

Under it. There's a whole 'nother station, whole 'nother world down there. That's where they were.

A trembling wreck, Zane sits across the desk from a Latino DETECTIVE. Counterpoint to Zane, the detective is vexingly calm. Lighting another cigarette:

DETECTIVE

And for what purpose did you go to there?

*DETECTIVE
I've gotta you speaking -
coming on the way side
of the real time
City, man --*

ZANE

What's it matter? Look, I'm telling you, it's not what you think it is. It's not anything near what you think it is.

DETECTIVE

Then what is it? Hmm? Please, you tell this to me.

ZANE

I think....

(biting the bullet)

I think it's an alien terraform factory.

A vacuous look from the detective. He doesn't know what "terraform" means -- nor does he intend to learn.

DETECTIVE

Senor Ziminski. You have said that you were in la cantina last night with this...

(from notes)

Senorita Green. Can I take it, then, that you were drinking? Of alcohol?

ZANE

Aw, don't even.... Few beers, that's all. It has nothing --

DETECTIVE

And then, of course, this is the week of "El Dia de los Muertos" -- our "Day of the Dead."

181 CONTINUED:

181

ZANE
So what? So fucking what?

DETECTIVE
So as an American, you would not be familiar with these customs, with these things we see all around --

ZANE
Huh-uh. Wrong. What I saw was no costume, no papier-mache --

The door opens. A SWEATHOG COP hands a report to the detective. The detective scans it.

DETECTIVE
The Capitan de Jardineria -- security for the power station -- has called to report an accident. He says that a man, intoxicated, did kill someone with his car last night. An American man.

Zane just stares.

DETECTIVE (CONT'D)
Do you know of this thing?

ZANE
No. I mean, that's not what happened.

DETECTIVE
Is this to say you were involved?

ZANE
They're lying! They're trying to make it seem like --

DETECTIVE
(shouting him down)
It is for me to decide who is lying! This is why for I ask questions, this is why for you tell me answers! Now otra vez! Were you involved in this?

ZANE
(forcing calm)
I hit...something...with the car. Who it was, what it was -- I'm not sure. But if they say I killed someone, let's see it. Bring the body here. I demand to see it.

181 CONTINUED: (2)

181

DETECTIVE

No need to demand, senior. This is just what they are doing.

He exits, locking the door behind him. Presently Zane hears VOICES beyond a window. He parts blinds, sees the detective outside with Sweathog. They're examining...

182 EXT. POLICE STATION - SAN MARSOL - DAY

182

Zane's Jeep. And the dent in the front bumper. COPS EXAMINING

An OmniTech truck parks. The cops move to the rear as two plant guards unload a body. A blanket is removed.

183 INT. OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

183

Zane sees. His face turns inside-out.

ZANE

No, no, no, no, no....

184 EXT. POLICE STATION - SAN MARSOL - DAY

184

The mangled body is Ilana Green's.

185 INT. OFFICE - POLICE STATION - DAY

185

Carrying a phone book, the detective re-enters.

DETECTIVE

Our word for "attorney" is "abogado."
I suggest that you look for....

He stops with a hand on the doorknob, seeing his desk standing on end, pushed to a wall. Shoe-scuffs mar the wall -- and lead to an open window near the ceiling.

186 EXT. ROAD OUT OF TOWN - SAN MARSOL - DAY

186

Zane sprints to catch an accelerating bus. He misses the door but settles for the rear bumper. He pulls himself up and bangs frantically on the emergency door until someone, at last, lets him onto the bus.

*Zane the door
handle.*

78.

DISSOLVE TO:

187 EXT. L.A. SKYLINE - DAWN

187

First light strikes the glass towers of Los Angeles -- and sets them ablaze.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 ...as the mercury peaks at around 99 degrees today -- and yes, that will be a record for this day in October. But nowhere is it hotter right now than in the hallways of NASA, where officials are still trying to explain what happened yesterday to that atmospheric satellite -- valued at 440-million dollars -- that blew up 32 seconds after launch. Press conference now underway at JPL in Pasadena....

188 INT. DISPLAY LOBBY - JPL - DAY

188

REPORTERS are nabbing post-conference comments from dour JPL OFFICIALS. Passing CAMERA as they file out of the press hall:

REPORTER #1
 ...foresee any repercussions on Capitol Hill? With budget talks under way?

JPL OFFICIAL
 As I said inside, sometimes when you aim for the stars, you fall short. But we view this as a temporary setback, and in the weeks ahead....

REPORTER #2
 (to REPORTER #3)
 "Another Black Eye for NASA." That's my headline. How 'bout you?

REPORTER #3
 "Insurance Guys Shit Golfballs."

Now Gordian exits the hall. He splits from the main group.

VOICE (O.S.)
 Anyone going to lose their job over this, Mr. Gordian?

188 CONTINUED:

GORDIAN

Sorry, I'm really the wrong person
to....

He double-takes. The "reporter" is Zane, hair matted, jaw unshaved, shoes unmatched, coat picked from a dumpster. He's made it back to California -- but it was no small feat.

GORDIAN

Zane? You don't look good.

ZANE

Actually, I look like hammered shit.
Here's a tip: If you ever get the
chance to travel with a Mexican rodeo
-- pass.

GORDIAN

Look, I'm sorry about before. The
D.O.D. was pressuring me to put a lid
on things...and then when you started
asking questions in front of all those
people --

ZANE

Ferget it. No hard feelings. Just
came back to visit my ol' pal Gordy.
Nothing wrong with that, is there?
To find out what's really what?
Who's really who?

There's a rabid twinkle in Zane's eyes that Gordian doesn't like.

GORDIAN

You're not making much sense, Zane.
Maybe we should walk over to the
infirmary and see --

He starts for side doors. Zane blocks.

ZANE

Didn't make sense to me, either --
first time I saw your face on another
guy. Genetic dice? Huh-uh. I think
someone just screwed up. As good as
you are, you do make mistakes, don't
you?

(in his ear)

Shoulda broke the mold, Gordy.

A thousand thoughts stream behind Gordian's eyes. Yet his face betrays nothing.

188 CONTINUED: (2)

188

GORDIAN

What do you want, Zane?

ZANE

What do I want? I want to blow a hole in your head and donate your organs to science. But there's a few things I need to know first.

Gordian looks down at Zane's coat pocket, the one with a hand inside. There's a threatening bulge there.

ZANE (CONT'D)

Fuckin' N.R.A. So easy to get one.

189 INT./EXT. GUARD HOUSE - JPL - DAY

189

Hanging up the phone:

JPL GUARD #2

Media Center. Looks like someone broke in and took some camera gear. You on it?

JPL GUARD #1

I'm all over it.

190 EXT. PLAZA - JPL - DAY

190

Outside now, Zane steers Gordian to a crowded spot on the plaza. Gordian's eyes slide everywhere, calculating odds of escape. They aren't good. Now begins an oblique yet chilling conversation:

ZANE

Who was targeted? Anyone in SETI?

GORDIAN

Not "anyone."

ZANE

Who?

GORDIAN

Look in the mirror. Prime intellect, nonconformist reasoning, capacity for lateral thinking. Isn't that what you see?

ZANE

Then what? A control is assigned? Someone like you?

WALKING

190 CONTINUED:

190

GORDIAN
 Could I actually see this gun of yours, Zane?

STOP

ZANE
 Sure. But if I pull it out, Gordy -- it'll be the last thing you see.

A beat. Taking stock of the faces around them, Gordian decides not to press the point.

GORDIAN
 I think it's possible to say...that you've been watched for quite awhile now.

ZANE
 So which programs? Besides SETI?

GORDIAN
 Can't you guess?

ZANE
 NASA?

GORDIAN
 Ask yourself why an antenna won't deploy on a deep-space probe. Or ask how they could launch a six-billion-dollar telescope without testing its mirror.

ZANE
 Or why a satellite doesn't reach orbit. So all these things, these "setbacks" that have....

He stops with another thought. A chilling thought.

ZANE
 1986? The Challenger?

GORDIAN
 Ask yourself why an O-ring fails.

ZANE
 Jesus God. Are you actually saying....

GORDIAN
 I'm saying nothing. Just listening to you ask questions.

XPCU

190 CONTINUED: (2)

190

ZANE
Then I'll ask about "OmniTech."

GORDIAN
I'm sorry. What is that?

ZANE
It's a factory down in Mexico --

GORDIAN
Outside my knowledge.

ZANE (CONT'D)
-- one of 20 being built in third-
world countries where they don't have
the laws to protect their air and --

GORDIAN
Outside my knowl --

*BREKIN
DOWN STAGE*

ZANE (CONT'D)
You build where it's hot. 'Cuz you
like it hot, don't you, Gordy? Don't
you?

Zane body-bumps Gordian, goading him, backing him into a wall.

GORDIAN
(dangerously low)
Zane. If you force me to answer --
what you will be hearing is your own
death sentence. Because right now,
as much you think you know, you don't
know the half of it. Right now,
you're just one little guy with a big
conspiracy theory and no proof -- and
the world is full of them. So take
great care in what else you choose to
learn.

Zane does. For about one second.

ZANE
They're terraform factories, aren't
they?

GORDIAN
Yes.

ZANE
You're pumping out greenhouse gas.
You're changing the air, the
temperature, the whole ecosys --

*Z FILES
GORDIAN
B.T.C.K.*

190 CONTINUED: (3)

190

GORDIAN

We're finishing what you started.
 What would have taken you 100 years,
 we'll do in ten. We're just speeding
 along your own demise.

ZANE

Like you sped Calvin along? And Ilana
 Green?

A beat. Gordian spies Guard #1 crossing the plaza,
 approaching.

GORDIAN

If you can't tend to your own planet
 -- none of you deserve to live.

Passing them, Guard #1 double-takes at Zane.

*CU Z'S HAND CUT
 OF POCKET*

GORDIAN

(exploding)

His pocket, his pocket, he's got a gun
 in his pocket!

He rams Zane right into the guard. Zane tries to run, but
 the guard is on him, pushing him face-first into a wall.
 The guard jams a hand in Zane's pocket...

And pulls out a remote control.

JPL GUARD #1

What're you talking about? This?
 It's just some --

Zane rips free. On the fly, he snatches something out of
 a tree-crook and keeps running.

JPL GUARD #1

What the hell is it now?

Gordian snatches the remote. It's a video controller.

GORDIAN

(furiously calm)

Don't worry. I'll handle this.

191 INT. PUBLIC BUS - DAY

191

CLOSE on a portable ViewCam. The playback screen shows
 Zane and Gordian in the plaza. A "JPL/NASA" sign is
 visible.

191 CONTINUED:

191

GORDIAN (V.O.)

...you're just one little guy with a big conspiracy theory and no proof -- and the world is full of them. So take great care in how much you choose to learn.

ZANE (V.O.)

They're terraform factories, aren't they?

GORDIAN (V.O.)

Yes.

In the back seat of a bus, Zane shuts off the ViewCam. He's got the whole thing.

192 EXT. KIKI'S HOUSE - DAY

192

Mrs. Roosevelt backs down the driveway in a rustbucket Cadillac, trimming hedges along the way. The car smokes off down the street.

193 EXT. KIKI'S HOUSE - DAY

193

Hauling trash, Kiki kicks open the back door...

194 INT. GARAGE - KIKI'S HOUSE - DAY

194

...and enters the open garage. Instantly hands yank him into shadow.

ZANE

Who's been here? Anyone?

KIKI

Sweet'n sour Jesus. Zane? Man, whatcha doin' out here like this? Scared the livin' piss outta --

ZANE

Anyone watching my house?

KIKI

Huh-uh. Nobody I seen.

Zane steals a look at his house. It seems safe.

194 CONTINUED:

194

ZANE

Can't believe they wouldn't have....
(spinning back)

Kiki. I'm going to say something
that's going to sound crazy -- but
I'm telling you because I think you
might actually believe it. I'm also
telling you because I can't be the
only one who knows ~~in case they~~
find me before I finish this.

"in case they kill me."

KIKI

Wull, tell me.

ZANE

You know how I followed the Shockwave
to Mexico? Because we thought maybe
someone was --

KIKI

Yeah, yeah, yeah....

ZANE

They weren't us, Kiki.

KIKI

Wull, so...what was they?

Zane confirms with unblinking silence. A long beat as
Kiki's rubber face registers disbelief...then shock...
then finally soft childish wonder.

KIKI

So, uh, do they got these little
flashlight fingers that, uh....

Zane shakes his head.

KIKI

Or maybe they got these big metal
teeth that come out and sorta....

Zane shakes his head.

KIKI

What does they look like, then?

ZANE

Like you and me. Like anyone.

KIKI

For real?
~~Really?~~ Naw. Really? So what're
they doin' here?

194 CONTINUED: (2)

Zane unpockets the ViewCam.

ZANE
I'll show you. I'll show everybody
soon as I get in my garage and fire
up the array.

195 INT. ATTIC - ZANE'S GARAGE - DAY

With hollow eyes, Zane takes in the room that used to be
his tracking station. There's nothing here. Nothing.

KIKI
Shit. You been evicted.

196 INT. ZANE'S GARAGE - DAY

Hurrying down the steps:

ZANE
Oro Valley...if I can get out to the
big dish....

He tears into a box marked "Goodwill," rifles through old
clothes. A RISING ENGINE stops him. Someone's here.

197 EXT. ZANE'S HOUSE - DAY

A white Explorer pulls into the driveway. It's a car we've
never seen before.

198 INT. ZANE'S GARAGE - DAY

Zane and Kiki press flat to a wall as...

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. A shape appears in a murky window.
It draws closer, peering inside, checking for a car.

ZANE
Char....

He rushes the window. Charged eye-contact.

CHAR
Z-Zane?

199 INT. ZANE'S GARAGE - DAY

~~199~~

Minutes later. Inside the garage now, Char watches Zane swap clothes like a quick-change artist.

ZANE
I can't stay. If they aren't here now, they're on their way.

CHAR
Who? The police?

ZANE
What about the police?

CHAR
They came to my work, Zane. Some detective. He said something about manslaughter charges? In Mexico?

KIKI
You're a fugitive? Cool.

ZANE
The whole thing was fabricated. They set me up.

CHAR
I don't understand. Why would the police want to --

ZANE
(agitated)
Not the police. It was them.

CHAR
"Them"? Who's "them"?

Zane searches her eyes. Could he ever make her believe?

Forget it.

ZANE

> 2 X'S TO DOOR

KIKI
Prob'ly the aliens.

Zane murders him with a look.

CHAR
Who is this child? And does he mean illegal aliens? I hope?

ZANE
I'll take your car.

> OR 2 X HERE.

199 CONTINUED:

199

CHAR

No, you won't. Not until I know what's going on here.

ZANE

Look. It sounds nuts, but I know what I saw...I know why they're here... I know about the poppy field in the Arctic...their whole master plan about the air and...and....

He sees the worry in her face.

ZANE (CONT'D)

Gimme the keys.

CHAR

I can't let you go, Zane. Not alone. Not like this.

ZANE

You don't have to come -- I wouldn't believe either unless I'd seen for myself. But I must leave now.

She stares a beat -- then reels him in for a troubled hug.

CHAR

If you think I'm letting you out of my sight -- you are nuts.

200 INT. CHAR'S EXPLORER - DAY

200

Moving fast, Char slides behind the wheel. Zane lies low in the back seat.

201 EXT. KIKI'S HOUSE - DAY

201

Moving faster, Kiki sticks a note on the back door, jumps a hedge...

202 EXT. ZANE'S HOUSE - DAY

202

...and catches the Explorer as it backs into the street. He throws open a rear door...

203 INT. CHAR'S EXPLORER - DAY

203

...and dives in on top of Zane.

203 CONTINUED:

(203)

KIKI

Can I come?

ZANE

Get outta here. This isn't a slumber party.

KIKI

I left my gramma a note. I wanna come. I wanna help.

Resigned, Zane rolls his eyes.

204 EXT. STREET - ALTADENA - DAY

(204)

The Explorer scratches away. A heartbeat later...

An old pickup truck pulls into Zane's driveway. The two gardeners are only seconds behind.

205 INT. CHAR'S EXPLORER - DAY

~~205~~

In the moving car:

ZANE

Pull over at the on-ramp. I'll drive.

CHAR

You've got to deal with this, Zane. Somehow. If it means both of us going to the police so --

ZANE

That why you came back, Char? Help the police with their job?

CHAR

(wounded)

I came back because I thought you'd need my help. Pretty stupid of me, huh?

ZANE

I can't be stuck in some jail, not now. Pull over here.

206 EXT. ENTRANCE - ORO VALLEY - DAY

(206)

The "main gate" is little more than two stanchions in the desert. A dust cloud approaches. Suddenly Char's car flies over a rise.

DISA IN ZENITH

207 EXT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

(207)

The Explorer brakes hard. Getting out, Kiki ogles the 40-meter dish that rests in "zenith" position -- straight up.

KIKI

Whoa, lookit that big mofo....

CHAR

(to Zane)

All right, we're here. Now what do you hope to accomplish?

Zane bounds up the tracking station steps. He finds the doors locked, metal blinds on the windows.

ZANE

Key, keys, I need....

Zane backtracks, scans. In the distance, a man works on a cherry-picker.

208 EXT. WIND TOWER - ORO VALLEY - DAY

(208)

Fifty feet in the air, the MAINTENANCE MAN is repairing a wind gauge on a tower. Soon he spots...

Someone on the ground. Trotting closer.

MAINTENANCE MAN

Yo! Can I help you down there?

Ignoring him, Zane opens the cab of the cherry-picker and spots...

209 INT. CHERRY-PICKER - DAY

(209)

Keys dangling from the ignition.

Zane slides in, CRANKS the engine.

210 EXT. WIND TOWER - ORO VALLEY - DAY

(210)

MAINTENANCE MAN

Hey, hey, HEY....

The truck starts moving under him. The maintenance man dives out of his basket...

And catches ahold of the tower. Dangling helplessly, he can only watch as the cherry-picker accelerates away.

211 EXT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

(211)

The cherry-picker roars up. Zane leaps out, joins Kiki at the main door. He tries a few keys -- before stopping oddly.

ZANE

Where's Char?

212 INT. CHAR'S EXPLORER - DAY

(212)

She's inside her car, ~~stuffing a cell phone back into the glove box.~~

Car hand setting down phone, ~~lets~~ tilt up as she grabs phone and gets out.

213 EXT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

(213)

Zane turns a corner of the station house. He's just in time to see Char exiting the car with her purse.

ZANE

Told you to wait right here.

CHAR

Getting my stuff out of the car. *NO' BETTER?*
Is that all right?

A beat. Shaking off his paranoia, Zane turns away.

ZANE

The strangest thoughts....

214 INT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

214

These
ZANE

Kiki? If it says "power," you push it. *EVAN'S*
~~These~~ monitors, that stuff there -- light it up. Everything.

They sweep inside. Kiki starts mashing buttons. Zane shoves a manual at Char.

ZANE (CONT'D)

Find "GEO-STAR 5." I'll need two sets of coordinates -- right ascension and declination.

CHAR

Zane. I don't see how listening to some star can --

ZANE

It's not a star. And this time we're talking, not listening.

214 CONTINUED:

~~214~~

He begins patching his ViewCam to a Beta deck.

215 EXT. ENTRANCE - ORO VALLEY - DAY

(215)

A new dust cloud appears beyond the rise in the road. Whatever it is, it's coming fast. *NO DUST - BUT IT WOULD BE ZENITH.*

216 INT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~216~~

On-line, the station hums and blinks. Kiki pauses to inspect a monitor, where Zane's videotape is cued up: We see a paused image of Gordian at JPL.

Char has the "GEO-STAR 5" data ready. As Zane enters coordinates into the system...

COMM-STAR

CHAR
So this is some satellite?
ZANE
Co-op weather satellite -- one that about 50 TV stations pull a continuous feed off of. 100,000 watts should get their attention.

*EDU1-STAR
EDU1A-STAR
W/100-STAR*

CHAR
And they'll understand what all this means?

ZANE
Let's find out.

Coordinates in, he bangs "ENTER."

217 EXT. 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

(217)

As the dish starts moving, tilting off-zenith. *INTO SUNLIGHT, SOUTHERLY.*

218 INT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~218~~

CLOSE on the LED coordinate readout, numbers dropping relative to the dish's position. But now the numbers begin flickering strangely. Abruptly...

A BREAKER-BOX FRAPS OFF, circuits kicking out.

The LED numbers die.

ZANE
Shit.

218 CONTINUED:

~~218~~

He resets the circuits. Again they FRAP OFF.

ZANE

What is wrong with this....

He thumbs a switch: Security blinds retract on a window, revealing...

The outside world. The dish has stopped.

Now Zane sees the source of the short-out: A control cable -- an umbilical between tracking station and dish -- lies on the ground. It's been cut.

Zane's heart starts slam-dancing. He retracts blinds on another window to find...

The "GARDENING" truck.

CHAR

"Gardening." I didn't see any gardens around here.

A beat. Zane's gaze slides between the truck and...

Char's car. And the mobile antenna there.

When Zane turns back to Char, he sees her with different eyes. Damning eyes.

ZANE

What're they doing here, Char?

CHAR

Like I should know?

ZANE

In the car. You made a call from the car.

She opens her mouth to protest -- but nothing comes out.

ZANE (CONT'D)

You made a call.

He advances on her. She backs away.

CHAR

Zane. When you start talking about aliens and master plans...and then this woman being killed in Mexico....

ZANE

Did I say it was a "woman"?

218 CONTINUED: (2)

218

CHAR

The police told me, okay?

ZANE

And that's who you called, right,
Char? The police?

CHAR

Yes. It is. You were scaring me with
your talk. You're scaring me now, the
way you're --

ZANE

As soon as I left SETI, you left.
As soon as I got back from Mexico,
there you were. Waiting for me.

CHAR

Because I thought you might need me.
I wanted to help in case --

ZANE

All the career advice...the gentle
persuasion...all the little nudges
about how I was wasting my life by....

He stops. Even though indoors, Zane finds himself standing
in a shaft of sunlight. He snaps a look at the ceiling to
see...

Boots rushing at him.

Switchblade quick, Zane leans to avoid...

Gardener #2, dropping through a roof hatch, slamming to
the floor. He's got hedging shears in each hand -- and
he's here to trim...

Zane. Ducking. Weaving. Backpedaling as...

The man slashes again and again, shredding his way through
cables...mini-blinds...bulletin boards.Zane jumps behind an equipment rack. Gardener #2 rams it
with his body, driving Zane back into a pre-fab wall. The
wall collapses around him.TIGHT on Gardener #2: He's cut his face on the equipment
rack. Instead of blood, heat waves pour from the wound.

Reaction Kiki and Char: They see.

Zane fights to get up but can't: He's trapped in the pit
of the collapsed wall. He can only watch in horror as...

218 CONTINUED: (3)

~~218~~

Gardener #2 kicks away the equipment rack -- and swings for Zane's neck.

Zane blocks with a fire-extinguisher. The shears pierce it. CO2 SPEWS OUT, clouding the air.

Gardener #2 poises for the death stroke -- but stops. He won't come near the billowing CO2. Retreating, he moves back to the shaft of sunlight...

And unlocks his knees. Legs bend all wrong -- and he springs through the ceiling. BOOTS POUND over the roof, running away.

Reaction Kiki and Char: Stunned.

Zane crawls to the fire-extinguisher. He puts a hand over the spewing hole.

ZANE

Too cold....

219 EXT. ENTRANCE - ORO VALLEY - DAY

(219)

Arriving, two VANS ROAR past the stanchions.

220 INT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~220~~

CLOSE on the ceiling hatch slamming shut, closed by a pull-chain.

Char closed it. Now she looks to Zane. He stands at a window, eyeballing...

221 EXT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

(221)

The vans. They tear around the tracking station in opposite directions. Circling. Surveiling. Containing.

222 INT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~222~~

Char approaches. Zane picks up a screwdriver, the only weapon available.

CHAR

I'm sorry. Zane, I'm just so sorry
I didn't believe about....

(MORE)

222 CONTINUED:

~~222~~

CHAR (CONT'D)
 (glances outside)
 But you've got to trust me now when
 I say that I only called the police.
 And only because I wanted to --

ZANE
 Then what are they doing here, Char?
 Who told them to find me here?

CHAR
 I don't know. I honestly do not know.

The screwdriver rolls in Zane's tormented hand. Is it possible? Did he have two controls? Zane's mind says yes -- but his soul riots at the thought.

Reaching a decision, Zane activates a closed-circuit monitor marked "Pedestal Room." Raster fades in.

ZANE
 Kiki? Watch this screen. When you
 see my face, you hit this key right
 here -- the transmit key.
 (at Char)
 We're going to give this one more
 shot.

KIKI
 Hey. You ain't leavin' me here,
 are you?

ZANE
 Don't worry. They'll be chasing us.

He jams the screwdriver into a floor-joint, lifts out a modular panel of computer floor. Below lies crawl-space.

ZANE
 (to Char)
 Go.

223 INT. CRAWL SPACE - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~223~~

As they enter and begin worming through cable-runs.

224 EXT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

224

A Ford Taurus arrives. The vans stop circling and park near the car as...

Gordian emerges.

224 CONTINUED:

(224)

On the side of the station house, an access panel is forced open. Zane and Char slither out. From here they can see...

The big dish. 80 yards off.

Zane crawls to a corner of the station to spy on...

Gordian and the others. Banding together.

CLOSER on Gordian. Catching peripheral movement, he turns to see...

Zane and Char blitzing across open ground.

> AS POV

FAST AND TIGHT: Bodies loading into vehicles. Keys twisting. Doors slamming. Tires chewing up sagebrush as...

The vans give chase.

> VAN'S POV, THREE VANS

Only Gordian remains behind. Calmly, he walks for the station house.

225 EXT. 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

(225)

Zane and Char charge to the base of the dish and reach double steel doors. Locked. Zane fumbles with keys as...

Vans slew to a stop. Bodies pile out.

Zane finds the right key. When the lock turns, Char lays a shoulder on the door.

ZANE

No, no, no....

He pulls to open the door. They skim through...

226 INT. PEDESTAL ROOM - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~226~~

...and enter this vault below the dish. It houses amps, cryogenics, sub-reflectors -- the guts of the radio telescope. Zane reaches back to yank the door closed...

But a hand catches it first.

A face fills the window.

Keeping one hand on the door, Zane grabs a come-along chain. He slaps the hook on the door handle.

226 CONTINUED:

~~226~~

More hands appear on the door. Pulling. Prying.

Now it's a tug-of-war: Backpedaling, Zane lets the chain play out while still pulling. He reaches a post. Wraps the chain around it once. Wants to wrap it again -- but there's no more length. All he can do is hold on. But now Zane's stuck here when he desperately needs to be at...

The "Local Antenna Control." It's across the room.

CHAR

Give it. Give me the chain.

She grabs the chain, ready to take over. But Zane won't release.

CHAR

You can move the dish from here, right? So go. I can do this.

He just stares.

CHAR (CONT'D)

Zane. For once in your paranoid life, can you just please fucking trust me?

Putting his life in her hands, Zane releases. He bounds across the room...

And slaps his hands on the local controls. Re-entering satellite coordinates, Zane keeps an eye on...

Char. Holding the chain like she'll never let go.

Zane hits "ENTER."

227 EXT. 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

(227)

As the dish starts moving again.

228 INT. PEDESTAL ROOM - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~228~~

Zane activates a closed-circuit monitor. Kiki's waiting face fades in.

CLOSE on the LED numbers. Dropping fast.

CLOSE on the chain wrapped around the post. LINKS GRIND back and forth -- but Char holds her ground.

The door window shatters. Arms snake through and grope blindly, trying to unhook the chain.

228 CONTINUED:

~~228~~

CLOSE on the LED numbers. Finally stopping.

229 EXT. 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~229~~

As the dish locks on-target.

230 INT. PEDESTAL ROOM - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~230~~

ZANE
(to monitor)
Now, Kiki...

231 INT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~231~~

ZANE (V.O.)
...NOW, NOW, NOW!

Back in the tracking station, Kiki can see Zane screaming on the monitor -- yet for some reason, the boy just stands there. Watching.

232 INT. PEDESTAL ROOM - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~232~~

ZANE'S POV: On the monitor, we see Kiki turn around... cross to the main door...and throw the lock.

233 INT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~233~~

The door opens. Entering, Gordian pats Kiki on the head like a good little puppy.

234 INT. PEDESTAL ROOM - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~234~~

As Zane goes brain-dead.

235 INT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~235~~

Gordian crosses to the ViewCam -- and rips it out by the roots. He ejects an 8mm videotape.

GORDIAN
(to monitor)
Like I said, Zane. You didn't know
the half of it.

236 INT. PEDESTAL ROOM - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~236~~

ZANE'S POV: Gordian throws a switch. The monitor goes to raster.

All at once, Char flounces back...

All At Once

The chain goes slack...

And the DOOR WHUMPS closed, locking.

CHAR
Zane? What happened? Zane.

Coming out of his stupor, Zane moves to the doors. Both windows are clear.

CHAR
Why did they leave?

ZANE
They didn't.

CHAR
How do you know?

ZANE
Because we aren't dead yet.

He jams a fire axe through the door handles. Scans. Moves to the oversized tanks of "Liquid Nitrogen" stored here -- and works up a last-ditch plan.

(X)

ZANE
Help me.

237 EXT. TRACKING STATION - ORO VALLEY - DAY

237

CLOSE on hands hoisting something out of a car trunk. It's a square steel case, similar to the one that held the imploder -- only much bigger.

238 INT. PEDESTAL ROOM - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~238~~

Zane and Char wrestle a nitrogen tank closer to the doors. Zane puts a pipe wrench on the nozzle cap, trying to loosen it. A RISING ENGINE stops him. (X)

CHAR
What's....

She peers outside. Her eyes balloon.

OUTSIDE SHOOTING IN

239 EXT. 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

239

A van is making a kamikaze run for the doors. Backwards.

240 INT. PEDESTAL ROOM - ORO VALLEY - DAY

240

ZANE

GET AWAY!

He jerks Char clear as...

The VAN ERUPTS through the doors.

The fire axe snaps like a toothpick. The HEAD WHOOSHES through air...

And whiskers past Zane's face. It bites into the wall right behind him.

Electrical conduit around the door is ripped loose. A sub-panel BLOWS.

The VAN GRINDS to a stop, wedged halfway in the suddenly dark room. Rear doors are kicked open. Bodies spill out amid a tunnel of light as...

Zane frees the axe. He swings for the nitrogen tank... (X)

And BANGS OFF the whole nozzle.

Instantly clouding the air, liquid nitrogen gushes from the tank... (X)

And envelopes the aliens.

QUICK CLOSEUPS: Tortured faces. SHRIEKING mouths. Rodin-like hands.

The tank exhausts itself. And when the nitrogen cloud sinks to the floor, we behold... (X)

A monument of aliens. Each body frozen in mid-action. Each face a study in exquisite pain. Each backlit by the daylight that bores through the van.

Axe at low guard, Zane threads through the knotted bodies. Are they dead? Or simply dormant? He peers into the van and sees...

Gordian. Frozen like the others.

Forcing himself to do it, Zane begins touching Gordian. Searching him. He finds a tantalizing lump in one pocket. Could it be?

240 CONTINUED:

~~240~~

Getting closer, Zane steps on the rear bumper. The van rocks slightly...

And something rolls out. It BANGS down onto the floor of the pedestal room...

...rolls through a ground-fog of nitrogen...

...and stops at Char's feet. Even obscured by the mists, (X)
we can tell it's an imploder. A big honkin' one. (X)

Char stoops to inspect it. Suddenly the imploder moves, "righting" itself. She recoils hard.

CHAR

Zane? Can we get out of here? Now?

ZANE
SOINS HERE

She doesn't know what this thing is -- but she's got a bad feeling about it. Zane grabs Char, steers her to the center of the room...

241 INT. WAVE-GUIDE PATH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~241~~

And pushes her up into the wave-guide path, the "eardrum" of the radio telescope.

ZANE

Climb! Just climb!

Char scrambles up through dark right-angle tunnels.

REVEAL CEILING/W.G. PATH HERE.

242 INT. PEDESTAL ROOM - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~242~~

Zane rushes back for the van. HOLD on the imploder as he passes: Riding a beam of light, the imploder rises up out of the ground fog. (X)
(X)
(X)

Zane tears at Gordian's pocket. Fabric breaks off, exposing black plastic beneath: It is the videotape.

EXTREMELY CLOSE on Gordian's mouth. Exhaling steam.

Oblivious, Zane keeps working.

EXTREMELY CLOSE on Gordian's eyes. Opening. (X)

CLOSE on the IMPLODER RATCHETING open. Wild light begins sweeping the room. (X)
(X)

IMPLODER POV: Taking a 360-degree scan of the room. (X)

242 CONTINUED:

~~242~~

TIGHT on Zane. Wild light hitting him. Turning to look (X)
over his shoulder. (X)

MULTIPLE SHOTS: Ground-fog retreating. Sucked up by the (X)
imploder. (X)

243 INT. WAVE-GUIDE PATH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

243 ?

Char sees daylight above. She hurries for it.

244 INT. PEDESTAL ROOM - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~244~~

Zane frees the tape. He turns to get the hell out...

But something snags his wrist. It's Gordian.

GORDIAN

Not...so...fast....

245 EXT. SURFACE OF 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

Char climbs into daylight. We don't know where she is until...

245
SET
PIECE
A246 (X)

A246 HELICOPTER SHOT: Char stands at the center of the 40-meter dish. Alone.

246 INT. PEDESTAL ROOM - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~246~~

(NOTE: No ground-fog from this point forward.)

(X)

With his free hand, Zane snatches up the axe-head...

And sheers off Gordian's frozen arm.

CLOSE on Gordian's hand hitting the floor, shattering.

(X)

Running for his life, Zane makes a mad leap right over the spinning imploder...

(X)

(X)

And slams into the ladder beneath the wave-guide path.

(X)

Gordian's shattered hand. Joint by joint, the fingers skitter across the floor toward the imploder.

(X)

(X)

247 INT. WAVE-GUIDE PATH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

~~247~~

Into a growing headwind, Zane speed-crawls through the tunnels. Behind him, we hear the AWFUL SOUNDS of the pedestal room being torn apart.

(X)

(X)

(X)

(OMIT SCENE 248)

249 EXT. SURFACE OF 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

249

Wind rushes past Char and funnels down the center of the dish.

ZANE!

CHAR

GET PIECE

A scarf flies off her neck. It vanishes down the hole...

(X)

A250 INT. WAVE-GUIDE PATH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

A250 (X)

...whips past Zane...

(X)

250 INT. PEDESTAL ROOM - ORO VALLEY - DAY

250

...and shoots out the bottom of the wave-guide path. As the scarf flies right into CAMERA, CUT TO...

(X)
(X)

The scarf flying away from CAMERA -- and getting sucked into an angry hurricane of debris and light. The imploder is simply consuming the pedestal room.

(X)
(X)
(X)

In a huge silent flash, the IMPLODER DETONATES.

251 EXT. 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

251

The steel walls of the pedestal room buckle inward. The MAMMOTH DISH GROANS like a dying dinosaur.

CLOSEUPS: Welds split open. Metal struts bend, fatigue, break.

251A EXT. SURFACE OF 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

251A

The dish rocks wildly, knocking Char off her feet. She slides down to the edge...

But catches hold of the lip.

GET PIECE

The whole dish sways, for a moment threatening to keel over. But instead...

251B EXT. 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

251B

The pedestal begins collapsing, twisting down into the Earth like a giant corkscrew.

251C EXT. SURFACE OF 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

251C

HIGH-ANGLE on Char -- as the ground rushes up at her.

251D EXT. 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

251D

As the underside of the dish plummets toward CAMERA.

251E EXT. SURFACE OF 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

251E

HOLD on Char for the IMPACT of the dish bottoming out.
It throws her clear of the edge...

And back to the center supports.

251F EXT. 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

251F

EXTREMELY WIDE: Clouds of dust cavitate away from the
fallen dish. Rocking to a stop, it lies bowl-like on the
desert floor. The pedestal room is simply gone.

252 EXT. SURFACE OF 40-METER DISH - ORO VALLEY - DAY

252

Amazed to find herself alive, Char looks toward the escape
hole at the center of the dish. Nothing moves.

CHAR

Oh, please. Please, please....

A terrifying beat.

Until a hand appears.

Zane climbs into daylight. He's lost most of his clothes.
But he still has the tape.

They hug like survivors of a plane crash. Then, remembering,
Zane takes Char's hand...

And climbs to the edge of the dish. Below stands Kiki.
The alien boy.

SET PIECE / STAGE CAVE

252 CONTINUED:

252

ZANE

Why did it have to be this? Such a secret? Why couldn't you come and ask for our help?

Kiki stares back with soul-dead eyes. Seeing he'll get no answers...

ZANE

Then tell them. Go back and tell them that I know...that she knows... that others will know. And you tell them it won't be easy. Not anymore. Because we will fight for our air... ~~for~~ our planet...for our lives. We will fight you.

253 EXT. ORO VALLEY - DAY

253

Kiki turns and begins running through open desert. Knees bent backwards. Striding like a ostrich. Covering ground faster than any human ever has or ever will. And despite the heat, he looks like he could run forever.

DISSOLVE TO:

254 INT. UP-LINK ROOM - CNN - DAY

254

CLOSE on a monitor. It shows a satellite view of the western U.S. Interference scrambles the picture.

TECH-HEAD #1

Losin' the Geo-Star feed....

In an up-link room packed with equipment, TWO TECH-HEADS ponder the monitor. Interference resolves into a new picture of two people.

TECH-HEAD #2

Looks like a bleed. Pro'bly HBO's satellite. Real estate in space is gettin' tighter and tighter.

TECH-HEAD #1

(not so sure)

Strong signal. For a bleed.

He tweaks the picture, bumps the volume. Now we hear:

254 CONTINUED:

254

GORDIAN (V.O.)

...you're just one little guy with a big conspiracy theory and no proof -- and the world is full of them. So take great care in how much you choose to learn.

ZANE (V.O.)

They're terraform factories, aren't they?

GORDIAN (V.O.)

Yes.

TECH-HEAD #2

Yeah, I seen this movie. What's it called? One of those alien-invasion things. HBO.

TECH-HEAD #1

If you say so.

Disinterested, they move away. CAMERA DRIFTS to another monitor. We see a CNN REPORTER standing at a weather map.

CNN REPORTER

...while New England states are reporting a delay of the fall foliage season. In fact, it's warmer than normal up and down the entire Eastern Seaboard, with no end in sight....

GLITCH OUT

11. Summer just refusing to go away. Record highs again in the Big Apple.

Just since the movie