THE APOCALYPTICIANS

by

David Sternfeld
FADE IN:

CLOSE - DOOMSDAY CLOCK IS FOUR MINUTES TO TWELVE

It emits a DEEP TOCK, TOCK, TOCK for three seconds.

EXT. STAR-FLECKED DEEP SPACE - NIGHT

The following crawls:

SUPER:

"In 1947, scientists who developed atomic weapons instituted the Doomsday Clock to signal the growing menace to mankind. Set at seven minutes to twelve, it would mean the end life on Earth, if it struck midnight.

Soon after, a UFO crashed at the military’s secret weapon and supersonic test facility at Area 51 in Nevada.

These combined threats -- terrestrial and extra-terrestrial -- urged the scientists and military officers to create the hyper-vigilant covert task force that has secretly prevented global annihilation for sixty years.

What follows is the present crisis that confronts our Watchers of the Doomsday Clock... The Apocalypticians."

EXT. SYCCOM BLACK TRAVERSE - DEEP SPACE

A huge, dark, angular spaceship, several hundred miles in length; the bastion of the Syccom [SIGH com].

INT. SYCCOM COMMAND DECK - SAME TIME

Five hundred thousand SENIOR OFFICERS of the Reign stand. They are menacing and battle hardened nanotech robots.

ASSISTANT VICEROY NAYTAS (40ish) and GENERAL ASMODEOUS (mid 40’s) stand on a proscenium. VICEROY LUCIUS (early 50’s) climbs the steps to THUNDEROUS OVATION. He stands between them and addresses the officers who cheer.

VICEROY LUCIUS

Centurions. The time to eradicate the last evil that plagues the universe has come. Give ear. Pay

(MORE)
VICEROY LUCIUS (cont’d)
heed. The Emperor commands our
attention.

All hush.

ON BIG SCREEN – SEATED ON THRONE

EMPEROR CLAUDIUS
Terminate the final Lifthead
occupation. The parasites hate
truth. They waste energy and
matter. End their hypocrisy and
the suffering they cause. You will
blot out the deceivers.

The assemblage listen in awe.

EMPEROR CLAUDIUS
Though they made our ancestors,
you have greater divinity. Destroy
the vermin and free Sayleen. Claim
the riches you deserve. Eternity
will shout your greatness. I am
Emperor. My word is law. Go forth.
Hail Syccom!

SENIOR OFFICERS
(In unison)
HAIL EMPEROR! HAIL SYCCOM!
(Exulting choruses)
Hooray! Wooyah! Jahjahjah!

INT. BLACK TRAVERSE – HANGER BAY – LATER

Six million Destroyers fill the gianormous space.
Millions of Syccom bustle. They prepare pilots and ships
for launch. General Asmodeous zips his flight suit.

ASST. VICEROY NAYTAS
Finally.

GEN. ASMODEOUS
Carbon is no match for silicon.
The last Lifthead stronghold will
be broken by the Emperor’s will.

ASST. VICEROY NATSAY
Prevail or die.
They embrace one another's shoulders and kiss each other's cheeks, one then the other. They step back, raise a clenched left fist and pound the other to their chest.

GEN. ASMODEOUS
Hail Syccom!

ASST. VICEROY NAYTAS
Hail Syccom!

Asmodeous turns and climbs the ladder into his Destroyer.

EXT. SYCCOM BLACK TRAVERSE - DEEP SPACE

A distant yellow star shines. Asmodeous leads millions of Destroyers that ROCKET from hundreds of mammoth hangar doors. They fly left to right. ZOOM past the fleet and solar system planets to the Sun which morphs into...

EXT. TRUCK STOP/MOTEL (IOWA CITY) - MOVING - NIGHT

...a 400 watt bulb that BUZZES high on a pole. Crickets CHIRP rapidly. Around the bulb, bugs swarm, ZAP and SIZZLE. PAN below where three semi-trucks are parked, crammed full of PLAINITIVE hogs, cattle and chickens. A driver exits the chicken truck and enters the cafe.

INT. CAFE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Inside, the chicken trucker joins another trucker and a couple at the counter who TUCK UTENSILS into comfort food. A WAITRESS tops off coffee.

WAITRESS
Hey, Mack. Coffee?

In the kitchen, Cookie slides a BUBBLING blueberry pie from the oven. Out the side door, the motel.

EXT. TRUCK STOP/MOTEL - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

A pale blue light flickers through the curtains of the end room. A 1967 Ford Falcon Futura is parked in front.

COUPLE (O.S.)
(Boisterous sex ecstasy)
Mmmmm. Uhhh. Yes! Yes! Yes! OHHH!

ALIEN 1 (V.O.)
We come in peace.
ALIEN 2 (V.O.)
We have come to help you.

INT. TRUCK STOP/MOTEL - BETTI’S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The TV plays the Twilight Zone episode “To Serve Man,” the SOUND is LOW.

CLOSE - ON TV

ALIEN 1
We want to be your friends.

ALIEN 2
We have many valuable gifts for all the people of Earth.

CLOSE - WAITRESS UNIFORM & TRUCKER JACKET


BETTI (O.S.)
You oughta be going.

WILEY (O.S.)
What’s your hurry? I still got pie on the mind.

They recover under the covers: WILEY GROVES (30ish) an athletic, handsome trucker and BETTI ROWSHAY (early 20’s) a beautiful, sexy waitress/working girl. They could be from any of twenty states within six hours of southern Illinois, the heart of the heartland.

BETTI
You’re gonna be way late.

WILEY
Was thinkin’ ‘bout a quick piece... kind you don’t touch... Cookie’s blueberry.

She groans and rolls away.

WILEY
What?

He gets up and dresses.
BETTI
I hate corny jokes like I hate carbs.

WILEY
But you love settin' me up 'cause you're as easy as fishin' with dynamite.

BETTI
Yeah. Settin' you up's just part of my job, hun.

He smiles, touches the end of her nose, kisses the air and turns to leave.

BETTI
Drive careful. Watch your mirrors.

WILEY
Keep that oven hot, hotcake. Hitch ya' on the flip-flop.

He puts cash on the dresser, opens the door and walks out. She speed dials her PDA. Thirty BEEPS, BLIPS and BOOPS emanate.

BETTI
Hi Louise... Last one. Finally... Ten thirty-one... Groves... Wiley, and for good reason... Life is good... Amen.

She ends the call. An aura grows around her; a halo above her head.

EXT. UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO - HARPER LIBRARY - NIGHT

ESTABLISHING. Is it Cambridge? Oxford? No. It's the American Gothic clone of King's, Magdalen and Christ Church Colleges. Twin carved square stone towers with ornate rooks at each corner soar 135 feet to bookend the beautiful 40 foot-tall center span.

EXT. SERVICE ENTRANCE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

TOCK (late 30's), the greatest Apocalyptician, walks toward the loading dock doorway. He wears a neat military-
colored tan suit with matching shirt, tie and shiny black shoes. He’s enlightened, tall, attractive and strong.

Mag (early 20’s), an overconfident ex-Marine, Hispanic rookie, walks quickly to keep in stride with him. They climb stairs and enter the building.

INT. HARPER LIBRARY - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

They walk a corridor to a door without a lock or a knob.

CLOSE - SIGN “DANGER HIGH VOLTAGE”

Tock glances about, sees no one, and puts his thumb on a

CLOSE - BIOMETRIC THUMB PAD WITH LED’S

The led’s cycle red, yellow, green. The door opens. They slip inside. A guard dozes, arms folded on a comic book on his belly. Tock kicks his foot.

TOCK
Wake up, Mickey. It’s Wednesday.
“Anything Can Happen Day.”

They continue to the end of the hallway where Tock puts his eye to a biometric iris reader with LED’s that flash red, yellow, green. Double doors WHOOSH open & reveal an elevator. They board and ride deep underground.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

TOCK
Esca said lay off Agent Sexy. Bad for business.

MAG
Name’s not Sexy. It’s Vayla.

TOCK
Yeah? Erase the face. Mix work and play and you get explosives.

MAG
Not in my chem class.

TOCK
No? Some stupid stuff done by the sex-crazed: Bonnie and Clyde, Evita and Perone, Mickey and Mallory --
MAG
Sheesh. It’s Vayla, not Evita.
You’re envious. Aren’t you?

TOCK
(a haiku)
Envy drags mankind behind snorting hounds on chains. Men stumble and fall. Forget her, Mag. You’ll get yourselves killed.

MAG
She’s off-the-chain, Tock. I gotta know her better. Ya’ know?

TOCK
Know? The King James-version verb? The clock is ticking. The brainless head cannot think. You need to focus. Can’t miss another nine-eleven.

INT. MAINSPRING — MOVING — CONTINUOUS

The doors WHOOSH open to a 1940’s idea of futuristic: streamline moderne with brushed stainless air-finned surfaces and stylized chronograph motifs. Huge Doomsday Clocks dominate the top of each wall. They show four minutes to twelve. Below each is a smaller clock labeled “CENTRAL TIME.” It’s 10:40.

Apocalypticians sit at rows of desks. Some work or have their feet up, solve sudoku, or dance with iPods. A few odd aliens are processed at “Customs” & “Immigration.”

Mag stops to flirt with the exotic Vayla. Tock gives them an incensed look they ignore and walks on alone.

Tock halts at Point Focal, a large horseshoe shaped intelligence gathering center. Clockwatcher monitors threats that can advance the hands of the Doomsday Clock. It watches a dozen computer displays and three big plasma screens.

TOCK
No threats?

The ten-foot tall insect-like Clockwatcher shrugs it’s eight shoulders and shakes its head, a geodesic sphere with blinking bloodshot eyes on every surface except the ones with mandibles and proboscis.
TOCK
Any alien incursions or migration?
It taps several keyboards. A map of the globe rotates on the big screen. All is calm. Mag moseys along side Tock.

TOCK
Something’s wrong. I sense it. It bugs when it’s this quiet.

Mag shrugs. They stride through the Mainspring to an escalator and ride up to the executive offices.

TOCK
You don’t get it, do you?

MAG
I get it. I get it.

TOCK
Which “It?”

INT. ESCA’S OFFICE – MOMENTS LATER

Executive Director ESCA (late 40’s), is tall, attractive and authoritative. Trisket, a teeny white West Highland Terrier puppy (fashion accessory dog) laps water from a saucer on her desk. Tock and Mag enter the open doorway. She drops the pup in her purse, zips it and dumps the water on a nearly-dead over-watered plant. The men sit.

ESCA
You’re not gonna make it through probation.

MAG
Nah. Two more days and I’m home free.

Four pudgy blue aliens in coveralls enter. They’re four-foot tall wobbling Rolie-Polies. They dust with rags and empty waste baskets into a large rolling trash barrel.

ESCA
Really, now? What other pearl’s you got?

Mag points with his thumb over his shoulder at the cleaners. They smoke, sing unintelligibly, drink, laugh, knock stuff over and do a sloppy lackluster job.
MAG
I say we free the aliens... like Lincoln freed the slaves.

ESCA
13th Amendment? Unlucky number. As if there aren't enough threats. Besides, we need cheap labor and folks can't handle the truth.

MAG
Huh? Truth sets us free.

ESCA
Fiction-shit. You see "War of the Worlds?" If sheeple learn there's aliens here, it's mass panic.

MAG
(points again)
Panicked? By the Marx brothers?... Only out of ignorance and --

TOCK
Stupidity.

MAG
Pardon?

TOCK
Stupidity. Ignorance is overcome by learning... stupidity by death.

Esca shakes her head, but smiles.

ESCA
Whatever. I seriously doubt you have what it takes, lover boy.

MAG
Relax! I'll be a great agent.

ESCA
If you make the sacrifices.

MAG
What? I gave up my identity, my career in the Marines, my --
ESCA
Yeah, yeah. And with it being thanked and loved. Go home. Think long and hard. Time's of the essence.

She points him toward the door.

ESCA
Go. We'd like a word in private.

MAG
Meet you down the hall. 'Nite Esca.

Mag exits and closes the door.

EXT. IOWA (IOWA CITY) - I-80 WEST - NIGHT

A cab-over semi full of weary hogs ZOOMS by at over eighty. On top of the trailer is the number "1031."

INT. WILEY'S TRUCK CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

The truck ROARS by a highway sign.

CLOSE - "DES MOINES 110" "OMAHA 250."

On the radio, DAVID BOWIE sings "SPACE ODDITY." The CB radio CRACKLES. NANCY, the trucking company owner barks.

NANCY (V.O.)
Groves! What's your ten-twenty?

He turns the music down.

WILEY
Ten minutes west of Iowa City.

NANCY (V.O.)
Darn it! You're not gonna get to Omaha by five, are you?!

WILEY
I'll make it, no sweat, sweety.

NANCY (V.O.)
You don't make it by dawn or get fined again, you're fired! 10-4!
Wiley accelerates and turns UP the RADIO.

DAVID BOWIE (V.O.)
(Singing)
"Ground control to Major Tom, your
circuit's dead there's something
wrong. Can you hear me Maj --"

The radio quits with a POP, lights flicker out, the
engine dies. The truck coasts to a stop.

WILEY
Now what?

He opens the door and climbs down the steps. He reaches
with his foot to where the ground should be, looks down
and sees the truck is off the ground and rising fast.

WILEY
WHOCA!

He scrambles up into the cab and SLAMS the DOOR.

EXT. I-80 WEST - CONTINUOUS

From underneath, the truck rises into the air. As
perspective shrinks it, a flying saucer appears which
swallows the truck.

WILEY (O.S.)
What the HELL!?

INT. ESCA’S OFFICE - SAME TIME

She points the Rolie-Polies to the door.

ESCA
Shoo! Get lost ya’ bag-asses. Go!
(Beat)
Your attitude’s too... detached.

They exit, but leave the door open. She gets up.

ESCA
Consider getting subbed and
transfering to the Department of
Homeland Security.

She SLAMS the door. She paces or gets in his face.
TOCK
You’ve got to be kidding.

ESCA
I think we’ll all be better off.

TOCK
Bull. So I’m content to ponder the
sublime nature of existence...

ESCA
Content to ponder?

TOCK
Yeah. Don’t you ever wonder what
life would be like if —

She sits.

ESCA
Ponder this. Ignorance is bliss.

TOCK
Ah, my dear sweet Esca. That’s
unconsciousness. I’m too curious
about what’s next.

ESCA
Stop! You’ve used up about
thirteen of your nine lives. I
need you focused, not pensive. I
want a decision... now.

TOCK
Good. You didn’t say, “Right now.”
We can talk about this in the
morning?

ESCA
You’ve got a job to do and a
partner to train. Clear?

TOCK
What is this, charm school?

She SLAMS her PALMS, stands and leans over the desk.

ESCA
You’re giving Mag the wrong ideas!
TOCK
What? Same ones I got in nineteen-
seven, “It’s worth it... if you’re
strong enough.”

She sits.

ESCA
Right lyrics, wrong music. I want
him zipped up or shipped out. I
need you single-minded or working
on your resume. End of discussion.

TOCK
I said, I’ll let you know in the
morning. After a dozen years you
owe me that.

ESCA
Fair enough. Give me your sub-sub.

Tock removes it reluctantly from his coat pocket and
slides it across her desk. It’s a cellphone-like device
with the logo:

CLOSE – "SUB" WITH A SUPERSCRIPTED "2"

ESCA
Here. Louis’s latest.

She takes his and slides a PDA-like devise to him.

CLOSE – ON PDA WITH SAME LOGO

ESCA
He incorporated a cell phone,
camera, GPS, MP3, DVD and game
player, with E-mail, browser and a
faster subliminal substituter.

TOCK
(mildly amused)
That all?

ESCA
Plus nail file, corkscrew,
toothpick and tweezer.
TOCK
(highly amused)
Nice. Whadda ya’ call it?

ESCA
Sub sandwich or eek, E.A.K.
Electric Army Knife. Now go. Think positive.

TOCK
And why not?

ESCA
For starters? Life on Earth’s in the balance and we’re a thin line of protection.

TOCK
Against nuclear terrorists, pandemics and aliens so advanced they think we’re petri-dish bacteria?

ESCA
Yep. About which we keep everyone in the dark.

TOCK
I say, “bacteria,” and you say, “mushrooms?”

ESCA
Yep. Fed horse manure from the media and a government so puny and inept --

TOCK
They don’t know we exist.

ESCA
Exactly. I want you engaged, Tock. I need the commitment you gave me before.

He stands.

TOCK
Yes. Yes. Yes. A balanced center calls only to dispose us all.
ESCA
I don't wanna hear that nonsense.

He smiles, flips the EAK over his head, spins a 180 and catches it in stride as he heads for the door.

ESCA
Peace on Earth.

TOCK
Yeah. Peace and love, baby.

EXT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP - FAR SIDE OF THE MOON - SAME TIME

It's a shiny sphere one hundred miles in diameter. Around the circumference is a double row of hundreds of huge bay doors, each many stories high and several hundred feet wide. Dwarfed by a doorway, the flying saucer enters.

INT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP HANGER - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

The ceiling is several thousand feet high. It's very active with millions of busy humanoids who service millions of fighter craft. Close by, Wiley's truck floats down from the saucer. A nice looking crewman dressed in white opens the door and gently assists Wiley.

WILEY
Get your mitts off me!

It takes two pleasant crewmen to pry Wiley from the cab and two more to subdue him. One presses a cylinder to Wiley's neck and injects him. Wiley goes limp.

INT. LIFTHEAD SCIENCE CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

The large advanced tech room has computer work stations and test gear. Two scientists, LOUISE (mid 20's) and STEVEN (mid 20's) monitor the groggy Wiley who rests on a lounge chair. A HUMMING rainbow of light encircles him and moves slowly from his feet to his head & repeats.

LOUISE
Heart rate seventy one... Weight one ninety... blood pressure one forty over ninety... body fat thirty percent... adrenaline four twenty --
WILEY
(slurring)
Wha’s goin’ on?

LOUISE
Oh, good. You’re up... It’s a free medical exam.

WILEY
You’re not gonna... schtick somefin up my ash, are ya’?

LOUISE
STEVEN
Eeeeuuuuu!

STEVEN
Why do they ask that?

LOUISE
WILEY
Health care primitives. I seen it on TV.

STEVEN
Ah! It’s entertainment! Sorry, but we don’t swing that way.

WILEY
Whew. Shank god.

He tries to rise but is held by some force.

WILEY
Who’re you?

STEVEN
I’m Steven and this is Louise. We’re Liftheads. As in, “Lift up thine head to heaven.”

CLOSE - STEVEN’S PLASMA SCREEN MONITOR

This message pops up: “SERVER BACK-UP?”

STEVEN
(to monitor)
Okay.

LOUISE
(to Wiley, cheery)
Almost done. Then, on your way.
The computer is like a desktop PC with three small CD drawers. The bottom one opens revealing

CLOSE – NINE SPARKLING EIGHT-CARAT DIAMONDS

Wiley’s blurry eyes pop at the sight of the gems. Steven removes the drawer and sets it in the

CLOSE – “CARBON RECYCLE” BIN

The upper and middle drawers drop down a space. He takes a new tray and slides it in the top opening. A tiny led blinks green and the computer BEEPS once.

STEVEN
A centillion terabytes, backed up.

WILEY
(slurring less)
Look s’like diamonds to me.

LOUISE
Yes. The crystal form of carbon.
Huge cheap storage capacity.

WILEY
Huh? Those must be worth billions.

The rainbow fades. A jarring ALARM TONE SOUNDS.

INTERCOM (O.S.)
Attention all personnel! Syccom
Destroyer alert! Muster battle
stations at once!

STEVEN
Syccom raiders.

WILEY
Psycho raiders?

LOUISE
We are alive. They are machines.
We will defeat them. Fear not.

Louise and Steven grab helmets and exit the lab. Wiley sneaks to the computer, takes diamonds from the recycle bin, swallows them and sits down.
EXT. STREETS (CHICAGO) - QUEENIE - NIGHT

"QUEENIE" is a 2005 Ford Crown Victoria P71, a plain white police interceptor. Tock drives. Mag is passenger.

INT. QUEENIE - MOVING - NIGHT

TOCK
Say you're in the middle of hostile action and you've got to choose between love and duty.

MAG
Now I'm on a mission with Vayla?

TOCK
Could happen tomorrow.

MAG
Okay. Do both. Always loyal. Semper fi.

TOCK
Good, but not good enough.

MAG
Huh? She's one of us. We're all in the same boat.

TOCK
You're missing the boat. There's a larger problem with security.

MAG
I'm not insecure.

TOCK
Everyone is. I'm talking internal controls that prevent collusion --

MAG
(quoting regulations)
"...which may result in espionage, fraud or embezzlement." A jump-off won't erase a second or raise the threat to red.
TOCK
Esca’s seeing red. Wanna plaything? Cut a hole in your --

MAG
Fine! I’ll try.

TOCK
Don’t try. Do it. The only thing you’re trying is her patience.

MAG
Can’t you see? Vayla’s different. And the way she looks --

TOCK
Don’t look, don’t touch. Patience, son. It’s a soulful thing.

MAG
Tell a vulture, “be patient,” it kills something. Ever been to El Centro?

TOCK
Fasten it or you’re going back.

MAG
It’s tight. It’s tight.

TOCK
Good. Get loose, Esca made it clear... you’re subbed and out.

Tock pulls up and lets Mag out at his apartment.

MAG
Thanks for the advice, Padre. I’ll be careful.

TOCK
Ain’t advice. Careful won’t do.

MAG
I guess that’s an order, huh?

TOCK
Don’t guess. Ain’t charades or twenty questions, either.
MAG

Sheesh!

Mag SLAMs the door and looks disdainfully at Queenie.

MAG

You really need to pimp your ride.

TOCK

Yeah. It’s late. Sleep quick.

INT. LIFTHEAD SCIENCE CENTER – DAY

A DEEP CHIME BONGS. It startles Wiley.

INTERCOM (O.S.)

All clear! Threat level is yellow, elevated! As you were! (Repeats)

Steven and Louise return and remove their helmets.

WILEY

What happened?

STEVEN

Drill. Preparing for battle.

WILEY

Huh?

STEVEN

We built these robots that we lost control of and --

Louise CLAPS her hands and stops him.

LOUISE

War goes back millions of years. Takes too long to explain.

WILEY

War? Here on Earth?

LOUISE

Over Earth. (To Steven)

White-out or bulk eraser?
STEVEN
No need. Leave it be. It’s only for a day.

LOUISE
Your call, not mine. You know how unreliable they can be.
(To monitor)
Transporters. Catch is ready for release.

EXT. STREETS (CHICAGO) - QUEENIE - NIGHT

Tock stops. He rolls the rear passenger window down.

INT. QUEENIE - CONTINUOUS

TOCK
Sleep well.

Several small, CHITTER-CHATTERING, WHINE-SQUEALING, ALIENS climb, wriggle, fly and slither out the window. They disappear in curb-side gutters and step-down flats.

TOCK
So nothing surprises me. Why’s that not a good thing?

Tock drives away. Through the windshield...

INT. IOWA (COUNCIL BLUFFS) - I-80 REST AREA - WILEY’S TRUCK CAB - NIGHT

... the starry night twinkles. The truck sets down; the saucer ZIPS away and vanishes in an instant. He grabs a flask from the glove box and gulps a belt. In the visor mirror he rubs his eyes, then takes another snort.

WILEY
Whew! No one’s gonna believe that.
Hell... I don’t.

He PATS his stomach, smiles and BURPS.

WILEY
A bowl of bran flakes and I’m a free man.
He FIRES UP the Mack, BURPS and drives onto the freeway.

INT. TOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tock walks from bathroom to bed. He gets under the covers, eyes wise and face content. He looks at a childhood family picture, smiles and turns out the light.

EXT. IOWA (COUNCIL BLUFFS) - I-80 WEIGH STATION - NIGHT

Wiley stops on the scales. JACK (60ish), the weigh master saunters toward his rig, away from OFFICER NOPP (40ish) the Highway Patrolman who sits sipping coffee in his car next to Jack's booth. Wiley hands Jack his time-weight card.

JACK
You're early tonight. Hot date?

Wiley's clock shows "12:45." He's thrilled he's ahead of schedule. Back in his booth, Jack is puzzled by the time stamps. He calculates Wiley's speed from the distance divided by the hours.

CLOSE - CALCULATOR DISPLAY "130"

He looks at the scale read-out and figures 500 pounds missing from the load. He walks to the patrol car.

JACK
Don't know how he done it, but he been averagin' a hunerd and thirty. And he's light two hogs.

NOPP
A hundred and thirty!? Let me see.

He takes the card, gets out of his car, and saunters toward Wiley who's leaning against his rig.

NOPP
One-thirty's reckless drivin'.

WILEY
One-thirty!? That's crazy. It won't go that fast.

Nopp shows him the time card.
NOPP
Time stamps don’t lie.

WILEY
But, it ain’t my fault.

NOPP
Really now? Then whose is it?

Nopp is now two feet from Wiley...

WILEY
I was abducted by aliens.

...and smells the alcohol on his breath.

NOPP
Been drinkin’, Wiley?

WILEY
Just a nip to clear my head after they put me down.

NOPP
Uh huh. That’s enough. Come on.

Nopp puts his hand gently on Wiley’s shoulder.

WILEY
No! I’m serious, Nopp.

Wiley shoves the hand from his shoulder. Nopp grabs Wiley’s arm and puts him in a wrist lock. Wiley STOMPS on Nopp’s instep. Nopp hobbles, but draws his gun.

NOPP
Add resistin’ arrest and assaultin’ a state officer.

Wiley spins a high sweeping kick that KNOCKS the gun from Nopp’s hand. Wiley springs to grab the pistol before Nopp can limp to it.

WILEY
On the ground!

NOPP
Whoa! You ain’t thinkin’ clearly.

Nopp eases down and Wiley puts the gun to his head.
NIPP
Don't do it, Groves.

WILEY
You ain't stopping me now. I waited too many years.

Wiley takes the handcuffs from Nopp's belt. Jack sneaks up behind Wiley and SMASHES his head with a large four-inch thick book and dazes Wiley.

CLOSE - BOOK "UNITED STATES INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION - TRANSPORTATION SAFETY ADMINISTRATION - OFFICIAL TRUCKING WEIGHTS AND STANDARDS."

JACK
Never know when ya' gonna need 'em.

Nopp gets up, cuffs the woozy Wiley, dusts off, stuffs him into the back of his patrol car and rolls out.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD OF PLANET NEPTUNE - MOMENTS LATER

General Asmodeous ROCKETS past from left to right. He leads millions of Syccom Destroyers toward the Sun.

INT. TOCK'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

His cell phone rings. Tock awakens, sees it's Esca.

TOCK
Don't you ever sleep?

ESCA
Watcher sighted an alien abduction. The guy's being held by cops in Iowa. Grab your partner and clean it up. Questions?

TOCK
Yeah. What the hell time is it?

ESCA
Three-thirty.
TOCK
Some E.T. jackers punk’d some
schmo and I lose half a night’s
sleep? It’s like cleaning up tags
in the middle of B.F.B. It’ll wait
’til morning.

ESCA
No, it won’t. We lost a minute!
It’s three till midnight, darn it!
Watcher failed to get a positive
I.D... This is what I warned you
about, Tock. I’m not asking you,
I’m telling you. Now, go do some
subbing, gather some intel and
fill me in. NOW!

INT. MAG’S APARTMENT (CHICAGO) – NIGHT
A couple make love in the dark. A PHONE RINGS and RINGS.

MAG
Si?

TOCK (V.O.)
Get up. We got an alien abduction.
Be down front fast.

MAG
(feigns sleepiness)
Estoy soñando. [I’m in dreamland]

TOCK (V.O.)
What’s new? Move it! The clock’s
tickin’.

Mag hangs up. Vayla’s in bed. He dresses quickly.

VAYLA
What’s up?

MAG
Alien abduction.

VAYLA
Wow. Really? Do you have to go? I
mean, now? I was just getting --
MAG
This is what I’ve been waiting for. I’ll show ‘em they need me.

VAYLA
You are so dedicated. Be careful, Mag. I love you. Call me and let me know you’re okay. Okay?

He kisses her with passion and rushes out.

EXT. MAG’S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Tock SCREECHES Queenie to a halt.

INT. QUEENIE - CONTINUOUS

Mag jumps in.

TOCK
Buckle up, jarhead.

INT. QUEENIE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Queenie TRANSFORMS into a spacecraft and ROARS off at several thousand miles per hour. The interior is full of amazing future technology.

MAG
Whoa! Insta-pimp! Fly ride, Tock!
(Beat)
What’s this?

He points to a trigger on Queenie’s shifter. Tock SLAPS his hand.

TOCK
Keep your dang hands off. It’s a Fornax positron blaster. Knock out everything within miles. Least it’s supposed to.

MAG
Cool. So, what happens next?

TOCK
The usual. A trucker got nabbed. We learn what he knows, sub him, (MORE)
TOCK (cont'd)
the cop and the weigh master who nailed him.

MAG
Gotcha.

Queenie touches down with a SCREECH, reverts and exits at the weigh station. Tock takes the EAK from his pocket.

TOCK
Let's weigh in.

Jack stands outside the booth.

JACK
Don't weigh no passenger cars.

Tock presses a button on the EAK which emits a blinding FLASH. Jack dances a box step with an imagined partner. He awkwardly tries to rearrange a pup tent in his pants.

JACK
Gosh, Mary Ellen. I'm sorry. Forgive me. I've gotta go sit down. OH M'GOD! What's happening? Ahhhh!

He runs with legs akimbo across the parking lot toward the trees while continuing to pick and push his crotch.

MAG
(laughs)
So that's how it works?

TOCK
(chuckles)
Always different. I kinda feel sorry when it's some junior high wet dream. Not too sorry.

Queenie ROARS off SMOKING her TIRES.

TOCK
Let's go serve and protect the State Patrol folks.

MAG
How do we do this? Good cop, bad cop?
TOCK
Skeptical man, naïve child.

MAG
You don’t respect me.

TOCK
I perceive perception.

MAG
You forget, you were like me once.

TOCK
Not for a moment. Elusive, that enlightenment. You had it, and bang, you lost it.

MAG
I just want to do a good job.

TOCK
Fine. Then fasten it and listen. Locals can be provincial.

MAG
Authority issues?

TOCK
Won’t stop-up the mop-up.

INT. IOWA STATE PATROL OFFICE (COUNCIL BLUFFS) – MOVING – MOMENTS LATER

They enter. Tock flashes his badge at the DESK COP.

TOCK
I’m Senior Agent Robinson, this is Agent Clemente. We’re from Des Moines, Office of Internal Affairs, here to observe Mr. Groves’ interrogation.

The cop’s nose stays pointed at his paperwork.

DESK COP
The flying saucer guy? No one told me about you.

Tock points to the paperwork.
TOCK
Still got boxes to check.

DESK COP
Smart aleck. Last door on the left.

Tock and Mag move down the hall.

TOCK
We learn what we can, sub ‘em and get back to bed.

MAG
Now you’re talkin’. You lead.

TOCK
A joyous ray of hope.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM – SAME TIME

Nopp finishes a donut. Wiley’s furious, handcuffed to the chair and BURPS.

WILEY
Ya’ got me for no reason on earth.

NOPP
You were doin’ one-thirty.

WILEY
I didn’t drive it. Aliens put me down there.

NOPP
Got no proof. I ain’t buyin’ it.

The door opens. Tock and Mag enter.

TOCK
I’m Special Agent Robinson, this is Agent Clemente. We’re from Internal Affairs.

Tock flashes his identification.

NOPP
Don’t look like you’re from Des Moines.
TOCK
That's the idea. I'll take that.

Tock grabs the folder from the table.

TOCK
Please, leave us with Mr. Groves.

NOPP
Excuse me?

TOCK
You're excused. Mr. Groves --

NOPP
Hey! I ain't going nowhere.

TOCK
I'm sorry, Officer. Forgive me. Please. I assumed you'd want us out of here as soon as we complete the report for your commendation.

NOPP
Commendation? For what?

TOCK
For breaking the case. A verified alien abduction. Right, Roberto?

MAG
Just Jake, Jackie.

NOPP
Abduction? I thought he was speedin' and drunk. Commendation? Really?

TOCK
Yup. Lapel pin and bonus, too.

NOPP
Bonus?

TOCK
Cash. Beats a bone.

NOPP
I'll say. I'm sick of bein' treated like some corn cob. Big (MORE)
Nopp (cont'd)
shots get the promotions and I get nothin’.

TOCK
Not this time. You’re getting what you so rightly deserve.

Nopp
It’s about time.

TOCK
Yes. It’s about time.
    (To Mag)
Get my picture with Officer Nopp.
It’d mean a lot to me.

Tock pulls out the EAK, sets it and hands it to Mag.

Nopp
Should I smile?

TOCK
Naturally. It’s a happy occasion.
Don’t blink.

He wraps his arm around Nopp’s shoulder and squeezes his eyes closed. Mag presses the button. A blinding FLASH.

Wiley
    (burps)
Whoa! Some flash.

TOCK
Crisper colors.

Nopp
    (child’s voice)
Can I stay up an’ watch the Partridge Family, please?

TOCK
No. It’s a school night. You can watch the Brady Bunch and then it’s bed time, mister.
    (To Mag who shrugs)
I’ll be able to catch the last half of Flip Wilson.

Nopp
    (child’s voice)
Can I have a donut?
Mag hands him a glazed. Nopp is thrilled.

TOCK
Drink your milk and you’ll grow up
big and strong and dumb and a cop.

Mag opens the door, Tock guides Nopp out, takes his key
ring from belt and closes door. He uncuffs Wiley.

TOCK
You can fool all the people some
of the time.

WILEY
This is way too weird.

TOCK
You barely dipped a pinky toe into
the murky ocean of weird.

WILEY
You Secret Service? Thought they
guarded the President.

TOCK
That part ain't secret. Tell us
about your encounter.

Tock and Mag grab donuts. Wiley declines and burps.

WILEY
I was haulin' hogs from Moline to
Omaha. West of Iowa City my truck
died. No lights, nothin’. When I
opened the door, I was twenty foot
in the air.

MAG
You and the truck?

WILEY
Yup. Pulled me in this flyin’
saucer and a minute later I was in
their mother ship. Knocked me out
and took me to their lab. Call
themselves "Liftheads", like "Lift
your head to heaven," they told
me.
TOCK
Liftheads? Liftheads!? You sure?

Wiley nods and grins.

WILEY
(burps)
Nice folks. Looked like angels.

Mag shrugs, shakes his head, and looks baffled.

TOCK
Angels, huh? What else?

WILEY
They had a battle drill for some Psycho Destroyers.

TOCK
Psycho Destroyers? What’s that?

WILEY
Some robots they been fightin’ over a million years. Over us.

TOCK
Really? Say why?

WILEY
(burps)
Said it takes too long to explain.

TOCK
O-kay. What then?

WILEY
They put me in my truck. A minute later I was down in a rest stop.

TOCK
And then you beat the clock and got arrested. What else?

Wiley shakes his head.

WILEY
What now?
TOCK
You come with us. Case anything happens. These things can turn nasty.

WILEY
Whadda ya’ mean?

TOCK
Nausea, rashes, aliens blastin’ out your stomach.

WILEY
(To Mag)
He serious?

MAG
As a heart attack.

WILEY
Whadda ‘bout the charges?

TOCK
Gone.

WILEY
(burps; moans)
How’d ya’ do that?

TOCK
Easy. We’re the government. Let’s go.

INT. IOWA STATE PATROL OFFICE - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

They exit the interrogation room. They pass Nopp who plays with Hot-Wheels on the floor by his desk.

NOPP
Vrooom! Eerrrrr! Skreech! Boom!

Tock tosses the keys on his desk. In the lobby, Tock FLASHES the desk cop.

DESK COP
(child’s voice)
I don’t wanna kiss her.

TOCK
Because?
DESK COP
(child’s voice)
Aunt Hilda’s got a wet mustache.

TOCK
Don’t miss much, do you, Hawkeye?

They leave Desk Cop in childhood and exit.

EXT. IOWA STATE PATROL OFFICE – MOVING – CONTINUOUS

The three walk across the parking lot toward Queenie. Wiley groans with severe stomach cramps.

TOCK
Ulcer?

WILEY
No. D’ (burp) dang donuts.

MAG
I ate two and feel great. Mmm. Donuts. The supreme comfort food.

TOCK
Hot out of the fryer. I thrive on sprinkles.

Wiley moans as they get in Queenie.

INT. QUEENIE – CONTINUOUS

Tock FIRES up the ENGINE and puts it in gear.

TOCK
Ever been to Shy Town?

WILEY
No! Oh, god! No!

He’s doubled up groaning in agony.

TOCK
Don’t like the Windy City? Vienna hot dogs? The Lovable Losers?

MAG
That ain’t it. He looks awful. (To Wiley)
You gonna’ fling donuts?
WILEY
S'like an ice pick in my gut.

TOCK
Donuts don't stick, they slide.

MAG
Maybe he does got somethin' gonna explode out of him.

Queenie transforms and ZOOMS away. Tock pulls an alien weapon out from under his seat and hands it to Mag.

TOCK
Careful. Dial it back a little. Just got her detailed.

WILEY
Oh! God! Don't let me die.

INT. LIFTHREAD MOONSHIP BRIDGE - MOVING - DAY

The ship's Chief Executive Officer MICHAEL (50's) is a tall handsome humanoid. His Commanding Officer GABRIEL (mid 40's) and General RAPHAEL (around 40) join him. All have crisp white uniforms, auras and halos.

GEN. RAPHAEL
The enemy troops are on the move.

CEO MICHAEL
But not for long, Raphael. Gabe, what's the quality control report?

Gabriel reviews his PDA.

CO GABRIEL
Continuum Choice, Chief.

CEO MICHAEL
Excellent. Let's start processing.

CO GABRIEL
Yes, sir... Finally.

GEN. RAPHAEL
Uh, Mike...
CEO MICHAEL
What?

GEN. RAPHAEL
The data-point stole a back-up.

CEO MICHAEL
Will it affect processing?

CO GABRIEL
Unlikely. Salinian's have no deciphering capability. It must assume they're gems.

GEN. RAPHAEL
But the Syccom can decrypt them. If they get them, they'll learn enough to defeat us.

CEO MICHAEL
Authorize actions to recover them at once.

CO GABRIEL
Yes, Michael. Life is good.

CEO MICHAEL
Raphie, suit up. Time to lead your legions into battle. The enemy is about to meet their Megiddo. Gabriel, see them off and return to the bridge.

CO GABRIEL
Yes, sir.

GEN. RAPHAEL
Yes, sir.

Gabriel and Raphael hug Michael, shake his hand, depart.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN (CHICAGO) - JACKSON PARK YACHT HARBOR - MORNING

Queenie SKIMS over the water, into the launch basin, reverts to a car and exits the water at the boat launch.

EXT. U OF C HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ENTRANCE - LATER

Tock parks. Wiley's in agony. They help him from the car to the door.
INT. U OF C - EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Young DR. GUPTA walks in. Wiley moans and groans.

TOCK
This is Mr. Groves. I'm Medical Commission Auditor Gibson and this is Auditor Gomez.

DR. GUPTA
Auditors? You'll have to wait.

TOCK
Just here to observe. Please, do your doctor thing.

Dr. Gupta listens to Wiley's abdomen with a stethoscope.

DR. GUPTA
Sounds indicate obstruction. We'll get some film of your lower G.I. and know more in ten minutes.

TOCK
(to Mag)

MAG
Cool, Bob.

INT. TRUCK STOP/MOTEL (IOWA CITY) - BETTI'S ROOM - DAY

She sips coffee and reads "The Bulletin of the World Health Organization." Her PDA RINGS.

BETTI
Hello... That's great... I agree... No!... Nine?...

She looks at her PDA.

BETTI
Yeah. I see 'em... Yes, Gabriel... Your kidding?... When?... Good thing you commenced... I will... I'm on my way... Life is good.
She shakes her head, walks into the bathroom, turns on the shower and slips off her robe.

EXT. TRUCK STOP/MOTEL (IOWA CITY) - DAY

Betti PLOPS a small duffle bag on the passenger seat of the Falcon Convertible. She starts the car and pulls behind the motel. The WHINE of a high revving TURBINE grows. A craft resembling the Falcon rises above the rooftop. It ROARS eastward and vanishes instantly.

INT. U OF C - HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - MOVING - DAY

Tock and Mag finish eating sausage, eggs and toast.

TOCK
He’s frontin’. Ain’t donuts.

MAG
He's not tellin’ the whole truth?

TOCK
No one can. Whole truth’s infinite. We can’t think that big.

Mag rolls his eyes as they rise to bus their trays.

TOCK
The alien’s we know have told us about the ones we don’t. I never heard of these Liftheads.

MAG
Maybe he got the name wrong.

Tock shakes his head. They walk to the elevator.

TOCK
He said that "lift up your head to heaven" stuff. Never heard of Psycho Destroyers, either.

MAG
Must be an explanation.

TOCK
Yeah? Explain they’ve been fighting over us for too long to

(MORE)
TOCK (cont'd)
say why, and we don’t know a thing
about ‘em?

Mag shrugs and looks puzzled.

MAG
Hope he tells us more before he
exploses.

The elevator doors open and they board it.

INT. U OF C - EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Tock and Mag enter the room. Wiley’s in bed, moaning.

DR. GUPTA
He has nine stones blocking his
intestine.

TOCK
Intestine stones? Never heard of
‘em.

DR. GUPTA
No. Gem stones. Large ones. See?

Dr. Gupta points to the back-lit x-rays.

MAG
Ain’t jelly or cream filled. Rules
out aliens explodin’ and
splatterin’ Wiley shrapnel.

WILEY
Ohhh... Unhh...

TOCK
You gotta cut him open?

WILEY
No! Don’t! Please! No!

DR. GUPTA
I’ve already ordered irrigation.

MAG
(laughs)
Irrigation? Like floodin’ a
lettuce field?
DR. GUPTA

No. A high colonic.

KATIE the nurse (mid 20’s) enters. She’s pretty and cheerful. She wheels a rolling stand that supports a huge enema bag and a tray that carries a stainless bucket. She SNAPS on nitrile gloves, dons a face shield, and PULLS the privacy CURTAIN.

CLOSE - TOCK AND MAG

They emote keenly as the procedure transpires.

KATIE (O.S.)
Okay, darlin’. Please, roll over, get on your knees and smile.

WILEY (O.S.)
Dang! That bucket’s cold.

KATIE (O.S.)
This’ll warm your soul.

WILEY (O.S.)
OW!... Whoa! That’s hot!

KATIE
Mmm hmm.

TOCK
Thought you were a pig courier. When’d you get in the diamond trade, Groves?

WILEY (O.S.)
Oh m’god! Help me lord!

KATIE
Easy, easy. Shhh.

TOCK
We’re praying with you. You say you were in space? Most diamonds come from Africa, my brother.

WILEY (O.S.)
Got ‘em from their lab... OHHH!
KATIE
Easy, easy. Shhh.

MAG
What? They making 'em up there?

WILEY (O.S.)
No. They're memory... OH GOD!...
Computer back-up.

TOCK
Blingy flash-drives.

WILEY (O.S.)
Said they're just carbon...
OHHH!... You need to use so
much?... Costs 'em nothing... How
much longer?

KATIE
Easy now. Relax, dear. Take a deep
breath. Almost done --

WILEY
WAAAAAAAN! Uuuuuuuuuunh! Ohhhh.

PLOPPING SPLASHES emanate from behind the curtain. Katie
rolls the bucket out and turns to Dr. Gupta.

KATIE
Hemoculture?

TOCK
Not necessary. This is where we
audit.

Dr. Gupta shrugs. At Tock's direction, Katie rolls it
over to Mag. Tock hands him a pair of gloves.

TOCK
Probation's almost over. This'll
add to your pay increase.

MAG
You can't be serious.

TOCK
Correct. Sirius is the Dog Star.
You wash, I'll dry.
Mag gags. Water SPLASHES. He finds and rinses each DIAMOND and then places them on a small tray.

TOCK
Thanks Doc, Nurse. We'll need a picture for our file. If you'll just look here and smile.

Tock takes his EAK. The huge FLASH sub's Dr. Gupta and Katie.

DR. GUPTA
(child's voice)
Gai, Janani. I will study twelve hours a day so we will leave Mumbai and will go onto America. Yes. I will be happy to do this.

He stands in a happy daze.

KATIE
(to Wiley, girlish voice)
Ain't I seen you in Mr. Evan's biology? I'm the only girl that likes to dissect frogs. Wanna know a secret? I like the smell of formaldehyde. It's kinda pungent, you know? Ya' wanna join the Biology club? It'll be fun.

Tock throws his arms around Dr. Gupta and Katie. He guides them out the door.

TOCK (O.S.)
You were right. The cafeteria food is edible. And the tapioca? Delicious. Better move fast or you'll miss out.

Tock returns.

MAG
Wouldn't it be simpler if we had neuralizers, like they had in "Men In Black?"
TOCK
Yeah. Right. Sure. Don’t you know fact from fiction?
(Breaks 4th wall)
“Men In Black” was only a movie.

Wiley pulls the curtain. Mag gingerly removes the gloves. Tock takes the diamonds from the tray and drops them in his coat pocket.

WILEY
Hey! Those are mine.

TOCK
Soon as we’re done with ‘em.

WILEY
Went to great lengths to get ‘em.

MAG
Tell me about it.

WILEY
Why should I trust you?

TOCK
Who cleared your record?

WILEY
You said it was easy.
(Beat)
So now what? I’m stuck here in Chicago?

TOCK
Nah. We’ll put you up.

WILEY
You gonna screw up my mind with that camera, too?

TOCK
Nah. The aliens didn’t mess with your mind and I need to know what else happened up there. Clear?

WILEY
As a diamond, sport.
Tock points and Mag grabs and rolls up the x-rays. The three walk out. Wiley walks very, very gingerly.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN HOLDING CELL - LATER

Tock escorts Wiley to a comfortable detention cell.

WILEY
You’re lockin’ me up?

TOCK
Sorry, it’s the best we’ve got. Give you some peace and quiet.

Wiley FLOPS on the bed and CLICKS on the TV.

WILEY
Got cable or satellite?

TOCK
Best on Earth. Try channel sixty-three ninety-eight.

Wiley presses the remote and sees an alien game show.

TOCK
Try to remember more details. Okay? War’s just a shot away.

WILEY
After what I’ve been through? I’m exhausted. You worry about it.

TOCK
Nothing to worry about. Need anything? Just push the button.

Tock leaves, Wiley dozes off with the TV ON.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Tock is walking, Esca falls in along side.

ESCA
Nice work.

TOCK
Thanks.
ESCA
So what's your answer? You on the bus or getting off?

TOCK
Not just on, but driving. Hard way, easy way, I'm doing it the right way. Only way I know how.

Esca listens cynically. She sneers with skepticism.

TOCK
Pondering keeps me competent. I was born to do this. Nothing can stop me.

ESCA
Who're you trying to convince?

Tock glares at her through narrowed eye lids. She taps her temple with an index finger, winks and smiles modestly. Tock shakes his head slowly and glares at her motivational style.

INT. SYCCOM COMMAND DECK - DAY

Viceroy Lucius sits in his seat of authority. Assistant Viceroy Naytas enters.

VICEROY LUCIUS
Lifthead memory crystals have fallen into Salinian hands. Notify our agent at once.

ASST. VICEROY NAYTAS
Excellent, my Viceroy! I'll have her retrieve them immediately.

EXT. U OF C - MIDWAY PLAISANCE PARK - DAY

Betti sits in the shade of a tree. She views floor plans of the Apocalyptician headquarters on her PDA. It RINGS.

FAINT VOICE (V.O.)
Have you recovered the data?
BETTI
No, sir. I’ll get in, get ‘em and get out when night falls.

FAINT VOICE (V.O.)
Avoid delay. We depend on you. All of creation rests on your success.

BETTI
Understood.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB - DAY

It’s filled with amazing technology from across the universe. Tock & Esca enter. Mag is with LOUIS and STEPHANIE (both mid 20’s) the Apocalyptician scientists. Tock hands diamonds to both.

STEPHANIE
Ooo! Diamonds! Makes a dainty drop. You think?

Louis winces. He floats a diamond in mid-air in front of a beam of light which refracts and fills the center of the lab with a holographic column. He TAPS on a KEYBOARD.

LOUIS
The holograph can show what’s on ‘em, if I can decrypt ‘em.

TOCK
How long?

LOUIS
Maybe minutes. Maybe never.

Stephanie holds a diamond on her left ring finger.

STEPHANIE
Never too big. LOUIS
Could be seconds. Look!

The holographic fills the column. Symbols from every alphabet and numeral system scroll and flash.

LOUIS
(To display)
Sort, English.

It streams English letters and words, but it’s gibberish.
ESCA
The typing of an infinite number
of monkeys?

LOUIS
(To display)
Sort, chronological.

The holographic displaces the lab with the

EXT. PRIMORDIAL UNIVERSE - BEFORE TIME

A stentorian NARRATOR speaks.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The strings of eleven dimensions
intersected and the end and
beginning of all were one and
filled the void again.

LOUIS
It's the creation of the universe.

ESCA
Very educational. I don't have
thirteen billion years to catch
up.

Esca hears a BEEP. She looks at her

CLOSE - DOOMSDAY CLOCK WRIST WATCH

The minute hand moves.

ESCA
It's two minutes to midnight, darn
it!

The others exchange nervous glances with her. She twirls
her hand for Louis to hurry up.

LOUIS
(To display)
Sort. Earth. Fast forward. Near
present.

The holographic halts. They SNAP back to the
INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB – CONTINUOUS

NARRATOR (V.O.)
For planet Earth or Sayleen please
insert crystal number eight.

TOCK
Sayleen?

LOUIS
Yeah. Salt water covers seventy
percent of the surface.

Stephanie hands Louis the eighth diamond, he removes the
one floating in front of the laser and swaps them. The
holographic blurs and the lab is replaced by the

FULL MOON

which shines brightly. They orbit the moon until a

WHITE TOTALLY CLOUD-COVERED PLANET

rises over the horizon.

MAG
The Earth is blue. What’s this?

LOUIS
(To display)
Zoom in to planetary surface.

They glide down through the clouds beneath which, the

VERDANT LANDSCAPE

glistens from the mist that kisses the surface.

WATERFALLS AND STREAMS

abound in this pre-Eden. All is peaceful and etherial.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Seven thousand years ago, Sayleen
was a perfect incubator for life.

TOCK
Whoa!

The holographic stops. They SNAP back into the
INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB - CONTINUOUS

TOCK
That's impossible. Life goes back millions of years.

LOUIS
Based on carbon dating... but now that's all messed up.

ESCA
This has got to be good.

Louis taps the keyboard. The hologram in the lab shows a CARBON ATOM ANIMATION

LOUIS
Radiocarbon dating's simple. Carbon atoms are C twelve. When cosmic radiation collides, some of them become C fourteen with two extra neutrons. Over time, C fourteen decays to nitrogen. The older the artifact, the less C fourteen it contains. But, with that much cloud cover, our fossils seem much older than they are.

TOCK
The creationists are right?

Without speaking, Louis expresses, "Maybe?" The others are astonished. Louis taps the keyboard. The holographic reality resumes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Our nurturing assured fruitfulness.

SERIES OF SHOTS – THREE TO FIVE SECONDS EACH

Michael, Gabriel and Raphael patiently instruct the following, popping up like Zelig in each scene:

A Stone Age man learns how to make fire twirling a stick on some dried leaves.

A nomadic clan tends a small herd of sheep.
A family cultivates a tiny garden.
A man with a chisel fashions stone into a wheel.
A woman inscribes cuneiform characters on a clay tablet.
Egyptian architects draw plans for pyramids on papyrus.

ESCA
Nice. Who are those guys?

The others shrug.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
But, the Syccom menace strove to
destroy our creation.

EXT. EARTH ORBIT - DAY

They observe a

LARGE BLACK ANGULAR SPACE SHIP

that directs a

HUGE METEOR

with a beam of light towards Earth. The meteor CRASHES
into the surface and creates the

GULF OF MEXICO

The EXPLOSION blasts trillions of tons of debris into the
atmosphere.

ESCA
Bastards!

EXT. MT. ARARAT (TURKEY) - DAY

An old man puts beasts in an ark. Torrents of rain fall.

TOCK
Noah?

STEPHANIE
Or Gilgamesh or Manu. There’s lots
of flood stories around the world.
EXT. ARIZONA DESERT - DAY

Massive surging walls of flood water erode and create the
GRAND CANYON

The holographic breaks up and fades. They are back in
INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS
(Scans monitor)
Too many teraflops to decrypt. The system crashed. Recompiling could take hours.

MAG
Thought the civilians had it wrong. Seems we don’t know squat.

ESCA
Most of the time, most of us are mostly guessing.

TOCK
When in doubt, grab a gun.
(To Mag)
Come, my little baller. The shooting range is calling your name. Let’s finish getting you qualified.

ESCA
(To Louis, Stephanie)
Keep at it. We need to know what the bastards are planning.

Tock and Mag head out the door, with Esca close behind.

INT. SYCCOM COMMAND INTERGALACTIC CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Naytas speaks with a WOMAN whose VOICE is a bit GARELED.

ASST. VICEROY NAYTAS
(on headset)
Do you have the crystals yet?

WOMAN (V.O.)
Within the hour.
ASST. VICEROY NAYTAS
Does anyone suspect?

WOMAN (V.O.)
No, sir.

ASST. VICEROY NAYTAS
Victory may rest in your hands.

WOMAN (V.O.)
They won’t fail.

ASST. VICEROY NAYTAS
You won’t endure the pain if they do. Hail Syccom!

WOMAN (V.O.)
Preval or die.

INT. MOONSHIP BRIDGE – DAY

CO GABRIEL
Intel estimates they outnumber us six million to five million.

CEO MICHAEL
I like our odds.

CO GABRIEL
When they have a twenty percent numerical advantage?

GEN. RAPHAEL
But they lack the heart we have.

CO GABRIEL
But they have nerves of silicon. They know no fear and relish suicide bombing.

CEO MICHAEL
They’re still no match for the miracle of life, our inspired creativity and our bond in oneness. Fear not. We will prevail. Finish the deployment plan and let’s move forward with processing.
EXT. PAINT BALL RANGE - AFTERNOON

Tock and Mag are in desert camouflage, helmets and goggles. Two opponents in green fatigues move in the background. All are armed with paint ball guns.

TOCK
This beats the old days in that
deafening indoor range.

MAG
I love sounds of nature softly
harmonized with paint smack.

TOCK
Cover me. I'm darting from that
boulder to the bunker. Move up and
we'll trap 'em in crossfire.

MAG
Gotcha. You get me pawned and
pinched, you're buyin' burgers.

Tock nods and they rush to engage their adversaries, dodging and SPLATTERING paint balls near their targets. After a few minute of dashing, FIRING, and taking near HITS, Mag and Tock SPLATTER both of their opponents simultaneously. The guy whom Tock shot fires very late and HITS Mag's goggles. It looks like a big single eye.

TOCK
Quite the agg cyclops, Mr. Lit-up.

INT. PAINT BALL RANGE LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

They dress in street clothes. Mag wipes his goggles.

TOCK
Congratulations on qualifying.

MAG
You're buyin'. You got me shot.

TOCK
By a ghost? Try again.
MAG
(cheesy)
Sheesh. Just tryin’ to stay a step ahead.

TOCK
A step ahead? Maybe, but...
(smirks)
...you’re down a lap.

Mag grins sheepishly. They walk out of the locker room.

TOCK
How ‘bout burgers, fries and drinks? Comfort food for uncomfortable times. Then back to the lab.

MAG
After we eat, I gotta get some sack time.

TOCK
You’re fifteen years younger than me and you’re outta gas? You can sleep later. When you’re dead, you’re dead a long time.

MAG
I’m way too wired. Can’t say how much sleep I’ll get.

TOCK
You gotta be ready to roll on a moment’s notice.

MAG
I’ll be ready to rock and roll.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN CONCOURSE – NIGHT

Esca approaches Clockwatcher. The Mainspring is quiet with no one -- aliens or humans -- present.

ESCA
Show me arrivals and departures.

The screen shows all arrivals as “Cancelled.” Next, the U.S. map shows many arcs denoting aliens fleeing.
ESCA

Darn it!

The Rolie-Polies in loud tourist clothes roll suitcases and carts of duty-free swag.

ROLIE POLIE
(unintelligible)
Zerk hopmter bovel seppip, Esca.
Ha a ha a ha!

ESCA
Where the hell are you going?
Well? Give me your green cards!
NOW!

They wave, laugh and ignore her as they leave.

INT. BETTI’S FALCON - NIGHT

The top’s up. She opens her bag, pulls out black tights, shoes, a hooded top and face mask. She dons them and a small backpack, and slips into the darkness.

EXT. U OF C - HARPER LIBRARY - NIGHT

A burglar in black scampers up the side of the building to the top of the 135’ tall tower. She lifts the ventilation grate atop one of the corner rooks and climbs down the ladder inside. Three side shafts meet at the bottom. She pulls out a PDA and a red line directs her to the memory crystals. She runs toward them.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB - SAME TIME

Exhaustion takes its toll on Louis and Stephanie. Tock has his second wind and repairs a blaster.

LOUIS
I need some sleep. I’m useless.

STEPHANIE
Mostly. I’ll set up the last crystal, then I’m gone, too.

Louis leaves. Stephanie takes the diamond from the projector and replaces it with another. She puts the
first one in a vault with two pass-keys. She grabs her purse and walks to the door.

TOCK
I'm gonna finish this and keep at it 'till I know what's what.
Thanks for everything. Great work, Steph.

Tock follows her out. She goes down the escalator, he continues across the mezzanine to the men's room.

The vent grate in the lab ceiling drops open. A masked burglar jumps down with weapon drawn. She looks about and pockets the diamond from the projector. She tries to open the vault. Her PDA is unable to override the locks. Wary, she leaps up into the vent shaft.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tock whistles Don Henley's "They're Not Here, They're Not Coming," washes his hands, and grooms in the mirror.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB - SAME TIME

The burglar jumps to the floor, weapon drawn and takes another crack at the vault.

From the hallway, through the windows of the lab, Tock sees her and springs through the doorway, weapon drawn.

TOCK
Stop!

The burglar fires a BLAST at Tock and leaps up into the vent. Several BLASTS shoot down through the opening.

Tock pockets his weapon and vaults into the vent using the lab equipment support as a high bar.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN DUCT WORK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

She climbs a tall ladder. As he follows, she FIRES a BLAST that misses. She darts west into a side duct.

As he approaches the side duct he HEARS and then sees the thief behind him at the south end of the main duct. They exchange BLASTS and he RUNS to apprehend her.

He nears the south end of the main duct and HEARS her RUNNING behind him across the north end of the duct.
TOCK
Dang! She's fast.

They exchange BLASTS that miss. He chases her again.

At the north end of the main duct, he turns right. She's trapped in a dead end. She fires a near-miss BLAST, kicks out the vent grate...

EXT. HARPER LIBRARY - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

...and steps out on a ledge. She jumps down to the ground and runs east across South University Ave.

Tock steps onto the ledge. She FIRES a BLAST that forces him back. She runs into an alley. Tock jumps down.

He chases her into the alley. She fires a BLAST that HITS nearby. She dashes left into a darker narrower alley. He quickly follows.

She pockets her weapon and leaps to grab a FIRE ESCAPE LADDER

She climbs and reaches stairs, then dashes up several flights. Tock runs onto and DENTS the HOOD AND ROOF OF A PARKED CAR

He long-jumps onto a dumpster with a BOOMING THUD and leaps to stretch and grab the ladder. He clambers up. On the stairs he draws his weapon and climbs two steps at a time. As he rises, they exchange BLASTS.

She runs away across the

EXT. ROOF TOP - MOVING - NIGHT

He reaches the top of the stairs and chases her across the CRUNCHING gravel. They shield themselves behind ROOFTOP EQUIPMENT, SKYLIGHTS AND CHIMNEYS

and exchange several BLASTS.

At the roof's edge, she BLASTS at him and leaps to the next building, but fails to clear the gap and hangs by one hand. Her weapon BLASTS wildly in the other.
Tock increases his speed and powerfully leaps across. She fires another errant BLAST. He kicks the weapon from the MASKED WOMAN’s hand and handcuffs the other as she hangs. He pockets his weapon.

   TOCK
   Who are you?

   MASKED WOMAN
   Pull me up!

He pulls her up, spins her, cuffs the other hand, spins her again and removes her ski mask. He’s struck by her beauty.

   TOCK
   Whoa!

She smiles seductively.

   BETTI
   (Licks lips, purrs)
   Hey sexy! You’re hot! You makin’ me horny. God I’m wet. Feel lucky?

   TOCK
   (Leering)
   Fortune smiled on me long ago.

He shoves her toward the roof-top stairwell entrance.

INT. MAINSPRING – MOMENTS LATER

Tock shoves Betti to Clockwatcher who swivels its head.

   TOCK
   Know this mug?

Watcher shakes its head. Esca walks up.

   ESCA
   Who’re you?

   BETTI
   Elizabetti Rowshay, Agriculture Undersecretary of the Lifthead Continuum. I demand diplomatic immunity.
ESCA
Lifthead? Diplomat?

TOCK
How about illegal alien? Used the wrong entrance to get right with the law.

BETTI
Law? You have our stolen memory crystals.

ESCA
Yours? Maybe after we get the information we need from them.

BETTI
Fat chance. And whom might you be?

ESCA
I might be Esca, Apocalyptic Executive Director. This might be Agent Tock.

BETTI
And you are?

TOCK
Among other things, Atmospheric Boarder Patrol.

BETTI
I know your constitution. Read me my rights.

ESCA
These days, enemy combatants have zero rights.

Watcher taps her shoulder with one hand and points with another at the Doomsday Clock. It’s one to twelve.

ESCA
One minute to, DARN IT!

They direct the angry struggling Betti toward the...
INT. APOCALYPTICIAN INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Esca and Tock circle Betti who sits handcuffed to a chair. Esca dumps Betti’s backpack onto the table.

TOCK
Where’s the diamond you took?

Betti shrugs and shakes her head.

ESCA
No diamond.

TOCK
I caught you in our lab. You jacked a gem, Ho.

BETTI
You caught me before I found our property. Go ahead, strip me.

TOCK
Thanks for permission.

ESCA
We’ll scan her. Could be a swallower.

Tock raises his eyebrows and smiles.

BETTI
You won’t get a lick out of me.

Tock’s smile departs.

ESCA
Go get your partner. We got work to do.

Esca and Tock leave Betti shackled but smirking.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB - DAY

Esca enters the lab. Stephanie and Louis are in early.

ESCA
What’cha got?

LOUIS
Insomnia and this.
INT. LABORATORY (1929) - DAY

The holographic shows Alexander Fleming at work with Michael, Gabriel and Raphael.

ESCA
Who are those guys?

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - TIMES SQUARE (1929) - DAY

A news ticker spells out, "PENICILLIN DESTROYS INFECTIONS... MIRACLE DRUG CURES SOCIAL DISEASES... COMMON COLD NEXT..."

ESCA
Whoa!

They SNAP back.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS
Sure kept us in the dark.

STEPHANIE
Yeah, but look what they gave us.

ESCA
Nothing's as good or as bad as it seems. Keep at it. Call me when you get something on this war.

She turns and leaves.

INT. MAG'S APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Tock knocks on the door.

TOCK
Drop your wang. Grab your thang's.

INT. MAG'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mag startles awake. Vayla's eyes are alert.
MAG
(softly to Vayla)
Get in the bathroom. Quick.
(Loudly)
Hang on, hang on, I'm coming.

Vayla hides. Mag opens the tiny studio apartment door. Tock enters.

TOCK

MAG
Whoa!

As Mag dresses, Tock picks up Vayla's thong from the chair. It dangles from his fingers.

TOCK
"Whoa" is right. Slow down.

MAG
Thought you were in a hurry.

TOCK
(twirling thong)
Contrary to conventional wisdom, this is an emergency brake.

MAG
You're a guy. You understand.

TOCK
All too well. Remember what I said about keepin' it fastened? You're done screwing off, screwing up and screwing you-know-who.

MAG
Sheesh. Have a heart.

TOCK
(stretches thong 12")
My skin's this thick. No room for internal organs.
INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB - DAY

Tock and Mag are with the scientists. Esca enters and glares at Mag who smiles cheesy.

ESCA
(To Stephanie)
Whatcha come up with?

STEPHANIE
Prepare for the Syccoms’ worst.

Louis taps keyboard.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
While life prospered under our loving care, evil Syccom forces murdered millions.

INT. SYCCOM LABORATORY - DAY

Fleas, magnified one thousand times are exposed to a lethal bacterial fog. Caged rats are dusted with fleas.

EXT. DARK AGE EUROPEAN VILLAGE - DAY

Lucius, Naytas and Asmodeous set rats free in the streets. Bloated bodies fill carts and smoke rises from funeral pyres. A circle of filthy CHILDREN sing "Ring Around the Rosie" and laugh and fall down in the muck.

ESCA
Those bastards!

LOUIS
There's more.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Syccom tele-psych influenced others to murder millions.

Crassus, Naytas or Asmodeous confidently counsel all of the following, attending like Zeligs in each shot:

SERIES OF SHOTS - ONE-HALF TO THREE SECONDS EACH

Octavian. Destroys Carthage and the Republic.
Genghis Khan. Rapes, pillages and burns Rome.

Saladin. Slaughters Crusaders.

Napoleon. Charges at Waterloo.


ESCA

Those guys...

Kaiser Wilhelm II. Uses poison gas in WWI; kills 15 million.

Lenin & Stalin. Murder 20 million.

Franco & Mussolini. Kill half a million.

TOCK

Syccom?

Hirohito. ATTACKS Pearl Harbor; kills 15 million.

Hitler. Murders 30 million; runs concentration camps.

ESCA

...Yeah.

Truman. EXPLODES atomic bombs on Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

Mao. Murders 30 million.

Ho Chi Minh & LBJ. NAPALMING Viet Nam.

Ayatollah Khamenei. Takes American hostages.

Don Rumsfeld & Saddam Hussein shake hands. Gas Kurds and Iranians; kill a million.


ESCA

Those bastardy Syccom bastards!
TOCK
(To Mag)
Let's quiz the prisoner.

ESCA
(To Mag)
No. You and me need to talk.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - DAY
Near Saturn's rings, millions of Syccom Destroyers are streaming from left to right toward Earth. On the far side of the Moon, millions of Lifthead Flightwing craft zoom from right to left to intercept the attackers.

INT. MAINSPRING - MOMENTS LATER
Esca and Mag walk towards Mag's desk.

ESCA
Tock filled me in. You're almost too good to dismiss.

MAG
Thank you, Esca.

ESCA
I said, "Almost." I'm transferring you to Customs and Immigration.

MAG
But you need my help.

They stop at his desk.

ESCA
Wrong, rookie. No one's irreplaceable. When I told you to think long and hard I didn't think you'd take it literally. Pack up, and report to Customs tomorrow.

MAG
Come on. Cut me some slack.
ESCA
You cut your throat. Don’t like Customs? How ‘bout a subbing and unemployment?

MAG
Okay. Okay. What about Vayla?

ESCA
I’ll take care of her. You two want to live happily ever after you’ll be fairy tale-ing it elsewhere.

Esca walks away shaking her head. Mag angrily SWEEPS everything from his desk into his bag and storms out.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN INTERROGATION ROOM – SAME TIME
Tock questions Betti who’s handcuffed to a chair.

BETTI
When do I get an attorney?

TOCK
I’m the law, judge and jury. Why are you here, Aggie?

BETTI
Aid and outreach program.

TOCK
What’s in it for you?

BETTI
Stopping the Syccom from destroying your planet.

TOCK
Done a great job so far.

Esca pokes her head in the room.

ESCA
Getting anywhere?

TOCK
Foggy. Still circling.
ESCA
If it's in your head pal, we're gonna rip it out.

TOCK
She'll fire-up when I clamp the jumper cables on her --

ESCA
Lock her in detention and bring Wiley to the lab. See what he can add.

Betti's eyes widen at the sound of his name.

ESCA
I want more boots on the ground.
I've assigned Trisket to you.

Tock shakes his head in highly annoyed disbelief.

ESCA
Bite me.

Esca leaves. Tock uncuffs Betti from the chair, shackles her hands to her waist chain, and leads her out.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER
Mag is hiding in the shadows.

MAG
(on cell phone)
I got transferred. You're next.
I'm so mad, I could kill 'em.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. MAINSPRING - VAYLA'S DESK - SAME TIME

VAYLA
Who?

MAG
Esca the zorra. [Female canine]
And lambioso Tock. [Butt suck]

VAYLA
Whatta ya' plannin'? 
MAG
Get reinstated or get revenge.

VAYLA
How?

MAG
Later. Trust me. Just meet me in the parking garage, level two. Okay?

VAYLA
This is so exciting! I love you! I’m leaving now. Be careful, okay?

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN HOLDING CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Wiley watches an alien sitcom. Tock locks Betti in the next cell. Wiley springs to the bars between them. Tock absorbs the improbable scene.

WILEY
What are you doing here?

BETTI
I was getting your diamonds back.

They hold each other through the bars.

WILEY
How’d you find out?

BETTI
Guardian angel told me.

WILEY
You’re my angel. Boy am I happy to see you.

TOCK
You know she’s a Lifthead?

WILEY
What?! She’s no alien. Are you?

BETTI
What do you think?
TOCK
(To Wiley)
Never mind. Come with me.

WILEY
(To Betti)
I’ll have you out in no time.

Betti and Wiley kiss through the bars. He and Tock leave.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Tock walks in with Wiley. He does a double take as Stephanie and Louis look coincidentally like the Lifthead scientists Louise and Stephen. Esca, Stephanie and Louis work feverishly.

TOCK
Where’s Mag?

ESCA
Probation violation. Suspended.

TOCK
Dang! Pushed him up the learning curve and poof! Sisyphus.

ESCA
It’s up or out and he left me little choice.

TRISKET, the tiny accessory pup, enters the lab.

TRISKET
(sounds like Mr. T)
Somebody send for the chief investigator from the North American Police Work Dog Association? Tough. You got me.

TOCK
(to Esca)
Another “little choice” of your’s?

TRISKET
You messin’ with my good thang?

TOCK
I’ll cage your thang.
TRISKET
(to Esca)
This freaking planet's a zoo, the
animals are on your streets, and
he wants to cage moi?

ESCA
Not if you keep your mouth shut
and your nose to the ground.

TRISKET
How much closer ya' want,
muthafutha?

LOUIS
You will not believe these.

INT. AUTOMOBILE ASSEMBLY LINE (1925) - DAY

Michael and Gabriel are with Henry Ford.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Henry Ford integrated transport
equipment manufacturing and
billions ceased walking.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TWO TO THREE SECONDS EACH

Tin lizzy traverses a rutted road.

Streamline beauties ZOOM on a Sixties interstate.

A Sig alert stops all traffic on the four-level
interchange in Los Angeles.

INT. RCA LABORATORY (1921) - DAY

NARRATOR
David Sarnoff changed the way
everyone spent leisure time.

SERIES OF SHOTS - TWO TO THREE SECONDS EACH

Sarnoff shows reporters a crude early radio with Raphael.

Folks in the 1930's gather around radios.

Families from the 1950's watch tiny-screen TV's.

ESCA
That's enough. Now it all makes sense. Go get the Lifthead.

Tock gets it, too; strides out the door.

EXT. DEEP SPACE - DAY

General Asmodeous leads the Syccom Armada of several million Destroyers past Jupiter toward the inner planets.

INT. SYCCOM LEAD DESTROYER - COCKPIT - DAY

GEN. ASMODEOUS
My Viceroy, we intercept the Lifthead scum in fourteen.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SYCCOM COMMAND DECK - SAME TIME

VICEROY LUCIUS
Excellent. Destroy them. Feed on their puny cries for mercy.

GEN. ASMODEOUS
The only sound I'll hear is cheering from the Senate.

VICEROY LUCIUS
Yes! The ringing in our ears will happily deafen us. Hail Syccom.

GEN. ASMODEOUS
Prevail or die. Hail Emperor!

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB - DAY

Esca, Wiley and Trisket are immersed in more holographic revelations with Stephanie and Louis. Tock returns with Betti in shackles.

STEPHANIE
Here. Look.
ESCA
(To Betti)
Go ahead. Explain this.

EXT. MC DONALD’S RESTAURANT (1955) – DAY

The first Golden Arches teems with happy diners.

BETTI
Oh! Mysterious goodness! How did you decrypt our memory crystals?

TOCK
Pretty smart for a Four-H project.

PUSH-PINS

fall and pierce a large slowly spinning globe denoting every fast-food restaurant on Earth.

SERIES OF SHOTS – VARIOUS FAST FOOD JOINTS – DAY/NIGHT

Happy folks gobble burgers, fries and shakes from the 50’s to the present. Folks grow ever more obese.

ESCA
You invented super-sizing.

TOCK
Penicillin, cars, TV, fast food. It all adds up to... us adding up. You’re farmers...
(beat)
...and we’re your crop.

BETTI
That’s ridiculous.

TRISKET
That’s hilarious. They’re just sloppin’ you hogs. Glad I’m not human.

STEPHANIE
You’re protein and fat. To her we’re all “farm raised”.

Trisket gulps, his eyes widen with fear.
BETTI
Fools. Fear the six million Syccom
Destroyers heading here... not us, we’re your protectors.

TOCK
And you suck at it. We’ve got two
aliens to air-out. Who’s bouncing
with my boarding party?

ESCA
Not so fast.

TOCK
You wanted me focused and
committed. Now what?

ESCA
You need my authorization.

TOCK
The Earth’s about to be pillaged.
I need a hall pass? What the
hell’s stopping you?

ESCA
Nothing. I’m going, too.

TOCK
That’s crazy! You haven’t seen
action in years.

ESCA
True, and this will be my last.
One way or another.
(To Wiley)
You’ve been up there. You in?

WILEY
Never backed down. Ain’t startin’.

ESCA
Good. Tock, get him weapons.

INT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP HANGER BAY - DAY

Millions of Liftheads prepare millions of Flightwing
craft for battle. Gabriel and Raphael hug and pat each
other on the back. They are choked with emotion.
CO GABRIEL
Good speed, Raphie.

GEN. RAPHAEL
All is well. The triumph of the righteous is at hand. Life is good.

CO GABRIEL
Yes. Life is good. Return safe. I treasure our friendship.

Raphael smiles, shakes his hand, zips his white flight suit and turns toward his Flightwing craft.

EXT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP - DAY

General Raphael leads the Liftheads that flood out of the Moonship and ROAR off from right to left.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB - DAY

TOCK
Any Lifthead weaknesses?

LOUIS
Unfortunately... almost none.
(Beat)
But this...

INT. LIFTHEAD PRISON EXECUTION CHAMBER - DAY

A screaming Lifthead prisoner is strapped to a chair.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Lifthead’s suffer from severe type two diabetes. Contact with carbohydrates is fatal.

A hooded executioner touches a

CORN DOG

to the condemned’s forehead. He curdles into putrefied goo. Betti gasps in horror.

TOCK
ESCA
Yechh! Yechh!
STEPHANIE

We had these made for you.

Stephanie hands Esca and Tock paint balls.

TOCK

Paint balls?

STEPHANIE

The most deadly substance known to Liftheads. Combination of graham cracker crumbs, chocolate syrup and marshmallow cream. Not paint balls... S'More Balls. Kill any in splatter range.

BETTI

No! Please! Not S'Mores! It's the most horrible death imaginable.

Esca takes a S'More Ball in her hand.

CLOSE - THREE LAYERED S'MORE BALL

ESCA

Makes perfect sense.

BETTI

I beg you, turn from this evil. It is a wicked thing to do.

TOCK

And eating us is what? A holy sacrament? The end of your aid and outreach picnic? You skeezy fu-tard. Buckle up, baby. It’s snack time!

BETTI

You have no idea what you are getting into.

TOCK

I know what we’re gettin’ out of.

STEPHANIE

I’m going, too.
ESCA
No. You need to stay and relay information. Let’s go. Betti, you’re coming as a shield.

CLOSE - DOOMSDAY CLOCK

The minute hand moves. An ALARM SOUNDS.

ESCA
MIDNIGHT! DARN IT!

INT. GEN. RAPHAEL’S COCKPIT - DAY

GEN. RAPHAEL
Michael, intercept is T minus nine. Over.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. LIFTHEAD CRUISER BRIDGE - SAME TIME

CEO MICHAEL
Roger, General. The miracle of life is in you. Defend freedom and liberty. We created the Syccom and will destroy them.

GEN. RAPHAEL
Will do, Chief. Life is good. Out.

CEO MICHAEL
Gabriel, begin harvest sequence.

CO GABRIEL
(On headset)
Global Holographic Projection Operations. Ready to commence?

G.H.P.O.(V.O.)
Check.

CO GABRIEL
Cryo-portation, Combine and Trawler Operations?
HARVESTERS (V.O.'S)
(in sequence)
Check... Check... Check.

CO GABRIEL
Commence harvesting. Head 'em up, move 'em out. Yeehaw! Life is good!

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN PARKING GARAGE - DAY

The garage is empty except for Queenie. Trisket exits the elevator. Betti, in shackles, follows shoved by Esca. Tock and Wiley come last. All but Betti have backpacks full of weapons and ammo. Near Queenie, Betti slithers out of her cuffs. Esca, burdened by gear, has her holstered blaster stolen. Betti puts it to Esca’s head.

BETTI
I am not going anywhere, not without our memory crystals.

Tock pulls his blaster with the aiming laser on Betti.

TOCK
Too late, farm girl.

BETTI
Not until my last breath is taken.

TOCK
No problem, Beezy. Stop breathing.

Betti pivots until she is shielded behind Esca.

BETTI
You dumb animal. You think you’re going to spoil ten thousand years of work? Help me out here Wiley.

WILEY
(he’s robotic under her influence)
Yes. You have been very good to me, Elisabetti.

Wiley pulls his blaster with the aiming laser on Tock. Tock aims his weapon back and forth from Wiley to Betti. Everybody is anxious. Voices grow louder.
TOCK
She's gonna truck your butt to a packing plant in space, Groves!

Wiley puts his left hand on his head, his eyes flutter.

WILEY
Forget it, Salinian. Elizabetti cares about me. I must defend her.

BETTI
That's right, Wiley! You know I care about you!

TOCK
Cares about how you fit in her plan! She's never cared for you!

BETTI
Don't listen to him, Wiley! Shoot him before he destroys everything! For heaven's sake, shoot him!

WILEY
Shoot Tock. Wiley shoot Tock now.

Wiley's hand squeezes the

CLOSE - BLASTER

EXTREME CLOSE - WILEY'S EYES

are vacant. There's a BLAST. Wiley winces. Tock stands unhurt as does Esca. Trisket waddles to Betti who lays wounded. Mag steps out of the shadows holding a smoking blaster. Vayla's beside him. Betti MELTS and SIZZLES into a hideous heap. Trisket licks her as she turns to goo.

BETTI
Get away you parasite! We gave you life! I cared for you! You maggot-hosts! Good is life.

Betti spews a noxious odor. Everyone holds their noses and gags.

TOCK
Phew! You skank-a-slore! You reek!
TRISKET
(To Tock)
Need a pooper scooper?

ESCA
Welcome back Agent Mag. Agent Vayla, what a pleasant surprise.

MAG
Guess I'm off probation, verdad?

ESCA
I'll see. Right now we need every hand I can get. Come on.

Mag and Vayla smile and hug each other. The team loads the trunk with weapons. Tock jumps into the driver seat, Esca is shotgun, Trisket is in between. Mag, Vayla and Wiley -- who's recovering -- pile in back. Queenie fires up and RACES from the garage. Transforming into a space craft, she ROARS steeply into space.

EXT. HIGH ABOVE EARTH - DAY

Queenie ROCKETS upward. The Lifthead harvesting fleet is on the Earth's side of the moon. Beams of holographic light emerge from the Moonship. Shafts of image-laden light streak down. Huge images are projected in the sky around the earth. All aboard are bug eyed and amazed.

AROUND THE EARTH - MONTAGE

A) EXT. JAPAN (TOKYO) - GINZA - NIGHT

Buddhists in Japan see the Buddha on high. They weep for joy and float up in the night sky.

B) EXT. INDIA (DHARAMSALA) - HIMICHAL PRADESH - NIGHT

Tibetan MONKS in saffron and ochre robes see a Yin-Yang MONKS
(in unison)
Nam-myoho-renge-kyo

They lift into the air.
C) INT. INDIA (AGRA) - TAJ MAHAL - NIGHT

Hindus see Brahma, Vishnu, Rama, Rada, Shakti, and hundreds of lesser deities. They sing and chant. They and their sacred cows are drawn into the heavens.

D) EXT. SAUDI ARABIA (MECCA) - MOUNT OF MERCY - MORNING

HAJJI’s see a huge Crescent Moon and Star.

HAJJI’S
(Overlap improv)
Alekeem Salaam! Allahu akbar!

They and their camels rise.

E) EXT. ISRAEL (JERUSALEM) - WAILING WALL - MORNING

The Prophet ELIJAH appears high overhead.

ELIJAH
(Booming voice)
Prepare ye the way of the Lord!

JEWS in prayer garb weep with joy.

JEWS
(Overlap improv)
MESHIA! YESHUA! MELLECH ADONAI!

They rise into the clouds with Holy Land tourists.

F) EXT. JAMAICA (KINGSTON) - TRENCHTOWN - AFTERNOON

Stoned RASTAFARIANS see Haile Salassie and sing Bob Marley’s “Three Little Birds” as they lift off.

RASTA’S
(In unison)
“Don’t worry, ’bout a thing, every little thing, gonna be all right.”

G) EXT. LARGE MEGA CHURCH - UNITED STATES - AFTERNOON

BELIEVERS stream from the building to see Christ coming in the clouds.
BELIEVERS
(Overlap improv)
Hallelujah! Praise god! I'm going home to Jesus! Thank you lord!

They rise in ecstasy with hands raised over their heads.

H) EXT. CALIFORNIA (LOS ANGELES) - LAX - AFTERNOON

DEVOTEES see Lord Krishna and increase the volume of their chant. They float away pulled by their pony tails.

DEVOTEES
(In unison)
"Hare Krishna, hare Krishna, Krishna Krishna, hare hare."

EXT. VIEW OF EARTH FROM NEAR ORBIT - DAY

It's gruesome. Billions of quick-frozen humans and animals stream upward. They're gathered by huge combines that spew them into mammoth trawlers. As one fills, a tug moves it out of the queue and another pushes an empty into its place.

INT. QUEENIE - DAY

The Apocalyptic crew are irate and impatient.

WILEY
That's freakin' freezin'. They're harvestin' 'em like ears of corn.

ESCA
How much longer?

TOCK
Maybe ninety seconds. Then we put a halt to all this.

TRISKET
No problem. Just run in, find the switch and throw it in reverse.

TOCK
S.T.F.U., you fugly mutt.

TRISKET
Hey, I'm royalty where I'm from.
TOCK
Fasten it, or I'll kick your royal tush.

ESCA
You two need to focus together to kick some Lifthead butt.

MAG
Yeah.

VAYLA
Sounds good.

EXT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP HANGER - DAY

The activity level is astounding. Every second thousands of fighters ROCKET to battle. Tock glides the tiny Queenie into the Moonship in the blind spot of a tug that guides a humongous trawler out of the cargo hold.

INT. QUEENIE - MOVING - SAME TIME

Esca studies a map on her EAK and points.

ESCA
Those catwalks lead to the bridge.

TOCK
Got it.

He flies stealthily up near the ceiling of the cavernous hanger and lands Queenie on a platform in the catwalks.

INT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP HANGER CATWALK - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

All climb out cautiously, arming themselves with blasters, S'More ball guns and ammo from the trunk. Esca glances at her EAK and points.

ESCA
This way.

The team moves down the cat walk. A BLAST is fired by a Lifthead guard blocking their path, barely missing Esca. Mag wheels and fires a S'More ball. It hits the guard who dies a messy SPUTTERING death. Another Lifthead SHOOTS from a parallel cat-walk. It ZAPS off the railing missing
Tock. Wiley FIRES a S'More shot. It SPLATTERS nearby and hideously CURDLES the alien.

WILEY
S'like shooting rabbits with a sawed-off.

VAYLA
Ooo. Sticky stinky icky goo.

El laughs at her squeamishness, she smiles and shrugs cutely. The team continues on the cat walk toward the bridge, killing guards with whom they exchange FIRE. They open double doors that reveal --

INT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP CORRIDORS - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

-- the convergence of three hallways. ALARMS are SOUNDING. Esca gets their bearings from her EAK, points.

ESCA
That goes to the science center, that to harvesting op’s, and that to the bridge.
(To Tock, Mag and Wiley)
You three take the bridge.
(To Vayla and Trisket)
Let’s stop the harvesting.

Each team moves toward their goal.

INT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP CORRIDOR TO BRIDGE - MOVING - DAY

Two guards block their advance.

TOCK
S’more campfire treats, gentlemen?

He SPLATTERS a shot off the ceiling that kills both.

WILEY
This is too easy.

MAG
Way too.

Three guards are in an archway off the corridor.
TOCK (O.S.)
Careful. Nothing's as simple as it first appears.

As the team rounds the corner, two guards leap out FIRING. One BLASTS Wiley in the upper arm. He spins and HITS the floor SHOOTING wildly.

WILEY
Aaaaaarrgh! Shoot 'em! Shoot 'em!
Son-of-a-bitch, that hurts!

Tock HITS the floor, rolls, comes to prone and SHOOTS the two guards in rapid succession.

TOCK
Hit bad?

WILEY
Went clean through. Missed the bone. Got two holes bleedin'.

The third guard leans out of the archway and aims at Mag who SHOOTS but his gun JAMS. The guard FIRES and Mag hits the deck and rolls away from the BLAST impact. Wiley stifles the pain, SHOOTS and misses. The guard points his aiming laser on Wiley. Mag clears the jam and kills the guard. Tock and Mag help Wiley up.

WILEY
Thanks. You saved my life.

MAG
Sempre Fi. No one left behind.

Wiley stifles the pain as they continue their headlong dash to the bridge. They BURST through the door.

INT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Mag takes marksmen's SHOTS and KILLS guard after guard. Tock uses Wiley's duffle strap as a tourniquet.

TOCK
Stay put. Cover us if you can.

Wiley nods and grimaces.

WILEY
Go get 'em.
Michael fires a BLAST at Mag who is HIT in the solar plexus. Mag screams and is KNOCKED on his back clutching his gut. Tock spins and sees that Mag appears to be gravely wounded. A guard fires a BLAST from behind a control console and HITS Tock in the chest. Tock screams, spins and goes DOWN HARD face first.

EXT. ASTEROID BELT BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER - DAY

Millions of Destroyers and Flightwings CLASH and EXPLODE in history’s largest battle. They’re dodging around and BLASTING in a massive careening junk yard of wreckage.

General Raphael chases General Asmodeous as the Syccom break through the Liftheads’ defenses and fly toward Earth. They scrimmage with other opponents. They fly in opposite directions and pass dangerously close. They wheel around and FIRE at each other in a deadly game of chicken.

INTERCUT:

INT. FIGHTER SHIP COCKPITS - CONTINUOUS

GEN. RAPHAEL
Time to die chip-dip.

GEN. ASMODEOUS
Illogical parasite. Your meaningless life ends now.

GEN. RAPHAEL
Eat neutron fire, circuit board.

GEN. ASMODEOUS
Broil, you stupid meat-bag.

EXT. ASTEROID BELT BETWEEN MARS AND JUPITER - CONTINUOUS

They continue FIRING past the point of averting. Raphael scores a deadly HIT. He cheers but SMASHES into Asmodeous’s EXPLODING ship. Raphael’s craft EXPLODES.
INT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP CORRIDOR TO HARVESTING OP’S - MOVING - DAY

TRISKET
(softly to Esca)
I smell some ‘round the corner.

Esca motions Vayla to hit the deck and roll.

ESCA
(Whispers)
Shoot right, I’ll shoot left.

They dash around the corner and roll. Esca hits the guard on the left, Vayla the one on the right. Trisket follows.

TRISKET
Above you!

Two guards FIRE from a balcony. Vayla and Esca roll smartly away. The BLASTS hit the floor. They return FIRE and HIT the guards who die and ooze over the railing. The team run and reach the door of “HARVESTING OPERATIONS”.

ESCA
Let’s get this party retarded.

Esca tries the door, it’s locked. She takes a step back and KICKS it open. They dash through the doorway.

INT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP HARVESTING OPERATIONS - DAY

Three Liftheads are working. A lone guard FIRES as Trisket lunges and bites his hand. Vayla SHOOTS S’Mores and hits all four Liftheads in rapid succession.

ESCA
Impressive.

VAYLA
I said if you hired me, I’d surprise you.

Trisket stops biting the guard’s hand and licks his chops.
TRISKET
Mmm! Tastes like chicken!

ESCA
(on EAK)
Stephanie. You there? I need harvesting control software.

STEPHANIE (V.O.)
It's uploading.

ESCA
Got it.

VAYLA
I'll do the programming.

She sets her weapon down, types 300 words per minute.

VAYLA
Give me your EAK.

She takes it, aims at the plasma screen and presses a button. Through the window, the stream of billions of people and animals rising from Earth slows and reverses. The team cheers. A guard enters with his weapon drawn. Vayla pounces, HITS him head first knocking his wind out.

TRISKET
(snide)
What do you humans say? Using your head? Giving him head? Any difference?

Vayla takes the guard's weapon, SHOOTS him several times.

VAYLA
Big difference, fur face.

ESCA
Let's hit the bridge.

VAYLA
After I disable their data system.

Esca nods. They run out.
INT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP BRIDGE - DAY

A guard steps closer to kill Tock who rolls over from his stomach. The guard spots his
AIMING LASER ON TOCK’S HEAD

and squeezes the trigger. The BLAST goes awry as
CLOSE - GUARD’S FACE

is SPLATTERED by a S’More ball fired by Wiley. Mag is
down, but moans. Tock lays and rubs his chest.

TOCK
That’s gonna bruise, vest or no
vest. God, that smarts.

CEO MICHAEL
(laughs)
Go. You puny. You’re next. Pray to
the god we gave you. See what good
it does.

CO GABRIEL
(To Michael)
Damn! Don’t you love hunting?

Michael and Gabriel shoot at the team who hide, pinned by
crossfire. They return blind shots over the consoles. The
Lifthead’s BLASTS SLAM closer. The trio huddles on deck.

CEO MICHAEL
Too bad you’re gonna go to waste,
Mr. Groves, you tested so well.

CO GABRIEL
(laughs)
Yeah. You’d have made the highest
grade when we packed you out.

Tock runs out of ammo.

INT. LIFTHEAD SCIENCE CENTER - SAME TIME

Stephen and Louise are focused on computer screens. Vayla
bursts through the doorway. They spin around in their
chairs. Vayla does the same double-take as Wiley when she
sees their resemblance to Louis and Stephanie.
Vayla SHOOTS them in their faces. She yanks Louise from her chair, then sits and types a flurry of commands. The console SPARKS and smoke curls from the computer.

VAYLA

Yes!

She pumps both fists and smiles.

INT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP BRIDGE - SAME TIME

The bridge self-destructs as several consoles SPARK and flash and burst into flames. Wiley hands Tock his gun. It has but a few balls left.

CEO MICHAEL

We treated you better than you treat your pets, and you come in here and think you can mess with us? Your inferior exercise in stupid bravery is over.

Michael fires and Tock jumps up, gets off one SHOT and HITS the deck. Michael ducks. The shot WHIZZES by and SMACKS the far wall. Michael creeps closer. Gabriel spots his laser beam on Mag’s unconscious face. A BLAST.

Mag is unscathed. Gabriel collapses with a wound in the middle of his chest. Esca shields herself at the doorway with a smoking blaster.

CO GABRIEL

Damn you! Good is life.

Gabriel crumples and dies.

CEO MICHAEL

Amen. Repent! We made you to worship and feed us.

ESCA

Screw that, Shitlifthead.

Vayla dashes up to Esca in the doorway.

ESCA

Good work. How much time do we have?
VAYLA

Five or six.

ESCA

Let’s finish these cretins off. Maybe we’ll get out alive.

Trisket arrives, lunges past them YIPPING and YAPPING, and startles Michael who jumps behind a SPARKING console.

TRISKET

Come on out you coward. I’m wanna take a bite outta crime, slime.

The bridge lights flicker. Fires CRACKLE from several consoles. Michael exchanges BLASTS with Esca and Vayla who duck in and screen themselves behind a hot flaming console. Trisket YIPS and YAPS.

CEO MICHAEL

After all we’ve done, this is how you show appreciation?

TRISKET

Save it, dog food.

Michael tries to aim at the lively jumping Trisket. Tock stands behind a wall of flames and aims his

CLOSE - LAST S’MORE BALL

He FIRES. It HITS Michael in his

CLOSE - OPEN MOUTH

TOCK

Nope. My thank-you’s a candy gram.

Michael falls gagging over the console and SPUTTERS.

CEO MICHAEL

Oh, the horror! Good is life.

ESCA

We’ve only got a minute.

(To Vayla; points at Mag)

Go help Romeo.
The team escapes the bridge and avoids getting killed as they battle EXPLOSIONS, flames and a few guards on their way back to Queenie. Tock carries Wiley.

INT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP HANGER CAT WALK – MOMENTS LATER

The deck below is littered with dead Liftheads in wretched piles of goop. Through hangar doors, Sycsom Destroyers SWARM around and FIRE at the Moonship that is defended by a few remaining Flightwing Craft. The team arrives at the passenger side of Queenie.

TOCK
(To Esca)
Help me get him in.

WILEY
(weakly)
Relax. I don’t feel any pain.

ESCA
He’s going into shock. We’ve got to get him into surgery fast.

Vayla spots her blaster’s aiming laser on Tock’s face.

VAYLA
GET ON THE DECK! DROP YOUR WEAPONS OR TOCK’S DEAD MEAT! NOW!

Tock eases Wiley down and shields him with his body. Esca drops her weapon and gets down. Trisket drops down to his belly and covers his eyes with his paws. Mag stands his ground and holds his blaster at his side.

VAYLA
I said, “Drop it”, Mag!

Mag pivots and points the aiming laser at Esca’s face. He steps menacingly towards her and kicks Esca’s blaster across to Vayla.

MAG
No need. I’m on your side. I hate them. Keeping us apart.

VAYLA
Well, well, well. My faithful Mag.
ESCA
(To Vayla)
What on Earth are you doing!? 

VAYLA
Earth!? Hah! I'm Sycom, crap sack.

TOCK
(To Mag)
Where're your loyalties?

MAG
Remember what you said about love in the heat of battle? You were right, pendejo. [pubic hair] Dead right.

Vayla puts a hand in her pocket, pulls a 
CLOSE - PALM FULL OF DIAMONDS
from her pocket and laughs.

Vayla
(To Tock)
Thanks for the memory, dork chop. If I'd known you'd bring me here for a full set, I wouldn't have had to break into your lab.

TOCK
You're making a big mistake, Mag!

VAYLA
Hah! Come with me and you'll live forever.

Mag pumps his fist.

MAG
YES! I knew you were different!

VAYLA
I'll take care of these pencil leads. Start Queenie and let's get out of this stinking wreck.
MAG
No! I wanna kill 'em! After what they did? Keepin' us apart? Watchin' these losers die should be my pleasure.

VAYLA
I knew you had that killer instinct. Go ahead, my pet. Enjoy your revenge. It's one of victory's most satisfying rewards.

Vayla holsters her blaster, circles around and climbs into Queenie. She starts the engine with a ROAR.

MAG
(loudly)
Too bad no one will miss you after you're gone! Then again, no one missed you while you were alive!

CLOSE - ON MAG

who fires FOUR BLASTS at Esca, Tock, Wiley and Trisket. Vayla unlocks the passenger door. Mag opens the door.

Vayla
Feels good, don't it?

MAG
More than you know!

Mag BLASTS Vayla SEVERAL TIMES in the head.

CLOSE - ON VAYLA

who SPARKS and SMOKES.

VAYLA
You miserable carbon suck!

Tock circles Queenie, opens the driver's door and yanks her out onto the platform.

VAYLA
Stinking parasite! Bitten by my own dog. Nasty little waster! Death is good.

She EXPLODES into flame and screams ELECTRONIC FEEDBACK.
MAG
I always suspected her. Never got distracted from my investigation.

TOCK
Investigation?

ESCA
Investigation?

MAG
I told you she was different from other girls I’ve known.

Esca and Tock exchange doubtful glances.

ESCA
Let’s get out before it explodes.

TOCK
I forgot something. If I’m not back in two leave without me.

ESCA
Forget it! What could be worth your life?

TOCK
I’ll tell you later. Maybe.

He sprints back on the catwalk toward the bridge.

INT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP CORRIDORS – MOVING – CONTINUOUS
Tock dashes through the burning COLLAPSING corridors.

INT. MOONSHIP BRIDGE – MOMENTS LATER
On the bridge where all is SPARKING, burning and EXPLODING, he approaches the control room plasma screen.

TOCK
Please, hold together long enough.

He pulls out his EAK, sets it to high and hits the button. The beam ZOOMS out from the holographic projector. It FLASHES the entire planet.

TOCK
(Breaks 4th wall)
I’m so glad I’m missing the next ten minutes down there.
INT. MOONSHIP CORRIDORS - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Tock races back to Queenie through the flaming, EXPLODING and self-destructing Moonship.

INT. MOONSHIP HANGER CAT WALK - MOMENTS LATER

Esca smiles as Tock arrives.

ESCA
Nice touch. Let’s go.

Tock taps an index finger to his temple, winks and smiles. Esca smiles and shakes her head in a good way.

MAG
(from inside Queenie)
Hurry. There’s Syccom everywhere.

INT. QUEENIE - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Wiley’s in back with Trisket and Esca. Mag’s in front. Tock hops in and Queenie transforms. As they ROCKET out, four Lifthead soldiers dash down the catwalk and block their exit. The soldiers BLAST at Queenie’s force-field shield. Tock floors the accelerator.

TOCK
I’m running this light. Brace yourself.

The COLLISION SPLATTERS the soldiers. Goo coats Queenie. The smell gags the team. The engine SPUTTERS out, but forward momentum carries them out of the hangar. Tock tries desperately to start the engine.

EXT. LIFTHEAD MOONSHIP HANGER BAY - CONTINUOUS

Syccom fighters FIRE at Queenie. SHOTS EXPLODE on her force field. Queenie is rocked and buffeted.

TOCK
Come on, Queenie. Fire up your majesty. Please?

The Moonship EXPLODES spectacularly. The CONCUSSION tumbles Queenie wildly out of control. Everyone is SLAMMED around. The engine finally IGNITES with a ROAR. Tock regains control.
ESCA
Hang on Wiley. We got you.

Wiley moans weakly, but forces a pained smile. The Syccom Destroyers’ BLASTS rock Queenie.

TOCK
We’ve got Syccom in all six directions. If this positron wave doesn’t save us... I love you all. I really do.

EXTREME CLOSE – TRIGGER ON SHIFTER

Tock squeezes the trigger. A CONCUSSIVE wave EXPLODES out from Queenie, SMASHING and scattering Syccom Destroyers like tossed toys.

TEAM
(in chorus)
Yay! Hooray! Woohoo! All right!

INT. SYCCOM COMMAND DECK – NEAR SATURN – MOMENTS LATER

VICEROY LUCIUS
Attention, all squadrons. Our mission is accomplished. The Liftheads have been destroyed. Return to base at once. Out.

INT. QUEENIE – SAME TIME

The Destroyers turn tail and ROCKET away.

TOCK
Look at ‘em run! What a day! Destroyed the Liftheads and repelled the Syccoms, too.

Tock and Mag bump knuckles. Esca holds Wiley’s wrist.

ESCA
Hurry! He’s barely got a pulse.

It grows deathly quiet as they ZOOM down to Earth.
INT. MAINSPRING - POINT FOCAL - DAY

The Doomsday Clock show four minutes to twelve. Clockwatcher puts drops in its eyes with all eight arms.

INT. U OF C HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - DAY

Wiley's treated by Katie the nurse and Dr. Gupta.

DR. GUPTA
You have lost quite a lot of blood. You are not out of the trees, but you are going to be fine.

Tock walks in with a bouquet of flowers.

DR. GUPTA
Don't I know you?

TOCK
You'd be about the only one.

KATIE
(to Wiley)
You look kinda familiar, too.

WILEY
Where you from?

KATIE
Rock Island. You?

WILEY
Bettendorf! Practically next door.

KATIE
Prob'ly where I've seen you.

WILEY
(to Tock)
Do you believe it? Grew up ten minutes apart.

TOCK
The farther you're from home, the more your memory goes there. Looks like you're in good hands.
KATIE
I'm gonna take real fine care of you, handsome. Anything you need, I'll be right across the way.

WILEY
How often can I call you?

KATIE
As often as your little heart desires. Just press my button.

Katie smiles at Wiley. She leaves the room.

TOCK
You are a massive six by nine inch stud. While you're dreamin' 'bout a sponge bath, get some sleep, okay?

Wiley smiles, nods and squeezes Tock's hand.

EXT. MIDWAY PLAISANCE PARK (CHICAGO) – DAY

Esca sits between Tock and Mag on a park bench in front of the Harper Library.

ESCA
I don't usually give performance evaluations together, but these are extenuating circumstances and I need you to help each other.

Tock rolls his eyes, drops his head and shakes it.

ESCA
First, Tock. Despite your zazen pondering, you've proved again you're resourceful and brave when properly motivated.

TOCK
Zazen?

ESCA
Yeah. You can stay on as long as you choose.
TOCK
Finally. You get it. The busy aren’t wise, the wise aren’t busy.

ESCA
Whatever. Mag, I’d like you to stay... but on probation. Until you overcome your Achillea’s verga. [putz]

Esca hands Mag a small box.

ESCA
Here. Open it.

Mag opens the box, smiles and takes out a Hamilton “VENTURA” wrist watch. He puts it on.

MAG
Thanks. Now I’ll always know what time it is.

TOCK
Yeah. Time to fasten it.

INT. APOCALYPTICIAN TECH LAB - DAY

Esca, Tock, Mag and Trisket join Louis and Stephanie.

ESCA
Debrief me on the rest of the Lifthead-Syccom war.

STEPHANIE
They gave us all of our religions to assure a happy harvest. Seems adrenaline ruins the meat.

The others groan.

LOUIS
And, the ninth diamond? Nothing but bibliographies, footnotes and appendixes.

STEPHANIE
Watch this. Intergalactic anagram magic.
The hologram spells in mid-air "LIFTHEADS" and "SYCCOM." The letters shuffle to form "HATFIELDS" and "McCOYS."

MAG
That's who's fighting? They don't know who did what to whom first?

ESCA
Nah. Just more crummy Lifthead humor.

TRISKET
You saved your planet. You should be worldwide heroes.

TOCK
Who'd want that? Fame's worse than being anonymous.

TRISKET
Yeah? Why's that?

TOCK
Just an educated guess.
(Breaks 4th wall)
Being a star's the end of privacy.

INT. ESCA'S OFFICE - DAY

Wiley, Esca and Tock sit around Esca's desk. Wiley pours eight diamonds from a small velvet drawstring bag.

WILEY
Thanks for returning these.

ESCA
We copied everything, if the Syccom return we're prepared. Thanks for getting them. You saved the world.

Wiley takes two diamonds and gives each one.

WILEY
These are worth several million each. Here, take 'em. I won't take no for an answer. With five I'm set for life. Go and get yourself (MORE)
WILEY (cont'd)
whatever you want, or give it to charity for all I care.

Wiley takes another diamond and gives it to Esca.

WILEY
This one's for Mag. Saved my life.  
(Beat)
So, you gonna scramble my brain now?

ESCA
You want those memories? Be my guest. You earned them.

INT. SYCCOM COMMAND DECK - DEEP SPACE

Several thousand Senior Officers gather.

VICEROY LUCIUS
Well done, Centurions. The Empire awaits to reward you with the power and the glory none have known. And now... the Emperor.

ON BIG SCREEN - SEATED ON THRONE

EMPEROR CLAUDIUS
You have vanquished the Lifheads. And, as life support fails, Sayleen will be free of the parasites. Its mineral wealth and skeletal calcium will all be ours. Your work is finished. You have prevailed! Hail Syccom!

All APPLAUD, high five, chest bump and cheer.

EXT. ILLINOIS (ROCK ISLAND) - SMALL CHURCH - DAY

The doors open. The radiant bride and handsome groom stroll into a glorious sunny day and down the steps. Some guests toss rice, others dab tears of joy with handkerchiefs.

KATIE
I love you. This is the happiest day of my life.
WILEY
Me, too. I love you, so much.

They pause for a long kiss at the bottom of the steps. The crowd cheers and many applaud. Katie tosses her bouquet backward over her shoulder. Standing far to the side, a surprised Esca catches it. The newlyweds wave and walk toward a big RV with a stars, galaxies and planets paint job.

TOCK
Have a great trip. Send a postcard from the Grand Canyon.

WILEY
With broadband wi-fi we’ll post YouTubes rafting down the Colorado.

TOCK
A white-water view of the Syccom wash-out?

WILEY
Nothing will ever look the same.

TOCK
Can’t step in the same river once.

Katie shrugs, kisses Wiley. They board the bus and wave.

STAR-FILLED NIGHT SKY

The image recedes. It’s the back of the bus pulling away. It tows the Falcon with a “JUST MARRIED” sign. Shoes and cans hang from the bumper.

EXT. ILLINOIS (ROCK ISLAND) - GAS STATION - DAY

“Linc”, a black customized convertible Lincoln Navigator, pulls into the pump bay. Tock drives. The top is down. The ATTENDANT lets out a low whistle.

ATTENDANT
Cool ride, buddy. Fill it up?

TOCK
Don’t burn no gas. Better than a hybrid.
ATTENDANT
Golly! What'll they think of next?

Tock and Mag get out. Trisket sits on Esca’s lap.

TRISKET
No biscuits. I want juicy meat.

MAG
How 'bout a hot dog, hot dog?

TRISKET
I’d love one. Better yet, two with the works.

ESCA
Same, and a root beer.

Mag gives them a thumb up. Mag returns to hand food and drinks to Esca. Tock pours a large bottled water into Linc’s gas tank.

ATTENDANT
Hey! That’ll wreck your motor!

TOCK
Nah. It’s a cold-fusion fuel-cell.

ATTENDANT
Golly! What’ll they think of next?

MAG
Wanna see under the hood?

ATTENDANT
Cool!

Mag POPS the hood. A nearly empty engine compartment houses a tiny shiny box. It has a small tube feeding it water and two wires leading out. The Attendant lets out another low whistle.

ATTENDANT
Golly! What’ll they think of next?

MAG
Wanna a picture to show your friends?
ATTENDANT
Heck, yes! Thanks! Wait'll the guys see this!

Mag steps back with his EAK. A blinding flash BURSTS forth. As the scene fades from white to black...

ATTENDANT (V.O.)
Come on, guys! This ain't funny. Guys! Ya' pushed the stinkin' outhouse over on the door! Ya' don't 'spect me to crawl out the butt hole, do ya'? Come on.... Guys!... Guys?

EXT. SOMWHERE IN THE COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

Crickets CHIRP rapidly.

CREDITS

roll over the starry sky. As credits end, PAN DOWN ON LINC

Tock, Mag, and Esca -- with Trisket on lap -- are reclining and gazing up.

TOCK
They really are beautiful...
aren't they?... The stars, I mean.

FADE OUT.