

GATEWAY OF THE SUN
(TV Pilot for proposed)
(8-episode limited series)

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. BUGGSIE'S BEDROOM, HOUGHTON'S RESIDENCE, NH - DAY

The room has insect collections on the wall and a desktop computer screen that reads: "June 20, 1997, 7:00 AM"

HERSHEL "BUGGSIE" HOUGHTON, a 17-year-old Eagle Scout, turns off his digital microscope as A CAR HORN BEEPS.

He pulls his careless blond hair away from his piercing blue eyes and throws open the window.

SCOUTMASTER DAVIDSON, a portly man in his 40s shouts from behind the wheel of A BOY SCOUT VAN in the driveway below.

SCOUTMASTER DAVIDSON

I said to be outside waiting by 7.

BUGGSIE

I'll be right down!

He grabs some microscope slides off his desk, picks up his butterfly net, and dashes out.

FRONT HALL

Buggsie barrels down the stairs.

MRS. DONNA HOUGHTON, early 40s, a ringer for 50s TV star Donna Reed opens the front door, and hands him a paper bag.

MRS. HOUGHTON

Your allergy meds and snacks.

Buggsie grabs the bag and bolts out the door.

BUGGSIE

Bye, mom.

EXT. AMERICA'S STONEHENGE, NEW HAMPSHIRE - DAY

The van pulls into the parking lot. The sign on a pole reads: "AMERICA'S STONEHENGE A prehistoric site of standing stones."

The Eagle Scouts jump out and join some other boy scouts.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

The group A DOZEN SCOUTS follows the TOUR GUIDE, an attractive female in her 20s, to the SUMMER SOLSTICE STONE.

AMERICAN TOUR GUIDE

Tomorrow morning the sun will rise
over the top of this Summer
Solstice monolith. These stones are
aligned with astronomical events.

The guide leads them past "THE ORACLE CHAMBER" as the sun peers through the trees above.

The scouts study "The SACRIFICIAL TABLE" as someone shouts into the hidden "SPEAKING TUBE" and frightens them.

The sun sets over "THE WINTER SOLSTICE STONE" as the scouts look up at the monolith.

DOZENS OF SCOUT PUP TENTS lie under a blanket of stars near the AMERICA'S STONEHENGE gift shop and museum.

A LANTERN GLOWS inside one of the tents.

INT. PUP TENT - TWILIGHT

FRANKIE FATONE, 17, Eagle Scout with brooding Mediterranean good looks and dark limpid eyes plays a tune on a foot-long keyboard with considerable rock star bravado. A sudden RINGING startles him. He rips off his earphones.

FRANKIE

What the...

Frankie looks outside, sees DAVIDSON SMASH AN ALARM CLOCK with an ALCOHOL FLASK, and FALL face first into his tent.

INT. ANOTHER PUP TENT

"Buggsie" Houghton rises to the sound of the alarm and checks his wristwatch. His waking mind studies his surroundings AND discovers a LARGE MALE MOSQUITO on top of his sleeping bag.

He sits up, grabs a magnifying glass, examines the insect, opens an entomology book to identify the bug, sees Frankie walk off into the morning mist, and softly calls out.

BUGGSIE

Frankie?

He leaves his tent and follows Frankie.

EXT. SUMMER SOLSTICE MONOLITH

Frankie sits in the center of a circle of low-lying rocks, viewing the faint shadows. He turns and sees Buggsie.

FRANKIE

Geez! Buggsie. You scared the life out of me.

BUGGSIE

I saw you leave the tent. Why are you up here so early?

FRANKIE

Couldn't sleep and it was almost dawn.

BUGGSIE

The guys are going to miss the sunrise if they don't get up soon!

FRANKIE

I'm writing a new tune, dude. Check it out.

HIS RECORDED SONG PLAYS over the keyboard speakers.

SUN RAYS illuminate the SUMMER SOLSTICE MONOLITH.

A BLINDING WHITE LIGHT shines from inside the stone;

A HIGH SCREECHING fills the air, as

AN EERIE GREEN MIST rises from the ground.

TORNADO-LIKE WINDS drag debris and the boys into

A SWIRLING VORTEX in the standing stone.

The keyboard drops to the ground.

The phenomenon vanishes and THEY'RE GONE.

MAIN TITLE: GATEWAY OF THE SUN

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. TIAHUANACO, BOLIVIA - THE GATEWAY OF THE SUN - PRE-DAWN

The ancient MEGALITHIC ARCHWAY looms in the shadows.

TWENTY SAVAGE HEADHUNTERS prepare a human sacrifice for their Sun-god whose image is etched atop the ancient ruins.

A NATIVE TEENAGE GIRL, 15 frantically pulls on the ropes that bind her hands and feet.

THE SHAMAN straps the horrified girl to the sacrificial stone and raises his long ceremonial sword high above his head.

A BURST OF BLINDING LIGHT suddenly floods ARCHWAY.

The stunned HEADHUNTERS SHIELD their EYES as;

TWO BOYS, (Bugsie and Frankie) APPEAR in the archway.

THE GIRL uses the distraction, to break away and RUNS OFF.

THE BOYS PANIC and dash around like a Marx Brothers routine.

THE SHAMAN COMMANDS his men to KILL THE INTRUDERS.

BUGGSIE

Quick! This way!

THE BOYS RUN off with the headhunters hot on their heels and:

STOP at a STONE LEDGE and LEAN OVER to look down.

LOOSE RUBBLE slides, THEY PLUNGE 20 ft. OVER THE LEDGE into:

A PILE OF HAY in a CART that softens their fall.

THE CART breaks free, and BARRELS DOWN a hill.

FRANKIE STANDS. A SPEAR lodges in the cart between his legs.

FRANKIE

Kill me, don't castrate me!

BUGGSIE

Get down!

The headhunters stop the chase, and grin evilly.

FRANKIE

What? Are they giving up?

The boys turn and see A SHEER CLIFF in front of them.

THE CART; hits a rock, veers quickly, throws the boys off, flies over the ledge, and SMASHES to pieces.

They stumble to their feet, scraped and bruised.

BUGGSIE
Down here, quick!

ABANDONED MUD HUT

They approach a collapsed adobe hut and enter.

A LARGE CLAY URN a wooden lid lies inside.

BUGGSIE
Let's hide in here!

They climb into THE URN and pull the wood cover over them.

THE HEADHUNTERS resume the chase, PASS BY the hut, glance inside, but ignore the urn.

INT. URN

Frankie peers out of the lid with Buggsie beneath him.

FRANKIE
(softly)
I think they've passed us.

BUGGSIE
Good! It's wet in here!

FRANKIE
Quiet! They'll hear us.

BUGGSIE
Agh! It moved! Get me out of here!

The LID KNOCKS LOUDLY as Buggsie squirms and rocks the urn.

EXT. PATH OUTSIDE THE HUT

A HEADHUNTER hears the sound and charges with a spear raised.

Frankie lifts the lid, peeks out, and sees the headhunter.

THE SPEAR lunges at Frankie who blocks it with the lid.

BUGGSIE

It's a snake!

Buggsie catapults THE BUSHMASTER SNAKE, out of the urn.

THE SNAKE leaps through the air and STRIKES the man's throat.

The Headhunter, SCREAMS in agony, falls lifeless.

THE URN tips over, ROLLS DOWN the inclined plain, tumbles the boys around inside, and heads toward another cliff.

THE URN sails off the cliff, plummeting down, down, down...

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. UNKNOWN - TOTAL DARKNESS

CRASHING SOUND, We hear metal twisting.

A ROLLS-ROYCE SEDAN; EXPLODES, springs up, then hits the ground, and bursts into FLAMES.

THE FLAMES are reflected in a pair of eyes.

THE EYES belong to a little girl in an old photograph of:

AN English COUPLE with the little girl at an English manor.

A WOMAN'S HAND holds the photograph.

INT. VERANDA OF FOSGOOD MANOR, ENGLAND - MORNING

HENRIETTA WELLESLEY, a very attractive eighteen-year-old with long flowing hair, holds the photo longingly. She has an air of grace and sophistication about her.

HENRIETTA

Mother was so beautiful. Wasn't she
Uncle?

UNCLE RAYMOND WELLESLEY, 60s and aristocratic, sits at the table and sets down the morning paper. His war-torn face and the Victoria Cross medal reflect years of military service.

UNCLE RAYMOND

You look so much like her, Hennie.

Henrietta admires the photo and turns to the man beside her.

THORNTON WELLESLEY, 50s, distinguished, impeccably dressed who resembles Sean Connery, glances at the old picture.

HENRIETTA

Father, you look so dashing beside Mother. I wish I had gotten to know her better. I was barely five when we lost her.

THORNTON WELLESLEY

We mustn't dwell on the past, Henrietta. There's a future to be concerned with.

A wireless PHONE, circa 1990 RINGS as Raymond picks up.

UNCLE RAYMOND

One sec. It's MI6 calling for you.

THORNTON WELLESLEY

Wellesley here. Yes Sir. Understood. On my way.

Thornton gets up to leave, grabbing a scone to go.

THORNTON WELLESLEY (CONT'D)

Must be off. Your karate lesson is at 0, fourteen hundred, Henrietta. Do be ready this time.

HENRIETTA

Yes, father. Uncle Raymond and I aren't horseback riding today. Just target practice today.

UNCLE RAYMOND

She's already a better shot than you Thornton.

Thornton gives his brother a look, and chomps on his scone,

EXT. FOSGOOD MANOR GROUNDS - CONTINUOUS

Henrietta and Uncle Raymond exit the veranda to the grounds, set up a target, and load their Walther PPK pistols.

UNCLE RAYMOND

Remember, Hennie, we're going for speed today, not just accuracy.

The electric garage doors open as a ROLLS-ROYCE backs out and THE DRIVER'S WINDOW lowers with a whirl.

THORNTON WELLESLEY

I may be late for dinner. There's a problem at work.

(MORE)

THRONTON WELLESLEY (CONT'D)

The Russians have misplaced a nuke,
and we're dispatching operatives.

UNCLE RAYMOND

What again? Russia has been a
bloody mess since the USSR fell.

THRONTON WELLESLEY

R&D's equipping them with the best
radiation detection equipment.
Hopefully, they can read them.

HENRIETTA

Go save the world Father. I'll
inform the servants to keep dinner
warm for you.

Henrietta prepares to take aim at the target as the Rolls
turns forward to leave in the driveway.

Suddenly MACHINE GUN FIRE rings out, and they all look up.

A DRONE fires bullets, and the ground comes alive making a
straight path towards the Rolls.

BULLETS spray the bulletproof car, denting the windshield.

THE BULLET PATH is headed directly to where Henrietta stands.

BULLETS RICOCHET off the Rolls-Royce.

Uncle Raymond steps in front of Henrietta to shield her.

THE DRONE DIVE BOMBS from high above, barreling down towards
the Rolls Royce, machine gun fire blaring.

Henrietta steps out from behind her uncle, exposing herself
to the imminent danger. Fearlessly she raises her pistol...

BACK TO:

EXT. LAKE TITICACA, BOLIVIA

A STRAW HUT floats on a raft made of reeds on the inland sea.

THE URN PLUMMETS DOWN 100 ft. from high above the cliff.

A PEASANT WOMAN sweeps the deck of her stick and straw raft.

THE URN CRASHES through the roof of the hut behind her.

INT. STRAW HUT - CONTINUOUS

THE BOYS RISE dazed, and bleeding in the CRASH DEBRIS.

The frightened WOMAN ENTERS and SCREAMING in Spanish.

BUGGSIE

My arm! I think it's broken.

THE WOMAN sees THE boy's injuries and rushes out.

EXT. RAFT DECK

She unties her raft from the weeds and Poles it away.

The two boys exit the hut and view the lake's panorama.

FRANKIE

Toto, we're not in Kansas anymore!

BUGGSIE

But how'd we get here? I don't get it. I've got to figure this out!

INT. THE HOUGHTON'S RESIDENCE, NH - DAY

DR. DAVID HOUGHTON, 40s with a Fred McMurray demeanor, sits in an atypical New England living room. He nervously chomps on his pipe, with his frantic wife, Donna by his side.

The PHONE RINGS. He leaps up and answers the phone.

DR. HOUGHTON

Hello? What?

Mrs. Houghton tries to listen in.

MRS. HOUGHTON

Who is it, David? Is it the boys?

The front door files open.

MR. JOHN FATONE, 40 bursts into the room like a burly Ralph Crandon from "The Honeymooners" wearing a pizza chef's apron, that leaves a vapor trail of flour while brushes himself off.

MR. FATONE

Any word yet?

He's followed by MRS. HELEN FATONE, an Italian "Edith Bunker" wearing her "Fatone's Pizzeria" waitress uniform.

MRS. FATONE

Donna. Where could the boys be?

DR. HOUGHTON

Sshh! I can't hear. Yes, yes, I'll accept the charges.

He strains to hear over the phone.

MR. FATONE

What kind of scoutmaster is this guy? What if a bear has eaten them?

Mrs. Fatone is horrified.

MRS. HOUGHTON

Now, Helen, there were no signs of wild animals. Maybe they just fell off a cliff.

DR. HOUGHTON

No, non hobble... le Español! Yes, yes I'll hold. It's the boys. They're calling from Peru!

MRS. FATONE

Thank God!

MRS. HOUGHTON

What a relief!

MR. FATONE

What the hell are they doing in Peru?

INT. POLICE STATION, PUNO, PERU

Buggsie and Frankie stand beside a uniformed Peruvian police officer in a dingy rural police station.

CAPTAIN CORDOVA, a portly, mustached, Latino man in his 40's, speaks proudly into the antiquated desk phone.

CAPTAIN CORDOVA

(in a Spanish accent)

Here is your son!

He hands the phone to Buggsie.

BUGGSIE

Dad?

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

DR. HOUGHTON
Hershel, are you alright son?

BUGGSIE
Yes, Dad. We're okay. I hurt my
arm. I think it's just a fracture.

DR. HOUGHTON
Your arm? How? What are you doing
in Peru? How'd you get there?

BUGGSIE
I can't explain it. There was a
blinding flash of light, we just
appeared here, savages were killing
this girl, and then...

DR. HOUGHTON
Hold on. Wait a minute. What girl?
You're not making sense.

Mrs. Houghton and the Fatone's react with confusion.

MRS. HOUGHTON
Girl?

MRS. FATONE
Why are they in Peru? Were they
kidnapped?

Dr. Houghton muffles the phone.

DR. HOUGHTON
He seems disoriented. He says a
blinding light brought them there.

Frankie stands beside Buggsie and anxiously listens in.

FRANKIE
Oh, no, Buggsie. Now my dad is
going to start up about UFOs!

MR. FATONE
I knew it! A UFO abducted them!

Dr. Houghton listens to his son rattle on, while nodding.

DR. HOUGHTON
You sound confused. Put Frankie on.

Buggsie hands the phone to Frankie.

BUGGSIE

Here, I knew he wouldn't believe me.

DR. HOUGHTON

Frankie, are you alright?

FRANKIE

Yes, sir. I'm fine. Is my dad talking about UFOs?

MR. FATONE

The ETs are using them for medical experiments!

DR. HOUGHTON

Well, yes. How did you get to Peru?

FRANKIE

We were watching the sunrise, then...

Frankie mimics the sound of static radio interference.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

And, shazam, we were in Peru.

DR. HOUGHTON

What? Say that again.

FRANKIE

We'll explain it when we get home.

Dr. Houghton hands the phone to Mrs. Fatone in disgust.

DR. HOUGHTON

Here, they're both disoriented!

MRS FATONE

Frankie, Honey, are you alright? Where are you? Peru?

MRS. HOUGHTON

Tell them not to drink the water!

Buggsie gulps down a cup of water that Captain Cordova has just handed him.

FRANKIE

(to Buggsie)

Your mom says don't drink the water.

Buggsie spits out the water abruptly.

MRS. FATONE

Your keyboard? They found that, but they can't find you. Now where exactly are you?

FRANKIE

Mom... we're in Peru!

MRS. FATONE

Yes, I know. What exit do we take?

MR. FATONE

Exit? Give me that phone, dingbat!

Mr. Fatone rips the phone out of his wife's hands.

MR. FATONE (CONT'D)

Frankie? Where are you?

FRANKIE

Puno, Peru.

MR. FATONE

How the hell did you manage that?
It's at least an eight-hour flight.

Frankie holds his hand over the mouthpiece momentarily, as he curses obscenities under his breath.

FRANKIE

Look, Dad. I'm not sure how we got here, but it wasn't on a UFO!

MR. FATONE

How do you know? You've probably been brainwashed and can't remember.

FRANKIE

No way Dad! There was no flying saucer! No aliens in silver suits with long skinny fingers. No...

MR. FATONE

How do you know? Explain how you got there. Did you lose time?

FRANKIE

I don't know, what time is it? I can't even ask where to take a piss! I flunked Spanish, remember?

MR. FATONE

Don't remind me! If you weren't
goofing off, playing that keyboard
you'd know how to speak Spanish!

Dr. Houghton reaches for the phone again.

DR. HOUGHTON

John, John, let me talk to the
boys. We have to get them home.

MR. FATONE

Be careful son. They'll come back
for further experiments on you!

Mr. Fatone hands the phone to Dr. Houghton. Frankie gives his
phone to Buggsie, thoroughly disgusted.

DR. HOUGHTON

Hershel? We have to get you to the
airport. We'll wire money. Maybe
the police can take you there.

Frankie sits down next to Captain Cordova.

FRANKIE

(to Cordova)

Who were those savages, and what
was that place we were at?

CAPTAIN CORDOVA

Those evil men are followers of The
Cat-god. The Church tried to end
their human sacrifices, but they
have persisted with it at:

He points to a travel poster on the wall of "Puerta del Sol."

CAPTAIN CORDOVA (CONT'D)

The Gateway of the Sun.

BUGGSIE

My father needs to talk to you.

Buggsie hands the phone to Captain Cordova.

CAPTAIN CORDOVA

Si, si, signore. We can take them
to Limatambo Airport. Si...

Buggsie and Frankie slump back on the bench, exhausted.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. PINE GAP MILITARY BASE, AUSTRALIA - DAY

AYERS ROCK, the world's largest natural monolith, rises abruptly from the scenic background of the dusty red desert.

Eleven miles away, a parameter fence looms in its shadow.

CLOSE ON a sign: "U.S. AIR FORCE, NO TRESPASSING, PINE GAP MILITARY BASE, ALICE SPRINGS, AUSTRALIA."

Two armed guards stand outside a building on the base. The building sign reads RESTRICTED AREA, CLASSIFIED PERSONAL ONLY.

INT. GRAVITY DEPRAVATION CONTROL LAB - CONTINUOUS

DR. HENRICH BETHEM, 60s, a wild-haired scientist in a lab coat, mutters to himself and views a world map on a monitor.

A BLINKING LIGHT flashes over Bolivia, South America.

DR. BETHEM

This is not possible! There is no logical explanation for this!

TWO LAB ASSISTANTS are surprised by Bethem's temper tantrum.

Bethem picks up the phone and dials an extension.

DR. BETHEM (CONT'D)

Yes, I need to speak with the general immediately. Yes, I'll come to his office now.

INT. GENERAL ROSWELL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

GENERAL VANNEVAR ROSWELL, late 50s, a lookalike of Colin Powell, (former US Secretary of State), sits behind a large desk, in full uniform, with numerous medals. He is leafing through a pile of documents when:

A RAPP on the door interrupts the silence.

GENERAL ROSWELL

Come in.

A frantic Dr. Bethem storms into the office.

DR. BETHEM

General, there was an unprecedented momentary lapse in the earth's geomagnetic field precisely at dawn this morning.

GENERAL ROSWELL

Did this "lapse" prevent this morning's payload launch?

DR. BETHEM

When we turned on the magnetic containment field, we were unable to achieve zero gravity for several minutes, delaying the launch.

GENERAL ROSWELL

So then the payload did launch? Did Colonel Weedleson's crew retrieve the capsule?

DR. BETHEM

I'm not sure. We were late.

The General picks up his phone and dials an extension.

GENERAL ROSWELL

Tell Weedleson I need him in here on the double.

Dr. Bethem looks out the door and down the hallway. Two armed guards stand outside a security door marked: "Project Horizon Mission Control Center."

COLONEL RICHARD WEEDLESON, late 40s, a gruff hardened man who loves the smell of napalm in the morning, bolts out the door toward the general's office.

Weedleson pushes past Bethem and enters saluting the general.

COLONEL WEEDLESON

Reporting as ordered, sir!

GENERAL ROSWELL

Dr. Bethem says there was a problem with this morning's payload launch. Did the crew receive the container?

COLONEL WEEDLESON

Yes sir. There was a 3-minute delay in the schedule, but we readjusted our planned trajectory.

GENERAL ROSWELL

But you did manage to retrieve it?

COLONEL WEEDLESON

Yes sir, absolutely. Did your technicians oversleep, Bethem?

DR. BETHEM

There was a sudden drop in the geomagnetic field. I'll need time to research what caused it.

GENERAL ROSWELL

Conduct your research, doctor, but unless this becomes a persistent problem, the launch schedule remains intact.

DR. BETHEM

Perhaps, General I should have a direct line to Colonel Weedleson if there are further delays?

GENERAL ROSWELL

Negative. You have his pager number. Just page him, for now.

DR. BETHEM

As you wish, but You should both know that I'm very concerned about this. It defies my understanding.

GENERAL ROSWELL

Duly noted. Now if you'll excuse us I have an urgent matter to discuss with the colonel. Please close the door behind you.

Dr. Bethem exits. They wait for him to walk away.

COLONEL WEEDLESON

Problems general?

GENERAL ROSWELL

Big ones. The Russians have misplaced a nuclear warhead. They're claiming it's just a clerical error.

COLONEL WEEDLESON

CIA, Interpol, MI6? What's the intel say? How can I help?

GENERAL ROSWELL

They're all on it, but the numbers don't add up. I need you to train every available satellite on Kazakhstan.

COLONEL WEEDLESON

Kazakhstan?

GENERAL ROSWELL

Yes, the warhead's gone missing from an ammunition depot there. Here are the last known coordinates.

COLONEL WEEDLESON

I'll see what we can find.

GENERAL ROSWELL

Intel thinks it's headed south. Iran, Afghanistan, Pakistan. Look for the slightest trace of radiation.

COLONEL WEEDLESON

The very heart of terrorism! Damn, Russians! What a nightmare!

GENERAL ROSWELL

Make this your top priority, colonel.

COLONEL WEEDLESON

Yes, sir.

INT. THE HOUGHTON'S RESIDENCE - NEXT DAY

The front door swings open. Buggsie enters and starts up the stairs. ELLIE HOUGHTON, a 19-year-old would-be cheerleader, and Buggsie's older sister, stands at the top of the stairs.

ELLIE

Welcome home, Captain Kirk. What happened? Did your transporter malfunction?

BUGGSIE

Home! Ellie, you have no idea what a paradise this place is!

ELLIE

Now we know what you've been doing in Peru. My brother, the Peruvian connection! Who'd have thought?

Mrs. Houghton stands in the open doorway waving goodbye to the Fatones as they get back into their minivan.

MRS. HOUGHTON

Peruvian connection? You'd better not be taking any drugs. Hershel!

BUGGSIE

No drugs. Ellie's joking, Mom.

MRS. HOUGHTON

I should hope not! Get upstairs and take a shower. Later we'll have some tests run. Who knows what germs you've been exposed to?

BUGGSIE'S BEDROOM

Buggsie enters and throws himself on the bed. His room décor is a jungle of insect paraphernalia. He picks up one of his prize bug specimens, loses interest, and discards it.

BUGGSIE

Time to redecorate.

Dr. Houghton enters.

DR. HOUGHTON

Son, are you sure there isn't something you've left out that would explain all of this?

BUGGSIE

You said it yourself, Dad. There wasn't enough time to take a flight to Peru. There is no logical explanation.

DR. HOUGHTON

Well, not a commercial flight. Perhaps a military one?

BUGGSIE

Military? Right, Frankie and are in a Boy Scout division of the CIA, on a covert mission to expose a drug cartel of Bolivian headhunters!

DR. HOUGHTON

Son, your passions will be your undoing! Supernatural forces didn't cause this. I'll run blood tests to find the cause of your amnesia.

BUGGSIE

Great! Aliens do weird things to my body and then my own dad wants to make me a human pincushion.

Mrs. Houghton enters.

MRS. HOUGHTON

Now Hershel darling, we only want what's best for you.

DR. HOUGHTON

Calm down and get some rest. The whole thing's probably best forgotten. Just put it out of your mind like it never happened.

Buggsie rolls over visibly disturbed as his parents leave.

BUGGSIE

(muttering to himself)
Put it out of my mind? I can't forget it. I have to figure out how it happened.

Buggsie falls into a deep sleep, tosses, and turns.

BUGGSIE (CONT'D)

(talking in his sleep)
No, no, that's impossible! It doesn't make any sense. I don't understand!

The Houghtons check on Buggsie and tiptoe back out.

BUGGSIE (CONT'D)

(screaming in his sleep)
No! How can that be?

MRS. HOUGHTON

(whispering)
What is it, David? Has he been exposed to some kind of hallucinogenic drug?

DR. HOUGHTON

We'll test for that, but his pupils weren't dilated, so I doubt it.

MRS. HOUGHTON
Then what is it?

DR. HOUGHTON
You know how logical Hershel is. I think this whole incident has unsettled his mind.

MRS. HOUGHTON
Should we have Dr. Fuller do a psychological evaluation on him?

DR. HOUGHTON
I'm afraid our son may be on the verge of a complete mental breakdown.

The two parents peer through the doorway with concern.

EXT. SALEM NH, HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION - DAY

The graduates conclude the assembly on the football field, as caps fly into the air.

Buggsie and Frankie join the crowds that file out.

BUGGSIE
I can't stop thinking about it.

FRANKIE
Must you remind me? I've been trying to forget that.

BUGGSIE
But it was the most important thing to ever happen to us!

FRANKIE
No way! I've been hearing is beam me up, Scotty ever since!

Classmates pass by them.

CLASSMATE 1
Hey Fatone! It's over. Beam me up, Buggsie!

BUGGSIE
See, I get it too. Plus Dad gave me all those blood and psych test evaluations. Look he did make it here! He's still in his scrubs!

DR. HOUGHTON, dressed in surgeon's attire, proudly waves at his son, while MRS. HOUGHTON calls out to them.

MRS. HOUGHTON

Meet you back at the house, dear.
We have to get ready for the party.

BUGGSIE

Okay, see you both later.

FRANKIE

At least your dad didn't have you
hypnotized and tell everyone UFOs
abducted you. Whenever he whistled.
I turned into a chicken!

BUGGSIE

It was very amusing.

FRANKIE

Buggsie, can't we just forget it?

BUGGSIE

No! I have to figure it out!

EXT. HOUGHTON'S GRADUATION POOL PARTY - CONTINUOUS

People frolic in and around the Houghton's pool. The boys sit poolside in lounge chairs. Buggsie writes in a notebook.

Frankie pigs out on a Fatone's Pizzeria calzone.

FRANKIE

Dude, you've got to try one of my
dad's new Shrimp Fra Diavolo
calzones. It's Da Bomb!

BUGGSIE

It has something to do with the
dawn 'cause all the ancient sites
were astrological observatories.

FRANKIE

Here we go again.

BUGGSIE

Maybe the planets have to be in the
same position. They'll be exactly
like that again in... 25 years.

FRANKIE

Boy, I'd hate to have missed my
flight back then.

Buggsie pauses for thought and realizes something.

BUGGSIE

Right. Why bother to move those huge stones if it only worked every few years or so?

Frankie stands on his lounge chair and jams on his keyboard.

BUGGSIE (CONT'D)

What triggered it? There must be some way to figure this out.

FRANKIE

You have it figured. We were at one of those power points you're always talking about, at just the right moment, and ba-da bing, ba-da boom!

BUGGSIE

Ba-da bing, ba-da boom?

FRANKIE

We were zapped to backwater Bolivia by invisible energy that science knows crap about.

BUGGSIE

Something like that. If we could only test our theory.

FRANKIE

Your theory!

BUGGSIE

Alright, my theory. So then, we just need to go there tomorrow, at dawn.

FRANKIE

Go there? Where?

BUGGSIE

Back to America's Stonehenge.

FRANKIE

No way, Jose'! Not that again!

Buggsie leaps up, TIPS THE CHAIR forward, and unknowingly KNOCKS FRANKIE who LANDS IN THE POOL with a big SPLASH.

Frankie surfaces, spews water, and looks angry.

BUGGSIE

This is the only way. I have to know if I'm right about this. You wouldn't want me to fly solo.

FRANKIE

Oh, you're going to fly, alright!

FRANKIE DRAGS BUGGSIE in and THEY WRESTLE in the pool.

BUGGSIE

Come on, you have to go with me. We could bring some girls.

FRANKIE

Girls? What girls?

TWO bikini-clad, well-proportioned GIRLS who eye the boys.

BUGGSIE

Trudy and Judy! We could tell them all about it. It could be a good angle to get them to come.

FRANKIE

Hopefully, nothing will happen. I mean the weird stuff. You know like being zapped to Bolivia.

THE DRIVEWAY

The boys get into Frankie's four-by-four as water drips off them. Trudy and Judy get into a sports car.

The two vehicles back out into the street, and down the road.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. AMERICA'S STONEHENGE, NEW HAMPSHIRE - DAY

The sun is low in the sky as Frankie's four-by-four pulls into the parking lot, followed by the girls in a sports car.

The boys take camping gear out of the truck and begin to walk up the hill. The girls follow behind them.

FRANKIE

The rest of the way's on foot.

JUDY

It's getting dark. What if Jason is in these woods?

TRUDY

And what about bears?

BUGGSIE

We'll be fine. Frankie and I were both Eagle Scouts.

The girls give each other a look and fight laughter.

FRANKIE

I brought my twenty-two rifle.
You're safe with me.

Frankie throws the rifle over his shoulder.

JUDY

(whispering to Trudy)
Great! Daniel Boone the boy scout!

TRUDY

I'll leave a trail of breadcrumbs.

The girls giggle.

The boys lead the girls up a hill that overlooks the ruins.

BUGGSIE

Here we are!

The girls look around bewildered.

TRUDY

Here we are? Where?

JUDY

This is just a pile of rocks. Where are the ruins?

FRANKIE

The rocks are the... never mind. We'll make camp over here.

The boys start to set up the tents.

TRUDY

Oh, just like on "Survivor"!

The girls gather firewood and scream at every bug they find.

CAMPFIRE - LATER

The teens sit around the campfire, toasting marshmallows.

TRUDY

Marshmallows are good, but they make you thirsty.

FRANKIE

Here, have a soda.

JUDY

Soda? Beer here!

Judy reaches into her backpack and takes out a beer.

TRUDY

That's going to be as warm as piss. Try some of this.

Trudy reaches into her backpack and takes out a bottle of Jack Daniels. The girls each take a swig and pass the bottle.

BUGGSIE

I never touch hard stuff. That's like rocket fuel.

He passes the bottle to Frankie.

FRANKIE

Oh, I can't. I'm... um, allergic.

TRUDY

Allergic?

FRANKIE

Yeah. To the hops in it.

TRUDY

Hops? This is whisky!

Judy reaches into her backpack again. Takes out a joint, lights it, takes a hit, and passes it to Frankie.

JUDY

Here try this, then.

FRANKIE

No thanks... my sinuses. I can't.

He passes the joint to Buggsie.

BUGGSIE

Sorry, a good scientist has to keep his perception clear in an important experiment.

Trudy takes the joint and inhales a hit of it.

TRUDY

Wow, that's like heavy.

FRANKIE

Those have eight times more tar and nicotine than cigarettes.

TRUDY

Well, the Surgeon General doesn't print any warnings on these.

Trudy takes out a cigarette, lights it, and blows smoke in Frankie's face.

FRANKIE

Menthol, that's nasty.

TRUDY

You guys are like Duds Mackenzie!

JUDY

Real party animals.

TRUDY

Come on Judy. This was a mistake, let's go.

JUDY

Let's follow the breadcrumbs back to the car.

The girls storm off down the hill.

FRANKIE

Come on girls. Don't go.

The girls ignore him, keep walking, and make a rude gesture.

BUGGSIE

What happened Frankie?

FRANKIE

I guess 'Herschel Don't Know How-
ton Have Any Fun' and 'Frankie Fat
Chance Fatone', struck out.

BUGGSIE

Well, forget about staying up until
dawn with the girls now!

FRANKIE

Those chicks were whacked anyway.

The boys climb into their sleeping bags by the campfire.

Buggsie winds up an alarm clock.

BUGGSIE

I guess they were really offended
by your remark about Menthol.

Silence. Frankie chuckles. Buggsie chuckles, trying not to.

FRANKIE

"A good scientist has to keep his
perception clear." Really? That
experiment failed miserably!

BUGGSIE

(laughingly)
Go to sleep, you nut case.

CUT TO:

INT. LT. COL. MIKHAILOV'S OFFICE, KAZAKISTAN - DAY

LT. COL. MASOOD MIKHAILOV, 38, in full uniform, bearing some
resemblance to Keanu Reeves, sits behind his desk. The
Kazakhstan national flag is pinned to the wall behind him,
and a copy of the Koran with prayer beads lies on the desk.

The phone RINGS and MIKHAILOV picks it up.

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV

(in accented English)

MIKHAILOV. Baxton?

(MORE)

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV (CONT'D)
This is highly irregular! All
foreign calls must be made through
the Minister of Defense.

NATHANIEL BAXTON, 45, is only viewed as a shadowy figure in a dimly lit room at the MI6 Building headquarters in London.

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

BAXTON
Relax. This is a secure line. It
can't be traced or monitored. The
idiots have tasked me, of all
people, to find out what you know.

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV
Why are they looking into me? What
do they suspect?

Baxton checks the door to make sure he's alone.

BAXTON
No one is buying the clerical error
story. Satellite detection has the
radiation signature of the missing
nuclear warhead in your warehouse.

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV
I've planned this for four years.
You just make sure your buyer has
the cash ready in Kabul.

BAXTON
Osama bin Laden has 500 million in
US cash ready. But intel will trace
your movement and stop you at the
border to Afghanistan.

MIKHAILOV furiously screams into the phone.

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV
Tell bin Laden I demand the full
billion. I sympathize with his
cause, but the Russians will pay as
much to get the warhead back.

Baxton paces in the shadows.

BAXTON
No! The Americans must pay for the
death of my mother and sister in
the Bagdad bombing. Osama must have
the warhead!

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV

I will not die in poverty like my father. They will hunt down bin Laden and everyone involved. His offer only covers my disappearance.

BAXTON

Osama has lost much of his Saudi wealth. I doubt he can raise that much in cash. You will be caught at the border, and all will be lost.

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV

I will bury the warhead in Afghanistan. No one will ever find it. Bin Laden will get the exact location when I get my cash.

BAXTON

How are you managing to get the clearance to go to Afghanistan?

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV

I have received permission to bury my father in his desired Islamic State. His cancer from the atomic tests helped sway that decision.

BAXTON

I will tell Osama that he has more time to raise the money.

MIKHAILOV hangs up and exits his office.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE SEMIPALATINSK MILITARY BASE - LATER

On a deserted dirt road Lt. Col. MIKHAILOV in a military jeep, pulls up next to a Hyundai Solaris and hops out.

A middle-aged AMERICAN LAB TECHNICIAN dressed in a lab coat, opens the window of the Hyundai. He is holding a metallic cylinder with a radiation symbol on it.

MIKHAILOV takes an envelope of cash out of his jacket.

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV

I have your payment. Do you have the exact amount of plutonium I requested?

The lab technician displays the metal cylinder.

AMERICAN LAB TECHNICIAN

It is within one-hundredth of a gram of what you asked for.

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV

Good. You're sure no one saw you?

AMERICAN LAB TECHNICIAN

Yes. You do know that this is the exact amount of plutonium in the normal nuclear warhead? What do intend to do with this?

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV

That is none of your concern.

MIKHAILOV takes out his PISTOL AND KILLS the lab technician with a shot to the head. He takes the metal cylinder and throws A GRANADE into the vehicle.

MIKHAILOV gets into his jeep, puts the envelope of cash away, and drives off as the HYUNDAI EXPLODES in a blaze of fire.

INT. MUNITIONS WAREHOUSE, SEMIPALATINSK - LATER

MIKHAILOV and his comrade SARGENT SERGEYEV, late 20s, a very buff Russian soldier, move crates away from a wall, in the deserted warehouse filled with endless stores of munitions.

A heavily locked steel door is behind the crates, and MIKHAILOV opens the locks, revealing A CONCEALED CLOSET.

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV

(in Russian)

Roll the casket over here now.

SARGENT SERGEYEV

(in Russian)

It is very heavy!

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV

It should be. It is lined with a thick wall of lead. Almost no radiation will be detected once the warhead is sealed inside it.

Sergeyev moves the casket with a mortuary trolley.

SARGENT SERGEYEV

Why didn't you put the warhead inside this long ago?

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV
I don't pay you to think. Just
follow orders. Help me place the
warhead in the casket, and seal the
lid on my count.

MIKHAILOV and the sergeant carefully carry the nuclear
warhead out of the closet and place it in the casket.

MIKHAILOV dons a RADIATION SUIT AND GLOVES and places the
metallic cylinder with the plutonium in an empty warhead
housing in the closet.

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV (CONT'D)
On the count of three close and
seal the casket. One, two, three!

Sargent Sergeyev slams the casket lid shut and latches it.

At the same time, MIKHAILOV opens the metal cylinder and
closes the empty warhead housing. He picks up a GEIGER
COUNTER and measures the radiation.

SARGENT SERGEYEV
What does the reading show?

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV
It reads exactly the same as if the
warhead was still here, not more,
not less.

MIKHAILOV uses the Geiger Counter around the casket.

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV (CONT'D)
You see. Nothing. If the satellites
were monitoring us, there would
only be a momentary glitch. The
uranium ore will mask the rest.

MIKHAILOV and Sergeyev roll the casket across the warehouse
and OPEN the BAY DOORS revealing A TRUCK. The truck is open
and is filled with crates and dynamite.

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV (CONT'D)
Is the uranium ore rigged to
explode with this remote control as
I instructed you to do?

SARGENT SERGEYEV
Yes, and the hearse with your
father's coffin is at the mortuary.
We can put this coffin in the
hearse when we get there.

LT. COL. MIKHAILOV

Good. You will drive the truck, and
I will follow in the hearse. Let's
go now.

EXT. BORDER CHECK POINT, ISKOSHIM, TAJIKISTAN - DAY

Russian border guards are stationed at a gate on Eshkashem Road before a bridge between Tajikistan and Afghanistan. They check the papers and vehicles of every car and truck crossing the border.

Several vehicles are in line as a KAZAKISTAN MILITARY TRUCK driven by Sargent Sergeyev pulls up to the gate. Behind him is A HEARSE driven by Lt. Col. Mikhailov.

TWO RUSSIAN GUARDS inspect the papers handed to them by Sergeant Sergeyev.

RUSSIAN BORDER GUARD

(in Russian)

What are you carrying and where are
you headed?

SARGENT SERGEYEV

(in Russian)

A shipment of uranium ore headed
for Iran.

THREE ARMED CIA AGENTS and TWO MI6 AGENTS charge down the hillside towards the truck, and OPEN FIRE on the canvas covering the rear of the truck.

Sargent Sergeyev dives out of the passenger side of the truck, scrambles away to the river bank, and dives in.

THE HEARSE in the rear backs away in reverse kicking up dust.

Lt. Col. Mikhailov stops and presses a REMOTE CONTROL button.

THE TRUCK EXPLODES in a violent cloud of dust.

INT. PROJECT HORIZON CONTROL CENTER, AUSTRALIA - CONTINUOUS

General Roswell bolts into the control center and heads to Col. Weedleson who is monitoring satellite surveillance equipment.

GENERAL ROSWELL

Update? Did our operatives
apprehend the warhead?

COLONEL WEEDLESON

We can't tell. We've been tracking a Kazakhstan military truck with a radiation signature. Mikhailov was following the truck in a hearse.

GENERAL ROSWELL

A hearse?

COLONEL WEEDLESON

Yes, he has clearance to enter Afghanistan to bury his father there. The truck has a shipment of uranium ore bound for Iran.

GENERAL ROSWELL

The uranium ore is probably a ruse to disguise the warhead's radiation signature.

COLONEL WEEDLESON

We assumed the same. Despite that, the warhead's radiation signal is still in Kazakhstan. We think that's a deliberate decoy signal.

GENERAL ROSWELL

So why can't you tell? Did the operatives search the truck?

COLONEL WEEDLESON

They were about to when the truck exploded. Now we've got a cloud of uranium dust blanketing the whole area. We can't see anything!

GENERAL ROSWELL

Good God! If the Taliban get their hands on that warhead there's no telling what could happen!

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CAMPFIRE, AMERICA'S STONEHENGE - DAYBREAK

The campfire smolders as Buggies' wind-up alarm clock RINGS.

Buggsie shuts the alarm, yawns, rises.

BUGGSIE

Time to rise and shine, Frankie.

FRANKIE

So who's sleeping? I'm up.

THE SUMMER SOLSTICE STONE

They sit down on the stones of the low-built circle.

FRANKIE

I'm prepared this time. I have a rifle, a compass, money, and my passport...

BUGGSIE

Don't worry, they're sure to deport you.

FRANKIE

This still scares the life out of me. What time is it now?

Buggsie glances at his watch.

BUGGSIE

Any minute now. I'm not sure exactly when the dawn is. The location makes a slight difference.

Silence. They are both a little nervous.

The wind picks up. A bird SCREECHES.

FRANKIE

A bird! Buggsie, we should go.

BUGGSIE

Any time now.

WINGS FLAP, birds take to the air, and DAWN BREAKS.

FRANKIE

Nothing! Thank God! Yes!

BUGGSIE

Just another minute. It may take more time. Just be patient.

Buggsie stares at the monolith dumbfounded.

FRANKIE

Come on Buggsie. Give it up. It didn't work.

BUGGSIE

Maybe if we concentrate.

FRANKIE

Come on. We have to go.

CAMPSITE

Buggsie tends the campfire and Frankie fries bacon in a pan.

FRANKIE

And now for my secret ingredient, pancake syrup.

Frankie pours globs of syrup over the sizzling bacon.

BUGGSIE

Why didn't it work?

BUGGSIE angrily THROWS A STICK, it BOUNCES BACK, KNOCKS the PAN of BACON GREASE AND SYRUP ALL OVER BUGGSIE.

BUGGSIE (CONT'D)

Great. Well, that's just great!

FRANKIE

My bacon! You ruined breakfast!

BUGGSIE

Well, that was a total loss. It didn't work, the girls hate us, my clothes are ruined, and I smell like Mrs. Butterworth!

FRANKIE

On the bright side, we're not in any danger like the last time when barely escaped with our lives!

Buggsie's face takes on a look of horror.

BUGGSIE

Bear, bear, bear!

FRANKIE

Yeah barely... escaped with our...

Frankie turns and is horrified by the sight of:
An ENORMOUS BLACK BEAR, who stands up and ROARS.
Buggsie and Frankie PANIC.

BUGGSIE

Run for your life!

THE BOYS RUN for it!

THE BEAR nudges the frying pan and PURSUES the BOYS.

THE ORACLE CHAMBER

FRANKIE leaps onto the Stone Age chamber as:
THE BEAR passes Frankie and CHARGES BUGGSIE.

FRANKIE

He's after you. You smell like
syrup!

BUGGSIE

Get the rifle! Get the rifle!

FRANKIE DASHES AWAY to the tent.

Buggsie slips into the dark-hewn rock chamber's passageway.
THE BEAR pauses, sniffs, and FOLLOWS him into the passage.
BUGGSIE EXITS the other end of the chamber.

THE BEAR comes out of a central opening and CUTS HIM OFF.

BUGGSIE (CONT'D)

Yikes! Frankie, where's the rifle?

BUGGSIE doubles back, climbs the rocks, and LEAPS ONTO:

THE SACRIFICIAL TABLE:

THE BEAR leaps up, rises on its legs, and ROARS

EXT. HELIOPOLIS PALACE, CAIRO - DAY

Two men walk up the long steps to the Egyptian president's
official residence and office.

DR. ZAHY HAWASS, the famous Egyptologist and TV personality, 51 at that time, dressed in a suit and tie but with his atypical explorer's hat nervously chats with another man.

ROBERT BROOKS, 40s, looking just like a Hollywood producer, swaggers up the staircase and lowers his sunglasses.

ZAHY HAWASS

President Mubarak is a busy man to be bothered with the likes of me.

ROBERT BROOKS

Relax Bubala. I got you covered. Mubarak speaks my language.

INT. PRESIDENT MUBARAK'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

A SECRETARY opens the office door and lets the two men in.

PRESIDENT MUBARAK, 70 at the time, gets up from his desk and warmly greets the two men.

ROBERT BROOKS

So wonderful of you to see us, President Mubarak. This is my esteemed friend Dr. Zahi Hawass, the eminent Egyptologist.

PRESIDENT MUBARAK

And to what do I owe this honor?

They all take seats.

ROBERT BROOKS

Hollywood has big plans for this young man. The camera loves him. Egypt could become a top tourist destination, but it needs a PR man.

PRESIDENT MUBARAK

And how can I be of assistance?

ROBERT BROOKS

The good doctor has met with considerable resistance from your Supreme Council of Antiquities.

PRESIDENT MUBARAK

The council serves to protect and preserve our monuments and secure them from theft.

Hawass can't keep quiet after Mubarak's remark.

ZAHY HAWASS

If I may, the council is unwilling to make any changes and is against any scientific investigations. All new digs are bared by strict rules.

Brooks takes an envelope of cash out and lays it on the desk.

ROBERT BROOKS

Please consider this a donation to the advancement of new explorations in the science of Egyptology.

Mubarak sees THOUSANDS of US DOLLARS inside the envelope.

PRESIDENT MUBARAK

Perhaps our council could use some fresh blood in its ranks.

ROBERT BROOKS

Yes. Perhaps a new voice that could help to modernize Egyptology.

PRESIDENT MUBARAK

By presidential decree, I appoint Dr. Hawass the Undersecretary of the State for the Giza Monuments, effective immediately.

The men are all thrilled and shake the president's hand.

EXT. MUSEUM OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES, CAIRO - DAY

Two Supreme Council of Antiquities flags are flying beside the Egyptian National Flag.

MOHAMMED ABDULLAH, 40s a tall bearded Egyptian, in a suit and tie, buys a newspaper from a vending machine outside the building. He looks at the headline with a picture of Zahi Hawass on the front page.

Mohammed becomes angry, storms up the stairs to the building, and throws the newspaper away.

INT. EGYPTIAN MUSEUM'S PRIVATE CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

MOHAMMED and ELEVEN other Egyptian men in suits, sit around a conference table. Mohammed silently pulls up his jacket sleeve revealing A TATOO of an ancient SUN SYMBOL, and slams his hand down on the center of the table.

All the other eleven men roll up their sleeves revealing the SAME SUN SYMBOL TATOO, and place their hands on Mohammed's.

MOHAMMED

My brother's of the Hurras Alharam.
We like our fathers before us, have
sworn an oath to protect the
secrets of the Great Pyramid.

THE ELEVEN MEN

(in unison in Arabic)

We swear by the eternal rising sun,
by Khepera, and with our lives to
guard the secret purpose of the
Great Pyramid and its treasures.

All the men sit down at the conference table.

MOHAMMED

I am sorry to pull you away from
your busy jobs here at the Supreme
Council. We are faced with an
urgent problem.

Mohammed gets up and goes to AN OUTSIDE EXIT DOOR, and he
OPENS THE DOOR to reveal:

AYMENN AL-ZAWAHIRI, a bearded Egyptian man in traditional
turban and jalabiya attire, armed with AN ASSAULT RIFLE and
an AMMUNITION BELT, ENTERS the room.

The eleven men stand immediately, alarmed at the sight of
this well-known Egyptian Islamic Jihad terrorist.

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

Do not be alarmed, my brothers.
Zawahiri has come at my request. He
too needs to hear this news. Please
sit down.

Zawahiri refuses to sit and stands silently near Mohammed.

MUSTAFA HUSSEIN, 40, seated next to Mohammed is outraged.

MUSTAFA

Mohammed, as the Secretary-General
of the Supreme Council of
Antiquities, you disgrace us all by
bringing this criminal here.

MOHAMMED

Mustafa, are we not all part of The
Muslim Brotherhood?

(MORE)

MOHAMMED (CONT'D)

We have the same goals, but unlike us Jihadists go beyond the law... wrongful laws.

MUSTAFA

What news can call for such drastic measures?

MOHAMMED

The news has announced that President Mubarak has just named Zahi Hawass Undersecretary of the State for the Giza Monuments.

The eleven men are outraged. Zawahiri's eyes flare.

MUSTAFA

No! This cannot be! That circus showman will turn the Antiquity sites into Disneyland tourist attractions!

Zawahiri steps forward to address the men.

AYMAN AL-ZAWAHIRI

Our attempts to assassinate Mubarak have all failed. He's well-guarded. Hawass is not. We will eliminate him at the announcement.

The group is not pleased with this plan.

MOHAMMED

I know you are all against another slaughter like the tourists who died in Luxor. But the Jihadists did help us by keeping people away.

MUSTAFA

Hawass must die. On that, we can all agree, but not in a public execution. Such violence is against what the Koran preaches!

AYMAN AL-ZAWAHIRI

Death to these infidels who embrace the American invaders in our rightful Egyptian Islamic state!

MUSTAFA

No! Only Hawass must die. I will kill him myself! There is no need for a public slaughter. Mubarak's corruption is a Jihad matter.

All the eleven men look at Mustafa in astonishment.

MOHAMMED

You are volunteering? How will you do this? You are no assassin.

MUSTAFA

I will put the task to Apopis, the snake god. Perhaps our friend Zawahiri can supply me with a particularly nasty cobra?

Zawahiri nods approvingly.

MOHAMMED

It must be done tonight. Before his officiation. We will wait for you at El Fishawi, in Cairo for dinner when the task is complete.

Mustafa looks at Zawahiri.

AYMAN AL-ZAWAHIRI

Come with me. I will get you your pet assassin.

EXT. ZAHY HAWASS RESIDENCE, CAIRO - NIGHT

A dark figure of a man jimmys the lock on the security gate to the courtyard of the modest one-level villa in central Cairo. The man's face is veiled and dressed in dark attire.

He quietly tiptoes onto a patio to an OPEN DOUBLE DOORWAY covered by curtains, blowing in the warm breeze.

INT. HAWASS'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The bedroom is empty and dimly lit.

The dark figure peers through the curtains of the open doors.

MUSTAFA removes the veil from his face and looks about. He is carrying A COVERED REED BASKET.

Mustafa slips into the bedroom and pulls back the bed covers. He carefully lifts the basket cover and quickly DUMPS AN EGYPTIAN COBRA on the bed, and throws the bed covers over it.

The sound of FOOTSTEPS in the hall approaches the room.

ZAHY HAWASS
 (talking to his wife)
 I'm going to bed early. I have an
 important meeting in the morning.

Mustafa quickly hides behind the curtain of the open doors.

Hawass enters. Turns on the light.

He SEES SOMETHING MOVING under the bed covers.

Carefully and quietly he opens A DRAWER in the night table,
 grabs A REVOLVER and FIRES at the bed covers.

THE COBRA slithers out of the bed onto the floor.

Panicked, HAWASS FIRES wildly at the snake with the gun.

KILLS THE COBRA, but..

SEVERAL SHOTS HIT THE CURTAINS.

MUSTAFA staggers back onto the patio, BLEEDING.

INT. EL FISHAWI RESTAURANT, CAIRO - LATER

The elegant and oldest restaurant in Cairo has a large table
 set for twelve. Mohammed and his cult members are seated
 there waiting for their comrade.

MUSTAFA STAGGERS in holding his chest, covered in blood.

MOHAMMED
 Mustafa! Mustafa! What happened?
 Someone call an ambulance!

MUSTAFA
 I have failed you.

MOHAMMED
 Mustafa!

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. AMERICA'S STONEHENGE, THE SACRIFICIAL TABLE - DAY

CONTINUING PREVIOUS SCENE

Frankie arrives below with the rifle and takes aim.

BUGGSIE
Shoot it! Shoot it!

Frankie FIRES, and misses. The recoil knocks him over.

THE BEAR gets down and turns towards the noise.

BUGGSIE (CONT'D)
How could you miss that?

Frankie gets up and fires again. The shot shatters:

A TREE BRANCH above, which FALLS ON BUGGSIE.

BUGGSIE (CONT'D)
Who are you trying to kill? Me or
the bear?

FRANKIE
I'm out of ammo!

BUGGSIE
What? Go get more! Nice bear!

THE BEAR rises up on two legs again and prepares to pounce.

GROWLING SOUNDS echo like a giant prehistoric animal.

THE BEAR gets back down, turns its head, LISTENS.

BUGGSIE (CONT'D)
What is that? A T-Rex?

A GHOSTLY VOICE bellows from above.

GHOSTLY VOICE
Buggsie, take off your clothes!

Buggsie is astonished and confused.

GHOSTLY VOICE (CONT'D)
Take off your clothes, and give
them to the bear!

BUGGSIE
What? Frankie is that you?

CUT TO:

INT. THE ORACLE CHAMBER

Frankie yells into the 'speaking tube' inside the chamber.

RESUME SCENE:

FRANKIE O.C.
(Echoing voice)
The bear wants the syrup not you!

Buggsie rips off his shirt and pants and throws them at the bear, who viciously attacks the clothes.

Frankie emerges from the Oracle Chamber, looks up, and finds Buggsie standing on the Sacrificial Stone in his boxers.

FRANKIE
Are you trying to pose nude for the
Bear? Run for it!

Buggsie leaps from the Sacrificial Stone. The two boys run down the hill.

THE BEAR lies down, chewing on the clothing.

EXT. FATONE'S PIZZERIA, WINDHAM, NH - LATER THAT DAY

Buggsie and Frankie sit at an outdoor table with Frankie's Four by Four parked alongside, eating a pizza.

FRANKIE
Boy, real food sure tastes great!
I'm so hungry I could eat a bear!

BUGGSIE
There must be something I'm
missing.

FRANKIE
Maybe we said the right password.
You know, like Open Sesame...
double stuffed pizza crust.

BUGGSIE
Hum... a secret password? Something
was different. What triggered it?

MUSIC blares from Frankie's truck as he plays air-guitar.

FRANKIE

And Fatone shreds the guitar solo!

BUGGSIE

Wait a minute! That's it! You were playing your song on the keyboard.

FRANKIE

A song can rock us into a stone?

BUGGSIE

You played the right series of frequencies, like a combination that unlocks time and space.

FRANKIE

I write some heavy tunes but not...

BUGGSIE

I know that sounds crazy, but everything is really frequencies.

FRANKIE

Oh boy, here comes Einstein.

BUGGSIE

Everything has a frequency. Matter is just energy. You know, "E" equals "MC" squared...

FRANKIE

And there's Einstein.

Frankie gets up and throws the pizza box in the garbage.

BUGGSIE

You played the exact frequencies when the light hit the standing stone and unlocked the gateway.

FRANKIE

Dude, that's crazy. Frequencies?

BUGGSIE

We may have discovered how to travel great distances instantly. We'll be famous! Your song will be famous!

FRANKIE

Famous? I could change the lyrics.

BUGGSIE

Frankie, this is the opportunity of a lifetime. You can't pass it up. Do you still have that song?

FRANKIE

It's on a data card somewhere.

They walk towards Frankie's truck.

BUGGSIE

Everything should be the same.

They get in the truck and drive away.

FRANKIE (O.C.)

Wear my Boy Scout uniform? No way!

EXT. FOSGOOD MANOR GROUNDS, ENGLAND - MORNING

CONTINUING PREVIOUS SCENE WITH HENRIETTA

Henrietta turns without a thought and fires A SINGLE SHOT at the drone heading for the Rolls Royce.

THE DRONE EXPLODES midair, showering fragment below.

UNCLE RAYMOND

Great shot Hennie!

Thornton gets out of the car.

THORNTON WELLESLEY

How the bloody hell did that get past the air defenses?

Henrietta and Raymond rush to Thornton.

HENRIETTA

Father, are you alright?

THORNTON WELLESLEY

I'm fine. The Rolls is going to need some retouching. I need you two in the house immediately until I can determine how this happened.

UNCLE RAYMOND

The surface-to-air missiles on the roof aren't designed to detect something this small.

THORNTON WELLESLEY
Drones! This is a whole new level
of warfare! That device was a
flying bomb! I'll have a detachment
sent here to deal with this.

Thornton gets in the car and drives off.

UNCLE RAYMOND
That's enough target practice. We'd
best get inside now.

Henrietta picks up some scattered fragments of the drone.

INT. WORKSHOP, FOSGOOD MANOR - CONTINUOUS

The workshop contains elaborate manufacturing machines.

Raymond watches Henrietta place the fragments on a table.

UNCLE RAYMOND
I know you're quite talented at
making these high-tech gadgets like
your father, but I doubt you'll be
able to recreate that drone.

HENRIETTA
I'm looking for any markings on
these fragments that can help me
discover where this thing was made.

Raymond hands her a magnifying glass.

UNCLE RAYMOND
That looks like writing here.

HENRIETTA
Yes! It's a part number. Now we
have something. Let's go see if
this will give us a lead.

INT. THORNTON'S STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Henrietta sits down at the desk and turns on the computer.

UNCLE RAYMOND
I'm not sure that your father would
approve of you using his personal
home computer, Hennie. It's linked
to MI6. Thornton will be livid!

HENRIETTA

There. Hmm... Strange name for a company. That looks like Persian. Let's see who they are.

UNCLE RAYMOND

Good God! Are you accessing his MI6 database? Now there's a security breach. Thornton will be livid!

HENRIETTA

I'm doing this for him, aren't I? They're an Iranian company, but it's in neighboring Tajikistan.

The front DOORBELL RINGS.

UNCLE RAYMOND

That will be the technicians Thornton sent from the base.

Uncle Raymond exits. Henrietta picks up the phone.

INT. THE FRONT HALL - LATER

Henrietta scurries down the hall to Uncle Raymond.

UNCLE RAYMOND

They've installed new equipment on the roof that will shoot down anything flying above 15 ft. We'll be finding a lot of dead birds!

Henrietta reacts squeamishly.

HENRIETTA

So crisis averted? Are we free to leave the house then?

UNCLE RAYMOND

Yes, and your father called. He won't be home tonight. Two agents were killed in an explosion in Tajikistan.

HENRIETTA

Tajikistan? Curious... My phone calls paid off. One of the investors in that company is English... A Jeremy Wayland.

UNCLE RAYMOND

Wayland? Your father has mentioned him. They suspect him of espionage. A Russian mole...

HENRIETTA

There's a Wayland that leads some sort of religious group. I pretended I wanted to join. They're meeting tonight. Can we go?

Raymond is aghast.

UNCLE RAYMOND

You can't be serious.

HENRIETTA

Just for surveillance, not to join. I've found a picture of Wayland. We can see if it's him.

Raymond is adamantly opposed.

UNCLE RAYMOND

Not on my watch! It's my job to keep you safe, not to take you to a gathering for wanted criminals!

Henrietta laughs.

HENRIETTA

They'll be at "The 'Henge" tonight. Then we can sup at the Pub.

Raymond considers the suggestion.

UNCLE RAYMOND

Supper at the Pub in Amesbury, you say? I do like their lamb pie. But Stonehenge is closed to tourism at night.

HENRIETTA

Quite. Something sinister is afoot. Bring your field glasses, and I'll bring my Parabolic Mic. We'll park on Amesbury Bypass in the distance.

UNCLE RAYMOND

How do I let myself get talked into these things?

INT./EXT. RAYMOND'S BENTLY, SALISBURY - NIGHT

Raymond's classic BENTLY AUTOMOBILE is parked on the side of the road, and Stonehenge is far across the field. The windows are rolled down with Uncle Raymond leaning out of the front seat passenger window, while Henrietta leans out the rear.

UNCLE RAYMOND

I told you the gates to Coach Road would be locked at this hour.

HENRIETTA

That didn't stop them, only us. We still have a clear view of the 'Henge here on route A303.

Henrietta holds a BIONIC EAR hand-held parabolic mic.

UNCLE RAYMOND

These new-fangled night vision field glasses are amazing. I can see about a dozen women, and there is a man dressed in a black robe.

HENRIETTA

Yes, there's a man's voice I'm hearing. He's reciting some sort of incantation.

UNCLE RAYMOND

Where the devil is security?

HENRIETTA

Let me see those field glasses. Maybe I can tell if that's the man in the picture.

Raymond hands her the binoculars.

UNCLE RAYMOND

The night vision switch is on the side.

Henrietta leans far out of the window holding the glasses.

HENRIETTA

Yes. I see his face. That's him!

As she leans back the glasses catch the light of the moon.

CUT TO:

EXT. STONEHENGE, ENGLAND - CONTINUOUS

TWELVE WOMEN in witches' attire, prostrate themselves before an altar where a goat burns on the fire.

REVEREND WAYLAND, a middle-aged, dark, sinister man, throws a handful of powder in the fire and reads from a missal by the light of a FULL MOON.

He sees a FLASH OF LIGHT reflecting across the plains.

REVEREND WAYLAND

What was that glint of light across
the field? Is someone watching us?
Sisters, go take a closer look.

Several of the witches in the coven turn and walk closer.

BACK TO:

RAYMOND'S BENTLY

HENRIETTA

Oh, dear. Some of the women are
walking towards us. This isn't
good.

END OF ACT FIVE

TAG

EXT. AMERICA'S STONEHENGE, NEW HAMPSHIRE - TWILIGHT

Frankie's four-by-four CHEVY BLAZER sits alone in the parking lot. Buggsie and Frankie sleep uncomfortably inside.

Buggsie's windup alarm RINGS.

BUGGSIE

Wake up, Frankie! It's almost dawn.

FRANKIE

(mumbling in his sleep)
I'm too young to be shot a dawn.

BUGGSIE

Get up, you turkey!

Buggsie shakes Frankie to wake him up.

FRANKIE

All right, all right I'm up!

THE SUMMER SOLSTICE STONE

They sit down in the stone circle overlooking the monolith.

FRANKIE

I hate this place. It's creepy.
Hey, I left my dad's rifle in the truck.

BUGGSIE

I doubt we'll need it. It's almost dawn. There's no time to go back for it. Get the keyboard ready.

FRANKIE

Hollander, you slug. You got me in this mess. If I hadn't written that stupid song about you, none of this would be happening.

BUGGSIE

Remember, hold on tight to the keyboard and start it now.

Frankie puts a strap on his neck and INSERTS the DATA CARD.

THE SONG PLAYS on the keyboard's built-in speakers.

Frankie tugs on the keyboard strap pretending it's a noose.

FRANKIE

I can't drop it now with the strap.
The headline reads: Fatone was hung
at dawn today.

DAWN LIGHTS the countryside.

The day's first RAYS OF LIGHT hit the Summer Solstice stone
like a laser beam illuminating it.

The wind picks up and blows Buggsie's cap off his head.

A HIGH PIERCING SOUNG rings out.

BUGGSIE

There's that high-pitched sound
again. It wasn't there yesterday.

A BLUEISH GREEN FOG rises instantly from the ground.

CRACKLING ELECTRICITY can be heard in the air.

The boy's hair displays static electric cling.

A SWIRLING VORTEX appears in the Solstice stone.

TORNADOE-LIKE WINDS pull debris into the vortex.

BUGGSIE (CONT'D)

It's working!

FRANKIE

Oh no, not...

A BLINDING WHITE LIGHT envelops them.

THEY FADE FROM VIEW into the light.

A SUDDEN WHOSSING SOUND and then;

SILENCE

Birds chirp as if nothing had happened at all.

They're gone.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT