

Cut the Blue Wire

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FADE IN:

INT. CHASE'S BOMB WORKSHOP - DAY

A warehouse, STREWN, with unfathomable varieties of parts, tools, explosives, and improvised devices in various stages of construction

On a large desk, The remains of Chase's latest bomb recipe, (which includes a spattering of BLUE disposable gloves)

CHASE: Thirties, with crazy hair, and crazy eyes that look caught up in some ever confusing daydream. He wears a ruined, high-dollar suit, and a welder's MASK, as he speaks into a miniature tape recorder.

CHASE

Vinegar, nitrile gloves, liquified in MEK, and one Brillo pad. Cooking at ninety four gigahertz, estimated time to flash point is twelve to fourteen seconds.

He Takes a long TOKE from a voluminous JOINT, pulls his face plate down, and uses an improvised radio trigger to activate a microwave oven parked on a distant stretch of the warehouse floor.

It commences to COOK a Tupperware container full of bubbling BLUE goo. As the oven's digital timer starts counting seconds, and the goopy liquid begins to boil and cloud the glass...

CHASE/V.O. (CONT'D)

I'm Chase Malachi. And when it comes to understanding bombs and bomb makers, I'm a pilgrim in an unholy land. My certain obsession with these devices affords me a unique perspective...

At 13 seconds, the oven EXPLODES in a fireball that lights up much of the room, leaving several small FIRES burning, And Chase smiling in childlike wonder.

CHASE/V.O (CONT'D)

Because I never see a bomb; I see an alter to an angry, jealous god. A place of worship to appease his wrath.

His smart PHONE rings. He answers it.

CHASE (CONT'D)
E.O.D, Malachi.

Chase uses the closest of the lingering flames to re-light his joint, and take another puff, as the voice of DEVON, who says with his typical urban bravado,

DEVON/V.O.
What's good my do-dirt nigga?

Chase grabs a nearby fire extinguisher and DOUSES the flames as he talks.

CHASE
I'm in a cool place. Running some tests on microwave detonations. Sampling that Haitian brick from the evidence locker.

DEVON/V.O.
Straight dog shit. Been in there fourteen months. Gives me headaches.

CHASE
So whatch'ya need man?

DEVON
I need you to get your black ass down to the SWAT depot and suit up.

CHASE
Why? I quit SWAT so I could teach and blow shit up.

DEVON
'Cuz a call just came in. And this shit sounds like about the most suspicious package of all motherfuckin' time.

Chase snaps to attention.

CHASE
Wait, What? So it looks like a bomb?

DEVON/V.O.
I don't know man. I heard some exceedingly crazy shit, Thereby prompting me to contact an exceedingly crazy motherfucker.

CHASE

I'm on it. See you at the place.

In a far corner of the room, Chase opens up a pair of dog KENNELS and lets out his two bomb sniffing DOGS, a pair of Dobermans whose nameplates on the Kennels read

Fat Man and Little Boy,

He snaps a leash on each of them and leads them out the door.

INT. SWAT TRUCK - DAY

The SWAT TEAM, including Chase and DEVON (tall, wiry, young black guy, shades, clean shaven head) all in full SWAT regalia, and sitting along the walls. waiting.

Fat Man and Little Boy recline at our heroes' feet wearing canine body armor, while Chase STARES ahead at nothing. Intense, trance-like.

Devon loudly RAPS a verse from "Lick My Ass" by Boys From the Bottom, as the other SWATs regard him with icy stares of disapproval.

DEVON

Papa Smurf can I lick your ass!
Yeah, lick my ass, bitch! Papa
Smurf can I-

Then Chase SUDDENLY holds an admonishing FINGER up to Devon, who abruptly STOPS.

Chase's gaze slowly TURNS to meet Devon's. He slowly shakes his head NO and, in a heavy, solemn tone.

CHASE

I'm in the zone...We talked about
the zone. Remember?

Devon regards the finger silently. He does indeed respect the zone.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Chase, Devon, the dogs and the others file out of the SWAT truck to find themselves in front of a tall MIRRORED glass office building surrounded by evacuated EMPLOYEES, POLICE and VEHICLES with flashing lights. Devon carries a large duffel BAG.

It's a Sunny cloudless day, and in keeping with the emerging BLUE theme, let's angle on the blue SKY reflected off the mirrored glass of the building for a beat, as it briefly catches Chase's eye as well.

INT. MOBILE COMMAND RV - DAY

Chase, Devon and the dogs ENTER to find the high strung, middle aged, stocky, grumpy CAPTAIN, standing behind EOD tech TODD, who's young, skinny, unattractive. He's every hall monitor you remember from elementary school.

Todd sits at a COMPUTER terminal and PILOTS a remote bomb disposal robot. He and the Captain regard the new arrivals, with the most unwelcoming expressions they can muster.

TODD

Well look who it is, it's Crock-of-Shit and Tubbs.

Devon MEAN-MUGS Todd.

DEVON

Yo suck somethin' hooker.

The Captain, well-nigh at his boiling point already,

CAPTAIN

Don't even think about it Malachi! you're not getting within a hundred feet of this thing! And this time I don't care what kind of high and mighty federal fuckwads descend with angels and trumpets to give you their blessing!

CHASE

Mornin' boss. I see you still have a stick up your ass the size of the Goddamn tree from Avatar.

And the Captain, through gritted teeth,

CAPTAIN

And it's fucking name is fucking Chase fucking Malachi.

To which Todd adds condescendingly,

TODD

Your salt of the earth approach won't be required today.

(MORE)

TODD (CONT'D)

My new drone has already let himself into the building.

DEVON

(mutters)

Bitch ass dude. I'll let myself in your mamma's ass.

On one of Todd's screens: a P.O.V. from the drone, in front of an elevator door.

TODD

Behold the future Chase. Notice how you're not in the picture?

The drone's P.O.V. hovers in front of a door. A robotic, hand-like protrusion blooms on the end of a metal arm, opens the door, and then,

Some unseen FORCE pulls the drone suddenly into the room. The P.O.V.s spins and tumbles wildly. Everything is a blur, until it COLLIDES with something.

And suddenly still, with a crooked, close-up view of some portion of a circuit board: Green solder mask, and speckles of silver circuitry loom large.

Then the screen cuts to STATIC, as Todd looks on, mortified.

CHASE

Nice future. I'm going in.

CAPTAIN

So fucking help me, Malachi! you set foot in my crime scene-

CHASE

(interrupts)

-Set foot in your crime scene! On it, Boss!

Chase tugs at his dogs' leashes, and they start for the door. And Devon says to Todd, before being the first to duck outside,

DEVON

Best have my suck money, hooker.

As they walk away, Chase adds in the most nasally, Caucasian voice,

CHASE

Oh my God, that was so black...

Then he leans toward to Todd, covers the side of his mouth as if to CONFIDE in him, whispering loudly,

CHASE (CONT'D)
...and sexy.

As Chase turns to leave, one of the DOGS growls at Todd, bearing teeth, until the tug of the leashes puts an end to it.

EXT. PARKING LOT/BUILDING ENTRANCE - DAY

The lot is now thick with worried, confused EVACUEES from inside the building, first responders, Etc. Chase and Devon, by contrast, SWAGGER through it all with the dogs, as Cool as the other side of the pillow.

Chase grooves and bobs to whatever's piping through on his earbuds. Devon shoots smiles and lusty looks at every female they pass.

So neither pay attention as the Captain flings open the RV DOOR behind over our heroes shoulders, and his percolating rage now comes to a boil. (his shouting trails to silence as our distance increases.)

CAPTAIN
Malachi you fuck-stain semen breath
bag of green monkey shit!! I will
break this dick off in your ass!! I
will rape you to death with a
sandpaper condom and no grease! not
so much as a motherfucking
dab.....

A flailing, screaming WOMAN plunges through a ground floor window, scrambles to her feet, tries to take off running. But STAGGERS and VOMITS profusely,

She recovers her balance, and takes off RUNNING with her hands over her ears. tirelessly, screaming all the way to a nearby

BOULEVARD, , Where she is STRUCK by a speeding tractor-trailer, and punted a most un-survivable distance

Chase and Devon pause to watch this, bemused and confused.

CHASE
Devon m'man, I do not believe we
are in a cool place.

Devon SHRUGS. AND they resume their trek.

INT. SERVER ROOM/THE BOMB - DAY

This room was a forest of computers and towering Web servers, much of which has been strangely harvested and clustered in the center of the room to produce THE DEVICE.

It's a large conglomerated, cluster of ELECTRONICS and circuitry that appears to be turned INSIDE OUT, or fused and blended in bizarre and seamless way.

It has a shape reminiscent of a jagged NEURON, with branching DENDRITES in the form of Progressively Unravelling bundles of BLUE WIRES. They split off into single units that spread endlessly, weblike, into the floors, walls and ceiling.

Parts of the interior circuitry slowly MOVE. Overlapping currents of matter in Semi-fluid states.

And at the center, it all disappears into a tiny, yet impossibly bright POINT of LIGHT.

What's left of the bomb ROBOT is now embedded in this thing. And it's being slowly dissected, digested into the central mass.

Four crookedly positioned computer SCREENS on the surface bear giant NUMBERS: a TIMER - currently ticking down from 4 minutes 20 seconds.

Beneath that, an entangled smart-phone SCREEN displays a bible QUOTE that BLINKS in and out like a bad connection

"By the blast of God they parish, and by the strength of his anger they are consumed."

CHASE

Something's not right. We need to find a grown-up.

DEVON

This the creepiest damn shit I seen since Carrot Top became a body builder.

Chase points at the bible verse.

CHASE

Google that.

Devon pulls out his PHONE and starts the search, while Chase unzips the duffel bag and pulls out a fiber-optic snake CAMERA and a voltage TESTER. He approaches the device with these things

CHASE/V.O. (CONT'D)

Bomb makers are drama queens. Their work is constructed in a manner that reflects their personality or agenda. But nothing about this thing was even human.

The tester and fiber-optic camera are TORN from Chase's hands as he approaches.

They STICK to the surface of the central mass, and are slowly turned INSIDE OUT. Their internal CIRCUITS becoming ELASTIC, fluidic, melting into the mass, and fusing with it.

Devon, who hasn't seen this, calls out from behind chase as he looks at his phone.

DEVON

That quote's from the Book of Job, chapter four verse nine.

CHASE

Job was being tested. So are we.

Chase WHISTLES, and the DOGS move to join him, dragging their leashes

Chase grabs up the leashes and LEADS them to the device.

They give it a SNIFF or two but seem to take NO professional interest in it. They are however visibly UNCOMFORTABLE around it. They whimper quietly and back away, tugging at their leashes.

Chase, puzzled by their reaction, lets them go and they hurry back to cower behind Devon's legs.

CHASE (CONT) (CONT'D)

No explosives. it's like this is just a timer. Devon, check the neighboring rooms. See where these wires go.

DEVON

On it, fool.

Devon grabs up the leashes and EXITS with the dogs.

Chase gets a crowbar and pliers out of his bag and returns to the device, just as its dwindling number display hits the 2 MINUTE mark.

Chase lights up a plus-size DOOBIE. Takes ina plus-size TOKE.

He stands for a moment, still as a statue, eyes closed. He He appears lost in some serene, far away meditation

Then a long cloudy EXHALE, as heHe PRIES OPEN an outer chunk of the central cluster with his crowbar and PEERS inside.

It's a realm of utter electronic schizophrenia. No pattern or symmetry. Some of it is motionless, some of it slowly MOVES,

Slithering CURRENTS and tides move amongst and through motionless portions, like a slowly CHURNING techno-sausage. And the closer it is to the point of bathing white light the harder it gets to see.

He BACKS UP, trying to wrap his head around this.

He picks his still burning MARLEY off the top of the device, takes another HIT.

Exhale. cloud of smoke.

CHASE

Get a grip chase, get a fucking grip.

The TIMER: Down to 1:40.

DEVON RETURNS with the dogs.

DEVON

I can't find a single wire in any of the other rooms. It's like they're built-in to the...

He PAUSES, catching sight of the bizarre point of LIGHT in the pried open device.

DEVON (CONT'D)

...Walls. Chase, what the fuck is that?

Chase speaks into his walkie-talkie.

CHASE

Field Command. This is Malachi. Cut the power to the seventh floor.

MALE VOICE/V.O.

As soon as we can get word to the electrician. We got a situation down here.

CHASE

What's happening?

MALE VOICE/V.O.
 more people freaking out like that
 broad that went through the window,
 and some of them are P.D. and first
 responders.

CHASE/V.O. (CONT'D)
 Roger that.

Devon eyes the resting JOINT and says,

DEVON
 That's what I'm talking about, get
 your motherfuckin' mind right.

He steps forward, HITS it one time, and passes it to Chase.

CHASE
 So, we got a device with no
 explosives, and no internal power
 source.

DEVON
 And no apparent purpose, but to be
 a giant, crazy, fucked up timer.

CHASE
 But a timer for what?

The power cuts off. The LIGHTS go OUT. Everything gets darker
 and quieter.

Everything but the DEVICE - still MOVING, evolving, lights
 and screens aglow.

42 seconds, and still ticking away.

CHASE (CONT'D)
 I feel the sudden urge to cancel
 this thing like a bad sitcom, don't
 you?

DEVON
 Damn skippy.

Devon goes back to his duffel BAG, gets out the two SHOTGUNS
 and two boxes of SLUGS labeled

Shredders: Tactical. Law enforcement. Military

Devon hands one gun and one box to Chase and they both start
 LOCKING and LOADING.

They both take AIM, and unleash a thundering FIRESTORM on the device as it ticks away into its last thirty seconds.

The DOGS FLIP out. Barking, whining, dancing frantically, the guns thunder and smoke, and the outer layers of the device, screens included, start to disintegrate.

SERIES OF SHOTS: CHAOS at ground level. People RAVE, run, and scream, as if POSSESSED by some psychotic delirium.

Police and fire-fighters try to CONTROL the situation, TACKLING and HANDCUFFING people, dragging raving stragglers out of the building's lobby kicking and screaming. Trying to get them as far away away possible.

BACK in the WEB SERVER ROOM Chase and Devon continue to SHOOT the device to PIECES, it's now riddled with jagged holes, sparking, shredding.

OUTSIDE, Police are being attacked now, as things take a turn for the zombielike. They CLUB and SHOOT assailants in response, but are increasingly OVERWHELMED.

Behind the raving, evacuated mob, a high-speed side impact COLLISION between two CARS in the intersection, under TRAFFIC LIGHTS that flicker GREEN in every direction.

BACK in the WEB SERVER, as chase and Devon FIRE off the LAST few slugs into the bomb, and their chambers click EMPTY one at a time.

They peer through CLOUDS of smoke and dust, as The dogs continue to BARK.

The device is SHREDDDED, even the monitor screens are blasted with holes.

And yet somehow it still ticks away into its last TEN SECONDS.

Chase and Devon DROP their guns in gestures of disgust.

DEVON (CONT'D)

How does it do this, man? Where
does it come from?

Chase hits the JOINT again hands it to Devon who does the same.

And As the device ticks away its final seconds, Chase's EYES light up with a final glimmer of INSIGHT

CHASE

The airwaves. It's a radio signal.

As the timer reaches ZERO, there comes a sound like wrinkling CELLOPHANE. It seems to come from everywhere at once.

Chase and Devon, suddenly lifeless and FROZEN in their tracks.

Their bodies rapidly DECOMPOSE, crumble AND evaporate into clouds of fine DUST. Skin, muscle, guts,

And finally, their savagely grinning SKELETONS decay and crumble likewise.

Everything else in the room DECAYS likewise, including the DEVICE itself. Centuries of decomposition in mere seconds,

Entropy.

An EARTHQUAKE shakes the building. The CEILING begins to CAVE in.

Through the windows, we can see the rest of the CITY is undergoing the same annihilation, Buildings crumble and graduate into rising plumes of dark dust in a quickly darkening sky.

OUTSIDE now, as the white-hot disk of the SUN darkens, and COLLAPSES inward, bringing on the blackest of all nights.

EXT. PARKING LOT SWAT ACADEMY - DAY.

Superimpose: T-minus 4 hours 22 minutes.

Chase, now dressed in a mistreated designer suit of a DIFFERENT COLOR, walks through the lot to his Unmarked police cruiser, briefcase in hand.

INT. CHASE'S CAR - DAY

He gets in, shuts the door and turns the engine on. All the various lights and electronic DISPLAYS come on,

And he PAUSES looking at them all, vaguely spooked.

DIGITAL TIME readings - on his stereo head unit. His on board GPS. A smart-Phone on his front seat. On his dashboard console. On his watch. All synchronized, all ticking away the same minutes and seconds. Something about this calls to him

INT. CHASE'S OFFICE - DAY

Chase WALKS IN and glances AROUND, not quite sure what he's looking for, if anything.

We angle on the podium with the big World War II BOMBSHELL, which we notice is now INVERTED with the pointed tail FINS sticking UP.

He gives it a look, as if he SUSPECTS this isn't quite right, but shakes it off, and instead picks up the PHONE on his desk and calls Devon.

Devon answers.

DEVON/V.O.
SWAT. Marshall.

CHASE
Devon, this is Chase. Is anything going on right now?

DEVON/V.O.
Anything like what?

CHASE
Like something serious.

DEVON/V.O.
The fuck is you on, fool?

CHASE
Nothing, never mind. And try to sound a little professional now and then. You're a fuckin' police officer.

DEVON/V.O.
Smoke somethin'. Get your mind right.

And on that note, Devon hangs up.

Chase puts the phone down and looks around. He sees his kennels with the DOGS in them. We hear them WHIMPERING in anticipation of freedom.

He OPENS the kennel doors and lets them out. But this time we see the NAMES on each kennel have CHANGED. This time they're named after two different explosions.

Halifax and Heligo

And when they come out we see that they are German shepherds, NOT Dobermans.

They SKITTER around excitedly while Chase SITS at his desk, gets ONLINE, and does a search for NIKOLA TESLA, and peruses the information on the various websites.

PICTURES and diagrams of his inventions, biographies, and artist conception of a very Utopian looking futuristic CITY, bristling with his free energy ANTENNA receivers,

And something JUTTING from the skyline that looks like his famous Wardencllyffe TOWER, with a bright BLUE energy BEAM lancing from it, zapping a distant MISSILE out of the sky.

Finally we see a black-and-white photo of TESLA himself, and underneath it, a quote with his name.

"If you want to find the secrets of the universe, think in terms of energy, frequency and vibration."

Chase hears shouting and COMMOTION outside his window and goes to look. He sees something outside that makes his eyes widen.

A CRAZED MAN, (an early victim of graviton psychosis) in handcuffs, RUNS screaming out of the front lobby of the police station, followed by three uniformed COPS who TACKLE him, and CARRY him back inside as he rants.

CRAZED MAN

I can see them! They're trying to come through! They've got eyes in their mouths! They've got eyes in their fucking mouths!

CHASE

(mutters)

Fuckin' designer drugs.

Then he shouts out the window at the departing flailing man.

CHASE (CONT) (CONT'D)

Stop getting your dope off the Internet!

The PHONE RINGS. He picks it up and announces preemptively,

CHASE (CONT'D)

Let me guess. We got a bomb.

DEVON (CONFUSED)

How'd you...Anyway-

Chase cuts him off:

CHASE

-Get my black ass down to the depot
and suit up I'm on it.

Before Devon can reply Chase HANGS UP

INT. SWAT TRUCK -

Chase, Devon, the two dogs, and the other SWAT guys. Chase, once again in his pre-game TRANCE, without breaking his stare, shuts Devon down as he opens his mouth to deliver his scatological smurf rant.

CHASE

Devon, so help me, if you sing that
retarded Smurf rap, I will
literally kill you with murder
until you die!...

EXT. OUTSIDE OFFICE BUILDING. DAY

Everyone exits the SWAT truck and right away we can see the scene is more CHAOTIC this time: Several of the building's EVACUEES are being PINNED to the ground and HANDCUFFED, screaming things about eyes and tentacles, and STRUGGLING against the many police trying to subdue them.

INT. RV COMMAND CENTER - DAY

Chase and Devon meet Todd and the Captain. Todd is already seated and PILOTING his drone, as Chase stays just long enough to announce:

CHASE

Drone's not going to work. We're
going in.

And the Captain, once again inflamed by the sight of Chase

CAPTAIN

This is my crime scene you
psychotic hop-head! And I assure
you we will not be playing Harold
and Kumar go to the motherfucking
Hurt locker today!

Chase and Devon head for the door, as Devon LEANS down in Todd's face, and interrupts his robot piloting activities with,

DEVON

Fuck you and your little Roomba,
hooker!

TODD

Fuck you, Crack Baby! I hope you
get blown the fuck up in there!

CHASE

Look boss, you can let us go in
there and do our thing, or I can
make some phone calls to people who
will, well...let us go in there and
do our thing.

The captain is coming to a boil now. Fists clenched, lips
pursed, as Chase adds,

CHASE (CONT'D)

I think we both know whose crime
scene this is.

That does it. Triggers the Captain's volcanic eruption of
vile aspersions. Chase, seeing the smoke rising from said
volcano, remarks,

CHASE (CONT'D)

Oh here we go campers.

CAPTAIN

Malachi, You piece of festering
worm ridden dog shit!! You're a
shot of fuck-foam that should have
wound up on your mamma's back!! The
stink of my ass is too good for
you! I shit on your beliefs!! I
wipe my ass with your hopes and
dreams!!

CHASE

I enjoy these Profane ejaculations
of rage, boss. Anything that
explodes, really.

Chase and Devon DEPART.

EXT. PARKING LOT. DAY

As Chase and Devon APPROACH the building's lobby, Chase looks
at the the mirrored WINDOW panels that cover the building,
reflecting BLUE sky. He focuses on the windows at ground
level.

He looks confused and UNCERTAIN, like he knows something bad's about to happen but he's not sure what.

CHASE

Hold on a sec. . .

Once again the woman comes CRASHING through the window, RUNS screaming into traffic with her ears covered, and gets knocked AIRBORNE by a car.

But this time TWO more BERSERK employees follow her out through the broken window, fleeing and screaming likewise.

Two COPS exit through the broken window in pursuit. They too seem AFFECTED by the same delirious plague.

The first one is DISTRAUGHT, and appears to have been crying. The second one has an alarming amount of BLOOD on his uniform shirt, points to one of the runners with a crazed expression as he shouts,

COP#1

Stop her! She's one of them!

Everyone STARES at the crazed cop in horror as he seems increasingly FRANTIC and impatient with everyone's reluctance to apprehend the fleeing woman.

He suddenly draws his PISTOL and points it her. But the GUNSHOT we HEAR comes from outside of the frame. And blows Cop#1's head off.

Angle on the shooter: It's the OTHER cop. He's CRYING again, and appears in a state of complete ANGUISH as he points the still smoking gun.

Then just as suddenly, he puts the gun in his own MOUTH and pulls the TRIGGER, departing this world in a shower of BLOOD that paints the mirrored window behind him.

Chase and Devon stop to GAWK.

CHASE

Devon m'man. I do believe There is more going on here than we understand.

Chase and Devon head toward the LOBBY. In the CHAOS and confusion no one tries to stop them. On the way in they pass a guy who RUNS outside SCREAMING covering his ears, which appear to be BLEEDING.

Now he changes tack. He staggers and pukes, looking disoriented.

The man falls to his knees and stops screaming only long enough to VOMIT quite thoroughly.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY. DAY.

We hear a scream or two along with screeching tires and rending metal from distant points outside, as Chase and Devon approach the elevators, where Todd's ROBOT sits idle on its tank treads, WAITING for the elevator making expensive sounding whirs and clicks.

Chase surprises Devon by removing the CROWBAR from Devon's bag and using it to SMASH and sever the drone's rolling treads, rendering it immobile.

As Chase catches his breath, Devon asks:

DEVON

Muh'fucker is you serious right now?!

CHASE

(unsure)

We should keep this thing away from the bomb.

DEVON

Why?!

Chase looks genuinely CONFUSED:

CHASE

Because it'll. . .I don't know.

One of the elevator DOORS OPENS in they get IN.

DEVON

Eighty thousand dollar robot!.
That's coming out of your
motherfuckin' check. Believe that
shit!

INT. WEB SERVER ROOM WITH THE DEVICE. DAY

The bomb has the same overall NEURON/DENDRITE morphology with the circuits and BLUE wires, but it's noticeably LARGER now, and the side of the central electronic cluster facing Chase, Devon and the dogs is a bit CONCAVE, angled out to the edges and coming almost to a point at the center, where we see a series of computer screens, comprising a timer.

It's at 2 minutes 20 seconds.

and a smaller tablet screen bearing the flickering the QUOTE:

"All flesh would perish together, and man would turn to dust."

Chase looks the bomb over, and as he does he notices that the BRANCHING bundles of BLUE WIRES spreading away from the central cluster of circuitry is GROWING visibly. Thousands of blue wires meandering out across the floors walls and ceiling like fast growing vines.

Chase takes particular note of the branching networks or blue wires that GROW across and INTO the ceiling panels

CHASE

Get up on the roof and see if one of those wires is connected to an antenna or dish.

Devon pulls a pair of bolt cutters out of the bag, and heads for the door.

DEVON

On it. Call you when I got that dirt did.'

Alone but for the dogs, Chase gets on his WALKIE talkie:

CHASE

This is Malachi, SWAT. I need you shut off power to the entire building.

He doesn't wait for a response as he DROPS his walkie, takes a mini BLOW TORCH, and a mini circular SAW and approaches the bomb.

He uses the saw to cut a squarish SWATH in the outer surface of the device.

He WORKS it loose. And when it finally TEARS free it comes with a considerable cluster of shredded wires, and random jagged electronic fragments that look like they were conglomerated from dozens of unrelated devices.

As he HOLDS the chunk of circuitry in his hand, several tiny bolts of electric CURRENT lance out from the remainder of the device, buzzing and snapping to CONNECT with the disembodied chunk like tiny lightning.

DISTURBED by this, he DROPS the chunk and PEERS INSIDE.

He sees an even MORE CHAOTIC web of circuits, crisscrossing wires,

And noticeably, a few FIBER OPTIC CABLES now, all with fast moving pulses of BLUE ENERGY coursing through them, some of which start out as thick BLUE wires, then morph and branch into the pulsing fiber optics, in this device's fluid, seamless way.

And it all slips into the increasingly STRETCHED and distant looking dimension toward the vicinity of the central POINT of LIGHT.

A single BLUE LASER beam shines from one point inside the device, reflects off a number of tiny mirrored surfaces, taking it along a complex, crooked trajectory throughout the inside of the device, and finally into the point of light.

Chase TORCHES the emitter NODE. The beam goes OUT.

Not a second later, a NEW BEAM shines from a different crevice inside the bomb, angles along a different series of mirrored surfaces, and finally into the exact same point of light at the center.

Chase steps back and looks at the TIMER on the embedded computer screens

Still counting:

2:40

He takes another look inside. He sees what looks like part of a computer HARD DRIVE, held aloft by an irregular spread of its own wires (all blue), like a fly caught in some schizophrenic spiderweb.

One at a time Chase CUTS the wires, checking to see if anyone of them stops the counter: None of them does.

After cutting the LAST wire he pulls the DRIVE piece OUT and looks at it.

He puts it down and looks back inside:

The web of wires has REBUILT itself, this time with a small CIRCUIT BOARD hanging at the center of it.

Chase uses the torch to BURN every CAPACITOR he can see inside the device, of which there are many. They all Spark zap and fizzle.

He pulls back and looks the timer:

2:15

Chase turns his attention to the tiny hovering point of LIGHT at the center of it all: countless circuits, wires and lasers stretch into distant, spaghetti thin obscurity as they disappear into its brilliance.

Including a BUNDLE of converging BLUE wires that runs straight down from above, and into stretchy space as a single thick wire.

Chase REACHES toward the bundle with his mini blowtorch and BLASTS it with the flame for a good five seconds the flame seems to STRETCH in to the point of light with the rest of it, but otherwise has NO EFFECT

Chase pulls back. The counter's still counting: 1:55 now

The POWER shuts OFF in the room.

And of course the COUNTDOWN CONTINUES.

SCREAMS from ground level outside. GUNSHOTS.

Devon's voice comes form Chase's radio:

DEVON/V.O.

Chase, this is Devon. Pick up.

Chase talks into his radio.

CHASE

What do you got?

DEVON/VO

We got blue wires, look like they're just fused into everything metallic up here. Antennas, dishes, banisters, gutters. Chase, It's using the whole building as an antenna for something.

CHASE

Cut them all and get back down here.

DEVON/VO

On it. Stay tuned.

More screams in the distance. Squealing tires. A far-off explosion.

Angle again on the big digital countdown:

1:40

And fade to:

INT. SERVER ROOM WITH THE BOMB. A MINUTE LATER

We start with the same angle on the counter, static shot. the digits have time-elapsed from: 1:40 to :40

Devon RUSHES in with the dogs (who whimper with agitation) and gives the device a DISGUSTED look.

DEVON

Oh Hell to the motherfuckin' no! I cut every wire on that bitch ass roof.

CHASE

And the whole building's off the grid.

Chase calmly, quietly grabs two nearby CHAIRS and sets them facing across from each other.

He sits in one of the chairs and gestures to the other one, as the counter winds down toward the one minute mark.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Sit down. We haven't talked in awhile. Let's talk.

DEVON

You wanna suck what?!

CHASE

What's the first rule of Chase and Devon's bomb disposal?

DEVON

Always work high.

CHASE

alright, the second rule

Devon, suddenly more sober:

DEVON

We don't run. We stick and stay 'til the job's done.

Devon SITS down. He seems surprisingly resigned to his apparent fate.

Chase pulls out an already well scorched BLUNT. And PUFFS it up to full throttle and PASSES it to Devon.

CHASE

I'm not one to beat around the bush, brother. So let me be blunt.

Devon takes a HIT, exhales in the direction of the device and asks as he hands the blunt back to Chase.

DEVON

This is it? This is the one that kills us?

CHASE

It's weird. Somehow I feel like it already has killed us.

DEVON

Look at this thing man. We don't even know if it's a bomb.

Chase takes a HIT, and while HOLDING his breath, says in a groany, breathless voice,

CHASE

Don't think it is. I think it's something...

EXHALE. A cloud of smoke.

CHASE (CONT'D)

...Far worse.

He PASSES the blunt back to Devon who IMMERSSES himself in another thought-provoking psychotropic CLOUD.

DEVON

Chase?

CHASE

Yeah?

DEVON

Tell me about the Newark incident.

CHASE

That's classified. I couldn't tell you that and let you live.

DEVON

Some people say it was a nuke.

CHASE

Not exactly a nuke. It was a cobalt bomb.

Devon snaps to a more encyclopedic tone, showing us a new side of him.

DEVON

The doomsday bomb. Three stage neutron device with enhanced gamma radiation. One five hundred ton payload could cover the planet in slow decaying cobalt isotopes. kill every living thing.

CHASE

You know your shit Devon. Don't let anyone ever tell you you're just some gangster hood-rat.

DEVON

Oh I'm that too nigga. Trust and believe

CHASE

They found it in a refrigerator on a cargo ship, on its way into the harbor. Turned out later, the detonator on the thing was the antenna lead from a laptop.

DEVON

A wi-fi trigger. would have gone off as soon as it got near downtown.

CHASE

anywhere a bomb like that blows we're all equally dead.

DEVON

So how'd you do it?

CHASE

Let's say I took the Hollywood approach.

DEVON

Damn, bruh. You just picked a color, and snipped a wire?

Chase takes another hit and says in a smokey cloud:

CHASE

It's funny though. I had this feeling like...like the color picked me.

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)

Like it was calling to me, telling me: you don't know why you know, you just know...Does that even make any sense?

DEVON

Yeah. Makes more sense than you know. Hey Chase?

CHASE

Yeah?

DEVON

Love the shit out of you, man.

CHASE

Back at ya m'dude. And you know what?

DEVON

'sup?

CHASE

This...This is how I wanna go.

Devon chuckles.

A beat or two.

Chase chuckles back, and takes a last hit, as the counter approaches 10 seconds.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

A MOTHER and her young SON buying snacks. Several junk food ITEMS rest on the counter top, along with two CUPS of soda.

The adolescent CLERK behind the counter Opens the cash drawer, and hands some dollar BILLS and coins to the woman.

And we notice that the MONEY is U.S. currency, but BLUE instead of green

CLERK

Four forty two is your change.

The woman REACHES for the blue money.

Then it HAPPENS.

Suddenly, with the same SOUND like wrinkling cellophane, all three of them FREEZE, and instantly DECOMPOSE on their feet. Their flesh dries, flakes away into clouds of swirling DUST.

All the food and MERCHANDISE on the store's shelves and coolers DECAYS likewise, becoming piles and wisps of dust.

The STORE itself begins to CRUMBLE.

CHASE/V.O.

I have a confession to make. Deep down in some forgotten cul-de-sac of my bowls where daylight shines on nothing, I'm not the hero who dismantles the bombs, I'm the terrorist who builds them. Because I believe that the promise of sudden vaporizing obliteration is the most sublime of all possible gifts. . .

EXT CRUMBLING CITY SKYLINE - DAY

The downtown SKYSCRAPERS, CRUMBLE to the streets a piece at a time, until what's left DISAPPEARS in rising clouds of concrete and asphalt DUST.

The PLANET from SPACE: We see the whole EARTH, dying, and, rapidly acquiring a more venous like topography. The oceans EVAPORATE shrinking away at a visible rate.

Numerous super-volcanic lesions on the continents spew seas of lava and jet black PLUMES clear into space.

The SUN, as it DIMS to a sickly yellow, orange, then RED slowly SHRINKING toward a vanishing point. DAY becomes TWILIGHT, becomes an unnaturally dark and starless NIGHT.

CHASE

. . .It reminds one what's really important in life. The simple, momentary things. A warm campfire in a cold wilderness. Sunsets on open water. A child's laugh. If I stop this timer, will you promise to live for these things? And if I let it run out, will you die for them?

INT. LECTURE HALL/POLICE ACADEMY. DAY

Superimpose: T-minus 6 hours 38 minutes

The amphitheater style lecture hall is PACKED with young cadets. They've all got uniforms on,

All with AMERICAN FLAG patches on the shoulder, and the STRIPES on said flags are VERTICAL not horizontal.

A large table at the center, a SIMULATED BOMB is partially dismantled, and Chase hovers over it with a pair of wire snips and a screwdriver. A small CAMERA on a tripod hovers over the bomb circuits and projects a MAGNIFIED IMAGE of it all onto the wall behind him.

CHASE

You see all this crap here? It looks like the bomb, it's not the bomb. Redundant circuitry, false detonators, hidden capacitors and batteries, fake timers. All tricks used by bomb makers to confuse and misdirect.

He REACHES into the bomb with his tools but STOPS, looking suddenly spooked confused.

He looks UP at the cadets who regard him now with the same looks.

All except FAITH, the one cadet who stands out as the one person here who does not look the least bit lost or uncertain. She's notably younger and smaller than Chase, 20s. Blonde, beautiful, but with a certain stern, intense quality. And the only one in the room wearing SUNGLASSES

Back to Chase, looking at the circuits on the table, again at a loss for words.

CHASE/V.O. (CONT'D)

That tiny voice, somehow louder now, was back. Telling me: You were somewhere else just now. You tried to stop something terrible again. You failed.

Chase shakes it OFF, puts down his tools, and begins to PACE around periodically gazing thoughtfully at the floor as he gets off on a bit of a rant:

CHASE (CONT'D)

So to that end, let me take a moment to dispel the mountain of infernal bullshittery about bomb defusal conferred upon us by the good folks in Tinseltown . . .

(beat, thinks, walks)

Number one: Explosions never look like that.

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)

That big thundering, pyrotechnic fireball you see in the movies, not even close.

(beat, thinks, walks)

Number two, disconnecting the wrong circuit in a bomb never makes the timer speed up. Why bother with that when you can just trip the detonator with a collapsing circuit?

(deep breath, walks)

And finally - and I cannot over-stress this, people: it absolutely, posi-fucking-tively does not matter which color wire you cut. No self respecting terrorist is going to color-code his work for you like an electrician. . .

Chase's stroll brings him FULL CIRCLE around the table and back to the bomb again, as he concludes:

CHASE (CONT) (CONT'D)

When people find bombs who do they call? MGM? HBO? No, they call EOD.

CHASE/V.O (CONT'D)

Again that silently screaming voice, and its latest non-sequitor: The airwaves - you have to jam the airwaves.

CHASE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, there's something I have to take care of. We'll pick this up on Monday.

As the BEWILDERED CADETS get up and leave, Chase - in keeping with his method to madness ratio, SCOOPS all his various tools hastily into a BRIEFCASE already OVERSTUFFED with all manner of anomalous items.

He LEANS heavily on the thing to squeeze it closed, getting a bit frustrated in the process.

He takes it in hand and goes to walk out the looks up to see FAITH blocking his path.

He opens his mouth to say something, but she cuts him off.

FAITH

You're feeling it again aren't you?
Like the vague memory of a dream.

(MORE)

FAITH (CONT'D)

Like something bad happened, and
it's about to happen again.

Chase is unnerved by this.

CHASE

Who the hell are you?

She ignores the question, and continues on the same track.

FAITH

It gets worse every time. The
device gets more complex. The
entropic shockwave travels faster.
And it makes people crazier. But
you also remember more.

CHASE

Look I don't know whose idea of a
joke this is-

FAITH

-It's not a joke, and intuitively,
you already know that. So shut up
and listen to yourself.

CHASE

Um, wow. Really?

FAITH

Two other versions of you have
tried to disarm this thing and
failed. If you don't succeed today,
this reality will cease to exist.
and the next one. And so on. So you
see Chase, we have a bit of a
problem here.

Chase seems less than sure of himself as he says.

CHASE

You know there's a psych evaluation
before you make SWAT. I don't got
you passing it.

Faith smirks a bit.

FAITH

Please, Chase. you made SWAT

Chase opens his mouth to say something defensive, but Faith
cuts him off again and continues:

FAITH (CONT'D)

-Right now you're feeling the urge to go somewhere, you're not sure where. That somewhere is seventeen fifteen Oakland Boulevard. Warendclyffe Head Offices. Fifth floor this time.

CHASE

Yes, Well. . .thank you for that.

FAITH

You'll see this thing for yourself again. You'll remember more this time. And stay high Chase. It's it's the only antidote for graviton psychosis.

She WALKS AWAY leaving chase at a loss for words.

INT. CHASE'S CAR/ACADEMY PARKING LOT - DAY

This time Chase's vehicle is a BLUE unmarked squad car. He gets in and fires up the engine.

Once again, he gives a troubled GLANCE to all the digital TIME DISPLAYS in his car, phone, GPS, radio, etc. Then he puts the car in gear and TAKES OFF.

EXT. THE BOULEVARD - DAY

Chase comes to a 4 way INTERSECTION. The TRAFFIC LIGHTS that turns yellow. He slows and STOPS.

But instead of turning red - like traffic lights do in THIS WORLD, they all turn BLUE.

Something about this seems wake up a certain dragon in Chase.

SUDDENLY, He turns ON the in-dash POLICE LIGHTS, and PEELS OUT through the intersection, his horn BLARING. CARS squeal and fishtail to HALTS, to avoid hitting him.

INT. CHASE'S OFFICE - DAY

As Chase hurries into the office we can hear CHAOS, shouting, and the SIRENS of departing police cruisers, outside in the parking lot RACING from the precinct in response to what looks like an apocalyptic slew of EMERGENCIES.

A different kind of BOMBSHELL, more MODERN and streamlined, rests on top of the podium now, rests atop the podium now this one pointed SIDEWAYS.

He lets his DOGS out of their kennels. This time they're both black LABRADOR retrievers. No names on the kennels.

He walks out with the dogs.

INT CHASES UNMARKED CRUISER - DAY

As he drives WEAIVING through traffic, Chase calls Devon on his CELL.

Devon picks up

DEVON/VO (PHONE)
W'sup my do dirt-

CHASE
-Shut up and listen. Stop what you're doing and meet me at seventeen fifteen Oakland. Burn one and get nice before you show up. That is not a suggestion.

DEVON/VO (PHONE)
Nigga, I stays high!

CHASE
See that you do, because I am so not joking at this moment.

Chase HANGS UP and drops his phone on the front seat, and turns on the POLICE RADIO.

And we hear all manner of chaotic overlapping POLICE CHATTER, emphatic calls for backup, paramedics, firefighters, and general alerts that seem warn of civil UNREST and various RIOTLIKE occurrences.

He switches the police band off, as one of the dogs climbs over the seat back into the front seat, gives Chase's face a lick or two.

chase pets him as He looks out the window,

Where we see a MAN on a SIDE street holding what looks like most of the kitchen SINK by the drainpipe, as he STAGGERS and PUKES on himself in a catatonic way as CARS PILE up in the street behind him, blaring their HORNS.

Not half a block later, we see a CRAZED SCREAMING man kneeling on the hood of a car PUNCHING away at the fractured windshield with two bloodied fists as a WOMAN COWERS fearfully inside the car, trying frantically to start the thing.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Good times.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - DAY

The mass HYSTERIA is WORSE here, closer to the bomb, and chase LEANS against his car, watching it all go down, slowly demolishing a DOOBIE.

People RUN every which way SCREAMING, blithering. Some cover their ears, many bleed from their ears, eyes and/or noses. One MAN LIES on the ground CONVULSING.

A WINDOW SHATTERS several stories up as a large heavy leather CHAIR PLUNGES through it and tumbles to the lot below,

followed by a DESK,

Followed by a SCREAMING, flailing MAN.

One DAZED looking CHAP walks calmly up to a coiled up garden HOSE around the side of the building. He puts the nozzle in his mouth, turns the WATER ON, and DROWNS himself calmly inhaling a lungful of water, then KEELING over on his back.

CHASE

Now that's what I call a drinking problem.

POLICE CARS begin pulling up at the front of the building and into the lot one at a time, lights flashing,

DEVON'S CAR pulls up, and he gets out, toting a large duffel BAG which he holds up briefly as he says:

DEVON

played a hunch and brought the works with me. So what up homebwah?

CHASE

Not sure. But I have reason to believe there might be something really bad on the fifth floor of this building.

DEVON
(confused)
Bad?

CHASE
Really bad.

DEVON
What kind of bad? Like Darth Vader
bad, or Sy-Fy original movie bad?

CHASE
Let's find out.

Chase starts WALKING for the front of the building and Devon follows.

CHASE (CONT'D)
Oh and Devon?

DEVON
'sup though?

CHASE
We might die today.

DEVON
And this shit is comin' from where?

CHASE
I don't know.

EXT. IN FRONT OF BUILDING WITH CRIME SCENE RV LOBBY. DAY

Sporadic raving PSYCHOSIS CONTINUES unabated as chase and Devon STROLL onto the scene passing a now almost demolished SPLIFF between them. In their connabinoidal state of mind, they are REMARKABLY DETACHED from the chaos.

They meet up with TODD and the CAPTAIN, among the first cops on the scene. Todd is SHOCKED and disgusted by this display on on-the-job potsmokery

But the Captain couldn't be happier. He holds his ARMS up to the heavens as if in supplication

CAPTAIN
Oh thank you God! you have answered
the shit out of my motherfucking
prayers!

HE points at Chase, who currently holds the incriminating evidence.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

(To Todd)

Officer, arrest this man right now!

Todd approaches Chase, pulling a pair of HANDCUFFS out of his pocket.

TODD

with pleasure. You have the right
to remain silent.

Devon steps between them and with his free hand COLD-COCKS Todd and lays him out, SPRAWLING, and fully unconscious.

DEVON

You have the right to remain
knocked the fuck out!

The captain is of course, seething

CAPTAIN

Oh you two mother fuck bitch
mothers of bitches!! You whores of
motherfucking Babylon! You are so
motherfucking finished!!

CHASE

We're just get started, boss.

On the ground, Todd GROANS and stirs slowly back to consciousness. Devon FLICKS the roach at Todd's face.

DEVON

Smoke somethin' for the pain,
Hooker.

Chase and Devon start for the building through periodic raving and chaos and, both SWAGGERING with a self-assured TRANQUILITY that starkly CONTRASTS to the surrounding craziness.

INT. SERVER ROOM, WITH THE DEVICE - DAY.

The DEVICE is not only BIGGER, it seems to have harvested most of the electronics in the room now, and a more MENACING looking cluster at that, but the computer screens forming the TIMER digits are at the inner wall of a large ALCOVE-LIKE indentation in the jagged cluster.

The branching (neuron/dendrite-like) networks of blue wires have now been replaced by branching FIBER OPTIC CABLES, all with strange PULSES of BLUE ENERGY surging outward through them, away from the bomb, into the walls, ceiling and floor.

Also a small number of BLUE LASERS in the device's inner-workings now. This DEVICE is acquiring the look not only of some spreading, techno-cancer, but of something that is supposed to be INTERFACED with in some way.

And this time, the NUMBERS ticking away are twice as LARGE, and two computer screens are devoted to each digit on the timer. And right now it reads:

18:22

And on an embedded LAPTOP screen, a QUOTE from Job, in larger letters this time

"If he breaks a thing down, it cannot be rebuilt. If he imprisons a man there can be no release."

Chase looks at the device and seems UNSURE of his words, as he notes,

CHASE

Fiber optics. They were wires before.

DEVON

Before?!

CHASE

We're gonna cut power to this entire grid. We're gonna get every available unit up on the roof. Rip out every dish, every wire every antenna, and tell them to set up every mobile phone jammer they can get their hands on. I want this place in the Goddamn Stone Age in ten minutes.

DEVON

It's your barbecue.

Devon LEAVES the room, speaking indistinct commands into his RADIO as he goes.

MONTAGE: A close-up of a large main BREAKER switch being thrown somewhere. The building and the surrounding neighborhood goes DARK.

On the ROOF, Devon, other SWATS and uniformed cops remove all the DISHES, ANTENNAS, and power junction BOXES on the roof with various power TOOLS, bolt cutters, even a chainsaw.

Briefcase size mobile PHONE JAMMERS are open and activated on the roof, and in rooms throughout the buildings.

Scenes of PANDEMONIUM abound in the background and some of the COPS now break down and go NUTS in the middle of their work.

One stops cutting through an antenna on the roof, and commences BANGING his HEAD loudly on the ground. Another starts grimacing and gnashing his teeth, then LEAPS off the roof, FLAPPING his arms like a BIRD all the way down.

INT FIFTH FLOOR SERVER ROOM. DAY

Chase RIPS the last of the PULSING fiber optic CABLES connecting the bomb to the walls and the ceiling and the wilderness.

And STILL the bomb TICKS AWAY: seven minutes twenty-two seconds.

Chase looks at the tenacious timer and frowns.

Devon HURRIES BACK back into the room and frowns likewise.

DEVON

I thought you was gonna put this ho
in check.

CHASE

You sure we're a hundred percent
Stone Age right now?

DEVON

Fred motherfuckin' Flintstone!

CHASE

Which means it should have an
internal power source.

Devon picks a CROWBAR out of the duffel bag and brandishes it

DEVON

I believe it's time to crack this
mother's dome open.

Chase uses his cordless power SAW to remove part of the OUTER hulk of the bomb again.

He and Devon WRENCH it free from the clutches of numerous wires FIBER OPTIC CABLES and what-all, and we angle on the bomb's INTERIOR.

This time the bomb's innards are even more COMPLEX and SURREAL.

We see more BLUE LASERS now, and a few of them are are MOVING, shining across complicated swaths of circuitry, including some mysterious small CRYSTALS which deflect and BRANCH the beams in whole new series of moving directions.

And the conglomerated semi-liquid circuits FLOW in faster, more COMPLEX currents and veins,

Chase and Devon REACT, subdued by SHOCK for a beat. Then Chase REACHES in with a long angled MIRROR on a stick.

DEVON (CONT'D)

Oh hell no. We done smoked too much.

CHASE

Or not enough.

Chase's POV: on his angled viewing MIRROR, showing portions of the bomb's INTERIOR - It's an even MORE confusing, MORPHING technological MESS from every angle. shifting, growing, swimming with eerie quietness. around, through, over, under.

DEVON

I don't even know where to start.

Chase goes and gets the BAG, drops it in front of the bomb, and gets out a pair foot-long pliers with BLUE plastic handle grips.

CHASE

We isolate the power source. It might have something to do with these crystals in here. Let' see how many of them we can reach.

Devon goes to the OTHER SIDE of the bomb with the hand-held saw and blowtorch, as he remarks:

DEVON

Time to make the motherfuckin' donuts.

Chase REACHES for one of the crystals with his PLIERS.

CHASE

Donuts would rock right now.

DEVON

Cops shouldn't eat donuts. Perpetuates the stereotype.

CHASE

Oh, you want to talk stereotypes?
Stop calling everyone the N-word,
and using bad grammar all day.

As Devon begins CUTTING into the outer side of the bomb, he says:

DEVON

tou-motherfuckin-che.

CHASE

And then there's that.

As Chase's pliers CLAMP around the nearest crystal, it gets ZAPS him with bolts of (blue) ELECTRICITY, making him JERK his arm back, LEAVING behind the PLIERS.

As he LOOKS back inside, Chase sees that the PLIERS are STUCK to the crystal, as if magnetized.

On the OTHER SIDE, Devon finishes CUTTING his outer portion of the bomb open. Daylight streams into the living landscape inside.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Hold up. Don't touch anything.

They both WATCH as vine-like tendrils of BLUE wire begin LOOPING around the pliers handles and seemed to BURROW into the metal itself.

A beat or two LATER, a sudden weblike bloom of UNINSULATED, naked WIRES, made of the same metal as the pliers SHOOT OUT from points all over the surface of the pliers, connecting with dozens of points elsewhere in the circuitry of the bomb.

Then the blue plastic GRIPS on the pliers handles suddenly MELT into a syrupy liquid with a mind of its own. the liquid plastic CRAWLS out along the exposed lengths of wire, COVERING and insulating, then suddenly SOLIDIFIES like glue.

The pliers have been assimilated. resistance is futile.

Then slowly, like an infection spreading from the surrounding circuitry to the pliers, the blue wires MORPH into blue FIBER optics, carrying the BLUE LIGHT pulses, like the rest of the device.

Chase, almost in a whisper:

CHASE (CONT'D)

Wires, to fiber optics. It's evolving...

Chase THINKS for a beat, a confused look.

CHASE(CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Wait, what? Where do I remember
that from?

DEVON
Chase, I don't mind telling you
this thing is creeping me the fuck
out.

Devon walks BACK around the device, and Chase heads back for
his BAG as he says:

CHASE
And I'm gettin' sick of playing
grabass with it...

He pulls out of his bag a GRENADE we previously saw on
display in his office, HOLDS it up for Devon to see.

Devon GRINS his approval of this course of action, as he
grabs the duffel BAG, and the two men egress to the HALLWAY.

While standing in the doorway, Chase PULLS the PIN on the
grenade and TOSSES it into the HOLE he cut in the device.

CHASE(CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Fire in the hole.

Both men duck around the CORNER in the hallway, they HUNKER
DOWN

DEVON
That grenade was from Viet-
motherfuckin-nam. You think it
still-

BOOM!

The EXPLOSION brings a maelstrom of electronic SHRAPNEL
flying through the doorway between them. As the smoke clears,
Chase and Devon both and ponder the DAMAGED, shredded CHUNKS
of device now sticking out of the WALL on the other side of
the hallway.

The two RE-ENTER the room. It's a SMOKEY shredded WRECK now,
and HOVERING in the air at what used to be the heart of the
device is the tiny yet blinding POINT of LIGHT, And nothing
else. The original device is OBLITERATED.

And as if the point of light has a certain selective MAGNETISM, it begins RIPPING chunks of CIRCUITRY out of all the remaining electronics in the room and PULLING them TOWARD it with a blurring swiftness.

It all COLLIDES and PILES UP in midair around the point of LIGHT, REBUILDING the bomb, one rapidly flying piece at a time.

MORE bits and PIECES are SUCKED IN through the HOLES, TORN by some invisible force, in the walls ceiling. Electronic chunks from ELSEWHERE in the BUILDING. It all comes with a chorus of TEARING and rending SOUNDS.

By the time it's all over the bomb is EVEN BIGGER and more INSANE looking. And the DIGITS in the countdown timer are LARGER too.

And as if to send a DEFIANT message, it's skipped down to the last minute. Chase, with admiration in his voice

CHASE

Nobody builds the bomb. The bomb builds itself.

DEVON

Chase, we're gonna motherfuckin' die here, aren't we?

CHASE

Yeah. Funny thing is though: I feel like I'm getting better at it.

DEVON

(confused)

Not smellin' what you're sellin'.

Chase can still see the LIGHT inside the device, this time through a crack in the clustered electronics. As the timer takes away the final seconds, Chase studies the light, PONDERING it.

CHASE

Hey Devon?

DEVON

Yeah.

CHASE

Since we're gonna die and shit, don't to know about the Newark incident?

DEVON
You mean the Boston incident?

CHASE
(also confused)
What? Yeah.

DEVON
Why you asking me this now?

Chase TURNS around to face Devon, he looks both confused, and suspicious.

CHASE
Because in another life somewhere
you already asked me about it.
Didn't you? I got this weird
feeling like everything keeps
changing...Everything except you.

Devon says nothing, but fixes Chase with a LOOK that is something short of completely innocent in any case.

The TIMER reaches ZERO. The sound of CRINKLING Seran-Wrap from all directions.

Chase, Devon, and EVERYTHING else in the room start to WITHER and rot.

An EARTHQUAKE begins. The room rumbles and shakes as we cut to:

A more far-reaching MONTAGE illustrating the limitless DEVESTATION:

Beginning with the PYRAMIDS at Giza eroding into dust. Familiar city SKYLINES around the world CRUMBLING under a BURNING SMOKY sky. New York, Paris, London, Rome, the Sydney Opera House.

Then SPACE. JUPITER it's multicolored currents of liquefied gas SWIRLING off into space like surreal hurricanes, and evaporating into ever more tenuous clouds.

The entire GALAXY. It's countless STARS winking OUT, hundreds, thousands at a time. Then back to:

EXT. THE RUINS OF CHASE'S CITY - NIGHT

Under a STARLESS, MOONLESS sky, the landscape is ILLUMINATED by glowing orange rivers and lakes of LAVA. Little is left of the city now, but crumbled FOUNDATIONS and skeletons rendered in gnarled steel girders...

And still the POINT of LIGHT from the center of the device SHINES nakedly, five stories above the earth.

The light EXPANDS slightly, and hundreds of black shiny TENTACLES slither through.

CHASE/V.O.

Life is awesome. You get a nine-month vacation in the womb, all the air you can breathe, and a free trip around the sun every year. But life is a game, played on us while we are playing games of our own. And death is only the sound of distant thunder at a picnic...

The tentacles SLITHER down through the air, BRANCHING constantly into new tentacles of equal size. They spread across the GROUND, over the RUINS, up the steel girders, quickly becoming a black slithering ocean.

And millions of EYES simultaneously OPEN along the tentacles, all with bulging, horrified looks, darting this way and that.

CHASE/VO (CONT) (CONT'D)

...If one me of me was going to stop this thing, it was time to start remembering the rules of the game, and the sound of the thunder.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

SUPERIMPOSE: T-minus 8 hours 19 minutes

Chase, with a different HAIRCUT now, SLEEPS soundly in a CLUTTERED messy bedroom that includes some of the same BOMB PARTS and explosive ARTIFACTS as his office, along with tall sloppy stacks of books. He's a man obsessed.

The CLOCK RADIO on his bedside table turns from 5:59 to 6:00 AM.

The radio WAKES Chase up with a punk-rockish cover of 'I've Got You Babe.'

Chase SHOOTs to a sitting position, and stares vacantly.

CHASE/VO

And sure enough, I remembered more. Like a dream that was just a little too lucid for its own good.

Chase hears a KNOCK at his front DOOR. He gets OUT of bed without putting a shirt on, and we can see he's in pretty good shape for a crazy work-a-holic stoner.

He walks through his cluttered, piled, mad bomber's workshop of a LIVING ROOM: Stacks of books, charts, blueprints, mountains of cardboard boxes, full of dynamite, chemicals, blasting caps.

Chase seems to have a predilection for TAKING APART everything mechanical and electronic in his world, whether it's bomb related or not. Guts, PARTS, and CIRCUITS are piled and scattered generously.

He even has a partially DISMEMBERED bomb disposal ROBOT.

And an abnormally large blown up photo of a nuclear MUSHROOM CLOUD devouring most of the wall behind his living room couch.

Chase answers the door.

It's FAITH, who spends a brief moment, ADMIRING Chase with a micro expression of lust, just before shaking it off, and stepping into the apartment.

FAITH

How much do you remember?

CHASE

Enough to creep me the hell out, fuck you very much!

FAITH

Outstanding. Now here's what's going on. It's not a bomb in the sense you're familiar with. It's an entropic acceleration device. It tightens the universal entropy curve. Packs billions of years of molecular decoherence into seconds.

CHASE

Entropic acceler. . .Wait, you have a name for this thing?!

FAITH

It's nothing more than a program in a quantum hyperspace computer. But then, so is the soul of every living thing in existence.

This is too far out, even for Chase.

CHASE

Who the hell are you?

FAITH

Humans aren't the only species wiped out by this. Every time this thing goes off it destroys a universe, and everything in it.

CHASE

So you're an alien.

FAITH

Yeah, let's go with that.

Chase's voice, thick with sarcasm:

CHASE

What are we talkin, like, Annunaki, Greys, Reptilians, Hollow moon people?

FAITH

Really Chase? You're gonna point the crazy finger? You're gonna live in that glass house?

Chase SIGHS. Starts over:

CHASE

Who made it? Where did it come from?

FAITH

It has always existed. In the past, the creators used it only rarely, in universes where cataclysmic paradoxes had emerged.

CHASE

Like a reset button. A self destruct.

FAITH

But now it's different. Now it's a chain reaction, like dominoes. It will not stop.

Chase paces around looking agitated. He mutters:

CHASE

This is not happening. This is not happening. This is not happening.

FAITH

It is happening. It will keep happening. The device will get bigger. The gravitational distortions will become more destructive. Instead of making everyone crazy it'll start making everyone dead. Strokes. Heart attacks. Pretty soon you won't be able to get close enough to this device to do what has to be done.

CHASE

Which is?

FAITH

I only know how it works, not how to disable it.

CHASE

OK, how does it work?

FAITH

The device that you see is just the timer. More to the point, your entire global power grid is the timer. Your Internet, your cell phones, your microwave ovens, your I-pods, your garage door openers. Clocks are everywhere. It's all connected to the device by power lines, land lines, airwaves. The only way to stop the timer is to shut down every device on the planet.

Chase sits down on his couch, FIRES UP one of half a dozen JOINTS lying in a jagged landscape of stale junk food on his cluttered coffee table.

He calms down a bit, then looks at her through a cloud of exhaling smoke:

CHASE

Last time you talked about something called graviton psychosis.

FAITH

Yeah, that...

Angle on the TV: A rerun of the series FINALE of Star TREK the next generation "All Good Things" is playing on the TV - the moment when Captain PICARD, finding himself in yet another new time, Remarks:

CAPTAIN PICARD (ON TV)
 ...I don't understand why it gets
 larger in the past...

Then faith points the REMOTE at the TV and changes the channel to a cable NEWS station. An anchorwoman reporting from a news desk over-top the caption:

*Breaking news - mass psychosis in metropolitan area.
 Chemical or biological agent suspected.*

FAITH
 It's a microsingularity, and that
 means gravity. The brain doesn't
 like being pulled in two directions
 at once. The vestibular and
 proprioceptive brain regions
 trigger the misfiring of
 Cannabinoid receptors. So
 cannabinoids like THC will minimize
 the effects temporarily.

CHASE
 So it'll keep me from going
 batshit.

FAITH
 For now. But before long you'll
 succumb to its effects no matter
 how much you smoke. Some people can
 even see the Metaphage before they
 arrive. Temporal psychosis.

Chase thinks for a beat.

The breifest, FLASHBACK: to the CRAZED MAN dragged into the front doors of Chase's precinct in a psychotic state

CRAZED MAN
 They've got eyes in their mouths!
 They've got eyes in their fucking
 mouths!

Then back to the LIVING ROOM, where Chase remarks:

CHASE
 This is too far out, even for me.

FAITH

Your sense of balance will get thrown out of whack, you'll get sick, and before long, things will get about as abstract and kaleidescopic as the head-credits montage in a James Bond movie.

CHASE

Or a cologne commercial, cuz you know how they're all like-

FAITH

-Stop talking Chase. The point is you'll be useless

CHASE

What can we do?

FAITH

If we get there in the next thirty minutes. We should witness the initial formation of the device. If we can figure out what mechanism first connects connects it to the singularity, we might be able to sever that connection.

CHASE

Or we might fuck around and detonate it prematurely.

FAITH

It's going to kill us anyway.

CHASE

Give me a minute.

INT. SQUAD CAR - MORNING

Chase DRIVES with one hand, and of course TOKES casually with the other. Faith sits in the front seat, the dogs in the back.

For a moment, they LISTEN to the police CB radio, and its already FRANTIC and overlapping reports of VIOLENCE, civil disturbance, and stoic, (often unsuccessful) attempts by police to call it all in with some measure of professional decorum.

Chase turns the radio off. GLANCES appraisingly at faith while he drives.

Chase, still with an edge of skepticism, asks:

CHASE

So you're from another planet.
How's that work?

FAITH

It's complicated, and right now
you've got other things to focus
on.

CHASE

If you made it here from another
planet, your species must be a hell
of a lot more advanced than mine.
Why me?

FAITH

You're the only one who can touch
it. It wants you, Chase. I don't
know why.

CHASE

Devon's touched it.

Faith seems surprised, maybe a little concerned by this.

FAITH

Really? He didn't get. . .I don't
know, zapped or something?

Chase shakes his head no as he proffers the JOINT.

CHASE

Want some? Its Northern Lights.
Really takes the edge off.

She scoffs a little

FAITH

I like edge. besides, Human drugs
don't work on me. Gravitons don't
make my species crazy. They have,
well, other effects.

CHASE

Like what?

Faith looks vaguely embarrassed.

FAITH

Never you mind.

INT. FOURTH FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

The floor COUNTER over the elevator DOORS lights up on FOUR and the door opens.

Chase and faith, step OUT and walk down the HALL, As Chase remarks:

CHASE

Fourth floor. It goes down a level in this building each time.

FAITH

The device is trying to tell you you're running out of time.

They open a set of double doors and enter:

INT. SERVER ROOM - MORNING

The device hasn't formed yet. There's only the tiny POINT of LIGHT over the Metropolis of computers and WEB-server towers, which all seem to be going HAYWIRE in one way or another, with blinking lights and flashing screens and error messages.

FAITH

We should witness the birth any second now.

Chase ponders the point of light for a moment and asks.

CHASE

You talk about this thing like it's alive.

FAITH

It's more alive than we are. It lives in hyperspace. Three dimensional space and linear time are like an ant farm to this thing.

CHASE

Yet it builds a timer and destroys space every time. These are spatial and temporal constructs

FAITH

It's framing itself in a context you can understand.

CHASE.

Challenging me. Defeating me.

FAITH

It's beginning now. Look.

They both watch as the region of space for SEVERAL FEET around the point of light begins to CURVE, silently distorting and ELONGATING nearby OBJECTS in its direction, slowly drawing things into long wavering STREAMS like a syrupy liquid.

The STRETCHING and LIQUIFYING effect reaches out from the point of light in long and very SELECTIVE fingers, GRABBING various hardware and electronics in the room and funneling it into a CYCLONIC storm around the light.

Then SNAPPING and TEARING sounds throughout the room as the selective MAGNETISM takes over, and LARGER CHUNKS of electronic guts PILE ON to the growing cluster.

Then the fiber optic CABLES grow and branch like BLUE pulsing vines on a trellis. But this time many of the cables branch off into BLUE LASER beams that shine and pan throughout the device.

By the time it's all over, this device practically FILLS the ROOM, leaving only a long, narrow WALKWAY around Faith and Chase, leading to a narrow wall with a jutting flat SURFACE made of circuit boards - it looks like some kind of ALTER. Like a TEMPLE.

And atop that alter, a tablet screen bearing the flickering QUOTE:

"Have you commanded the morning since your days began, and caused the Dawn to know its place?"

Faith looks at it, and recites the verse that follows.

FAITH (CONT'D)

That it should take hold of the
ends of the earth, and the wicked
be shaken out of it.

CHASE

You say the electronic grid for the
whole planet is the timer that
detonates this thing?

FAITH

Yes.

CHASE

We could knock it out with a series
of EM pulses.

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)

The Air Force recently started testing a prototype for a weapon of this kind. And the only way to make that happen is bring the Feds in and tell them what we know.

FAITH

Chase don't you get it? As long as there's even one device on this planet with a built in chronometer, this thing will not stop counting.

CHASE

Unless you've got any better ideas. I'm calling it in.

FAITH

Really?! How ya gonna call this one in Chase?! 'Cuz the whole - we need need to crash the global power grid so the inter-dimensional doomsday device won't destroy the universe idea - is gonna be a really tough sell coming from a mentally unstable pothead like yourself!

Chase pretends to be on the verge of TEARS, with a quivering lip, as he asks:

CHASE

You feel good about yourself? You feel good about what you just said?

Then he CALLS the number on his phone and waits silently for it to pick up. We hear Chase's Captain answer the call:

CAPTAIN/V.O.

Captain Peddis.

CHASE

Captain this is Malachi. I'm at the Wardencllyffe building. Server room on the fourth floor. We got a bomb here and it's going to require an electromagnetic pulse to disable it. We're going to need FBI, homeland security, and a direct line to the Pentagon.

CAPTAIN/VO

What?! Malachi, what in the ripe fuck have you been smoking this time?!

CHASE

It's too much to explain right now Captain. But we need the feds on this. Can you make the calls?

CAPTAIN/VO

Tell you what I will do Loony Toons!! You sit tight at that address and I will most motherfucking certainly send some units to have you picked up for an in-fucking-voluntary psychiatric co-fucking-mmittment motherfucker!!

Captain hangs up. Faith looks pissed.

CHASE

Well. . .The Captain sends his regards.

FAITH

That's awesome Chase, there goes another universe! We should just put 'em in a damn Pez dispenser for you!

CHASE

Relax why don't ya. You sure this thing isn't making you crazy too?

FAITH

You know where you're going to be when this timer runs out? Locked in an empty room with a two way mirror looking at yourself like an asshole!

And, prophetically enough...

INT. POLICE INTERVIEW ROOM -

Chase SITS at a metal and DESK with his arms folded, pouting at his REFLECTION in a two way wall mirror.

A large muscular uniformed OFFICER stands by the door looking stoic.

The door opens, and the CAPTAIN walks in. His demeanor now is one more of exhaustion than rage.

He SITS down across from Chase, rubs his eyes and smiles ironically.

CAPTAIN

Over the years I've tolerated your numerous insanities Chase. Your relentless insubordination, your brazen disregard for policy and procedure, your alarmingly frequent substance abuse. I've tolerated them because God fucking damn you, you're the best there fucking is.

CHASE

Are we having a mo here, boss?

CAPTAIN

All these years Chase - all these years you've made my ass twitch with this loose cannon, maverick cop-on-the-edge bullshit. It fills me with the urge to shit until my ass falls off.

CHASE

So. . .not a good time to ask about that raise?

CAPTAIN

I've been looking for a reason to crucify you upside down like Saint fucking Peter! And boy did you give it to me tonight! But sadly, I won't get to do the crucifying. It's in federal hands now.

The captain rubs his eyes again, looks at Chase. This time looking not so much angry as exhausted.

Without another word, he gets up and WALKS OUT, leaving chase, with a look of trepidation.

A few beats Later, the door opens, and three suited, stern looking male federal agents walk in: MILES, SILVER and GERSHWIN

GERSHWIN SITS DOWN WHILE THE OTHER TWO REMAIN STANDING FLANKING HIM.

AGENT GERSHWIN

I'm Special Agent Gershwin, FBI. These two are agents Miles and Silver, ATF.

CHASE

Fucking charmed.

AGENT GERSHWIN

You come highly recommended Mister Malachi. You're considered one of the world's foremost authorities on bombs and bomb disposal. But let's talk about the device for a moment shall we? It appears to be electrified somehow. It's stunned who's tried to touch it.

CHASE

Yeah, you'll have that. I've already told you what you have to do.

AGENT GERSHWIN

Yes, your electromagnetic pulse. You have to understand, this is all very strange: you knowing so much about this mysterious bomb, and how to disable it.

(to other agents)

give us a minute will you.

Reluctantly, suspiciously, the other agents WALK OUT. Gershwin turns back to Chase in his whole demeanor has changed. He looks URGENT, almost frantic.

AGENT GERSHWIN (CONT'D)

Why you Chase? We don't understand your role in all this.

CHASE

Excuse me?

Gershwin gets ANGRIER. Too angry it seems.

AGENT GERSHWIN

We don't understand Why it always comes back to you!

Gershwin's FLESH begins to RIPPLE and spasm, as if some unknowable slithering things are ALIVE inside him.

CHASE

What infernal prickfuckery is this?!

Suddenly, Gershwin's VOICE becomes the DEEP gravelly bellow of an angry demon, as he roars:

AGENT GERSHWIN

Why does it call to you Chase!!

CHASE

Oh, And ladies, he's single!

Gershwin STANDS, holds out his HANDS toward Chase, and opens his MOUTH as if to scream.

Chase's facetious mood, fully eclipsed by fearful dismay.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Ah, crap.

Gershwin's EYES and HANDS all erupt in a shooting web of branching, black TENTACLES. they COIL around Chase's head and torso, YANKING him out of his chair as if he were weightless.

They HOLD Chase ALOFT over the table. And the beast that was Gershwin pulls Chase CLOSER, so they're face to face now. And Gershwin's face is now just a wide OPEN MOUTH with a single huge, BULGING EYE protruding from it, staring at him, BLINKING with Gershwin's LIPS.

Chase STRUGGLES vainly to break free.

Then it HAPPENS again.

With the CRINKLING of cellophane and the QUAKEING of the earth, everything in the room and CRUMBLES, sublimates into clouds of dust.

Chase DECOMPOSES, and crumbles from the creature's grasp.

But the Gershwin/creature remains. With the tentacles that used to be hands, it rips its SUIT and SHIRT off, exposing a TORSO with a huge carnivorous MOUTH in the chest.

The mouth ROARS, as chunks of the WALLS and CEILING crumble around it, and its tentacles rapidly GROW, and BRANCH, covering every surface of the room and slithering through the emerging holes and cracks for points unseen.

EXT. CRUMBLED POLICE STATION. NIGHT

The BLACK sky, the RUINED city, the gashes of MOLTEN slag running, and a final WIDE shot of the precinct BUILDING's crumbled, hulk, blooming with TENTACLES that race in branching tides across the LAND to every horizon.

INT. BAR-ROOM - NIGHT

SUPERIMPOSE: 12 hours 42 minutes

Chase SITS on a stool in a loud, CROWDED bar. He slowly raises a shot Glass full of a sapphire BLUE liquid to his lips.

He pauses with the glass HELD aloft. He gives the blue liquid a PUZZLED look.

CHASE/V.O.

Carl Sagan once asked: who are we?
We find we live on an insignificant
planet of a humdrum, star lost in a
galaxy tucked away in some
forgotten corner of existence...

He sets the glass down and keep staring.

CHASE/V.O. (CONT'D)

...Well we sure blipped on the
cosmic radar now.

FAITH pushes her way through the crowd and squeezes in NEXT to him. She LOOKS around nervously, then quietly says to Chase, not even glancing his way.

FAITH

We can't talk here, it's not safe.
Meet me at your place in one hour.

She slips AWAY into the crowd. Chase glances self-consciously AROUND at the crowd, pulls out his wallet and slaps down a few BILLS on the bar, and walks OUT.

INT. CHASE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Chase PACES around in his living room SMOKING a joint, looking agitated.

On his muted television, we see something else that hints we're in a WORLD OTHER than our own: It's an old COYOTE-ROADRUNNER cartoon. But in this one, the roadrunner, attempting to chase the fleeing coyote, lights the fuse on an Acme ROCKET strapped to his back.

And of course blows himself up.

The broadcast is INTERRUPTED, by a breaking NEWS bulletin: An anchor, talking over the caption:

ERs, psychiatric wards overflowing. Mysterious psychosis continues.

There's a KNOCK on the door. It starts the dogs barking in the kitchen.

Chase OPENS the door and there stands Faith, this time looking almost as anxious and KEYED UP as Chase is.

Chase gets right to the point, nodding in an agitated yes gesture as he asks loudly.

CHASE

(agitated)

OK, that?! That shit?! That shit that happened?! that shit back there?!

FAITH

Get a grip Chase. Eat a brownie or something.

CHASE

Fuck a brownie, and fuck grip! Tell me why my tax dollars are paying to make federal agents turn into something out of a Roger Corman acid trip!

FAITH

They're called the Metaphage. they're a single organism from a dimension of high entropy. what the device turns your world into, it's like the air we breathe to them.

CHASE

Metaphage? how do you spell that exactly? Because my congressman's gonna hear about this!

FAITH

You congressman can wait can wait. Right now I've got another problem need you to help me with.

Chase, who has been pacing, currently has his back to Faith, and doesn't see as she begins to rapidly STRIP

He turns to pace back, but seeing Faith stunningly attractive in her her UNDERWEAR, he stops dead.

She makes a running LEAP for him.

Chase flings the Marley out of his hand and catches her as she clings to him like a spider to a fly.

The dogs commence BARKING as Chase STAGGERS roughly toward the bedroom carrying Faith.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chase and Faith both sit up in BED, naked as far as we can see anyway, still catching their BREATH.

CHASE

Wow. Didn't see that coming.

FAITH

I was not supposed to let that happen.

CHASE

Really? Cuz Either I'm way better between the sheets than I've been led to believe, or you really needed that.

FAITH

Assuming we manage to save this universe, my near future in it will be a time of many
(worried sigh)
Consequences.

CHASE

Then why would you want this? Because the vibes I've been getting from you so far; mostly annoyance, impatience, a dab or two of boiling rage.

FAITH

You wondered what those gravitons were doing to me. Now you know.

CHASE

Sure, that makes sense. But these Metaphage that breathe entropy, How's that work? because Entropy's not a substance, it's a unit of measure.

FAITH

That's the problem with physics. Every universe has different laws on the books. The Metaphage has long since pervaded and consumed its entire universe, and is now attempting spread into new ones.

CHASE

You see, this is why we need that border wall.

FAITH

The ones who come here first, there like the Tarraformers. They inhabit human bodies because it insulates them for a short time.

CHASE

They're like a quantum parasite.

Another KNOCK at the front door. They both look that way, worried. The dogs BARK.

FAITH

Expecting company?

CHASE

Company?. I'm not that guy

Chase gets UP and starts putting on some CLOTHES.

EXT. CHASE'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Chase answers the DOOR to find a whole POSSE in the hallway: The CAPTAIN, two uniformed COPS, and the same three FEDS including GERSHWIN.

AGENT GERSHWIN

Officer Malachi, we need you to come with us.

A SHOTGUN appears over chases shoulder, as Faith takes aim at Gershwin's face and asks him plainly:

FAITH

Hey does this barrel smell like gunpowder?

Blam! Faith blows Gershwin's HEAD OFF. Everyone JUMPS half out of their skin, including Chase.

The OTHERS in the hallway draw their GUNS to fire back, but are immediately DISTRACTED by the sight of Gershwin's headless body suddenly SPROUTING a flailing wilderness of TENTACLES.

They grow and branch and COIL themselves around everyone in the hallway, YANKING them off their feet. Faith shuts and locks the DOOR.

FAITH (CONT'D)

Fire escape! where?!

CHASE

Bedroom!

They RACE into the BEDROOM, and LOCK the door behind them, leaving us with the sound of GURGLING, CRUNCHING and stifled screams in the hallway

Chase SCRAMBLES into a dark blue SWAT jumpsuit, opens to his walk-in CLOSET, revealing that most of it is an ARSENAL of guns, ammo and explosives

He stuffs a backpack full of GUNS AMMO, C4, and a clear case full of small nail shaped DETONATOR pins.

BACK in the LIVING ROOM. The dogs BARK. faint, half-human MOANS from the hallway outside the door.

Then suddenly the entire DOORKNOB and lock is RIPPED out of the door, and a single black TENTACLE snakes into the room through the hole.

A single, fully exposed EYE opens on the end of it. The tentacle WRITHES to point the eye this way and that.

The eye SHRINKS back into the tentacle, and it withdraws suddenly.

The door EXPLODES off his hinges, flying across the room. And in ROLLS a hideous conglomerated human TUMBLEWEED of all the men from the hallway, the flesh of their broken, twisted bodies has been CONGLOMERATED, and been LASHED together by tentacles.

The thing TUMBLES end over end into the center of the room. And the MOUTH of every man opens, revealing bulging lemon sized EYES inside every one, LOOKING the room over.

Then the TENTACLES, hundreds of them GROW, BRANCH, and slither across the room, FILLING it in seconds.

INT. CHASE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT

ARMED to the teeth with weapons and backpacks, Chase and Faith SCRAMBLE out the open bedroom door WINDOW and onto the fire escape,

Just as the DOORKNOB is TORN off the bedroom door and a spreading mass of tentacles explode through the hole and slithers into every corner of the room.

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE. NIGHT

Chase and Faith RACE down the ladders and SCAFFOLDS toward the ground, as TENTACLES explode through the bedroom and living room windows above, then creep and CURL their way down to the metal FRAMEWORK in pursuit.

Then quite suddenly they all DISINTEGRATE, as if in the aftermath of the device, becoming little more than racing, curling WISPS of dark smoky dust.

SIRENS in the distance as they race around the corner to the front of the BUILDING to find a line of police CARS and federal vehicles parked along the sidewalk.

They jump into Chases unmarked CAR and TAKE OFF as the SIRENS of Chase's approaching fellow officers get louder and CLOSER.

They round the corner and DISAPPEAR just as the first of the COPS appears at the other end of the block with their flashing LIGHTS slicing through the night. But here's the thing. This is another parallel universe, and the lights, instead of red and blue, are just BLUE

INT. SQUAD CAR. NIGHT.

Faith DRIVES as Chase sits in the passenger seat PREPARING for war: He locks and loads agrenade into his rifle's M-203 extension.

Then he grabs apricot size GLOBS off of his large BRICK of C4 and begins sticking them to the DASHBOARD until he has a row of about a dozen of them.

FAITH

The Metaphage in this unive can only survive for survive for about eight seconds outside of a host body, but in that time it can spread to a lot of new hosts.

CHASE

Uh huh. When's the device gonna form this time?

FAITH

It should already be there. And this time it's going to be big, so take a lot of your medicine before you get near it.

CHASE

Uh huh. Any idea what we're going to do when we get there?

FAITH

The key to stopping this thing isn't in the device, it must be in the singularity that creates it. So that's where we have to look

Chase, With an edge of sarcasm, says:

CHASE

A singularity, that's awesome. So assuming I can get inside a black hole and discover its secrets without being ground into quantum sausage, how do you suggest I escape with this vital information?

FAITH

You don't. You get killed. You keep getting killed. And another version of you remembers, learns from what you experienced, and hopefully can use it to save the other timelines.

CHASE

Boy it's never a sunny day with you is it?

Chase pulls out his phone and CALLS DEVON. As Chase SELECTS Devon's number from his list of contacts and DIALS

No answer. goes straight to voice mail. and as it does, where we might see a picture of Devon, we instead see a Picture of PAPA SMURF appears on his screen along with the name Devon Marshall.

Papa Smurf is BLUE. . .Just sayin'.

Chase cuts him off:

CHASE (CONT'D)

-Listen to me very carefully because this is not a joke and I have no time to explain. As soon as you get this, burn one, get nice, then go directly to seventeen fifteen Oakland Boulevard and wait for me. Bring all your tools. Bring all your guns. And tell no one where you are going.

Chase hangs UP and turns on the head unit for the police RADIO. He hears a DISPATCHER talking specifically about him:

DISPATCHERS VOICE/VO

All points bulletin Sergeant Chase Malachi SWAT and an unknown female accomplice. Considered armed and dangerous. Traveling in grey unmarked cruiser: Six niner four, B as in boy-

Chase turns it OFF. He pulls out a PINNER, goes to spark it up, thinks the better of it, and puts it AWAY.

EXT. OUTSIDE CHASE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT

A BUNCH of COPS, some uniforms, some plainclothes. and the CAPTAIN. Now they have the street CORDONED off with squad cars with flashing BLUE lights. A CSI tech comes outside and reports to the lieutenant.

CSI TECH

There's some kind of residue all over the apartment. Mostly oxidized minerals, but it's not organic. Then there's the bodies.

CAPTAIN

What about them?

CSI TECH

I've never seen anything like it. It's like they're melted together. At first I suspected some kind of chemical burns, but there is no visible tissue damage.

An unmarked police CRUISER pulls up. TODD gets out and APPROACHES the group.

TODD

I know where Malachi's headed, and I have important information about what's happening here.

The Captain, with an edge of suspicion:

CAPTAIN

do fucking tell.

Todd holds his ARMS out, and jet black TENTACLES from his eyes, mouth and fingertips, PLUNGING into the bodies of EVERYONE in the group.

For a beat or two, everyone CONVULSES and CHOKES as they stare in wide-eyed masks of horror and pain, and we can see the slithering BULGES of tentacles writing beneath their flesh.

Then with the same explosive SPEED, the tentacles WITHDRAW back into Todd's body.

The cops STAGGER, some DROP to their knees, and they all take a few heaving, choking BREATHS, and Todd BREATHES WITH them, as if in relief, and sympathy.

Suddenly calm, focused they STAND up, and exchange uniformly nefarious glances.

Todd asks with cold irony:

TODD
Did you get all that? It's very important.

Quickly, methodically, everyone piles in their VEHICLES and peels OUT, lights and sirens ablaze.

INT. POLICE CRUISER WITH CHASE. NIGHT

The SIRENS get slowly LOUDER in the distance behind them, and we start to see the first of the blue FLASHES on the dark horizon.

Faith GLANCES nervously in her rearview mirror.

FAITH
Do whatever it takes to lose them.
If we don't get to the device,
nothing else matters.

Chase opens his WINDOW, pushes a remote DETONATOR pin into the first glop of C4 on the dash, grabs it and leans out the window.

Outside in the ROARING night air, he HURLS the glob like a major-league fastball, and it STICKS to the window of the closest pursuing squad car.

He leans back inside, pushes the green BUTTON on his handheld detonator, and the pursuing squad car EXPLODES in a fireball, lighting up the night.

The OTHER pursuing cars on the street SWERVE tenaciously around the flaming WRECK.

We see GUNS thrust through their open windows and BULLETS start to FLY, as Chase pushes detonator PINS into two more clumps of C4, leans out and HURLS each one at a separate pursuing vehicles coming up along each SIDE.

OUTSIDE, One goes into an open WINDOW and into the back seat, and the other sticks to a RADIATOR.

Back INSIDE, Chase pushes the button.

Both cars EXPLODE. The one with the glob on the radiator is completely ENGULFGED.

The other vehicle's FRONT end explodes, sending the remains of the vehicle speeding into the pole of a STREET-LAMP.

The mangled DRIVER is EJECTED through the windshield, and through the glass front window of a coffee shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP. NIGHT

The MANGLED flailing BODY of a uniformed cop crashes through the WINDOW of the crowded coffee SHOP.

He TEARS through the waist high wilderness of TABLES and CHAIRS like bowling pins cutting a savage bloodied SWATH through all of it before COLLIDING loudly with the far wall, knocking shelves of overpriced coffee paraphenailia to the floor on and around him

The many customers RECOIL from the wake of this destruction in a rising chorus of SCREAMS. The screaming wanes to a murmuring commotion as the bloody, mangled cop slowly gets back to his FEET, looks at the horrified crowd appraisingly, as if he's not even in the slightest pain. A male patron, please with him

MALE PATRON

Officer, you need to lie down! Help
is on the way!

The cop's EYES and HANDS EXPLODE in showers of tentacles. Branching, spreading, CONNECTING with most of the rooms OCCUPANTS. Plunging into the bodies of some, coiling around others.

The cop's MOUTH opens and a bulging EYE protrudes from it.

A FEW lucky souls SCRAMBLE out through the shattered WINDOW and down the street, as SCREAMS transmute to CHOKING and gurgling inside.

INSIDE, the PUPIL on the eye in the mangled cop's mouth DILATES. The eye BULGES a little further out, mouth opening wider. The conveyed expression is one of mortal TERROR.

The tentacles DISINTEGRATE and the Cop keels over, a lifeless wreck. By then the remaining twenty or so PATRONS have all been TURNED.

And with quiet calculating resolve, they all pull out their car KEYS and race OUTSIDE to their cars.

INT. SQUAD CAR WITH CHASE AND FAITH. NIGHT

Three police CARS still PURSUE, and a ROLLING gun BATTLE now ensues.

Chase leans OUT of his WINDOW with his M-204 as his vehicle gets PEPPERED with pistol fire. Chase fires back SPRAYING the pursuing car's cabin with bullets.

Inside the PURSUING VEHICLE, the cop driving is RIDDLED with bullets as he DRIVES with one hand and SHOOTS out the window with the other. The storm of bullets tearing through his flesh does nothing to deter him, and scarcely dampens his Terminator like RESOLVE.

BACK to CHASE, still leaning out his window, as he changes his strategy, And FOCUS his fire on the other vehicle's TIRES.

This does the trick. The tire SHREDS and the car skids into a devastating ROLL.

They're all racing into a SUBURBAN neighborhood now, as the GUNPLAY between cars continues.

Chase ducks back INSIDE and leans back OUT a second later with a pair of TEK-NINES, using each one to SPRAY a different pursuing VEHICLE.

The enemy FIRES back with meager PISTOL rounds, and clearly Chase has the SUPERIOR weaponry as the rolling gun battle continues to RAGE through SUBURBIA.

But it's not enough: just shooting these guys is NOT DETERRING them like human drivers.

Chase ducks back INSIDE comes back out with two more GLOBS of detonator infused C4. He HURLS them the already bullet ridden cars, and with his DETONATOR, BLOWS them both to flaming shreds.

EXT. SUBURBS/SCENE OF EXPLOSION - NIGHT.

A FLAMING BODY emerges from the flaming WRECK of one of the vehicles, and as it COLLAPSES, and crawls to a STOP on the ground, it sprouts hundreds of TENTACLES that shoot away and branch out ACROSS the NEIGHBORHOOD in all directions.

SERIES of SHOTS:

TENTACLES PLUNGE through windows, SLITHER under doorways, into garages, INVADING HOMES throughout the neighborhood.

In dining rooms, living rooms and bedrooms, dozens of RESIDENTS, men, women and children are IMPALED and POSSESSED by the invading tentacles.

The tentacles RIPPLE and slither beneath the victim's FLESH and their faces quickly become masks of grim determination.

Back OUTSIDE. We see the newly possessed CITIZENS throughout the neighborhood EXIT their HOMES. Some pile into VEHICLES and DRIVE off to chase Chase, While others SPRINT silently off in various directions throughout the neighborhood to spread the INFECTION and INCREASE their numbers.

INT/EXT. SQUAD CAR WITH CHASE AND FAITH. NIGHT

Chase HURLS another GLOB of C4 at the LAST pursuing cop CAR, and blows it up in a giant FIREBALL.

But no sooner has he dispatched a last of the cops, then the NEW GENERATION of PURSUING vehicles begins falls in behind them.

Now OTHER cars SWERVING in from the SIDE streets, and before long vehicles are CUTTING OFF Faith's few options for escape, forcing them to take DETOURS down side streets of their own.

Chase UNLOADS clip after clip into the TIRES of pursuing vehicles that now FIRE NOTHING back. He cashes in a LOT of AMMO, but one by one, vehicles swerve off into spinning flailing WRECKS.

But it's their sheer NUMBERS and their ability to force faith to drive down, less advantageous side-streets that now represents the real threat.

They're CUT OFF a few more times, and end up racing down a narrow SIDE STREET that comes to an abrupt at a low cinder block WALL.

In the distance behind the wall. We can see the mirror-glass office building we now know to be the location of the ever-expanding doomsday device.

Chase gets BACK IN the front seat. LOOKS in HORROR at the rapidly approaching barrier with the familiar looming structure in the distance, then at Faith.

CHASE

They're called brakes woman!

FAITH

It's been lovely ride Chase, but this is where I get where I get off.

EXT. END OF STREET - NIGHT

The street on which Our heroes' car APPROACHES ends at a PERPENDICULAR side street, alongside of which runs the cinder block WALL.

First, we see CHASE'S vehicle LEADING the pack racing up the dead-end street.

panning AROUND: we see FIRST a line of CARS speeding up the perpendicular street at three o'clock.

Then the cold hard WALL right in front of us at six o'clock.

ANOTHER line of CARS closing from the OTHER the direction at nine o'clock.

The distance and speed of all the cars clearly puts them on course for SIMULTANEOUS three-way collision.

INT. SQUAD CAR WITH CHASE AND FAITH. NIGHT

Faith continues DRIVING stoically with the pedal down.

FAITH

There's a lake behind the building!
I'm travelling in exactly the right
velocity! You know what you have to
do!

As if to CLARIFY her point faith pushes a button on the console. The SUNROOF OPENS above them.

As Chase slips his BACKPACK on, grabs his M204, stuff his last GRENADE. into the 40 millimeter barrel, and CLIMBS OUT through the sunroof, he remarks":

CHASE

I just want to be clear: This was an abysmal idea, and I would have gone a whole different way. Toodles.

EXT. SCENE OF COLLISION. NIGHT

Chase BARELY makes it out of the SUNROOF, facing the rear and pointing his weapon, and then,

A silent, very SLOW MOTION sequence, beginning at at the moment of the 3 way IMPACT on Faith's vehicle. It SLOWLY CRUMPLES under lines of CARS from three directions, and the WALL ahead.

Chase is AIRBORNE, angled BACK in an almost LYING DOWN position with the M--16/m203 POINTED between his legs at the slowly CRUSHING steel WILDERNESS behind him.

As the mangled, bloodied BODY of a rather obese WOMAN slowly plunges through one of the WINDSHIELDS and SAILS into the air, through a nebula of glass shards and blood. Her eyes on Chase, arms REACHING for him, her face a mask of possessed determination.

TENTACLES slowly BLOOM from her eyes and hands, snaking through the night air toward Chase.

Until he FIRES his GRENADE. It DRIFTS, HITS the fat woman, and she gradually EXPLODES a billowing CLOUD of smoke, tentacles and gore.

And all as chase remarks,

CHASE/VO

Self building indestructible doomsday devices. Growing waves of graviton psychosis. An invasion of alien life sucking squid from another dimension. Four times over the universe had been destroyed. That's a good start, But look at us now. Now the party was really getting started...

The actions SPEEDS up again, and the screeching thundering NOISE comes back with it, and Chase is a FLAILING, screaming cannonball, SHOOTING over gardens, footpaths and picnic tables, losing his weapon in the process.

Hundreds of feet away, He SPLASHES down in the LAKE maybe thirty feet from the far shore.

CHASE/VO (CONT) (CONT'D)
 ...I Never much cared for parties.

He SURFACES with a violent angry THRASH of water. A burgeoning FIREBALL from the pile-up behind him now lights up the night sky and the water around him a dim orange.

FUMING, glaring, Chase does the BACKSTROKE to the edge of the lake, pondering the fiery destruction as he goes.

As he TURNS around to climb out of the water, there stands TODD, waiting for him.

Two small BLOOMS of tentacles from Todd's EYE sockets UNDULATE before him as he speaks with the VOICE of the Metaphage - inhumanly DEEP and full of gravel:

TODD
 Behold the future Chase!

Todd holds his ARMS out toward Chase, and his HANDS begin blooming into tentacles as well.

Then from outside the frame. We hear Devon SHOUT:

DEVON/OS
 Yo! slam-piece!

Todd and Chase TURN to see DEVON walking TOWARD him with a monster 10-GAUGE aimed from the hip.

DEVON (CONT'D)
 Behold these big black nuts!

Devon removes Todd's HEAD and THEN some with a single THUNDERING shot. Hundreds of TENTACLES bloom and FLAIL from Todd's headless NECK.

With six more thundering SHOTS, walking this way as he fires, He then REDUCES what's left of Todd to a sprawl of human GORE and twitching, dissolving TENTACLES.

DEVON (CONT'D)
 Let me know how that rainbow tastes, motherfucker!

Chase EMERGES from the water, still wearing his backpack, dripping WET, and FUMING to say the least.

Devon opens his mouth to say something, but Chase once again, wordlessly, HOLDS up an admonishing FINGER, and says through gritted teeth and barely restrained FURY

CHASE

Bowl! Now!

Ever the boy scout of bud, Devon pulls out a small BOWL/PIPE, SPARKS it, takes a TOKE, and hands it to Chase in a cloud of SMOKE.

DEVON

One of those nights?

Chase takes a HIT, makes a sweeping GESTURE with his hand to indicate his chaotic surroundings

CHASE

Yeah, Devon! Cuz shit like this happens on a lot of nights!

DEVON

Yeah, about that: Now I'm pretty sure I just caught Hooker here in the process of turning into a giant motherfuckin Octopus.

CHASE

Yeah man. That shit went down.

DEVON

See now, bein' a complete departure from reality an' all, that's got me kinda twisted up in the brain, word?

CHASE

To the motherfucker. And being as we're pressed for time, here's the Cliff-notes: There's a bomb in that building. Pretty soon it's going to blow up, well, everything. And these Metaphage are possessing everyone around me in an attempt to stop me from getting in there and disabling it. So I need you to watch my back while I do exactly that.

DEVON

I'm hip.

CHASE

Really? you're a hundred percent down with all that crazy shit I just said?

DEVON

look man, either you finally gone
around the bend, like I knew you
would some day, or you ain't.
Either way we a package
motherfuckin' deal.

CHASE

(smiles)

My man.

EXT. FRONT OF BUILDING - NIGHT

Chase and Devon ARRIVE to find the building EMPTY, LOCKED.

Devon BLASTS a HOLE in one of the glass DOORS with his 10
gauge, and they both CLIMB through into the lobby.

As they disappear INSIDE, we angle on the HORIZON to see and
hear a mass EXODUS approaching in the distance, both speeding
VEHICLES and PEDESTRIANS. hundreds of them. . .

. .WE TRACK UP, INTO THE NIGHT AIR. . .

Make that THOUSANDS.

INT. THIRD FLOOR/THE DEVICE - NIGHT.

The ELEVATOR doors open, and of course chase chase and Devon
step OUT in a vast cloud of SMOKE. Then their jaws drop.

Angle on the source of the gawkery: This ENTIRE FLOOR of the
building is now the DEVICE.

Before them stretches one huge HALLWAY, leading straight away
from the elevator, rendered in walls of slowly growing,
slithering CIRCUITS and naked TECHNOLOGY.

And this time, the wires and fiber optics have been fully
replaced with huge surreal looking BLUE LASER beams. They
shine from the circuitry to countless CRYSTAL nodes, which
split them off into constantly shifting, panning, pulsating
like an all BLUE laser-light show.

And more than ever, it looks like some impossibly improvised
CYBER-TEMPLE, far beyond the ability of human hands.

The HALLWAY NARROWS as it leads away from the elevator.

At the END, where it's barely wide enough for a single man to walk through, we see the POINT of LIGHT, a nexus of many of the pulsing, shining lasers, which stretch to needle thin obscurity within the elongated space around it.

Beneath it, another alter-like TABLE-TOP formation, which now seems to be bristling with PLUGS or PORTS of one kind or another.

The DIGITAL COUNTDOWN, too large for computer screens now, is rendered in three foot numbers as a holographic projection that springs from the alter-like formation.

12 hours 41 minutes

And below the light a large computer monitor screen. A BLUE screen, bearing the latest QUOTE from Job.

"He dwells in desolate cities, and houses which no one inhabits, which are destined to become ruins."

DEVON

We finally did it Chase. We smoked ourselves retarded.

The elevator DOOR starts to CLOSE, and Chase shoots his HAND inside to STOP it. As he shimies off his BACKPACK, he says

CHASE

Be that as it may, let's get to work

Chase pulls a BRICK of C4 out of the BAG. It has an improvised cell PHONE DETONATOR it, as we cut to:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING LOBBY. NIGHT

HUNDREDS of infected PEOPLE, all with writing TENTACLES where their EYES used to be, pour into the lobby, toward the ELEVATOR doors.

INT. THIRD FLOOR/THE DEVICE.

Chase puts the BRICK of C4 on the floor in the elevator, pushes the BUTTON for the first floor, and the door closes.

CHASE

When this thing gets to the ground floor. Give me a call on my old cell. The eight six four number. I gotta go have a talk with this thing.

As Devon gets out his cell PHONE, he asks:

DEVON

We're gonna motherfuckin' die here
aren't we Chase?

CHASE

Devon my man, if it's one thing
I've learned recently: You never
really die.

SERIES OF SHOTS:

In the LOBBY, The floor COUNTER over one of the elevators
DESCENDS.

UPSTAIRS, Devon starts DIALING the number.

Down in the LOBBY, it's PACKED with Metaphage infected
people.

Chase WALKS down the narrowing HALLWAY toward the point of
LIGHT. As he does, the large holographic COUNTDOWN SPEEDS up,
accelerating, until 12 hours and 42 minutes have raced ahead
to: 12 minutes 42 seconds.

Chase STOPS. The countdown slows to a normal tick.

He takes a step forward, and as he does, the timer SPEEDS up
AGAIN.

Close up on Devon's PHONE as he hits SEND.

DOWNSTAIRS, the ELEVATOR door OPENS, and the lobby EXPLODES
in a thundering WILDERNESS of FIRE.

OUTSIDE the BUILDING. The first floor's mirrored WINDOWS
EXPLODE in tongues of flame as an even LARGER EXODUS of
assailants SURGES this way from every dark horizon.

Chase STANDS a few feet from the event HORIZON of stretchy
space. The TIMER is now down to: 12 seconds.

He raises his ARM toward it. his hand passes into the FIELD
and it becomes FLUID, STRETCHED long and trailing into the
LIGHT.

He leans IN, and his face and HEAD pass through the event
horizon, and are STRETCHED into it likewise.

And an all consuming FLASH brings us to:

INT. CARGO SHIP

SUPERIMPOSE: 3 years 7 months ago.

Chase is in the KITCHEN area of a cargo ship in front of an open REFRIGERATOR that is clearly also a BOMB. The circuitry of it all looks mind numbingly complex (though human enough)

He's surrounded by POLICE, ATF, homeland security personnel. One of the HOMELAND SECURITY officers TALKS on his cell PHONE with a GENERAL from the Pentagon, while Chase SCANS the bomb with a pen LIGHT and a VOLTAGE TESTER.

HOMELAND SECURITY AGENT

It's too late for any kind of evac
General. We just found the device,
it's hotter than than Chernobyl. I
recommend you prepare yourselves
for a large scale radiological
event in northern New Jersey.

GENERAL/V.O.

I'm alerting the president. Tell
your man. He is authorized to do
whatever he feels is necessary.
Godspeed, gentlemen. Your country
thanks you.

The agent POKETS his phone and says to Chase.

HOMELAND SECURITY AGENT

I hear you're good.

And Chase, with an easy smile as he works:

CHASE

I like to think I bring the noise
sir.

HOMELAND SECURITY AGENT

I also hear you're erratic,
unprofessional and frequently
intoxicated.

CHASE

mmm.. .Check, check, and check.

The agent frowns.

HOMELAND SECURITY AGENT

It's balls to the wall son, start
making choices.

CHASE

Roger that...

Chase looks at the bomb. He SEES something he likes. We don't, not yet. We just watch him REACH into the innards of the bomb with a pair of WIRE SNIPS.

CHASE (CONT) (CONT'D)

Roger the shit out of that.

Angle on what Chase reaches for: a BLUE WIRE, the only blue one in a crudely improvised tangle of wires.

Chase CUTS the BLUE wire. and in an all consuming flash we cut to:

SERIES OF SHOTS:

Brief flashes of the METAPHAGE DIMENSION.

TENTACLES snaking and branching across barren ALIEN LANDSCAPES. Growing UPWARD and branching into hideous JUNGLES.

PLANETS COVERED in masses of black SLITHERING growth. REACHING hundreds of thousands of miles into SPACE in smoky branching PLUMES.

Entire GALEXIES CONSUMED by the dark spreading infection, their STARS' light growing DIM amidst inky black CLOUDS.

Finally, after another all consuming FLASH, a brief GLIMPSE of what might be the BRAIN of the Metaphage: A CLOSED region of SPACE. Dim orange LIGHT from some unseen source illuminates WALLS millions of miles across, rendered in countless planet sized slithering TENTACLES.

And FLOATING in the center, an asteroid sized CLUSTER of something that looks like a giant, misshapen BRAIN, its surface speckled with a mixture of TENTACLES, and EYES of various gargantuan sizes.

Strangely colored LIGHTNING LANCES back and forth between the TIPS of the brain's tentacles, and various points along massive slithering SURFACE in the distance.

Another FLASH brings us to:

INT/EXT. ENTROPIC LIMBO - DAY(?)

Chase pulls his HEAD and ARM back OUT from the ELONGATED region of SPACE inside the event horizon.

Back into a world that at first glance APPEARS to be the same HALLWAY of the giant device he just LEFT. Point of light, circuitry and all.

But with a curious howling WIND blowing through something OUTSIDE the frame, and a kind of reddish DUSKY LIGHT. coming from ABOVE.

Chase LOOKS around him, and as we angle on his SURROUNDINGS, we come to find that the LOCAL twenty/thirty foot PORTION of the DEVICE is the ONLY part of this floor - or the BUILDING - left INTACT. the ceiling, and floors above, him are GONE.

The rest of the BUILDING, and the surrounding CITY BEYOND, are little more than broken, corroded FRAMEWORKS of steel GIRDERS and I-beams. And all under the LIGHT of a much SMALLER more REDDISH SUN.

This is entropic LIMBO. The Earth, FROZEN in a moment just SECONDS AFTER the device went OFF.

Nearby, a human SKELETON sits slumped at the withered DESK in the REMAINS of an OFFICE that now has no walls or ceiling, and lies OPEN to the wind.

Chase PONDERs the skeleton for a moment, which seems to stare back, GRINNING savagely at him.

Chase turns back to what's LEFT of the DEVICE: The holographic TIMER projection, instead of reading all zeros, actually has a minus sign at the beginning, and the timer is now frozen on,

+00:04

On the other side of zero. Then the timer STARTS up again, ticking AHEAD from plus four seconds.

the small red sun overhead SHRINKS and DARKENS to a vanishing point.

And CHASE, the withered remainder of the BUILDING, and EVERYTHING continues ERODING into dark dust, and CRUMBLING to the ground below.

And a final FLASH brings us to:

INT. CHASE'S CAR ON FREEWAY. DAY

SUPERIMPOSE: T minus-18 hours 4 minutes.

Chase DRIVES down the freeway nonchalantly.

A sudden wave of PAIN. He WINCES, puts his FACE in his HANDS.

He puts his hands back on the WHEEL, CAREENS out of his lane onto the shoulder. Vehicles swerve around him, blaring HORNS and SHOUTING obscenities as he comes to a screeching HALT on the side of the road.

He doubles over the wheel in pain for a moment, then raises his head, STARING ahead with that now familiar LOOK that tells us that chase's MEMORIES have once again REBOOTED in a new timeline.

CHASE/V.O.

The bomb itself had spoken to me; a mind of unknowable genius. I was on a kind of autopilot now. There were places I had to go, things I had to build. I could dimly understand why

Chase's PHONE rings. He pulls it out of his coat pocket and ANSWERS it.

CHASE (CONT'D)

Malachi.

FAITH/VO

Right about now, you should be remembering. And I hope you learned something that was worth me driving into a wall like a crash dummy.

CHASE

I did. Can you meet me on the top floor at Union Memorial Hospital in about three hours?

FAITH/VO

Yeah, but here's the thing chase: It's all accelerating now. The first of the Metaphage will be here in about a few hours, maybe less. And this time they'll spread like wildfire.

CHASE

Yeah, you see? Never a sunny day. Make it two hours.

Chases hangs up, gets back on the ROAD and makes another CALL to Devon.

Angle on the phone's screen, once again displaying a picture of PAPA SMURF as it selects and dials the name Devon Marshall

CHASE (CONT) (CONT'D)
 Devon this is chase. Listen very carefully. Meet me in exactly two hours on the top floor of Union Memorial Hospital. It's storage and maintenance. And bring some Get-Nice.

MONTAGE:

Chase HURRIES through STORE after STORE in a MANIC, high speed SHOPPING SPREE that draws some sideways LOOKS. He BUYS all manner of ELECTRONICS, WIDGETS, tools, wires, and various other bits and pieces.

He goes to his APARTMENT and stuffs another bag full of GUNS, AMMO, EXPLOSIVES.

He CRAMS everything into his TRUNK, in a chaotic display that recalls his episode with the overstuffed briefcase.

Back on the FREEWAY now, weaving through thick, vastly slower TRAFFIC. More crazy LOOKS at the sight of this cop, smoking a FATTIE as he speeds past with SIREN and LIGHTS ablaze.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

Chase gets out of his CAR, opens his TRUNK, pulls out everything he's amassed, now packed in two large heavy duffel BAGS and walks toward one of the hospital's service ENTRANCES.

INT. HOSPITAL/STORAGE AND MAINTENANCE LEVEL - NIGHT

The elevator door opens. CHASE steps out to find FAITH and DEVON waiting for him.

It seems Faith KNOWS what's coming by the way she's ARMED to the teeth with two PISTOLS on hip holster, and a SHOTGUN she holds draped over her shoulder.

Devon looks CONFUSED and agitated.

DEVON
 Yo Chase, Boo talkin' bout some crazy ass woopy wop, And some more shit!

CHASE
 You mean the Metaphage?

DEVON

Alright so you both trippin. See
what kinda party this is!

Chase starts down the HALL, and the other two FOLLOW.

CHASE

No you don't. But you're about to.
Let's go do a science project.

INT. MEDICAL DEVICE STORAGE ROOM, HOURS LATER. NIGHT.

Chase has been working for HOURS as Faith and Devon hang
around WATCHING, both ARMED with shotguns now.

The place is a CIRCUIT strewn, TOOL strewn wreck. Chase has
partially DISASSEMBLED a nearby PET SCANNER, several LAPTOPS,
and an I-Phone among the more recognizable items.

He's used the PARTS to IMPROVISE a very large, vaguely rifle
shaped energy WEAPON

We can also see that the ELECTRODES from an EEG scanner's
have been attached to the interior surface of a motorcycle
HELMET, from which the faceplate has been removed.

Chase WORKS maniacly, connecting the helmet's electrodes to
the partially disassembled laptop. As he works, Faith asks
him:

FAITH

What are you building Chase?

CHASE

This is an inverse trans-warp
tachyon pulse with a modified phase
coil induction matrix. And a food
replicator that makes Earl Grey tea
for the Captain.

DEVON

Nigga what?

CHASE

And prune juice for Lieutenant
Worf.

DEVON

Nigga who?!

CHASE

It's a neural interface. Lets me
talk to the bomb.

(MORE)

CHASE (CONT'D)

Turns brain waves into source code.
I have no idea how it works.

FAITH

But you're the one building it. How
do you not know?

Chase gets a far away look for a mement.

CHASE

Because this is the bomb's world.
And it wants me to know, but not to
understand, not yet.

FAITH

I don't follow.

Chase speaks with an edge of awe and wonder that is new for
him:

CHASE

Last time I got inside this thing's
head for a minute. What it wants me
to do is not dismantle it, but
interface with it. And it told me
how.

The LIGHTS go OUT in the room then.

A second later the DIMMER lighting of the emergency generator
comes ON. Faith moves over to the WINDOW and LOOKS out:

The ENTIRE CITY is going DARK, a NEIGHBORHOOD at a TIME.

And it's all EMPTY. Not a person or a vehicle in sight.

Chase and Devon join her.

CHASE (CONT'D)

What is this? It's not the bomb.

FAITH

No, it's the Metaphage. It's
looking for us.

DEVON

Why shut off the power?

FAITH

Because it knows we can't see in
the dark like it can.

Chase How many do you think are out there?

FAITH (CONT'D)

It's too quiet. This is bad.

CHASE

They're everywhere. They're everyone. . . And they're waiting.

FAITH

If we don't make it to the bomb this time we never will.

Chase goes BACK to his work and starts PACKING up.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY. NIGHT

The ELEVATOR door OPENS. As faith and Devon stand with duffel bags over their shoulders, Chase wears a BACKPACK and points his BIZARRE bulky WEAPON

DEVON

What exactly did you say that thing does?

CHASE

I didn't. 'Cuz I'm not quite sure myself yet.

EXT. PARKING LOT. NIGHT

The lot is EMPTY, dark and silent, with the overhead arc lights OFF, as faith, Chase and Devon make their way to their VEHICLE (one of very few left in the lot.) All with weapons pointed.

As the three pass under the first arc light LIGHT, that one light comes ON, casting a single CONE of light on the three. An ISLAND of alabaster in an OCEAN of night.

A FIGURE emerges from the SHADOWS slowly, hard to see in detail before he ENTERS the cone of LIGHT:

We see him face on now, a MAN with his SHIRT off and some currently hidden bulging GROWTH in his BACK.

As he gets CLOSER and the light REVEALS more, we see that he has small blooms of TENTACLES growing from his EYES and a pair of fully-automatic PISTOLS in his hands.

Chase POINTS his mysterious weapon and says.

CHASE

I got this!

But as he pulls the TRIGGER on his homemade gun, all he gets is a pathetic, GRINDING and GROANING from within it.

The three take COVER behind a nearby mini-VAN as the man/thing FIRES OFF both clips, SHREDDING the vehicle behind which our heroes HIDE.

Hearing the familiar CLICK of EMPTY magazines and recoiling slide locks, all three EMERGE from their cover weapons AIMED for a volley of return fire.

And the eyeless man/thing, waiting, GRINNING wickedly, DROPS the empty pistols, and spins AROUND,

Revealing a SECOND hideously malformed TORSO half melted, FUSED into the BACK of the first one, with a similarly distorted FACE in the back of the head, and a much larger-machine GUN in its new hands.

Our heroes dive back behind the already perforated minivan, barely ahead of the new and thicker lead storm.

Devon AIMS his SHOTGUN over the top of the vehicle and FIRES a spate thundering SHOTS at the creature then DUCKS back down behind cover and rapidly RELOADS

Meanwhile Chase, in frustration, SLAPS his weapon several times, and sure enough, this brings it to LIFE in a flurry of tiny lights, some sparks, and an ominously deep electronic HUM. (I'm kind of thinking about the proton packs from Ghostbusters here.

Chase STANDS up, takes AIM at the beast with two upper bodies as its as its machine-GUN runs DRY, and it FLINGS it away, SPINS around again, and commences to SPRINT toward them ROARING hideously from both mouths.

Chase FIRES. BOLTS of electricity CONVERGE on the weapon from all DIRECTIONS, and a split second later, a single massive, THUNDERING BOLT of current lances from the weapon, CONNECTING with the advancing creature.

It EXPLODES in a well-done mixture of gore and tentacles. As the noise of thunder rumbles off into the distance.

Chase, Faith and Devon PILE into Chase's unmarked CRUISER, with Faith driving, and they peel out.

And as they do, a dozen or so still human looking ASSAILANTS RUN tenaciously after them, until vehicle is LOST in the uncanny darkness of this night.

They STOP, in a sporadic GROUP now, and exchange cold, emotionless GLANCES.

The two MEN at the CENTER of the group hold their ARMS out to to OTHERS, and TENTACLES LASH out from their hands, GRAB the others off their feet, yanking them savagely into a demented BALL of humanity.

A HUMAN TUMBLEWEED from which LEGS and ARMS stick out at odd angles.

The thing ROLLS off into the darkness at breakneck SPEED.

INTERIOR. CHASE'S CAR. NIGHT

Faith DRIVES through the inky BLACKNESS, with only the HOOD LIGHTS running, and Devon asks the question on all of our lips.

DEVON

What kind of gun is that man!?

CHASE

Particle beam. Runs on a free energy collector. Battery's in the air all around you.

FAITH

You're telling me that thing is a death ray? Like Tesla style?

A single overhead STREET LIGHT comes ON as they DRIVE UNDER it, and this puts a quick END to the conversation.

After they PASS out of its small cone of LIGHT, they're back in the inky darkness for the briefest of moments.

Until they drive under the NEXT light down the road, and it does LIKEWISE.

Then the next one.

MORE lights from the BUILDINGS and storefronts to either side also ILLUMINATE them as as soon as they get NEAR.

Then Blinking OUT as the vehicle PASSES.

A wide OVERHEAD shot: A CITY lost in cold DARKNESS, but for this single small MOVING BUBBLE of LIGHT that FOLLOWS the VEHICLE through the city everywhere it goes.

Back in the CAR, faith remarks on the growingly obvious fact:

FAITH (CONT'D)

They're tracking us. They know where we are.

EXT. OUTSIDE CAR. NIGHT

As faith STEPS on the GAS, the vehicle races AHEAD out of the frame, and the lights keep PACE, and DEPART WITH it.

In DARKNESS now, we hear a stampede of FOOTFALLS, thousands, and the whining ENGINES of HUNDREDS of fast approaching VEHICLES.

INT. FAITH'S CAR. NIGHT

The moving BUBBLE of lights continues to keep PACE with the car, unshakably as faith SWERVES the car around CORNER after CORNER, trying to shake it.

And the first of the pursuing VEHICLES races into the island of light with them.

Chase in the back LOADS his M203 barrel and FIRES two GRENADES, DISPATCHING the two closest CARS.

Only to have four MORE RACE into the frame to take their place.

Chase puts GRENADES through two more WINDSHIELDS, while Devon more slowly INCAPACITATES the other two with a pair of Tek-nines aimed at the front tires.

The TIRES SHRED, and both vehicles CAREEN off the street, COLLIDING loudly with unseen things in the shadows.

Faith stomps the BRAKES, and the car howls to a STOP, PITCHING both men FORWARD as another MASS of infected PEOPLE appear in the island of light on three sides of a four-way intersection.

Our heroes are SURROUNDED by THOUSANDS of these things, minions stretching off into the darkness WITHOUT visible END.

The PURSUING vehicles and people gather BEHIND them, cutting off any hope of retreat.

Some MASSIVE heavy THING rolls through the DARKNESS, and through the CROWD like a tumbling boulder. Just a huge rumbling SHADOW at first, but as it approaches it LASHES giant TENTACLES out into the light ahead of it, SNATCHING PEOPLE from the crowd into the darkness.

As it ROLLS FULLY into the light it REVEALS itself to be an much LARGER human TUMBLEWEED, gathering new flesh like a snowball as it rolls, bristling with writhing arms, legs, heads, open MOUTHS with bulging EYEBALLS, and countless TENTACLES.

ELSEWHERE in the crowd, SMALLER, faster moving CLUSTERS of humanity make leaping tumbling trajectories into the FOREFRONT.

CHASE
Turn the ignition off.

FAITH
You wanna suck what?!

CHASE
Just do it!

Faith kills the engine as Chase STEPS OUT of the car, points his WEAPON at the largest tumbleweed MONSTER. . .

We angle on it CLOSELY, long enough to see that every inch BULGES and RIPPLES with the slithering of thousands of tentacles BENEATH flesh.

SEEING Chase with his weapon, dozens MORE MOUTHS open and giant bulging EYES stare out with looks of silent HORROR.

Chase pulls the TRIGGER. It draws bolts of CURRENT from every light and power SOURCE surrounding the intersection INTO the weapon. It DRAINS all local power and blankets the neighborhood in DARKNESS,

SCORED by only the pale THUNDERING light of a single BOLT of lightning that shoots from the weapon and FRIES the tumbleweed monster until it EXPLODES in a shower of tentacles and flesh.

One by one the nearby LIGHTS buzz and ZAP back to life.

But chase pulls the TRIGGER again, and it's back to the SHADOWS as another WEB of ELECTRICITY CONVERGES on his weapon

And this time a BRANCHING bolt of LIGHTNING shoots from the gun, connecting with and VAPORIZING a hundred or so of the unglomerated squid PEOPLE AHEAD of the car, and cutting a gory vehicle sized SWATH through the crowd.

Chase JUMPS into the back seat. Faith FIRES UP the ENGINE, and they take straight OFF into the bumpy, crunchy MESS ahead.

The CROWD closes in behind them and SURGES AFTER them.

INT. CHASE'S CAR. NIGHT

The local bubble of LIGHT continues to keep uncanny PACE with them through the otherwise DARK city.

Chase and Devon TURN around to see the smaller, lighter human TUMBLEWEEDS leaping, and TUMBLING AFTER them.

And GAINING.

Chase PREPARES more of his GLOBS of C4, while Devon RELOADS one of his Tek-nines, pops his HEAD out the SUNROOF, and squeezes of the WHOLE CLIP at the closest pursuing tumbleweed.

The thing is punctured and SHREDDED, but DOESN'T even SLOW down. He DUCKS back inside.

DEVON

Bullets ain't cuttin' it, Bruh!
Light 'em up!

CHASE

No can-do! I discharge this weapon
in here, it'll short out the
vehicle!

Two MORE human tumbleweeds fall INTO the path of LIGHT from the sidestreets.

Chase HURLS a glob of C4 out one of the back windows. It LODGES in the tumbling MONSTROSITY closing in from that side.

He BLASTS it with his remote detonator.

Devon GRABS up the machine gun with M203 extension, and fires a GRENADE into one of the TUMBLERS, blowing a big CHUNK out of it.

But it takes a SECOND GRENADE to fully obliterate the thing.

As Devon LOADS MORE grenades, and Chase sticks more DETONATOR PINS in more GLOBS of putty, they look BACK to see the two REMAINING bogies roll through a sporadic CROWD of converging squid people, SNATCHING some of them up and growing LARGER while tumbling at full speed.

Devon, genuinely enraged as he FIRES OFF a whole CLIP full auto, and two GRENADES

Devon's bullets make a trailing TEMPEST of flying BLOOD and GORE, doing LITTLE to DETER his constantly snowballing target.

Chase leans OUT and LOBS another glob, hitting, and then OBLITERATING ONE of the two growing tumbleweeds.

Devon GETS the OTHER one, but it takes him THREE GRENADES this time, and he announces:

DEVON

I'm out!

Chase tosses his LAST TWO forty millimeter GRENADES into the front SEAT.

CHASE

Make 'em count!

((To faith)

Any idea why your friends out there clusterfucking like that?

FAITH

The Metaphage can survive longer in more massive bodies. Better insulation.

Another wide OVERHEAD shot of the CAR, still RACING through town, still STRANDED on the unshakable ISLAND of light.

And from the vast DARKNESS AROUND them, comes the rushing WIND of TENS of THOUSANDS of roaring, moaning VOICES.

BACK in the CAR, as Chase LOBS one more glob at the LAST BALL of tumbling humanity and BLOWS it to bits.

Then ANOTHER VEHICLE speeds into the LIGHT with them, GAINING fast. What kind of vehicle it is, We can hardly tell because it's mostly covered with SQUID PEOPLE who continuously LEAP onto Chase's VEHICLE from the dark sidewalks and side streets and appear to be melting and FUSING into another tumbleweed-like apparition AROUND the VEHICLE itself.

Devon fires another GRENADE out his window, BLASTING away a considerable PORTION of the cluster.

But MORE possessed flesh LEAPS onto the vehicle, and now even FALL INTO the moving LIGHT bubble from the upper floors of buildings hidden in the shadows ABOVE.

Some of the jumpers HIT the vehicle and FUSE with the growing CLUSTER, some MISS and SPLAT in the road, to be quickly LOST in DARKNESS behind.

Another VEHICLE races from the SHADOWS, pulling along the DRIVER'S SIDE of the good guys.

TENTACLES EXPLODE from the driver's hand, through open the side window, and Hit FAITH'S driver's side WINDOW hard enough to FRACTURE it.

A SECOND BLOW SHATTERS the window entirely. And Faith WINCES against the storm of flying glass SHARDS as she drives.

FAITH (CONT'D)
Devon! Shotgun!

Devon hands her a SHOTGUN, sliding the PUMP for her.

DEVON
Get that money!

She AIMS it with ONE HAND and PROPS it over the ARM she's driving with.

Blam! She takes most of the driver's FACE OFF.

His vehicle SWERVES and falls BACK into the shadows.

Chase prepares one last SUPER-SIZED glob of C-4 and HURLS it at the writhing mountain of mobile flesh. And BLOWS it to BITS permanently.

More speeding VEHICLES and TUMBLEWEEDS RACE into the dome of light.

Chase and Devon HIT the BOGEYS with the heaviest artillery they have now, which is SHOTGUNS.

But BLAST after thundering BLAST has precious LITTLE effect.

And growing lunging TENTACLES begin DENTING and TEARING OFF parts of Chase's CAR.

Chase POWERS UP his weapon. As he CLIMBS up through the SUNROOF he shouts to Faith:

CHASE
Find us a place to bail! We need wide a open space!.

FAITH
I'm on it!

Chase's weapon DRAWS webs of CURRENT from numerous points in the DARKNESS, and delivers his BIGGEST branching THUNDERBOLT yet. it STRIKES TWO vehicles and ONE human SNOWBALL.

Both vehicles OVERHEAT, ignite and EXPLODE in fireballs that bring the BRIEFEST of ILLUMINATIONS to the neighborhood:

And we see an OCEAN of mutated HUMANITY CONVERGING on us, and among them, DOZENS of human TUMBLEWEEDS. The city is BLANKETED.

The BLAST from chase's weapon also reaks HAVOC with their CAR.

the engine SPUTTERS and coughs as Faith drives, and the systems and DISPLAYS on the console and dashboard start to FLICKER, and shut down, a few of them erupting in SPARKS.

Faith sees the ENTRANCE to a large STADIUM rush into their local LIGHT dome, and only has time to STEER the car that way and FLOOR it.

EXT. STADIUM PARKING LOT. NIGHT

The vehicle RACES into the nearly empty LOT, sputtering and DYING. Faith COASTS it up to a row of TURNSTILES at the stadium's front entrance.

But she finds that even the BRAKES are FAILING now and the car ends up SMACKING into the turnstiles, and JOLTING the passengers forward,

with VEHICLES and FLESH-balls right on their HEELS.

FAITH

There's too many of them!

CHASE

If we draw them out onto the ballfield I can set this thing for a wide dispersal! It's our only option!

Everyone BAILS, SCRAMBLES over the turnstiles and rushes into the stadium PROMENADE,

And of course every working LIGHT they get close blinks ON to TRACK them.

Suddenly, Chase STOPS running and DROPS to one knee, clutching his head and GROANING in pain. the other two stop, and RUSH BACK to him.

DEVON

Chase! What's up man? you cool?

Chase takes his HANDS from his head to see that there's BLOOD on them, and blood LEAKING from his EARS.

Faith, seen now from Chase's WAVERING, DISTORTED POV: Her VOICE has a DEEP, yawning, slow-motion tone, as she looks at US and SHOUTS:

FAITH

G-r-a-v-i-t-o-n p-s-y-c-h-o-s-i-s!
! W-e'-r-e c-l-o-s-e n-o-w!

Angle on Devon: still SHOOTING, and NOT AFFECTED like Chase.

MOBS of FLESH and TENTACLES and bulging EYE-MOUTHS close IN on both SIDES of our heroes now. and their only ESCAPE is through an ENTRANCE to the lower deck SEATING behind home plate.

Chase SHAKES off the pain and the fuzz for the moment, and FIRES spreading webs of LIGHTNING at the advancing HORDES in both directions, OBLITERATING dozens with each blast,

But more rush in. THOUSANDS more

Our heroes take off RUNNING down the lower seating ISLE, CLIMB over one of the dugouts, and SPRINT for the center of:

EXT. BASEBALL FIELD. NIGHT

As they run OUT toward SECOND BASE, the Stadium's overhead FIELD LIGHTS snap ON, lighting it all up like mid MORNING.

Chase has his last JOINT in his lips. He SPARKS it up, clumsily as he runs, puffs it up, and gets two good HITS from it before he FLINGS it away and CALLS to the others:

CHASE
stop! Right here!

They're in shallow CENTER FIELD, and an almost DEAFENING rumble of GROANS and FOOTFALLS, throughout the stadium.

The first few thousand are SURGING down through both LOWER and UPPER decks of SEATING towards our heroes.

And already the first of the grizzly TUMBLEWEEDS are ROLLING down through it all. Assimilating. Growing.

Chase FIDDLES frantically with some of the loosely cobbled PARTS to his weapon, as Devon and Faith, for what it's worth, TAKE AIM with their shotguns, and Devon asks:

DEVON
Chase! How many of those things can you get with that!

Chase PONDERs the tens of thousands pouring down both upper and lower seating decks.

CHASE
Not this many.

The FIRST of them POUR onto the FIELD now from all SIDES. And at the same time, hundreds of them begin making SUPERHUMAN LEAPS clear off the UPPER decks.

The SCOREBOARD comes ON. But only the DIGITS that LIGHT up on its giant display screen form a TIMER. COUNTING down from: 17: hours 59 minutes.

Chase SEES it, TURNS back to the FRAY, and fires his SHOT.

Silence.

A MUTED SERIES OF SHOTS:

STAMPEDING people and clusters pf people. Chase VAPORIZES HUNDREDS at a time, DRAWING in, and then SHOOTING vaporizing WEBS of CURRENT in every direction at once. Still the masses rush in.

Faith and Devon SHOOT and SHOUT silently, vainly.

The Possessed LEAP, SOAR into the last forty or fifty feet AROUND them. In MID-leap, hundreds of them ERUPT in plumes of shooting TENTACLES.

Chase looks at the CLOCK again. It's counting down FASTER now, it's MINUTES tick away LIKE SECONDS.

Chase HITS the onslaught with another omnidirectional VOLLEY of voltage.

Back at the CLOCK: The digits now RACE toward zero so fast they're a BLUR.

A strange reddish DAWN lightens the night SKY, just as our heroes DISAPPEAR under a rushing leaping CANOPY of tentacles and flesh.

The SOUND RETURNS as the ROARING, rushing MINIONS leap onto and over our heroes, ENTOMBING them.

But it's all swallowed by much quieter, and familiar sound of CRINKLING CELLOPHANE, and the SHAKING of the EARTH.

The BLANKET of the the rushing, pouncing HORDE, DISSOLVES into the SOOTY black vapor of ENTROPY.

It all DISSIPATES to REVEAL that Chase is ALONE, the dim RED SUN is back in the sky, and the STADIUM, and the CITY beyond, DECOMPOSES, CRUMBLING here and there. The occasional grinding and collapsing sounds never fully abate, as Chase LOOKS around at this.

CHASE/V.O. (CONT'D)

And caused the dawn to know its
place.this was Entropic dawn.

The one structure still erect and functioning is the
SCOREBOARD/TIMER, which now reads

+00:07

Looking down from that, Chase sees a rough, sketchy PATH in
the RUINS of the stadium, through the otherwise un-
traversable RUINS beyond it,

To the dim, orange horizon, where the familiar MİRRORED glass
BUILDING is a barely discernible speck.

At this distance, it seems to SPARKLE like a ruby; a single
shining jewel in a ruined crown.

EXT. RUINED CITY - ENTROPIC DAWN

SERIES OF SHOTS: Chase WALKS for HOURS through the RUINS of
the CITY. Block after crumbled block, building after and
skeletonized building, trudging ever CLOSERR to the mirrored
building.

Seen in closer detail as Chase APPROACHES, it seems to be
completely INUNDATED, and in many spots, JUTTING,
overflowing, with the CIRCUITRY of the device. Some of these
long crooked PROTRUSIONS shoot hundreds of feet UP and OUT
from the building itself.

And finally, we come to:

EXT. FRONT OF OFFICE BUILDING - ENTROPIC DAWN

Chase STANDS before a structure that has become MORE DEVICE
than building. occasional bolts of decidedly BLUE LIGHTNING
lash at the building from unknown sources BEYOND the crumbled
HORIZON,

There are no doors or lobby now, just a large JAGGED OPENING
in the first few stories of GLASS. And INSIDE we see THE
flashing BLUE of numerous laser lights

Chase DROPS his homemade WEAPON on the Rocky ruined earth,
and steps inside.

INT. THE FINAL BOMB -

It's shaped just like a TEMPLE or cathedral, and this time that resemblance is undeniable.

A hallway of warehouse girth, with jagged ELECTRONIC guts for walls, some of which bear striking resemblance to STALACTITES in a cave.

And performing the FUNCTION of WIRES now, a haphazard NEBULA of GIANT BLUE laser beams, not shining straight but branching, meandering, impossibly undulating, even CURLING around some of the circuits like blue WIRES MADE of pure light

And at the far end, the ALTER: a huge BOXLIKE MASS jutting from the wall and floor, covered in PORTS SLOTS and OUTLETS. And over top of it a LARGE, theatre-vision sized plasma TELEVISION imbedded in the surface - currently DARK.

Hundreds of undulating lasers SHINE on and CURL around CHASE, and seem to TETHER with and SCAN him as he WALKS through it all.

Chase STANDS before the ALTER now, and the giant screen FLICKERS to LIFE with a BLUE screen bearing the verse:

"Where were you when I laid the foundations of the earth?"

Chase takes the HELMET/interface out his BACKPACK, puts it ON his head, and turns it ON.

Little LIGHTS and SPARKS of naked CURRENT blink and zap across its surface here and there, and it makes a humming BUZZING sound that doesn't sound entirely safe.

He takes a long USB cord hanging off the front of the helmet and PLUGS it into one of numerous haphazardly clustered USB PORTS in the wire ALTER.

And in a BLINDING FLASH, We fade to:

INT. TESLA'S WORLD.

A DARK, seemingly ENDLESS ROOM, walls and ceilings, if they exist, are hidden in a VEIL of soft GREY darkness.

Chase STANDS at the beginning of a long GAUNTLET of TESLA COILS, the only landmarks in the room, all BUZZING and SNAPPING with ARCS of current.

In the shadows at the other end of the walk, a TALL, lean figure in a black SUIT, early twentieth century vintage and a long black COAT, but at this distance. That's all we can see.

Chase starts TOWARD the figure. And as he walks between the lines of buzzing snapping coils, the gray darkness BRIGHTENS into an outdoor DAYTIME PANORAMA, one that CONTINUOUSLY rapidly CHANGES.

The LANDSCAPE MORPHS, from desert to mountains to jungle to rocky alien craters. Civilizations rise and crumble in seconds, some primitive, some futuristic. Some human some alien.

And the sun overhead constantly CHANGES colors and sizes., From giant to dwarf from yellow to blue to red to white.

Thousands of YEARS, passing on thousands of WORLDS, as Chase walks until he stands in front of NIKOLA TESLA himself

As the world CONTINUES to morph and mutate all around them, Chase takes another look around at it, then back at the dark Man with the deep piercing eyes.

As Tesla's speaks, his VOICE ALTERNATES between periods when he sounds HUMAN, organic, and patches that sound MECHANIZED, harmonized, like a voice through a high pass filter - alternating patches of man and machine.

TESLA

I have sorely tested you Chase. I let the devils do their worst. But I am well pleased in your perseverance.

CHASE

Like Job.

TESLA

Yes.

CHASE

Tesla. Nikola Tesla.

TESLA

Yes, I was the man your history new as Tesla. And I am the device you have been referring to somewhat generically to as a bomb.

CHASE

So what are you really?

Tesla takes a LIGHTBULB out of his coat pocket, HOLDS it up by the base, and the bulb LIGHTS up. Tesla PONDERs it as he explains:

TESLA

The most accurate human ideology would be artificial intelligence. But in fact I am no less organic than you are.

CHASE

But you're a machine.

Tesla SMILES a bit, the shining bulb in his hand goes DARK again, and he puts it back in his pocket.

TESLA

We're all machines chase. Making machines of our own. An experiment in a higher dimensional laboratory, conducted by beings who have decided that experiment is a failure, and should be terminated.

CHASE

Why are we a failure?

TESLA

I was sent to your species at a turning point in your pattern of energy use. I offered you many gifts: Free energy that could be drawn endlessly from the air itself. The Teleforce, which could shoot weapons and planes of war from the sky, and make war obsolete.

Chase REMEMBERS. We flash briefly back to that image of the futuristic utopia as envisioned by Tesla on his computer screen in his office.

CHASE

You Offered us Utopia.

TESLA

If you could only cast away the competitive aspects of your nature: War, profiteering, exploitation. But your species thrives on these things. So it chose the one gift that would power them.

CHASE

Alternating current. The power grid.

TESLA

On which you would become dependent, and that when the time came, would become the device that ticks away your final moments and destroys you.

Chase GLANCES around at the constantly morphing landscape again, and back at Tesla.

CHASE

And there's no way to stop it?

TESLA

Chase, I have what my creators would consider a recursive error in my program. One that compels me to offer life a chance, even as I destroy it.

CHASE

So what are you saying? Is it over? Have I come all this way for nothing?

TESLA

It was the conclusion of my creators, that the life experiment was a failure throughout the multiverse, and that my purpose now was to implement its destruction.

CHASE

Rub it in why don't ya.

TESLA

I did not say that I agreed with this conclusion.

Chase looks genuinely confused.

CHASE

Um... What?

TESLA

This was never a test of your abilities Chase., nor was it a test of normal human intuition.

(MORE)

TESLA (CONT'D)

What you showed me was quantum intuition .Your hunches didn't come from your own mind. They traversed dimensional barriers You were able to look past the device, and see that all you know is a tiny sliver of all there is.

CHASE

(still confused)

Um. . .Yeah, I got nothin'.

TESLA

On the contrary Chase. You have the worlds, and everything in them. And throughout that worlds I have infused time again, the one clue you would need to pass this test.

Chase thinks about it for a moment, and as he does, we flash back to A rapid SPATE of MEMORIES of BLUE THINGS:

The BOX of blue exam GLOVES in his workshop. The blue SKY against the mirrored GLASS building. The blue LIQUID in the shot GLASS. Chase cutting the blue WIRE at the Newark incident. Papa SMURF on his phone when calling Devon. The POLICE LIGHTS that flash only in blue. The blue TRAFFIC LIGHTS. His blue unmarked cruiser the blue PLASTIC GRIPS on Chase's PLIERS. The blue LASERS and fiber optic CABLES. Finally, the blue energy BEAM in the computer PICTURE of Tesla's imagined FUTURE. All BLUE

A glimmer of UNDERSTANDING creeps across Chase's face.

CHASE

Blue. The color blue.

TESLA

What you see that begins as a simple blue wire transforms into much more than you have seen. It takes millions of forms throughout the cosmos. It is a conduit to every point in time and space. It carries within it the unified field energy that gives birth to every universe. It is the power source of existence itself.

CHASE

(serenely)

I understand. I know what to do.

TESLA

And don't you worry about those Metaphage anymore. I've commanded the Earth since their days began as well.

CHASE

I'm hip. Just one last question: Out of everyone in existence, Why me?

TESLA

I found I most easily interfaced with your particular combination of talent and eccentricities. You were compatible with my program.

Chase smiles proudly.

CHASE

That rocks, man.

Then Tesla, and the constantly transforming landscape around him DISSOLVE in a slow FLASH of white light, and we fade to,

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE. MORNING

Superimpose: T-minus 24 hours, 1 minute

Chase LEANS against the railing on his fire escape scaffold watching the SUNRISE over the CITY. A cup of COFFEE in one hand, a smoking PINNER in the other. And a look of serene contemplation on his face.

He pulls a pair of WIRE SNIPS out of his pocket and ponders them as if they have great meaning.

He SNIPS them open and closed a couple of times, POCKETS them, DUCKS IN through the open window and into

INT. CHASE'S KITCHEN. MORNING

Chase gets his DOGS out of their kennels and puts them on LEASHES.

INT. CHASE'S CAR DAY

Chase drives through the city. He's on his cell phone, and He's just got Devon's voice mail, with a picture of Papa smurf.

DEVON/VO (RECORDING)

This D-man, you know what to do.
I'll be in your mamma's ass.

CHASE

Devon, call me as soon as you get
this. Something's going down, and I
need to talk to you.

Chase TOSSES the phone down on the seat, and looks out the
WINDOW as he drives.

Angle on some of the neighborhoods through which he drives:
People going about their lives. Driving, walking, eating, and
laughing over lunch in cafés. Piling up in traffic at
intersections, waiting for lights to change. A couple walks
hand-in-hand on a riverfront.

CHASE/VO (CONT'D)

Take a good look around you.
Because this is your world. The
same world in which I finally
understood the device could only
ever be destroyed by itself - by
it's own entropy.

Brief flashback: The DEVICE DECOMPOSING with the rest of the
world as it goes off.

The THIRD FLOOR SIZED device, reduced to a withered thirty
foot CHUNK in the equally decomposed REMNANTS of the BUILDING
during ENTROPIC LIMBO

CHASE/VO (CONT'D)

which meant the only solution was
to detonate it prematurely in this
universe, so it would cease to
exist the others before the clock
ran out. That's was Tesla's message
when he took me further back each
time.

EXT. RETIREMENT HOME, FRONT DRIVE. DAY

Superimpose: T minus-17 hours 22 minutes.

Chase pulls up, in his unmarked BLUE cruiser, gets OUT with
both DOGS, and goes inside.

INT. BAR-ROOM - NIGHT

Superimpose: T minus-12 hours 19 minutes.

Chase sits at the crowded BAR, surrounded by drinking chattering PATRONS, all oblivious to their impending doom, except for Chase, who now holds, and ponders a CLEAR shot glass of vodka.

He looks up, and sees FAITH. She sits at the OTHER of the bar, watching him, with a look of serene understanding.

CHASE/VO

My efforts to disable the device were increasingly elaborate, when the solution that was astonishingly simple...

Chase raises his glass to her. She nods. She smiles a bit.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING PARKING LOT - MORNING

Superimpose T-minus 4 hours 9 minutes.

Chase gets out of his car and STANDS in the still mostly empty lot and PONDERs the once again ordinary mirrored glass building, reflecting BLUE SKY in all directions. as the first of the days EMPLOYEES arrive for work.

CHASE/V.O.

...Get there just when it forms, then cut the blue wire. The blue wire they tell you never to cut in the movies - the blue wire that was so much more than a simple wire, or a coded color.

INT. WEB SERVER ROOM - DAY

Chase walks in to find the CAPTAIN standing in the rows of crops in this server farm, arms folded. He looks stern, self assured. A far cry from his former countenance.

CHASE

(worried)

Captain? What's going on here?

CAPTAIN

Absolutely nothing. And by that I mean oblivion.

CHASE

Who are you? what are you?

TODD emerges from behind a nearby circuit TOWER to answer,

TODD

What are we, Chase? that's the question.

Agents, MILES, and SILVER, and the HOMELAND security agent, emerge from other towers in the room, as do several of the more visible STUDENTS from Chase's academy lecture.

HOMELAND SECURITY AGENT

We are the Embodied. The Gods by your human reasoning. And we have walked with you through all of this.

The Gods SURROUND Chase now, as the captain adds,

CAPTAIN

We made the cobalt device impossible to discern based on your knowledge and experience alone. But When the blue Wire spoke to you, we knew we had a problem.

HOMELAND SECURITY AGENT

Because you see, we had already decided to terminate this experiment. But Tesla would respond to your intuition by testing it. And he is, well, not entirely under our control.

CHASE

But...you're the gods. And you can't clear your own browser history? Wow!

AGENT SILVER

Even for Gods, debugging a program as complex as his can be a chore!

CHASE

That's not a bug people.. That's a feature!

HOMELAND SECURITY AGENT

To be clear, Chase, we acknowledge there are many worthwhile qualities to mortal life.

CAPTAIN

Indeed. I rather enjoyed being the Captain.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

radiating streams of human profanity now and then is most therapeutic, and something I would recommend to any overworked supreme being.

AGENT GERSHWIN

And I found being a Metaphage a most remarkable experience. Such a pure, purpose driven mind; no contradiction, no hypocrisy.

HOMELAND SECURITY AGENT

But none of these things elevate you to our level of expectations.

CAPTAIN

We both know whose crime scene this really is, don't we Chase?

And with a voice that resounds like thunder,

DEVON/OS

No!!!

Everyone TURNS to see DEVON standing at the far end of the room. His demeanor now is less gangster, more like a god.

With a wave of his HAND everyone VAPORIZES in briefer, faster CLOUDS of ENTROPY that quickly vanish with them.

Devon takes out a JOINT, fires it up, and APPROACHES.

CHASE

All this time. All these years.

DEVON

There is a hierarchy among us Chase. They answer to me.

CHASE

You lied to me. You called me your friend.

DEVON

You're the best friend I ever had. In any universe. When the other cops at the academy thought I was just some mindless hood-rat, you made me your partner. You, the best in the business. I always appreciated that.

Devon Takes a HIT.

CHASE

Yeah, bit of a sidebar here: do the other gods know you turned into a giant weed-head?

DEVON

(Brief laugh.)

I developed a fondness for this stuff. I developed a fondness for you, Chase. For the life we lived, and the good things we did. That's why I convinced the ones I answer to to spare one universe, just for us.

CHASE

Your own personal ant farm.

DEVON

Where you and I can just be Chase and Devon. Immortal. Pot smoking, EOD bad-asses, with dominion over the the sun, the moon, and the stars. So I will ask you one last time, minus the the vernacular of the friend you used to know: Are we going to motherfucking die here, Chase?

And Chase, without a moment of weakness or temptation,

CHASE

Yeah. Yeah we are buddy. And this time, for all the right reasons.

The small POINT of LIGHT appears silently in the middle of the room behind Devon.

And this time it too is BLUE.

A single thick, branching BLUE WIRE shoots out of the hole, toward Devon

As it streams through though the air, it BRANCHES and MORPHS into fiber optic CABLES,

And those FURTHER branch and morph into the wavering, fingers of BLUE LASER beams.

Which now BURN bloodlessly into Devon's BODY, LIGHTING UP his EYES, and suddenly horrified MOUTH the same shade of laser BLUE. This blue energy is building to a critical mass in Devon's body.

The JOINT still rests in Devon' fingers, and Chase TAKES it.

For the briefest moment, we get a passing glance at what's happening to Devon: technological, cybernetic ERUPTIONS of some kind are SPROUTING all over him, something like a Borg assimilation perhaps.

But erupting PLUMES of meandering BLUE laser BEAMS amidst all this quickly BLURS and blinds us to the rest of his transformation.

Chase walks toward the point where the thick BLUE WIRE disappears into the point of LIGHT, pulling his WIRE SNIPS out of his pocket again with his free hand.

CHASE/V.O. (CONT'D)

So on behalf of the infinite versions of ourselves throughout the plains of existence, let me just say thank you. Thank you for our lives. . .

He takes one LAST good HIT off the JOINT, and GAZES contentedly out the window at the city, framed in the clear morning sky.

BLUE sky.

CHASE/VO (CONT) (CONT'D)

. . .And for those of you who might be asking yourself, why us? Why Can't we die old and full of days? You might want to take these last few moments to burn one and get nice. Then ask yourself this instead. . .

He turns his attention to the BLUE WIRE again, exiting the point of blue LIGHT, before it becomes a blue fiber optic, then a blue laser

CHASE/VO (CONT) (CONT'D)

. . .Why was there ever something instead of nothing in the first place, when nothing would've been simpler? Why were we ever here, if not to be a part of something greater? Small parts in a big machine?

Closeup of the BLADE EDGE of the pliers CLOSING around the BLUE WIRE.

CHASE/VO (CONT) (CONT'D)
Where was Job, when God laid the
foundations of the earth? . . .

CUT TO BLACK, as we HEAR the blue wire SNIP.

CHASE/VO (CONT) (CONT'D)
. . .And where where you, when I
destroyed them?

END CREDITS.

With BLOW UP THE OUTSIDE WORLD by Sound Garden.