

UNHINGED

Pilot Episode: "Bouillabaise"

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FADE IN:

EXT. CHASE BANK, MILL VALLEY, CA - DAY

A Female Patron exits the Bank.

CUT TO:

INT. BODY KINETICS HEALTH SPA

The Bank is visible across the street through the storefront windows.

FBI Agent ALEX MENDEL, female 30's, backed by Five Male FBI Agents all in full tactical gear surveilling the Bank. The workout routines of the Spa Members continue unabated.

ALEX  
(into walkie talkie)  
Got eyes yet, Bama?

BAMA  
(voice cracking o/c)  
Just now. Hold for confirmation.

CUT TO:

EXT. TELEGRAPH HILL, SAN FRANCISCO, CA - SAME TIME

BLUE, male 50's, disheveled, trudging up Ashbury Street towards Mt. Olympus.

Male and Female Joggers running side by side brush past him without apology. He watches them disappear around a corner then hikes his rucksack back over his shoulder again and begins the long climb up the stone steps.

CUT TO:

INT. CHASE BANK

Slow day. A Young Female Bank Teller behind the glass counts cash for a Male Day Laborer while a Security Guard by the entrance swipes at his cell phone screen.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

A Chevy Silverado pulls into the lot adjacent the Bank.

CUT TO:

INT. BODY KINETICS HEALTH SPA

Alex and her Team brace for action.

BAMA  
(voice cracking o/c)  
Them's our bad boys. On your go,  
boss.

ALEX  
(into walkie talkie)  
Hold your positions.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVY SILVERADO

TURCO, 40's, battle-tested, his younger brother BUTCH, 30's and less so, an intense Wheel Man and a muscular backwoods-looking Bearded Man, all of them in camo tactical gear, pull gaiters up over their faces and clutch their assault weapons.

TURCO  
Lock and load, gentlemen. Time to  
punch in.

BUTCH  
Oorah!

CUT TO:

EXT. MT. OLYMPUS - SAME TIME

Blue settles onto a park bench and gazes up at the bright blue sky.

A BRIGHT FLASH OF LIGHT whites out the screen briefly.

The Flash of Light dissipates and when Blue reappears, he is exhilarated by the spectacle while all around him we see the crush of Panicked Hikers, Dog Walkers and their Pets flood past him. He excitedly applauds the light show.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHERMAN'S WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO - SAME TIME

Tourists transfixed by the brief white out.

CUT TO:

EXT. SONGKRAN WATER FESTIVAL, THAILAND - SAME TIME

The Epic Water Fight that marks the Celebration of the Thai New Year is suspended by this sudden, startling illumination in the sky, capturing the attention of the Crowd as well as the Soaking Wet Participants.

CUT TO:

EXT. FISHING BOAT, NORTH ATLANTIC - SAME TIME

Fishermen staring up at the sky leave their haul of fish to flop around on the deck.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMP NOU STADIUM, BARCELONA, SPAIN - SAME TIME

A Stadium packed with a Raucous Throng of more than 100,000 brought to silence by the spectacle.

On the field, a Forward scores on a Distracted Goalie.

CUT TO:

EXT. GUARANI VILLAGE, BRAZILIAN AMAZON - SAME TIME

The play of light briefly beguiles Indigenous Ranchers and their Livestock.

CUT TO:

INT. BODY KINETICS HEALTH SPA - SAME TIME

Alex, the Agents, the Spa Members and Staff are pressed against the windows trying to get a better view.

BAMA

(voice cracking o/c)

The subjects have exited the vehicle. Waiting on your go, boss.

CUT TO:

INT. CHASE BANK

The Bank Manager joins the Bank Teller, the Security Guard and the Day Laborer looking out the glass double doors.

Outside on the Parking Lot, the Men in camo tactical gear have exited the Silverado wielding their assault weapons.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

The Men in camo tactical gear shielding their eyes.

CAMERA tilts up to where an enormous BLACK HOLE SURROUNDED BY A GLOWING FIERY RING has suddenly appeared in the sky.

After staring up the Black Hole, the Men in camo tactical gear meet the eyes of the equally puzzled Bank Staff.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

The Song "IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD" by SKEETER DAVIS and OPENING TITLES over a rapid fire slide show of renderings and photographs beginning with the Big Bang and the emergence of life, through the stages of evolution and civilization, wars, popular culture, climate change, and ending with visual representations of how it's been predicted humanity ultimately comes to its ignominious end.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. BODY KINETICS HEALTH SPA - MOMENTS LATER

Alex, the Agents, the Spa Members and Staff exit the Health Spa, still looking up.

BAMA

(voice cracking o/c)

The subjects have aborted. We can still take 'em down, boss... Boss?

Finally, shaking herself out of her trance, Alex spies the Silverado speeding away from the Bank.

BAMA (CONT'D)

(voice cracking o/c)

You there, boss?

ALEX  
 (into walkie talkie)  
 Stand down. We're all done here.

A tanned and slender Spa Staffer taps Alex on the shoulder.

STAFFER  
 Uh, if maybe you're interested,  
 we're running a special this month.

ALEX  
 (to AGENTS)  
 That's it, guys. Pack it up.

STAFFER  
 Ninety-nine dollar one-time  
 membership fee then just ninety-  
 nine dollars a month after that...

ALEX  
 (under her breath)  
 Fuck me.

She walks out of frame.

AGENT  
 (still looking up)  
 What, what, what is that?

CUT TO:

INT. SILVERADO

Turco, Butch, the Wheel Man and the Bearded Man are frantically stripping off their camo gear and weapons and tossing them all in the rear of the vehicle as it weaves through Traffic.

TURCO  
 (checking the mirrors)  
 Are they following?

WHEEL MAN  
 I don't think so.

TURCO  
 They got a bird in the air? Can  
 anyone see?

BEARDED MAN  
 (straining to see outside)  
 Just that thing up there. What the  
 hell is that?

BUTCH

(staring at his phone)  
They're calling it a Black Hole and  
it's all anyone's talking about on  
social media.

BEARDED MAN

You mean like a wormhole?

BUTCH

What's the difference?

BEARDED MAN

I have no idea.

TURCO

Can't be. Those things don't just  
appear from nothing.

BEARDED MAN

Anyone see how it got there?

BUTCH

May not be in our atmosphere. More  
likely it's light years away but so  
fucking humongous we can see it  
from earth.

BEARDED MAN

What's it doing there?

BUTCH

How the fuck should I know?

BEARDED MAN

Is it gonna suck us up into it?

BUTCH

(laughing)  
You mean, just us? I don't think  
so. Does the FBI have a Black  
Hole?

TURCO

We're still here, right?

BEARDED MAN

Don't laugh. I read what Black  
Holes or wormholes or whatever you  
want to call it do is they suck up  
everything within its gravitational  
pull. That means it could suck up  
the whole planet.

WHEEL MAN

Are we clear? I don't want to exit  
until I know we're clear?

TURCO

I think we're clear. My guess is  
the authorities are otherwise  
engaged. Take this exit.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO

In the Elevator, Alex and BAMA, late 20's female, is doubled  
over in discomfort.

BAMA

It's the end of days. Gotta be. I  
mean, what else could it mean?

ALEX

You're going to need to put a fork  
in that kind of talk before these  
doors open. Got that?

BAMA

They were told not to harm the  
grass of the earth or any green  
plant or any tree, but only those  
people who do not have the seal of  
God on their foreheads.

ALEX

Okey doke.

The elevator doors open and CAMERA follows them into the  
corridor where PORTNOY, 60's and in a hurry, bolts from an  
Office ahead of them. Alex hurries to catch up.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Excuse me, Associate Executive  
Assistant Director, Associate  
Executive Assistant Director...

Bama falls behind and doubles over again.

PORTNOY

Not now, Mendel.

ALEX

Are we under attack?



PORTNOY  
Unknown, Mendel.

He turns to face Alex and sees Bama hyperventilating in the background.

BAMA  
(between breaths)  
And I will show wonders in the heavens and on the earth, blood and fire and columns of smoke. The sun shall be turned to darkness, and the moon to blood, before the great and awesome day of the Lord comes.

PORTNOY  
Oh, right. You're back from an op that went sideways. You should probably write that up.

ALEX  
But if we're under attack...

PORTNOY  
(sarcastically)  
You'll be the first person I call.

Bama throws up on the floor. Portnoy rolls his eyes and continues down the corridor.

CUT TO:

INT. MEETING ROOM

Standing room only. Field Agents, Special Agents, Senior Special Agents, Supervisory Special Agents; all hands on deck and all eyes trained on a big screen television and the big Black Hole.

Portnoy enters and pushes through the throng to gain a better view of the screen.

DEPUTY ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
Do we have a satellite view?

CAMERA ANGLE shifts to the big screen as the screen changes to show a Satellite View of the Black Hole. There is a collective gasp as the satellite is closer and shows just how massive the Black Hole floating in space is in relation to the Moon and the stars around it.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

The Deputy Assistant Director exits the Meeting Room ahead of everyone else and waits there for Portnoy.

DEPUTY ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
Roger, a word please.

He takes Portnoy's arm and leads him down the corridor away from the others.

PORTNOY  
Yes, Deputy Assistant Director.

DEPUTY ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
Why does everyone do that, call people by their titles? So many titles. Are titles the only way we have to confer authority?

PORTNOY  
Yes, Deputy Assistant Director.

DEPUTY ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
Ok, fine. Point not taken, I guess.

PORTNOY  
Yes, Deputy...

DEPUTY ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
(interrupting)  
Don't. Just listen. I want you to monitor the online chatter about this thing. Anything we may not be taking into account, bad actors spreading disinformation, for example, or even anyone out there who might actually have a plausible idea of what this is and the threat it may represent and report back to me.

PORTNOY  
To you directly Deputy Assistant Director, or the Assistant Deputy Assistant Director who is my direct supervisor?

They arrive at the Deputy Assistant Director's Office Suite.

DEPUTY ASSISTANT DIRECTOR  
(exasperated)  
Jesus. To me directly, Roger.

He places a hand on Portnoy's shoulder to both reassure him and keep him from following him any further.

PORTNOY  
(under his breath)  
Yes, Deputy Assistant Director.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S APARTMENT

Alex enters, throws her coat off and hurries past ESTHER, 30's and teary-eyed, and her suitcases to get to her laptop amid a pile of papers spread out over the dining table.

ESTHER  
Alex?

Alex opens a search engine and begins scrolling.

ALEX  
Hey, babe. How was your day?

ESTHER  
(incredulous)  
What?

Alex turns around.

ALEX  
What?

She finally notices the suitcases.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
You going somewhere?

ESTHER  
I've been trying to talk to you,  
but you've been so busy which is a  
lot of what I wanted to talk to you  
about, so...

ALEX  
I know, and then this thing today.

ESTHER  
If you can put that aside for just  
a moment, we do really need to  
talk.

ALEX  
We are. We're talking.

ESTHER lowers her head, closes her eyes and takes a deep breath so she doesn't notice Alex has turned her attention back to her laptop.

ESTHER

What I want to say is I really respect your commitment and your dedication and I think you have a lot to offer as a partner and a lover and a friend, and I really hope we can stay friends...

CLOSE on Alex tuning Esther out.

CLOSE on laptop. A YOUTUBE video of a SUPERNOVA streaking through space and exploding spectacularly.

ESTHER (CONT'D)

And I want you to know this has been a very painful decision for me to make because you can be really thoughtful sometimes, like my surprise birthday party or the Airbnb at the beach...

ALEX

Un-fucking-believable.

She restarts the Video.

ESTHER

Not really. Not if you'd been paying attention. This has been coming for a while now but you just haven't been present. Not for a long time...

The Video shows following the explosion, the Black Hole forming.

ALEX

Sorry. Say again?

Esther looks back at Alex and realizes she hasn't been listening.

ESTHER

Un-fucking-believable.

She opens the door, grabs her suitcases and exits. Alex doesn't notice her leave.

ALEX  
I know, right?

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTCH'S CABIN - EVENING

A Small Rustic Cabin hidden among redwoods. Remote. Lights on inside. Turco's smoking a cigarette on the deck.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME

In the foreground, Butch is stretched out on his sofa with his laptop on his chest and a Blue Nose Pit Bull, Lola, curled up between his legs. Turco comes back inside.

BUTCH  
How do you think they got on to us?

TURCO  
Pretty obvious to me.

BUTCH  
You think my guy tipped 'em?

TURCO  
Who else? I wasn't gonna say so in front of the guys but your boy, he sold us out. Where'd you say you met this hump?

BUTCH  
I told you. At a meeting.

TURCO  
You told me he was solid.

BUTCH  
Well, solid as any addict so maybe not so solid. You pissed at me, brother?

TURCO  
Nah. I shoulda known better. The universe is trying to tell us something, I think.

BUTCH  
That we should quit taking down banks?

TURCO

I'm thinking, yes. Most guys I know been caught say it's always the one last job, the one last job and I'm done. It's that one last job where they get nicked.

BUTCH

Well, of course when they get caught is gonna be their last job because they're gonna be in prison after that. And if when they get out they pull another job, then the one last job wasn't their one last job after all.

TURCO

Don't be a smart-ass, Butch. Your boy know where you live?

BUTCH

Course not.

TURCO

Any way he or anyone could find out?

BUTCH

You know how it goes. First names only. We're good.

TURCO

Doesn't explain how long the FBI has been on to us or how they knew it was us your boy had a line on.

BUTCH

What do you want to do?

TURCO

Not sure yet.

CUT TO:

EXT. NASA AMES RESEARCH CENTER, MOFFETT FIELD - MORNING

With the Black Hole hovering in the sky overhead, DR. PHILIP NAISMITH, 60's and hippie-ish, pulls up to the Security Gate in his Prius.

NAISMITH

Morning, Linus. Beautiful day.

SECURITY GUARD

You're not the boss of me.

The Security Guard flicks a lit cigarette butt at Naismith who frantically pats it out on his chest.

NAISMITH

Well, okay then.

He then directs his Prius to a designated parking space outside the SERRVI Building.

CAMERA follows Naismith carrying his briefcase and a large Starbucks beverage with whipped topping to the Entrance then holding on the Building whose name is etched in the granite facade: SOLAR SYSTEM EXPLORATION RESEARCH VIRTUAL INSTITUTE, NATIONAL AERONAUTICS AND SPACE ADMINISTRATION.

CUT TO:

INT. SSERVI BUILDING

Inside, Naismith is intercepted by his assistant, BESS, 40's and matronly, as he's using his key card to pass through another security check point.

NAISMITH

Morning, Bess. Any idea what's got into Linus?

BESS

I wanted to catch you before you say anything to the team this morning.

NAISMITH

Why? What's wrong?

BESS

Well, to begin with not everyone reported for work this morning.

NAISMITH

Why on earth not?

BESS

People are upset.

NAISMITH

My goodness, what about?

BESS

You have to understand they're not like you. They're kids. They have their whole lives ahead of them, or at least they thought they did until yesterday and now they're not so sure. That's very stressful and it would be good if you could say something this morning to reassure them, help them deal with this.

They arrive at the Elevator Bay.

NAISMITH

Gotcha. Of course. I'll talk to them. Put this all in perspective.

The elevator doors open and they enter.

BESS

I dunno. Perspective might be not be the best way to go.

NAISMITH

People staying home. Think that's why there wasn't a line at Starbucks?

The elevator doors close.

CUT TO:

INT. COMPUTER LAB

Perhaps Two Dozen Cubicles but only about half of them occupied by Young Scientists in front of computer screens.

Naismith enters followed closely by Bess. He claps his hands to get their attention.

NAISMITH

Good morning, everyone. May I have your attention for a moment, please?

They look up from their computer screens, some move their chairs into the aisle.

BESS

(whispering)  
Remember to be reassuring.



NAISMITH

I want to thank you all for coming to work today. I know we've had a lot to process these last twenty-four hours...

BESS

(whispering)  
Good so far.

NAISMITH

And you have a lot of questions. I have a lot of questions...

BESS

(whispering)  
Okay.

NAISMITH

But where better to be than right here? We're in the eye of the hurricane, boys and girls...

BESS

(wincing)  
Careful.

NAISMITH

We have all the tools we need and we are all of us uniquely qualified to answer those questions and to reassure all the peoples of the world who let's be honest are shitting their pants right now...

BESS

(her head drops)  
And here we go.

NAISMITH

(grinning)  
Kidding, kidding. Is this something or what? A wealth of information that up until yesterday was millions of light years away is now right up there. I mean, where would you rather be than right here, right now?

BESS

(to herself)  
No, please.

NAISMITH

Can I be real for a sec?... Can I?  
We all know we're past the tipping  
point, that climate disaster,  
heatwaves, sea level rise, drought,  
flooding, bigger, badder wildfires  
and tsunamis, the inevitability of  
our beloved planet becoming  
uninhabitable is no longer a  
question of if, but when...

BESS

(shaking her head)  
You're going off the rails.

NAISMITH

(to Bess)  
Relax. I got this.  
(to Staff)  
That being the case, would you  
really prefer being just another  
generation to live and die not to  
know how it all ends? After four  
and a half billion years would you  
be satisfied as a minor footnote  
somewhere near the end of the book,  
or do you want to perhaps be there  
when the final page is turned? To  
know how the story of mankind ends?

Some weeping from the staff. Naismith looks back confidently  
at Bess who buries her face in her hands.

NAISMITH (CONT'D)

So, let's get a tape measure around  
this thing and see what kind of  
monster we're dealing with...

Bess looks at him, pleading.

NAISMITH (CONT'D)

It'll be fun. We'll order pizza.

He proudly waves his Staff back to work. Bess follows after  
him.

NAISMITH (CONT'D)

Told you I'd handle it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAYVIEW DISTRICT - DAY

Under a raised portion of Interstate 280, Alex and an FBI Forensics Team are working on the charred remains of the abandoned Silverado. Bama enters the frame.

ALEX

I'm surprised to see you. I was expecting to hear the rapture came and you and all the faithful were lifted to heaven and spared the coming apocalypse.

BAMA

I went to church, yes.

ALEX

(indicating the SUV)  
We won't find anything we can use.

BAMA

Even if we do, all we have them on is weapons charges and vehicle theft.

ALEX

Ah, what's the point anyway?

BAMA

We continue to do our jobs, live our lives, be our best selves.

Alex throws her a mocking look.

ALEX

Uh huh.

CUT TO:

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT

A large circle of chairs but only Butch, a clearly stoned Middle-aged Woman nodding off and on, and a Young Minister seated in them.

MINISTER

Well, some empty seats this morning which under the circumstances is a concern but let's get started.

BUTCH

Yeah, I'll go. My name's, uh, Butch and I'm an addict...

The Middle-aged Woman is suddenly reanimated.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
Howdy, Butch.

MINISTER  
Thank you, Butch. Do you have something to share?

BUTCH  
Today I'm two hundred fifty days clean but I gotta say when I got up this morning I felt a really strong urge to use again.

MINISTER  
But you didn't, right?

BUTCH  
(shakes his head)  
Nah.

A strung out Junkie stumbles in but bolts back out again as soon as he sees Butch.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
Way to go, Butch.

Butch jumps out of his seat and takes off after the Junkie.

BUTCH  
Motherfucker...

CUT TO:

EXT. THIRD BAPTIST CHURCH - DAY

Butch chases the Junkie out of the Church and catches up with him in an Alley off McAllister.

The Junkie pushes Butch away and swings his fists wildly over and over again.

JUNKIE  
Don't come near me. I'll fuck you up, I'll fuck you up.

He exhausts himself pretty quickly. The Junkie drops his arms, surrendering.

BUTCH  
You all done?

JUNKIE  
(panting heavily)  
I got to get back into the gym.

BUTCH  
How'd you know to set me up? Who  
you talking to?

JUNKIE  
My cardio's shot.

Butch shoves him back against a Dumpster.

BUTCH  
Who you talking to?

JUNKIE  
You can't touch me. I got a sugar  
mama. She in the FBI.

BUTCH  
Tell me her name.

JUNKIE  
Hook me up and I'll tell you her  
name.

BUTCH  
Tell me her name or this is where  
she finds your body.

JUNKIE  
Mendel. Mendel her name and she  
already know all about you.

He pats himself down.

JUNKIE (CONT'D)  
Gimme a cigarette, will you?

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S OFFICE, FBI FIELD OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO

Stenciled on the door: "Alexis Mendel, Special Agent in  
Charge, Criminal Investigations Department". Alex is staring  
at a white board where she's stuck photos of Turco, Butch and  
their Confederates when Bama enters.

BAMA  
Nearly everyone else has been taken  
off their assignments but us, boss.

ALEX

I need to be in that room. This is retaliation.

BAMA

Not a lot of upside to working with you, gotta say.

ALEX

The reason Portnoy put you with me is cause I'm gay he thought we'd work well together.

BAMA

Why? I'm not a lesbian.

ALEX

But he thinks you're a lesbian.

BAMA

But I'm not a lesbian.

ALEX

You dress like a lesbian.

BAMA

I dress professionally. I wear a suit.

ALEX

Yeah, but in a suit you look like a lesbian.

BAMA

Why that homophobic, sexist, misogynist, hyper-masculine prick.

ALEX

You could report him to HR but that won't get either of us in the room.

BAMA

What do you think they're doing in there?

ALEX

I dunno. Coordinating with other agencies who understand the science but also game planning the response to civil unrest, a global economic collapse. Lots of things.

Pause.

BAMA  
I'm not a lesbian.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. NEWSROOM, MSNBC STUDIOS, NEW YORK

A live broadcast with News Anchor KATY TUR and Contributor CORNELL BELCHER.

KATY TUR  
Cornell, in her address to the nation last night, the President urged calm, promising we'd soon know more about the Black Hole and the threat level.

CORNELL BELCHER  
And yet she seemed to be directing her remarks more to our European allies and to our own financial sector after the Dow's big tumble yesterday. Missing from her speech was any mention of the conspiracy theories proliferating on social media, that the Black Hole's a hoax, that the administration cooked this up to divert attention away from failed policies.

KATY TUR  
Always great to see you, Cornell.  
(turning to the CAMERA)  
Well, in our next segment, we'll be talking to a Dr. Philip Naismith, Director of NASA's Solar System Exploration Research Virtual Institute about what we know right now and what it means. Stay with us.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

A Wall of Monitors above a control panel show different angles of Cornell Belcher exiting the set and of Katy Tur getting her hair and makeup touched up.

Seated along the panel are Techs, a Producer and on another monitor Naismith remote from his Office.

PRODUCER

Okay, Dr. Naismith, you're up next.

NAISMITH

I was watching. So, this is Katy Tur? Nothing against Katy Tur but I was hoping for a slot on Rachel Maddow. She's very impressive.

PRODUCER

Yeah, Rachel's great but listen, we're about thirty seconds out so remember what we talked about. Try not to move around in your seat too much and it's always a good idea that when Katy asks you a question that before you answer you tell her what a great a question it is.

NAISMITH

Sure. How do I look?

PRODUCER

Fabulous. Stand by.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM

Katy Tur looks up from her notes at the Camera.

KATY TUR

With us now is Dr. Philip Naismith, Director of NASA's Solar System Exploration Research Virtual Institute. Welcome doctor.

Naismith appears on a screen, both nervous and excited, and she turns to face him.

NAISMITH

Thank you for having me and what a great question.

KATY TUR

(smiling)

And, uh, thank you for being here, so let me ask you, can you tell us about this Black Hole and is there cause for concern?



NAISMITH

Sure, well, to begin with how crazy is this, right? I know there's a tremendous amount of anxiety now but from a scientific perspective I couldn't be more excited.

KATY TUR

And I'm excited for you if that means you don't believe the Black Hole poses an immediate threat to the earth?

NAISMITH

No immediate threat, no, because it's here and we're still here so there's that.

KATY TUR

And that's good, right?

NAISMITH

(gaining confidence)

Yeah, great question, Katy. As we all know what a Black Hole does is it absorbs all the matter near it, so the fact that that didn't happen when it formed means that for the moment anyway, we're not within it's gravitational pull.

KATY TUR

Not for the moment, you say?

NAISMITH

We're monitoring the activity near the Black Hole, that is to say the gravitational waves and motions of the stars in its orbit to determine the accretion of matter...

KATY TUR

Whoa there, doctor. I guess what we all want to know is, are we safe?

NAISMITH

Yes, we are.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The Techs and the Producer hoot and holler and high five.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM

Their relief is short-lived.

NAISMITH  
For now, that is.

KATY TUR  
Sorry?

NAISMITH  
Well, as the Black Hole continues to absorb gas and interstellar dust and it grows and gains mass, we'll have a better idea of whether its gravitational pull will increase to a degree that could say, throw the earth out of its orbit around the sun, for example...

CUT TO:

INT. NAISMITH'S OFFICE, SSERVI BUILDING - SAME TIME

Naismith staring into his computer monitor sensing he's gone off the rails again but unable to stop himself.

NAISMITH  
Or exacerbate natural disasters, floods and tsunamis, or bombardment of comets and asteroids thrown from their orbits...

He looks up at Bess who's waving her arms in a desperate attempt to get him to shut up.

NAISMITH (CONT'D)  
There are a whole host of possible disaster scenarios. Too early to tell though, so we'll see.

KATY TUR  
What kind of mitigation strategies could we use to meet the threat of these disaster scenarios?

NAISMITH  
Mitigation strategies? For a Black  
Hole?

Pause.

NAISMITH (CONT'D)  
(stammers, nonplussed)  
There are none.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWSROOM

Katy Tur left speechless. Naismith shifts uncomfortably.

CUT TO:

INT. CONTROL ROOM

The Techs and Producer left speechless also. Dead air.

NAISMITH  
(sheepishly)  
Um, well, thanks for having me.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

A compendium of brief excerpts of YOUTUBE VIDEOS explaining how Black Holes are formed, how Black Holes behave, and how Black Holes swallow up stars and planets and galaxies.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

INT. CAFE

GRACE, 40's, enters and scans the dining area. Turco waves to her from a table in the back.

GRACE  
Noah?

He stands, both of them unsure whether to hug. They settle on a hand shake. He then pulls her chair out for her.

TURCO  
I wasn't sure you'd show up.

GRACE  
I wouldn't do that.

TURCO  
What with the... you know.

GRACE  
Yeah, that.

TURCO  
How 'bout this? What if for  
tonight we forget all about that  
thing? We won't talk about it and  
we'll pretend it's not even there.

GRACE  
Could we? That would be great.

Sighs of relief. Ice Broken. A Server hands them menus.

TURCO  
I hope you're hungry. I come here  
all the time. Food's unbelievable.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICHMOND DISTRICT - EVENING

Turco and Grace walk up Fulton Street along Golden Gate Park  
until they arrive at her Building, the ominous Black Hole  
looking down on them.

GRACE  
Well, this is it. I'd invite you  
in but...

TURCO  
Your boys. (looking up). Think  
they're watching us?

GRACE  
I had a really nice time.

TURCO  
Me too. Gotta say, I don't know  
what to do right now. I don't know  
how to date. I haven't dated since  
high school and my first wife, she  
had to walk me through it then.

GRACE  
You did fine. You were perfect.

TURCO  
(embarrassed)  
Then I think I'll quit while I'm  
ahead and just say goodnight and  
hope that maybe we can do this  
again sometime.

He extends his hand while she extends her arms and the result  
is a brief and awkward hug.

GRACE  
Text me if you want. G'night.

TURCO  
Night, Grace.

He watches her into the lobby. She turns and waves.

CUT TO:

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT

Grace unlocks her front door, tosses her keys onto a coffee  
table and kicks off her shoes. It's a small apartment and  
it's clear she's alone in it.

She flops down on the sofa and gives in to hopeful feelings  
it's her habit normally to dismiss.

CUT TO:

INT. NAISMITH'S HOME

As Naismith comes through the front door he's met there by  
his teenaged son, ETHAN, sobbing.

ETHAN  
Are we gonna die?

Ethan runs up the stairs and slams his bedroom door behind  
him. Naismith's wife, KATE, flashes a disapproving look...

KATE  
Nice.

...then follows up the stairs after her son.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S OFFICE

Alex is resting her head on her desk, basking in melancholy, when Portnoy bolts through the door, startling her.

PORTNOY

Busy?

ALEX

No, Associate Executive Assistant Director.

PORTNOY

Got a job for you. Not a job, really, more like a task.

ALEX

Yes, Associate Executive...

PORTNOY

Or an errand.

ALEX

Anything, Associate Executive Assistant Director.

PORTNOY

We're monitoring social media and came up on a post on one of those wingnut conspiracy sites and the IP address belongs to an internet cafe in the Tenderloin. What I need you to do is ask around to see if maybe somebody there knows who might have posted it.

ALEX

I'll go right now.

She rises dutifully...

PORTNOY

Not now, it's almost ten. What was posted was posted in the morning so whoever's there in the morning will know who comes in to use the computers around that time.

...then sinks slowly back into her desk chair.

ALEX

What was the significance of the post, if you don't mind me asking, Deputy Assistant Director?

PORTNOY

(taking out his phone)

I'm forwarding the post to your phone but the long and the short of it is whoever posted it predicted the Black Hole more than four months before it appeared.

ALEX

That's impossible. Isn't it?

PORTNOY

Don't make a big deal out of this, Mendel. Just see if you can get a positive ID on the subject. Under no circumstances are you to engage with said subject.

ALEX

Yes, Associate Executive Assistant Director.

PORTNOY

Are we clear? Do not engage.

ALEX

Yes, Associate Executive Assistant Director.

PORTNOY

Ok, then.

He exits.

ALEX

And fuck you too, Associate Executive Assistant Director.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCH'S CABIN

Turco enters and greets Lola laying on the sofa beside Butch.

BUTCH

How was your date?

TURCO

Good.

He swipes Butch's legs off the sofa to make room for himself.

BUTCH  
 Peculiar time to pick up dating  
 again, don't you think?

TURCO  
 No.

BUTCH  
 I just assumed that with the FBI  
 bearing down we'd be relocating.

TURCO  
 I dunno. We'll see.

BUTCH  
 So?

TURCO  
 Don't.

BUTCH  
 What?

Turco turns to roughhousing with Lola.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERNET CAFE, TENDERLOIN DISTRICT

Alex and Bama enter from Polk Street and flash their badges  
 for the indifferent Counterperson.

ALEX  
 'Scuse me, hi, how are ya? Do you  
 mind if I ask you a few questions?

The Counterperson shrugs his shoulders.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 Are you here most mornings? Do you  
 know most of the people who come in  
 here to use your computers?

COUNTERPERSON  
 I guess.

Alex produces a printout of the post and smooths the paper  
 out on the countertop.

ALEX  
 This post was traced to one of your  
 computers. Recognize the username?



COUNTERPERSON

Bunch of letters and numbers, looks random.

ALEX

Can you think of anyone who's maybe a little off his or her nut might post something like this?

The Counterperson reads the post closely, smiles and hands it back to Alex.

COUNTERPERSON

(indicating the Users)

Take your pick.

Alex and Bama turn to the current Computer Users, all of them appear homeless or indigent.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLK STREET - DAY

Alex and Bama exit the Cafe and look around them. Homeless and indigent Men and Women asleep in the thresholds of empty storefronts or pushing shopping carts filled with their belongings. A needle in a haystack.

CAMERA follows them to their FBI assigned Nondescript Sedan.

BAMA

We could hack into the cafe computers.

ALEX

We'd never get a warrant for that.

BAMA

If it's that important...

ALEX

If it was that important to Portnoy he wouldn't have sent us.

BAMA

The randomness of the handle would suggest he sets up a different profile every time he posts.

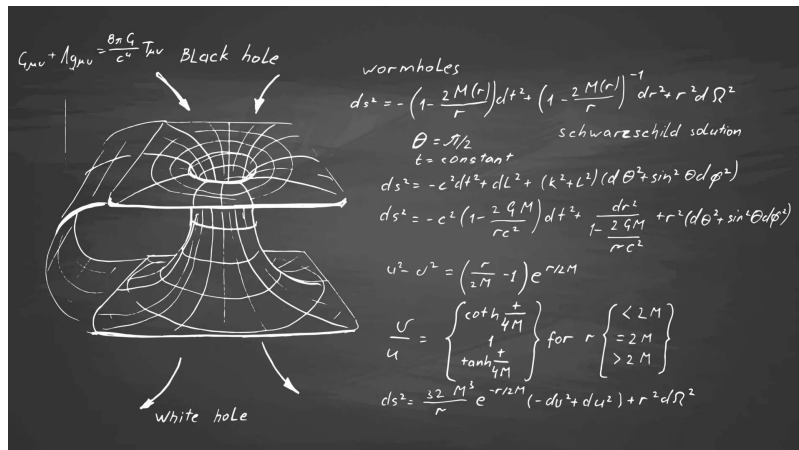
ALEX

It would help if we understood what the poster's even talking about.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S OFFICE

Alex pulls down the photos of Turco and his Crew and referring to her copy of the post transcribes the contents onto the white board, a drawing and mathematical equations:



She's studying the board with her head cocked to one side when Bama enters.

BAMA

Whoa...

ALEX

How're your math skills?

BAMA

I'm dyslexic, so lacking.

ALEX

We need another set of eyes on this.

CUT TO:

INT. TURCO'S PICKUP

Parked on 7th Street across from the Federal Building, we see Alex and Turco exit the building. Turco refers to a printout of Alex's FBI profile with her photo.

CLOSE on Turco considering his options.

TURCO  
(to himself)  
Okay then, Special Agent Mendel.

CUT TO:

INT. NAISMITH'S OFFICE

Naismith is curled up on a sofa with his coat pulled up over his head when Bess startles him awake. He rolls off the sofa onto the floor.

BESS  
Dr. Naismith. Have you been here all night?

NAISMITH  
Hmm? Umm, no. Well, yeah? Lots to do.

Alex and Bama appear behind Bess.

BESS  
There are some FBI agents here to see you.

NAISMITH  
(wiping the sleep from his eyes)  
Am I in trouble?

ALEX  
(flashing her badge)  
Special Agent Alex Mendel, Dr. Naismith. And this is (indicating) Agent Trainee Guerin. I was hoping you could lend a hand with a case we're working. Do you have a few minutes to spare?

NAISMITH  
Uh, sure. If I can help.

He pulls himself up, goes to his desk and searches for his glasses while gesturing for Alex and Bama to sit down and then shooing Bess away.

ALEX  
(holding out the printout)  
Can you make sense of this for us?

Naismith's eyes get big examining the printout.

NAISMITH

Where'd you get this?

ALEX

Do you know what it is?

NAISMITH

Yes, I do. This is what we do here. This is what my team is working on right now relative to the Black Hole, except that they're nowhere this far along yet.

BAMA

So this isn't just scientific gobbledy-goop? Whoever came up with this knows what they're doing?

NAISMITH

Charge and angular momentum, constrained by mass... This may not look like much to you but what it tells me is someone knew about the Black Hole before we did.

ALEX

Someone pretty smart, I'd guess?

NAISMITH

We're still gathering data but there's enough here matching what we already have to tell me this was a forecast of something we were not aware was occurring, a warning of a dying star collapsing on itself, a Black Hole... That Black Hole.

ALEX

How would someone without the resources you have here figure this out before you could?

NAISMITH

That's just it. You can't buy an x-ray telescope on Amazon.

BAMA

Anyone else have this level of capability? Russians? Chinese?

NAISMITH

Not likely. And even if they did, no way they get to this as fast as we can. Impossible.

ALEX  
You're sure?

NAISMITH  
Absolutely.

BAMA  
Could a malevolent foreign power  
manufacture a Black Hole?

NAISMITH  
Something with a mass a million  
times greater than the earth?

BAMA  
Okay, dumb question.

ALEX  
Thank you, doctor. You've been a  
big help.

Alex abruptly stands and indicates to Bama that it's time to  
leave now.

NAISMITH  
Wait a minute. You have to tell me  
how you came by this.

ALEX  
Sorry, we can't... (handing him her  
business card). But if you think  
of anything else, please stay in  
touch.

BAMA  
Have a great rest of your day.

They exit.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI CAR

Alex and Bama drop into the front seat, shell-shocked.

BAMA  
We step in shit, boss?

ALEX  
Yeah, probably. Start the car.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S OFFICE

Alex and Bama enter to find Portnoy feverishly erasing the white board.

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

BAMA  
I'm gonna leave this to you.

She pivots and exits.

ALEX  
Associate Executive?...

PORTNOY  
What did I ask you to do? I asked you to find someone at an internet cafe, not to stir up a hornet's nest with NASA.

ALEX  
I just thought if I understood the meaning of the post it would help identify who posted it.

PORTNOY  
A simple task. Not even. An errand.

Alex bites her tongue.

PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
Go home, Mendel.

He pushes past her to leave. Alex looks after him, equal parts defeated and livid but keeping it under wraps.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Alex is about to step inside the Elevator when Bama catches up with her and holds the doors open.

BAMA  
(excitedly)  
The poster's username. It's not random.

ALEX  
What?

BAMA  
It's not random. It's a QR code.

CUT TO:

INT. ALEX'S OFFICE

Bathed in the blue light of Alex's computer, Alex looking over Bama's shoulder.

BAMA  
I didn't know what else to do so I googled it.

The search results reveal a QR code.

ALEX  
Why would someone use a QR code as a username?

BAMA  
To conceal their identity?

ALEX  
How do we know what it's a QR code for?

BAMA  
You take a picture of it with your phone.

Alex points her phone at the QR code.

ALEX  
Now what?

BAMA  
Just wait.

They stare at the phone until an image appears: A can of Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup.

Alex and Bama look at each other, confused.

ALEX  
Campbell's Cream of Mushroom Soup?

BAMA  
It's a clue, right?

CUT TO:

EXT. BUTCH'S CABIN - EVENING

Turco and Butch on the deck. Turco's staring up at the monstrous void. Butch is petting Lola.

BUTCH

Lola's been acting funny. Have you noticed?

TURCO

She eating?

BUTCH

Yeah, but she hasn't left my side all day except to pee and poop.

TURCO

Ah, she's just getting old.

BUTCH

Animals can sense things. They know before earthquakes hit.

TURCO

You worried about her and not us?

BUTCH

When shit starts getting real, I think I would put her down first, but the idea of doing that makes me really, really sad. You know?

TURCO

We don't know that it's gonna do anything but just hang up there.

BUTCH

Black Holes eat up planets and stars then they spit them back out again as tiny space particles.

TURCO

(laughing)

Like a wood chipper?

BUTCH

You joke. I can't take my mind off it. Nothing I'm seeing predicts a good outcome.

TURCO

We don't know that yet.



BUTCH

If you think about it, what if all the shit that had to happen in the precise order it had to happen in didn't and so there was no Big Bang, no universe...

TURCO

And if a tree falls in the forest and there's no one there to see it, does a bear shit in the woods?

BUTCH

Or what if human beings had never evolved?

TURCO

I wouldn't be here having this stupid-ass conversation with you.

BUTCH

Have you ever tried to concentrate and imagine nothingness?

TURCO

Nothingness? Whaddya mean?

BUTCH

Exactly.

TURCO

(shaking his head)  
I leave that to you. Night little brother. I'm going to bed.

He goes inside.

BUTCH

Night big brother.

CUT TO:

INT. COMEDY CLUB

In a small only half-filled room, NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON steps behind the stage mike.

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON

How's everyone doing tonight?

A smattering of applause.

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON (CONT'D)  
Okay, then... So anyway, how about  
this Black Hole, huh?

Moans.

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON (CONT'D)  
Tough crowd. Well, to astronomers,  
apart from the whole looming threat  
thing this is all really exciting  
because at the edge of a Black  
Hole, time seems to stop...

A Patron at the bar throws back the last of his drink and  
slams it down on the bar before exiting.

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON (CONT'D)  
Like right now... But seriously  
folks, the thing about a Black Hole  
is at its center, matter shrinks to  
infinite density and the known laws  
of physics no longer apply. Which  
reminds me, what did the duck say  
to the physicist?

He waits. Nothing.

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON (CONT'D)  
Quark quark quark. Get it? Well,  
to physicists bent on explicating  
fundamental laws, Black Holes are  
like the holy grail of mysteries  
and imagination. So, hey, did you  
hear the one about the photon who  
checks into a hotel and the bellhop  
asks him where his suitcase is, and  
the photon replies, I didn't bring  
any luggage. I'm traveling light.

An uncomfortable pause ensues.

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON (CONT'D)  
Okay, how about this? Why can't  
you trust an atom?

More Patrons exit.

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON (CONT'D)  
Because they make up everything.

Hisses and boos.

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON (CONT'D)  
 And why can't you take electricity  
 to social gatherings? It doesn't  
 know how to conduct itself.

Still more Patrons get up to leave. Panic sets in.

NEIL DEGRASSE TYSON (CONT'D)  
 Wait, wait... How many general-  
 relativity theoreticians does it  
 take to change a light bulb? Two.  
 One to hold the bulb and one to  
 rotate space.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERNET CAFE

Alex and Bama enter and find the same indifferent  
 Counterperson resting with his elbows on the countertop.

ALEX  
 Just a quick follow up question...

COUNTERPERSON  
 You gonna buy something?

ALEX  
 Huh? No. Do any of the people who  
 come here work in a restaurant or  
 food service facility?

COUNTERPERSON  
 How should I know?

BAMA  
 Does anyone dress like they work in  
 a kitchen? A cook shirt, chef  
 pants?

COUNTERPERSON  
 (thinking)  
 Could be I do, but I don't know his  
 name.

ALEX  
 When was the last time you saw him?

COUNTERPERSON  
 I don't remember. You gonna buy  
 something?

ALEX

No. What's he look like? White guy, black guy, Hispanic, Asian?

COUNTERPERSON

White guy. Kind of intense. Like not a fella you go up to and start a conversation with. More like a fella you keep your distance from.

ALEX

Point us in the right direction and I'll buy something.

COUNTERPERSON

Buy something, don't buy something, I don't care. This ain't my place.

ALEX

(to Bama)

I don't have any cash. Have you got some cash?

BAMA

Couple bucks maybe.

Bama reaches into her pockets and produces some crumpled bills and miscellaneous receipts.

COUNTERPERSON

Put it away. When he comes he comes from across the street. The dude's easy enough to spot cause he crosses against the light, cusses at the cars honking at him, gets into it with bikers in the bike lane. He's a public menace.

ALEX

(looking across the street and indicating)

Across the street? There?

CUT TO:

INT. SOUP KITCHEN, GLIDE MEMORIAL CHURCH

Alex and Bama enter the dining facility. The tables are jammed with the Indigent and Homeless consuming meals Others are waiting in a long line for.

At the head of the long line presiding over the service is Blue, one moment immersed in the finishing of a bowl of fish by spooning a murky broth over it and then in the next wildly gesticulating to his Kitchen Staff.

CLOSE on Blue. He takes a taste of the fish broth from the hotel pan he's serving from and considers it a moment before shouting back over his shoulder.

BLUE  
Needs sea salt.

KITCHEN WORKER  
Yes, chef.

BLUE  
Where's more bread?

KITCHEN WORKER  
Coming, chef.

Alex and Bama step in front of the line across from Blue and flash their badges.

ALEX  
'Scuse me...

A Kitchen Worker appears behind Blue with an arm full of baguettes. He grabs one and with a big knife skillfully cuts it lengthwise and then into slices.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Special Agent Mendel, Agent Trainee  
Guerin...

Blue hands the bowl to the Scowling Person who was next in line when Alex and Bama cut in front of him.

BLUE  
Can't talk now.

ALEX  
We're FBI.

BLUE  
You want to eat? Get in line.

BAMA  
Smells great.

Blue looks up briefly, a little flattered, then returns to spooning broth.

BLUE  
Looks a mess but it's  
bouillabaisse. Peasant food.

BAMA  
If we get in line, can we talk to  
you?

Blue shrugs his shoulders and hands another bowl of fish stew  
and french bread to the Next in Line.

Bama pulls Alex away from the line.

CUT TO:

INT. SAME - LATER

Alex and Bama seated at a long table among the Homeless and  
Indigent Diners.

ALEX  
(devouring the soup)  
This is fucking amazing.

Blue sits down across from them.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
(to Blue)  
This is fucking amazing.

BLUE  
It's day old bread. Best we can do  
here and the fish is all scraps but  
I'll put my rouille up against  
anybody's.

BAMA  
Was I tasting fennel and orange?

BLUE  
Uh huh.

BAMA  
How do you do the fish?

BLUE  
Poach it in the broth.

ALEX  
Fucking amazing. Really.

BLUE  
You're FBI?

Alex takes out the printout of Blue's post.

ALEX  
Did you post this?

Blue takes the printout from her.

BLUE  
Uh huh.

ALEX  
Are you an astrophysicist?

BLUE  
Nah. I'm a chef.

ALEX  
This is pretty sophisticated math.

BLUE  
Is it?

ALEX  
Do you know what it means?

BLUE  
Nope. I'm a chef.

ALEX  
But you did write it, right?

BLUE  
Yeah, I think so.

ALEX  
Help me out here. Where did this  
come from and why did you post it?

BLUE  
(distressed)  
I don't remember. I got work.

He jumps up quickly and retreats back behind the kitchen line.

BAMA  
We were not to engage, isn't that  
correct?

ALEX  
I needed to be sure we had the  
right guy.

BAMA

What now?

ALEX

We report back.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOMELESS ENCAMPMENT - MORNING

Blue emerges from his Makeshift Shelter among a long row of other Makeshift Shelters.

Aware other Tent Villagers around him eyeballing his shelter, Blue throws his arms out wide like a grizzly bear and growls.

They back away. Blue shoulders his rucksack and flashes them a menacing look before stomping off.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANKLIN STREET - LATER

Pedestrians give Blue marching toward them on the sidewalk while muttering to himself a wide berth.

CLOSE on Blue. Preoccupied by thoughts swirling in his head.

BLUE

(muttering to himself)

I am not a drop in the ocean. I am  
the entire ocean in a drop.

Blue pauses before crossing Van Ness to watch a Parade of People dressed as Tacos dance past him and other Pedestrians.

The Black Hole is low in the sky and as the Tacos move further down Van Ness, it looks like they're dancing into the void.

Once they're finally clear, a Traffic Cop waves Blue and the other Pedestrians across the street. Blue and the Traffic Cop assess each other in passing.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI CAR

Alex and Bama parked on a stakeout.



BAMA

(reading her phone)

Have you heard of the five stages of grief? Apparently we're all in the denial stage now, with anger, bargaining, depression and acceptance still to come...

ALEX

(into a walkie talkie)

Target has just turned down Ellis.

FBI AGENT

(voice cracking o/c)

Copy that. Stand by.

CUT TO:

EXT. ELLIS STREET - SAME TIME

Blue turns down Ellis and is immediately gripped by an instinct that persuades him to come to a sudden stop.

A moment later, Three Large Black SUV's careen around the street corners in front and behind Blue. FBI Agents jump from the SUV's as they screech to a halt, surrounding Blue. They restrain him and throw a black bag over his head. Blue struggles mightily but he's quickly overcome.

CUT TO:

INT. FBI CAR

Alex and Bama watch Blue being shoved into one of the SUV's.

TOM WAITS' EARTH DIED SCREAMING plays softly under the action to begin with, then slowly builds.

FBI AGENT

(voice cracking o/c)

Target is secured. We're outta here.

ALEX

(softly, contrite)

Copy that.

BAMA

We did good, didn't we?

Alex doesn't reply as the SUV's sweep past their vehicle.

CLOSE on Alex, remorseful.

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK SUV

CLOSE on Blue under the black bag and restrained as TOM WAITS' EARTH DIED SCREAMING builds to blaring.

CUT TO:

INT. BUTCH'S CABIN

Butch's POV - The Virtual Reality Game SOLAR SMASH showing the Earth being destroyed. TOM WAITS' EARTH DIED SCREAMING subsides as our planet explodes into pieces.

Butch in a VR Headset, fully immersed and animated.

BUTCH  
(loudly)  
Boom!

CUT TO:

EXT. SAME - DAY

Turco under the hood of his Pickup with his phone out leaving a voicemail.

TURCO  
(into phone, uneasy)  
Hi Grace, it's Noah. I texted you but I haven't heard back, uh, and, uh, so, I mean, if I read things wrong and you're not interested in seeing me again, if you could just text me to let me know and, uh, I promise I won't bother you again.

Pausing briefly to find the words.

TURCO (CONT'D)  
(into phone, discouraged)  
Either way, it's cool. I had a nice time the other night. Hope you did too. Anyway, uh, bye.

He ends the call, clearly disheartened.

CUT TO:

INT. NAISMITH'S HOME

Naismith taps on the door to his son's Bedroom and half enters. Ethan is laying on his bed reading.

Naismith sits down at the foot of the bed. Ethan lays the book down and swings his legs around the side so he's seated beside his Dad.

Naismith takes his Ethan's hand, trying to be reassuring, but what passes between them is closer to both having become resigned to the inevitable.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, FBI FIELD OFFICE

An FBI Agent yanks the black bag off Blue's head. Blue looks around, disoriented. Adjusting his eyes, they fix on Portnoy seated across a table from him.

Two-way glass dominates the wall in the background.

Portnoy pushes the printout in front of Blue.

PORTNOY

Did you post this?

Blue doesn't respond, doesn't lift his eyes from the printout.

PORTNOY (CONT'D)

Fine. Let's start with a name.

Got a name, guy?

Pause.

PORTNOY (CONT'D)

Your employer's records are woefully incomplete and you've never been printed, which is odd, but you're called, Blue. Correct?

Silence.

PORTNOY (CONT'D)

Lemme explain something to you, Blue. The simplest way to get back to your life, such as it is, will be for you to answer my questions truthfully and in enough detail so that I feel comfortable releasing you from custody.

Blue's head droops to where his forehead is resting on the table.

PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
Are you with me, Blue?

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Busy with FBI Agents. Blue and Portnoy can be seen on the other side of the two-way glass.

Alex and Bama are relegated to the back row.

ALEX  
He's shutting down.

The FBI Agents glare disapprovingly at Alex. Bama smiles back, intimidated, but Alex glares right back.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Portnoy struggles to get Blue's attention. He stands and shakes the printout violently.

PORTNOY  
(harshly)  
Where'd you get this? Who gave  
this to you?

Blue begins repeatedly pounding his forehead on the table.

PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
(angrily)  
Where did you get this?

Blue's self-harm increases in its frequency and intensity.

PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
(shouting)  
Who gave this to you?

Blood spatters, startling Portnoy.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Alex aggressively pushes past the other FBI Agents to exit.

ALEX  
Fucking idiot.

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

Alex runs smack into an FBI Agent standing guard outside the Interrogation Room.

ALEX  
(desperately)  
I need to get in there.

FBI AGENT  
No way, Mendel. Step back.

The door is pulled open from the inside by Portnoy. Bama and the FBI Agents in the Observation Room flood into the corridor.

PORTNOY  
Can we get a first aid kit in here,  
please?

Inside, we can see Blue, his face bloodied, being restrained from injuring himself further by the FBI Agent.

PORTNOY (CONT'D)  
And someone who knows how to dress  
a wound?

ALEX  
I know how.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

With a first aid kit laid out on the table, Alex is dabbing Blue's forehead with gauze while the FBI Agent looks on.

ALEX  
(to Blue)  
I'm so sorry.

Her voice brings Blue back from wherever he'd withdrawn to.

ALEX (CONT'D)

This is my fault. I am so, so  
sorry.

Portnoy pulls her away.

PORTNOY

That's enough. He's good.

ALEX

He can't continue. He needs a  
doctor.

PORTNOY

He's fine. There's some urgency  
here, Special Agent.

ALEX

Then let me talk to him.

Portnoy reluctantly considers the idea.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATER

Portnoy and the other FBI Agents observing Alex and Blue on  
the other side of the two-way glass. Bama is by herself in  
the back.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Blue's head is bandaged. Alex leans over the table to  
shorten the distance between them.

ALEX

(softly)

Blue, this is crazy. They know the  
Black Hole is a naturally occurring  
phenomenon and that the answers  
they're looking for will eventually  
be answered by NASA or JPL or NSA  
or somebody. But the thing is the  
FBI is a government agency and when  
the country's confronted by a  
threat their knee jerk reaction is  
to assess the threat according to  
what it is the FBI does, which  
means they're going to look at this  
like there are humans behind it.

She looks for acknowledgement but finds none.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Do you understand what I'm saying?

His head remains bowed.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Soon as you explain to them how you  
came by those equations, who gave  
it to you, why you posted it,  
they'll leave you alone.

She reaches across the table and takes his hands. He doesn't pull away.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Isn't that what you want? To be  
left alone?

No response.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Nobody saw this coming. A star  
dies in our solar system, a Black  
Hole forms and our existence is in  
question now. A level of anxiety I  
would describe as really fucking up  
there is understandable. We're  
just looking for some answers.

He shrugs ever so slightly...

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Give me a name or a source and I  
can walk you right out of here.

...but still won't make eye contact.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
(pleading)  
Tell me the equations were just  
something you found searching the  
internet. Tell me you don't know  
how it relates to the Black Hole.  
Tell me you made it up. Tell me  
it's a joke. Tell me something,  
anything, but if you say nothing,  
how am I supposed to help you?

Alex loses her temper and kicks her chair out from underneath her.

ALEX (CONT'D)

Damn it, Blue. It's not like you're responsible for the Black Hole. You didn't make it, imagine it or manifest it, so what's the problem?

Blue finally looks up.

BLUE

(regretfully)

That's just it. I think maybe I did.

Alex is dumbstruck.

CUT TO:

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM

Puzzled glances all around.

PORTNOY

Arrest him.

The FBI Agents hurry into the corridor and Bama watches helplessly as on the other side of the two-way glass we see them restrain Alex and haul Blue out of the room.

ALEX

(anguished)

Wait! Stop!

CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR

CLOSE on Blue, emotionless, as he's dragged by the FBI Agents to the end of the corridor and through a door that shuts behind him.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. ARCHBASILICA OF SAINT JOHN LATERAN, ROME - EARLY EVENING

To TOM WAITS' EARTH DIED SCREAMING and under the demon shadow of the Black Hole, faithful Christians kneel in prayer.

CUT TO:



EXT. GREAT MOSQUE OF MECCA, SAUDI ARABIA - SAME TIME

EARTH DIED SCREAMING fills the air. Muslims in Asr prayer with the Black Hole overhead.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAHABODHI TEMPLE, BODH GAYA, INDIA - SAME TIME

Buddhist prayer under the shade of the Bodhi Tree and the Black Hole. EARTH DIED SCREAMING builds.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHRINE OF BAHÁ'U'LLÁH, ACRE, ISRAEL - SAME TIME

EARTH DIED SCREAMING reaches the bridge as Pilgrims of the Bahá'í Faith bow to the Shrine of Bahá'u'lláh and to the Black Hole on the horizon.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOWL - EVENING

The Fiery Yellow and Orange Ring of the low hanging Black Hole forms an arc above the Amphitheater's Bandshell.

CLOSING TITLES over TOM WAITS and his Band performing live, picking up EARTH DIED SCREAMING where it left off in the scene previous.

The Song ends. Applause. The Audience rises to its feet.

Tom and the Band take their bows.

FADE OUT:

FADE IN:

SFX - A satellite view of the ominous Black Hole sucking in Space Stuff that then disappears into the void.

CREDITS end.

FADE TO BLACK