

"AND A BOY SHALL LEAD THEM"

Screenplay Written by

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#3 DRAFT

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FADE IN:

EXT. EUROPA'S SURFACE

An ASTRONAUT'S GLOVED HAND lowering a thin WIRE into a hole cut in ice. We hear the HOWLING ALIEN WIND Reveal: MICHAEL THOMPSON (40s) in a full spacesuit, kneeling at a 20 FOOT HOLE in the ICY SURFACE of Europa, Jupiter's fourth largest moon.

The planet is white, glass-smooth, desolate. He continues lowering the wire. We don't really know what he's doing, and whatever's attached to the wire can't be very heavy or this wire would break.

RYAN MILLER (O.S.)
(over Michael's intercom)
Mike, man, what are you doing?

MICHAEL
Science.

CLOSE ON: Michael's face, sort of laughing at his own joke. He begins pulling up the wire...

RYAN MILLER (O.S.)
(intercom)
You know every second you're out there is, like, \$1000 of the taxpayer's money, right?

MICHAEL
(lying)
Sorry, Ryan, I've got pretty bad static... out...

Michael's still pulling the wire. It's long. Very long. Finally, he pulls it up: a FROZEN RED ROSE. Michael puts it close to his face, studying it.

He presses a button, and we see a tiny screen on his lens, transmitting a video to...

INT. SUBMERSIBLE LOADER - MAIN CONSOLE ROOM

In a cramped loader vehicle, RYAN MILLER (30s) and DIANE GREGG(50s), are wrapped in BLANKETS, sipping HOT COFFEE, looking at a BIG IMAGE OF THE ROSE ON THE SCREEN. The gloved hand comes onto the screen again, FLICKS the rose, which SHATTERS.

MICHAEL
It's really cold out here.

RYAN MILLER (O.S.)
That's a truly astute observation, man. They should give you the Nobel Prize.

EXT. EUROPA'S SURFACE

WIDER SHOT on Michael now, revealing the Submersible Loader about thirty yards away - a heavy, 40' vehicle with six huge wheels. Michael drops the wire into the large hole, begins walking back toward the vehicle.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE LOADER - STERILIZATION TUBE

In a small, white room, RED LIGHTS flash. The outer door to the submersible slide open, and Michael enters. The doors seal shut, and a WARMING SPRAY discharges from vents in the walls.

Once it's over, Michael removes his helmet and blows into his hands. On the far wall, near a second door, a small machine is filling a CUP OF COFFEE. Michael takes the cup, presses a few buttons, and goes through this second door into the Main Console Room, where Ryan and Diane are watching the view screen, only now they're looking at the HOLE IN THE ICE.

MICHAEL

You'd think the taxpayers would
spring for better coffee.

Michael sits between Ryan and Diane, pulls a blanket around himself.

RYAN

No way. They'd send us up here in a
weather balloon if they could.

MICHAEL

Are weather balloons cheap?

RYAN

I don't know. What about the flying
thing Da Vinci made? What's that
called?

DIANE

An ornithopter.

RYAN

Well they'd send us up in an
orniwhatever if they could.

Diane, a motherly-type woman who's in charge of this expedition, has been punching buttons on the console this whole time. Suddenly the whole vehicle LURCHES FORWARD.

EXT. EUROPA'S SURFACE.

The huge vehicle moves slowly towards the hole in the ice, turning so that the back of the vehicle faces the hole. A hatch on the back of the vehicle opens, and LARGE WINCHES extend from it.

INT. SUBMERSIBLE LOADER - SUBMERSIBLE ROOM

In the room with the now-open hatch sits a SUBMERSIBLE. It is only large enough for two passengers, and on one side, written in a block type NASA text -- AT-328 THE BEAN.

Michael and Ryan, in space suits, enter the room. Both are looking at the submersible.

RYAN
Sort of a lame name, don't you think? The Bean?

MICHAEL
I just hope its warm.

EXT. EUROPA'S SURFACE

The WINCHES ENGAGE, and the Bean is lifted from the back of the loader and, slowly, with much WHIRRING, lowered into the hole in the ice.

INT. BEAN

The inside, of the craft is tiny; Michael and Ryan are right on top of each other. They're watching their descent through tiny screens with bad resolution.

DIANE (O.S.)
(intercom)
The submersible will take you to the spot where we found the disturbance. It's also set to return if any primary or secondary systems fail.

RYAN
So what are you saying?

DIANE (O.S.)
(intercom)
I'm saying don't touch anything.

There's a KWOOOOOOSH sound as the sub is lowered into the, extremely, cold water. A small machine dispenses coffee for Ryan.

RYAN
(to Michael)
Want one?

But Michael is transfixed by what he's seeing on screen - inky blackness, with vague, shimmering shapes.

RYAN(CONT'D)
Mike?

MICHAEL
What? Oh... no. It gives me the jitters.

INT. THE SUB-ICE OCEAN

We watch as this tiny sub descends though a strange, featureless ocean.

INT. BEAN

Mike and Ryan watching the screen, Ryan blowing on his coffee. An advanced radar is blinking, as the depth meter rises. We hear BLIP, BLIP, BLIP, BLIP.

RYAN
You know, this moon is too cold for
flower-sellers, man.

MICHAEL
Florists.

RYAN
Whatever. Why did you bring that
rose?

MICHAEL
Because.

RYAN
That's it? No explanation?

Clearly not. Michael, at least, knows when to have fun and when to get serious.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

RYAN
I wish they'd explain why we're
down here at all. If it's all
automated, I mean.

MICHAEL
I got the rose from Wendy.

RYAN
That's your wife. See, I listen.

MICHAEL
My ex-wife.

RYAN
Oh...

MICHAEL
Jack saw a liquid nitrogen
demonstration on Youtube. Before I
left I promised I'd show him once
we got to Europa. I recorded that
video for him.

RYAN
 Breaking some rose from your ex
 wife. Bit dramatic, don't you
 think?

MICHAEL
 He, uh... He won't see it that way.

BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP, BEEP...

RYAN
 You miss him? Your boy, Jack?

MICHAEL
 He started second grade this year.
 He'll be in forth grade by the time
 we get back. So yes, I miss him.

RYAN
 Turning seven hey? They grow up so
 fast.

MICHAEL
 Eight actully, he was held back a
 year.

RYAN
 Is your ex-wife looking after him?

MICHAEL
 No way. Not in a million years. She
 doesn't want anything to do with
 him.

At this, Michael pulls out a VIDEOPAD -- On the radar, a RED
 BAR is shaking, akin to an earth quake, but neither of the
 men notice.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 This is Jen. I've known her since I
 was a kid.

VIDEOPAD: JACK THOMPSON (8) sits cross-legged on the floor of
 his bedroom SURROUNDED BY LEGOS.

JEN (O.S.)
 (VideoPad)
 Say 'Hi Dad.'

MICHAEL
 That's Jen. My best friend. Known
 her since I was a kid.

RYAN
 Is she hot?

Michael shoots Ryan a quick awkward stare.

JEN (O.S.)
 (VideoPad)
 What are you building?

Jack is intensely, focused on whatever it is he's building. He's not ignoring Jen; he just legitimately doesn't realize that she's there.

JEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (VideoPad)
 Jack?

Finally, Jack looks into the camera, his head cocked to one side.

JEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (VideoPad)
 Tell your dad what we had for dinner.

JACK
 (VideoPad)
 We had green organic peppers stuffed with long-grain rice and diced onions and 85% lean ground turkey, because turkey has less fat than beef but holds the flavor better than tofu. We baked the peppers for 40 minutes at 425 degrees.

JEN (O.S.)
 (VideoPad)
 Did you like it?

JACK
 (VideoPad)
 I wanted pizza.

Ryan laughs, looks at Michael, and Michael's smiling too, only he can't pull his eyes from the screen.

JEN (O.S.)
 (VideoPad)
 Tell Dad what you did with the seeds.

But Jack's already turned back to the Legos, back to his own little world. Jen carries the camera to a row of dirt-filled Dixie Cups on the windowsill. Then she turns it around, showing herself for the first time - a smart, pretty brunette in her 30s.

JEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (videopad)
 He says if we grow our own we can save \$1.75 a month. He's a cheapskate, just like you.

Suddenly, Diane's panicked voice cuts in:

DIANE (O.S.)
What's happening down there?

Now Michael and Ryan both see the SHAKING RED BAR. They panic. Michael's furiously punching buttons.

DIANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Do you read? What's happeni-

MICHAEL
I don't know, Diane. I don't--

The whole sub SHAKES and ROLLS to one side. Michael and Ryan are tossed, and warning lights are blinking... There's a DULL, GIGANTIC OOOOOOOH sound, and a RUMBLING.

Communication is out, along with the view screen for a moment.

RYAN
What's happening? Are we gonna make it?

MICHAEL
We're not gonna die. Help me open this.

Michael's using his shoulder to left open a PANEL. Ryan helps him, and it flies open, revealing a thick, porthole window and -- massive, vague dark shapes.

RYAN
What is that?

MICHAEL
Diane, are you seeing this?

DIANE (O.S.)
(intercom)
Get the sub back here now.

And Michael doesn't have to hear this twice. He disengages the autopilot and takes the controls.

INT. SUB-ICE OCEAN

The Bean piloting towards the surface, massive shapes moving off in the distance. The shapes aren't pursuing, but there's another OOOOOOOH sound.

EXT. EUROPA'S SURFACE

The Bean emerges at the surface of the water (which is deep in the hole, with tall ice walls outside). The winches are being lowered.

INT. THE BEAN

Ryan is on the floor, gritting his teeth, curled up, evidently in a lot of pain. The ship rocks.

We hear the winches attach, and a low rumbling WHIR, and the ship is raised. Michael flips Ryan onto his stomach, starts KNEADING HIS ELBOW into Ryan's spine.

RYAN
(in extreme pain)
What's happening? What's...

MICHAEL
You've got air pockets in your --

RYAN
Aaaaagh!

MICHAEL
You've got the bends. There's air
in your spine.

Gradually, painfully, Michael works the pocket of air from between Michael's vertebrae. There's a HISSSSS of a door sealing, and a GRINDING of the Bean hatch being unscrewed. Ryan pulls a trash can towards him, vomits into it. The Bean door opens. They're in the Submersible Room again. Diane enters, panicked, sees Ryan.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
He's okay. We're okay.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. NASA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

On a bright, sunny day, Michael, now dressed in a cheap business suit, hurries across the tree-lined campus of a major research center. As he goes into an unassuming brick building, we see.

TWO YEARS LATER

INT. HEADQUARTERS - RECEPTION

Inside the building is sleek and minimal. We see Michael pull out his NASA CREDENTIALS and puts them into a security scanner, which DINGS and lets him through.

INT. ELEVATOR

Michael listening to ELEVATOR MUSIC, checking his watch, etc. Dr. Bartnicki's Office, Michael rushes into the office, looking down, out of breath, but sort of smiling.

MICHAEL
Hi Diane, sorry I'm...

But it's not Diane at the desk; it's DR. SAUL BARTNICKI (40s), a slick, middle-management type. From the look on Michael's face, we know something's wrong.

BARTNICKI
You must be Michael Thompson.

MICHAEL
Where's Diane?

BARTNICKI
I'm not at liberty to say.

MICHAEL
I don't understand. Is she sick?

BARTNICKI
Gosh, I hope not.

INT. MICHAEL'S LAB

Michael enters his lab, which has several large computers, some potted plants, and PICTURES FROM JACK thumb tacked to the walls, these photos aren't sloppy finger paintings; they're tessellations, prisms, fractals, all very precise, very geometric (and all done in colored pencil).

Computer ON-SCREEN - Michael pulls up images taken from THE BEAN and imports them to photo editing software.

A bar pops up: IMPORTING FILES

While he waits for the pictures to transfer, he goes to look at Jack's pictures. He stops on one with a bunch of sketched faces scribbled out and a simple smiley face at the bottom labeled DAD.

There's also an * and a note from Jack: SORRY I'M NOT VERY GOOD AT FACES YET. MRS. SPIEGELMAN SAID THEY WERE OKAY, BUT I THINK SHE WAS JUST BEING NICE. DING. The files are loaded.

Michael goes back to his desk and begins working on the photos, enhancing contrast, sharpness, moving sliders, etc.

Bit of a montage. At any rate, the overall effect is that he can't really make out the huge dark shapes, no matter what he does. Frustrated, he decides to at least take notes, and start scribbling what he can.

DING.

ON-SCREEN: ONE NEW MESSAGE: DIANE

And it's clear from the look on Michael's face that this is very strange. He looks left, looks right, then clicks the email and begins reading.

INT. 4TH GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON: someone's sneakers, bouncing excitedly. Pull back: They're Jack's feet. He's in the front row, but he's got his head slumped to his chest and his arms crossed. It sort of looks like he's sleeping.

Pull back to reveal a fourth grade classroom. It's Spring, so they're paying even less attention than they normally would.

Everyone, including the teacher MRS. SPIEGELMAN (40s), is looking at Jack.

MRS. SPIEGELMAN
Jack? Are you still with us?

JACK
Yes. I listen better with my eyes closed.

MRS. SPIEGELMAN
Will you please stop bouncing your feet?

And by the look on Jack's face, she may as well have asked him to take off his pants.

JACK
I always bounce my feet.

MRS. SPIEGELMAN
Jack...

JACK
It helps me think.

WHACK! A CRUMPLED BALL OF PAPER bounces off Jack's head.

Mrs. Spiegelman sort of glares at the class, but the attacker is hidden among the 9-year-old crowd.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - DAY -RECESS

While the rest of the kids whoop and holler, playing tag and playing basketball, Jack is seated on a bench, legs crossed, BACKPACK beside him, doing math homework.

PUSH IN: Math Homework.

It's blank, but not for long; we watch the pencil fly across the page without stopping. Math is sort of Jack's thing.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: Just as he's moving to the last row of problems, a LADYBUG lands on the paper.

PULL BACK: Jack is staring at the ladybug, his head cocked to one side. He lets the ladybug climb onto his pencil, brings it close to his eyes, studying it... then blows gently, letting the ladybug take off into the air.

But as he pleasantly watches it go, someone shoves Jack forward off the bench. It's GREG (9) and PEDRO (10); the two older boys grab his backpack and dump it out.

Legos, sketches, and rulers clack and flutter to the ground. Jack stands, embarrassed, confused, sort of shaking.

JACK
W-why did you do that?

Greg snatches one of the sketches.

GREG
 Hm. That's pretty good for a
 retard.

JACK ATTACKS GREG, he tackles him, then starts scratching and slapping him. Pedro bolts. Jack's also moaning, and attacking Greg with a ferocity you wouldn't expect from his little body.

To be clear, there's nothing cute or triumphant about this; Jack has gone way over the line.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Jack and his father Michael, sitting opposite PRINCIPAL EAGAN (50s). Jack is reading his math book, not hearing the very serious conversation going on.

EAGAN
 What do you think, Jack?

Jack doesn't look up. Again, not ignoring; it's like he doesn't even know someone said anything.

MICHAEL
 Hey bud. We'll read later, okay?

JACK
 I want to read now.

MICHAEL
 We're having a conversation right now. You have to listen when other people talk to you, okay?

Jack keeps reading.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 (patiently)
 Jack.

JACK
 I'm listening.

Michael and Principal Eagan exchange looks.

MICHAEL
 He's listening.

EAGAN
 Jack, can you look at me for just one second?
 (Jack does Now)
 I know this wasn't totally your fault. I had Greg and his parents and Pedro and his parents in here before you. But if someone bothers you, you need to go to Mrs. Spiegelman, okay?

JACK
But if I tell Mrs. Spiegelman, they
make fun of me for that.

EAGAN
You have to do it. Greg had to get
stitches.
(to Michael)
I had to talk Greg's parents out of
a lawsuit.

JACK
(to Michael)
You told me to stand up for myself.

MICHAEL
I didn't mean scratch their eyes
out.

JACK
(frustrated)
You said if someone pushes me, I
have to push back.

MICHAEL
I didn't mean...
(to Eagan)
We'll talk about this at home
tonight. This won't happen again, I
promise.

EAGAN
It can't happen again. Look, I like
you Jack. You're an excellent
student. But with your,
condition...

MICHAEL
Autism's not a condition.

EAGAN
Well whatever the politically
correct term for it is, the laws
are pretty clear; if he puts other
students at risk, he has to
transfer to another school. A
SPECIAL SCHOOL. He'll be years
behind other students, and that
would be such a waste.

MICHAEL
I understand. Tell Principal Eagan
you understand.

JACK
Greg called me a retard. I'm not a
retard.

INT. THOMPSON'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cooking montage - eggs being cracked, flour and oil measured, a bowl of dough mixed. Everything's done with scientific precision by very careful hands.

Reveal: Jack and Jennifer cooking, both wearing APRONS, Jack has his face very close to the measuring cups. Most kids might be pouting or stand-offish after being called into the office, but not Jack; whenever he can focus totally on something, he's content.

They're making pancakes, (breakfast for dinner!). Jennifer's watching Jack measure out the dollops of batter and cook them one at a time.

JENNIFER

You don't have to make them one at a time, you know?

JACK

I want to.

Jen considers this. Of the people in Jack's life, Jen understands him the best; she knows she just has to see the world the way Jack sees the world.

JENNIFER

I like making them one at a time too, but if you make them this slowly, the first ones will be cold before the batter's used up. What do you think.

Jack stares at the frying pancake for a few beats. It starts to bubble, so he flips it.

JACK

You're right.

Jack slides the single pancake to the side, measures out two more scoops of batter, goes to put the second one in, but burns his forearm on the hot pan. He screams. Jennifer takes the spatula and leads Jack to the sink to run his arm under cold water.

JENNIFER

I'm sorry!

JACK

My fault. I must be careful.

She's close to him, very motherly, even though to him she's only Dad's 'friend'. With his arm still under the water, Jennifer goes back to the pan... scoops up the finished pancake and flips it high into the air. Jack's watching.

JACK (CONT'D)

Cool.

JENNIFER
Want me to teach you?

JACK
Yeah.

They stand there for a beat, the PSSSSSSSS of the running water and SIZZLE of frying pancakes filling the room.

JACK (CONT'D)
Is Dad eating with us tonight?

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

Diane and Ryan (from the submersible) are sitting on a bench, chatting while they wait. Even though no one's there, they keep their voices low.

RYAN
He's not gonna show.

DIANE
He'll show.

RYAN
Well if he does show, he won't go toe-to-toe with the suits. He's got his kid to worry about.

DIANE
You might be right.

MAN'S VOICE
Right about what?

Reveal: Michael standing right behind them, in a spring jacket, looking left and right. There's something very clandestine about this whole meeting.

RYAN
You're a sneaky one, man.

MICHAEL
Anti-gravity tennis shoes.
Proprietary. Very hush-hush.

DIANE
You two never quit, do you?

Michael sits.

MICHAEL
So what's going on?

RYAN
Typical corporate b-s.

DIANE
They won't make the pictures
public.

MICHAEL
The pictures from the sub?

RYAN
(sarcastic)
No, your kids doodles.

DIANE
I wanted to go to the media. New
York Times. CNN. If people knew
we're finding stuff, I thought it
might increase funding.

MICHAEL
And...?

RYAN
She got canned. I got transferred.

DIANE
They're shutting us out. But they
won't do anything to you because of
Jack.

RYAN
So you've got to do it.

MICHAEL
Do what?

Ryan and Diane exchange looks, and Michael realizes that
they're suggesting that he go public.

DIANE
You're the only one who can do
this. And you have to do this.
People need to know.

MICHAEL
What about Jack?

DIANE
They won't touch you. If NASA fires
a single father with a special
needs child, there'll be a media
fire-storm.

MICHAEL
You want me to use Jack?

RYAN
Come on, man. It's not like that.

MICHAEL
Seems like that.

DIANE
 No, that's fair. But don't think of it as using him. Think of it as pursuing the truth. Think of it as science.

RYAN
 You're like Copernicus or something.

Michael stands, somewhat abruptly, but when he speaks his voice is patient. Michael has superhuman patience; raising Jack made him that way.

MICHAEL
 I'll think about it. But I don't know.

Diane and Ryan watch him walk away.

RYAN
 He'll do it.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael and Jennifer are in bed, both on laptops. Michael is looking at the DARK PICTURES again.

JENNIFER
 (reading from her laptop)
 Oh look, here's a dig in West Africa, the Gold Coast. They're excavating mammoths.

Michael doesn't hear her, just like Jack doesn't hear people sometimes.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
 What are you looking at.

MICHAEL
 Nothing. Just work.

Jennifer gives him a look. She's been on him about doing work this late at night. Michael closes the laptop.

JENNIFER
 We should go. They've got spots left.

MICHAEL
 Who would watch Jack?

JENNIFER
 He could come too.

MICHAEL
 No. He's got school.

JENNIFER
He could make up the tests. Heck,
he could write the tests.

MICHAEL
He doesn't like being outside.

JENNIFER
You've got to stop babying him so
much.

MICHAEL
I don't ba--

JENNIFER
Oh come on. You tell everyone else
not to baby him, but no one does it
more than you.

And this hits Michael pretty hard. Maybe someone else
wouldn't be offended at this, but this is Jen we're talking
about; these two grew up together.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)
You think he wouldn't like roping
off a dig site, dusting off bones,
and making sketches? You think he
wouldn't have a huge grin on his
face?

MICHAEL
I don't know. I just got back to
work.

JENNIFER
Ah. Work. I should have known.

MICHAEL
It's more complicated than that.

JENNIFER
So this has nothing to do with
Jack, then, right?

MICHAEL
I guess.

JENNIFER
Don't use him as an excuse not to
live your life.

MICHAEL
Live my life? I went to Jupiter.

JENNIFER
Oh big deal. Bunch of spinning gas.

MICHAEL
It is a big deal.

Jennifer makes a few CLICKS on her laptop.

JENNIFER
There. Spot's reserved.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S OFFICE - DAY

Michael, sipping a cup of coffee, clicks his computer. He's working on the images, with a BIG EDITING MANUAL open beside him.

On-Screen: A bar reads -- RENDERING Then an image pops up, and while we can't really see it all, it's clearly the legs of a MASSIVE HUMANOID CREATURE.

Michael freezes, mid-sip. He can't believe his eyes. KNOCK, KNOCK Dr. Bartnicki is standing in the door.

BARTNICKI
May I speak with you, Mr. Thompson?
This isn't good.

MICHAEL
Sure, come on in.

BARTNICKI
You do understand that claims like these tend to be...exaggerated. The Roswell loonies cost the Air Force millions.

MICHAEL
I don't know what you're talking about.

BARTNICKI
Come on Michael, we can't have our cake and eat it too, you know better.

MICHAEL
What good is having cake if you don't eat it.

BARTNICKI
We know you met with Diane and Ryan last night. We recorded the whole thing. I must say it had a very...conspiratorial...tone.

Michael opens his mouth, then shuts it. He's got no idea what to say.

BARTNICKI (CONT'D)
To an extent, you were absolutely right: we won't fire you because your kid has problems.
(MORE)

BARTNICKI (CONT'D)
Bringing him into this was in pretty bad taste, I must say, but the media will take your side.

MICHAEL
He doesn't have--

BARTNICKI
Our psychologists have determined you haven't quite adjusted from your journey to and from Jupiter. We're giving you an extended medical leave with full salary and benefits. In fact, we're going to pay airfare, lodging and meals for your little family trip to Africa, a nice long vacation to clear your head. Wouldn't you say that's fair?

MICHAEL
Your psychologists don't know anything. I've never even met your psychologists. I'm fine.

BARTNICKI
Oh you've met with them several times. Ask them. Check the records. We have transcripts of your conversations, during which you showed clear symptoms of emotional duress.

MICHAEL
Are you setting me up? Did you fake medical reports?

BARTNICKI
Mr. Thompson, listen to yourself. We're NASA, not the KGB. We just think you could use a little rest is all.

Suddenly, Michael springs from his seat and grabs Bartnicki, slamming him against the window.

MICHAEL
We almost died out there. For you.
My son almost lost his --

BZZZT. Bartnicki jabs a TASER into Michael's ribs. Michael crumples on the floor, groaning.

BARTNICKI pulls out a RECORDING DEVICE Subject shows signs of aggression towards superior with no provocation. Further evidence of PTSD. Bartnicki stares down at Michael. He turns off the recording device...

BARTNICKI
Heard your boy got into a fight at school. Guess apples don't fall very far from the tree.

Bartnicki walks off as Michael stands up, holding his side.

He puts a FLASH DRIVE into the laptop, puts pictures onto it. As it copies, he starts taking JACK'S PICTURES from the wall... then grabs the flash drive and leaves for good.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

Michael, Jack and Jennifer are seated in a row with three seats. Jack's at the window seat, nose pressed against the glass.

INSERT: Shot of the vast Atlantic ocean.

MICHAEL
Jack.

JACK
Dad, look!

Reveal: AGGRAVATED FLIGHT ATTENDANT (40s) pushing the drink cart.

MICHAEL
Do you want some Sprite?

JACK
Yes.

MICHAEL
Yes what?

JACK
Yes please.

The flight attendant pours a LITTLE PLASTIC CUP OF SPRITE, hands it and a napkin to Michael, who passes it to Jennifer, who hands it to Jack, who takes it, sips, and looks out the window again. Jennifer looks pretty uncomfortable. She hates flying. The flight attendant has already moved on.

JACK (CONT'D)
It's so big! Look!

MICHAEL
The Pacific is even bigger.

JACK
Is this where Amelia Earhart flew?

JENNIFER
I hope not.

MICHAEL
It's not. We're fine.

JACK
 (to Jennifer)
 Why are you scared of flying?

JENNIFER
 (covers her ears)
 Ahh, don't say that!

JACK
 What? There's no clouds...

He looks out the window again.

JACK (CONT'D)
 ...Just ocean.

MICHAEL
 You should have seen the ocean on
 Europa.

Neither Jack nor Jennifer are listening.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. WEST AFRICA - DIG SITE - DAY

A small archaeology team of about ten people - all in khakis, white button-downs, and brimmed hats - are bent over dusty, roped-off dig sites. They're brushing, inspecting, taking meticulously detailed notes.

Among them are Michael and Jennifer, dressed just like everyone else. Despite her phobia on the plane, here Jennifer is clearly in charge of Michael; archaeology is sort of her thing, and though she's not leading the expedition, she clearly has done this before.

Jen is digging in the hole. Michael is up top taking photographs with a digital single-lens reflex camera .

EXCITED SCIENTIST (O.S.)
 Hey everyone, come look at this!

Michael helps Jen out of the hole, and the two of them join the other archaeologists, who are congregating around one hole about fifty yards off.

Reveal: Jack, seated on a folding field chair, book on his lap, doing homework, and also struggling with the heat, wiping sweat from his brow, not unhappy or frustrated about the heat/sweat, mind you; he's just wiping his forehead automatically, without even noticing he's doing it, after all, he's got his MATH BOOK - he's as happy as a clam.

When everyone gets up, he doesn't even lift his head, However, as if by magic, as soon as Michael and Jen walk over and JOIN HANDS, Jack looks up and sees it, fingers intertwined, swinging, Michael's watch face glinting in the sun, Jack is neither upset or pleased by this.

He merely registers it as fact. Jack lifts his MILITARY CANTEEN, takes huge, gulps of it, so big that he chokes a bit and spits some out, leaving, a pattern of spit and spilled water on the dusty ground.

Jack stares at it like a Rorschach test, mystified. There's something about the water.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Hey bud!

Jack looks up to see his father and Jen waving him over. Jack caps his canteen and stands, but before he leaves he carefully smooths dirt over the spilled water.

Everyone is looking down into the largest dig site, roughly ten feet across. However, we don't see what's there yet; we just see excited faces, cameras flashing, pencils flying across steno pads.

As Jack arrives between his father and Jen, Michael puts an arm around his son.

Reveal: the bones of a curled-up mastodon.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to Jack)
Cool, huh?

JACK
(in awe)
Yeah. Cool.

KNOW-IT-ALL SCIENTIST
What's a mastodon doing here?

One archaeologist is down in the hole brushing away at the outer wall. The Mastodon IS NOT what everyone's excited about.

Not even the large gold deposits under the bones. A hunk of dirt falls away from the wall, exposing another, larger, upturned rib.

Other people climb down into the hole too, begin brushing away more of the wall, widening the dig site. Michael and Jen help Jack down too and hand him a brush Jack is very carefully brushing the wall, tiny, microscopic strokes, going way too slowly.

Behind him, we see people have revealed MORE RIBS - it's as if the mastodon is inside something's stomach. The wall falls away, exposing yet another Rib... Jack studies it... reaches out slowly... then touches it.

We expect it to glow or something, but it doesn't; it's just a rib. Maybe Jack's a bit disappointed that nothing special happens.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Careful, kiddo. Don't touch it.

Obediently, Jack pulls his hand away, but not his eyes. There's something incredibly fascinating about this for him, something almost mystical.

EXT. COAST - DUSK

As the sun sets over the Atlantic, Michael, Jen, and Jack are making their way down a low ridge that overlooks the shore. We hear waves lapping, the chittering of insects, a few tiny locals looking down from faraway.

Michael is carrying a PICNIC BASKET; they've decided to have supper by the shore.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Empty plastic bags and soda cans strewn on their blanket on the sand. Jen is on her back, lightly napping, her head in Michael's lap. Michael is trying to uncork a BOTTLE OF WINE without disturbing her. Jack, meanwhile, is ankle-deep in the chilly water, looking out across the vast ocean at the colorful horizon. The water is sparkling, sweetly blue, and calm, suddenly, there's a RIPPLE on the surface, Michael struggling with the corkscrew, failing to start it into the cork.

Jack watches the ripple grow into bubbles, he sees a DOLPHIN crest slightly out of the water and disappear back under the surface.

JACK
Dad! Dad!

POP! The cork comes out, and Jen jumps because of the loud sound.

JACK (CONT'D)
Dad!

Michael and Jen look over at Jack, who's pointing wildly at the ocean, but it's totally calm again; the dolphins are gone.

MICHAEL
I know. Beautiful, isn't it.

Michael is flirting a bit with Jen. She hands him two wine glasses from a special travel case. Jack looks back, disappointed that the dolphins are gone. He's straining his eyes, trying to will them to appear again.

Jack hears a dolphin, looks out with renewed energy, but there's still nothing. Michael holding up a wine glass.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Hey Jack, did you want to try some?

JEN
(whisper)
He's not allowed.

MICHAEL
It's vacation. It's fine.

JACK
(cupped hands)
I'm not allowed.

MICHAEL
It's fine! Just once isn't gonna
kill you.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOTEL GIFT SHOP - DAY

Jen and Jack are looking at a wall of TRIBAL MASKS, trying to decide which to choose. Jen pulls down a SCARY MASK, hands it to Jack.

JACK
Too scary.

JEN
Really?

JACK
Yeah.

JEN
(muffled by mask)
How about this?

JACK
Too scary.

JEN
(removing mask)
Want to know a little secret?

JACK
Yes.

JEN
These aren't real masks. There is
nothing to be afraid of. See,
look...

She flips the mask over, shows him the printed tag - MADE IN SINGAPORE.

JACK
Why do you want it then?.

JEN
I don't know. To remember the trip,
I guess.

JACK
I'll remember it. I never forget.

JEN
You might.

JACK
I won't. But you might. Maybe we
should get a mask. But not a scary
mask.

JEN
Okay. What kind of mask should we
get?

JACK
Do they have any animal masks?

CUT TO:

INT. INSIDE THE STORE LOBBY

Michael is talking rapidly into his cellphone.

MICHAEL
No, I don't understand. I...
look... Right now I'm in the gift
shop with my family. Jen and Jack
are trying on Tribal Masks and
having fun. I'm not leaving. You
can't do this.

BARTNICKI (O.S.)
We told you to leave this alone,
Michael.

MICHAEL
I don't know what you're--!

An old woman walks by, stares at Michael. His phone BUH-DINGS! He looks at the picture of the dig -- the curled mammoth inside a fully-exposed humanoid, maybe thirty feet tall, the elephant sitting in its stomach.

BARTNICKI (O.S.)
Michael... Michael!

MICHAEL
What is that?

BARTNICKI
You know very well what it is.

The phone goes dead. Inside, Jen pulls an ELEPHANT MASK from the wall.

JEN
What about this? It's like you.

JACK
How is it like me?

JEN
Elephants never forget.

JACK
That's dumb. It's an animal.

JEN
Not all animals are dumb.

Jack considers this. Apparently this is a pretty pleasant thought.

JACK
Do they have any dolphin masks?

JEN
Do you like dolphins?

JACK
I saw a dolphin when we were on the beach. You were asleep.

Jen reaches up, pulls a FISH MASK from the wall. Jack laughs, then covers his mouth with both hands.

JEN
What?

JACK
A dolphin is different from a fish. But I'm sorry I laughed. Dad says it's rude to laugh when people don't know things.

JEN
I know a dolphin's not a fish. Maybe they have a dolphin figurine. Or t-shirt? Would that be okay?

Jack hesitates. He wants so badly to make this right.

JACK
It's okay. We can get the fish mask.

CUT TO:

INT. CHECKOUT COUNTER.

Jack holding the Fish Mask, Michael and Jen holding hands as the CASHIER runs Michael's card. Nothing happens.

CASHIER
Sorry. It's declined.

MICHAEL
Can you run it again?

CASHIER
It won't fix anything.

MICHAEL
Can you PLEASE just... I'm sorry.
Can you please try again?

The cashier does. Declined.

Michael whips out his phone, but Jen touches his arm, stopping him. Jack looks to each of them confused, then looks at the Cashier, who shrugs. Jen digs into her purse, takes out her own card, and hands it to the cashier.

CUT TO:

INT. PLANE - DAY

Jack in the window seat, WEARING his FISH MASK. Jen is sleeping with one of those sleep masks. Michael is typing furiously on his laptop.

JACK
(muffled through mask)
Hey Dad.

MICHAEL
NOT NOW, kiddo.

JACK
Oh okay.

Jack looks back to the window, sort of brokenhearted, so much so that he removes his mask. He looks out at the ocean below. And Michael, looks over and sort of realizes what he's just done.

MICHAEL
Hey bud, I'm sorry. What is it? Do you have to go to the bathroom?

Jack doesn't respond.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I can lift you over Jen if you have to go to the bathroom.

JACK
It's okay. I just wanted to say that the elephant was really cool.

MICHAEL
It was pretty cool, wasn't it?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - NIGHT

Jen is walking in the upstairs hallway. All the lights are off except for the light coming from Jack's Room. Jen knocks on his door.

JEN
Hey Jack. Time to get to bed kiddo.
You've got school tomorrow.

After a beat, the light goes off, and Jen continues down the hallway into... Michael & Jen's Bedroom

JEN (CONT'D)
I couldn't find your phone.

Michael is seated on the bed, bent over his laptop. He really couldn't care less about the phone at the moment. He's in the middle of going AWOL.

JEN (CONT'D)
Maybe you left it on the plane.

MICHAEL
Yeah.

JEN
I'm sure it's just a temporary thing. They won't fire you. They're too smart for that.

Michael types a bit more, then turns his laptop around. On screen is the photo of the mastodon/giant that Bartnicki sent him.

JEN (CONT'D)
What's that?

MICHAEL
The rest of the dig.

She looks at the picture more closely... then notices the RECIPIENT FIELD:

NY TIMES, WASHINGTON HERALD, THE GUARDIAN, CNN, BBC, AL, AP, REUTERS.

JEN
Oh Michael, don't. You really shouldn't send that to any--

BUH-DING. Too Late. Michael's clicked SEND. He gets up and starts looking for something else.

JEN (CONT'D)
We already looked in here.

MICHAEL
I'm looking for that flash drive. I need to send them pictures we took on Europa.

JEN
Flash drive? Mike, did you steal that?

MICHAEL
Yes.

Jen takes his hand, trying to calm him down.

JEN
(to Michael)
Look at me. Take a breath. Think about what you're doing.

MICHAEL
I have thought about it, Jen. I have. I know we're gonna get blow back, but they pushed me. They pushed us, and Ryan and Diane. And that's not the way things work. That's not the way things work when I'm around.

JEN
They're going to deny it. They're going to say the pictures are fake.

MICHAEL
One of the guys on the dig works for National Geographic. He wouldn't send fakes. This will work.

Jen thinks a beat.

JEN
Wait, you're missing a phone and a flash drive?

MICHAEL
Yeah.

Jen goes into the hallway, to Jack's room, and knocks on the door. Jack's Room lights are off, Jack is under his covers with a flashlight, looking at PICTURES FROM EUROPA and PICTURES FROM THE DIG on his computer.

Suddenly the covers are pulled back. Jen is standing there. He's caught red-handed.

JACK
Are these pictures real?

JEN
Your dad thinks so.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Before a beautifully, shaded garden, BARTNICKI and a few other NASA officials are standing at a microphone. There is a huge crowd of reporters, all clamoring, perhaps a bit more excited than BARTNICKI anticipated.

BARTNICKI
Again, there is simply no truth to these claims. Mr. Thompson has repeatedly exhibited signs of post traumatic stress. As you know, space travel can have various debilitating effects --

DOGGED REPORTER
You're saying he's crazy?

BARTNICKI
No, not crazy. The effects are short term. But I can assure you that these --

SUSPICIOUS REPORTER
Weren't members of Mr. Thompson's team fired recently?

BARTNICKI
The team, including Mr. Thompson, were placed on medical leave with pay in order to recuperate from their...

CYNICAL REPORTER
You brought them back, then put them on leave? Why not put them on leave right away?

BARTNICKI
We needed to assess their psychological--

CYNICAL REPORTER
Oh, right, 'Needed to assess'. Well seems to me that if you were trying to cover something up, this is exactly what it would look like.

SUSPICIOUS REPORTER
I have to agree.

BARTNICKI
Please, everyone.

DOGGED REPORTER

How do you expect the public to continue funding this research while you're being investigated for corruption?

By this point, the normally-terrifying, taser-your-ribs Bartnicki is starting to lose his cool. One of the other agents comes up and whispers into his ear.

Reveal: Michael in the crowd, watching.

BARTNICKI

Thank you all for coming out. Again, these allegations are...

Suddenly, a HUGE RIPPING NOISE SEEMS TO SHAKE THE WHOLE WORLD. PEOPLE FALL TO THEIR KNEES, and Bartnicki is ushered offstage. Those who are still standing look to the sky and see, sudden lightning cracking like a whip through whirling purple clouds.

Through the clouds run long, jagged crevices, and from these crevices, slowly at first, then in large, violent bursts, shafts of hard light forming what look like DISCS, or an enlargement or outgrowth from the shaft of a plant.

Among the people, Michael is still standing, staring up, terrified. He's so rooted in place, he cannot move.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

It's daytime, but by dark, purple light and the cracking storm, you wouldn't be able to tell. Students are huddled under their desks, holding their hands over their heads like a tornado drill. But not Jack. He's at the window, nose on the glass, looking up.

TEACHER

Jack! Jack get away from there!

He doesn't listen. He's mesmerized... by the SHAFTS OF LIGHT coming out of the DISCS. Extending slowly, as if testing, like a piston being moved up and down by hand.

CUT TO:

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - SAME TIME

Jen at the table studying Archaeology books and maps of Africa. A BOOOOM shakes the whole house, and she rushes to a window, but ducks just as the GLASS IS BLOWN OUT, sending shards all over the room.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - MICHAEL - SAME TIME

Press Conference (Michael) People are losing their minds. Michael is moving through a panicked (and dangerously excited) crowd. The Dogged Reporter grabs him...

DOGGED REPORTER
Hey, aren't you...

Michael rips his arm away, and sprints off...

CUT BACK TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - JACK

The window that Jack was looking out has been blown out as well. Jack is on the floor, face cut but not badly. Kids are panicking, crying, and the teacher isn't much help.

She doesn't even notice when Jack peeks his head up again. Like pistons accelerating, faster and faster, we hear a long, low THRUMMMMMMMMMMM... followed by a familiar sound, the one we heard under the ocean on Europa - OOOOOOOOOH...

JACK
I know that sound.

People are holding their ears. Some of the bigger boys, the bullies, are crying.

JACK (CONT'D)
I know that sound! Dad was right!

He says this like woo-hoo!, but Jack's a smart kid; the next instant he realizes that his dad's being right is a very bad thing. Without warning, and despite the frantic commands of his teacher, jack grabs his BACKPACK and SPRINTS OUT OF THE CLASSROOM.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREETS - JEN - SAME TIME

Jen is in her car trying to drive, but the street is jam packed full of traffic, people honking, other people jogging with some of their belongings, holding dogs and kids. THRUMMMMMmmmmmmTHRUMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmmTHRUMMMMMMMmmmmmm Power lines spray sparks. Dogs are HOWLING.

Jen fiddles with the radio in the car, but it's all static. Suddenly, there's another OOOOOOH, only twice as loud - while the pedestrians cover their ears, the cars (including Jen's) are LIFTED TWO FEET OFF THE GROUND THEN DROPPED. We see a huge crater in the aftermath.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - MICHAEL - SAME TIME

Michael is still weaving through a panicked crowd, seeing and hearing similar things - pistons accelerating, sparks, cars dropped. There are also police cruisers now, adding their SIRENS, and somewhere in the distance a mysterious GUNSHOT.

The Dogged Reporter appears in front of Michael.

DOGGED REPORTER
What's happening?

MICHAEL
I'm looking for my family.

DOGGED REPORTER
No, I mean...
(points skyward)

MICHAEL
I don't know.

DOGGED REPORTER
That can't be lightning. Are those
friggin, aliens? Is this for real?

At this, the SOUND FROM THE SKY STOPS.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOL - JACK - SAME TIME

CONTINUOUS:

When the sound stops, Jack pauses under the flagpole (the flag goes limp). He's completely alone. He looks up. Everything's stopped. Then he notices... the FLAG is quivering, and starts to RISE.

EXT. STREETS - JEN

Still honking, screaming, barking... But Jen is still full-tilt - she POPS THE CURB and drives with determination and purpose. She doesn't notice the TREE LEAVES starting to RISE.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE AREA - MICHAEL

Michael runs from the gardens to a more crowded urban intersection, littered with glass, plagued by looters, burning cars, overwhelmed police officers. Everyone is speechless - GLASS, LITTER, strewn everywhere. Quick Shots - Flag lifted out of the ground, then snapped from its brass rings. - Leaves shredded up off of trees - People holding onto street lamps. Manhole covers and street signs uprooted.

EXT. SKY

A light piston retracts, holds.

Reveal: The sky FULL OF THEM - thousands of little pockmarks in the clouds.

OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOHHHHHHHH Then, BOOOOOOOOOOM!!!!!!

MASSIVE COLUMNS OF ENERGY ARE RELEASED FROM EACH HOLE. Churning, sparking, twisting spirally, devastating everything in sight.

MONTAGE - GLOBALLY

The columns begin pounding into various points on the surface of the earth.

Times Square - disintegrating.

A rural farm Tokyo financial district crumbling.

A Himalayan mountain, causing a massive avalanche. Etc. THIS IS NOTHING SHORT OF AN APOCALYPSE.

EXT. SCHOOL - JACK

Jack is DIRECTLY UNDER A COLUMN OF LIGHT!! And he's curious, but not that curious; RUUUUN!

Jack is in an all out sprint, through the playground, the parking lot, now across the abandoned street, through someone's abandoned house, but it's no use. He ducks behind a SHED... There's a strange, high-pitched WEE-WEE-WEE-WEE sound, AND EVERYTHING GOES WHITE.

EXT. STREET - JEN

Jen's driven on the sidewalk all the way to the populated part of town. She's scanning frantically, then finds Michael.

But the cops see her too, driving like a maniac. They flash their lights, start chasing her through the crowd. HOOOONK HONK HONK!!

Jens' laying on the horn. Michael turns, sees her. People are diving out of the way of her car. She reaches over, throws open the passenger door, slows... Michael leaps in.

JEN

Come on, come on! There's an opening in the crowd.

Jen guns it and they peel out, allowing the crowd to cut off/block the police cruiser. There on the open road now, in an abandoned section, but things haven't calmed down. Michael's sort of losing it.

MICHAEL

Where's Jack? Jen, where is Jack?

JEN

I don't know.

MICHAEL
 What do you mean you don't know?
 Why didn't you go to the school?

JEN
 It was blocked.

MICHAEL
 WHY DIDN'T YOU GO TO THE SCHOOL?

That tone isn't going to fly. No way. Even in an apocalypse.
 Jen yanks the E-BRAKE.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 What are you doing? Drive!

JEN
 You need to calm down.
 Irate, it's his son; he won't back down.

MICHAEL
 Drive!

As he says this, in the distance, they both see the COLUMN OF LIGHT BLOW UP THE AREA AROUND THE SCHOOL. There's a HORRIBLE GRATING SOUND, PRESSURE SHIFTS, and MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF DIRT.

SO much dirt, that everything's black. Jen turns on the exterior light, and that's the only light they have.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Jack was over there.

JEN
 You don't know that...

And Michael can't help it. He just breaks down...

Suddenly, there's a small searchlight cutting through the dust and smoke. A few FIGURES IN GAS MASKS approach, rap on the glass.

MASKED LEADER
 (modulated voice)
 That's Michael Thompson?

Jen rolls down the window, but immediately starts coughing. The leader passes in TWO MEDICAL MASKS.

JEN
 Who are you?

MASKED LEADER
 We're with NASA, ma'am. Bartnicki sent us. Mr. Thompson, you were right.

JEN
And?

MASKED LEADER
We need your help.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBTERRANEAN WORLD

In a strange, deep, rocky place far below the surface of the Earth, Jack is lying flat on his back, unconscious. There's NO SOUND. Moisture drips from the rocks on the ceiling and falls onto Jack's face. Slowly, he sits up... He sort of plunges his fingers into his ears, trying to get them to work. Nothing.

He's completely deaf at the moment. Jack takes in his surroundings. Noticeably, there is some light in here, despite obviously being a cave.

There's a tunnel leading off in one direction, but its too dark to see down that way. Jack's ears are a bit better now.

There's just a TINNY RINGING sound. In front of him, he sees a TALL WALL OF LIGHT, one side of the huge beam that made this massive hole.

He stands and goes to inspect it. Up close, stationary, it isn't that terrifying and is actually sort of beautiful. The column is white, smooth, and the bits of lightning arcing from it come in several colors - red, violet, baby blue, but most predominantly, green.

Slowly, and against better judgment, Jack reaches out to touch it... but stops... behind him, from the dark tunnel, he hears WATER RUNNING.

...His hearing's back! Jack stops, turns, and, is lured by that mysterious call of water, proceeds down the passageway.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA CONTROL - DAY

Bartnicki and his men sit with Michael, Jen, and also Ryan, all staring at a large screen divided into several smaller screens, each with new images of the destruction.

The WHITE-GREEN COLUMNS are still present. They did not discharge and disappear, but instead stand like gigantic, surface-to-sky size tree trunks.

BARTNICKI
...so if there's anything from your
time under Europa, that can help,
anything at all...

RYAN
So that's it, just like that, we're
supposed to forget you tried to --

Bartnicki holds up a hand, and because of the grave look on his face, even the belligerent Ryan stops. Bartnicki pulls up a LARGE MAP OF CHINA with an X in the Northeast quadrant.

BARTNICKI
Do you know what that X is?

JEN
Beijing.

BARTNICKI
No. It was Beijing, but Beijing
does not exist anymore. It,
Shantou, and large parts of the
Guangzhou region are also gone.

MICHAEL
What are we supposed to--

BARTNICKI
(cuts-in)
At least 30 million people are dead
from the blasts, and millions more
will die from starvation in the
weeks to come.

RYAN
Get to your point.

BARTNICKI
I don't have a point, Ryan. And
Mike, I don't know what you're
supposed to do. Estimates put the
total deaths at roughly 20% of the
human population within three
weeks. Those are Black Plague
numbers. This is it. This is what
we call an 'extinction-type' event.
There is no system in the world
that can withstand something like
this.

Bartnicki, evil old Bartnicki, sort of seizes up mid-speech and leans heavily on the console, head hanging.

JEN
Why did you bring us here?

BARTNICKI
Because there is going to be more.
We all know that there's going to
be more.

MICHAEL
The...Giants. The ones from Europa.

BARTNICKI
How did you escape them the first
time?

Ryan and Michael exchange looks.

BARTNICKI (CONT'D)
You're the only two people on the
planet who have any experience with
this.

And while Bartnicki is addressing the main topic, Ryan, never
as slow as people tend to think, reads between the lines.

RYAN
(accusingly)
Where's Diane?

Now Bartnicki and his men exchange looks. From their looks,
everyone knows she didn't make it. Bartnicki only adds
weakly...

BARTNICKI
We tried to get her here. I'm so
sorry.

RYAN
Like hell you are.

MICHAEL
(sharp)
Cut it out Ryan. This is serious.
This is real.

RYAN
You're damn right it's real.

JEN
Start simple. Why would they come
here? What would they want? If we
knew, we could give it to them.

RYAN
To be our overlords.

MICHAEL
There was a lot of gold at the dig
site.

RYAN
(sarcastically)
You think this is a bank heist?

MICHAEL
We didn't go to Mars to be
overlords. We went there for
resources. For money. I'm saying
there's a logical reason.
(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We have to assume there's a logical reason, otherwise there's nothing we can do.

BARTNICKI

The only question that matters is whether they will respect human sovereignty.

RYAN

Come on. Look at that screen!

BARTNICKI

Not all conquerors are tyrants, young man. The Phoenicians flourished under Persian rule. But are they Persians or are they Assyrians?

Michael and Jen exchange looks.

RYAN

What?

JEN

There's no bigger sin in archaeology than breaking an artifact. Same with oil, wheat, diamonds. You don't mine something until you know how to extract it safely.

RYAN

So...?

MICHAEL

So they've killed too many of us. To them, we're just the dirt that covers whatever they want.

BARTNICKI

And you can't respect the sovereignty of dirt.

MICHAEL

We need to stop them.

RYAN

How? From a scientific point of view, we can only say we don't know.

MICHAEL

I don't know how, but they killed my son. They killed a lot of sons, I know, but they killed my son, my Jack, and I can't just sit here and do nothing.

Suddenly, a RED LIGHT blinks. One of Bartnicki's men presses it, and a voice comes over an intercom.

GRUFF COMMANDER (O.S.)
What's the plan, Captain? We've got
planes circling.

BARTNICKI
We're working on it.

GRUFF COMMANDER (OS)
You've got to give us something.
People are dying out here.

There's a silence after this interruption ends. The striking news that Bartnicki seems to have military connections is mingled with the fact that none of them knows what to do.

But Michael gets a look on his face, a look very similar to the face Jack made when looking out at the sea.

MICHAEL
They had never heard sonar before.
(confused looks)
Until the sub, I mean. The sonar
woke them up. It also got them
moving away from us. It's the only
variable in the equation. The
SOUND.

JEN
He's right.

MICHAEL
There aren't microwaves or gamma
rays underneath Europa, and we
aren't exactly firing radar into
the troposphere.

BARTNICKI
(sarcastic)
We'll lets get out our trusty sonar
guns.

GRUFF COMMANDER (O.S.)
Captain Thompson, what should we
do?

Jen doesn't catch this at first, but when she does, she whips her head around at Michael. Ryan does too. Seems like there's more to Michael than meets the eye.

JEN
Wait, did he just call you Captain?

MICHAEL
(to intercom)
Call off the ships. We need to form
a defensive perimeter using
standard sonar.

A long pause.

JEN
Are you a captain? I'm so confused.

GRUFF COMMANDER (O.S.)
Are you serious, sir?

MICHAEL
Yes, that's an order.

BARTNICKI
Do it.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILITARY BATTERY - DAY

Infantry men are stripping sonar equipment from boats, Jerry-rigging them skyward. But high above them, a long bolt of lightning courses through the dark clouds, lighting the massive white column looming in the distance.

EXT. ATMOSPHERE - DAY

Above the troposphere, the tops of the clouds glow white, and as we descend through the clouds, they send a slow white pulse down the length of the column. We see the whole sky filled with tall, pulsing stalks.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

A wide shot of the desolate, ruined crater where the school used to be, where Jack was struck, and where a half-mile column of light pierces into the ground.

The white pulse arrives at the bottom, emitting a blinding white GLOW. The glow fades, and amid the ruins stands a gargantuan bipedal creature - a sleek, thirty-foot humanoid with a domed, featureless face (think 'Gort' from the Day the Earth Stood Still) - slumped forward as if powered down.

It stands motionless, towering over the ruined landscape. We expect it to move, but it remains still as a sculpture in a museum.

Then there's a low, long sound, which reverberates into the distance like whale sounds. OOOOOHHHHHHHH. And the tension is broken and the great alien comes to life, turns its head in a methodical, calculating, terrifying way, analyzing its new surroundings.

INT. SUBTERRANEAN.

Jack is feeling his way along the darkened, slippery hallway. Deeper and deeper.

JACK
...85% lean ground turkey, because
turkey has less fat than beef but
holds the flavor better than tofu.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

We baked the peppers for 40 minutes
at 425 degrees...

As he finishes, he sees a tiny PIN OF LIGHT at the far end of the tunnel. He RUNS. As he gets closer, he hears the sound of RUSHING WATER. Flooding the cavern by the time Jack enters the next cavern, the sound of water is DEAFENING. And once inside, he has to fight against vertigo; the room is a bright, multi-ledge, high-ceilinged cavern.

Something had broken several sections of the walls and MASSIVE WATER GEYSERS ARE RAPIDLY FILLING THE ROOM. The natural instinct would be to run, but Jack takes a couple steps forward to a dangerously small ledge and looks down at the rapidly-advancing tide.

There's something about the water for Jack. Above one of the geysers, Jack sees another loose section of rock. Lifting his eyes from the water, Jack picks up a BROKEN STONE and takes AIM at the loose rocks.

He throws, and it barely makes it halfway there, splashing limply in the still-rising water. On the wall near the entrance, Jack notices a LARGE GROWTH OF MOSS AND VINES. He crosses to it. It's crawling with BUGS.

Jack picks up the bugs and sets them gently on the ground. But after this brief moment of compassion, it's back to the action; that water's still coming, still roaring.

Jack rips off a section of mossy vine, then bends down and picks up a handful of stones. He puts a stone into the moss and swings it around his head like a slingshot. Like David against Goliath, Jack whips the vines around and let's it fly like a bullet... that CRAAAACKS the rock and sends them tumbling into the others, plugging the first hole.

Two more stones fly. Two more rock slides crash down, and the sound of water stops. The water is just a few feet below Jack's ledge.

He peers down, sees his own REFLECTION in the clear, cool surface.

Which turns into a MEMORY: A second grade-aged Jack standing next to an unseen woman in a floral dress. His fingers are linked into a chain-link fence... in the distance across a grassy field, a ROCKET SHIP is launching in the distance...

YOUNGER JACK

Daddy's coming back, right?

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

Promise me you'll never do anything dangerous, Jack. This is what it does to the people you love.

YOUNGER JACK

Dad says sometimes the right thing is the dangerous thing.

MYSTERIOUS WOMAN

You don't always have to listen to him, you know?

WHOOOOM! The rocks slip loose, and another waterfall ROARS into the room. The vision ripples away and the water rises, incredibly quick this time, breaking up over Jack's ledge. Rising, rising... It's too fast, pooling around Jack's ankles. He has no choice but to run.

Darkened passageway. In an all-out sprint against an onrushing tide, Jack sees the radiants of the Column of Light. He runs into the Subterranean Room and puts his back against the column, just inches from it.

Water crashes into its side and fizzles. As a massive wall of water comes RUSHING DOWN THE HALLWAY, Jack squeezes his eyes shut.

WHOOOOM.

EXT. SURFACE - DAY

Jack opens his eyes. His cuts have healed. The first thing he sees is a small geyser shooting out from the column of light. He feels his healed face; he smiles.

He looks around, and we recognize it but he doesn't -- the same desolate place where the giant appeared.

Reveal: Jack is seated in one of the giant's huge footsteps, a trail of which are leading off across mud toward the horizon.

CUT TO:

EXT. MILITARY BASE - DAY

Three Giants are stomping through the military base, kicking through buildings, shooting wide red beams from their central eye.

The sonar equipment is almost laughable as its crushed under the Giants' feet. Artillery shelling bounces off them harmlessly, landing somewhere in the distance.

An air strike is called in -- engulfing the base in flames, but the Giants only roar louder, completely unscathed.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA - DAY

Barnticki and his men are watching the three Giants on the large console, looks of horror cross their faces.

INT. HALLWAY

Michael, Jen, and Ryan, meanwhile, are sprinting down a hallway.

JEN
You never told me you were a
Captain?

MICHAEL
This really isn't the time.

They run on, in silence, into a lift... Michael presses the
bottom button, and the lift descends...

JEN
This is the perfect time.

RYAN
Yeah man. I didn't know you were
military.

MICHAEL
Well, yeah...

RYAN
Was Diane military too?

MICHAEL
No, you were both...

RYAN
(cuts-in)
What?

MICHAEL
...both working for me.

JEN
Michael, why didn't you tell me.

MICHAEL
Because I can't afford a lawsuit
from the federal government.

DING! They've arrived. NASA Head quarters

Bartnicki sees a RED LIGHT blinking again, and presses it.

GRUFF COMMANDER (O.S.)
We've got him on radar, sir. Visual
incoming.

A new image appears on screen - Jack running as he follows
the Giant's tracks.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY

Dark, creepy science basement. Michael walks slightly ahead
of the other two, avoiding their hounding questions.

RYAN
Have you ever shot anybody?

MICHAEL
Come on.

JEN
Have you?

MICHAEL
No. It wasn't like that. I was more like... a liaison.

JEN
Between what?

MICHAEL
There was talk of making NASA a branch of the Armed Forces. It was my idea actually. So I went to Europa to...

They try to enter a room, but the door is locked. Michael scans a key card, but it doesn't work. Michael presses his watch, talks into it.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Bartnicki, I need access.

JEN
I bought you that watch!

After waiting patiently for a response, Michael takes a few steps back from the door, then gives it a FLYING KICK... Miraculously, it works! The door is smashed off its hinges into the next room.

RYAN
You think they'd secure this place better.

MICHAEL
Let's just say they were eager for a buyout.

In the next room, Michael hunts for a light panel.

RYAN
You still gotta tell me what we were doing there, man. I have a right to know.

Michael throws a switch to turn on LIGHTS, revealing THE BEAN, as well as several other pieces of ADVANCED MILITARY EQUIPMENT.

MICHAEL
We were looking for threats to American security.

Michael's watch blinks.

BARTNICKI (O.S.)
Michael, I have to tell you
something. There's been a
development.

MICHAEL
What is it.

BARTNICKI
Your son isn't dead.

JEN
Excuse me.

BARTNICKI
We're tracking him right now.

MICHAEL
What do you mean tracking him?

There's a long pause.

INT. NASA HQ

Bartnicki is alone now.

BARTNICKI
Mr. Thompson, your son is very
special, and not in the way you
think. We thought he exhibited
promising qualities so we had him,
well, tagged.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
Excuse me?

BARTNICKI
Or micro chipped, technically. We
can check his vitals too.

On-screen, Jack darts into the horizon.

BARTNICKI (CONT'D)
If you must know, he's not afraid
right now. We just got a excited
neocortex and a healthy jogging
heart rate.

JEN (O.S.)
Yep. That sounds like him.

INT. BASEMENT ROOM

Michael removes his watch, hands it to Ryan, and starts to
leave.

RYAN
Wait, man, where are you --?

MICHAEL
I'm going to get my son. Diane's notes should be on that ship. See if there's anything special about the sonar we used, and if there is, get it to Bartnicki so we can get it in the field.

RYAN
I can't... Really?

MICHAEL
That's an order.

JEN
I'm coming with you.

MICHAEL
Stay here and --

JEN
No. I'm coming with you.
(beat)
Jack's my son too. With that, she crosses to Michael, gives him a hug, and the two run off.

RYAN
Great.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jack is in a ruined, empty street. He hears a loud OOOOOHHH in the distance. Climbing over broken rubble, he scrambles to follow the monster. Hurdling faster and faster. A rock slips, and he falls and bashes his head, but he's right back on his feet, and stopped by Greg and Pedro, the bullies.

GREG
What do you think you're going to do little man?

PEDRO
Are you gonna like annoy it to death.

JACK
Go away.

GREG
Is that what you're gonna do? Tell it to go away? You know they've already killed like a billion people, right?

JACK
That's not funny. Killing people
isn't funny.

PEDRO
What's your deal, weirdo?

GREG
Yeah, retard.

JACK
I'm not a retard.

PEDRO
Oh really, then why are you so--

Jack SCREAMS and swings at PEDRO... but the swing misses, and Jack lurches forward and when he comes back up, Greg and Pedro have disappeared, and in the distance there's a big ERUPTION OF FLAME and smoke filling the sky.

EXT. STREET - SEVERAL MINUTES LATER

Jack runs along into an open plaza, filled with abandoned cars and trash and dangerous broken wires. Stepping very carefully, he attempts to make his way across this deadly threshold.

Climbing under jagged steel beams, over smoking rocks, around sparking wires in sewer water. About two-thirds of the way across, the ground shakes.

He moves more quickly now, but carefully. Suddenly, the ground bursts, and Jack is thrown forward as a massive column of light slams into the ground.

Jack is thrown by the blast and lands in a pile of tossed rubble. And for a moment... a long moment, everything is silent.

A sheet of metal slides from the pile, and Jack pops out of a tiny hole. He climbs out, brushes himself off, then lifts his neck straight upwards... at the GIANT towering 30' above him, shadow-less under the purple clouds.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA HQ

Bartnicki going over large maps, watching on the screen, Giants leveling London to the ground. His COMM COMMAND lights up.

RYAN (O.S.)
Hey, uh, this is Ryan.

BARTNICKI
Where's Michael?

RYAN (O.S.)
He just left.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Michael and Jen hot-wiring a MILITARY HUMVEE.

JEN
No way. I'm driving.

MICHAEL
You're sure?

JEN
Don't be stupid. Look, I may not be your wife and that's... that's whatever, that's fine, but I am not letting anything happen to you. To either of you.

MICHAEL
Then let's go get him.

Michael tosses her the keys.

EXT. NEW CRATER - DAY

This second up-close Giant comes to life, swinging around its huge head and, after scanning the horizon, zeroes in on the tiny human boy staring straight up at it.

One of its massive arms swings towards Jack, hoping to pluck him up and take a closer look at this curious specimen. And once again, Jack surprises us -- instead of running away from this MASSIVE, DESCENDING HAND, he runs toward it... as the titanic fingers close around him, he twists sideways, and slips through them, sprinting now, about to enter the huge valley between the Giant's feet,

Jack has his goal in sight: **THE COLUMN OF WHITE LIGHT.**

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MICHAEL AND JEN - DAY

The Humvee pulls atop a high street and, in the distance, we see the foot of the Giant come crashing down... by the way its turned its body, we know it's after Jack.

One of the massive feet LIFTS FROM THE GROUND, spraying man sized hunks of rock and debris. Jack leaps away from one. WOOOOOOOOOOOM as the huge foot swings high over his head, ready to stomp down.

Michael and Jen Pedal to the medal now, surging forward through deserted streets as the Giant's foot rises. Jack still has his backpack. He strips it off for increased speed.

The foots rushing down... Jack leaps forward into the light column, just in the nick of time.

Michael and Jen SLAAAAAAM to a stop! The foot comes crashing down, but as it does, Michael sees a small flash from the base of the column. He springs forward like an excited puppy.

MICHAEL
That was him! That was Jack!

JEN
Where.

MICHAEL
He, I don't know, he... jumped into the light.

The Giant has turned its head. It sees them. And Jen sees it looking at them.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Oh no...

JEN
Hang on.

Jen guns it, and as the Giant rushes toward the Humvee, Michael braces his hands and feet against the vehicle's interior, terrified.

Jen banks a hard right, swerving around the giants GRASPING FIST, then shoots for the LIGHT... hits a sheet of metal, and FLIPS THE HUMVEE... It's UPSIDE DOWN when it goes into the LIGHT.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEAN

Ryan, rather reluctantly, enters the old submersible. It's been mostly stripped down, but he knows where he's going. At the console, he reaches under, trying to find the... if he could just find the...

CLICK. He's got it.

A console pops open, and inside he finds a BEAT UP MANUAL WITH INDEX CARDS STICKING OUT OF THE PAGES. Ryan slumps in the commander's chair, opens the book.

And as he does, some PICTURES flutter down to the floor. Curious, he reaches down to pick them up.

It's DIANE AND HER FAMILY - A HUSBAND AND TWO TEENAGE BOYS, all together at Yosemite National Park.

Another, Diane at a chain TexMex Restaurant, in front of a small birthday cake, wearing a big sombrero, being serenaded by the waiter, the staff and in-house mariachi band. She's loving it.

RYAN

Jesus...

Ryan collects all the pictures... doesn't know what to do with them... Finally, he decides to reach up and place them safely in her hidden console for all time.

He turns to the manual. Inside, some PAGES ARE CUT OUT - and he finds a TABLET PC. He presses a button -- full power, but locked. He tries an unlock combination. The screen says INCORRECT, against a GREEN ARMED FORCES BACKGROUND.

RYAN (CONT'D)

Are you serious?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jack is standing ankle-deep in soft, white sand. A TINY CRAB scuttles up against his shin, and Jack jumps, so much that he throws up sand and nearly steps on it.

The sun is high over the Pacific, and a cool tropical breeze blows. But he doesn't move away, and instead reaches down to cup the crab between his hands.

CLOSE ON: He brings it close to his face. The crab claws at him.

JACK

Stop that. That's not nice.

The crab claws again. Jack raises a finger... the crab PINCHES IT. Jack flinches, drops the crab, puts his finger in his mouth as it scuttles away and digs into the sand.

PULL BACK REVEAL: Behind him, in what was a resort paradise in a mountainous jungle, is half-buried in ash and directly in the path of the lava gushing down from the erupting volcano.

Jack looks out at the volcano, the destruction... then wades out shin-deep into the sea. Behind him, the Humvee pops into existence, perfectly upright, on a hill.

Michael's still propped against the inside, teeth gritted. Jen has a white-knuckled grip on the steering wheel.

MICHAEL

There he is.

Both exit the vehicle and start toward the small boy wading out in the ocean. They're struggling with the downward sloping sand, trying to balance while shouting...

MICHAEL/JEN

JACK, JACK!!

But Jack can't hear them. He's staring into the water again.

And in the distance he sees something bubbling, just like he saw off the coast of Africa. Then the sea is covered with bubbles, and a WHOLE SCHOOL OF DEAD FISH float upward, and right on their heels is a SCHOOL OF DOLPHINS, all too eager to feast on this easy meal.

Jack watches the dolphins splashing as palm trees burn in the background and two figures advance across the sand. Suddenly, in the shallow water, a playful, chirping DOLPHIN appears.

JACK
Hello.

WISE MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Hello.

The dolphin does a trick in the water, chirps happily.

JACK
My name is Jack. What's your name?

WISE MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Why do you like Mathematics?

JACK
Because it's easy.

The dolphin disappears under the surface. Jack looks for it.

WISE MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Why is it easy?

JACK
Because it follows rules. It's the same thing every time. It never changes.

The wind shifts, ruffling Jack's clothes, blowing ash in his hair.

WISE MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Change is scary, isn't it?

JACK
Yeah.

Suddenly the dolphin, now GLOWING WHITE leaps out of the water, glorious, spraying diamond mist against the Pacific Sun.

Jack is speechless. He watches the dolphin arc and disappear once more into the water.

WISE MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Sometimes there aren't any rules.
Only survival or extinction.

JACK
Dad says I should study hard...
Survival or extinction?

WISE MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Fight or die.

The dolphin appears just in front of Jack, it's mouth open, expecting a treat.

JACK
(lost in thought)
Fight or die... action and
reaction.

A DEAD FISH laps up against Jack's thigh.

WISE MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You must FIGHT.

JACK
Dad says no fighting.

WISE MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(voice trails off)
All species are free except for
humans.

JACK
...85% lean ground turkey, because
turkey has less fat than beef but
holds the flavor better than tofu.
We baked the peppers for 40 minutes
at 425 degrees...

The dolphin chirps. Jack scoops up the fish and tosses it to the dolphin. The dolphin tosses it into the air, then bites it in half. Michael and Jen arrive.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ew. Gross.

Jack's looking out in the water. He's got his arm extended, but there's nothing there.

MICHAEL
Hey bud. It's okay. You can come
with us.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA HQ

Bartnicki sits alone with his head in his hands. On screen, an image of THREE GIANTS ripping up VATICAN CITY.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Jack on Michael's back, being carried toward the HUMVEE. LAVA bursts through the treeline about a hundred yards down, and the treeline catches fire.

Michael and Jen run. Jack is staring at the waving branches of the burning palms.

WISE MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(to Jack)
They hate the sound.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEAN

Ryan is sitting with the tablet on his lap, leafing through the pictures once more...

In every picture, Diane is wearing a BLUE DRESS. On the tablet, he enters B-L-U-E. It doesn't work.

Ryan keeps looking. - A photo of her boys in wrestling uniforms and headgear, with goofy smiles, flashing gang signs.

- Diane very pregnant, on a couch, in a Tasmanian Devil sweatshirt, trying to shoo away the camera. - Diane on her back with a BLACK LAB PUPPY licking at her face.

Ryan holds this third photo to his face. Sees the dog's collar. 'ASTRO' He types A-S-T-R-O into the tablet. This doesn't work either.

RYAN
Come on!

Out of ideas, he turns to the manual again. On the inside cover, he sees a GREEN STICKY NOTE - PASSWORD: keep-out

RYAN (CONT'D)
(grin)
Really, Diane?

He types keep-out... he's in.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

The humvee appears again, and the first thing everyone does is look for the Giant. Thankfully, it's gone. Michael and Jen let out sighs of relief.

MICHAEL
It's okay, big guy. You're okay.

But Jack has his nose pressed to the window. He's much more interested in the shifting sky.

THRUMMMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmTHRUMMMMMMMMMmmmmmmmmmm.

The Humvee jerks as Jen guns it again, trying to get away before anything else happens.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
We're going to go where it's safe,
okay?

JACK
I have to do something.

MICHAEL
No way.

JEN
What is it, Jack? What do you have
to do?

MICHAEL
Jen...

JACK
I don't know. But...something.

Michael turns around in the seat.

MICHAEL
Hey, listen to me: I'm never going
to lose you, okay? You and me are
never going to be apart, no matter
what happens.

JACK
But you said sometimes people have
to be apart.

MICHAEL
Yes, buddy, of course they do, but
I don't want you...

JACK
(yells)
How come you get to be the hero and
I don't?

Jack's sort of lost it a little, but he realizes and pulls back. Even Jen gives him a concerned look in the rearview mirror.

And Michael is pretty taken aback.

JACK (CONT'D)
I shouldn't yell. It's rude.

MICHAEL
 No, hey, you're right. It doesn't
 make sense. But it's what we want
 to do, okay. This is different. A
 lot of people have died.

JACK
 (distant stare)
 I know that.

Jen swerves hard, avoids a FALLING BEAM.

JEN
 (comforting)
 Jack, why don't you think about
 what you want to do first.

MICHAEL
 We want to keep you safe.

But Jack's looking out at the clouds again.

The Columns of Light disappear, and there's a THRUM as the
 clouds rearrange. For a moment, it almost seems like they're
 dissipating.

Then a LARGE, DOUBLE HELIX of GREEN light begins corkscrewing
 downwards. Jack's face, pressed against the Humvee window,
 glows green.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
 Drive. Drive.

JEN
 I'm driving.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA HQ

The room is empty. Bartnicki's nowhere to be seen.

On-screen, the Green Double-Helix grinds into the ground. The
 whole HQ shakes. In a building just next to the HELIX, we see
 a large sign --

NASA HEADQUARTERS...

...Out the window, we see the Green Double-Helix is only a
 few hundred feet away.

CUT TO:

INT. THE BEAN

Ryan working his way through the tablet, which is full of
 pictures. He finds a digital schematic, pulls up a HOLOGRAM
 OF THE BEAN.

Using his fingertips, he spins the hologram, looking for the place where the SONAR would be.

RYAN

Ah-ha!

He touches the hologram, it disappears, and a new page on the tablet opens. Long tables of specifications, testing results, development history.

Beat as Ryan reads.

Eureka! He's so excited by something, he stands and then the WHOLE ROOM SHAKES and Bartnicki pops his head in, accompanied by a few of his men.

BARTNICKI

We need to go.

RYAN

I found it. I --

An even BIGGER TREMOR. Stuff falls from the Bean's walls.

BARTNICKI

Now.

Michael, Jen and Jack watch as a PULSE descends the Green Double-Helix... a GREEN FLASH GROWS AND FADES... and a Giant, even taller than the rest, appears.

CUT TO:

EXT. NASA HQ

Bartnicki, Ryan, and Bartnicki's men are fleeing the scene with all due haste. They try not to pay attention to the Massive Giant looming just a few hundred feet away.

The Giant roars to life, then sets its sights on the tiny speck moving across the ruined city.

Ryan turns to see the Humvee, Jack is the only one who isn't shouting.

RYAN

'Go! Go! Go!'

He's calm, almost, sort of peaceful. For the first time, he's watching the Giant sort of peacefully.

It's a huge, and clearly intelligent creature, looking around his new environment the way Jack looked around Africa and the Subterranean Cavern and the Pacific Shore.

The Humvee pulls into the NASA HQ, where Bartnicki and his men are waiting.

Ryan runs to the Humvee.

RYAN (CONT'D)
 (yo Michael)
 You were right. The sub's sonar was different.

BARTNICKI
 We need to go no!

MICHAEL
 Different how?

RYAN
 Diane found these little microbes in the water under Europa. The sonar works with them... Through them.

JEN
 Do we have any of those microbes here.

Jack is looking at the marauding Giant, but still clearly listening to their conversation.

BARTNICKI
 Captain!

Everyone at the Humvee looks ahead of them to see TWO MORE GIANTS (though not as big as the one behind them) blocking their escape.

JEN
 What do we do?

MICHAEL
 Everyone inside!

RYAN
 Are you nuts?

BARTNICKI
 That's not a good idea.

MICHAEL
 There's a secret bunker.

BARTNICKI
 There's no bunker...

MICHAEL
 I couldn't tell you about it. It's made to withstand a nuclear blast.

OOOOOOOOHHHHHH. The larger giant is nearly on top of them, clearly has them in its visual field.

JEN
 (sarcastic)
 Let's discuss it some more.

At this, everyone runs inside. Everyone except Jack... who CLIMBS BACK INTO THE HUMVEE and climbs into the driver seat.

JACK
 ...85% lean beef instead of turkey
 because beef holds the flavor
 better...85% lean beef instead of
 turkey because beef holds the
 flavor better...

Reciting this mantra, everything goes quiet, and sort of slowly...

Jack reaches up, adjusts the rear-view mirror. He can see the Giant coming towards him, and ahead the smaller Giants are closing in quickly.

But Jack moves methodically, trying to reconstruct how to do this from memory. He turns the KEYS... tries to move the shifter, but it won't budge.

He looks down, sees the pedals... comes back up -- The Giants are EVEN CLOSER.

Since he's short, he has to sort of drop down to press the clutch with his feet and yank it into gear.

It starts to roll, and barely able to see over the steering wheel, Jack DRIVES THE HUMVEE over the broken landscape and towards the massive giant.

Once again, he's headed through its legs -- into the GREEN DOUBLE-HELIX...

EXT. NASA HQ - DAY

Michael, Jen and Ryan rush in... but Jen stops dead.

JEN
 Where's Jack?

RYAN
 Oh man...

Michael brings his wrist to his mouth, but THERE'S NO WATCH! Michael panics, runs to the console. Bartnicki appears in the doorway...

BARTNICKI
 What are you doing?!

JEN AND RYAN
 Shut up!

MICHAEL
 Babe, what's our Pin Number? I
 can't remember.

JEN
Why?

Michael punches this into the console, shouts.

MICHAEL
Jack! Jack, it's Dad!

INT. HUMVEE

Jack careening closer and closer to the large giant. There's a now familiar WOOOOO as the foot swings overhead.

Jack jostles the Humvee, and something in his pocket starts beeping. He pulls out THE WATCH.

WATCH/MICHAEL (O.S.)
It's Dad! Jack, can you hear me!
Please tell me you can--

JACK
I hear you.

WATCH/MICHAEL (O.S.)
Where are you?

JACK
In the Humvee.

WATCH/MICHAEL (O.S.)
Just stay there. We'll come back
for you.

JACK
I'm driving towards that green
light.

WATCH/MICHAEL (O.S.)
Jack, no, please, listen to m--

JACK
You told me you wanted to keep me
safe. Well I want to keep you safe
too...

WATCH/MICHAEL (O.S.)
Jack, please...Bud...

JACK
I'm going to ask them for some
microbes.

WATCH/JEN (O.S.)
Jack, honey...

JACK
I'm not a baby anymore!

At this, Jack tosses the watch out the window. Then swerves hard left, about to roll, as the foot SLAMS down and sends the Humvee flying through the air.

INT. NASA HQ

Michael banging on the console, trying to re-establish the link.

BARTNICKI
We really need to go.

This is the last thing Michael wants to hear. He crosses to Bartnicki, gets right up in his face.

MICHAEL
Remember that time you tazed me? In my office down the hall. Do you remember that?

BARTNICKI
Of course I remem--

MICHAEL
You knew even then, even then, in your dossier, that I would do anything and everything for my son.

BARTNICKI
You need to calm down.

MICHAEL
We're going after him.

JEN
Michael...

RYAN
I'll go with you.

JEN
Both of you stop. Just stop. Michael, listen to me. You have to let him do this.

To put it bluntly, Michael is stunned.

MICHAEL
He's just a boy. You want me to let him die.

JEN
I want you to trust him. He isn't stupid...

MICHAEL
He's delusional.

JEN
They said you were delusional.

MICHAEL
That's different!

JEN
He's not the boy he was when you left, Michael Thompson. He's changed.

MICHAEL
That's cheap. That's a cheap shot, Jen. Don't drag that into this.

JEN
You didn't tell me that you were a Captain because you didn't trust me. You didn't trust me and you didn't trust Ryan to figure out the sonar, and you don't trust Jack to take care of himself.

MICHAEL
How can you say that? How can you stand there and look me in the eye and say that?

Jen produces the TABLET that Ryan found. On-screen, we see a PSYCHOLOGICAL CASE FILE for CAPT. MICHAEL THOMPSON. Michael snatches the tablet. His face confirms everything that Jen just said.

BARTNICKI
Suspicions of conspiracy and collusion are common symptoms of what you've gone through. It happened to Ryan and it happened to Diane, and it has happened to every other astronaut who's come back from Jupiter... Our psychologists are very good, Captain.

MICHAEL
I can't leave him out there to die...

Slowly, cautiously, Jen approaches. She and Michael lock eyes.

He looks crushed by this news, that there really is something wrong with him after all.

The whole room SHAKES VIOLENTLY, and we hear the Giant just outside. Jen hugs him, kisses his cheek.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
I want that sonar stripped and in place in case he pulls this off.

EXT. NASA HQ - DAY

The Giant looks down at the tiny wreckage of a burning Humvee.

Lower down, the whole thing's flipped and smashed, but the glass is kicked out of one window, and, bashed, bloodied, and dizzy, Jack pulls himself from the wreckage.

He looks up at the massive Giant looking down at him. The GREEN DOUBLE-HELIX is maybe twenty yards away, but every movement sends shivers of pain down Jack's back and sides.

He's struggling to pull himself along the ground. The Giant is closing in.

Two more Giants appear behind him, dominating the skyline.

JACK
It's not fast enough. Think, think.

Suddenly, Jack seizes two lengths of scrap metal and, using them as CRUTCHES, begins to swing himself towards the GREEN DOUBLE-HELIX. He enters it just as a Giant fist swings down.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANT'S WORLD - CHAMBER

Even from a Giant's perspective, this mysterious room is massive, so tall and cold and blue that you can barely make out the astrological designs on the cathedral-like ceiling.

The room is lit by softly-glowing orbs, and entirely empty except for long rows of empty pews. Along the walls, where in a church you might find stained glass windows, instead you see SLEEPING GIANTS in a gooey, transparent membrane.

As our tiny hero moves through this gigantic room, he hears the far-off sound of OOOOHS. He comes to a stone wall with old jumbled blocks with spaces big enough for him to squeeze through.

Jack enters the next room and is suddenly standing in the middle of space. Standing walking across it as easily as you would walk across a floor.

In the distance, a SOLAR SYSTEM OF FIFTY PLANETS glow in their orbits around a FORMING STAR, and beyond them CONSTELLATIONS AND ASTEROIDS LIGHT UP the normally black and empty vastness of space.

Jack walks through this room at a steady pace, taking all of this in with his jaw hanging open.

The next room is as large as the last, but it is A GLASS PRISM FLOATING IN SPACE, with SCIENTIFIC FORMULAS etched in silver on the walls. Jack makes his way through this as the ROOM STARTS TO SPIN.

He's able to walk in a straight line, but as he walks over the formula, they GLOW, and so he lights up a CORKSCREW OF EQUATIONS, which, open the next door into the... Thompson's Home - Living Room.

Back in his own living room, though we know see something is off. In the armchair sits a 4 foot-TALL VERSION OF A GIANT, just about Jack's size. Jack sits opposite of it on the couch.

JACK

Hello.

The Giant, sitting upright and motionless, then turns his head at Jack.

GIANT

Hello.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA BUNKER - THE BEAN

Michael is instructing a team in how to disengage the sonar device from the Bean.

BOOM! BOOOOOM!

The Giant is right on top of them. Half of Michael's job is keeping the men from panicking. Jen, meanwhile, stands off to one side, watching uselessly as the room shakes around her, and that doesn't sit well with her.

JEN

Michael, I'm going outside.

MICHAEL

Why in the world would you?

JEN

We need to lure that thing away.

MICHAEL

I need a volunteer to go outside.

JEN

I'm a better driver than any of them.

ANONYMOUS MAN

I'll go.

JEN

And I'm not asking. I said he's my son, and I mean it. You can't stop me from going after him any more than I can stop you.

MICHAEL
But you did stop me. Jen kisses his
forehead.

JEN
That was different.

Something SPARKS on the sonar. Michael runs forward.

JEN (CONT'D)
Okay. I'm going!

Michael looks back.

MICHAEL
Come back to me.

JEN
I will.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE NASA BUILDING - DAY

Jen sprints to another Humvee and revs the engine, burning out a bit, throwing dust, making a general ruckus to get the Giant's attention.

Which she does - Big Time. All three of them. It's already bounding after her. As it does, it KICKS THROUGH THE SIDE OF A BUILDING.

The Giants chase the Humvee through the city. Jen is pure focus behind the wheel, driving for her life and more importantly, Jack's life.

We can see this right on her face. And she's being smart about it, taking tight turns around plenty of obstacles, trying to keep the Giants confused.

In her rearview mirror, they're still on her. She slams the breaks as a fourth giant appears in front of her.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANT'S WORLD - CHAMBER

Thompson Home - Jack is leaning forward, inspecting the small Giant's face. We get a really good, up-close look at the Giant. A bit weathered, and barely perceptible streaks of color.

JACK
My name's Jack. What's yours?

The Giant tilts his head.

GIANT
I am.

JACK
That doesn't make sense.

GIANT
EVERYTHING is part of the One
Design.

JACK
One design?

GIANT
Reality is Nothing. Nothing is
Creation.

JACK
I just came here to ask you for...
some microbes from your planet.

The Giant stares at Jack, clearly not understanding.

JACK (CONT'D)
Some water... It's important.

GIANT
What is very important?

JACK
My family.

GIANT
Explain.

JACK
(hesitates)
Rescuing my family from you.

Whatever tiny movements the Giant had, suddenly stop.

GIANT stares. Then reaches out, pinches Jack's arm lightly...

GIANT
What is this?

JACK
Skin.

GIANT
It is the skin that holds the
differences together.

JACK
Like protons and electrons.

GIANT
Yes, like protons and electrons.
Not things; they're fields, and so
is the universe, and so are you.

JACK
May I please have some microbes?

GIANT
There are no microbes.

JACK
There are. I know there are.

GIANT
How?

JACK
(confident)
A dolphin told me.

The Giant sits upright for a moment. Then disappears...

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE OF THE NASA BUILDING - DAY

Humvee Jen is maybe a mile away from the NASA HQ, with four Giants in hot pursuit.

JEN
Come on, Jen. Come on. Do it for
them. Do it for them.

PUH-POOM - the motor blows. The engine bloc vomits black smoke and the Humvee rolls to a dead stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. NASA HQ - DAY

The heavy sonar device DROPS to the floor. It's way heavier than anyone anticipated, and by the look on everyone's faces, getting it to the surface isn't going to be easy. Everyone, of course, is looking to Michael.

Michael thinks for a moment, scans his surroundings. This is a bit like Jack underground looking for the moss slingshot.

He sees a door marked SUPPLIES, rushes to it and begins pulling out bottles of cleaner, solvent, spray, and long lengths of fabric.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANT'S WORLD - CHAMBER

Thompson's Home - Jack is sitting by himself now, which feels very strange, like he isn't supposed to be here. He stands, looks out the front door, into the three previous strange rooms.

He goes to the door as if to leave, then stops, thinks about it, and decides he has to keep going, and shuts the door. He goes into the kitchen and opens the refrigerator door.

Nothing but ordinary groceries, and maybe a bit under stocked. He goes under the sink next, then into the cabinets. There he finds his favorite GRANOLA BAR, takes a big ol' bite.

Back into the living room, throwing open closets, end tables, throwing cushions -- essentially hunting all over the downstairs for the microbes, even in the strangest places - under the couch, behind the TV, under the grate in the fireplace, that makes the house cold in the winter.

Undeterred he goes upstairs, into his bedroom first - throwing toys and dirty clothes everywhere, stripping his bed, making it even more of a mess and finding nothing.

He's in the bathroom, rifling through the sink, and the extra towels and toilet paper in the cabinet.

And finally, he stands before the only room left in the house Michael and Jen's Room.

This scene is shot at a specific angle:

As Jack enters, in the foreground we see Michael, a bit younger, pacing the room and yelling silently, in slow-motion, at an unseen woman in an armchair wearing a floral dress (the one from the vision of the rocket launch Jack had in the pool).

This woman, should be clear by now, it's Jack's biological mother. But Jack isn't interested in that. He's interested in his father, in Michael, in the pained desperate look on his contorted face.

Suddenly, the woman stands and throws something at the wall. Michael goes to pick it up and something else smashes, and suddenly the woman in the dress has a BASEBALL BAT.

Again, throughout this, we never see higher than her waist. They're sort of circling the room now, Michael holding a pillow for protection, which would be funny if not for the pain and anger and feeling of betrayal on his face.

Jack watches, paralyzed in horror. The woman chucks the bat at Michael, who ducks just in time for it to CRASH through the window and BASH a car outside, triggering its ALARM.

Michael grabs a suitcase and starts packing his things. The first thing he grabs from the closet - his ASTRONAUT UNIFORM.

ALARM-ALARM-ALARM

The woman goes to the window as Michael packs. She's gesturing outside, angry about the noise.

Then there's a TINY KNOCK on the door. Michael and the Woman, as well as the ALARM, stop. The woman goes to the door, opens it slowly.

Jack positions himself to see better too. And it's Young Jack standing there, innocent, in his pajamas, just wondering what all the ruckus is.

But he walks in the room, looks at Michael, then Michael's suitcase. We can just see Young Jack registering what's going on.

Then, finally, Young Jack looks directly into Jack's eyes. As Young Jack opens his mouth to speak, overlapping voices, one young, one old come out.

YOUNG JACK/OLDER JACK'S VOICE
(overlapped)
Action reaction...survive.

Jack blinks and suddenly, instantly, there's no one in the room but him.

Jack goes to the place where Michael took his suit from the closet. There's a little drawer in there, which Jack opens.

Beneath it is a HIDDEN COMPARTMENT, and beneath that is a SMALL WOODEN BOX, which Jack removes. Then he sits on the bed and opens it and takes out family pictures.

These are pictures from Jack's childhood with Michael and the woman in the dress. Lots of happy barbecues, pool parties, shaving with Dad, first day of Kindergarten.

There's also a collection of Jack's art, early mosaics and graphs and models.

Then, finally, there's ONE PICTURE of Jack's Mother, a pretty blonde in her telltale dress. He looks at this, and starts to cry.

WOMAN'S VOICE
Hi Jack.

Jack turns, wiping his eyes, and sees Jen standing there.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE NASA BUILDING - DAY

Jen scrambles out of the Humvee and tries to get into shelter. She looks up. The four Giants are literally straddling her, only they don't know where she is. She gets down, holds her breath.

JEN
Please, please.

CUT TO:

INT. UNDER GROUND NASA BUNKER

They've rigged up a system to slick the floor and slide the Sonar block across it. Michael and Ryan - slide it into the lift, and the lift starts to ascend, going all the way up to the Observatory. There, the two men lift out the device and tip it upright. Michael immediately begins trying to wipe gunk from its side. He smacks it.

MICHAEL

Come on!

But Ryan, high on this rooftop, with it surrounding view, is taking in the horizon. He spots the four giants, and more in the distance, he sees the a smoking vehicle at their feet.

RYAN

Oh no.

MICHAEL

I know. I can't get it to...

RYAN

No, look...

Michael does. Instantly, he knows in his gut that it's Jen. He goes to run, Ryan grasps his arm...

MICHAEL

Let me go.

RYAN

Let me do it. I'm serious.

MICHAEL

No.

RYAN

(beat)

You saved my life on Europa. Please let me do this. Let me pay you back that much.

MICHAEL

Ryan, I can't ask you t-

RYAN

You need to get this running. You have to let me do this.

Ryan extends his hand. Instead of taking it, Michael grabs Ryan into a huge hug.

MICHAEL

We were the first people to see that ocean, do you realize that? You, Diane and I.

RYAN

I should g-

MICHAEL
 You might be an idiot sometimes,
 and I might have a screw loose, but
 no one can take that first from us,
 not even these Giants.

Ryan pushes away.

RYAN
 Yeah. It was awesome.

Ryan hurries away. Michael goes back to the Sonic Device.
 Flips open a panel that reads: SOLAR LEVEL 0% Michael looks
 up at that purple sky. No way this thing is charging today.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANT'S WORLD - CHAMBER

Thompson's Bedroom - Jen sits next to Jack on the bed, looks
 over his shoulder at the picture.

JEN
 She's prettier than I am.

JACK
 No she's isn't.

JEN
 No, it's okay. Look at her. She's
 very pretty. Look at that nose. You
 definitely got her nose.

Jen pokes Jack's nose.

JACK
 Hey.

JEN
 It's okay, you know? Okay to miss
 her. And it's okay to think of me
 as your other Mom too, your second
 Mom.

JACK
 Really?

JEN
 Really.

JACK
 How... how do I know if this is
 real? Maybe I'm dreaming. Or dead.

JEN
 You're smart, Jack, even smarter
 than you think.

Jack considers this.

JACK
Do you know where the microbes are?

Jack looks back to Jen, only it's not Jen anymore; it's the small 'Giant', sitting there, hands in its lap.

GIANT
You must go.

On a table near the giant is a SMALL GLASS VIAL OF WATER.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA BUILDING - BASEMENT

Michael sprints out of the elevator and goes directly to Bartnicki, who's set up a sort of command post to wait out the attacks.

MICHAEL
I need you to give me access.

BARTNICKI
I can't. The systems are down.

MICHAEL
Do you have access?

BARTNICKI
Sure, but I can't...

Michael reaches into Bartnicki's pocket and snatches his ID Badge, then sprints for the elevator.

Bartnicki runs after him, but can't get there before the door closes.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE NASA BUILDING - DAY

Surface Jen still cowering, looking up at the Giants. All of them turn.

Jen pokes her head out a bit farther to see the source of the noise... A FLARE, and under it Ryan, running right towards her.

The Giants turn and lumber towards Ryan, who sends up a second flare, cementing their attention firmly on him.

Jen comes out of hiding, runs to the Humvee and BLARES THE HORN. The Giants turn again, confused and overstimulated.

Ryan comes running around one side, towards the Humvee.

RYAN
What are you doing?

JEN
What are you doing?

OOOOOOHHHHHH.

RYAN
--You need to go. Now. Crazy lady.
Let me draw them off.

JEN
I can't let y--

RYAN
Get otta here... the kid is gonna
need a mom. Go.

JEN
Thank you.

Ryan watches Jen run off, and when she's far enough away, he sprints in the opposite direction and sends up a third flare.

CUT TO:

INT. GIANT'S WORLD - CHAMBER

Thompson's Bedroom

JACK
(to the giant)
Action reaction, survive.

Jack leaps past the Giant and grasps the vial. It slips, and gets thrown through the air.

But for Jack, time seems to slow down; he's able to leap after the vial... fingers stretched wide... he's got it!

But the Giant is right on top of him, only it's not kid size anymore, but about 6' tall, Michael's height.

It grabs for him, but Jack ducks and exits the room.

Hallway - Jack springs down the stairs, but the Giant, even larger now, smashes through the door frame.

It comes bounding down the steps, smashing through them, growing steadily larger and larger and Jack scrambles across the ground floor, through the living room and into the door that leads back into the strange rooms outside.

Jack doesn't have a choice - he exits.

The rooms are very different this time, strangely distorted versions of the places he's visited before.

The Island - The first is the island, only the volcano has done its work and come to rest and the island has been scourged by fire and buried in thick, black ash.

However, Jack doesn't have time to find this strange. He leaps out of the house and awkwardly high-steps through knee-deep dunes of sand and ash.

And the Giant rams through the front of the house, growing ever larger. **The Dig site** - The dig site is completely empty, all the ropes taken down, all the tools removed, all the bones yanked out and shipped off to be preserved; all that remains are square holes in the dry earth, clearly man-made holes of varying sizes and depth.

Jack has to climb around them, much like when he sprinted around the first Giant's footprints. Now, the growing Giant chasing him is large enough to leave similar holes.

The Rocket Launch - A chain-link fence, a weedy field away from a rocket launch pad.

A crowd is counting down 3-2-1, and right as the Giant enters behind him, the colossal ROCKETS ON THE SHIP FIRE, and this fat, stout, determined little shuttle wobbles and gradually lifts off the pad.

And Jack only manages to get a glimpse out of the corner of his eye. That's all he allows himself, running full speed, weaving through people.

The rocket ship climbs higher and higher, fading away like the stars of the morning, Losing their light in the glorious sun.

Jack can't take it. He simply can't take it. He stops dead in his tracks, turns to face the launch, doesn't even seem to care about the Giant chasing him.

But the Giant isn't there anymore. Only the smell of the weedy field and of burning rocket fuel, and the spring wind that brings strange, hot scents blowing off the Gulf of Mexico.

Smaller and smaller and smaller until finally its gone. Jack stands there for a moment. Then stands up a bit straighter, and furrows his brow.

He strides towards the GREEN DOUBLE-HELIX once more.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA HQ - MICHAEL'S OFFICE

Michael uses Bartnicki's keycard to get into his own office. Inside, he goes to the bottom drawer of the desk - his junk drawer full of actual junk - and takes out a CRAPPY UV LIGHT FOR(SAD), SEASONAL AFFECTIVE DISORDER and some BATTERIES, slaps the latter into the former and leaves.

EXT. NASA HQ - ROOF - DAY

Michael returns to the roof holding the UV LIGHT. As he emerges, he sees a FLARE in the distance. He goes to the Sonic Device and holds the LIGHT up to it.

MICHAEL
Come on, work...

Suddenly, Jen kneels down beside him, throws her arms around him.

JEN
I love you.

MICHAEL
I love you, too.

Jen stands, scans the horizon. She can't help but look at the fading flare, and the four Giants stomping on the ground.

She watches as a PULSE comes down the GREEN DOUBLE-HELIX.

Meanwhile, Michael has his eyes focused on the Sonic Device. It still reads 0% There's a Green Glow.

Jen goes to the edge of the roof and sees Jack running out of the GREEN DOUBLE-HELIX...

JEN
It's Jack! Oh my God. It's Jack!

MICHAEL
I have to charge this. This has to work.

But as soon as Jack emerges, the Four Giants look too. They're headed straight for him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Jack sees them. Clutching the vial in his hand, he sprints for his life, over wrecked, stomped rubble. There's no way. There's just no way he's going to make it.

Suddenly, behind him, Ryan appears on a military MOTORCYCLE. He slows a bit to sort of scoop up Jack and set him on the seat.

The motorcycle careens through the wreckage and makes it most of the way to NASA HQ.

The Giants are right there. Ryan lets Jack off, then rides off towards them...

Jack watches as one of the Giants' fists comes down hard on Ryan.

EXT. HQ ROOF - DAY

Jack and Jen step out of the elevator. Jack, rather timidly, hands Michael the vial.

JACK
The microbes.

JEN
What do we do with them?

MICHAEL
The microbe spores make a cloud.
But I don't know...I don't know...

The Giants massive faces are just below them, pounding on the building. Jack is staring at the device.

He sees a SLOT on the side, and among several buttons, a LARGE GREEN ONE.

And the charge device finally blinks to 1% Jack acts quickly, snatching the vial back from Michael, depositing it in the slot, and pressing the Green button.

And at first it sends out a strange spurt, but that spurt balloons out on the breeze and becomes a sort of vague mist that settles on everything.

And as this mist spreads out, it starts glowing, and the Giants, the Columns of Light, the Storm Clouds are, little by little, and with much roaring, gradually pushed away. Michael, Jen and Jack hug.

Sounds of celebration can be heard from inside the building.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to Jen)
Tell Bartnicki to get the word out.
It's time to get OUR world back.

SMALL MONTAGE:

FRANCE, we see giants ascending back into the sky.

ENGLAND, small groups of people who managed to survive are cheering in the streets.

GERMANY, several GREEN DOUBLE-HELIX LIGHT COLUMNS disappearing into the sky above.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REFUGEE CAMP - ONE DAY LATER

By all accounts, the remarkable microbe solution worked; the Giants are gone, and this is the world that remains: slums of hungry, homeless refugees huddled for warmth around drum fires, living in tin lean-tos.

Nevertheless, Michael, Jen and Jack are there, wearing smocks and gloves and paper hats, handing out food to those in need.

Jack is very adamant that everyone says please and thank you. This is sort of a quiet moment, seen from far away.

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

Bartnicki and Michael stand before a rather sparse crowd of still shell-shocked journalists, trying to describe the events that had unfolded.

FRIGHTENED REPORTER

Who's in charge right now? Does the government even exist? What are we going to do?

BARTNICKI

Look. I get it. You think I'm going to give you some feel-goody pep talk about the human race soldiering on. I, uh...

Bartnicki's hands are shaking.

BARTNICKI (CONT'D)

...I'd like to speak to you as a man of science, a man who spent his childhood building model rockets and sleeping with this little black globe that projected star-shaped lights around my bedroom walls...

Reveal: Jack, in a SUIT, sitting next to Jen on some folding chairs just offstage.

BARTNICKI (CONT'D)

And I don't see any point in avoiding it: This is my nightmare. Because I used to be a boy who believed that space was full of all sorts of wonderful mysteries and fantastic worlds. Space held the promise of a vast, infinite human adventure. But to reach out into space and find this feels... well, it feels a little like sticking your finger in a light socket. This is my nightmare because I don't love space anymore.

Bartnicki pauses to look over at Jack and sort of wave him onto stage.

When Jack comes on, the tired crowd begins to applaud, which catches on and swells. Jack can't deal with it. He claps his hands over his ears and stops moving. Michael walks over to him, takes his hand, which allows Jack to relax, to look out and wave and smile.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTAGE OF DAMAGE CLEANUP AROUND THE WORLD

We see people from different parts of the world working together... rebuilding their lives.

BARTNICKI (V.O.)

I don't know what's going to happen next, and anyone who says they do is talking out their you-know-what. But I do think that something is going to happen next. I do think the human adventure can continue without space, that the real human adventure happens among the human race, and if that happens to be on this planet, then so be it.

CUT TO:

INT. PRESS CONFERENCE

BARTNICKI

The world probably won't be a utopia. It probably won't be a repressive superstate or constant warfare of neo-tribes. It'll be a complicated mix of these and a million other things, just like it is right now.

Finally, Michael ushers Jen out onto the stage with him. And she's like No way, shaking her head. But eventually he gets her to walk onto stage and stands next to him and Jack.

BARTNICKI (CONT'D)

The human adventure. That's the main thing. Oh, and Jack. Nicest kid you'll ever meet. And if every once in a while someone like him comes along, we're all going to be just fine.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. THOMPSON HOUSE - KITCHEN - THAT NIGHT

Michael is frying something on a hot plate run off a generator. The house is lit by tiny candles, which gives a strange but warm atmosphere.

Jack is already eating a cheese sandwich, basically falling asleep at the table. Jen comes in with the HOT PAD and smacks Michael with it.

JEN
How dare you lure me in here.

MICHAEL
I didn't 'lure' you.

JEN
Oh you lured me. I was lured.

JACK
What's 'lured' mean?

MICHAEL
You loved it.

JEN
(to Jack)
It means like, tricked.

MICHAEL
The way hunters trick an animal
with food.

JACK
Oh.

JEN
Yeah. It's a good word.

MICHAEL
It is a great word.

Jack considers this.

JACK
It's a pretty good word. There are
better ones though.

JEN
Oh yeah.

JACK
Like, dynamo, or question.

MICHAEL
(grin)
Oh those are good ones.

JEN
(smile)
Those are great ones.

JACK
I can't tell if you're making fun
of me or not.

JEN
Oh sweetheart, we're not.

MICHAEL
 (plating his eggs)
 So uh, young man, how did you like
 driving that Humvee? They're pretty
 big, huh?

JACK
 It was so big! I had to sit like
 this. And I, uh...

Jack stretches his whole body, pointing his foot downward.

JACK (CONT'D)
 ...wrecked it. I didn't mean to. I
 hit a rock or something and it
 flipped over.

Jen is basically horrified at the thought of it, and Michael
 is in such a good mood he won't let anything bring him down;
 he's just too happy to have him here now.

MICHAEL
 What was it like inside the...
 thing?

JACK
 Weird.

MICHAEL
 What was it like.

At this, Jack sort of closes up, rolls his shoulders forward.

JEN
 It's okay. You've had a long day.

JACK
 Okay there was this cave with water
 and a slingshot and the talking
 dolphin and these big space and
 math rooms and then we were in our
 house...

MICHAEL
 Whoa, slow dow-

JACK
 And you were there with Mom and it
 was the night you packed and left
 when you fought, and then you left
 and then Jen was there and said how
 Mom was prettier than her and that
 was okay and that she, could be my
 other mom.

After hearing all this, Michael and Jen exchange seriously
 concerned looks. Pretty much the heaviest possible topics in
 each of their lives.

JACK (CONT'D)
And there was this weird Giant, but
like my size, who kept saying this
weird stuff...

JEN
That Jen must know me pretty well,
you know. I agree with everything
she said.

JACK
You do?

MICHAEL
Jen can you, can you give us a
second?

Jen leaves them alone, Father and Son.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
You remember that, huh?

JACK
Yes.

MICHAEL
I'm not proud of that. I'm sorry. I
really... God I can't believe you
remember that. It's just... Have I
ever told you about your mom and
me?

JACK
No.

MICHAEL
We're really different. You know
that, right?

JACK
Yes.

MICHAEL
It's hard to explain, and it
doesn't make it any easier on you,
but me and your mom were meant to
be with other people. We made a
mistake and we had to fix it.

JACK
Okay.

MICHAEL
People make mistakes sometimes, you
know?

JACK
I know. I made a mistake.

MICHAEL
When have you ever made a mistake?

JACK
When I punched Greg at school.

MICHAEL
To hell with Greg. He had it coming. You did exactly what you were supposed to do.

JACK
Okay.

They sit in silence for a moment. Michael takes a bite of his eggs.

MICHAEL
It's not just about the fight, is it?

JACK
No.

MICHAEL
What else is there?

Jack looks down.

JACK
Why did you have to go to Jupiter?

Michael tries to put an arm around Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)
I want to know.

MICHAEL
I needed to get away. Not from you. From everything else besides you. Leaving you, right after kindergarten, kiddo that was the hardest thing I've ever done. And it was a mistake. It was not what I was supposed to do.

JACK
Okay.

MICHAEL
Okay?

JACK
Yeah.

MICHAEL
Is there anything else?

Jack leans forward, and whispers...

JACK

Mother's Day is in three weeks. We should get something for Jen. I bet a lot of nice things will go for pretty cheap now.

MICHAEL

Oh, you know what we could do? I could go to the lab and get... oh man... I could get one of those tanks of liquid nitrogen and we could...

Jack is totally into this idea; like father, like son.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: A hallway bureau. On it rests a big card that says Happy Mother's Day! Leaning against a glass VASE with a SINGLE FROZEN ROSE sticking out.

FADE OUT:

THE END