

UNEARTHLY

A Screenplay

by

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EXT. EXQUISITE SUBTERRANEAN FOREST - DISTANT PLANET - DAY

Two golden suns set over a lush forest. Bright colors jump at us from the multi-colored foliage. A human-shaped, HOLOGRAPHIC MALE, walks away from us, down a narrow path. Very little gravity -- he "glides" through the woods.

The man diligently examines the scintillating flowers. His fingers glow as he touches colorful petals. A childlike, feminine voice echoes from behind.

FEMALE (V.O.)

We could never be lovers, you know.

The man continues exploring. A light source from his side casts a moving shadow around him as he continues down the path. He focuses on one flower.

MAN

I figured so. I guess I've known for a while.

FEMALE (V.O.)

Well, that makes it easier for the both of us. Do you even have feelings for me?

MAN

Feelings?

Man continues his exploration without looking up.

MAN (CONT'D)

You're much older than I...
much older.

Shadow moves quickly around him, enlarges. A light to his side brightens. He stops. CHILDLIKE GIGGLES.

Man turns slowly and looks at the light source.

It is CHAKOREAS, a spinning wheel with light spokes, floating around like a hummingbird. She is about four foot in diameter with one huge, blue eye in the center, with spokes radiating outward to the rim. Her single eye blinks as she speaks.

CHAKOREAS

(flippant)

Oh, sure, I'm the ancient one.
Droids like me much better than
humanoids. Go figure.

She blinks her eye slowly, then circles him.

MAN

I am so looking forward to coming back full time. My current mission is not starting off so well. It's quite a dense, archaic civilization ...stuck in three dimensions.

Chakoreas darts all around. Man picks up another flower.

CHAKOREAS

It's just an assignment. Only temporary, my friend. Just observe, get your data for the library, and come back to our little star... We're only a thought away--

MAN

My form is in slow development in a time/space dimension. I don't have the mental capacity there as I had planned, nor the Sirius connection.

His eyes now follow Chakoreas as she floats all around.

CHAKOREAS

Of course not. A carbon-based organism in that density cannot possibly retain full identity. The brain capacity is small and limited by the 4D Controllers...

She giggles.

CHAKOREAS (CONT'D)

Stay the course, young master, you have a commitment, you know.

Man looks up at night sky, then smiles at her.

CHAKOREAS (CONT'D)

You just might be surprised at the results.

She vanishes with a flash of light. Man watches, then turns and continues down the eloquent path. His holographic form slowly evaporates.

Super: EARTH 1954

INT. SMALL HOSPITAL ROOM - MORNING

A SIX-YEAR OLD BOY wakes up in a small bed, rubs his eyes.

BOY'S MINDSCAPE: Faint images of two suns, exotic foliage of the distant planet.

The sterile room is barren, except for the lone bed. He sits up, fully clothed, and points his fingers at the locked door. It jiggles, but does not open.

He gets up and scurries around the room, frantically looks for an escape route.

Sound of KEYS RATTLING. The door gets unlocked. A MAN AND WOMAN in white lab coats and face masks rush in, grab the boy and force him on a gurney.

YOUNG BOY

What are you doing? Where's my mom and dad? You people took me without telling my dad. You'll pay for this. You don't know my dad.

The technicians start to strap the boy down.

YOUNG BOY (CONT'D)

He killed a lot of people in the war you know. He still has his guns you know.

They rush the gurney down a cold, clinical hallway to a laboratory and shut the door behind them.

INT. HOSPITAL LABORATORY - DAY

A CAUCASIAN MAN IN WHITE (50), stoic, scarred, waits for them. He pulls out a large syringe, stands over the boy.

The boy uses his powerful mind to untie the straps one by one. The two interns in white are shocked, and jump on the boy to hold him down.

The third man calls for help on the wall phone. The boy frees himself momentarily and throws the two interns powerfully against the wall, cracking it. The room shakes. The boy's powers are overwhelming.

TWO LARGE MEN (30's) IN SUITS arrive. One tackles the boy from the rear and the other jumps on top. It takes four of them to hold the boy down as he struggles.

YOUNG BOY (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Don't stick that in me!

The man with syringe squats down.

Mary Ellen dries the dishes. Scurries to back door.

MARY ELLEN

You boys need to come in now and
get your baths like your father
told you.

EXT. SOMMERFIELD BACKYARD - DUSK

The two boys run toward the back door, shoving each other playfully. Young Michael goes in.

Darius stops momentarily and stares inquisitively at the full moon with his deep, piercing eyes...then races in. SLAM.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

All quiet and dark except the chimes on a tall, elegant grandfather clock. TICK TOCK.

Young boys' GIGGLES echo throughout the house. Slivers of moonlight touch the clock's moving pendulum.

Earl peeks into their room, then reaches in and places a folded newspaper on the boys' dresser.

EARL

Here's today's paper, Darius.

DARIUS

OK, neat.

EARL

You boys brush your teeth?

DARIUS

(sleepily)
Yip, we're good, Dad.

MICHAEL

(fakes yawn)
Yip, we're good, Dad

Earl flips off their light, then limps down the hallway.

EARL (V.O.)

See you boys in the morning.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bright moonlight hits one bedroom wall, which is covered with newspaper headlines, scotch-taped randomly.

Headlines include: "New Computer Designed: Fortran", "Russia Fires Up First Nuclear Plant", and "RCA boasts its first Color TV" - all from 1954.

Headline in center of wall: "Aliens Crash in Roswell, New Mexico", dated July 5th, 1947.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael is curled up asleep. Darius has "pillowed" his head in hands. He stares at the news headlines on the wall, then turns over and goes to sleep.

EXT. SOMMERFIELD BACKYARD - NIGHT

From the wooded area behind the house emerges a spherical bright light. It hovers just outside the boys' bedroom.

INT. SOMMERFIELD HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Only the TIC-TOC ECHO of the classic clock can be heard.

2 SONOROUS CHIMES. The pendulum suddenly stops!

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Suddenly, a brief flash of brilliant light, as bright as daylight, lights up the bedroom. All the loose coins on the dresser shine, school portraits on the wall are as clear as day, along with the toys on the floor.

Michael remains fast asleep, but Darius sits up quickly in his bed, rubs his eyes, then scans the room seeing everything in great detail.

The room darkens slowly, as the light source from outside moves away. Shadows are cast in its wake.

An unusually confident smile consumes Darius' face. He lies back down and rolls over and falls back asleep.

DARIUS' INTERNAL MINDSCAPE...

Racing through his mind are advanced formulas and calculations - differential equations, electromagnetic products and vectors. Interspersed with the calculations are strange, hieroglyphic-type symbols.

BIRD SONG AND BRISK AIR drift into the classroom. Some papers scatter. The children race to pick them up.

MRS. BARNES

So today we discussed the need to listen better. We need to listen better in class and listen to our parents, right?

She looks deliberately around the room, taking in every detail of her class.

Most of the class gently nod. Her strong voice is commanding.

MRS. BARNES (CONT'D)

Listen to your teacher, right?

She is drawn to the back of the class.

MRS. BARNES (CONT'D)

I think you all need a little work in that area after looking at your last assignment...

LOUD PENCIL SCRIBBLING comes from back of room.

In the back row, young Darius Sommerfield's pencil races at near light speed across his paper. Hair disheveled, he's oblivious to anything around him.

Mrs. Barnes notices his inattentiveness, becomes perturbed.

MRS. BARNES (CONT'D)

Darius, would you please put that pencil down and pay attention!

Darius continues, as class watches in anticipation.

MRS. BARNES (CONT'D)

Darius!

She abruptly sets her old hickory pointer on the chalk tray.

The SOUND OF HARD LEATHER SHOES ON WOOD FLOOR alerts Darius.

Quickly and magically he folds his paper into a paper airplane and sails it out the open window to his left.

MRS. BARNES (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing back here? Can you tell me what we've been discussing? And, we don't play with paper airplanes during class!

Darius hesitates, yet eventually speaks very politely.

DARIUS

I'm sorry, Mrs. Barnes. I just had some thoughts I was writing down.

EXT/INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL YARD/OFFICE - DAY

Darius' paper plane rides on the gentle breeze. It zig-zags from the 2nd story window and lands in a shrub.

Mr. Johnson notices the paper projectile and smiles, looks up to the source window. He walks over, plucks it from the bush, chuckles as he analyzes it.

He folds it and throws it in the trash can, but suddenly notices something odd and quickly fishes it out.

MRS. BARNES (V.O.)

Well, in this class we pay attention to the lesson and the class discussion. How can you learn anything when you're not listening?

Mr. Johnson drops his trimmers and fumbles to pull out a pair of broken reading glasses from his worn work jeans. He slowly unfolds the paper and is frozen at what he sees.

Puzzled, he stares up to the second story window again, then looks at the paper. He hears Mrs. Barnes. Dismayed, he cocks his head slightly.

He looks around, then diligently re-folds the plane and slides it into his work jeans.

The shadow of a man with arms folded looks down at Mr. Johnson from 2nd story corner office.

Johnson continues his trimming.

EXT - SCHOOL PLAYGROUND - DAY

Darius is the leader on the basketball court.

PRINCIPAL ZACHARY JAMES WILSON, mid-50's, flat top haircut and "Indiana conservative", taps his foot, watches closely from his second story corner office.

Darius performs magic with the ball. His physical talents are far superior to his peers. He runs and jumps around anyone at will.

Principal Wilson rubs his chin as he stares at Darius.

INT. SOMMERFIELD KITCHEN - DAY

Darius and Michael run in from the back door as she puts out two brownies on napkins. The old wall PHONE RINGS.

MARY ELLEN

Hello?

Mary Ellen glances at Darius as she speaks. Darius and Michael run back outside, munch the dessert, crumbs flying. DOOR SLAM.

MARY ELLEN (CONT'D)

All right. Yes, I think Earl can come as well. I just need to double check with him. What time?

(listening)

OK, thanks, we'll see you tomorrow at ten.

Earl overhears and walks in kitchen.

EARL

What's going on at ten?

MARY ELLEN

Darius' principal wants to talk to us about something. He didn't sound too concerned.

Earl looks at her, like, "not again"

EARL

It'll have to be short. Last time we did this was a big waste of my time with that loser.

MARY ELLEN

Ok, Hon, we'll keep it short. Darius' grades are good, so not sure what this is about.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

A pleasant Mary Ellen and a disgruntled Earl, squeeze into the undersized office of Principal Zachary James Wilson, find two chairs near the door.

Principal Wilson's office is adorned with family pics, along with pics of Indiana University basketball teams of the era. A large, stuffed fish on the wall.

Earl is dressed in his white, gas station uniform, with the logo: **Hoosier Pete Gas** patched on. He nervously fidgets from boredom, holds his matching hat.

Mrs. Barnes stands to the side of the principal's desk. Principal Wilson faces the group, hands on desk, moving only his eyes as they enter.

Tension fills the room, especially between Earl and Wilson. Mr. Johnson enters quietly and stands between Mrs. Barnes and the door, holds his worn work hat. Wilson breaks the tension.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

Mr. and Mrs. Sommerfield, I believe
you have met Mrs. Barnes?

MARY ELLEN

(smiles)
Yes, of course, how are you?

MRS. BARNES

(tentative)
Fine...thanks for coming in.

Mrs. Barnes, in genuine fashion, reaches out and shakes the Sommerfields' hands.

Earl glances in agitation at his old Timex wristwatch. Wilson nods to Mr. Johnson.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

This is Mr. Johnson, our
landscaper, janitor, and pretty
much does everything around here.

Mr. Johnson, a bit nervous, nods to the Sommerfields and remains standing. Earl does not acknowledge him.

Wilson produces Darius' paper plane from his desk drawer, then carefully unfolds it, places it on his desk for all to see. They all lean in and stare at it for a moment, eyes glaring. (details not shown)

The perturbed Earl is unaffected by Darius' paper. Mr. Johnson stammers a bit, looks at floor.

Earl looks hard at Principal Wilson.

EARL

You're sure Darius did this?

PRINCIPAL WILSON

(arrogantly)

Yes, Mr. Johnson retrieved it and Mrs. Barnes confirmed that Darius threw it out of the class window. He's a bright boy, as we all know, but this is pretty unusual even for him, wouldn't you say, Mr. Sommerfield?

Earl cocks his head slightly at Mr. Wilson, as if he would rather punch him than listen to him, then picks up the paper from the desk, pulls out his reading glasses, and stares at it closely. He looks again at Wilson, shoves paper to Mary.

She silently glances over the paper, eyebrows lift, then politely places back on Mr. Wilson's desk.

MARY ELLEN

I'm not sure what to say. Maybe Darius copied this from a library book?

Wilson looks sternly at Mrs. Barnes for reassurance. She clears her throat.

MRS. BARNES

(squeaky)

I don't think that's the case, Mrs. Sommerfield. I found no references in his desk. He wrote these from scratch during class. His speed was, well, very fast.

Wilson turns and looks at the Sommerfields.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

(unusually calm)

With your permission, I'd like to hold on to this little gem. I'd like to research this a bit further...you know, for validity.

Earl and Mary Ellen exchange a glance and look at a tense Mrs. Barnes, chin in her hands.

PRINCIPAL WILSON (CONT'D)

You've got a very gifted son, as you know. I'd like to recommend special testing for him at Middle Indiana University.

Wilson casually looks over his fingernails, then straightens his tie.

EARL

(angry)

Well, that's not happenin' - I can tell you that. Maybe he's just ahead of his class -- did you ever think about that!

SILENCE falls the room. Mrs. Barnes looks down.

EARL (CONT'D)

Did you ever think that he's just fine and the rest of the students are just behind? I don't like my son being singled out! This is the 2nd time, Wilson.

Wilson is unaffected, leans back in chair.

EARL (CONT'D)

I guess you can keep his paper for now. We'll have to talk over this testing deal. I'd have to leave the station, then you guys will be talking about Darius again, and everything like that, you see.

Earl stands up, puts on his hat, and heads for the door.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

I don't think there's any cost to you or your family. It's just that--

Earl turns back to Wilson.

EARL

Like I said, Wilson, *we'll think it over.*

MARY ELLEN

Thank you...we appreciate it, we'll talk it over.

As Earl races to the door, Mr. Johnson steps toward him and reaches out to shake hands.

MR. JOHNSON

I am--

Earl brushes by, ignores him. Mary Ellen races to catch up.

Room goes silent as Principal Wilson meticulously re-folds the paper plane, as if he had just won a debate contest.

He lays it down, places a notebook on top of hit, then looks up at the frozen Mrs. Barnes, Mr. Johnson. They scurry out.

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Mary Ellen and Earl get into their old Chevy pickup.

MARY ELLEN

I don't think the principal means any harm, Earl.

She clearly has his respect. Earl turns on the engine.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK

EARL

I don't trust that snake Wilson for one second, and I don't believe that janitor's cornbread's quite done either.

They pull onto the country road.

EARL (CONT'D)

I've heard about those tests. The kids never come back the same--- Never. It's a damn shame.

MARY ELLEN

We've spent much of our lives protecting Darius...I support anything you want to do.

EARL

He ain't gettin' tested, that's for sure. I know he's differnt, probably some kinda genius, but he ain't gettin' tested.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE

Wilson stands, arms folded at his 2nd story office window and follows the pick up truck out of the parking lot. He unfolds the paper airplane again, takes a hard look, then shuts/locks his office door.

He quickly dials his rotary phone.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

GIS, Washington Division, can I help you?

PRINCIPAL WILSON
Yes, can I speak with agent Jess
J.T. Wilson?

OPERATOR (V.O.)
May I ask who's calling?

PRINCIPAL WILSON
Sure, tell J.T. it's his brother,
Zach

OPERATOR (V.O.)
OK, please hold, I'll connect you.

(beat)

J.T. WILSON (V.O.)
Hey, Zack, what's up?

Principal Wilson runs his hand over the paper, smoothing it.

PRINCIPAL WILSON
J.T., I've got something here
you've got to see. You know that
first grade boy I told you about a
few months ago?

J.T. WILSON (V.O.)
(arrogant chuckle)
Yeah, I remember, that kid. Genius,
did you say?

PRINCIPAL WILSON
(squinting)
You won't believe what he wrote
this time. Your techs there will
have a field day.

J.T. WILSON (V.O.)
Well, let me see this kid. Look
into it. Best to get him to MIU for
testing.

Principal Wilson sits back in chair and puts feet on desk.

PRINCIPAL WILSON
I have no idea what this stuff
means, but I ran it by our teachers
here and they're perplexed. There's
some very strange symbols--you'll
just have to see for yourself.

J.T. WILSON (V.O.)
Can you coordinate a test up here?
Maybe I'll put a tail on him. How
about Middle Indiana University?
I've got connections down there.

PRINCIPAL WILSON
I mentioned testing to his parents.
The dad's a tough one, but I can
work around him. Can you get me
covered on expenses? I'll need a
couple guys down here to pull this
together.

J.T. WILSON (V.O.)
I can arrange that. Hell, maybe
I'll just come on down and check
this kid out myself.

PRINCIPAL WILSON
Got it. I'm anxious to see what
this boy's IQ is, gotta be off the
charts. Talk later. Oh, hey, the
bass are hitting at the lake. Got a
5 and 6 pounder last Saturday.

J.T. WILSON (V.O.)
Great, get my fly rod ready.

PRINCIPAL WILSON
Got it. Talk at ya later.

SUPER: 2 DAYS LATER

INT. SOMMERFIELD'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

As Mary Ellen finishes up the kitchen, a bright light flashes
across the curtains. She peeks out and sees a large, black
car parked on the country road, facing the house.

Concerned, she checks...

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM

Boys are putting on pajamas.

INT. FRONT AND BACK DOOR

She races and checks all locks. Earl walks into the kitchen.

EARL
Everything okay?

MARY ELLEN

I heard there was a break in last week up the street. Just checking the doors.

EARL

Nothin' to worry about. I'm headed to bed, had a long day.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD

A black car is parked on the shoulder with TWO MEN (40's) in suits and ties in the front seat.

INT. BLACK CAR

DRIVER

This is where it all started. The kid lives here.

PASSENGER

Hmmm...who would've thought? Rural Indiana? Looks normal to me.

DRIVER

One would think. Take a good look at the layout, the yard, the garage...the porch.

The passenger squints to see the front yard.

PASSENGER

When are we pulling this off?

DRIVER

Wait 'til you hear from me. Zach will set up a time, then I'll give you a call and coordinate. We've got Dad issues--an old WWII Vet, and we'll need to work that out.

PASSENGER

Got it, boss.

On the coat pocket of the driver is his ID badge: *Global Intelligence Service Agent J.T. Wilson (30ish)*. Pacino look, coal black hair and a large burn scar on one side of his face.

He puts the car in gear and slowly pulls away.

INT. SOMMERFIELD KITCHEN

Mary Ellen watches through the curtain. Her face reveals the fear of a mother. She races to double check the door locks.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - MIDDLE INDIANA UNIVERSITY - DAY

In a conference room at MIU, Agent J.T. Wilson is nervously taps his foot, sits with his coffee and cigarette at a large table. With him is GIS agent, DARREN DOWNS, both in coat and tie.

Downs checks out the room as Secret Service would do.

Enter TWO NERDY PROFESSORS (30'S) with pads and pencils, white shirts, ties, and pen protectors.

After brief introductions, J.T. produces Darius' paper airplane, gently unfolds the precious gem.

PROFESSOR #1, donning Buddy Holly-type glasses, stands over the paper, cocks his head.

PROFESSOR #1
Where did you get this?

J.T. WILSON
My brother's a principal down in Yorkville. One of the students flew this out of a 2nd story window.

PROFESSOR #2, even more geeky, gets up and looks over his shoulder. Eyes gawk.

PROFESSOR #1
How old is this student?

J.T. WILSON
Six.

PROFESSOR #1
Six years old?

J.T. WILSON
Yes! Six years old. Now, what do you think?

Professor #1 is perplexed.

We now see all the complex equations on the opened paper airplane. J.T. looks at his watch.

PROFESSOR #1

These are extremely advanced electro-magnetic vectors, includes many scalars, some gravity solutions--I think.

PROFESSOR #2

(points)

These in this area appear to indicate energy flow from the "ethers". Over here, some indications of biological life force...

Perplexed, Professor #2 looks at J.T.

J.T. WILSON

(annoyed)

Well, that's why I brought it up here, damnit, so you geniuses can tell me what this math means.

The President of the university, DAVE HENDERSON (50), enters room and introduces himself.

HENDERSON

Morning gentlemen.

Reaches out and shakes J.T.'s hand.

HENDERSON (CONT'D)

J.T., good to see you. You're looking chipper. Looks like you've got the right people here.

J.T. WILSON

I left that up to you.

He and J.T. are clearly familiar with each other.

HENDERSON

So what do you think? Legit?

PROFESSOR #1

Looks like it. Never seen so many advanced solutions in such a succinct manner. This is not the work of a 6-year old boy, I can tell you that!

J.T. rolls his eyes.

HENDERSON

I say let's call in more staff. Get some engineers in here who know radio frequencies and EMF's, let's get to the bottom of these--

J.T. snuffs out a cigarette, then overrides the conversation.

J.T. WILSON

Sorry, gentlemen, that's not happenin'. I need to take this paper, it's now Federal property and it's classified.

HENDERSON

Classified? A first grade paper is now classified?

J.T. picks up the paper, folds it, and puts in his pocket.

J.T. WILSON

What I'll commit to is asking our GIS chief to declassify. Until then we'll keep it in our possession. Thanks, gentlemen.

Profs and Henderson look at each other.

HENDERSON

You have my number.

The two professors are stunned. J.T. and Darren dart out.

PROFESSOR #1

Well, now we know who's in charge.

HENDERSON

Thanks guys. Sorry gotta run to a staff meeting.

Professor #1 races to a chalk board and starts scribbling equations as he remembered them. Professor #2 coaches him.

INT. UPSCALE HOTEL - INDIANAPOLIS, IN - NIGHT

A large party of singles and couples winds down in upscale hotel lobby. Eventually, about 15 MEN remain and migrate to private room upstairs with J.T. leading the way.

TWO SECURITY MEN in black shake down everyone as they enter.

INT. PRIVATE ROOM - UPSCALE HOTEL - NIGHT

The room has a large bar, pool table, and poker table in the middle. Smoke filled.

Those present include: Principal Wilson, SOME U.S. SENATORS, Dave Henderson (the president of MIU), CEO's, and other GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS. The chatter quiets down.

J.T. offers a toast.

J.T. WILSON
Here's to a fabulous future for us
and this great country!

CLANG OF GLASSES

J.T. WILSON (CONT'D)
Thank you all for coming tonight,
always good to see this great group
of leaders. Best of luck to
everyone.

One more toast. CLANG

J.T. WILSON (V.O.)
We control the energy sources, we
control the economy. And
controlling the economy is
controlling everything.

LOW MURMER of confirmation.

A near-topless WAITRESS bends over in front of him, fills his shot glass.

VOICE IN BACKGROUND
Well, almost everything.

All chuckle.

J.T. WILSON
Yeah, and speaking of the economy,
\$10 min bets tonight, no limit.

He raises his glass and throws a \$10 chip in the kitty.

A 2nd scantily dressed, FLIRTATIOUS WAITRESS provides chips for cash to the others. The poker game starts.

J.T. WILSON (CONT'D)
Give me a second gents.

J.T. nods for his brother to step outside the door. In hushed voices...

J.T. WILSON (CONT'D)

I need to get that kid to the college lab. There's too much at stake if those calculations get out.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

I got it handled. I'll get you a date real soon. Can your men pick him up?

J.T. WILSON

Shouldn't be a problem, we scoped the house last night, easy get away. But what about the dad? I'm sure he packs a lot of heat.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

No harm to the kid, right? We'll watch the dad, once we get your date and time.

J.T. WILSON

Got it. We can use that kid's mind for a long time. Who knows, maybe someday we can turn him.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

What's the plan?

J.T. WILSON

We have an experimental drug that will suppress much of his memory and genius for about 20 years. He'll still function just fine, still be smart, but nothing like what he could be. That gives us time to develop his devices. After that, well, we'll just need to track him.

PRINCIPAL WILSON

Hmmm...you guys have a fix for everything--

J.T. WILSON

Stayin' for a while?

PRINCIPAL WILSON

Hell, I set this up--

J.T. WILSON

Good. I plan on getting even from the bashing I took here last month.

EXT. SOMMERFIELD'S BACKYARD - DAY

Darius and Michael play basketball. Darius jumps, surprisingly about 6' off the ground and dunks, revealing his extraordinary abilities.

He then picks up the basketball, holds it in one hand, and it levitates and spins a foot from his palm. Michael is bored with Darius skills.

A kind big brother, Darius let's Michael score time after time. Michael tires, jumps on nearby tricycle.

INT. SOMMERFIELD HOME - DAY

From the living room, Mary Ellen spots the same black car as a few nights before, parked on the street near their house.

She immediately calls Earl.

MARY ELLEN

Earl, there's a black car parked out front. I saw this same car a couple of nights ago. Earl, I'm nervous. Should I call the police?

EARL (V.O.)

No, these people probably own them.

MARY ELLEN

What do they want?

EARL

They want Darius. Damn, I knew that Wilson was up to something. Just stay put, I'm on my way.

MARY ELLEN

Earl...be careful.

SLAM as Earl's phone hangs up.

EXT. SOMMERFIELD'S FRONT PORCH - DAY

J.T. Wilson and Darren Downs, both in coat and tie, KNOCK on front door. Mary Ellen opens the door cautiously.

J.T. WILSON

Mrs. Sommerfield?

Mary Ellen stares, then nods.

J.T. WILSON (CONT'D)
 We'd like to speak to you about
 your son, Darius. Is he home?

Mary Ellen just looks at them.

(beat)

J.T. WILSON (CONT'D)
 Is your husband home?

Mary Ellen tries to hide her fear.

MARY ELLEN
 Earl is on his way home...now...as
 we speak. Just what is it you want
 with Darius?

INT/EXT. OLD CHEVY TRUCK - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Earl, is racing down a lonely stretch of rural highway. In the rear view mirror, he sees a large black sedan coming up fast. It rams him.

Earl looks hard at the car in his mirror, then pulls out a revolver from under his seat and cocks it.

The sedan races up to the side of his car. Earl gets a look, but he doesn't recognize the TWO MEN (40's), white shirts. The sedan bumps Earl as if toying with him.

Earl fires a shot and hits the sedan, ruptures radiator. The men are furious and back off momentarily. Earl speeds up.

EARL
 You bastards aren't getting my son!

Again the sedan speeds up to the side of Earl's car, and it knocks Earl's truck off the country road.

Earl goes through an old fence, and hits a tree dead on. He passes out. Dashboard crushed on his legs, head bleeding.

EXT. SOMMERFIELD BACKYARD - DAY

TWO MEN (40's) in dark suits walk briskly through the side yard and to the back. One offers candy to Michael, the other shoots a hoop with Darius. They are casual in their approach.

One man addresses Darius.

SLOPPY DRESSED MAN#1
 Your dad asked us to bring you to
 his gas station.

DARIUS
Well, I need to tell Mom--

SLOPPY DRESSED MAN#1
It's ok, we've known your dad for a long time. Good guy.

DARIUS
Why can't Mom take me?

SLOPPY DRESSED MAN#1
It's urgent. He has a surprise for you.

Darius shrugs his shoulders.

SLOPPY DRESSED MAN#1 (CONT'D)
Your dad let your mom know.

The man escorts Darius by the arm to a 2nd car on the street.

EXT. SOMMERFIELD FRONT PORCH

J.T. WILSON
We just want to interview him, perhaps discuss his future options ...you know, like in engineering--

MARY ELLEN
(angry)
Who are you guys? Engineering? The boy's six years old!

She slams the door on them.

EXT. BLACK SEDAN

The two sloppy men put Darius in their sedan parked on the road. Michael races to front yard, then runs to the house.

EXT. SOMMERFIELD FRONT PORCH

J.T. sees Darius as he gets loaded.

J.T WILSON
(loud)
Probably best you don't call the cops, if you know what I mean.

The two cars race off. Mary Ellen spots Darius waving at her from the back seat of the first car.

Michael clings to Mary Ellen's dress.

MICHAEL

They got Darius...they took Darius,
Mommy--

MARY ELLEN

I know, Hon, I know, I called your
dad. He's on his way.

Ignoring Michael, she runs out the door, along the road!

MARY ELLEN (CONT'D)

(screaming)

Bring my son back! They've got my
son!

INT. YORKVILLE GENERAL HOSPITAL - DAY

Earl lays in a hospital room, both legs elevated in casts,
head bandaged. Mary Ellen sits alongside, distraught.

MARY ELLEN (CONT'D)

Anything I can do for you, Hon?
Need some water?

EARL

I'll kill 'em all when I get out of
here. Chickenshit Bastards.

INT. MIDDLE INDIANA UNIVERSITY (MIU) - EVENING

A WOMAN AND MAN in white uniforms escort Darius down a cold,
sterile hallway. He nervously looks around.

They then usher him to a make-shift room with small bed, no
windows, and provide him pajamas. They show him some toys and
books, which he ignores.

INT. MAKE-SHIFT ROOM - MIU

DARIUS

Where's my mom and dad?

He analyzes the room like an engineer, then points his finger
at the door and it magically opens. He sees a way out, but
sits on the bed instead.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Do they know I'm here?

Astonished, the two do not answer. They stare at the door,
then him, then at each other.

WOMAN IN WHITE

Just get some sleep, you'll be
going home in the morning. Here,
drink some milk.

She hands him a glass, which he quickly sets down.

She turns off the light as the two leave, locking the door
with a key. Darius stares into all corners of the room, then
walks around it, looking for an escape route.

He points his finger at the door lock, it jiggles a bit, but
does not open. He tries again... no luck.

He looks at the books beside him, throws them on the floor in
disgust. Then does the same with the folded pajamas. He lays
back on the bed, pillows his head in his hands for a moment,
then rolls over and falls into deep sleep.

Next morning...

Darius awakes, momentarily stares at ceiling, then sits up
and rubs his eyes.

DARIUS' MINDSCAPE: Faint images of two suns, exotic foliage
of the distant planet. He hears:

CHAKOREAS (V.O.)

We could never be lovers, you know.

RATTLE OF DOOR KEYS. The clinic room door slowly opens.

CHAKOREAS (V.O.)

...remember your powers...

The same two technicians in white now usher Darius into a
hallway, then a laboratory and force him onto a gurney.

INT. LABORATORY - MIU

DARIUS

What are you doing? Where's my mom
and dad? You people took me without
permission. You'll pay for this.
You don't know my dad, he's tough.

He struggles on the gurney.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

My dad killed a lot of people in
the war you know. He still has his
guns you know.

A THIRD TECHNICIAN, MALE, in white with large syringe stands over the boy, as the two others stand by.

The now-angry boy uses his powerful mind to untie the straps. The two interns in white are shocked, the female calls on the house phone for help.

Darius frees himself momentarily and the two interns are powerfully thrown against the wall. Wall cracks.

TWO LARGE MEN IN SUITS arrive from nowhere. One tackles Darius from the rear and the other jumps on top. All four hold him down as he struggles.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
(screaming)
Don't stick that in me! What did I
do?

The tall man in white squats down with syringe.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
You'll pay for this! You have no
idea...

He is injected with a drug.

INT. MIU HALLWAY - DAY

From the hallway, we see the young boy on the floor, jerking and shaking trying to free himself.

CHILD'S SCREAM echoes through the quiet facility.

INT. MIU CLINIC LABORATORY - NIGHT

Darius is fast asleep with monitors on him. Female intern sits close by, watching monitors.

THAT AFTERNOON...

The two men in suits escort Darius from the lab down a long hallway. Darius can walk, but is disheveled, confused.

EXT. FRONT OF BUILDING - MORNING

Sign over entrance: **MIDDLE INDIANA UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL.**

They shove Darius into the back seat of a black sedan. It races off.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - YORKVILLE, IN - DAY

Mary Ellen, with Darius and Michael hand-in-hand, enter Earl's room. Mary Ellen leans over, kisses Earl on the cheek.

MICHAEL

What happened to Daddy?

MARY ELLEN

Well, Hon, he had an accident in the truck last night. He'll be OK.

Darius examines Earl's injuries as a doctor, remains silent.

MICHAEL

Daddy, did you hit something?

Earl's reveals his sensitive side.

EARL

(in pain)

I'll be fine, boys. I just need to get out of here. You boys ok?

EARL (CONT'D)

Darius, can you put your hands on my legs, just like when you healed Duke when he was a pup?

Darius quietly puts his hand on Earl's casts. Nothing happens. The disheveled Darius says nothing.

Nurse steps in doorway and motions for Mary Ellen to talk there. Mary Ellen heads out.

EARL (CONT'D)

Good to see ya, Darius, doin good?

DARIUS

O...Ok, Dad....Wa...what happened?

Earl retracts in silence with Darius' surprising stutter. Darius puts his head down in embarrassment, moves more slowly, showing loss of confidence.

MICHAEL

The nurse gave us a sucker. We'll come and see you every single day 'til you get all better.

Darius backs slowly away from his dad.

MARY ELLEN

You boys go in the hallway for a minute, I need to speak with your father. Here's two quarters.

(MORE)

MARY ELLEN (CONT'D)

There's a candy machine to the left
of the nurses' station.

Boys race out.

EARL

(angry)

They drugged him didn't they!

(coughs)

They got to him. I just knew it.

Damn!

Earl squirms and moans in pain from his broken legs. Mary Ellen looks off, searches for words.

MARY ELLEN

Well, he seems ok, but something's
different for sure.

EARL

Different? I'll say. The kid's got
a stutter. Moves slow. Our genius
boy now moves slow and has a
stutter... just get me outta here,
Mary Ellen. I mean like now!

Mary Ellen nervously straightens his sheets.

INT. BOYS' BEDROOM - SOMMERFIELD HOME - NIGHT

Darius sleeps.

HIS INTERNAL MINDSCAPE:

INT. LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - SUBTERRANEON SIRIUS B - NIGHT

Sirian classroom has a dome-shaped ceiling. Walls have
hundreds of detailed mystical symbols.

In the center of the room is a narrow pyramid approximately
six feet high. Hovering over it is a bright, white spherical
energy field.

The energy field pulsates as it emits low frequency, then
high frequency sounds. It is the MASTER TEACHER.

One by one, SEVEN HUMAN-SHAPED BEINGS arrive, manifesting
from "thin air", through a portal. They are human-like, but
very "ethereal", holographic in nature.

Near zero gravity here. They sit cross-legged, facing the
Master. One looks like Darius as an adult.

They levitate off the floor in a circle. Instantly a beam of blue light connects the Master Sphere with each one's forehead. The beam pulsates in waves. Their communication.

Low to High FREQUENCY SOUNDS EMERGE from the Master Sphere and ripple through the blue beams.

THE MASTER SPEAKS
(sound)

Super: ...the life force in the three dimensions of Gaia remains dense...unseen forces from Ceres seek to thwart our Plan...take all necessary precautions. The controlling elite's matrix has the civilization trapped in a time/space density...engage your etheric shields...

The students remain still. Slowly, the lines of blue light to their foreheads dissipates. The Master's light goes dim.

One by one the students magically levitate upward, they are in a standing position, and soar through the walls, arriving at the barren surface of star/planet Sirius B.

One by one they jettison in line into space.

Suddenly one breaks out of line and heads toward the solar system, then Earth.

END OF MINDSCAPE

SOUND OF GUN BEING COCKED/LOADED

INT. LIVING ROOM - SOMMERFIELD HOME - DAY

Earl, now confined to a wheel chair, angrily polishes his gun, then wheels himself to the front window. Nothing. He sets his rifle against the wall near the door.

He then swirls around goes to window facing boys in backyard. Family dog, DUKE, mixed breed, sits faithfully at this side.

EXT. SOMMERFIELD BACKYARD

Darius and Michael playing with a baseball. Michael cocks his head at Darius' behavior. Darius' physical powers are gone, he moves slowly. The drug has kicked in.

INT. SOMMERFIELD KITCHEN

Mary Ellen watches through the old screen door as the boys play. She glances toward Earl in his wheel chair, then to the boys in the yard. Despair consumes her face...tears emerge.

MARY ELLEN
What are you hungry for, Earl?

There's no answer.

MARY ELLEN (CONT'D)
(louder)
Earl, are you hungry?

DOG BARKS

INT. LIVING ROOM - SOMMERFIELD HOME

Mary Ellen checks on him. Earl has fallen to the floor, motionless! She shakes him. In terror, she races to phone and calls operator for ambulance.

MARY ELLEN (CONT'D)
...yes, he's had a history of heart problems, and a recent auto crash. Hurry! Please!

She races back to Earl, where Duke is whimpering.

MARY ELLEN (CONT'D)
Earl, wake up! Hon, Wake up!

She scoots back in horror, covers her mouth.

LATER...

EMT'S try to resuscitate his lifeless body, but to no avail. He is gone. They carry him off, covered on a gurney.

EXT. RURAL GRAVEYARD - DAY

About 100 PEOPLE surround Earl's grave, heads down as pastor prays. Military man hands Mary Ellen the folded U.S. flag, 21-GUN SALUTE, then TAPS. The boys lean on her.

Casket is lowered into grave. SOUND OF DISTANT STEAM ENGINE.

SUPER: 20 Years Later, Chicago, IL

EXT. CHICAGO SUBURB STREET - DAY

DARIUS, now a handsome, but somewhat disheveled young man in his mid-20's, runs through the gears of a 1959 olive green MG, top down. POP '70'S MUSIC TURNED UP.

He races into a parking garage of a high-rise medical center and scrambles to find a spot.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - CHICAGO SUBURB

He jumps out of his car, notebook and pencil in hand, and runs toward elevator. He glances around quickly, unaware of MIDDLE-AGED LADY near to her car.

He then looks back and points his finger at the MG. He struggles a bit, looks at his finger. Nothing.

The top goes up as he points. The drug from 20 years ago is wearing off. The middle-aged lady sees this, stares for a moment in disbelief, then jumps in her car.

INT. HALLWAY - MEDICAL BUILDING

Sign near double, interior door:

SYMPOSIUM: THE HEALING POWER OF SOUND by Christina Larson

TIME: 1 PM - 3 PM SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 17TH

NO FEE

INT. CLASSROOM - MEDICAL BUILDING

CHRISTINA LARSON(early 30's), an attractive brunette, teaches a group of about ten. She is poised with a sassy elegance.

The students are of various ages and sit at tables. Christina writes on a white board. She looks up briefly as Darius quietly enters the room.

His attempt at being unnoticed fails.

DARIUS

Sa...Sorry I'm late.

CHRISTINA

Please, have a seat.

Darius finds a seat at a table in back. There are PROFESSIONALS, HOUSEWIVES, "NEW AGERS", and one young, inattentive TEENAGE GIRL; a "hippie wannabe".

Darius drops his pencil, and with all facing the front, Darius points toward pencil on floor. It shakes, then flies to his hand.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

So, recent studies, and there's been very few, show that sound has a profound effect on all living things, even plants.

Darius listens attentively. Some take notes. Some yawn.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Because all living things are made of energy. Music for example, with its sound waves, affects us. How? Well for some, it's emotional, others just makes our bodies move and feel better. Any comment on that?

The hippie-dressed teenage girl sits with her conservatively-dressed MOM... plays with her hair. She suddenly speaks up:

TEENAGE GIRL

A couple of years ago I got to see Zeppelin. They were so cool, and Robert Plant, man, he was amazing! Like, man...

Darius contemplates the notes on the board. All others watch the girl.

TEENAGE GIRL (CONT'D)

(giggling)

But what was even cooler, well we were all pretty high, but anyway, the amps went out for a minute and Plant just kept on singing. Man! You could hear him over the crowd!

CHRISTINA

Ok--

TEENAGE GIRL

(twisting her hair)

Can you dig that, man? Now that's sound...and I'll bet that dude's got a cool aura--

CHRISTINA

You're right, that sound really did affect everyone there.

TEENAGE GIRL

Once I saw this dude on guitar--

CHRISTINA

Thank you for that. Anyone else?

Darius shyly raises his hand.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Yes?

DARIUS

(stutters)

I agree that sa...sound affects our energy field, but I believe the more refined frequencies, produced in harmonic patterns and overtones, ka...can have a calming, healing effect on the human anatomy.

Christina is taken back a bit. She sets the marker on the tray and listens attentively. The others turn around and stare at Darius.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Some of the higher frequencies actually increase the health of the red cells, and assist with lymphocyte production, ba...by as much as 25%. So...so it stands--

A few stare at him curiously, some whisper to each other.

CHRISTINA

Some very good points, Mr.?

DARIUS

Sommerfield. Darius Sommerfield.

CHRISTINA

What is your source?

DARIUS

Well, I graduated from Yor...Yorkville High School in Indiana, then went on to college, and got a--

A ripple of LIGHT GIGGLES runs through the class from Darius' his shy, naïve, yet genius nature.

CHRISTINA

Ok, thanks for that. Mr. Sommerfield, I'd love to talk more, maybe after class.

Class gets fidgety.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I'd like to ask if anyone else has any comments or questions, or want to share anything?

Class puts notebooks away.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Right, well, our time is up. Thanks everyone for coming. We haven't even tapped the surface of this subject yet.

Christina turns to erase the whiteboard as the class members filter out of the room. Darius makes his way to the front and scans her notes on the board.

He studies the outline of a human ("stick man") with lines outlining a "human aura".

Christina offers a handshake.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Hi, I'm Christina Larson. Nice to meet you, Mr. Sommerfield is it?

DARIUS

Yes, same here. I...I mean, nice to meet you too.

He shows no interest in her, only in the material on the board. Christina glances at her watch. She hurriedly gathers all her stuff.

Darius is obsessed with her notes.

CHRISTINA

Well, you certainly picked right up on the subjects quickly! I appreciated your input. Not too many folks are into this stuff.

DARIUS

Hmmm...by the way, ray...radio waves are very detrimental to--

Christina fishes a business card out of her purse. Puts it in his hand.

Card reads: *Christina Larson Massage Therapist*

CHRISTINA

Here's my card. Maybe we could chat later on this material. Sorry, I have to run right now.

Darius takes her card, stuffs it in his pants pocket, then shrugs an "OK" to her. He heads for the door. Christina follows a few steps behind and flips light off.

She catches up and rides elevator with him.

INT. ELEVATOR

DARIUS

(Spock-like)

Noise pollution is just now beginning to be recognized as a detriment to good health, as certain frequencies have been shown to have nay...negative effects on cellular metabolism--

CHRISTINA

So you're an engineer?

Darius nods, stares straight ahead.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Interesting. I'd like to tap your knowledge sometime. Sorry I can't chat now, running to the hospital to see a friend.

Darius stares straight ahead.

DARIUS

Technically, I'm a mechanical engineer, but I have a Masters in physics. Ra...right now I'm working on some government work up the street at TDI.

Christina looks at him curiously, then at her watch. Elevator door opens, Darius rushes out ahead.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE

Darius races out. Christina squints at him from behind, now greatly intrigued. She stops and stares.

CHRISTINA

(loud)

Feel free to call me sometime.

Now even more interested, she races to catch up with him.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Call me, ok? I don't have your number. I'd like to hear more.

Darius notices Christina is not far behind, but doesn't answer. He jumps in his MG, lowers the top manually, starts engine.

Christina scurries to his car.

DARIUS
You can reach me at TDI.

He nods his head toward the street. Christina stands and stares, puzzled, as if "you're not one bit interested!"

Darius races toward exit of parking garage, then slams on brakes. SQUEAL.

He is now puzzled, stares ahead momentarily. He backs the car quickly, SQUEALING TIRES, exactly to where Christina stands.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Da...don't I know you from
somewhere? I mean, before today?

CHRISTINA
(puzzled)
I don't think so. I'm sure I would
remember a guy like you.

Their eyes lock momentarily. Darius again turns his head, pauses, then quickly puts his car in gear. He races out of the parking garage, leaving Christina still staring.

A white panel truck sits in a far corner of the garage with TWO MEN (40's), neatly dressed, watching. Panel truck rolls out of its spot, follows Darius out of the garage.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DARIUS' APARTMENT - DAY

Seven-year-old EMILY O'CONNOR, excited and energized, races to Darius on a tricycle, as he gets out of his car.

EMILY
Darius, Darius! See my new
tricycle!

DARIUS
Hey, now, that's awesome.

EMILY
It's my birthday. Mommy got it for
me. I can race with *all* the boys!

Darius scans the parking lot and apartment windows.

DARIUS
And I have a surprise for you.
Close your eyes. And put your hands
out toward me.

He points to her right wrist, moves his hand in circles. A multi-colored gem bracelet forms around her wrist.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Ok! Open your eyes.

EMILY
Wow!

She strokes with her left hand.

EMILY (CONT'D)
That's to cool. I gotta show Mommy.

She races off.

EMILY (V.O.)
Thanks, Darius!

INT. DARIUS' OFFICE - TECHNICAL DYNAMICS, INC. - DAY

STEPHEN SLATER (45), Darius' supervisor at TDI, sits in Darius' messy office. Slater is old school engineer, neatly trimmed beard, coat and tie, always a "rule-follower".

On Darius' whiteboard in cursive:

"Logic will get you from A to Z - Imagination will get you everywhere"
Albert E.

DARIUS
So why? Who made the decision to cut our fusion funding?

Darius attempts to organize his desk.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
(slight stutter)
This can't be just Davis' idea. Some...someone, some organization is behind this move. Na...no big surprise. Is it NASA? Big Oil? The Fed? You knew this was coming--

With just a look, Darius cuts through Stephen's obvious avoidance.

STEPHEN
I can't tell you who is behind this. I can tell you that Davis has been visited by a number of people lately, most of them I don't know.

DARIUS

Progress has been excellent up until now. We are even slightly ahead of budget. This could be a life say... saver for millions of people's electric bill.

STEPHEN

Don't disagree, but for now just back off a little, I've got some other projects for you - you'll have plenty of work.

DARIUS

La...Lots of companies have plenty of work. TDI was special at one time. Seems they're no different anymore.

STEPHEN

Don't know what else to tell you.

Stephen looks at his watch, then rushes out. Darius quickly gets up and shuts the door hard behind him, then sits and stares at Einstein's quote.

He doodles on his pad: *Gaia...Ethereic shield...Ceres...*

INT. CHRISTINA'S BATHROOM - CHICAGO SUBURB - DAY

Christina is putting on make-up, covering a large bruise on her cheek. Her gorgeous blue eyes are puffy and red from crying, hair a mess.

INT. CHRISTINA'S KITCHEN

She picks up phone to dial, then sets it down, then picks up phone again and dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Technical Dynamics, can I help you?

CHRISTINA

Is this TDI?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Yes it is.

CHRISTINA

I'm calling for a Darius Sommerfield.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Let me connect you, one moment. May
 I tell him who's calling?

CHRISTINA
 Christina...Christina Larson.

OPERATOR (V.O.)
 Thank you, just a moment.

(beat)

DARIUS (V.O.)
 Ha...Hello.

CHRISTINA
 Hi Darius, this is Christina
 Larson, teacher from class last
 Saturday

DARIUS (V.O.)
 (shyly)
 Oh yes...I, I remember.

CHRISTINA
 I thought we could have dinner
 sometime, or even a coffee. I
 loved your thoughts on energies
 affecting our health. What do you
 think?

Christina pulls out a mirror with the other hand and looks at
 her bruised face. She then snuffles away from phone, cringes
 from her pain.

DARIUS (V.O.)
 Sure, I...I mean, why not.

She looks closely at her bruise.

DARIUS (V.O.)
 Tomorrow might work.

CHRISTINA
 Let's make it Friday, tomorrow is
 booked as well.

DARIUS (V.O.)
 I...I think I'm good for then. What
 is your address? Or do you want to
 meet somewhere?

CHRISTINA

No, no. My place is fine. I'll
share some books as well. 7
o'clock?

DARIUS (V.O.)

Ok.

CHRISTINA

Here you go: 4040 E. Lincolnshire.
Easy to find.

DARIUS (V.O.)

Got it. See you then.

CHRISTINA

Bye.

She hangs up phone, and instantly it RINGS. She lets it ring
several times then picks up.

INT. DARIUS' OFFICE

Darius sets his phone down. Subtle smile fill his face.

He stares again at Einstein's quote on his whiteboard, then
gets up and writes some equations on the board. Hesitates,
then writes *Christina* on his board.

INT. CHRISTINA'S KITCHEN - DAY

She picks up RINGING phone.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Hello.

(listens)

The apologies are over, Phillip. My
attorney has the papers ready.
You'll get them Monday.

(listens)

You need help. Go get it. For the
last time, I'm done!

She SLAMS the phone down and heads to her medicine cabinet,
throws down some pills and stares in the mirror.

She puts on her sunglasses and heads out the door.

EXT. DARIUS' APARTMENT PARKING LOT - EVENING

Darius jumps out of his car, drenched in sweat with basketball in hand. Points finger at his car, top goes up.

INT. DARIUS' APARTMENT

Entering the living room, he discovers his place has been ransacked! All drawers opened, papers all over the place.

He runs to his bedroom, same.

He calls the police. While waiting, he sees some money on his dresser is untouched, along with a class ring.

EXT. APARTMENT PARKING LOT

An old, white panel truck slowly leaves the complex. Police pull up to Darius' apartment, passing the exiting truck.

INT. DARIUS' APARTMENT

POLICEMAN snap pictures of the apartment.

POLICEMAN

Yeah, it's a mess for sure.
Anything missing?

DARIUS

Of...of course things are missing!
All my designs, notepads.

POLICEMAN

But nothing of any value?

He wanders through the apartment.

DARIUS

Those designs were pra...priceless!

POLICEMAN

Ok, I get it, but no money or
valuables taken?

DARIUS

Na...no. I really need those notes.

The suspicious policeman fills out a report. Darius looks over then signs.

POLICEMAN

(uninterested)

We'll see what we can do. Not much
to go on.

Darius just nods as policeman leaves.

INT. DARIUS' OFFICE AT TDI - DAY

Darius finds his office door unlocked the next morning. Entering, he finds drawers opened and papers scattered on the floor, just like the previous night.

Again perplexed, he calls Stephen.

MOMENTS LATER

Stephen walks in...

DARIUS

Who had the keys to my
off...office? The door was locked
when I left yesterday and unlocked
when I got here.

STEPHEN

I have one, you have one, and
security has one.

They both look around, astonished.

DARIUS

Well, I got ran...ransacked
la...last night at my apartment,
and now this.

STEPHEN

(baffled)
I'll call the police.

Police arrive, take notes, write up report. Darius begins putting his office back together.

DARIUS

Well, your fusion pro...project is
shot now anyway. Except for some of
the junior engineers' files, my
research calcs are now gone.
Will...will take some time to re-
construct them.

He looks piercingly again at Stephen, who stammers to figure this out.

STEPHEN

I'm calling security and I'll make
sure this doesn't happen again.
I'll get some new locks installed.

He storms off.

Meanwhile...

INT. UNDERGROUND LAB ROOM - SOUTHWEST U.S. - DAY

HUM OF ELECTRIC TRANSFORMERS. Sitting on a lone white table is a small, black elliptically-shaped box with flashing, multi-colored lights.

Two wires exit the box from the side, go through the adjacent wall, entering a large turbine room.

INT. TURBINE ROOM

HUM OF TRANSFORMERS GETS LOUDER

Wires transit through wall, connecting to three massive electrical transformers.

Near one large transformer, two men stand alone, donning safety glasses and hard hats. They are reading the gauges.

A middle-aged LAB WORKER, in white lab coat, small in stature, is writing data on clipboard. He has quite a hunchback, and requires thick glasses.

GIS Agent J.T. Wilson, now 50ish, salt/pepper hair, and neatly dressed in black suit stands arms crossed, hovers behind the lab worker impatiently.

A THIRD MAN in suit, all business, walks in. On his hard hat: AXXION OIL.

J.T. looks at the oil man, then speaks to lab man.

J.T. WILSON

So?

LAB WORKER

Amazing...just amazing!

J.T. anxiously looks over lab worker's shoulder. Darius' folded paper airplane, covered with hundreds of calculations, is visible on the clipboard.

J.T. WILSON

I'm waiting.

Lab worker takes off glasses and looks again at the gauges.

LAB WORKER

A million K-V-A, that's a million kilowatts! Simply unheard of.

Puts glasses back on, checks gauge again.

LAB WORKER (CONT'D)
This is astounding!

J.T. cocks his head arrogantly and looks at the large transformers, then around the room, then to AXXION man.

J.T. WILSON
(sardonically)
And to think some kid from Indiana designed that 20 years ago - a kid!

AXXION man smiles.

J.T. WILSON (CONT'D)
A 6-year old!

J.T. fakes a smile, then pulls off his safety glasses, flipping them on a nearby table stacked with blueprints.

J.T. WILSON (CONT'D)
Once we expand our control center and add all the computers, we can control the grid, the entire global grid. Imagine that on your meters!

Lab worker looks up from clipboard.

LAB WORKER
Yes...yes Sir, that's, that's quite something. But, a 6-year old?

J.T. pulls out a cigarette from his black jacket and lights.

J.T. WILSON
And our new computers will have data on everyone...everyone on the damn planet.

AXXION oil man smiles, then starts walking toward exit.

LAB WORKER
Everyone, sir?

With precision, J.T. puts on his dark sunglasses, straightens his tie, then walks toward the exit without looking back.

J.T. WILSON
Everyone!

LAB WORKER
What about that kid?

J.T. stops abruptly, turns and points his finger at lab worker, reveal the horrendous scar on the side of his face.

J.T. WILSON
(flippantly)
Don't you concern yourself with
that kid! Just keep your eye on
those gauges. You got that?

LAB WORKER
(subdued)
Yes...yes sir.

He storms toward the exit, where the AXXION oil man waits.

AXXION OIL MAN
Great job, J.T.! I've let my
contact at NASA know how the
development is going.

J.T. WILSON
Just keep them out of our labs.

AXXION OIL MAN
No worries there. As long as they
feel like they're informed, they'll
leave us alone...by the way, what's
the latest on the guy who did the
paper airplane?

J.T. WILSON
We're tracking him daily, just
confiscated his latest designs. The
drug's wearing off, so we'll either
we'll turn him, or, well, you know.

AXXION OIL MAN
Is that lab guy back there, is he
trustworthy?

J.T. WILSON
Oh yeah, he lives down here. Never
goes to the surface anymore.

AXXION OIL MAN
Good. Good. Cause if he talks too
much, well, you know what to do
with him.

J.T. WILSON
Oh yeah. We've already had a little
collateral damage on this project.
He would be no exception.

AXXION OIL MAN
Good, glad we understand each other
on this.

They march to the waiting elevator.

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE AT TDI - DAY

Darius walks in Stephen's office with a rolled up set of blueprints under arm, shuts door behind him. Stephen lays out some drawings and documents of his own in front of Darius.

STEPHEN

Here's a project I'd like you to help with. It's a new stealth concept, a contract with the Air Force.

DARIUS

I nee...need to finish the ones I started. The ones that got defunded. I re-constructed some of them already.

Darius nods towards the prints in hand.

STEPHEN

Not totally defunded, just cut a little.

DARIUS

50% is not a little. I...I need to finish.

STEPHEN

(sincerely)

Of course you can keep going on the modular unit for cold fusion. We just have some other projects that could use your mind.

DARIUS

Like what? I na...never received an answer on who and why the other project was cut in half.

STEPHEN

Quite frankly, I don't know who pulled the string on that and we need to move on.

DARIUS

Then I'd like to talk to Davis directly. Shur...surely the CEO of the company would know.

Stephen rattles around some papers, scans the blueprint in front of him, clearly irritated and avoiding the issue.

STEPHEN

I can't stop you from doing that,
but he shut the door on me when I
asked him the last time you asked.

DARIUS

I'll check it out, something's not
right with this company. Seems like
it's not just the pro...profits
they're interested in.

Stephen ignores the comment, glances at the clock.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Seems like every time we get close
to high-efficiency energy sources,
or fra..."free energy", we're cut.
Davis is a religious man, looks
like he would support these
enhanced energy systems for the
benefit of the people.

Stephen looks over and out his office window.

STEPHEN

Darius, you're a genius engineer.
At this point in time, I've got to
ask you to do your job, and I'll do
mine. I've got a family to feed--

DARIUS

I'm heading out early today--ga,
getting mom a card for her
birthday. Headin' down this
weekend.

He gets up and leaves office.

EXT. CHICAGO SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Darius is driving through busy Chicago suburb traffic. At an
intersection, he's broadsided by a hit-and-run driver.

He's knocked partially unconscious. He struggles to read the
license plates, but cannot.

INT. CHICAGO HOSPITAL E.R.

Darius is sitting up, with his left arm wrapped.

ER DOCTOR

Your left arm has a small fracture at the radius. Are you still having any dizziness?

DARIUS

I fee...feel fine.

ER DOCTOR

Did you always have a little stutter?

DARIUS

As long as I can remember.

ER DOCTOR

Well, I'm going to release you. Make sure you follow the guidelines on your release form. That arm won't heal properly if you don't.

DARIUS

I'll be fine.

INT. DARIUS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Darius is eating some dinner, then points his finger and the old black and white TV comes on. He stares at his finger. His powers are coming back...stronger.

Evening news is on.

NEWSCASTER #1

...last troops are coming home from Vietnam.

He quickly changes channel with his finger.

NEWSCASTER #2

...and for an update on Watergate, we are getting new information about John Ehrlickman and John Dean
...

Discouraged, he flips TV off by pointing finger. Leans back in thought.

He sits up quickly. Unwraps his arm, and holds his right palm over the top of the elbow. He slowly moves it. An energy field encompasses his hand and left elbow.

He stops, then stretches the left arm. No pain. Shakes his left arm. All healed.

FLASHBACK:

1954. He sits up in his bed as a child with a bright light outside that fills the bedroom. The light vanishes in the night sky.

He sees hundreds of equations streaming into his brain.

He comes back to the present, heads to his bedroom.

DARIUS

Who has my designs? Someone has to have them!

INT. DARIUS' OFFICE AT TDI- DAY

Darius is on the phone with his mom.

MARY ELLEN (V.O.)

Well, thanks for checking in.

(beat)

DARIUS

I have to ask, did they ever figure out why Dad ran off the road that day? Like...like tire marks of another car or something?

MARY ELLEN (V.O.)

Well, it's been almost 20 years, I think they dropped the investigation. Just not enough evidence.

DARIUS

Hmmm

MARY ELLEN (V.O.)

They did find your dad's gun. It had been fired.

(beat)

DARIUS

I...I had no idea.

MARY ELLEN (V.O.)

I clearly recall when they took you for testing and your father telling me, "the government and big oil stole those equations. They'll use them for their own good some day. Just watch 'em."

DARIUS

Sounds like Dad. He...he knew things...he had friends--

MARY ELLEN (V.O.)

I've pushed so much out of my mind, Darius. It was just too much too handle with having two young boys to raise.

DARIUS

I see that now...gotta run.

MARY ELLEN

Love you. Come see me soon.

DARIUS

Will do, love you.

EXT. CHRISTINA'S DRIVEWAY - EVENING

Christina's home; small, moderate suburban neighborhood with well-maintained homes. Darius pulls in driveway, turns off blasting radio. He must exit by jumping over driver's door.

As he leaves car, he looks around, then points finger--doors lock, top goes up.

INT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE

Christina stands in an average-sized, well-equipped kitchen. Several pots on the stove, with some lit candles on counter.

Christina is stirring a pot - casually dressed, donning an apron, hair up in classic ponytail. DOORBELL RINGS.

She opens the front door to find Darius, overdressed with a buttoned-down shirt tucked in, new jeans, and dress shoes. He reaches out awkwardly to shake her hand.

Biting back a smile, she shakes his hand, then pulls him into the house, leads him to the kitchen.

CHRISTINA

Did you find my place ok?

DARIUS

(looking around)

Shu..sure, great directions.

Darius steps in the living room, a book shelf nearby. He scans inquisitively at her impressive library of psychology, Eastern philosophy, Allan Watts, etc.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Na...need any help?

INT. CHRISTINA'S KITCHEN

CHRISTINA
You can open that bottle of wine if you like. There's a corkscrew in the top drawer.

DARIUS
Sure.

Darius finds it and analyzes it inquisitively, then places it back in the drawer. Christina steps into the dining room and flips on her stereo.

SOFT JAZZ fills the house.

Darius makes sure she's not looking and focuses on the cork, using his telekinetic power. The cork flies out, hits the window. DING

Christina bounces back to the kitchen.

CHRISTINA
OK, think we're all set. Thought I heard something tap on the window?

DARIUS
Just me.

INT. CHRISTINA'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

They are finishing up dinner.

CHRISTINA
How about I put on some classical, do you have a favorite?

DARIUS
Sa...sounds good. Do you have any Debussy? Bach's good too.

CHRISTINA
(sexy glance)
Sure do.

(MORE)

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Debussy is one of my favorites. You have good taste, Mr. Sommerfield.

She walks to stereo, pulls out a vinyl album and places it on the turntable. Debussy's REVERIE gently fills the room.

DARIUS

Hmmm, one of my favorites.

CHRISTINA

Mine too. Love Claire de Lune. I could listen to it all day long-- sometimes I do just that.

She swirls her wine. Darius watches, then slowly sips from his glass. She downs hers.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Do your parents live in the area?

DARIUS

(lost in thought)

Parents? Oh, well yes, ma...my mother still lives in Indiana, not far from Indianapolis. Still in the house I grew up in.

CHRISTINA

That's nice.

Darius has momentary flashback.

FLASHBACK TO 1954 - DARIUS' MINDSCAPE:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

He's in his first grade class, takes a piece of paper filled with equations, folds it into an airplane then sails it out the window.

In a cold, tiled room he is held down by three people as a syringe pierces his neck. He SCREAMS as he is drugged!

END FLASHBACK

INT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM

CHRISTINA

Are you ok?

DARIUS

Yeah, sure, oh, ma...my dad--

Darius holds his hand to his mouth as new emotions of grief flood his voice. He collects himself.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

...passed away a few years ago. He was injured in a car accident. How...how about your parents?

CHRISTINA

Sorry about your father. My parents live near Madison, Wisconsin, where I was born. It's a neat city, not a bad drive from here.

She pours herself another glass, then looks at Darius, intently attracted to him. Takes a sip.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

So I've been wondering, how in God's creation do you know so much about metaphysical topics when you look so young and your background was in science? You don't even look 18.

Darius struggles with the question. Hesitates.

DARIUS

Hmm...I...I don't know for sure. I have a knack, I guess.

He is uncomfortable, looks around the room.

CHRISTINA

What drew you to metaphysics? Probably not a popular subject in rural Indiana.

DARIUS

I...I read a lot in school. When I had to pick a subject for college, I kinda migrated toward physics.

Christina again swirls her wine.

CLAIRE DE LUNE (Debussy) echoes in the background.

CHRISTINA

(sardonically)

Interesting what can come out of a small town in Indiana.

DARIUS
So I've been told.

INT. CHRISTINA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Standing together, Darius runs his finger across the titles on her bookshelf. Christina moves closer, a little tipsy, as Darius opens a book on meditation.

As Darius scans, she plants a quick kiss on his cheek. He stops reading, then continues awkwardly.

DARIUS
I...I guess I should be going now.

Christina does not answer, just smiles confidently. He puts the book down and heads toward the door. She grabs his hand.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
This has been...nice. I mean...tha
...thanks for the--

Christina faces him and plants a gentle, innocent kiss on his lips. Darius is momentarily frozen.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
So, what would you think--

CHRISTINA
(boldly)
I'm out of town next week, but back
after that for a while. Give me a
call?

DARIUS
(shrugging)
Sure. Sounds like a plan.

CHRISTINA
Can you find your way out of this
maze of streets?

DARIUS
Shouldn't be a problem.

Darius backs away, then rushes down the porch steps toward his car, now with a bounce in his step. Christina stands and stares, then swirls back into the house.

EXT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

He quickly glances back to make sure Christina isn't watching. Her house lights begin to go out.

He points his finger at his car, starting it automatically as headlights and radio come on. He starts to jump over his dented door, looks back at her house, then points his finger at the dent.

A silver bubble surrounds the door. The metal door slowly molds itself back to its original shape. He opens, jumps in and leaves.

INT. CHRISTINA'S KITCHEN

Christina finishes the dishes. PHONE RINGS AND RINGS, she ignores. She picks up the wine bottle, then picks up the cork and examines it.

She opens the drawer and the corkscrew lies in its usual spot. She examines the cork...no hole, no mark.

She grabs the half bottle of wine, stares at it, then glances at the front door and quickly pours the rest of the wine down the sink.

She drops the bottle in the garbage can. CLINK. It hits other bottles. Wipes her hands.

EXT. CHICAGO SUBURBAN STREETS

Darius is driving blissfully in his convertible, top down. He turns up his car stereo 70'S MUSIC BLARING, and looks up at the starry sky.

As he drives away from Christina's home, each pair of street lights go out like dominoes as he passes them.

DARIUS

This place isn't so bad. I can do this...I can make it to 2012.

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE AT TDI - DAY

Darius stands at his Supervisor's office door.

STEPHEN

What's up?

DARIUS
 (dead serious)
 I want to talk to Davis today.

STEPHEN
 Well, I'll check with the secretary
 on his schedule--

DARIUS
 Ta...ta...today, Stephen. Both of
 us know there's an agenda here, and
 I need to find that out--

STEPHEN
 Ok, ok, today. I get it. I'll check
 right now. Let me get back to you
 in a bit.

Stephen walks outside his office and heads toward Davis' office, where there is a meeting going on. Darius turns to watch.

EXT. CEO DAVIS' OFFICE

Steven stops just outside Davis' open door. Agent J.T. Wilson is meeting with CEO DAVIS (60, balding, corporate). The two shake hands. They don't notice Stephen observing.

J.T. walks out, nods to Steven, then briskly heads toward the exit, puts on his sunglasses.

A third man--the Axxion Oil Man from the underground turbine room--shakes Davis' hand. He lingers for a few moments. He was also at the poker game in Indianapolis, 20 years earlier.

Stephen goes up to Davis' door, then quickly returns to the waiting Darius.

EXT. STEVEN'S OFFICE

STEPHEN
 Davis will see you next Monday.
 He's tied up the rest of the week.

Darius shakes his head and heads back to his office.

Stephen waits a moment, then goes back to Davis' office, closes door.

EXT. GROCERY STORE PARKING LOT - EVENING

Darius loads a couple grocery bags into the small trunk of his car. He loads the groceries using telekinesis, then points his finger, top goes down. He hops in.

Several rows away is a black Lincoln Continental, backed into position facing Darius' car.

INT. LINCOLN CONTINENTAL

J.T. is the driver, pulls up handheld radio.

J.T. WILSON
He just left the store. Should be there in 5 minutes.

J.T. looks at his watch.

J.T. WILSON (CONT'D)
Watch him closely. Looks like the drug is wearing off. Just what I was afraid of.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DARIUS' APARTMENT COMPLEX -EVENING

A white van is backed into a remote spot in Darius' complex. Lettering on the side indicates it's a plumbing contractor.

INT. PANEL TRUCK

PANEL TRUCK DRIVER (30ish), greased-down black hair, neatly dressed, sits with PASSENGER (similar). Pistol lays on the messy console.

VAN DRIVER
(mobster accent)
Got it, boss.

J.T. WILSON (V.O.)
I want a report on every detail, understood?

Van driver pulls out a smoke and lights.

VAN DRIVER
(mobster accent)
You got it.

Driver and partner, both with binoculars, track Darius as he arrives and takes groceries up the exterior stairway.

POV of Driver and Passenger:

Darius can be seen through his windows.

By telekinesis, Darius sails his groceries to the shelves. The men are stunned at what they see.

PASSENGER

Did you see that!

They both just stare. Driver takes big hit from cigarette.

VAN DRIVER

J.T. warned me about this guy.
Guess he's been watching him for 20
years. Something about a drug
wearing off.

Flips cigarette out window.

INT. DARIUS' LIVING ROOM APARTMENT - NIGHT

Darius points his finger toward the stereo and it turns off. Same with lights. Apartment is dark now.

INT. PANEL TRUCK - NIGHT

VAN DRIVER (CONT'D)

This guy was in a car wreck the other day. We're thinking that bump on his head jarred his memory. This isn't good. According to J.T., he's like that Tesla dude, he can invent shit. The Feds don't like that.

PASSENGER

Who's *Telsa*? Whata we do with this freak of nature?

VAN DRIVER

Our job's right now is to just to report what we see. That's it. You never heard of Tesla?

PASSENGER

Got it. What did that guy *Telsa* do anyway?

VAN DRIVER

Tesla...Tesla, not *Telsa*!

PASSENGER

Got it...got it.

He picks up the long-barrel pistol, checks the chamber.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Panel truck pulls out of the parking spot. Darius can be seen pulling back the shade, watching from his 2nd story window.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - SMALL CHURCH - NIGHT

Christina says good-bye to a lady, as an AA meeting finishes. Some put away chairs from circle, others wave goodbye to her.

INT. HALLWAY - SMALL CHURCH

Christina walks with purpose down a hallway, and spots a pay phone. Walks up, drops in a quarter, dials.

INT. DARIUS' KITCHEN

WALL PHONE RINGS.

DARIUS
Hell...hello.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
Sorry it's so late, this is
Christina do you have a minute?

DARIUS
Sha...sure.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
I have this friend, she's a very
progressive psychologist. Not sure
if I mentioned her, but told her
about you. You know, all good of
course.

DARIUS
Hmmm...

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
But here's the thing: she's done
some research and found that most
men who have minor speech
impediments have suffered multiple
vaccines or large doses of medicine
as a youth. Anyway, no promises, of
course, but perhaps-

INT. J.T.'s LIMOUSINE

J.T. Wilson is listening to the conversation with headphones.

INT. DARIUS' KITCHEN

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
I think she can help you, not that
you need anything much, I'm not
saying--

DARIUS
I'm....I'm game. Let me sleep on
that. Thanks for--

Christina quickly changes tone.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
Perfect. Hey, I really enjoyed
dinner the other night. You're
quite a guy!

DARIUS
(yawning)
Me too...I... I better go now.

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
'Night, Darius. Let's talk soon!

INT. J.T.'s LIMOUSINE

J.T. jots Christina's name down. He then angrily throws
headphones down. He quickly picks up his radio and calls.

J.T. WILSON
You need to get that guy and bring
him in...like right now!

VAN DRIVER (V.O.)
We just left, he was doing some
strange shit. He's not human.

J.T. WILSON
Bring him to the office. I'll meet
you there in 30 minutes.

VAN DRIVER (V.O.)
Alright, we'll go back, but I have
a feeling it wont' be easy.

J.T. WILSON
No rough stuff. I need him alive!
This is what I'm payin' you guys
for! Got that?

VAN DRIVER (V.O.)
Got it.

INT. CHRISTINA'S HOME - NIGHT

PHILLIP (40), Christina's "ex" shows up at her front door-- drunk. A pathetic man, POUNDS fist on screen door. She cracks the door, he forces his way in.

PHILLIP

Where have you been. I've been waiting for two hours--

CHRISTINA

Phillip, get out! You have no right to be here.

PHILLIP

I have a right to know. We're still legally married you know.

CHRISTINA

Out!

PHILLIP

You know you still care. Come here!

He is stumbling drunk, but manages to tackle her. They wrestle on the floor.

SCREAMS

EXT. DARIUS' FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

The two men from the panel truck, stand at Darius' front door, checking their pistols.

They pick Darius' lock and quietly enter, and make their way through the dark apartment.

INT. DARIUS' BEDROOM

The two men position on either side of the bed.

Darius is fast asleep -- or so they think. The two look at each other, then the driver taps Darius' shoulder with his gun barrel to wake him up.

To their astonishment, Darius' body is not solid, *it is a hologram!* It is motionless.

The driver's hand slips in and out of the hologram's light. It looks just like Darius, but nothing solid there.

The men are startled! They look at each other and stand back, fear takes over and they race out of the apartment.

A few moments later, Darius calmly walks out of the closet. He looks around and heads to the living room. Checks it out, locks the door. He goes back to the bedroom, lies down in alignment with the existing hologram.

Slowly the hologram, a duplicate of Darius with slightly more slanted eyes, high cheek bones, lifts off the bed approximately three feet. In a flash, it disappears.

STOP 7 5 22

INT. LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - SUBTERRANEON SIRIUS B - NIGHT

Darius' ethereal, holographic body, slowly manifests from nowhere. He takes his place in a circle of a few students.

As the Master speaks, a blue energy beam connects each one present to the Master energy field from their forehead.

LOW, WAVY COMPUTERIZED SOUNDS emerge from the master. Each sound sends a ripple via the blue beam of energy connected to their foreheads.

All communication with the master is telepathic with sound.

THE MASTER SPEAKS

(sound)

SUPER: Once the Plan of Sirius, in conjunction with the Galactic Alliance, was formulated, the call went out. The Plan is being thwarted at this time by Earth's Elite.... remnants of Annunaki...Our Plan shall prevail.

After a few moments, all present except for Darius and the Master slowly evaporate.

THE MASTER SPEAKS (CONT'D)

(sound)

SUPER: You have questions, Darius?

Darius remains in meditative posture, eyes closed. The connected line to his forehead pulsates as he speaks.

DARIUS (TELEPATHICALLY)

SUPER: I've never experienced this type of civilization or planetary system before...so much greed and violence, controlled by a small elite--

THE MASTER SPEAKS
(sound)

SUPER: I remind you of your commitment *Earth's Endpoint*, through the 2012 timeline. Their rate of evolution is indeed slow for you...you will need to employ more patience in their three dimensional, time/space Matrix.

Darius has no response.

Darius' body gradually lifts up, then evaporates. The Master's light and pulsations reduce to a small glow.

INT. SIRIAN LIBRARY - ADJACENT TO CLASSROOM

Darius, in his ethereal body, walks briskly through a series of hallways and enters the great Sirian library. It is vast, housing millions of shiny, silver-illuminated and translucent spheres, arranged on titanium-like racks.

Others like Darius sit and "read" the small spheres telepathically. The spheres are read from a small stand in front of the reader.

A gentle stream of changing light connects each sphere with the reader's forehead as they read the data.

Darius strides purposefully down an aisle marked in English and four other languages, non-Earthly:

"Milky Way Galaxy -- 4th Quadrant"

He arrives at an aisle: "Solar System"

His finger points to a sphere labeled: Earth/4.55b/END2012AD.

The sphere floats precisely onto the shiny, but holographic stand in front of him. He connects with it telepathically.

DARIUS' MINDSCAPE:

SUPER: END2012AD/Frame1943/ContEurope

EXT. EUROPE - 1943 WAR SCENE - DAY

Montage of scenes of devastation in Europe, including London under bombing attack.

SUPER: END2012AD/Frame1945/ContSAsiA

EXT. JAPAN - 1945 BOMBING OF HIROSHIMA - DAY

A mushroom cloud expands rapidly at Hiroshima, Japan.
Devastation/Bodies everywhere.

He continues to observe, slightly twitches, grimaces.

SUPER: END2012AD,Frame1968/ContSAsia

EXT. VIETNAM - 1968 - DAY

Scenes of planes dumping napalm and agent Orange. Dead
Vietnamese in jungle - bloodied and injured American troops
returning home.

SUPER: 2012AD,Frame2012/ContNAmerica

EXT. UNITED STATES - 2012 - FUTURE - DAY

Montage of massive riots, colossal weather distortions,
fires, flooding, mass shootings, etc.

END MINDSCAPE

INT. SIRIAN LIBRARY

Darius sits back in chair, momentarily processes the montage,
then quickly disconnects from the sphere and it floats back
to its original position.

EXT. SIRIAN SUBTERRANEAN FOREST - DAY

Darius walks through a magical forest. Others with similar
ethereal forms are walking as well. Suddenly, Chakoreas
swirls around him.

CHAKOREAS

Greetings, young master!

DARIUS

I'm just not getting this. A
dichotomy of time lines. I just
left the library and in 2012 things
get even worse on Earth.They're
going to self destruct.

Chakoreas HUMS a melody.

CHAKOREAS

"Time lines, oh, times lines." Your time will go fast there. Remember time lines can be altered. Try not to be too attached, my friend. You're thinking in linear fashion again.

She darts all around him.

DARIUS

But the Master called 2012 the Endpoint. Endpoint? Why am I even there if it's the end?

Darius stops and looks at Chakoreas.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

They're in their infancy there. I had no idea.

CHAKOREAS

(jovially)

Ah, Endpoints. Don't ya just love 'em?

Darius ignores the comment, then starts walking.

CHAKOREAS (CONT'D)

You will be fine. Hey, just checkin' in...how's it going with the new lady friend?

DARIUS

Oh, that part is good. It's a little dichotomy within the dichotomy. It's stirring new things within me that I like, but we're supposed to be detached from the local civilization, right?

CHAKOREAS

(cheerfully)

She stimulates your Earthbound nervous system, right?

DARIUS

Yes, you could put it that way.

CHAKOREAS

Well, just forget the dichotomies and the time lines and the fusion, tensors, and EMF's...just go with it! See you soon!

Like a hummingbird, Chakoreas spins and swirls playfully.
Then vanishes. Darius' form slowly evaporates as well.

INT. DARIUS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Darius' body lies in deep sleep. About three feet over it, a holographic duplicate manifests, then slowly descends, merging with his physical form. He slowly awakens.

PHONE RINGS. Darius slowly heads to living room.

DARIUS
Ha...hello.

(beat)

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Hello?

He looks at the clock. It's 6:10am

CHRISTINA (V.O.)
(somber)
I know it's early, but I just
need...I just need a little help.

DARIUS
Sure, wha...what is it?

INT. CHRISTINA'S KITCHEN - DAY

Christina holds one side of her badly bruised face with an ice pack, while holding the phone in the other. Dried blood ice covers one arm and part of her blouse.

A chair lies on its side, a broken glass on the table.

CHRISTINA
I'm...I'm a little hurt and could
use some help getting to the
hospital.

DARIUS (V.O.)
I'm on ma...my way.

INT. CHRISTINA'S LIVING ROOM

DOORBELL RINGS. Christina greets Darius at front door.

Darius just stares at her as he walks in.

CHRISTINA
Have a seat.

Darius just stands, scanning her wounds. Christina sits down on her sofa.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I need to tell you a few things.

Darius nods.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I'm not yet legally divorced from my ex. We've been separated now for over six months.

Darius looks closer at her injuries.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
His name is Phillip, and he just won't let go. He came over last night and when I told him to get out, he went into a rage.

Darius' eyes light up.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
It's not the first time. I saw the red flags years ago, but thought we could work it out.

Darius gets up and slowly walks over, sitting next to her.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Also...also, I'm a recovering alcoholic, well, up until recently, since he's been coming around.

Darius is not phased, analyzes her wounds.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
But I started attending the AA meetings again. He's not--

DARIUS
Can you sit up stray...straight for a minute?

Christina gathers herself and sits up.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Let's see your face.

She pulls down the wet cloth and there's a cut there, surrounded by a large bruise. A few cuts on her forehead. The bruise on her forearm is massive - her arm is crooked.

Darius scans each injury like a doctor.

He stands up. With his palms he creates a translucent, spherical "energy field" around her. He steps toward her and places his palms a few inches from her arm.

Her arm straightens! The bruises slowly vanish. He stands back.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Look at me.

He places his palms toward her face. Slowly, the bruises vanish. The cuts close.

CHRISTINA

What are you doing?

DARIUS

How do you feel?

CHRISTINA

I actually feel better.

She looks down at her arm. She is stunned. Her mood shifts, now much lighter.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Oh my God...what, I mean who are you? This is amazing!

DARIUS

Per...perhaps you might check in the mirror.

Christina jumps up and races to the bathroom.

LOUD "OH MY GOD!" from the bathroom. She storms back to living room.

CHRISTINA

I don't know what to say!

She keeps staring at her arm.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

I'm not believing this. This is not even real.

She looks hard at Darius.

DARIUS

(innocently)
How do you feel?

Darius canvasses the room, then looks back at Christina.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
Ya...you are very pretty.

They smile at each other. She races over and hugs him. He holds her too, but only for a moment.

DARIUS (CONT'D)
I need to get ready for work.

CHRISTINA
Oh, almost forgot.

She grabs a small sack off of kitchen counter.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
Here's a little something for you.

Darius takes the sack and opens it. He pulls out three candles, all different colors.

DARIUS
Ni...Nice! Thank you very much.

He innocently gazes at the candles as if they were gold.

CHRISTINA
Glad you like.

DARIUS
Ok, ga...gotta run.

EXT. DARIUS' APARTMENT STAIRWAY- DAY

Darius heads up the exterior stairs, then stands on his 2nd floor balcony. MARIA (60's), an elderly, Latino lady spots him from a nearby balcony.

The "old school", Maria, adores Darius. She is upset.

MARIA
(startled)
Darius! Check this out! Looks like smoke over there. Oh my gosh, Look! Building A has a fire!

Darius turns to see dark smoke drifting from a couple of the windows at the next large apartment building.

SIRENS BELLOW FROM A DISTANCE

DARIUS
I'll check it out.

MARIA
Be careful! Isn't that where our
little friend Emily lives?

DARIUS
Yes, ya...I believe so.

EXT. FRONT OF APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

He races down his stairwell, heads toward the smoke, now with massive plumes pouring out the windows.

He approaches the fire. Fire trucks now on scene, just starting to rope off area. One FIREMAN confronts Darius.

FIREMAN
Sir, Get back! It's too dangerous.
This area is now off limits.

Darius looks at the billowing smoke, then quickly turns around and races back to his place.

INT. DARIUS' APARTMENT - DAY

He rushes in and slams door shut, stops cold, and stammers around his living room in thought. He runs to his bedroom, slams that door and lays down in bed.

Slowly, his ethereal double, the holographic form, emerges.

Darius in his holographic form stands, turns to the wall behind his headboard and walks right through it.

INT. ADJACENT APARTMENTS (continuous)

He now stands in the bedroom of the neighbors' apartment, no one home. He races through to the next wall, again walking through it, arriving in living room of the next apartment.

An older couple does not see him as they are frozen at their window looking at the fire.

Darius runs through one more apartment, where a young couple are throwing clothes in a suitcase, then arrives in Emily's apartment. Smoke consumes the air. Darius is unaffected.

INT. EMILY'S APARTMENT

He looks around living room, then races to Emily's bedroom. He frantically pulls off blankets and pillows, looks in the closet and behind the dresser. No Emily.

He races into the bathroom and finds EMILY (6) curled up in the bathtub with her "blankie", crying hard.

DARIUS

Sorry - you ok?

EMILY

(sniffling)

I've been praying for you to come.
I'm scared. Where's Mommy?

DARIUS

You're mom is fine. They wouldn't
let her in because of the danger.
You're going to be fine, Sweetie.

She reaches out to him, and he pulls her into his arms and starts heading back towards his apartment. They are stopped, when her physical body bumps into the wall.

EMILY

You look weird. Are you a ghost?

Darius sets her down, and quickly grabs a washcloth from the bathroom, wets it down, and puts on her face.

DARIUS

Breathe through this!

He then picks up her doll. He is impervious to the heat and smoke.

EMILY

OK, but I'm scared. And, I lost my
doll.

DARIUS

I have your doll, no worries!

She whimpers a bit, trying to be strong.

EMILY

How did you get in here?

Darius carries Emily into her mother's bedroom, where there is less smoke. He lifts a hand and points his finger at the wall, drawing a door, which immediately appears.

He points again, closes eyes, and it de-materializes. He carries her into the apartment next door. Young couple is gone. Some smoke. He sets her down.

EMILY (CONT'D)
Cool. Do it again!

INT. TRANSITING APARTMENTS - EVENING

Darius, undaunted by the situation, guides her to another wall and repeats the process of creating a door. This time there are dogs.

The dogs are extremely hyper from the fire. They follow Darius through the front door, into the fresh air and onto an outside stairwell landing, 2nd floor. They race down the stairway to safety.

EXT. BUICK - APARTMENT PARKING LOT

A dark '72 Buick Riviera sits at a distance from Darius' apartment. TWO MEN (40's) in suits ("men in black) watch Darius emerge from the burning building with Emily.

INT. BUICK

DRIVER
I'll be go-to-hell!

PASSENGER
I saw it, but I don't believe it.

DRIVER
Grab the camera. Wait 'til J.T. sees this. He was right, this guy's not human.

PASSENGER
What a freak, let's grab him. We got him this time!

EXT. EMILY'S APARTMENT STAIRWAY

Darius and Emily walk down an outside stairwell holding hands.

DARIUS
How are you doing?

EMILY

Your eyes look different? What did you do to them? Your hands feel like feathers.

Darius squats to console her.

DARIUS

Not to worry. Look, there's your mom, down there. She'll sure be glad to see you.

Darius looks around.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

This will be our little secret, okay?

She nods solemnly and crosses her heart with her hand.

EMILY

Okay. But what's the big deal?

Emily drops the washcloth and runs fearlessly down the stairs and across the lawn to her frantic MOTHER's (30ish) arms.

Darius again looks around. He returns in the exact opposite path he had taken, through all the walls, meticulously putting each of the sections of wall back in place.

EXT. DARIUS' APARTMENT - NIGHT

The two men in black from the Buick race up the stairs to Darius' apartment. SIRENS COMING CLOSER.

They turn and look back. A police car arrives in front of Darius' apartment.

They stop momentarily, realizing the police are heading to Darius' place. They scramble, then circle back to their car, and slowly snake around the fire trucks to the street.

Darius races to his apartment.

INT. BUICK - NIGHT

The corded phone in van RINGS.

DRIVER

Yeah.

J.T. (V.O.)

Well?

DRIVER

Had to get out, the cops showed up.

J.T. (V.O.)

Just got off the phone with the boss. This operation is off. We've been getting some good technology from him, and can't do it if he's dead. He might turn anyway. We can use his gal for bait. Got her contact info.

DRIVER

Makes our job easier.

J.T. (V.O.)

Your job was never hard! We'll entrap him at a different location. I've got men working on Plan B.

DRIVER

Need us to check his girlfriend?

PASSENGER

Yeah, you'd like that!

J.T. (V.O.)

I'll be in touch.

DIAL TONE

INT. DARIUS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

Darius sits on his bed in thought, then slowly lies down, face up. His "holographic double" rises up, out of his body, and now hovers over his sleepy physical form.

The double, then slowly lifts from his body and evaporates in a flash.

INT. SUBURBAN POLICE STATION - NEXT DAY

Christina and Darius stand up in front of an AFRO-AMERICAN UNIFORMED OFFICER's desk. The officer is no-nonsense, with puzzled look.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Hmm. I see. Well, since I have a witness here, I'll work up the restraining order and get it to the judge. I can't promise anything.

Christina puts her face in her hands in relief. Darius comforts her.

CHRISTINA

Thank you. Thank you so much!

As they get up to leave, UNIFORMED OFFICER #2 walks by the desk. He takes a long look at Darius, then stops and turns back.

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

Hey, weren't you the guy who saved that girl the other day. You know, that "firewalker" guy?

Darius looks the other way.

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)

You're him. I was on the scene.

DARIUS

Don't believe everything you see.

Officer #2 walks up to Darius, stands face to face.

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2

That was quite a thing you did at the fire...how did you do it anyway? How did you get to the girl...and get out?

DARIUS

Wa...we really need to go now. Ga...got some pressing issues.

He turns to Christina, who is stunned by this conversation, then to the first officer.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

Wha...when will she hear if the order got approved.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

No later than this evening. I've got all the info I need. We'll contact you once the order is delivered to Mr. Meyer. If approved he'll need to stay a minimum of 300 feet from Ms. Larson at all times.

Darius nods, Christina looks at him in near shock at what the other officer had said.

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2
Why wouldn't you answer your door?

Darius grabs her arm to leave.

DARIUS
Thanks officers, we're done here.

Uniformed officer #2 walks up to uniformed officer.

UNIFORMED OFFICER #2
Do you think that nerd really has a
stutter?

UNIFORMED OFFICER
Not sure. Just doin' my job here.

They both watch Darius and Christina rush out.

Darius practically drags Christina out of the office and out of the building. They stand near the steps in front of the old classic police station.

Christina frantically turns to Darius.

EXT. FRONT OF POLICE STATION - DAY

CHRISTINA
Was that really you? Did you save
that girl? I saw that on the news.

Darius stammers a bit.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
How could you get to her? It was
you! Who are you anyway?

Christina is perplexed.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
I really appreciate what you did to
my arm and helping me today, but
what was that all about back there?

DARIUS
Don't be upset. I just did what I
needed to do.

CHRISTINA
It was not only courageous, but
impossible. Or maybe just
unearthly.

She shakes her head, looks away, then gets a hold of herself.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
 Ok, I need to get home and get some things done.

DARIUS
 Understand, I'll drive you.

CHRISTINA
 No, you need to get back to work. I'm fine to drive.

DARIUS
 Sure?

CHRISTINA
 I'll see you tonight, just you and I, OK? Come on over when you like.

She kisses him on the cheek.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
 I really do appreciate your support today. Means a lot. You're a special man - a bit unusual, ha, even strange at times, but special. But tonight, I need a few answers.

She stares at him lovingly.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
 I love you Mister Darius.

Darius flushes and turns away, then back to her.

DARIUS
 I lu...love you.

She turns and heads toward the parking lot. Darius is frozen watching her leave. He looks off to the sky.

FLASHBACK - DARIUS' MINDSCAPE FROM CHILDHOOD:

1954. After the rush of equations flood his young brain, a suburban house comes to his mind, surrounded by yellow crime tape. Police swarm the yard...in/out of house.

END FLASHBACK

Meanwhile...

INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - SOMEWHERE IN SW U.S. - DAY

HUM OF ELECTRICAL TRANSFORMERS. In the underground lab structure, there are numerous metal doors along a long, dark tunnel. Water DRIPS in background.

Midway along the tunnel, VOICES BEHIND DOOR.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM 4044

TWO MALE LAB WORKERS dressed in whites are in a 4-sided cubical structure, the size of a small bedroom with one large window and door. On the outside of cube are monitors with high-tech controls.

Inside "the cube room" on all four sides, along with top and bottom, are circular metal rings with a single beam of light coming from each.

Each beam is of a different color and all beams are focused toward the center of the room where there is a large padded chair.

LAB WORKER #1

So far the power system is working.
All six of the "etheric generators"
are synchronized. Beams in phase.

LAB WORKER #2

How did the monkey do?

LAB WORKER #1

Ok so far, seems fine, chipper as
ever.

LAB WORKER #2

What about humans? Will it reverse
their aging as well? Cap off their
DNA strands?

LAB WORKER #1

That's the perfect question, right?
Hey, want to try? You could be the
first to get 20 again!

LAB WORKER #2

(sarcastic)

Sorry, I have lunch plans. Get one
of those arrogant GIS guys in here.

They smile at each other as they walk out of the cubical and stand near the digital-type, advanced controls, tweaking.

LAB WORKER #1

I think we're ready for a real
specimen.

LAB WORKER #2
I'll call the super. Should be
interesting who he sends.

INT. UNDERGROUND HALLWAY

Lab Worker #1 exits the "cube room", heads down hallway. He stops and looks through a window into a large, adjacent lab with a large garage door to the back.

THREE MORE LAB WORKERS dressed in white stand with clipboards staring at a small, saucer-shaped craft, 10 feet in diameter, hovers about six feet off the floor. They communicate to the pilot via radio.

LAB WORKER #3
How does the gravity feel in there?

PILOT (V.O.)
It's a bit strong...EM's coming off
the three gravity generators are
not in sync with each other.

LAB WORKER #3
Got it, bring it down, and we'll
adjust the gravity amplifiers.

PILOT (V.O.)
10-4. Should take care of it.

The craft gently lands on the floor. Lab worker #1 moves on, checks his watch.

EXT. FRONT OF CHRISTINA'S HOME - DAY

Christina walks up to her front porch. As she unlocks the front door, Phillip suddenly appears from the far side.

PHILLIP
Go ahead, go in.

CHRISTINA
(frantic)
Phillip, what are you doing here!

INT. LIVING ROOM

They enter, Phillip trails her like a stalking tiger, looks back at street as he enters.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
You need to leave. Like right now!
I'm calling the police. You're
drunk again!

Phillip pulls out a gun, looks at it like a piece of shiny jewelry. Then points it at her.

PHILLIP

(stumbles)

Don't make a sound, don't make a call. It's just you and I. We used to be so good together.

Christina is shaking in fear. Backs up, trips on chair, then sits on the living room floor.

CHRISTINA

Phillip, just...just please put that gun away.

PHILLIP

Like I said, no sound.

He goes to the front windows, checks the street, then closes the shades. He turns with one hand pointing gun at Christina, the other with finger on lips to "keep quiet".

Christina just shakes her head. Phillip gets close and whispers in her ear:

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

I told you once, "If I can't have you no one can have you". I saw you the other day with that young punk...you're really something. You're making a decision today, now what will it be?

He puts the gun to her head.

EXT. CHICAGO SUBURBAN STREET - A FEW HOURS LATER - NIGHT

Darius drives along, top down, radio cranked up. Sings along with a '70's tune.

He pulls onto Christina's street. Stunned, it is surrounded by police cars, red and blue flashing lights!

Her house is quarantined off with yellow crime scene tape. (Same images he saw as a young boy). Hits breaks. SQUEAL.

He parks his car and races to house, but is held back by a YOUNG POLICEMAN.

YOUNG POLICEMAN

Stop here buddy.

DARIUS
What's going on?

YOUNG POLICEMAN
A lady was found dead. Our
detectives--

DARIUS
Dead!

Darius starts to run up, but is nearly tackled by the
policeman.

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Can't go in there, you might
contaminate a potential crime
scene.

DARIUS
Cra...crime scene? What are you
talking about?

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Just stay put.

DARIUS
But who found her, who knew?

YOUNG POLICEMAN
Reports are a neighbor saw her
front door wide open, with shades
drawn. When they went to check it
out, they found the lady deceased.
You need to move back--now!

Darius is perplexed. He stands frozen, stares at her home.
His eyes are red, as he rubs them in confusion. His first
experience of grief.

He walks back to his car, gets in and does not move for
hours. Police come and go.

Stretcher with covered body is pushed down her walkway. It
gets loaded on ambulance. Lights on, siren off.

Darius is listless as he watches. Exhausted, he falls asleep
in his car.

POUNDING ON DRIVER-SIDE WINDOW. Darius slowly comes out of
his slumber, looks around. OLDER POLICEMAN (50's) stands
impatiently at driver's side.

POLICEMAN
Hey, you can't park here, Pal.

DARIUS
Any update on the lady inside?

POLICEMAN
I'm just a traffic cop. You'll need
to go down to the station. Let's
move it.

Darius starts his car and takes off.

INT. CLASSROOM ON SIRIUS B

Darius' holographic body slowly manifests in the circle,
facing Master Teacher. No remnants of his sorrow.

MASTER SPEAKS
(sound)

SUPER: Due to free will in that sphere, the Global Elite have
moved Earth's Endpoint timeline from END_2012AD to
END_2030AD...all prepare to extend your missions...

Darius opens eyes.

MASTER SPEAKS (CONT'D)
(sound)

SUPER: This is only a minor delay to our plan...

Everyone but Darius slowly gets up and evaporates.

MASTER SPEAKS (CONT'D)
(sound)

SUPER: Darius, you have questions?

DARIUS (TELEPATHICALLY)

SUPER: I have lost a close friend on that planet. I need to
know about changing those events.

Meanwhile...

INT. DARIUS' LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Magically, Darius' stereo lights turn on spontaneously,
turntable starts to spin. Stereo arm lifts and lands on a
vinyl album.

DEBUSSY'S CLAIRE DE LUNE echoes through his apartment.

INT. CLASSROOM ON SIRIUS B

THE MASTER SPEAKS
(sound)

SUPER: Feelings are a powerful aspect in that realm, yes?

DARIUS (TELEPATHICALLY)

SUPER: Yes. My mission there was--

THE MASTER SPEAKS
(sound)

SUPER: I assume you are wishing to change an event there?

DARIUS (TELEPATHICALLY)

SUPER: Precisely

THE MASTER SPEAKS
(sound)

SUPER: First and foremost, you are not responsible for the choice and events of others.

INT. DARIUS' KITCHEN - NIGHT

The three candles that Christina gave Darius sit on the kitchen counter. One by one, they spontaneously light up. DEBUSSY CONTINUES PLAYING ON STEREO.

INT. CLASSROOM ON SIRIUS B

Darius remains silent. A slight quiver takes over his face.

THE MASTER SPEAKS
(sound)

SUPER: Secondly, one entity cannot change the destiny of another without serious consequence.

Darius nods slowly, but does not answer. Rebelliously, he gets up and walks out of the classroom.

THE MASTER SPEAKS (CONT'D)
(sound)

SUPER: Peace be unto you, young master.

The Master's light fades and there is silence.

EXT. SUBTERRANEAN GARDENS ON SIRIUS B

Darius' holographic body walks in the gardens. Chakoreas comes into Darius' view and floats to him.

CHAKOREAS

I'm so sorry about your Earthly friend. Must have been so unpleasant. But you are here now.

She flutters all around him.

SOUND OF WATERFALLS

DARIUS

I saw this. I saw this as a child -- the house and everything. It's just that she was a lifeline for me there. When I'm on Earth, I feel like I'm walking through a dense fog...like a thick plasma.

CHAKOREAS

Per Sirian law you can change the past for yourself. You have more power than you realize.

She flutters all around in a dance. Darius brightens up.

CHAKOREAS (CONT'D)

There's some good that can come from this you know.

DARIUS

Like what? I'm beginning to question the Master's wisdom. Sometimes I wonder about this mission. And now the Endpoint shifted on Earth to 2030. I committed to 2012, not 2030!

Darius sits on a park-type bench, contemplating.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

You know there's a group there that tracks my every move...they would kill me if they could--

CHAKOREAS

Isn't there something you can change for yourself, my friend?

She flies in front of Darius, buzzes close, blinks.

CHAKOREAS (CONT'D)
 Hint. Hint...airplane...

She blinks her single, blue eye.

Darius gazes into the subterranean, starlit the sky.

DARIUS
 Hmm... maybe--

CHAKOREAS
 Yes!

DARIUS
 I know. I can change what I did
 with those calcs so no one else
 gets them. Yes! Why didn't I think
 of that before?

CHAKOREAS
 Again, that's why I'm here...if I
 had lips I'd give you a big kiss.

DARIUS
 I need to go check something in the
 library.

CHAKOREAS
 (in deep, southern draw)
 Gotcha, podna. See ya 'round.

INT. LIBRARY ON SIRIUS

Darius sits in front of a time sphere labeled:
 ContNAmerica/2030AD/FRAME 1954AD.

A laser-like beam of light shoots from Darius' forehead into
 the center of the time sphere. The beam is alive.

DARIUS MINDSCAPE AS HE CHANGES HIS PAST ACTIONS:

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - 1954 - DAY

REPRISE OF FIRST GRADE SCENE: Mrs. Barnes puts down
 pointer and walks to Darius' desk with a measured tread.
 SOUND OF HARD LEATHER SHOES ON HARDWOOD FLOORS.

Darius quickly and magically folds the paper with his
 calculations into a paper plane and lifts up his hand to
 fling it out the window, but this time he quickly slips it in
 to his pad of lined paper.

He then looks up attentively at Mrs. Barnes as she scolds him. She walks back to the blackboard.

After school...

INT. DARIUS' CHILDHOOD HOME - DAY

Darius walks down the hallway to the elegant grandfather clock, looks around, opens the door and places the folded airplane at the bottom of the clock.

END MINDSCAPE

INT. DARIUS' BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Darius' holographic form hovers, then slowly descends to his sleeping body. He immediately sees Christina's business card on his bedside table, and it all comes back to him.

DARIUS (V.O.)

...and the Elite moved the endpoint from 2012 to 2030.

DARIUS

(out loud)

And I got drugged when I was a kid
...just a kid...they killed my Dad,
and they stole my designs! And
Christina's gone!

In an unusual show of emotion, he knocks a lamp on the floor, goes into a brief rage. Then flops on the bed, rolls on his side, grieving.

INT. DARIUS' KITCHEN

As Darius sluggishly walks into the kitchen, he notices the three scented candles that have burned down. Puzzled, he ruffles his mussy hair, then probes one with his finger. As he stares at it, he notices something in the living room.

He looks over the counter into the living room and is further puzzled to see an empty album cover sitting on the floor next to his stereo. Stereo lights still on.

INT. DARIUS' LIVING ROOM

He walks over and looks at the album cover. With a finger gesture he flips the stereo off and the TV on.

NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

On the lighter side, we have a story from the Southwest suburbs about a little girl, Emily, saved from an apartment fire.

A local female JOURNALIST (25) interviews Emily on TV.

JOURNALIST

We're glad you are safe. Just how did you get out of there, with the flames and the heat and everything?

Emily stands in front of her apartment, holding hands with her mother.

EMILY

Oh, it was easy, my best friend, Darius, came and got me out.

JOURNALIST

Oh?

EMILY

Yeah, he just walked through some walls. See my new birthday bracelet? Darius gave me that.

Emily flashes it in front of the camera. Journalist glances at Emily's mother, and she recoils in embarrassment.

EMILY (CONT'D)

He made it for me...he just pulled it out of his pocket.

Darius stoically turns off the TV with quick finger gesture.

Darius looks again at the album cover, it's Claude Debussy. He clutches the album cover with both hands. Then he throws it on the couch, heads to bathroom.

He stops for a moment and again stares at the three candles melted on is counter.

INT. DARIUS' BATHROOM - MORNING

Darius sluggishly, mechanically brushes his teeth. He freezes as he sees his reflection in the mirror. He has aged 20 yrs. He's a beaten, lost man. The toothbrush falls out of his hand to floor.

DARIUS
 (unusual emotions)
 Damn it! What happened? Why was she
 taken away from me? What is it with
 this place?

INT. DARIUS' BEDROOM

Darius throws himself back onto his bed, head in pillow, and rolls on his back, his new emotions of grief spent for the moment, and stares at the ceiling exhausted. Falls asleep.

The KITCHEN PHONE RINGS CONTINUOUSLY. Darius awakens, groggily makes his way to it.

DARIUS
 (listlessly)
 Hello.

STEPHEN (V.O.)
 Darius, are you okay? We've been
 worried about you. We heard about
 Christina. We're all so sorry--

DARIUS
 (slow to respond)
 I'm...I'm okay. Yeah, I'm good.

STEPHEN (V.O.)
 Do they know what happened?

DARIUS
 (groggy)
 No news yet. I should be in later.

STEPHEN (V.O.)
 Just call if you need any food, or,
 or if you need anything at all, OK?

(beat)

STEPHEN (V.O.)
 Darius... you there?

DARIUS
 I'm here.

STEPHEN
 Just take your time.

DARIUS

(slow)
Got it...

Darius hangs up, then unplugs the phone. Walks in kitchen, opens the frig, gazes, then lets it close on its own.

INT. DARIUS' BATHROOM - LATE AFTERNOON

He sees the toothbrush on the floor, points his finger at it, but nothing, no power. He then picks it up, drops it in the trash can.

INT. DARIUS' BEDROOM - EVENING

Darius sits in bed, leaning back against the pillows, with a pencil and pad of paper. He begins writing.

Clock on night stand reads 6:20. TIC TOC. He writes incessantly.

Clock reads 10:30. He folds his large, hand-written letter, places in envelope, lays it on top of the night stand. Title on envelope: *Stephen*.

INT. DARIUS' BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

Darius' room is now extremely messy. He is stretched out on his back, exhausted.

He stares at ceiling, then his ethereal double (hologram) slowly begins to lift off the bed. It evaporates in a flash.

His pale, lifeless human body lies on the bed.

EXT. OUTER SPACE

Now in his holographic body, Darius travels freely through space. He takes in the grandeur of the galactic view, as if it were his first time.

CHAKOREAS (V.O.)

Home is really never very far away.
Just a thought, a vision, and in an
instant one can travel the glorious
highway through an infinite
universe... Come, Darius, let us
walk the these pastures of the
glorious cosmos...

INT. CLASSROOM ON SIRIUS B

Darius, levitates in sitting position, alone with the Master. The light strand flashes from the Master to Darius' forehead.

THE MASTER SPEAKS
(sound)

SUPER: I see that you aborted your Earth assignment prematurely. Your reasoning?

DARIUS (TELEPATHICALLY)

SUPER: I was overwhelmed. I began to have emotions as the humans. There were too many forces working against me--

THE MASTER SPEAKS
(sound)

SUPER: You were uploaded all possibilities prior to your departure.

(beat)

THE MASTER SPEAKS (CONT'D)
(sound)

To this point, you have performed quite well. By Sirian law, one must fulfill all commitments.

Darius' sits very still. In a very human gesture, he looks down in thought, then looks back toward the Master, this time with some disdain.

DARIUS (TELEPATHICALLY)

SUPER: I had no idea---not nearly enough preparatory information for such a slowly developing planet--

THE MASTER SPEAKS (CONT'D)
(sound)

SUPER: You now have a choice to make. Your journey was *mission critical* for our timeline work.

Darius quickly cocks his head questioningly at the Master. Others drift into the classroom.

THE MASTER SPEAKS (CONT'D)
(sound)

SUPER: You may commence a new mission of similar duration on a designated sphere by the Galactic Republic.

Option two is to remain here and work with the Devachons of the 5th dimensional frequencies.

Darius stares stoically at Master.

THE MASTER SPEAKS (CONT'D)
(sound)

SUPER: Questions?

DARIUS (TELEPATHICALLY)

SUPER: Questions? I was sent to a far away planet of anger and conflict with a controlling elite without full preparation, and you ask if I have questions?

Darius stands up, looks down, and in a flash, races out.

EXT. SUBTERRANEAN GARDENS ON SIRIUS B

Darius strolls through the stunning subterranean gardens with its holographic foliage and life-like intelligence. He sits down next to a waterfall spewing gorgeous, misty colors. Chakoreas suddenly appears.

CHAKOREAS
How did it go my dear friend?

DARIUS
Well, only two options now. I left Earth permanently. I'm not concerned much about what the Master said. I'm home now.

Chakoreas flutters and spins all around Darius.

CHAKOREAS
Good choice---choosing YOUR destiny. Hey, there's a recently created region not far from here. Would you like to go visit? Might do you some good.

She flutters up and down, blinking her single eye.

Darius begins walking through the garden again, Chakoreas hovering around him.

CHAKOREAS (CONT'D)
Did you like the water on Earth?
The lakes and rivers and oceans?

DARIUS

Oh, yes, those were great highlights of the planet.

CHAKOREAS

This way.

They dart to the right, along a winding path.

DARIUS

I should probably go to the library and download some data - haven't done it in a while. Need to check with the magistrate for my housing assignment.

CHAKOREAS

If you must, but this won't take long. You will not regret. Come, I shall show you the harvest fields of Sirius--

DARIUS

All right, spin the way. Or, should I say, "flutter me there"?

Chakoreas leads Darius down a forested path, Darius walks on the translucent turf. The plants are lush, large-leaved, and tropical. The leaves and flowers are of a variety never seen on Earth.

BIRDSONG.

CHAKOREAS

You're going to really like this new region we've designed...especially for you!

EXT. NEW REGION OF SUBTERRANEAN GARDENS

The two make their way to an enchanting lake. From the bottom of the lake is a multitude of multi-colored springs, creating an infinite variety of patterns in every color of the spectrum.

Darius stands at the water's edge, just stares.

DARIUS

Hmmm...very nice. I almost forgot the grandeur here. It's been a while.

He turns in all directions, takes in the elligance.

LAUGHTER DRIFTS from their right, growing louder. Darius looks up, surprised to hear others so close.

CHAKOREAS

Let's go see what's up.

Meanwhile...

INT. STEPHEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Stephen sits at his desk, restlessly perusing some contracts. He glances up at the clock. Clock reads: 10:05 a.m. Concerned, he drops his papers and rushes to Darius' office. Empty, lights out.

INT. OUTSIDE DARIUS' OFFICE

NANCY (early 20's), attractive secretary is typing away. Stephen comes up to her desk, distraught.

STEPHEN

Have you heard from Darius today?

NANCY

No. Haven't you? This isn't like him. I'm very concerned about that guy.

STEPHEN

Yeah, I know, it's been two days now. Can you give him a call?

Nancy dials. Listens on phone.

NANCY

I've tried several times already. Just a busy signal again.

STEPHEN

This is too odd for him. I'm heading over there. Cancel my eleven o'clock.

NANCY

OK. Got it. I'll let the team know.

EXT. NEW REGION OF SUBTERRANEAN GARDENS - SIRIUS B

Darius follows Chakoreas through a flowery meadow towards the source of the laughter. The two come upon a group of beings of a variety of forms from many planets.

Some are humanoid, others looking more like ET's, some are geometric shapes. They are clearly celebrating something.

"OTHER-WORLDLY" MUSIC is being played on a variety of instruments, many are dancing. Darius stares at Chakoreas.

CHAKOREAS

Welcome home, Darius.

Darius' old friend, JUPAD, human-like with a prominent Third Eye in the middle of his forehead, emerges from the group and greets Darius exuberantly. He is extremely tall, dark-skinned, with deep voice.

JUPAD

Welcome home, old friend. We're glad to see you!

Their foreheads connect with a light beam.

DARIUS

It's been so long. And, how are things over there in the Pleidian system?

JUPAD

Good! A few issues with the Orions, but what's new?

They both chuckle, then Darius is stunned. Tiny nature elves and small angel-devas dance and frolic in the forest, forming a circle around Darius and his friends. About 100 beings of different galactic races now surround him.

Smiling, Darius turns and looks around, recognizing many old friends. Chakoreas floats near the center, where Darius stands, then speaks to the gathering.

CHAKOREAS

Thank you all for joining us tonight - this very special occasion. Having known Darius since his arrival in the third eon of the Sirian scheme, I have been assigned, with great honor, to officially welcome him home.

A MURMUR goes through crowd, then great applause. Darius keeps looking around in awe.

CHAKOREAS (CONT'D)

As most of you know, Darius has just returned from a long mission on Earth, the third planet of the seventh star of Alcyone. His mission there was relatively long, but enormously successful. We are all proud of his accomplishments.

SCAN OF GROUP IN THE SURROUNDINGS

DARIUS

This is wonderful, but I...I don't really feel--

CHAKOREAS

Do you not realize what you have brought us?

Darius looks at him quizzically, as Chakoreas' single blue eye blinks.

DARIUS

Thank you all for coming tonight. I'm truly honored, but I must tell you the entire story. You see--

CHAKOREAS

Darius, you have plenty of time to tell your story. But first we are going to celebrate your great achievement, and the precious gift you've brought us.

DARIUS

Gift?

CHAKOREAS

Do you not realize what your mission has accomplished for us?

The group has now fallen silent, attentive.

DARIUS

I don't believe my mission was nearly as fruitful as it should have been. As a matter of fact--

CHAKOREAS

Darius, just look around you! Look at all the happiness, the joy.

(MORE)

CHAKOREAS (CONT'D)

All of these beings -- all have
felt your predestined return to
Sirius because of one new
expression you now carry: *passion*,
EMOTION!

Frolicking LAUGHTER emanates from the crowd as they applaud
with human-like appreciation.

DARIUS

Passion? I'm not sure I understand.

Great clouds of many shapes--some geometric, some random-
shaped--start forming in the subterranean sky. Hundreds of
spinning discs, just like Chakoreas', appear and land on the
turf.

CHAKOREAS

You see, all of us on Sirius were
always very happy here, but in a
limited sense. Because of your
return, because of what you
experienced and absorbed, we are
now more free to express this
happiness...these feelings.

DARIUS

Feelings?

BACKGROUND GIGGLES. Chakoreas circles Darius.

CHAKOREAS

We can have the great intellectual
and spiritual states, but now we
can add the passion to go with them
since you have brought us this
colossal element to Sirius. Do you
not now see?

Darius remains speechless, takes in the moment. Slowly a
sense of joy bubbles up. A subtle smile consumes his face.

Back on Earth...

EXT. DARIUS' APARTMENT - DAY

RAIN POUNDS ON METAL ROOF. Stephen KNOCKS feverishly on
Darius' front door, then glances back to confirm that Darius'
car is in its usual space.

STEPHEN

(shouting)

Darius! Are you okay? Darius!

Maria hears the knocking, steps out of her apartment, and joins Stephen.

MARIA
Anything wrong?

STEPHEN
Hi, I'm Stephen. I work with Darius. He's not answering the door and his car's still in the lot. He's not been at work for two days, and no answer when I call.

MARIA
Oh dear. Now that you mention it--

STEPHEN
Can I use your phone to call the police?

MARIA
Of course.

Maria leads him to her apartment, just around the corner.

EXT. DARIUS' APARTMENT - DAY - RAINY

TWO UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS walk up to Stephen and Maria at Darius' apartment door. A middle-aged lady, the APARTMENT MANAGER (50ish), rushes to meet them with a string of keys.

The manager fumbles with keys, locates the master, then opens the door.

Stephen pushes his way past the police and runs through the quiet apartment, scanning, eventually getting to Darius' bedroom. The police, manager, and Maria catch up with him.

EXT. NEW REGION OF SUBTERRANEAN GARDENS - SIRIUS B

This area of Sirius is similar to the magical forest, but more water...running creeks that feed a crystal clear lake.

CHAKOREAS

Your success was foreseen as a high probability when you took your assignment.

DARIUS

High probability?

CHAKOREAS

Not only were you collecting important data for us, but you were developing a new type of expression that would benefit all Sirians, and even some surrounding systems...and, yes my friend, all plans are levels of probability.

DARIUS

It was indeed confusing down there. I'm still trying to put this experience all together.

CHAKOREAS

The last doorway you had to pass through was that of grief. This most painful feeling was the pinnacle of your achievement.

DARIUS

Grief? Pinnacle? How about the betrayal? The greed there?

CHAKOREAS

Those were important portals for you as well. Your most excellent accomplishment is a key milestone in the vast history of our great star-planet.

Darius scans the group, turning 360 degrees, then stops.

DARIUS

I was actually thinking that my leaving prematurely was a colossal failure...I'm pleasantly surprised!

The crowd resumes its celebratory dance, as spacecraft in many forms continually descend into this subterranean region.

More humanoids, shapes, and creatures join the group.
MYSTICAL MUSIC GETS LOUDER.

Suddenly, a huge CRASH OF THUNDER accompanied by bolts of lightning stops the party and startles everyone. Darius looks up nervously.

Chakoreas appears unaffected, while all of the others seek shelter in the forest as the winds whip the trees and dark clouds scud across the formerly crystalline sky.

Darius looks at Chakoreas as he starts moving toward tree line. Chakoreas flips around and scans, turns 360 degrees, then returns, looks at Darius.

SILENCE.

In the midst of the storm, a piercing white beam of light descends through the black sky, hits the subterranean surface like a spotlight. An eerie calm pervades the area.

All eyes turn toward the source of the blinding light as it increases in intensity. The dark clouds slowly disperse.

Through the tube of light descend various forms of bright, translucent winged, angelic-like beings, large and small. Some appear to be humanoid-like, with shiny suits; ET-like.

The crowd is transfixed.

The imposing tall figure of FRANCONIA, a princely, tightly-bearded humanoid being in a white military-type "shipsuit", descends, floating down the tube of light. He lands and walks to Darius.

FRANCONIA

(mildly British)

Hello, Darius. I am Franconia from
Devachon, an inner realm of Sirius
B. The Masters have told us that
you have returned from a long
mission to a faraway planet.

Darius stares in amazement at Franconia, then looks questioningly to Chakoreas. Chakoreas' eye blinks.

INT. DARIUS' BEDROOM - DAY

Stephen rushes into Darius' bedroom to Darius' lifeless body.

STEPHEN

Oh God!

He checks his friend's hand--he is shocked to find it cold. He looks around the room in despair, then shakes Darius.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
Darius! Wake up! Come on! This
can't be! Darius!

Maria stands just outside the bedroom door, looks in, hand over mouth in grief.

POLICEMAN #1 pulls Stephen back, then checks for a pulse in Darius' neck. He shakes his head. POLICEMAN #2 walks in.

POLICEMAN #1
Stand back. Don't touch anything.

Policeman #1 grabs his radio off his belt and calls for ambulance and detectives.

Stephen notices the envelope with his name on it lying on the night stand and picks it up. POLICEMAN #2 jerks it from Stephen.

STEPHEN
Hey wait! That's for me! It's got
my name on it for Christ's sake.

POLICEMAN #2
This could be evidence and we may
have a crime scene here. I'll take
it for now.

STEPHEN
It has my name on it.

Policeman #2 examines it.

STEPHEN (CONT'D)
How about if you open it and let me
read it quickly?

POLICEMAN #2
(reluctantly)
Ok, but put on these gloves.

Policeman pulls out a fresh pair of rubber gloves. Gives them to Stephen.

Stephen looks at the letter and sees **"Open Letter to Earth"**.

POLICEMAN #1
What's your relationship with this
man?

STEPHEN

(sullen)

We work together at Technical Dynamics. He was my best engineer...and a good man.

POLICEMAN #2

(all business)

We have some questions we need to ask you before you leave.

POLICEMAN #1

Be careful with that paper. Read it, but we need it for evidence, and don't leave the scene.

Stephen gives them and unconvincing nod.

The two policemen start looking around the room for evidence, as Stephen takes the letter to the window.

INT. HALLWAY - DARIUS' APARTMENT

Emily walks into his long hallway, comes to bedroom doorway.

EMILY

What's going on? What are policemen doing?

Maria stops her short of going in and leads her outside.

MARIA

There's been a little accident, Honey. You can't be in here.

She ushers Emily back to the front door.

INT. DARIUS' BEDROOM

Stephen stands near the window reading the letter.

DARIUS (V.O.)

Dear Stephen, I do apologize to you and to all my friends there for my rapid departure.

SIRENS IN BACKGROUND - MURMUR OF CROWD GATHERING OUTSIDE.
Stephen looks out to see the ambulance arrive.

DARIUS (V.O.)

I am originally from the Canus Major constellation and came here to observe your evolution for our home library. My time came to a quick close, my contract is terminated.

Stephen slowly shakes his head in disbelief.

DARIUS (V.O.)

I'm not alone on Earth as an alien. My original commitment was to stay through the end of 2012, but I've decided to cut my visit short. You were a good friend...your planet has so much potential--

POLICEMAN #2

I need that letter now.

STEPHEN

OK, just a sec.

DARIUS (V.O.)

In time, I'm sure you will understand all of this. If at all possible, secure my designs. Develop them. The planet could really use a re-boot.

Stephen stares at the last page with its strange hieroglyphic-like signature, turns and reluctantly hands the letter to the policeman and rushes out of the bedroom.

EXT. NEW REGION OF SUBTERRANEAN GARDENS - SIRIUS B

FRANCONIA

We of Devachon share your joy and your galactic success, if I may put it that way. I respectfully have two requests for you.

Darius shrugs, looking at Chakoreas.

DARIUS

Sure...of course.

FRANCONIA

Most excellent. Let me explain. The Master commanded that our approach be stormy and somewhat frightening to show a powerful force that often accompanies your newly-acquired emotional expression--*Fear*.

Darius looks attentively at Franconia, and all those in attendance turn their faces to him as well.

DARIUS

I am familiar with fear, it's a common emotion on the planet I left today. Was a challenging--

FRANCONIA

Exactly. You see, if emotion operates without joy, love, and wisdom, then darkness will set in, as you have witnessed.

Darius nods slowly, and a smile lights up Franconia's face.

FRANCONIA (CONT'D)

Indeed the feeling aspect of one's being can empower or destroy a being or even a planet.

Suddenly, hundreds more space craft swirl majestically overhead; some round, some dish-shaped. Some can be seen landing in the background.

DARIUS

(reverently)

Thank you for that. Makes total sense now.

FRANCONIA

You're certainly welcome. You've honored my first wish.

The assembled crowd continues to stare in rapt attention.

FRANCONIA (CONT'D)

My second request will be much easier for you. Will you welcome another visitor from Devachon?

Darius shrugs, a bit frozen.

DARIUS

Sure.

Franconia turns and quickly slips humbly into the crowd.

Another large, bright beam of light emerges from the sky. A glowing pair of White Tigers majestically float down to the surface, followed by a sparkling emerald, spherical-shaped vehicle trimmed in gold.

White birds and fairy-liked beings hover around the sphere.

Darius looks at Chakoreas and shrugs again. Chakoreas keeps blinking her one, bright blue eye. Suddenly blasts of laser beams shoot out from her in all directions.

Fireworks of sorts from her center, lighting up the dark sky.

EXT. DARIUS' APTARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

SIRENS FADE

The red flashing lights of two emergency vehicles light up the rainy sky and trail across the buildings. A small crowd mills around the stairway leading to Darius' apartment.

TWO MALE EMT'S (mid-20's) carry a stretcher with a covered human form down the stairs, then roll across a sidewalk, toward the silent ambulance.

Sitting in the back of the parking lot, in a black limo, J.T. watches diligently through his binoculars.

Maria, holding Emily's hand, stands nearby, watches the stretcher head to the ambulance. Emily clutches her doll.

MARIA

I cannot believe he's gone. He was a good, decent young man. Whatever could have happened?

Young Emily looks up innocently.

EMILY

Aunt Maria, he's not gone. He would never leave us. I just know he's coming back. He's got to come back. Anyone who can walk through fire can't die.

Maria looks at Emily, then covers her mouth with one hand.

MARIA

(evangelical tone)

Well, he's in a better place now. He had a good heart.

(MORE)

MARIA (CONT'D)

God will take care of him. He will always be with us, you are right, Little One.

EMILY'S MOTHER

Didn't he have a girlfriend? That real pretty lady?

MARIA

Yes...yes he did. Someone will need to tell her.

Maria shakes her head sadly, wiping the remaining tears from her eyes. She squats down to little Emily and puts her arm around her.

Stephen comes up from behind, clearly shaken. He puts his arms around Emily and Maria. The three of them and watch as the EMT's load the covered, inert body into the ambulance.

One EMT shuts the rear door with finality. The lights remain on. The sirens are silent as the truck pulls onto the busy, wet street and vanishes into the heavy suburban traffic.

EXT. NEW REGION OF SUBTERRANEAN GARDENS - SIRIUS B

The emerald sphere hovers just above the ground, the giant White Tigers on either side, facing Darius. An opening suddenly appears, and majestically a striking angelic being-- a human-shaped female--steps out.

Quite tall, with laser-blue eyes, she gracefully approaches Darius. *Darius recognizes his beloved Christina!*

He is transfixed, speechless. Christina walks up to him, extending her hands. Tentative, Darius reaches out grasps them. He begins to smile as they stand face to face.

DARIUS

Christina?

CHRISTINA

Yes and no. You may call me Christina, because that was my name on Earth.

DARIUS

(scattered)

You're not dead? What planet are you from? I mean, what system? I thought you were from Earth? How did you know I was here?

CHRISTINA

Darius, isn't it obvious? I'm from Sirius too. We're both home now.

DARIUS

But, why didn't we know on Earth?

The crowd is in complete silence, some staring at each other.

CHRISTINA

My mission on Earth was complete. I did not know it consciously. I did not plan to leave in that particular fashion. It was just the best method for the moment.

Darius simply stares at her.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

When we are on missions away from Sirius, there are filters in the physical brain, which keep us from getting overloaded. In my case, the human form got sucked into the 3D drama there.

The tigers and the craft lift toward the subterranean sky and vanish. There is a low MURMUR in the gathered crowd.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

We are not usually conscious of our real identity while travelling, it would be too much to handle. Because of this, we don't always have full awareness of our origins and destiny.

Chakoreas drifts away.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Besides, you and I have work to do together.

Darius slowly puts one hand on her face. Scintillating colors encircle his hand.

EXT. CHICAGO STREET - DAY

In a drizzling rain the ambulance, lights now off, moves along a busy, but slow moving suburban Chicago street.

INT. AMBULANCE

The two EMT's are chatting in the front seat. MUSIC (EARLY '70'S TUNES) on radio is low.

A second radio has voices - FEMALE DISPATCHER (V.O.) -- provides directions for other ambulances.

EMT DRIVER

This traffic sucks as usual.

EMT #2

Got that right. Glad we're not in a hurry. Hey did you see that blond chick on the way out of the parking lot?

EMT DRIVER

Yeah, we need more runs there!

EMT #2

Wonder how that guy died. Didn't look like a suicide.

EMT DRIVER

Who the heck knows. Hey, turn up that tune.

EMT #2 turns up the RADIO.

INT. AMBULANCE - REAR COMPARTMENT

We see lifeless black body bag on a gurney, shakes a bit with the bumps.

INT. CLASSROOM ON SIRIUS B

Darius and Christina sit, facing the Master. Energy rays that connect the Master and Darius oscillate.

THE MASTER SPEAKS

(sound)

SUPER: Darius, Descendant of Lumin, have you made a decision?

Darius makes quick glance at Christina.

DARIUS (TELEPATHICALLY)

SUPER: I have. I am going back to Earth to repair my damage and complete the original mission. Christina and I are joining forces there. We've got some work to clean up.

The Master's radiating light does not pulse.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

SUPER: I understand this was not one of the options, but I feel compelled to complete what I started there. I can time travel back and--

THE MASTER SPEAKS

(sound)

SUPER: I will run this change by the galactic council. Did you not understand that the *Endpoint* marked the beginning of a new era? A new age?

Darius opens his eyes, stares at the Master.

DARIUS (TELEPATHICALLY)

SUPER: I do now.

Darius stands up, grabs Christina's hand and ushers her outside. They walk to the gardens.

EXT. SUBTERRANEAN GARDENS

WATERFALLS, BIRDSONG IN BACKGROUND.

CHRISTINA

Let's go back now! There's a great need on Gaia.

DARIUS

If I go back now, how will you find me in Earth's time-space matrix? And you? Your body has been dead for too long. Mine, I think I can revive.

They stroll by massive trees and grand foliage. Christina stops and faces Darius.

CHRISTINA

Trust me. I will find you. Did I not find you here on Sirius when you least expected to see me?

DARIUS

Right. I get it, and I found you on Earth. But your body--

CHRISTINA

I'll find another, not difficult in 3D. I'll find someone who wants to swap. They can move on to their next life...I can use their body.

DARIUS

Got it. I'd better get back before it becomes a real problem. My form is zipped in a bag with no oxygen in the back of a 4-wheeled vehicle.

CHRISTINA

Go. Go get those designs and it will cancel the GIS' work. We'll bring your designs to fruition.

DARIUS

It's a plan. When should I look for you?

CHRISTINA

I'll find you in time. Oh, by the way, that drug they gave you-- it's all gone from your form down there.

Darius looks hard at her, relieved.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

Your stutter is gone forever.

As they walk through the gardens, both of their forms slowly evaporate.

Back on Earth...

INT. BACK OF AMBULANCE - DAY

Darius' body bag shows movement.

EXT. AMBULANCE

Ambulance slows down. Sign on right: *CITY MORGUE NEXT RIGHT*.

HARD RAIN POUNDS THE TRUCK. The WINDSHIELD WIPERS BEAT as EMT driver navigates the heavy traffic. He turns on the flashers.

INT. AMBULANCE

In rear compartment, black body bag shows more signs of movement. SLIGHT MOANS.

The EMT's remain oblivious to what is happening. LOUD RADIO CHATTER WITH MORGUE personnel, and other calls occupy them.

Darius' hand emerges, pushing zipper far enough down to get his hand out and fully unzip body bag. He sits up and rubs his eyes, then looks around in a daze.

The driver suddenly notices movement in the rear view mirror. Darius crawls to the window separating the compartments and taps on the glass.

The driver pulls to roadside, then screeches to a halt. The two EMT's look at Darius, then stare at each other in amazement. They're speechless. EMT #2 nervously slides open the window.

DARIUS

(unusually calm)

Don't be alarmed. This happens to me sometimes. It's a rare type of epilepsy that puts my body into a simulated state of hibernation. Sorry for the trouble.

EMT #2

What the--

DARIUS

I need to get back home and get my medicine--now. How far away are we?

EMT DRIVER

We...we're about 20 minutes out.

EMT #2 just stares at Darius, mouth open.

DARIUS

Please hurry. I feel my energy dropping fast.

The two EMT's just stare at each other. Darius lays back down in exhaustion.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET

The ambulance pulls into morgue parking, lot then does a 180, and speeds back toward Darius' apartment. This time full lights and siren on.

Next Day...

EXT. REMOTE COUNTRY ROAD - SUNRISE

Darius is driving down unusually straight country road, towered on both sides by green cornstalks.

INT. DARIUS' CHILDHOOD HOME - YORKVILLE, IN - MORNING

Mary Ellen, now in her mid-fifties, still upbeat, opens the front door and greets Darius. They hug.

Darius peaks over her shoulder, looking down the hallway to where the grandfather clock should be. No clock.

MARY ELLEN

How's your drive? Hon, I've got chicken and noodles fresh off the stove for you.

DARIUS

(preoccupied)
Smells great in here! I'm hungry, great timing!

INT. MARY ELLEN'S KITCHEN

Darius sits at the kitchen table with his mom, eating some lunch. Mary Ellen sips her coffee. A view to the living room reveals a picture of Earl in his military uniform.

DARIUS

(nonchalantly)
Hey, what ever happened to our old grandfather clock?

MARY ELLEN

Well, it stopped working, didn't have a repairman, so I had it put in the garage and covered.

She fills her coffee cup.

DARIUS

Nice. I want to take a look at it. Some great memories.

MARY ELLEN

Want some coffee?

DARIUS

No thanks, I'm good.

INT. MARY ELLEN'S GARAGE

Darius takes the cover off of the old grandfather clock, still looks great. He opens front door to find nothing. Looks in back. Small door at bottom.

He grabs an old flashlight, then feels around and finds his old, brittle paper airplane from 20 years earlier.

TIK TOC, as he bumps the majestic piece. He smiles at it like an old friend.

He holds the airplane like a piece of rare china. All past events surrounding this paper, begin to disappear: the GIS never saw it.

INT. MARY ELLEN'S HOME - DARIUS OLD BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

CRICKET/NIGHT SOUNDS. Darius is hunched over his small, childhood desk, lit by an old flimsy desk lamp. He carefully opens the paper plane and smooths it out with his hand.

His eyes move rapidly across the paper. He sits back in awe.

DARIUS

What was I thinking? These calcs aren't for photon energy at all. These are electromagnetic cross-vectors and scalars that are dynamic with Earth's magnetic contours. They reconcile the Unified Field Theory and the four forces in the universe! This is it! This is the real free energy!

Darius leans forward, now squinting at the paper. He grabs a pen and paper, and copies the equations on a fresh pad, then carefully lays the old paper down, turns off the lamp and slides into bed.

EXT. RURAL GRAVEL ROAD - MORNING

Darius' car is parked on the side in tall grass, along an abandoned gravel road. He walks into a row of massive corn stalks.

SOUND OF WIND THROUGH CORNSTALKS. He looks around, then squats down, pulls out the folded paper plane from his pocket. He then pulls out a book of matches and burns it.

He stands in contemplation as the ashes fly gently away in the breeze. With eyes closed, he takes a deep breath of fresh country air. A brief, strong breeze nearly knocks him down.

INT. UNDERGROUND LABORATORY - SOUTHWEST U.S. - DAY

Three white-coated engineers observe the hovering silvery, saucer-shaped craft of about 10 feet diameter, as it silently moves up and down inside of the room.

Two men take notes, while the third films the experiment. The head engineer looks at his clipboard, a laminated copy of Darius' original equations.

But the details of the mathematical formulas begin to shimmer and fluctuate.

Magically, the equations begin to fade completely. Head engineer blinks his eyes in astonishment.

The saucer-shaped craft begins to shudder and wobble for a few seconds, then crashes to the concrete floor. Two engineers rush to the craft to check pilot, who is shaken.

Amazed, the engineer with the clipboard again looks at the papers. All notes have faded to blank white page. Slowly, the craft itself begins to vanish.

All present are frozen in time. They slowly evaporate as well.

INT. UNDERGROUND TURBINE ROOM - SOUTHWEST U.S.

LOUD HUM OF TRANSFORMERS.

In the small lab, the analogue numbers on the voltmeter gauge, tracking the "free energy" of small black box, quickly go from "1,000,000 kilowatts" to "0 kilowatts".

ALARMS SOUND, as engineers rush to see what happened. BEEP BEEP, then ALARMS fades to nothing.

LOUD HUM OF TRANSFORMERS FADE ONE-BY-ONE TO SILENCE.

Engineers freeze....then evaporate.

INT. UNDERGROUND ROOM #4044 - SOUTHWEST U.S.

Strapped in the chair at the center of the age reversal "cube" is an 80-something man. On the outside of the "cube", two engineers are at the controls.

They watch as they turn on the six age-reversal "etheric generators". The man is very nervous, uncomfortable. His wheelchair is parked outside the "cube".

Suddenly, the power goes down. The control panel flutters, then starts evaporating, followed by the six generators, straps, and chair. All equipment disappears.

The old man stands up, looks around, confused. Engineers are speechless. All freeze in their position, then evaporate.

SUPER: 2030

Overview of quaint town of Yorkville, Indiana. Water tank now painted with various colored array of current advertising. Weeds grown up around unused tank. Some city sprawl.

EXT. BACK DECK - DARIUS' CURRENT RURAL HOUSE - NIGHT

CRICKETS CHIRPING, ECHO OF DISTANT DOG BARK.

Darius Sommerfield(early 80's) leans on the porch rail, looking out at the darkness. He is youthful with grey hair.

A TALL, ATTRACTIVE BLONDE LADY (70) comes up from behind and embraces him, puts her chin on his shoulder.

Darius turns and they have a quick kiss. He steps back and looks into her piercing blue eyes. For a brief moment he sees her as Christina. Her face glows.

TALL BLONDE

I really do love this little town,
this peaceful, little place.

DARIUS

It has worked out quite well for
us, Sweetie.

They stand side by side looking at the evening stars.

DARIUS (CONT'D)

I'm still a bit baffled as to how
you found me!

TALL BLONDE

Aw. Wasn't that hard...a guy named
Darius, retired engineer in
Yorkville, Indiana, on a small
planet in the same galaxy, who's
doing weird things with age
reversal. My only issue is working
out the kinks in this new body.

It's Christina's voice. We now know it's Christina (now
Christina #2) in a new body.

DARIUS

That must be a tough one.

CHRISTINA #2

Well, our *Life Extension Tube* has really done the job. When I located this body, it was near death. But I was able to download all my human memories prior.

DARIUS

Thank God for that! And now we have LEC, Inc.! We can live as long as we want...that's if we want.

CHRISTINA #2

I remember it all: your apartment and office getting ransacked, and then there was J. T., and Davis. Ah, the good ole days of Watergate, Nixon, and leisure suits! But one thing hasn't changed: you still need a good haircut.

DARIUS

I'll be the judge of that!

CHRISTINA #2

By the way, when you left TDI, what did you do with your work there?

DARIUS

I sabotaged it. Not in a bad way, just that everything they developed would simply work for a while, then collapse.

Both again look to the night sky.

CHRISTINA #2

What an amazing love story we could tell.

DARIUS

Oh yeah, I can see it now: "Alien meets girl, girl dies a strange death, alien finds her on home planet, girl follows alien back to Earth."

CHRISTINA #2
 "... and live happily ever
 after..really ever after." Not bad
 for starters, but will it sell?

The both shrug simultaneously, then stare at the stars.

DARIUS
 I think this is the beginning of a
 great relationship.

CHRISTINA #2
 You really love that movie! I guess
 you'll have to do the thinking for
 both of us.

They both chuckle, as several bright lights flash by.

DARIUS
 Wonder what would have happened if
 you hadn't tricked Phillip into
 going to the liquor store the night
 you left?

CHRISTINA #2
 I actually think he would've just
 drank himself to sleep when he came
 back. It worked out better for
 everyone that I just forgot that my
 medicine and alcohol don't mix. A
 couple shots of whiskey
 accidentally did the trick. It was
 all quite painless.

DARIUS
 Painless for you!

CLAIR DE LUNE by Debussy magically echoes through the house
 and out to the deck.

CHRISTINA #2
 Hey, our first song together. Do
 you remember?

DARIUS
 Of course, thought you'd like that
 touch.

CHRISTINA #2
 I'll bet telling Steve you had an
 obscure form of epilepsy wasn't all
 that easy.

DARIUS

Yeah, being an engineer, he had tons of questions. He finally, just gave in. Then, of course, I resigned to get started on our designs. But your journey out of here? What exactly did you tell Phillip to get him to leave?

Christina #2 steps away to opposite rail, looks at the stars.

CHRISTINA #2

Well, I told him I would try and work it out with him. But to talk further, I'd needed a drink and he would need to go get something. He bought into it and reluctantly left. I ran and got my own hidden bottle of whiskey to calm myself down, but forgot I had taken my meds. The two did me in.

DARIUS

A genius move.

Christina #2 shrugs, walks back to Darius and grabs his hand, whirling him through the back sliding glass door entrance into the living room.

CHRISTINA #2

Enough of this serious stuff. We need to dance!

INT. LIVING ROOM

She points her finger at the hi-tech sound system, which starts to play MOONGLOW by ROD STEWART. (NEED RIGHTS)

She pulls him into the center of the room, holds his hand as she swing dances. She leads, while the clumsy Darius attempts to follow. He slowly finds his rhythm.

As they spin, we see Christina's face alternate between Christina #1 and Christina #2. They spin and spin. They laugh.

EXT. DOWNTOWN CHICAGO - DAY

A long line of middle-aged, older, and handicapped people are lined up along a side walk in front of one store.

Sign over door: **LEC, Inc.**

INT. OFFICE BUILDING OF "LEC, INC."

The same "cube" - the "life extension cube" - as the GIS' underground "cube" sits inside the office building. It has six large metal rings, one per wall, ceiling, and floor. Each radiates a different color of light to and OLDER GENTLEMAN (85) who is seated in the center.

Slowly, the man's wrinkled face begins to reveal youth. His posture straightens. He now appears to be in his mid-20's.

The man looks at his hands and body. Stands up, walks out and looks in a mirror. He is ecstatic!

Just outside the door of the "cube" is a pile of hundreds of wheelchairs, braces, glasses, and walking canes.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING, LEC, INC.

The exit door is to the left a few feet from the line of older people waiting.

Everyone exiting the building appears to be in their mid-20's, happy, cheerful.

INT. LIVING ROOM - DARIUS' CURRENT RURAL HOUSE - NIGHT

Christina and Darius still dance. Can hear MOONGLOW faintly in background.

EXT. DARIUS' BACKYARD - NIGHT

NIGHT SOUNDS. CRICKETS. A small sliver of light exits the old wooden shed.

INT. SHED

On a modern, metal table sits a small elliptically-shaped device with blinking, multi-colored lights on top.

On each side of the table stands a large, amber crystal. Each crystal is the same shape as that of the Master's pedestal on Sirius. A yellow glow fills the room.

We see a timer on the side of the device. TIC TOC. It is counting down to 2100 hours (9:00 PM).

The elliptical box starts getting Brighter and Brighter. The room is flooded with light.

On the base of the device:

Powered by ENDPOINT, INC.

ALARM at 2100 hours.

PULL BACK - The yard lights come on, then the neighbors' street lights.

AERIAL VIEW OF TOWN - NIGHT

Lights come on slowly throughout city, then the entire region, state, etc., with Darius' shed at the center.

MOODY BLUES, "WILDEST DREAMS" (NEED RIGHTS) STARTS

The End

