

UNTITLED CAMERON CROWE

UNTITLED 5.08

ON BLACK

The mighty and inviting sound of static... signals... distant snatches of high-tech communication... machines discussing the future in a language all their own... and out of this, we hear...

INT. DEFENSECOM OFFICE -- DAY

Happy Birthday. A cupcake is delivered into a Defense company think tank in El Segundo, California.

ENGINEER

Happy Birthday, Gilcrest --

BRIAN GILCREST, 37, accepts the cupcake. One candle and the frosted number that dogs his soul. 37.

GILCREST'S VOICE

Hard to say when it started. It's like a hundred little paper-cuts.

INT. AIR FORCE BUDGET OFFICE -- DAY

Gilcrest argues the budget of a high-tech satellite system. Conversation includes the names of communication programs, like "T-SAT," and "SIBRS."

GILCREST'S VOICE

... you don't think it's happening...

INT. GILCREST'S HOME/EL SEGUNDO -- AFTERNOON

Gilcrest arrives home from work. A black bag in hand, always. His deadbeat brother, ALLEN, is in the kitchen in a robe. Allen is an imperious presence with a blithe attitude.

BROTHER

Hey Bro. You still coming to my kid's Christmas thing?

INT. SCHOOL PAGEANT -- DAY

It's a Children's Christmas pageant. The kids are dancing, singing "Winter Wonderland." He is surrounded by the gooey affection of happy families.

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GILCREST'S VOICE
And one day you accept your little
secret from the world. You...
I...

CLOSER ON KIDS DANCING AND SINGING

GILCREST'S VOICE (CONT'D)
... am an angry...

CLOSER STILL ON KIDS DANCING

GILCREST'S VOICE (CONT'D)
... person.

Gilcrest arrives at this personal revelation with a
small, cynical smile.

INT. CAR -- DAY -- DRIVING

Stopped at a traffic light. Lovers make out in the car
ahead of him. The light turns green. They're still
making out. Gilcrest lays on the horn.

INT. C-17 -- LATE NIGHT

Gilcrest sits with uniformed Officers on a military
transport plane. The back of the plane is filled with
mini-monitoring stations for mobile defense Satellites.

GILCREST'S VOICE
There was something freeing about
it. Gone was the incessant need
to project a sunny disposition.

ENLISTED MAN
Hey Gilcrest.

A Young ENLISTED MAN passes Gilcrest a cell-phone with a
baby photo on it. The baby looks goofy.

OFFICER # 1
Gorgeous, huh?

Gilcrest looks at the picture, and the young guy's
ridiculous pride.

GILCREST
Looks like a baby.

OFFICER # 1
(enraptured)
Yeah, she sure does. If this
doesn't get you, you ain't got
nothing inside.

Gilcrest nods distractedly. The guy loves his baby.

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CONTINUED:

COMMANDER
Coming into Kabul!

EXT. KABUL MOUNTAIN -- EARLY MORNING

AFGHANI TRIBESMEN look on warily as Satellite dishes are put up in the morning light. Gilcrest is in the center of activity, as Air Force workers hustle to put together a monitoring station. It's a tough little Mission.

COMMANDER
Gilcrest. The Tribesman says he doesn't know you.

GILCREST
(immediately angry)
I'm the Contractor... Defensecom
SES. We're responsible for
installing these mobile-
communication units. I work with
the Joint Forces of the U.S.
Military. We were here last month
to finalize --

A head TRIBESMAN shakes his head.

GILCREST (CONT'D)
No no no. We had assurances. I
spoke with this man myself.

The Tribesman shakes his head violently, no.

GILCREST (CONT'D)
Come on --

TRIBESMAN
(halting, to
Gilcrest)
Where is the uniform?

GILCREST
I don't wear a uniform. I'm the
contractor. I come with the
equipment!

COMMANDER
You have or have not met this man?

GILCREST
Of course I've met this man. And
we're supposed to be met by
another gentleman in a green coat.

The Tribesman offers a torrent of foreign words.

COMMANDER
Let's get a translator. This can
be worked out --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRIBESMAN
(points at Gilcrest)
Hawalla!

COMMANDER
What's "Hawalla" --

GILCREST
No. This man knows English. I've
spoken English with him --

COMMANDER
-- because "Hawalla" doesn't sound
good.

Gilcrest's anger emerges, full-blown.

GILCREST
I want these trucks let through,
immediately!

TRIBESMAN
Hawalla!

GILCREST
(raging)
"Hawalla?" "Hawalla?!"

TRIBESMAN
Hawalla!

GILCREST
"Hawalla" yourself!

COMMANDER
What does "Hawalla" mean?

GILCREST
(unhinged)
I don't know! I don't know Dari!
I know Pashto. Nobody speaks Dari
anymore!!! Ridiculous!!

TRIBESMAN
"Hawalla!"

Gilcrest now goes ballistic. Nearby, another Tribesman
waves a small day-glo stick in the air, over his head.

GILCREST
This is bullshit... we had a
contract!!

There is a gentle whistling, and then... an EXPLOSION.

ON GILCREST -- FREEZE

Blown into the air. A body suspended in mist and smoke.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILCREST'S VOICE

Now I know what you're thinking
and I agree. This "anger" thing
was not working out well. In
fact, surrendering to it had been
a very, very bad idea. If only I
had that one moment back again...

ON THE KIDS

Singing "Winter Wonderland." And slowly we hear the
sound returning. A whistling, and another EXPLOSION.

EXT. KABUL MOUNTAINSIDE -- MORNING

Gilcrest's body is randomly blown into the side of the
mountain, landing with a final thud.

ALLEN'S VOICE

My brother knew the sky better
than anyone else...

EXT. SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CEMETERY -- SUNNY DAY

A small gathering near a green hillside. Gilcrest's
brother Allen gives a less-than-soul-stirring eulogy.

ALLEN

... but I think everything on land
was not his specialty.

ROW OF WOMEN

Some nod in recognition at this key observation.

WOMAN # 1

Amen.

One emotional-looking woman gives Woman # 1 a dirty look.
The emotional one is TRACY GOODROW, 35. She's a bit
older than the others, not part of their crowd. Her nine-
year old son, MITCHELL, stands nearby, filming all with a
video-camera. Presently, a small commotion arrives. A
black sedan pulls up near the bottom of the hillside. Two
men exit, importantly, waving arms. One of them
approaches the podium.

MAN

Ladies and gentlemen. We have
some wonderful new information.
Brian Gilcrest has been found
alive. He is alive!

EXT. PARKING LOT -- DAY

Some grumbling and car-door slamming. Tracy looks around, still shocked at the ambivalence. She's joined by Mitchell, still filming. She puts an arm around him and hustles him to the car.

ON THE EMPTY HILLSIDE

Gilcrest's photo is still on the easel. It's knocked over by a gust of wind, and blown out of frame. The gentle sound of wind continues.

INT. FOREIGN HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

An odd-looking man with frizzy red-hair stands with Gilcrest, who is badly injured and sedated. They are alone. The man is RED HIBISCUS, a deep-cover operative.

HIBISCUS
(very directly)
It's over, Gilcrest...

To BLACK.

The words: One Quiet Year Later

EXT. XICHANG SPACE CENTER LAUNCHING PAD/CHINA -- DAY

Roar! An enormous Ballistic Missile sits on a Chinese launching pad. Exhaust fumes billow from below. Chinese voices begin a countdown.

INT. VANDENBERG AIR FORCE BASE/LOMPOC -- DAY

Air Force Officers watch monitors at the Space Command Station. A COMMAND OFFICER barks the news.

COMMAND OFFICER
The Chinese are launching an ASAT
out of Shanghai.

OFFICER # 1
They're going to shoot down their
own Satellite, and send us a
message. They can take us out
next.

They study the information coming in.

COMMAND OFFICER
Not since "Sputnik," gentlemen,
have our sky-assets been
challenged like this.

Beat. The gauntlet has been thrown down...

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CONTINUED:

OFFICER # 1
On the fourth of July.

EXT. XICHANG SPACE CENTER LAUNCHING PAD -- DAY

The Missile launches and whizzes just past us.

INT. SCHRIEVER AIR FORCE/COLORADO -- DAY

Officers move briskly down the hallway, both directions.
A lot of fevered saluting as they pass each other.
Something big is going on. Another world away...

EXT. EL SEGUNDO, CALIFORNIA -- DAY

The great natural sound of wind blows through trees. A
Mustang pulls into the driveway. Ignition turns off.

INT. SUBURBAN HOME/LARGENT'S HOME -- DAY

A July 4th party of young Physicists and Engineers and
their young families. One ENGINEER-TYPE stands in the
kitchen and observes with wonder:

ENGINEER # 1
Willya look at that. It's
Gilcrest...

Another joins him.

ENGINEER # 2
Amazing. I went to this guy's
funeral.

ENGINEER # 1
Yeah, I wouldn't bring it up.

EXT. SUBURBAN DRIVEWAY -- DAY

Gilcrest rises out of the car. His leg is a little
unsteady, as he balances himself. Assembling his
persona, he withdraws sunglasses, puts them on. He looks
up at the sky. Always, the sky calms him. Cat Stevens'
"Don't Be Shy."

INT. LARGENT'S LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Gilcrest enters to a warm reception. Awkward hugs
abound. The host, 30, is physicist BOB LARGENT.

LARGENT
He walks the earth!

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CONTINUED:

GILCREST
Happy 4th! I brought you some
meat in a bag --

He produces a bag of marinated meat. The Engineers watch
from the kitchen doorway, talking privately:

ENGINEER # 2
Should we mention anything about
the incident in Kabul --

ENGINEER # 1
I wouldn't. Kind of embarrassing.
Two big contracts went to Northrup
after that. 750 jobs lost, and
now France makes American fueling
tankers. They blamed Gilcrest and
his "sparkling" behavior.

ENGINEER # 2
Some great-looking women at his
funeral, though...

EXT. POOL -- DAY

Gilcrest aggressively presents himself as "back." He
holds forth about Kabul. Nearby, kids splash in the
pool. Barbecue.

GILCREST
I'm telling you -- we're fighting
for scraps out there. Not every
decision is going to be the right
one.

ENGINEER # 2
How's the leg?

GILCREST
It fucking hurts! No, I'm good.
Super good. Super, super good.

A KID (LIAM) viciously aims a nerf gun at him.

KID
Pow pow pow!

GILCREST
Thank you. Good to see you again,
Liam... great kid... missed you...

Gilcrest's first public outing in a year is slightly
shaky. Meanwhile...

DEEP SPACE -- 537 MILES ABOVE EARTH

The Chinese Missile EXPLODES the dead Satellite into a
thousand bits of...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPACE JUNK

Fiery shards of matter and bits fill the dark atmosphere.

EXT. BACKYARD -- DAY

Beepers and ring-tones roll across the party. Everybody is being called, or called to action. Except...

GILCREST

Clearly left out. In this moment, he feels his worth. Nothing. Zip. Passed over. Finished. We hear the cavalcade of chatter: "Chinese ASAT... space debris... blew up their own dead weather satellite... aimed at our military capability... we could be next..." He covers his emotions, of course, as action rises around him. This is a towering event in their world. And then...

Salvation.

It's the sound of his mobile. He too is being called to action. We PUSH in, as life and hope returns. He looks up at the sky. Up there, somewhere, a second chance.

BLACK BAG

Zipped.

SUITCASE

Opens.

INT. GILCREST'S CLOSET -- DAY

Gilcrest whips through his clothes, stopping on a Hawaiian shirt at the very end of his clothes rack. A memory of a previous life. He pulls it, and packs it. He moves quickly through the spare undecorated home.

EXT. DRIVE TO VANDENBERG AFB-- DAY

Gilcrest drives fast, his cell gripped in one hand.

GILCREST

Launch Manager Gilcrest here!
We're back, Jeremy!

JEREMY'S VOICE

Hell yes, we're back. Everybody
on two legs is back.

GILCREST

Happy Fourth of July.

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CONTINUED:

JEREMY'S VOICE

We're going to answer the Chinese fast, Gilcrest. Launching Our Biggest Secret Satellite early. I feel that beautiful chill of the Cold War, don't you?

GILCREST

Do we have a new code name for this bird?

JEREMY'S VOICE

JCS-132? Now known as "Elevation."

GILCREST

I love it.

JEREMY'S VOICE

Me too.

Gilcrest looks up at the sky. Almost giddy:

GILCREST

You love everything I love.

JEREMY'S VOICE

That's my job, Gilcrest. There's a C-17 leaving for Hickam in twenty minutes. Apparently you know the pilot...

The car blasts forward, ocean glittering to his left. Gilcrest joyously roars around the big bend into the valley where Vandenberg AFB is tucked. Music.

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS/CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN -- DAY

A BANK OF MONITORS and cool, whirring data banks dominate this windowless room overlooking the world by satellite. The lighting is warm. Tech magazines, fruit, take-out food and coffee cups give it a homey feel. One Lone Engineer, a pale young King of Tech, 27, monitors all. He's got a headset on, and he swivels back and forth, surveying global grids and monitors. We do not see his face. We assume he is JEREMY.

JEREMY'S VOICE

Call me from Hawaii. Aloha, Gilcrest.

GILCREST

Out here.

Gilcrest hangs up.

Title: Hickam Air Force Base, Honolulu, Hawaii.

INT. VISITOR'S BOOTH/HICKHAM AFB -- DAY

The Visitor's entrance is lively today with Native Dancers, visiting Dignitaries, and arriving Officers. A uniformed HICKAM OFFICER checks badges.

HICKAM OFFICER

Morning Airman.

THE AIRMAN -- A WOMAN

She is focused, crisp and alive, feeling every bit of her potential. She is MAJOR LISA NG, 31. (Pronounced "ing," she looks nothing like her exotic name.) There is no excess in her presentation, from her hair to her shiny black shoes. Her salute slices the air. She has prestigious Air Force pilot's decorations on her chest.

LISA NG

Sir!

In one super-charged movement, she rips open the velcro pocket of her high-tech jacket and produces ID.

EXT. HICKAM AIR FORCE BASE -- HONOLULU, HAWAII -- DAY

The roar of American jets. It's the beginning of a new day here at Hickam Air Force Base. Once an ancient battlefield, this 60's-styled base is now the center of the Pacific Theater and the world's most volatile strategic assets, including China, Australia, Korea and more. Under the "vacation getaway" cover of Hawaii, this is Casablanca, the crucible of white-knuckle post-modern diplomacy and military might. All of it below the surface of a Mayberry-like township. These are the Believers. American spirit is not a cigarette brand to them, it's a way of life. And the tempo is rising...

- 1) A flying "V" of kids on bikes riding down a tree-lined Hickam Street.
- 2) Two Women Air Force officers walk the Hickam sidewalk, offer a fellow Airman the Hawaiian "shaka" salute -- three middle fingers down, thumb and little finger outstretched.
- 3) Hands tidily re-pin decorations on a Colonel's freshly dry-cleaned uniform.
- 4) Mitchell, the ten year-old videographer we remember from Gilcrest's "funeral," stands in the front yard of his smart-looking military home. His camera is trained intently on the active Hawaiian sky.

Tracy Goodrow exits her front door, with her daughter, GRACE. Grace, 12, is entrenched in her awkward phase. She's all elbows and befuddled adolescence. The loud sound of planes continue above them.

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Tracy, ever the military wife, squints up into the sky for a tail number she recognizes.

TRACY

Nope -- it's not your Dad.

5) A TV in one of the Officers' Headquarters shows Local Weatherman BEN NAKAMURA. (Locals watch weather-reports like sports here.) COLONEL PETE "FINGERS" LACY, 45, watches the report while putting on the dry-cleaned uniform. His Staff Sgt. Assistant, WINSTON, is nearby.

BEN NAKAMURA (ON T.V.)

Alo-ha, I'm your new Meteorologist
Ben Nakamura...

COLONEL LACY

When did weathermen become
"meterologists?"

7) A wooden stage is prepared on the air-field. A distant bell sounds. The growing crowd awaits the arrival of a new C-17, the high-tech workhorse of the Pacific. Native Hawaiians in authentic garb mix with Military personnel. It's a good day for the mandated tradition here -- the blessing of important new equipment that will be based on this "peaceful" island.

8) Mitchell now catches Col. Lacy. Lacy offers him a stiff shaka. Everybody knows Mitchell, the goofy kid on the base with a camera.

MITCHELL

Colonel Lacy -- are you aware of the so-called Arrival Myth, the emergence of the next Hawaiian island, Loihi, and the final reckoning of the Fire Goddess Pele? The Five Signs of Arrival, Sir?

Tracy hustles up, and pulls the kid away.

TRACY

Sorry Colonel. He's a "buff."

COLONEL LACY

It's cooking in "The Theatre,"
Goodrow.

TRACY

I know. We have some bones coming in, too. A World War II Airman, frozen in the snow...

INT. C-17 -- DAY

Gilcrest sits with black bag on his lap. Suitcase nearby. He is alone in the back of the plane. Across from him, a military transport box carrying the bones. A flag draped across it.

INT. C-17 -- DAY

JOHN GOODROW ("WOODY"), 36, pilots the C-17 heading West. Calm and stoic. Woody is a man's man, and to most women he meets, a leg-weakening fantasy. He might be the best-looking guy to ever put on a military uniform. Gilcrest pokes his head into the cockpit. Woody invites him to sit on the jump-seat. A quiet buzz of voices and commands crackle from the radio.

WOODY

Sorry I missed your funeral.

GILCREST

No problem. Next time, Woody.

A woman's voice cuts through the chatter. The plane's audio warning system is a judgmental-sounding electronic matriarch known to all C-17 pilots as "BITCHIN' BETTY."

BITCHIN' BETTY

"Ad-just fa-laps."

GILCREST

Bitchin' Betty! You minx.

BITCHIN' BETTY

"Ad-just fa-laps."

WOODY

Launching a big one, huh?

Gilcrest offers a confidential "eyebrow agreement." Woody nods, catches a look at Gilcrest's bare leg, visible above his sock. There's a support brace, covering a long still-obvious scar. Gilcrest coolly pulls his pant leg down, with an enigmatic smile. It fucking hurt. It still hurts. Woody offers his own confidential "eyebrow agreement."

WOODY (CONT'D)

Tracy's going to flip out when she sees you... whoa, look at this...

There is a brief power-surge as the plane nears Hickam. An odd electrical bump in the sky...

EXT. HICKAM AIRFIELD -- DAY

Major Lisa Ng enters frame. She powerfully rips open another pocket from her jacket, withdraws ultra-ultra modern sunglasses and slams them on. Checks the sky.

THE C-17

It appears, flying through a rare double-rainbow circle.

MITCHELL -- THE SWIRL OF ACTIVITY AROUND HIM

Capturing it all, his camera trained on the fast-moving Hawaiian sky. Sun and rain fighting to a draw.

MITCHELL

A double-rainbow circle... the first sign of The Arrival!

Native Dancers exhibit the Hula. Tough. Powerful. Almost insolent in their attitude. This is not the "tourist" version. They reach to the sky... intensity rising... chanting and moving among the Military-types. Two worlds, co-existing on the tip of this volcanic peak of an island. Ng dabs her eyes, under her ultra-shades. The hula always makes her emotional, but that's her secret.

EXT. C-17 -- DAY

Gilcrest exits the big plane. The sight and smells of Hawaii hit him hard. He's searching for a face in the crowd. Instead, he's met by Colonel Lacy. They inspire instant one-upsmanship in each other.

COLONEL LACY

"Launch Manager?" Shit, we must be down to dwindling resources.

GILCREST

That's right, baby, bottom of the barrel. Come to save your sagging ass.

COLONEL LACY

After Kabul? You dare to joke.

GILCREST

I do. I dare.

They shake warmly and vigorously.

COLONEL LACY

How's your life?

GILCREST

I have no life. You're my life, Fingers.

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CONTINUED:

COLONEL LACY

You're my life, Colonel. Nobody calls me Fingers anymore. You say "Fingers" and people will look at strangely. I'm Colonel Lacy.

Gilcrest is clearly looking over his shoulder for someone. And then, he sees her...

TRACY

She receives the flag-draped wooden box as it is discreetly moved with cargo from the back of the plane. (Nearby is her assistant KEANA, 23.) And in this moment, it all comes back. The vivid peaks, the bad break-up, the stolen kisses, the way she moves in the bright sunlight. It hurts the way a great hurt should.

COLONEL LACY (CONT'D)

Gilcrest, meet your Space Command Liaison Officer --

GILCREST

Huh? Oh, right.

COLONEL LACY

This one's on a fast track. C-17 pilot, decorated two years ahead of "The Zone." We're doing some career-broadening with her. She's gonna make sure you hit every pixel of the contract.

(tumbleweeds of dryness)

And don't ever think it's because of Kabul.

Major Ng steps up, purposefully as always.

NG

Major Lisa Ng, Sir.

Gilcrest is about to shake her hand, when he's interrupted by two fellow Defensecom-affiliated sub-contractors, KEN FINKLEY and MIKE BIXLER. They are glib and cynical salesmen for the military-industrial complex. Think used cars, and you'd be close. Ng observes their behavior, gimlet-eyed.

KEN FINKLEY

Show us the scar, Gilcrest.

GILCREST

Can't do it, Finkley. It's too sexy.

MIKE BIXLER

Boy, I would have bet against them calling you in --

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CONTINUED: (2)

KEN FINKLEY

Wait. Don't get him "angry"...

"Ha ha." She's awaiting her handshake:

NG

If I may ---

Now Tracy arrives, and spins Gilcrest around to face her. Her smile is heartbreaking. The same memories play across her face.

TRACY

I refuse to talk with you!

GILCREST

Well, you've already broken your first promise.

TRACY

(not an insult)
You got older.

GILCREST

Can you imagine such a thing?

TRACY

Woody never said you were coming.
He never tells me anything.

GILCREST

He talked to me.

TRACY

Of course he did, you're not married to him.

GILCREST

Would you stop getting more beautiful?

She's charmed. It's good for a small swoon, still. Ng is still waiting for her handshake.

TRACY (CONT'D)

You have to meet my kids.

She takes his arm and pulls him away. Ng feels indignation. And then, at the last moment, Gilcrest's hand reaches back and clasps hers in a solid shake.

GILCREST

(over his shoulder)
Don't get lost.

Major Ng watches him disappear with Tracy, studying him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NG
(to herself)
Never.

GILCREST AND TRACY

Join Mitchell and Gracie. (Mitchell filming, as always.)

TRACY
Mitchell is 10, Gracie is 12.

Tracy crooks an arm around Gilcrest. Grace sees this. Tracy beams, so proud of these kids. Gilcrest notes how much Grace looks like a junior version of Mom. Mitchell, on the other hand, is all-camera and no-face.

TRACY (CONT'D)
Guys, this is Brian Gilcrest. I haven't seen Brian in 13 years.

The kids do the math, see their mother's loopy behavior. They look concerned.

MITCHELL
I went to your funeral.

GILCREST
Thank you. Not you?

The question to Gracie produces awkward behavior. She grabs her elbow and rubs, as she attempts an answer.

GRACE
No because I didn't know you.

GILCREST
Fair enough...

Tracy fusses with her daughter's posture and jutting arm behavior. Her daughter doesn't like the physical contact. Something about this Mother and Daughter makes Gilcrest laugh. Woody arrives and slips an arm around Tracy. There is well-worn chemistry between them, as they stand with their hair blowing in the Hawaiian wind.

MITCHELL
Are you "The Arrival?"

Gilcrest spots an important-looking Vehicle arriving in the background.

GILCREST
Actually, I'm the "Departure." My boss is arriving, and I have to prepare for some serious ass-kissing, excuse my language.

TRACY
Come for dinner this week?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GILCREST

Would love it.

TRACY

We're right across from the
Officer's Club. Finally got the
corner house...

Woody offers Gilcrest a rakish smile -- this is my life. Gilcrest nods appreciatively, and heads for his boss. He fights an odd wave of emotion. Something about that family... as we hear The Rolling Stones. "Prodigal Son."

MOVING WITH GILCREST

He crosses through military-types, the contractors, and the native Hawaiians... a man between two camps... with those large planes and machines in the b.g.

NG MOVES WITH HIM

Keeping track of him, chin-raised. She takes big purposeful strides. Never losing sight of him.

EXT. HICKAM AIRFIELD/WEST CORNER -- DAY

Gilcrest arrives at the SUV where his boss emerges. This is PHILLIP H. "MATO" SABA, a 47 year-old communications czar, a "green" billionaire. He's warm and sophisticated. Gilcrest feels great to be in his company.

MATO SABA

We gonna make this launch,
Gilcrest?

GILCREST

Good to see you, Sir. Yes we are.
It's a great Mission.

MATO SABA

There is nothing like a launch.

GILCREST

Thing of beauty, Sir.

MATO SABA

I need the native blessing locked
down by tomorrow night. Any way
to do that without them knowing
exactly what they're blessing?

GILCREST

Mato -- it's done.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MATO SABA

This is a historic collaboration
between Industry and the Military.
How's your leg?

GILCREST

Very good. Super good, Sir.

MATO SABA

"Elevation," Gilcrest, was doubted
by everybody in Senate
Intelligence. And now, they
understand. We're pioneers in the
new frontier, Gilcrest. They're
going to write books about this
very moment.

Gilcrest looks upwards. There are golden moments in
life, and this is one of them.

INT. COMMUNICATIONS BUILDING -- DAY

Gilcrest walks -- with the slightest limp -- up the steps
to the Communications building. Ng effortlessly skips up
the steps alongside him. She is so busy studying him
that she promptly bashes herself against a cement
barricade. It's a painful-sounding crunch.

GILCREST

You okay?

NG

Perfect!

GILCREST

Need stitches?

NG

(immediatly)

No Sir! Let's go!

GILCREST

Supergood...

SPACE JUNK

The debris -- 2,000 twisted bits of metal and blasted
remains of the Chinese weather satellite -- now drift
into a messy orbital line, over Earth. We hear a THUMP,
and a low-toned aching SOUND. Ominous.

INT. PLANE TO BIG ISLAND -- AFTERNOON

Major Ng pilots the small plane with rigid authority.
Gilcrest sits alongside, studying the moody sky.

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CONTINUED:

NG

The Native Hawaiians read the open sourcing -- they're all over the Internet -- and they believe we're taunting the Gods with this launch. That's why they're withholding the blessing, Sir. They believe their "Fire Goddess," Pele, is angry and the launch of "Elevation" is disrupting the electromagnetic field above Hawaii known as "Pele's Triangle."

GILCREST

Right. I'm aware. I lived here two years. You don't have to call me Sir.

NG

You used to be a Lt. Colonel, I can't call you by your name. It's a matter of respect and responsibility.

(continuing)

They also believe "Elevation" is an offensive weapons-carrying system. Our appointment tomorrow morning with the Sovereign King, Itchy Kanahela, was rejected. He's a fierce man, Sir. Seventh generation descendant of King Kamehameha the Great.

GILCREST

I know Itchy well. He'll see us.

NG

Is "Elevation" some kind of weapons-inclusive system?

GILCREST

(by rote)

That would be against the Outer Space Peace Treaty of 1967, Major.

NG

Hey, I'm happy to know 1/4 of what we're up to. Clearly we're doing something important here. We're here to do some good, dang it. And if I see anything go off the rails, I will say stop.

Gilcrest turns from the window.

GILCREST

Did you say "dang it?"

NG

I did, Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILCREST
(the driest)
Just checking.

NG
Sir, I will be an invaluable
addition to the Mission. I'm
1/8th Hawaiian.

She is irony-free. Really not his style.

GILCREST
Yeah, you look it.

NG
Thank you for the camaraderie,
Sir!

Gilcrest turns back to the window. Boy, this could be a
long three days...

INT. TRACY'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Tracy sits in the kitchen, still feeling a small buzz
from her air field encounter. Mitchell films her.

TRACY
Guys. Guys! I have to go to work.
Where's your father?

GRACE (O.S.)
He's in his room playing "Guitar
Hero!"

TRACY
When do I get to be a teenager?

GRACE
(jutting arms)
I don't know. Now?

INT. HOTEL HOUSING-- NIGHT.

Gilcrest and Ng. They move down the hallway together,
both with black bags and suitcases. A BELLMAN leads
them. Murals of Hawaii's ancient Gods line the walls.
Ng rips open a jacket-pocket and withdraws a black
notebook as she talks:

NG
And I would love to "pick your
brain" sometime. Boundary issues
aside, I would love to pepper in
any "mentorship ops" as they
present themselves, in and around
the course of this launch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST

You're on a fast track, Major.
You don't need "mentorship ops."

NG

Sir, I'd love to get a beverage
and discuss the future.

GILCREST

Well, you have a good time.

NG

I meant with you, Sir.

GILCREST

Major Ring --

NG

Ng. Like "ring," except without
the "r" or the "i." Just two
letters -- Ng. Short!

GILCREST

Short is good. Small talk and
conversation, Ng -- there's no
time for it. You're never going
to hurt my feelings by being blunt
and to the point. A handful of
words, boiled down. No more than
five. May I suggest that this be
our longest conversation.

She's about to answer, but chooses to admire the advice.
They arrive at their rooms.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

Good evening, Major.

NG

Warmest aloha, Sir!

He exits into his room, the door shuts with finality.

INT. GILCREST'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Gilcrest doesn't know what to do with himself.

INT. JPAC LAB -- NIGHT

This is Hickam's celebrated forensic lab and recovery
center, and at this late hour it's humming with
Scientists and researchers. The arrival of a new set of
bones has raised their tempo too. Various identification
and recovery projects are in evidence, along with their
motto: "Until They Are Home." All unidentified US
servicemen's bones, wherever found in the world, arrive
here for the painstaking process of identification.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We follow Keana, the assistant, who carries Tracy's tea in her favorite mug. She brings it to...

INT. TRACY'S TABLE -- LATER NIGHT

Tracy at her desk. Tracy stares at her work desk with an expression of mild rapture, cradling the tea.

TRACY

Nice smile. Good teeth. Now...

She's looking at the Frozen Airman's bones, now beautifully-lit and laid out. Nearby is his small open travel case with a razor and a belt, coiled tightly. As if it were packed yesterday. She leans in, intrigued:

TRACY (CONT'D)

Who were you, Mr. Frozen Airman?

INT. GILCREST'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Gilcrest converts his room to a high-tech operating station. He's on a super-secure mobile. Outside, a stormy night approaches. Something is nagging at him.

GILCREST

Why did I break up with Tracy, again?

JEREMY

As you've said. You sought more superficial forms of physical beauty.

GILCREST

Right. Right. And it's been fun.

JEREMY

So you've said.

GILCREST

Excluding the divorces, of course.

JEREMY

I loved Cheryl...

Outside, wind hammers the walls and windows. Intercut:

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS/CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN -- NIGHT

The Lone Man at his monitoring post. He takes a sip of coffee. Again, we see him from behind, just the glow of monitors as he surveys the feeds.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY

... she was so gloriously savagely
recklessly superficial.

GILCREST

I hope you don't spy on her.

JEREMY

I only watch you.

GILCREST

(back to business)

What's the launch window look like
for "Elevation"? We have space
debris to dodge, thanks to our
messy Chinese friends.

JEREMY

Checking.

GILCREST

This whole place feels screwy,
Jeremy. There must be electro-
charged protons the size of
golfballs in this air. I'm
feeling a weird destiny here. And
then seeing Tracy... wait. I
didn't even ask you how you were
doing. How you doing, Jeremy?
How's "Satellite City?"

JEREMY

Thanks for asking, Gilcrest. I'm
about 57% happy with my life.

GILCREST

You need to get out more.

JEREMY

Who am I going to meet anyway?
Stuck here on Cheyenne Mountain.
It's all anybody talks about.
Satellites. Data. Payloads.
Surveillance, brain drain, losing
our best young technical minds to
the gaming industry, the shaky
union between military and
industry, "where is the romance of
the first Cold War?"... you know,
bla bla bla.

GILCREST

We fear the future and over-
romanticize the past.

JEREMY

Not me, buddy. I love the future.
And I looove your past.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gilcrest smiles, hears thunder in the Hawaiian sky.

GILCREST

You hear that?

JEREMY

You get all the good storms,
Gilcrest. I'll be right back with
the numbers on the Chinese debris.

Gilcrest holds. Through the thin walls of the room, we hear the muffled, chatty din of Ng talking on the phone.

NG'S VOICE

Okay, let's talk about Gilcrest.
Finally, we meet, right? It's a
gr-reat story...

Gilcrest spots a hotel glass, and surrounded by his unpacked ultra-modern equipment, he can't resist some old-school surveillance. He presses the hotel glass to the wall.

NG'S VOICE (CONT'D)

... he didn't mention the episode
in Kabul at all. I mean, come on!
Inflating budgets, selling
expertise to the highest bidder,
flirting with Pakistani
princesses, pitting Tribesmen
against each other, dude, of
course they blew him up. It's
Afghanistan...

Gilcrest makes a noise. Intercut with:

INT. NG'S HOTEL ROOM -- LATE LATE NIGHT

She's got on a well-worn sleep shirt, as she plugs in a large power strip, laying out her gear for tomorrow.

NG

No, it's a big assignment for me.
I'll still fly my sorties on the C-
17, but this is some serious
career-broadening. They want me
for Space Command. I know, it's
the coolest. I need this contract
now, every step. Yeah, pretty
handsome. ... he's got that kind
of chilly presence. You look in
his eyes? Miles of blue -- not a
clue to what he's thinking. Like
he's met too many people or
something. But then --

She smacks a fist into her hand three times.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NG (CONT'D)
POW POW POW! We connect! It's
just a thing between us. I'm like
a "truth cop" with this guy. He
knows he can't lie to me. And I
am going to learn so much from
this guy.

Gilcrest reacts. A "thing between us?"

NG (CONT'D)
We had a great talk. Really
strong give-and-take. We were
pinging. He's just a...
brilliant... amazing...

Gilcrest catches himself in the mirror, appreciating her
account of him.

NG (CONT'D)
... fading... block of ice...

It's a steep fall from ego mountain.

NG (CONT'D)
... sort of a sad city coyote.

Now he's pissed.

NG (CONT'D)
Why do the best guys just fly into
the arms of money and careerism?
They start out fighting their
country and end up a butt boy for
corporate mercenaries...

GILCREST
Fuck you!

Ng almost hears him.

NG
I see this guy so clearly, Mom...
Put Rich on a sec... no, not
married. I think he's between
strippers or something.

GILCREST (CONT'D)
Fuck you!

JEREMY
Back with the numbers, Gilcrest.
This is a fun, easy win for you...

EXT. EMPTY STREET -- LATE LATE NIGHT

Gilcrest looks at the sky. The sky calms him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST

Yeah, go Jeremy --

Down the street, he spots a lonely barking street-dog, anxious about something. It looks poetic in the night.

JEREMY'S VOICE

We have to get "Elevation" up fast. The debris from the Chinese ASAT will continue to spread out over the next 36 hours --

Gilcrest notices...

NG -- THROUGH HER SIDE WINDOW

Her room is completely organized. She roams with mobile in hand, wearing the perfect sleep-shirt. She's utterly joyful and driven. This voracious passion was once in his blood too. He moves on, still pissed.

JEREMY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

-- any one of those pieces could chink "Elevation" out of commission. We'll have to shoot around it.

GILCREST

We'll go quick, we'll punch around it. Once we get up there, we'll be bigger and higher and more powerful than anybody else.

JEREMY'S VOICE

We'll make it work. We'll move fast, and have you back in the Golden Circle in no time.

GILCREST

Damn, Tracy looked good.

ON JEREMY'S MONITOR

We see Gilcrest in the street, a night-vision live-satellite portrait from above.

JEREMY'S VOICE

I see you, by the way...

GILCREST

My only problem is going to be this rottweiler they chained to my leg. She says she's 1/8th Hawaiian, but she looks like a Norwegian ice-skater.

JEREMY'S VOICE

Ng?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILCREST

She's obsessed with me, Jeremy.

JEREMY'S VOICE

She chews up contractors. Thinks they're morally bankrupt, corrupting the military... the usual.

GILCREST

Why don't you get me her records.

JEREMY'S VOICE

No. This is always how it starts.

GILCREST

She'll get nothing from me. Just do it.

JEREMY'S VOICE

(dutiful)

"Semper Gumby, Gilcrest. Always flexible."

Gilcrest stops in the empty Hawaiian street.

GILCREST

I'm just going to say it Jeremy. I have really, really missed you. A couple months on your back, you start to think about what's truly important. I'm feeling like the old me tonight. You know -- classic "me."

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS/CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN -- NIGHT

The Lone Tech locks up and leaves, yet the conversation with Jeremy continues. Camera remains in the room, and moves downward, confidentially, to find a powerful old-school data bank near the floor. There is more modern equipment, sure, but this stack looks substantial. Like a Marantz tuner from the 70's. A classic, elegant workhorse. This is JEREMY.

JEREMY

You do know I'm automated, Gilcrest.

GILCREST

Of course.

JEREMY

I'm just a compendium of all our wonderful conversations over the years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST

I know. Thought I'd smuggle a
analog tear out of your precious
databank. Ha!

JEREMY

You know, you laugh... but I live
on the emotional spectrum of
everything we talk about. You go
to bed, and I'm still pinging over
this stuff. I am.

Gilcrest is touched.

GILCREST

Oh hey! I got a great piece of
music for you. Got it right here.
You're gonna love it... it's an
illegal recording, so I wouldn't
share it.

He presses a couple buttons on his mobile. It's a
bootleg instrumental version of The Beatles' "She's
Leaving Home," a gorgeous match with tonight's sky.

JEREMY

(loves it)

Aloha, Gilcrest. The best of the
past and the best of the future.
It's all coming for ya. Be safe.

Gilcrest offers his standard goodbye.

GILCREST

Out here.

He hangs up, alone in the empty street, now drawing
closer to the barking White Dog. Music continues, fading
away slowly with the sounds of wind. To dog:

GILCREST (CONT'D)

Buddy -- I've been there. And I
have found... you only get older.
And everybody else gets younger.
And one day, you're a "sad city
Coyote."

The dog howls.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

Exactly. And well said...

A crisp night-time chill is in the air.

A GREENISH MIST

Flows in from the ocean, obscuring the dog, obscuring
everything but the now-orange glow cast from the
streetlight. Music continues.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gilcrest draws closer, and as the greenish mist passes he sees an ELDER HAWAIIAN WOMAN. She's wearing an oddly out-of-place straw sun hat. She's come to gather her dog. A brief look passes between Gilcrest and the Elderly Woman. She turns and disappears into the night. Just a woman and a dog. And yet, Gilcrest has rarely felt more spooked in his life.

TO BLACK:

INT. GILCREST'S VEHICLE -- MORNING

Gilcrest and Ng on the road. The discomfort of two strangers on a journey together. Ng loudly rips open a few pockets, arranges herself.

NG

Thank you for the camaraderie.

Gilcrest looks at her curiously, back to the road.

GILCREST

I didn't say anything.

NG

No, but your manner, sir. I find it down-to-earth. You have links to the National Reconnaissance Office too, right?

GILCREST

I couldn't tell you if I was NRO. I'm not.

NG

You have to be recommended for a job like that. That's the holy grail, right? -- the NRO -- they oversee everything, every Satellite, every payload, everything, from that big unmarked building in Chantilly.

(fishing)

Say, didn't you work in Chantilly?

GILCREST

I don't work for the NRO.

NG

But sometimes you guys double up. Half-covert, half-not.

He looks at her, miles of blue. And then... he begins to HOWL like a "sad coyote."

GILCREST

Oooooooooo. I'm saaaaaaad...

She blushes uncomfortably.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NG

You were listening.

GILCREST

Ng -- trust me -- down the river about a mile, sleeping families were awakened by your tender war-cry -- "Buttboy Mercenaries."

She stares straight ahead, hard on herself.

NG

Well, this is a plus. We no longer have secrets.

GILCREST

Oh, I have many secrets, Major. That's why I put them in a special little secret place marked -- secrets.

NG

I gotcha.

GILCREST

(pointed)

I work for Defensecom, Ng. I come with the machinery. That's all. We're going to smoothe the path for "Elevation." You report to your Military Officers, I'll report to my Company. We'll fulfill the contract. We'll join hands and sing "We Are The World" as we watch the launch on Tuesday. There's no more "ping" to it than that.

NG

Thank you for the camaraderie.

GILCREST

My pleasure.

They arrive at the entrance to the Mountain. Native Hawaiian protesters stand guard in the light rain. They move to seal the road, staring sternly at the visitors.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

I may be doing some exotic driving. You don't mind --

NG

I'll be the first one to say "stop." Bring it, Sir. I'm strapped onto "your thing."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He is mystified. How could she be unaware of these double meanings? It's almost charming... but not. They drive past more protesters, who glare.

GILCREST

Jesus. You'd think we stole their country or something...

He laughs to himself. She doesn't. He revs the car.

INT. TRACY'S KITCHEN TABLE --- MORNING

Tracy at breakfast with the kids. Outside, another storm is moving in. (Woody is not there.) Gracie is texting. Mitchell films them both. Books on Hawaiian lore are open on the table.

TRACY

Don't text your father about the washer, honey. He's in Baghdad.

GRACIE

What's different about you, Mom? Your bad mood is not convincing.

TRACY

Nothing. I like what I'm doing at work. But I'm worried about you going out to Junior Prom in weather like this.

GRACIE

No you're not.

TRACY

I am. Have more to eat, Mitchell.

Gracie looks at her mom suspiciously. Mitchell takes a small bite, never taking the camera from his face. He tilts down to the books.

MITCHELL

"Second Sign of the Arrival.
Ancient Hawaiian Spirits will begin to appear..."

GRACIE

Live in the real world, Mitchell.

Boom. Thunder in the sky. The back-porch door squeaks open. Nobody there. It spooks them all.

EXT. VEHICLE -- HILLSIDE -- RAINY DAY

The road is blocked by a large wooden log. Ng and Gilcrest examine the barrier. A light greenish mist hangs evenly with them, just off the cliff-side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST

Very rare, very special wood. Put
here by Itchy's people.

NG

Sacred wood. It has mana.
Hawaiian for --

GILCREST

(losing tolerance)

I know. "Spirit."

NG

(beat)

Let's blow it up.

He looks at her, impressed. She begins ripping open
obscure inside pockets. Rip-rip. Green mist is
advancing, as they arm the wood in the lessening
visibility.

GILCREST

Got kids?

NG

No, Sir. Kids are a distraction.

GILCREST

Well said!

NG

Thank you, Sir.

She puffs with pride. He quickly deflates it.

GILCREST

Once we get up to the Kingdom, I'm
gonna need Itchy all to myself.
You know that.

NG

(evenly)

It will be a beautiful dance, Sir.
I was once a dancer. Broke my
tibia. Joined the Air Force.

GILCREST

Good, but I dance alone.

NG

Never had a partner?

GILCREST

I once had a cover guy here named
Red Hibiscus. Only met him once.
He trailed at a distance. I hope
he still walks the earth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NG

Thank you for the camaraderie.

They are disappearing in the vaporous green mist. We hear but no longer see them.

GILCREST

Let's do one big blanket "thank you" and we'll be done with it.

NG

(bristling)

Blanket thank you in effect, Sir.

GILCREST

And by the way, I never married a stripper. Cheryl was a teacher.

NG

I have no judgment on your marriages, Sir. You could have married a donkey as far as I --

GILCREST

(sharply)

You know, Major, let's stop right there before you say something even more unintentionally...

The effects of the mist are oddly pleasurable. Suddenly he's forgiving. Tension is slipping away. A sultry feeling of carnal delight is in the air.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

... fantastic.

KA-BOOM. We hear the unworldly, skittering sound of animals and birds flushed from the nearby brush. There is a flash within the green mist, and in it, we perhaps see the faintest outline of small green creatures.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

What was that green mist?

NG

I have no idea. But I miss it already... dang...

The mist clears to reveal her face. Looking at him. A little bit... make that a lot of excitement in her eyes.

EXT. ITCHY'S MOUNTAIN -- LATER DAY

Gilcrest and Ng trudge wearily on foot. Gilcrest limps. The car has long since been abandoned behind them.

NG

How's your leg?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST

Supergood.

And then, up ahead in the cloudy weather... a hilltop.
An empty bench. A steeple and a guard-gate, with an
upside-down Hawaiian flag on high.

NG

Upside down flag. Symbol of a
nation in distress.

They arrive to look down into:

GILCREST

The Kingdom --

Tucked into the side of the mountain, the "Kingdom" is a
small community. Deeply traditional. This world could
have easily existed two hundred years ago. They walk
through the unguarded front gate, down the hillside.

EXT. ITCHY'S KINGDOM -- DAY

The community is at work, stringing lights, and preparing
a roasting pit in the center square. Only a few take the
time to look at Gilcrest and Ng. When they do, it's with
the face of ancient Hawaii. No reaction. Just taking in
the visitors from the modern world.

Up ahead is a small, worn-looking blue house. The home
is guarded by big men perched powerfully on the porch.

GILCREST

Good afternoon! Here to see the
King!

Silent Hawaiian faces. Nobody answers.

ELDER # 1

(unmistakable
finality)

Na na. Busy with the healing.

NG

Sir. You want me to --

Gilcrest gestures firmly -- stay here. He moves forward,
as Itchy's men rise and stand to block him on the porch.
They are not small, and they are not smiling. With each
step, blood pressures rise. Gilcrest puts a boot on the
wooden steps leading into the house. A line is being
crossed. Everybody takes a dangerous step closer.

And then...

Ng rips open a pocket. Suddenly, everybody reaches for
concealed weapons. Panicked, in an authoritative voice
that cracks:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NG (CONT'D)

This is not an act of defiance,
people! No *plikia*... no trouble!
I respect your boundaries! I'm
1/8th Hawaiian!

She continues, showing what she was reaching for. It's
just her black notebook. Gilcrest regards her with
weariness.

INT. ITCHY'S HOME OFFICE -- WINDY DAY

KING ITCHY KANAHELE is 275 pounds of pure muscle and
charisma. He is a King in t-shirt and shorts. Powerful
arms loaded with tattoos. A tank-style shirt reads
"Hawaiian By Birth." On the back -- "American By Force."
Gilcrest stands in the door to the Compound, framed by
the weather. The two forces meet.

ITCHY

Love of Country.

GILCREST

Love of Country.

They bump fists. Friends from another lifetime. But
there is ferocity in Itchy's demeanor.

ITCHY

So you a paycheck warrior now.
Plaything of billionaires.

GILCREST

Need a little help, Bruddah.

ITCHY

Nothing to talk about. You come
to ruin the sky. Soon the Arrival
be here, gonna be a showdown, and
you on the wrong side, Bra.

Beat. And now sunlight breaks through the ferocity.
Itchy offers the great gift -- the Hawaiian smile.

ITCHY (CONT'D)

You hungry?

GILCREST

Don't want to get in the way.
Looks like you're expecting
somebody...

ITCHY

Expecting you, Bra. This all for
you. We have a disagreement, but
you still ohana. (family)

He gestures out at the community working to string lights
and prepare the meal.

INT. ITCHY'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER AFTERNOON

A lively and tough political conversation, shot documentary-style. Food, guitars, children present. Gilcrest feels very much at home, as he thrives in this environment. He's on a roll... desperate to deliver, and hiding it from all. Except perhaps from the sharp eyes of Ng, who seems to pop up in every direction he looks. Studying him, always.

GILCREST

That's right! My boss, Mato Saba, can do things no politician can do. He fosters open-societies, saves economies, his "weapon"... is peaceful access to information. Satellites.

ITCHY

You putting weapons up there, Bra.

BIG MAN # 1

-- puttin' up spy satellites. Selling information, selling the sky!

NG

I can assure you that won't happen, Itchy. It's against the Outer Space Peace Treaty of 1967.

Gilcrest gently cuts her off, and continues.

GILCREST

Four more acres, on the other side of this mountain. That's what we can offer. You clear the road, we get access to our telescopes... and you give us your magnificent blessing on this project.

ITCHY

That's "Pele's Triangle" up there, key to everything, connected to everything --

BIG MAN # 2

New land coming. Loihi!

ITCHY

-- now you come from the C.O.A. to tell me what I can or can't do? No, Bra. Listen to some music, grind some food, go home.

GILCREST

What's the C.O.A.?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ITCHY
The Corporation of America,
Bruddah.

GILCREST
You're on American land!

ITCHY
(nose-to-nose)
Stolen in 1883! Look at the
paperwork!

Ng takes over.

NG
Gentlemen -- King -- I am all
about Loihi. They say it's 10,000
years away. I say a lot sooner.
That land is movin' upwards. But
I agree. All of us working
together here, we have got to
deserve another Hawaiian island.
We have got to respect the aina.
(to Gilcrest)
That means "land" --

Gilcrest nods, steaming. He knows what "aina" means.

NG (CONT'D)
And you have my sterling word, as
a part of the 15th Airlift of the
United States Air Force Space
Command, that we will not put
weapons up above these sacred
Islands. Now, would you do one
thing for me, Itchy? Would you
play "Waimanalo Blues," in the
style of Gabby Pahinui? I had a
cassette of Gabby's version and
lost it... and I crave it...

They love her. And begin to play. As Itchy points at
Gilcrest.

ITCHY
You need a private healing, Bra!
You not thinking straight!

EXT. COURTYARD OUTSIDE ITCHY'S -- RAINY AFTERNOON

The sound of gravel and mud as they walk to a private
spot to argue.

NG
I have to watch the healing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST

The healing is my business. I don't even need a healing. This is his way of asking for a private conversation.

NG

Did you read the contract?

GILCREST

Of course. I don't have a copy --

NG

I have a copy...

She says this next word gloriously:

NG (CONT'D)

Stop. I cannot allow you to conduct business apart from me. This is something we're doing together, moving together, and I have to be a part of your conversations. The Air Force hired Defensecom to build this Satellite, but it's our airspace and our purchase of your expertise that is driving all of this. You are the client, and I am the Air Force customer, and until this Satellite is launched, I own your thoughts. All of 'em.

There is something undeniably sexual about the way she smiles a little and says simply:

NG (CONT'D)

Okay?

He looks at her, standing in the rain, passionately lacking any irony. Her tight hair-style letting down.

GILCREST

So you own my thoughts.

NG

Actually the government.

GILCREST

The government owns my thoughts?

NG

Everything that's up there. I want it all. Especially the rough stuff.

His eyebrows arch. He smiles privately. She is forever unaware of her powerful innuendos.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILCREST

Well not all my thoughts are for sale, Ng.

NG

I'm a straight-up girl, and I want it straight-up.

There she goes again.

GILCREST

How do the other guys deal with you, Major?

NG

Most of 'em laugh at me, Sir.

GILCREST

Well, they're missing out on a lot of fun.

He exits. She stands there, looking confused and attracted. Did he just flirt with her?

INT. ITCHY'S BACK ROOM -- SUNDOWN -- LATER

Gilcrest is hooked up to Itchy's I-Health-equipped laptop. His feet are in Itchy's lap, as Itchy prods Gilcrest's toes with steel sensors. The results appear as colored spikes on the laptop-- and they are all pegging red. Ng slips into frame, observing all.

ITCHY

It's people. You've got people in you. Unresolved thieves and warriors.

GILCREST

Yeah, well, you know I've been married a few times.

ITCHY

Bra -- you don't look right.

The lines peg more red. Several stone-faced Elders play checkers across the room. Suddenly, Itchy asks:

ITCHY (CONT'D)

Have you been visited? By spirits?

They stare at each other. Gilcrest doesn't answer.

ITCHY (CONT'D)

You visited by a White Dog? And Pele herself? Maybe she appear as a young woman, possibly very old woman... she serve you notice?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST
No.

ITCHY
She come with a kind of green
mist... make you feel mane'o...

Ng reacts, moves closer and whips out her notebook.

ITCHY (CONT'D)
... kinda nice and... mmmmmmm..

Gilcrest stares at Itchy's face, chooses truth.

GILCREST
She had a big straw sun hat, in
the middle of the night.

Gilcrest notices the Elders have stopped playing
checkers. They stare at him.

ITCHY
You come in last Sunday?

GILCREST
Yeah.

ITCHY
Anybody come with you?

GILCREST
Just a box of bones. An Airman's
bones.

Itchy reacts to this.

ITCHY
See a double-circle rainbow?

GILCREST
(beat)
Flew through it --

More sounds of breath intake and clucking noises from the
Natives. Everyone is paying close attention. Ng is
surging with adventure, nodding, listening...

GILCREST (CONT'D)
Look, guys, I need a blessing for
my Satellite. Help me out.

ITCHY
(importantly)
Signs of The Arrival, lining up.
Myth of Lono. The Return. Heavy
spirits around you.

GILCREST
Refresh me on the Myth of Lono.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ITCHY

Oh, he comes and gives great pleasure, sleeps with young princesses, plays games, people are with him. Captain Cook, they thought he was Lono, they gave him women and purpose and food, gave him everything, Bra.

GILCREST

(interested)

Well that's cool --

ITCHY

But when they found out he wasn't Lono, they hacked him to bits. Turned his flesh into gloves.

GILCREST

(immediately)

I'm not Lono.

A young face at the door. It's JAY, 24, Itchy's son.

ITCHY

This my son, Jay. Meet the Warrior Gilcrest. He puts pieces of tin in the sky.

GILCREST

Pleasure.

JAY

We gon' play soon --

He exits. Itchy wraps it up.

ITCHY

Good luck to you, Bra, but you ain't 'gon leave with what you want. Now I gotta see my son, he gon' play music tonight.

The Elders still stare at Gilcrest.

GILCREST

Itchy. You must understand this. This launch is about the future of the next generation --

Gilcrest continues passionately, grasping at any concept that might work.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

-- like your son, Itchy. His future. His children's future, and their ability to live free, working together, together, here in paradise.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Itchy laughs. Others join him.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

ITCHY

My son in prison, Bra. Arrested
for demonstrating on the streets
of Honolulu. This is his four
hours of Home Visit.

EXT. GARAGE OVERHANG -- NIGHT

A hard-rap band plays under the tin garage roof. Itchy's angry/sincere lanky son, Jay, fronts the band. His two small children play at his feet, and hang from his legs. He's lost in his music. He sings with almost-violent dedication to his own words.

JAY

"Steal the land, steal the soul...
The Innocent pay the price!"

Ng watches.

JAY (CONT'D)

"THE INNOCENT PAY THE PRICE!!"

Gilcrest is caught by surprise at the power of the kid and his words. Ng looks over, and sees Gilcrest. She offers a look -- the kid is good. He offers his "eyebrow agreement." He looks away, and we see his private frustration. He's not getting anywhere with this blessing. He looks up in the sky -- it's growing angrier, as Itchy's kid wails into the night.

EXT. ITCHY'S DRIVEWAY -- RAINY, WINDY NIGHT -- LATER

Itchy hugs his son good night, it's emotional and openly loving. A fierce bump between them. Gilcrest watches, feels a pang, and Ng notices. Itchy sends Jay on a quick errand. Itchy offers Gilcrest a warrior's goodbye.

GILCREST

Love of country.

ITCHY

Love of country.

They bump fists. Ng moves in, offers her own fist.

NG

Love of country.

Itchy smiles. She's earned her way into the circle. He bumps fists with her too, as Gilcrest watches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ITCHY

What you feeling, Bra?

GILCREST

I'm feeling that we're not going to be friends much longer. It makes me sad.

Jay returns with a flag in a worn velvet casing. Itchy gives it to Gilcrest.

ITCHY

This our flag. I give to this gift, 'cause you gon' be back.

GILCREST

(half-serious)

You're getting sentimental on me, Itchy.

Itchy shrugs. The two men know confrontation is coming.

ITCHY

You just a small part of a big, big plan. Big as the sky. Big as your heart... get ready. You gon' skin your knees on eternity, Bra!

Ng pounds her heart twice, and says to Itchy:

NG

I am deeply moved.

INT. CAR -- NIGHT

They ride together. Gilcrest's jaw is set in frustrated thought.

NG

I can't quite figure it out.

GILCREST

What --

NG

The inner game you have going on. Because on the surface -- you left with nothing. But there's no way you could actually have actually left with nothing.

GILCREST

Major Ng. Enough.

NG

(enjoying this)

I almost have your game figured out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST

There's no game, Major.

She breathes in the night air. It energizes her, as they leave the lights of the Kingdom behind.

NG

I once sat at the top of a Titan Rocket at Cape Canaveral for six hours. Boy, that was a time.

Gilcrest looks at her skeptically.

NG (CONT'D)

I'm like the Monkees, Sir. I'm a Believer.

GILCREST

Well, I don't believe a thing about "Pele" and her triangle. It's all metaphorical... you know that, right? A volcano doesn't have feelings. The sky doesn't actually "speak" and give an opinion --

She challenges:

NG

Tell me you don't believe in the sky.

He looks at her. Keeps driving. Makes a scoffing noise.

NG (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm new to Space Command. If nobody in Space Command really believes in Space, just tell me now!

He stops the car, and rolls down the sunroof. Confesses:

GILCREST

February 11. 1981. I asked for a telescope. My dad drove to the Meade Telescope company in Long Beach and got me this maroon -- man, it was a beauty, and that was the summer of the Iridium lights.

NG

(loving the name)

The Iridium Lights --

She studies every move on his face, learning the math of who he just might be... beneath the miles of blue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILCREST

That's the light of Satellites streaking across the sky -- dead satellites, picking up the light of the sun. Happens every thirty years at that precise spot, they catch the sun. And I would say, not a day goes by that I'm not trying to find my way back to that same sense of...

NG

(can't help it)

Yes.

GILCREST

How can you agree with me when I don't know what I'm saying?

NG

(beat)

Wow. You are angry.

GILCREST

Not angry. Just... nothing.

NG

You're not nothing.

GILCREST

I'm not pitching for a pep-talk. I'm not saying I'm nothing... look... we don't have to be "friends." In fact --

NG

I have good radar for people. Your "nothing" is waiting for a big something.

She looks at him, and smiles. He's surprised she's shaken him down to some raw truth.

NG (CONT'D)

I'm surprised you didn't try to be an Astronaut.

GILCREST

(impressed)

I did.

NG

Too short?

GILCREST

(the magic is gone)

No, Ng. Not too short. I interviewed. They didn't call me back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

NG
Sir, I think you would have made a
great Astronaut.

GILCREST
What about you --

NG
Hereditary nerve damage in my ear.
Every other part of me is smokin',
though. Or so I've been told.

There she goes again. He continues driving.

NG (CONT'D)
Boy, it's a thing, huh?

GILCREST
What's that --

NG
All of it.

GILCREST
Yeah, sometimes.

NG
Boy, we have blown the five words
rule.

He rounds the corner of the muddy mountainside.

NG (CONT'D)
Watch out!

A PROCESSION -- TWENTY HAWAIIANS

Heading up the hill. Almost other-worldly in the rain.
They move past the car. The greenish mist has returned,
and surrounds the car on this hillside.

GILCREST
What is this?

NG
Drive slowly, Sir.

He does. The Marchers look inside the car. A slight
halo effect around them.

NG (CONT'D)
The Night Marchers of Kailua.

It's a wondrous thing. They look inside, at Gilcrest in
the car. Their bodies hold light like a distant
photograph, a living memory moving among us. And the
effect is palpable, oxygenated. Among these Night
Marchers, and the electromagnetic force they seem to
produce, Ng and Gilcrest have never felt more alive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GILCREST

They are really committed to this reenactment.

NG

They died two hundred years ago.

They are surrounded by "The Night Marchers" in the rain. She takes his hand, and holds it tightly.

NG (CONT'D)

Just making sure we're still alive.

But they're very alive, and both of them know it. As he slowly withdraws his hand, patting hers. He's not a believer, especially not in ghosts. He drives onward. A pop of lightning, nearby. Music.

INT. JPAC RESEARCH LAB -- WINDY, RAINY NIGHT

Shot glides in the door of the lab, past an American flag, heading for the bones room. We feel an almost other-worldly presence, when suddenly Keana slams into the empty frame, announcing:

KEANA

First stage of the DNA is in! And it appears that our Frozen Airman was a beautiful... bouncing... spy-plane flying...and I say this sadly... virgin.

Nearby, Tracy works on the photo gallery of ten faces.

TRACY

Well, this guy's out, he was married. This guy you can tell got laid -- a lot.

KEANA

A lot.

TRACY

We're looking for the guy who experienced none of that.... but he probably gave it the broad-shouldered Air Force cover-up for the photo.

They both arrive at the same dark-haired Airman, the one Tracy's had her eye on all along.

TRACY (CONT'D)

George Archer.

They gaze at the emerging portrait of "George Archer."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY (CONT'D)

He's at that exact point in his life when anything can happen. Can you imagine being at that point, forever? Of course you can, you're 24.

KEANA

I'd do the hell out of George Archer.

TRACY

Hey don't get involved... George Archer's mine.

KEANA

(mock jealousy)

Fine. Take George Archer. I'll stick with the actual living unavailable guys...

TRACY

Tell me about it...

Keana exits, laughing, loving her job. But something is missing in Tracy's life, and she feels it. She continues looking at his computer-generated "face." George Archer feels more real than ever.

INT. GILCREST'S HOTEL ROOM -- WINDY NIGHT -- LATER

Gilcrest flips through Hawaiian lore books. He's on the mobile with Jeremy.

GILCREST

Hey, as a younger man, I would have paraded around all week and said I was Lono...

JEREMY

It's a trap, Gilcrest. Hunter Thompson did that in 1983. He wrote a book about it -- Curse of Lono. Not his best work.

GILCREST

Thank you. I'm back on track.

JEREMY

This is a power struggle, Gilcrest. It's all about land. And ownership.

GILCREST

And the "Arrival Myth?" --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY

Bah! Easy explanation. The mind goes weaker in Island culture. Belief in the supernatural is the sign of a weak culture. Simple.

GILCREST

Yes! But everywhere I turn, there's another complicated woman. Ng, Tracy --

JEREMY

You love complicated women.

GILCREST

And they love me. Briefly.

JEREMY

I'm a String Theory man, Gilcrest. I believe it's all very simple. We're all just vibrations moving around a single note. Bliss, not chaos, is the universal note.

GILCREST

How comforting.

JEREMY

May I suggest something enticing? Let me bring our precious uncomplicated Cheryl to Hawaii. You've been dancing around a reconciliation --

Gilcrest stops. Cheryl is a dicey subject.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Just see her, and if it clicks...

GILCREST

You'd be ecstatic.

JEREMY

Yes, but you'd be with her.

GILCREST

(beat, generous)

We. We would be with her.

JEREMY

No, it wouldn't be me. When it comes right down to it -- it's the "you" show, and I get it.

GILCREST

Hey... hey... you know I tell you everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEREMY

Promise?

GILCREST

You're the only... semi-person I
can trust.

JEREMY

I deal only with the best of you.
No judgment. Well -- mild
judgment.

GILCREST

I guess I'm just grateful that you
still listen.

JEREMY

Well, I think you're handling this
Mission with style and elegance.
But let's get this wrapped up
fast.

GILCREST

Thank you. Good save.

JEREMY

Lesson of Kabul. Focus. Remember
our rule. Never get personal with
the business. But get down to
business with the personal. And
that's Cheryl --

GILCREST

(interrupting)

You don't have to sell me, Jeremy.

JEREMY

And don't be late for your
appointment with Saba tonight.
This is our comeback. You are a
custodian of the future. Frankly,
you rock, Gilcrest.

GILCREST

No, you, Jeremy.

JEREMY

Now you know that tonight is when
we veer away from the contract.

GILCREST

I know.

JEREMY

Ng is not meant to know this part.

GILCREST

Please. I know the game.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JEREMY

It's not personal. It's the way it works. You know more than Ng does, and Ng knows that she's meant to know less. It's complicated, but it's how these big honkin' secret missions happen, and the machines do their jobs. Keep it simple. Just check the boxes on the paper they give you.

GILCREST

God knows, we both need a vacation from complication.

JEREMY

And don't worry about the hoo-boo jubu about Lono.

GILCREST

Keep the truth coming, Jeremy.

JEREMY

It's Hawaii, Gilcrest. Be careful. Beneath the tiki surface is... deep tiki.

Gilcrest nods importantly, flips a page in the book. An artist's rendering of Lono... who looks more than a little like Gilcrest himself.

EXT. GILCREST'S HOTEL ROOM -- LATE NIGHT -- 3 AM

Gilcrest quietly sneaks around the back, past Ng's room. Through the window, he sees her working through a pile of books, reading the Native Hawaiian manifesto -- To Steal A Nation.

INT. SATELLITE PREP STATION HALLWAY -- 3 AM

Mato Saba moves swiftly down a hallway, with a small team of Assistants and Contractors, including Gilcrest, Mike Bixler, and Ken Finkley.

ASSISTANT

We're on schedule, Mr. Saba.
Payload has arrived -- 3:07 AM.

They sweep into...

INT. BIG HANGAR -- EARLY MORNING

They behold the Satellite, a still-horizontal spire of technical prowess. This is JCS-132 -- ELEVATION.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SABA
Gilcrest, meet "Elevation."

ON "ELEVATION"

We hear the instrumental "She's Leaving Home," as Gilcrest takes in the romance of this enormous piece of military might. All the pieces, together. It catches his breath.

SABA (CONT'D)
We met the first level of launch qualifications today. And now, you get to initial the payload report.

CLOSER DETAILS OF "ELEVATION"

Push in on one panel slightly open, the slender rods of missiles are visible... just barely... as a Technician buttons up and music ends.

PUSH IN ON GILCREST

On the doorstep of the new horizon. We see it on his face. This is weaponry.

SABA (CONT'D)
You see that "angel sat," Gilcrest? That mini-Satellite will spin off and spend two lifetimes gathering deep-space data on eco-planets and beyond. It really is a thing of beauty.

GILCREST
(sincere)
It is indeed.

THE "ANGEL SAT"

Gilcrest examines the small adjunct mini-Satellite linked innocently to the side of this now clearly ominous technological beast.

SABA
(quickly)
How we doing on the blessing? This has to look like business as usual, Gilcrest...

All faces now turn to Gilcrest. He attempts a "sell."

GILCREST
I have someone.

SABA
Excellent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILCREST

(salesman)

Frankly, and I know this is off the grid we've discussed -- I think I can do it. The Natives believe -- for whatever reason -- that I match up with an ancient "myth." So under those guidelines, I think I qualify. I won't need a robe, or anything like that. I just think, you know, we can do it. I can do it.

They stare at him. His mojo is clearly hit-and-miss.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

Or I can... you know... not do that and go with the original plan. Which would involve forgetting everything I just said.

Saba looks carefully at Gilcrest.

SABA

Okay, so -- that's the plan, then. It's the "no plan" plan.

GILCREST

Actually, we have a plan, Sir.

SABA

Good, then if we have a plan, we can scuttle the "no plan" plan.

GILCREST

That's right.

Saba offers a sophisticated rebuke.

SABA

Good, because the problem with the "no plan" plan, is that there is no plan.

GILCREST

Wednesday morning, Sir. I'll have a blessing.

SABA

(calm, satisfied)

You, Mr. Gilcrest, have documents to sign.

Gilcrest squirms, as an Assistant arrives with paperwork.

ASSISTANT

The Payload release documents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SABA

These are the documents for visual field clearance of the client-customer product. This will go to the top.

The paperwork, complete with Defensecom clipboard and Biometric Pen, is placed in Gilcrest's hands.

SABA (CONT'D)

Where's your Space Command liaison?

GILCREST

I'm here alone. I have proxy.

SABA

Perfect. She didn't show.

ASSISTANT

Go ahead, initial the boxes and everything moves forward.

Gilcrest pauses.

BIXLER

Hurry up, Gilcrest.

SABA

What's the matter, aren't your famous clearances still good?

FINKLEY

Come on -- bad luck if you don't beat the cork.

ON GILCREST

Camera stays on him. Deeply conflicted. Bixler passes through frame, ripping the foil and wire off the top of expensive champagne.

BIXLER

Beat the cork, Gilcrest.

Gilcrest holds the pen poised, watches the cork easing out of the bottle, and... reluctantly... signs.

POP! A large part of him deflates, as celebration breaks out around him.

SABA

Thank you. Now this is a watershed moment for me. I need a little time alone with "JCS 132." Something here reminds me of a movie I loved when I was a little boy... permit some emotion.

INT. OBSERVATION STATION -- EARLY MORNING

Celebration abounds. Champagne flows.

FINKLEY

I would go with the pool. A pool
is eternal.

BIXLER

What are you going to do with your
bonus, Gilcrest?

FINKLEY

Seriously, do you get the check,
or do they Paypal it directly to
the ex-wives?

Friendly laughs. The ex-wives will forever be a sore
spot. Gilcrest is experiencing a bitter after-taste.
The security's monitors catches his eye. It's Saba,
alone with "Elevation" in the large station.

BIXLER

Well, he knows how to have fun.

FINKLEY

(straight-faced)

I love the new military. All of
us working together...

Gilcrest moves closer and looks down into the hangar
below. It's quite a sight...

INT. SATELLITE PREP STATION -- EARLY MORNING

Saba has tenderly climbed onto the tip of the horizontal
rocket shell's nose-cone. He gains his balance and
begins beating the side, like Slim Pickens in Dr.
Strangelove. He has the pure joy and more importantly,
the money to do exactly what he wishes in this life.

SABA

EEEEEEEEEE-hhhhaaaaaaaa!

Laughing, he climbs off, as a few technicians clap.

EXT. SATELLITE PREP STATION -- EARLY MORNING

Gilcrest looks up at the sky as he exits. Stormy weather
on the horizon.

INT. TECTONIC PLATES BELOW HAWAII -- MORNING

A troublesome shifting of plates, deep below Hawaii.

INT. WOODY AND TRACY'S LIVING ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

Gilcrest wears a sharp, casual suit. Gilcrest takes in the details of Tracy's married-life. It moves him, unexpectedly, and privately. He's joined by Ng, who he sees for the first time in street-clothes. She looks good, even relaxed, though fashion is not her strong suit. She seizes his hand for a bone-crushing shake.

GILCREST

You look good in clothes, Ng.

NG

Same to you, Sir.

She leans forward, conspiratorially.

NG (CONT'D)

We shared an apparition last night.

GILCREST

It was a reenactment.

NG

I salute your elaborate system of denial, Sir.

She salutes. He can't help but smile. Gilcrest feels an electrical current shoot through him, like he's run into his crush at the school dance. And then... a touch apologetically, she introduces a handsome young Staff Sergeant. He's got a lively shirt, a buzz-cut and pointed side-burns, just barely regulation. He's a cultural mix-tape, part-Hawaiian and part African-American. He is LUKE STEVENSON, 34.

NG (CONT'D)

Sir, meet Staff Sgt. Luke Stevenson. He lives in Kaneohe.

GILCREST

Pleasure.

STEVENSON

Boy, does Lisa talk about you. My "black sense" tells me I should be jealous.

"Lisa?" Ng's first name sounds oddly personal to Gilcrest. And Stevenson's got a firm, earnest grip that says -- that's right, I'm her boyfriend. The only problem. He won't let go. Gilcrest finds himself weirdly jealous, as Mitchell passes with his camera.

GILCREST

(casually)
Hey Spielberg.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

Greetings and salutations, good Sir. Please don't look in the camera.

We move with Mitchell, who continues roaming and filming. He lands on a shot of two pet hamsters humping in a cage.

INT. TRACY'S KITCHEN -- LATE AFTERNOON -- MINUTES LATER

Tracy and Gilcrest are alone at the refrigerator. Outside the window, the stormy night mounts.

GILCREST

I apologize in advance for Ng.

Tracy puts Gilcrest to work whipping potatoes. They have a familiar ease.

TRACY

She showed up an hour early and helped me with housework.

GILCREST

Did she tell you she was 1/8th Hawaiian?

TRACY

Oh... FIFTY TIMES.

TRACY (CONT'D)

What would you like?

GILCREST

A beer but I'll have a soda.

TRACY

(pointedly)

Why don't you just have what you want?

She hands him the beer. Truer words...

GILCREST

Do you have what you want?

Tracy lets out an anguished little laugh.

TRACY

Well, I'm definitely surprised you invited Cheryl...

GILCREST

I am too, actually...

INT. WOODY AND TRACY'S LIVING ROOM -- STORMY SUNSET

Ng has surprising social ease, as she "talks story" with Gracie and Woody.

INT. KITCHEN -- SUNSET -- MINUTES LATER

Tracy can't help but unburden to Gilcrest.

TRACY

He doesn't speak, Brian. You know that expression "neither here nor there." He's neither there nor there. I don't know if it's supposed to make it easier, with him flying to the green zone every other week and not being able to tell me or... I'm just, I'm stressed, I'm stressed, I'm stressed all the time. And if I'm like this in Hawaii, you can imagine how I'd be somewhere else! Don't ever have any regrets, Gilcrest. You don't have to deal with a daughter on the verge of a hormonal avalanche -- she doesn't even want to touch me, suddenly -- and a son so frightened of life he only looks at it through a camera.

The back door wheezes open with the wind. Gilcrest reacts warily. Tracy shuts the door.

GILCREST

Look, about back then...

Woody enters. He goes to the refrigerator, withdraws a beer, and approaches Gilcrest. Silently, he looks him up and down... puts both hands on Gilcrest's shoulders, grins... a devastating smile... and then he exits.

TRACY

See what I mean?

GILCREST

No, I don't. I think he just said... alot.

TRACY

What did he say?

GILCREST

I think he said... "Good to see you... I know you used to be with my wife... and I'm just too good-looking to ever see you as a threat."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRACY

Well, he is a smart guy...

Gracie enters now, breaking the moment, holding a dress.

GRACIE

How's this for Junior Prom?

TRACY

(to Gilcrest)

I don't want her to get one minute older.

Gracie gestures with the dress. She turns to Gilcrest and smiles awkwardly. He smiles back, unsure why.

TRACY (CONT'D)

You need one of my raincoats --

Gracie pulls her mom protectively towards the bedroom. She does not trust whatever is happening with this strange man. Privately:

GILCREST

She looks just like you.

TRACY

(blurts)

Thank God...

She exits quickly, as if she's said too much. Gilcrest stands alone in the kitchen. What did that mean?

INT. MITCHELL'S ROOM -- EVENING

Gilcrest wanders into Mitchell's room. It's festooned with flags, books on Hawaiian lore, maps, and a lot of camera equipment. And in the stack near Mitchell's monitor, he sees something truly interesting..

It's a DVD with a Sharpie-written title: GILCREST'S FUNERAL. Gilcrest pulls it out and examines it. Mitchell enters the room, filming as always.

MITCHELL

You're in my room.

Gilcrest turns, wagging the Funeral DVD at him.

GILCREST

This is coming with me. I can't wait -- is this just the highlights, or is it the whole thing?

MITCHELL

(filming)

Did you almost marry my mother?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mitchell lowers the camera. Achingly true:

GILCREST

Many, many, many, times.

MITCHELL

Why would anyone break up with my mother?

Gilcrest shakes his head. It's still a big regret. They consider what might have been.

MITCHELL (CONT'D)

Are you Lono?

INT. WOODY AND TRACY'S LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Ng is now playing Stevie Wonder's "Ribbon In The Sky" at the piano. She's good at this, too. Who knew? They're crowded around her, singing. Gracie does some hula.

NG

I am so touched by the hula...

GRACIE

Me too. I've been taking classes for eight weeks...

INT. MITCHELL'S ROOM -- EVENING

Gilcrest and Mitchell are now huddled over a large volume of Hawaiian lore.

MITCHELL

You personally saw the Night Marchers.

GILCREST

It was a reenactment.

MITCHELL

(excitedly)

Third sign of the Arrival Myth. Pele gets closer in her pursuit of the playful untrustworthy God Lono. It says here she'll next appear in the form of a powerful aphrodisiac, a green mist. Denying her is dangerous, Gilcrest. Lono wrongly abandoned Pele many years ago, unleashing her anger. Kind of like you and Mom.

GILCREST

Well, not... completely...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

And the mist will surround and claim Lono, and take him to her volcano for a thousand years of "revenge sex," to be eased only through eruption and the creation of the newest island, Loihi.

GILCREST

(off book)

Mmm-hm. So this is a basic revenge-sex-land myth.

MITCHELL

What's "revenge sex?"

GILCREST

(a wistful moment,
then:)

Ask your Dad.

MITCHELL

That'll take too long.

GILCREST

Well, you'll pick it all up in high school.

Mitchell loves this conversation. Intensely:

MITCHELL

Mr. Gilcrest. You are the Arrival. Believe it. You were brought here to create the next Hawaiian island.

The kid cracks him up. It feels good here, right here. And then, an odd realization lands. Music, as Gilcrest's face takes on a different sense of purpose.

INT/EXT. KITCHEN -- LATE AFTERNOON

Gilcrest goes to the kitchen for a moment, still laughing to himself. The sounds of pleasing domesticity resonate from the other room. He finds himself looking at the family and the life that could have been his. And then, moving into his point-of-view... Ng. She charms the others, and in this moment he finally sees her in stark relief. She is the rare person in life who doesn't sit on the sidelines. She is a sparkplug. She is to be honored...

INT. LIVING ROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

Ng shows off her "salute." It's true perfection, complex and flawless. It's got three acts to it. The others try to imitate it. It's impossible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NG

See, you gotta truly work on your salute... you too, Woody!

EXT. AWNING -- LATE AFTERNOON

Gilcrest on the mobile to Jeremy. He says the words that have been bubbling up inside him.

GILCREST

Jeremy. We're on the wrong side.

JEREMY

I knew this would happen.

GILCREST

If we put this bird up, everybody with a weapons program is going to launch. China. Korea. Hell, France'll probably put something up there -- well, not France. But everybody'll have a red-button, and a joystick, and it won't be a video game. All hell will be right above our heads.

Silence. Closer to Gilcrest. His greater truth.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

And what if Itchy Kanahale is right? We're launching into a sacred slot, their sky, their window into eternity. What if it all blows sky high, starting with Hawaii.

Silence.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

What if we were put on earth, Jeremy, at this exact moment, to stop this from happening. We are being tested. Are you feeling this..? I think we should just say the word. "Destiny." Okay, I said it. Yes, I know I'm inviting a certain amount of chaos... but let's say yes to the chaos of being correct.

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS CENTER -- EARLY MORNING

Jeremy flickers.

JEREMY

You're leaving out one part, Gilcrest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST
Tell me!

JEREMY
The part where you think this'll
impress your "partner," the 1/8th
Hawaiian girl out for a promotion.

GILCREST
(seeds of guilt
sprouting)
Impress her? I just rendered her
useless.

JEREMY
And now we're all about Ng... I
must admit, I'm perturbed. When I
play her grid out, we all lose and
she wins. And I worry about you.

GILCREST
Don't --

JEREMY
Well, of course I do. If
something happened to you, I'd be
useless. I'd have to erase
myself.

GILCREST
I will not let you erase yourself.

JEREMY
Thank you.

GILCREST
I'm going to talk to Admiral Dixon
tonight at the Officer's Club.
I'll need a clearance upgrade to
bring it up. I'm trusting you
with everything, Jeremy. Are you
with me?

JEREMY
(weary, ever loyal)
"Semper Gumby, Gilcrest. Always
flexible..."

GILCREST
Call me with the clearance.

JEREMY
I will. But first. I beg you.
Enjoy the simple pleasures of
Cheryl. Once you see her, you'll
know. You're confusing loneliness
with patriotism. We've been here
before Gilcrest...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILCREST
We've never been here before.

JEREMY
Dixon doesn't want to know what
you know. You'll be breaking the
lanes of deniability. He'll say
that, too, so get ready...

INT. WOODY AND TRACY'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER EVENING

CHERYL has arrived. Her demure dress fools no one. She
has an explosive body. She is the poster girl for
Gilcrest's former life.

GILCREST
And Cheryl, this is my best friend
since college, Tracy Goodrow.

CHERYL
A thousand percent great to meet
you.

WOODY
(he speaks)
A thousand percent great to meet
you.

TRACY
We met briefly at the funeral.

Tracy shakes hands with this sex-drenched creature, tries
not to be judgmental... and fails.

TRACY (CONT'D)
You are quite the gorgeous one.

CHERYL
Thank you!

TRACY
Indulge me, tired mom, worked hard
on this look.

CHERYL
I'm sorry! You're gorgeous too!

TRACY
(evenly)
Thank you.

Ng watches, suddenly overshadowed. She's watching
Gilcrest as he moves to Cheryl. She is tender with him,
caresses his neck. Ng can't help it, she feels a pang.
Mitchell creeps up to Gilcrest, and speaks to him from
behind the camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

(intense)

How secure are the Straits of
Malaka?

GILCREST

(impressed)

Classified.

Mitchell thrills. Gilcrest checks phone. No message. Mitchell starts to circle Cheryl with his camera. She swats the kid away.

EXT. OFFICER'S CLUB -- EVENING -- SAME TIME

Admiral Dixon exits his car in full-dress white uniform. A crush of officers welcome him. ("Admiral, Admiral Dixon...")

INT. WOODY AND TRACY'S HOME -- EVENING

They prepare to leave.

WOODY

Come on gang, we have to make a big trek ahead. About twenty yards.

TRACY

(ever the mother)

No bickering and no fighting while I'm gone --

Gilcrest is the last to leave. Mitchell is still stalking him with the camera. Confidentially:

GILCREST

What is the Fourth Sign of The Arrival?

MITCHELL

Cataclysm. Unless you, as Lono, make a personal offering at her volcano. A gesture of gratitude, and respect.

GILCREST

Right. Of course. Because a volcano has "feelings" --

MITCHELL

That's right! And you'd have to get up over Kilauea and drop a collection of your most meaningful personal items. Probably need a plane.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gilcrest laughs at Mitchell, shuts the door. Then opens it again, just for a moment. He does a ghost voice.

GILCREST

Ooooooooooooo.

Gilcrest shuts the door quickly, and exits.

MITCHELL

I love him.

GRACE

(nervously)

Mom has a crush too.

EXT. HICKAM STREET -- WINDY NIGHT

They walk across the street. Couples, all of them in anxious transition. Weather building.

TV MONITOR ABOVE BAR -- LOW VOLUME

Ben Nakamura excitedly announces that the oncoming storm has a name and a logo: "The Anomaly."

INT. OFFICER'S CLUB -- NIGHT -- LATER

It's Mongolian Barbecue night at the Officer's Club, a cherished hang for Hickam families. Camaraderie reigns. Gilcrest is carefully watching Admiral Dixon across the room. Still no message from Jeremy. Meanwhile, a playful tension mounts between the couples. They're squeezed too tightly together at a smallish table. Stevenson openly stares and flirts with Cheryl.

STEVENSON

I'd love a Margarita. But my black sense tells me that the Big Dogs don't want to see me swilling. Not with blood in the water over that Chinese ASAT, the launch of that secret Satellite and hey -- "The Anomaly."

CHERYL

Who's drinking with me? I'm on vacation.

STEVENSON

Me me me. I changed my mind.

GILCREST

Major Ng?

NG

(evenly)

Cold water, no ice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST
(off Stevenson)
Fun. I'll get right on that.

CHERYL
(garrulous)
I'll take a double shot of
Herradura, or any Agave tequila,
in a shot glass, with a lot of
fruit in the Margarita, but no
cherries.

STEVENSON
Same.

TRACY
The usual. You remember.

GILCREST
I do. I'll be back in a couple
hours.

STEVENSON
(openly flirting)
I love this girl! You were a
teacher? Where were you when I
was in fourth grade???

They all laugh obliquely.

THE FRONT DOOR BLOWS OPEN

And a tantalizing wind now enters the Officer's Club.
The crowd feels electricity. Gilcrest notices a greenish
tinge to the breeze.

GILCREST
Uh-oh.

INT. OFFICER'S CLUB BAR RAILING -- LATER NIGHT

Gilcrest and Ng steal a moment at the bar together.

GILCREST (CONT'D)
How you doing?

NG
(mind on the mission)
I'm pinging, sir. If I think
about the scope of what we're
involved in, I'll go crazy. I
mean, think about the
responsibility, you and me,
approving the biggest intelligence
asset in the Pacific. Will you
take a look at our lives?
(she's moved)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NG (CONT'D)

When do we sign those approval papers?

GILCREST

I already signed 'em.

NG

Seriously --

GILCREST

(uncomfortably)

Soon.

Gilcrest can't look at her trusting face. She regards their dates, across the room, getting along famously.

NG

You ever get jealous?

GILCREST

No. I get deployed.

NG

Ha! Tell me about it. That little thing that gets in the air, when you're looking at two years away from home.

GILCREST

I know that moment.

He's impressed with her increasing bravado.

NG

You make these outrageous bonds with people you know you don't have to see much. Gilcrest -- present company excluded -- the social duties of a relationship freak me out. I'd rather be alone. And with him, it's a no-brainer. Besides, let's face it. "I'm an active-duty C-17 pilot" is not the sexiest thing men want to hear from a girl. But I'm really not that tough. I got a caramel center.

(beat)

Though your Hooters girlfriend seems nice. Ex-wife, I mean.

GILCREST

So I don't get "Sir" anymore?

NG

Sir -- I'd say we are officially over "Sir."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

He looks at her face. An unmistakable twinkle in her stoic expression.

GILCREST

Thank you for the camaraderie.

NG

You're crushing on me.

GILCREST

Please.

NG

Aw, I'm kiddin' ya.

They both know she's not.

GILCREST

It's a combo platter, Ng. I like you. I'm also warning you. I will end up with all the credit.

NG

Nope. That's going to be me.

He keeps an eye on Admiral Dixon, checks his phone.

GILCREST

You're not going to outmaneuver me. But watching you try, is a whole lot of fun. They just want you to pick up a few tips from me on my way out. We both know it's true. There will be shit flying down the pike, soon. You're very formidable. I'm so impressed with you. But you're the watchdog, and they want you to deliver the "dog." I can't let you do it.

She says nothing. Studies his face.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

No words. Perfect. I've created the perfect conversation with you. Do you know how powerful you are, when you are silent?

NG

That's a lot more than five words.

GILCREST

(charming, playful)

See, you speak and the magic is gone.

NG

You -- are crazy fun, Gilcrest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He smiles.

GILCREST

You heard me, right?

NG

Good luck with that drink order.

She exits winningly. He knows it. No good can come from feeling this attracted to her. He shakes it off. Still no message from Jeremy. He watches Dixon. It's getting late. He rises purposefully.

ADMIRAL DIXON -- GILCREST APPROACHING

Dixon turns to see a fevered Gilcrest. This is Gilcrest's moment. He has the Admiral alone.

GILCREST

I'm going into confidential issues without a clearance, Admiral.

ADMIRAL DIXON

Aw shit, Gilcrest. Just when I'm having fun.

GILCREST

The launch is compromised. I've seen things on this payload that I'm not sure belong there.

ADMIRAL DIXON

Anything you say to me that doesn't begin with "we're good," is unacceptable.

GILCREST

We're good. Except for the areas where we're not good. Admiral.

ADMIRAL DIXON

Gilcrest, your job is to get that bird up there --

GILCREST

I understand, and I'm in my lane.

ADMIRAL DIXON

Good.

GILCREST

I'm in my lane, and you're in yours... but I'm pulling up alongside you, and I'm rolling down my window, and I'm saying, "weapons."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ADMIRAL DIXON

We are sending a message to China. This whole Theatre is our asset. We are placing a marker that says, "Hey China, guess what? We are America. If you want to play 'blow up' with satellites, you're gonna pay the piper. The piper has American scrambled eggs on his chest."

(taps his medals)

Now, you, Mr. Gilcrest, are an Industry partner. Your brain is not authorized to think beyond that. You are doing a "war dance" inside your own tee-pee, my friend. "Elevation" is going upwards. And if you fuck this up, I will personally take you on tour like a pinata, and everybody will take a whack. And furthermore...

The doors blow open. A warm green mist blows his way.

ADMIRAL DIXON (CONT'D)

~~Minimoooooooooooo~~.

GILCREST

Pardon me?

ADMIRAL DIXON

Woooooooooooo...

The mist is potent, and exciting, and it clears to reveal... briefly... the Old Woman in a sun hat.

GILCREST

Admiral... do you understand what's going on here?

ADMIRAL DIXON

(sings)

"Whoo is the man that would risk his life for a brother-man..."

GILCREST/DIXON

"SHAFT! Right on..."

The green mist passes. Normality returns. Dixon turns to Colonel Lacy and has a brief chat. Lacy looks at Gilcrest sharply. Gilcrest slips away in the crowd, now a marked man. He exits the club, as Ng watches. She rises to follow.

EXT. OFFICER'S CLUB -- MONSOON NIGHT

Gilcrest on the street, tries to reach Jeremy. No signal.

INT. OFFICER'S CLUB -- NIGHT

The green mist has overtaken the club. Cheryl is now on a table, starting to strip. It's a happening.

EXT. HICKAM STREET -- MONSOON NIGHT

Gilcrest moves against the torrent of the rain, slipping in the water, punching Jeremy's number on the phone. Circuits still down. He looks to the sky.

GILCREST

What do you want from me? I'm not
Lono!!!

We hear the sound of rolling wheels. A Skateboarder in a hooded sweatshirt, moving down the rainy sidewalk. Getting closer. The phone connects.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

Jeremy! We're in trouble...

The Skateboarder rolls past Gilcrest. Their eyes meet briefly. Gilcrest turns to watch him disappear. When he turns to face forward again, there's a sudden THUD...

TO BLACK:

INT. SABA'S COMPOUND - NIGHT

Gilcrest awakens in an extravagant home with an Eastern flair. Artifacts in cases abound, antique maps in frames, the place is overstuffed with antiquities.

Ahead Gilcrest hears the sound of someone rustling around in the kitchen. He moves toward the sound, admiring the priceless maps -- a passion of Gilcrest's. We hear Ben Nakamura on a nearby tv, reporting on "The Anomaly."

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Mato Saba is alone in the kitchen, quietly making a late-night snack. A sleek Security Man (KIMO) peers from the back doorway.

MATO SABA

You're getting everybody anxious,
Gilcrest.

GILCREST

I know. I just feel things
getting away from us --

MATO SABA

You think I'm going to fire you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST

It crossed my mind.

MATO SABA

Gilcrest -- you're not alone. I have post-boomer heartache too.

Gilcrest smiles to himself. He does like the guy.

GILCREST

Let's not put weapons in the sky.

MATO SABA

You're romanticizing the past. Everything you fear, it's already happened. The sky is filled with machinery -- you know, you sold 'em as well as anybody else.

GILCREST

I know, but --

MATO SABA

It's called "reality." It's not always easy to face, but here's what's great about reality. It's real. It's what's really happening.

GILCREST

Is this really the way it's supposed to work? The right hand and the left hand never meet, everybody knows only a little and one day -- boom?

MATO SABA

There's no "boom." Even I don't know enough to make "boom" happen.

GILCREST

Somebody knows everything.

MATO SABA

Here's what we know. They came to us. Three hundred million dollars was the ask. We answered. I delivered. Industry partners, Gilcrest. And Hawaii was my "tip."

GILCREST

It's not Euro-Disney. It's a country... a country that we call a state --

MATO SABA

It's not a country. It's an asset.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MATO SABA (CONT'D)

And I'm about to own it and operate it. This sky is essential to pure control of the Pacific Theatre. But it has heft, and mystery, and a darkness that makes the stars shine. You think I want to spank the Chinese? Sure. But what I want more -- is Hawaii, and the means to dominate this whole hemisphere. The answer is in the sky. Brass knuckles and big wonderful Satellites.

GILCREST

You're the smartest guy I know, Mato. Is this really the future we signed up for?

MATO SABA

(genuinely hurt)

Gilcrest. I feel like you're breaking up with me. I like you. I backed you after the Kabul episode. We're friends. I never even asked you who your source was on Cheyenne Mountain...

GILCREST

I just thought this would all feel better.

MATO SABA

Come on. You're the guy who "believes" in nothing. That's why you were perfect for the job.

Outside, the storm rises.

MATO SABA (CONT'D)

Brian. You have to embrace the beautiful, harsh complexity of the way things really are... and once you get there, you will feel good. You will feel glorious.

GILCREST

(seeking)

I have a buddy who says the answer is pure simplicity... ha...

MATO SABA

My plan, my real plan, was to make you the posterboy for all of this. If it's too big of a lift for you, I understand. We'll still be friends. 99% of the people on this planet will never occupy their own life. They stand like spectators, waiting for somebody to hand them an agenda.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MATO SABA (CONT'D)

Wear the fucking crown, Gilcrest.
It's fitted for you.

And coming from a guy who doesn't normally say "fuck," his "fucking" has impact.

ON THE DOORWAY -- WIDE SHOT

They shake hands, and Saba pulls him closer for a hug.

MATO SABA (CONT'D)

You've made the right decision.

INT. CAR -- DRIVING -- RAINY NIGHT

Gilcrest drives, feeling the weight of this decision. There is only the darkness, and the pulsing blue "storm" lights atop the poles that line the road.

INT. GILCREST'S HOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

Gilcrest arrives in the room. He knocks lightly on the adjoining door. Immediately, she answers. She's been waiting for him.

NG'S VOICE

You okay?

GILCREST

Meet me on the Lanai.

EXT. LANAI -- STORMY NIGHT

She climbs around the adjoining wall, wearing her big coat over her sleep shirt. He meets her on the Lanai. She sees him. He's stripped to his emotional bones, standing at the crossroads of his life. And all she sees is the best of him. Her heart races. For the first time, she believes in him... totally. He looks different, deeper, primal. The words by-pass her brain:

NG:

Gosh Gilcrest. Your nothing became a something.

Her look destroys him. Purpose and clarity flood through him. All he wants to be is the man she sees. And in this moment, he knows exactly what to do.

GILCREST

We have to get a plane. We're going to make an offering. We're going to stem the Cataclysm. We're in the belief business.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NG
(surprised)
Wow --

GILCREST
(revving)
We need personal items for a show
of respect and gratitude...

She steps closer, to see his face, the former non-believer now sailing on the winds of romance... as the storm kicks up around them.

GILCREST (CONT'D)
Now, you know I'm not Lono, right?

NG
That's cool, Gilcrest. I'm not
Pele.

They are poised, and close. She looks away, a little nervous -- it's becoming -- and then looks back. It's electric.

GILCREST
You made me forget that I was an
angry guy...
(loving her)
And I'm kind of pissed about it.

NG
(eyes flashing)
Bring it.

He kisses her. And her kiss is as good as her salute. Razor sharp and unforgettable. She pulls away.

NG (CONT'D)
Weapons?

GILCREST
Big ones.

NG
Thank God we didn't sign off on
the payload. That would have
crushed me...

GILCREST
Let's not worry about the
contract...

NG
Wait? What's the plan -- I'm a
"plan" girl --

THE SPACE JUNK

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Thumping over Hawaiian airspace. We hear a panicked, angry-sounding swarm of radio signals... and a deep, deep Tectonic shudder.

INT. MILITARY VEHICLE -- STORMY DAY

Gilcrest drives fast, both on cell phones. Their work rhythm is sexually-charged:

NG
Jeremy, this is Major Ng.
I have Gilcrest and he is
talking with Itchy on the
other line.

(covers phone)
He says the Earth's off-
axis by two degrees.

GILCREST
It's Gilcrest. Itchy, we
have access to a C-17 for
an offering. How do we
make an offering?

(covers phone)
He likes the plan. Here
take down the details.

They switch phones. She gets out her notebook.

NG
I know Hawaiian, Mr.
Kanahele. I'm 1/8... yes,
I did tell you that. Yes.
Writing. Got it.
Out here.

GILCREST
I'm back. Got it. How
much action in the plates?
Okay. Stay close. Need
bootleg clearance. Out
here.

They both hang up.

GILCREST
Itchy said, don't worry. God's
Hawaiian.

NG
Told me that too. Who is "Jeremy"
again?

GILCREST
He's a speech-formatted data-base
in Colorado Springs. Kinda my
secret weapon. Let's leave it at
that.

NG
Wait. He's an "it??"

GILCREST
See, that's a good question. When
does an "it" become a "he?"

NG
It flirted with me!

GILCREST
It won't happen again, but --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NG
(still creeped out)
Egh!

GILCREST
Don't judge him! Look, I gave him
a couple Kurt Vonnegut books in
2002 and he turned out really
soulful --

NG
I don't want to know any more!

GILCREST
(off the sky)
Fourth Sign of The Arrival, it's
coming on -- Cataclysm.

NG
Let's go!

THE SPACE JUNK

Circles the troubled path above Hawaii.

UNDER SEA -- KILEAU

We feel a sonic shudder, deeper and angrier than we've
heard before.

INT. ACTION WEATHER DESK -- DAY

Ben Nakamura faces the camera, hunkered down in a muted
Aloha shirt.

BEN NAKAMURA
If you don't have to leave the
house -- don't.
(leans forward)
The Anomaly has arrived.

We hear the sound of traditional Hawaiian slack-key, in
stark contrast to the mayhem being caused around the
globe.

MONTAGE -- EARTH AXIS CAUSES MALFUNCTIONS

- 1) ATM spits out money to unsuspecting customers.
- 2) TRAFFIC signals switch maniacally.
- 3) GPS systems command cars on bridges to "Turn Right.
You have reached your destination." Children in cars
scream in fear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

4) STEREO STORE customers see SPY NETWORKS on large flat-screen demonstration TVs. Nearby, ALL cell-phones go off simultaneously.

5) FLOCK OF BIRDS heading north, bank and now turn south. And then bank north again, in a confused circle.

6) SIRENS and ALARMS blare throughout Hawaii.

INT. JPAC RESEARCH ROOM -- DAY -- SAME TIME

Tracy works on the case of George Archer. Thunder rattles the walls.

EXT. WAIKIKI BEACH -- DAY -- TORRENTIAL RAIN

Ben Nakamura stands outside with the surfers and the mayhem.

BEN NAKAMURA
-- in what can only be called a
historic metallic-precipitative
convergence of -- what the fuck!

WHOOSH. He is blown off the screen.

ANCHORWOMAN
Ben? Ben Nakamura?

Ben fights his way back into frame. His voice sounds like he's under 7,000 feet of wind and pressure.

BEN NAKAMURA
Lei'lani. As you know I'm from
Sacramento, I've never seen
anything --

WHOOSH! He is blown away again.

INT. HONOLULU AIRPORT -- DAY -- TORRENTIAL RAIN

Signs flip to "CANCELLED." A small child in a lei cries wildly. The airport is packed, enmeshed in chaos and... odd euphoria. The Area 51 crowd exits from the last flight into Hawaii. They've already got t-shirts reading: The Anomaly. They're in heaven.

AREA 51 TYPE
It's the fuckin' Apocalypse, dog.

OTHER TRAVELLER
You're all going to eat it.

Chaos breaks out. In the midst, a solemn folk-singer plays a new song, cross-legged on the airport floor -- "Anomaly Blues."

INT. LAUNCH MEETING ROOM -- DAY

Three powerful Generals sit.

GENERAL # 1

What's your launch assessment?

GENERAL # 2

Launch.

GENERAL # 3

Launch.

And we reveal... Mato Saba.

SABA

Launch.

INT. HICKAM AIRFIELD -- STORMY DAY

Gilcrest, his face hidden, walks with joy and purpose. (We recognize the familiar limp.) Ng and Woody walk nearby.

FLIGHT OFFICER

Fly safely today, Airmen. It's rough up there.

Expertly hiding his face, Gilcrest offers an Airman's salute. Music.

INT. C-17 COCKPIT -- STORMY DAY

Gilcrest watches Ng command this big plane. She's in the main seat. It's clear. This is where she belongs. She rips down the clipboard checklist with Woody, while meticulously speaking to the tower, in a language filled with numbers and jargon and absolute mastery. Even her voice is different, low and sultry... this is poetic-tech, Ng-style. Magic.

GILCREST

(can't help it)

Wow.

She shrugs with style. This is what I do.

NG

Requesting clearance for today's maneuver to the Big Island...

Ng continues dancing verbally, in rhythm with the slew of transmission voices (including "Bitchin' Betty"), in tandem with Woody. The C-17 take-off is thunderous. The plane flies into the storm. Gilcrest is jacked. This truly is the best of the past, and the best of the future. And it has arrived, right here and now.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODY

These numbers are very strange --

NG

They're strange everywhere. We'll go visual once we get there.

WOODY

Loadmaster report?

Gilcrest smiles at Woody. The "eyebrow agreement."

INT. BACK OF PLANE -- STORMY DAY -- SAME TIME

The offering. A bounty of "sacred" items. A US Flag. A wooden box. Some Air Force coins. A case of Jack Daniels. A small tree. A basket of leis. Ng's black notebook. The book "Hula Moons" by Don Blanding. A guitar. And Gilcrest's most personal memento -- his Hawaiian shirt from home.

LOADMASTER

Check.

INT. C-17 COCKPIT -- STORMY DAY

Ahead, a wall of weather. The big plane rocks through.

WOODY

Dawn of creation, incoming.

NG

You might feel a little something.

WHAP. Gilcrest is pulled instantly forward, the five-pronged seat harness keeping him from flying into the windshield with the splat of a horsefly. The descent is quick, and supersonic, as the plane corkscrews down.

GILCREST

There she is.

BITCHIN' BETTY

(ominous)

"Ad-just fa-laps..."

THE VOLCANO UNDER CLOUD COVER

Under the glowing deep scarlet-and-blue clouds, we sense tremendous power. Pele's home.

EXT. C-17 -- STORMY DAY

From below, we see the huge plane is nothing in the hands of a storm like this.

INT. TRACY'S HOME -- DAY

Tracy looks at the weather, distraught. Gracie leaves for Junior Prom.

GRACIE

I can't wait any longer for Dad.
Where is he?

Tracy doesn't know.

INT. C-17 COCKPIT -- STORMY DAY

Up ahead, the glowing Volcanic presence of Kilauea.

NG

Holy mother of fire.

GILCREST

Alright. Let's make a little offering to the Goddess Pele and move out fast.

NG

Doncha want to spend a little time with your lady friend?

GILCREST

Another time.

NG

Betty, any comments?

Silence.

WOODY

Loadmaster ready --

NG

Gentlemen, this one's not in the handbook.

WOODY

Thank God... or what's hula-girl's name?

GILCREST

He speaks.

NG

Pele.

WOODY

(surprised)
I talk all the time.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NG
Loadmaster prepare for
vanquishing.

LOADMASTER VOICE
Check...

Gilcrest withdraws a piece of paper, his heart pounding.

GILCREST
Itchy has given us something to
say when we're close... a chant.

WOODY
Do it. Quick.

GILCREST
(slightly
embarrassed)
I don't really chant.

WOODY
Better hurry. Look at that Lahar
below us --

They see the plume of lava shower below them.

PUSH IN ON GILCREST

This is a muscle he's never used or felt the need for.
He takes a breath and begins to chant awkwardly. We hear
music, mixed with the sounds of signals in the sky. He
speaks, and from his mouth comes real commitment. He
shares it with Ng, the 1/8th Hawaiian girl, as he says:

GILCREST
Mauna 'eku... 'eku.

Ng is wildly impressed. He sets down the piece of paper
as they share a look. It feels good to believe.

NG
Is that your first chant?

He nods, still surprised it felt so good.

NG (CONT'D)
(serious flirting)
It only gets better...

They're galvanized, a team. And here we go...

EXT. C-17 BACK GATE -- DAY

The doors open into pure air-space.

LOADMASTER
Vanquishing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The cargo whisks out the back.

EXT. KILAUEA VOLCANO --- PELE'S HOME --- DAY

The offering tumbles through the clouds and ash, towards the glowing lava rivers far below.

INT. C-17 COCKPIT --- DAY

Ng banks the plane in silent turbulence.

GILCREST

Let's put Colorado Springs up.
You there, Jeremy?

Woody adjusts communication controls.

JEREMY

I see you.

NG

Gentlemen, we have offered. And she has... I think... accepted.

BETTY

"Command Unable to Load."

NG

(commanding)

Jeremy -- talk to Betty.

JEREMY

Code rebound, ping it across 42684332 420. You follow?

BETTY

"Reading 42684332."

JEREMY

(sexy)

4279994 234.

Betty and Jeremy race through numbers.

GILCREST

This guy will hit on anything that moves. Break it up!

BETTY

(stern)

"Code indecipherable. System reloads..."

JEREMY

Uh-oh.

The big plane begins shutting down like a cheap laptop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODY

Whoa whoa whoa --

NG

We're getting pulled --

BETTY

"Not applicable."

NG

Trying to pull out.

WOODY

(coolest ever)

Don't fight it. Don't let the machine feel you panic. How you doin' Gilcrest?

GILCREST

Super good. I'm good.

The plane slips into gray. Betty's voice suddenly sounds slowed and lethargic.

BETTY

"No... No... No... "

The cockpit fills with quiet, and a reddish yellow light flooding in from every window. They are directly over the volcano. We feel a shockwave. Now rising.

The dials flutter and pin. An absolute roar. And then... it's over. Silence fills the cockpit.

The plane drifts into a deep blue pocket within the storm. All now feel it. This is the mystery and the power of the sky. It dwarfs them, in every way. We see their faces, too stunned to react, with no words that apply. Suddenly, with a whip-snap, the plane is seized with an electrical current.

GILCREST

WHOA.

And then, just as suddenly, they are below the clouds, back in the sheets of rain.

INT. HICKAM COMMUNICATIONS MEDIA ROOM -- STORMY DAY

Admiral Dixon is in the media room, facing a gang of soggy Beat Reporters.

ADMIRAL DIXON

Island Weather conditions have temporarily postponed the launch of the cell-phone communication, deep space exploration satellite --
"JCS-132, Elevation."

INT. C-17 COCKPIT -- STORMY DAY

Relief in the cockpit, as Ng hangs up the emergency-line.

NG
She must have liked her gift.
They scrubbed "Elevation." For
now.

ON VOLCANO BELOW CLOUDS

A stirring, angry rumble.

INT. C-17 COCKPIT -- STORMY DAY

The plane is landing. Gilcrest leans over to Ng, and whispers in her ear.

GILCREST
I'll see you in two hours. Good
luck...

The plane comes to a final halt. Sirens are audible on the air field. Everybody is sheet-white and shaken... except Woody, who seems only lightly distracted. He turns to Ng.

WOODY
Gracie's Junior Prom is tonight.
I'm pretty excited about it.

EXT. PLANE -- STORMY DAY

Gilcrest disappears into the Ground Crew, and slips away.

INT. DEBRIEFING ROOM -- STORMY DAY

Lacy's fingers are active, playing with the cap from a bottle of water. Ng stands watching, framed by the hand-painted Hawaiian 15th Division seal.

COLONEL LACY
Have a seat.

She sits, bolt upright.

COLONEL LACY (CONT'D)
He's a real bell-ringer, isn't he?

NG
Who are we talking about, Colonel?

COLONEL LACY
We're talking about our friend and mascot of the "fun parade."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NG

Gilcrest?

COLONEL LACY

Listen, I know I look like a goofball. I gotta look at this shit every day, in the mirror. But I have a bitchin' job, I work in Hawaii, and I Believe. I believe in Pele, I believe that the yellow Volkswagen parked on the Pali Highway is the woman who died forty years ago... I even believe in my head, that I'm 24, and handsome, and that in another universe, you'd follow me off the cliff. But I know it's not true. I know you're still connected to your storied "values." And I definitely know this about my friend "Gilcrest."

(leans forward)

I would not do to you, what he's already done.

NG

I'm aware of the violations.

COLONEL LACY

You aren't.

She listens.

COLONEL LACY (CONT'D)

I'm not letting you fail, Ng. You will make sure this launch is perfect. You'll wear it, and you will shine. Your success makes me look good, so I'm gonna have to perfume your ears with some truth.

NG

He's getting over an unfortunate event.

COLONEL LACY

Aren't we all, Sweetie. And by the way, I call men "Sweetie" too.

NG

I understand. I think that's great.

COLONEL LACY

He said you "no showed" for the launch approval signing. That's now in your paperwork. If this thing goes off the rails, they'll put it all on you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

COLONEL LACY (CONT'D)

Which is fine, if you're still
looking at a career in modern
dance.

We stay on her face as she reads the paperwork. It doesn't take her long, but when she looks up... there is a crushing deadness in her eyes. To see her without it, is to remember how much the sparkle of adventure became her. Now, all gone.

INT. WOODY AND TRACY'S LIVING ROOM -- STILL STORMY NIGHT

Woody returns home. An average night, by all the usual standards of his nonchalant post-work behavior. But he does look a little shook. Tracy watches, brow furrowed with thought.

MITCHELL

Oh hey Dad.

TRACY

Hi Woody.

WOODY

How was Junior Prom?

GRACIE

Nice.

TRACY

Good.

WOODY

Hey. Good.

TRACY

And work --

WOODY

Yeah, good.

TRACY

And that's it. That's all we have
to say about it.

Woody goes to the refrigerator, silently. Happy to be home. Still privately rattled.

INT. WOODY AND TRACY'S KITCHEN -- STILL STORMY NIGHT

She pounces on him.

TRACY

I'm out. I can't take the
silence.

He gets a beer, and exits silently. She follows.

INT. WOODY AND TRACY'S BEDROOM -- STILL STORMY NIGHT

She tries to keep her voice down, with kids in the house.

TRACY

I said I can't take the silence.
It's angry, and it's passive
aggressive. And it's selfish.

Woody looks at her, uncomprehending. She's so wrong. He is wildly jealous.

WOODY

There's somebody else in the picture.

TRACY

Should there be? Would that make it more real to you? Because, of course, it is about you.

His nostrils flair. Indignant, he arrives at the name of the man who's disrupted his world. A man he's secretly suspected all along:

WOODY

Gilcrest.

She doesn't answer.

WOODY (CONT'D)

Say the name.

TRACY

George Archer.

EXT. PANCAKES AND HULA CAFE -- WINDY DAY

Gilcrest waits. Checking watch. The sky is forever changing. Nothing feels settled, and as more time passes... Gilcrest senses a problem. Somewhere, a car alarm sounds. It sounds like he feels. And then...

Ng arrives. She exits her car, wrapped tightly in her jacket, with hat pulled down low. There is a distinct lack of joy, and his heart sinks. Still, just watching her walk... he's a goner. He finds himself entranced.

INT. TABLE -- WINDY DAY

They sit across from each other. Both in "cover" mode, jacketed and mostly hidden from each other. With this much protection, it's easy for him to say:

GILCREST

I have this feeling in my stomach,
this I-can-see-the-future feeling.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST (CONT'D)

I see all our problems here. You're just getting started, I'm just getting to the middle, maybe the end of the middle... your friends will not like me, my brother'll disgust you, we're going to fight, not get along for long periods of time, you're going to have a hard time telling me it's over, and then we'll have that mess, so I just want to say right now, because I'm smart enough to see this coming... I'm in for all of it.

NG

Gilcrest -- stop --

GILCREST

I tell you this because, as the government, you own all my thoughts. Plus, I got you a very strange hat.

He produces a hat with built-in sunglasses.

NG

Stop. I turned you in, Gilcrest.

GILCREST

I figured.

NG

You deceived me and played both sides against the middle. I should have known. I put it in my report to Chantilly --

GILCREST

You're NRO.

NG

Not yet. You were supposed to suggest me. It didn't quite work out the way I planned.

GILCREST

I will tear you apart in my paperwork.

NG

Oh don't be mean about it. We're both pretty good at this. We both could have said stop. I'm so good at saying stop. It's why they hire me. But for some reason, with you -- I saw someone more tightly wired than me, and I felt safe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She looks down.

NG (CONT'D)

You made me laugh, and it made me
feel so good and -- shit! --

She looks up, and falls apart a little.

NG (CONT'D)

-- I let myself have fun. Shit!!
Shit shit shit.

She comes down hard on herself.

GILCREST

Did you file the report, Ng? And
did you sign it.

NG

Oh Gilcrest.

GILCREST

I hate you for this, if you did.

He holds his temper back, quickly pulls in the reigns.
They both bash themselves simultaneously.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

No. This is a bad, bad road to be
on. I've learned from this road.
Let me be accurate here. I am
disappointed if you signed.

NG

You lied to me.

GILCREST

I was catching up to my better
self, Ng! Every fucking train
doesn't run on your schedule!

NG

I'm still the government.

GILCREST

I love the government. I love
you. I will pledge allegiance to
you, no problem... as long as you
gave me some daylight to fix it.
Did you sign?

NG

Gilcrest. I wish I could rip my
chest open and put us both inside
and protect us both from the
world...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GILCREST
You're... sending me mixed signals
here. You like me, but you might
have just destroyed me.

NG
I signed.

A car pulls up. Two MPs exit the car.

NG (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I couldn't let you
ruin me.

GILCREST
"Hawalla!"

NG
What's that mean?

GILCREST
Long story.

He leans forward.

GILCREST (CONT'D)
I'll still be there cheering for
you. But I just have to add this,
or I wouldn't be honest with
myself.

NG
Anything, Gilcrest.

GILCREST
Fuck you.

NG
Right. Okay. So it's that.

GILCREST
I'll see you at the hearing.

The MP car pulls up. She rises. The MPs move swiftly to
Gilcrest, cuffing him.

NG
At least I told you to your face.

GILCREST
Thank you! Oh, that made it
easier...

They discreetly move him to their car.

GILCREST (CONT'D)
Easy fellas, some people think I'm
an ancient hero. Perhaps you
haven't heard --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

They discreetly cuff him, and ease him to the car.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

I'm warning you right now. You
might anger the Gods.

MP # 1

My God is a three-star General...
and he's pissed.

Door slams. Music.

INT. CAR -- DAY

Gilcrest bumps along in the backseat, under arrest.
Music continues.

INT. HANGAR -- DAY

"Elevation" waits in the hangar. The doors open, rain
outside.

EXT. HICKAM COMPOUND -- NEXT RAINY DAY

The MPs stand guard out front.

INT. HOUSE ARREST ROOM -- NEXT RAINY DAY

Gilcrest, imprisoned, unshaven, watches television. On-
screen, Mitchell's handheld camera captures his funeral.
A perfunctory regard for Gilcrest's life is present in
the boy's footage. (Which is well-shot and informative.)

Tracy carefully enters with a bowl of fresh fruit.
Gracie follows, with tweener backpack.

GILCREST

Come on in. Welcome to House
Arrest.

Tracy sizes up her old friend, in tough shape as usual.

TRACY

Lucky you. Your only sanctioned
friends...

GRACIE

(sympathetic)
Whatcha doing?

GILCREST

Oh, just watching my funeral. The
level of grief is staggering.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST (CONT'D)

You may need a box of kleenex.
Maybe two.

FUNERAL FILM -- THE EX-WIVES

Bored. Checking Blackberries.

TRACY

We remember. We were there.

GILCREST

You know, there's a reason we're
not meant to see this shit --
excuse me Gracie -- a lifetime of
friends and where does it get you
on their list of priorities?
Slightly below checking MySpace
for new friend invites.

Gracie laughs. It's a familiar awkward laugh -- his.

GRACIE

I wasn't laughing.

GILCREST

I know.

GRACIE

I'll go outside.

TRACY

Stay where I can see you. And use
the umbrella! Look at me, did you
hear me?

Gracie nods, and exits.

GILCREST

There's an awning there, Tracy.

TRACY

I micro-manage her too much.

GILCREST

She's a great girl. Woody's a
lucky father...

TRACY

She's your daughter. You're her
father.

GILCREST

(beat)

Who else knows?

TRACY

Me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILCREST
What about Woody?

TRACY
We've never discussed it. But
then --

She shrugs. Woody never discusses anything.

GILCREST
You want me to tell her.

TRACY
Some day.

GILCREST
Look. It's Cheryl.

ON FUNERAL DVD

Shot finds Cheryl openly flirting with several younger
guys at the funeral. Making an alluring move toward one
in particular.

GILCREST (CONT'D)
Oh, this is wrong. This is very,
very wrong. Hooking up at my
funeral...

TRACY
She was beneath you.

GILCREST
And apparently, many others.

TRACY
(gently)
Turn it off, Gilcrest.

GILCREST
(still watching)
I've heard of "life must go on,"
but this is ridiculous.

He finds himself looking out at Gracie, under the awning,
talking on her cell. Her posture, the intensity in her
face, her gestures... all so familiar. It's like
watching himself.

TRACY
Brian, you married the women who
demanded the least from you, and
that's what you got in return.
Your marriages... were actually an
ingenious way of not getting
involved.

GILCREST
You know me a little too well.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TRACY

Well, I did spend some time trying to forget everything about you. But then you "died," and I got sentimental. It all came back. And then you came back too.

ON TRACY -- THE FUNERAL FOOTAGE

She wipes a tear. Chokes back something more. Mitchell catches it on film.

GILCREST

Finally. One for the home team.

TRACY

Maybe that's the girl you should have married.

GILCREST

I took her for granted, and then she married the greatest guy in the world.

TRACY

And you're the greatest guy because you're happy for her.

GILCREST

Am I -- ?

TRACY

Yes you are.

Gilcrest throws some grapes at the screen.

TRACY (CONT'D)

You may want to save those. Nothing fresh is coming into the islands. "The Anomaly" -- remember?

GILCREST

You know -- my friend Jeremy says it all boils down to sound impulses. The String Theory. A single throbbing note that we can't even hear that connects us all. Me, you... your husband, your very fine family. All connected by one note. A slender string, twanging through eternity.

TRACY

That's a very romantic view of world, Gilcrest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GILCREST

(cynical)
Yeah. Romance is a beautiful thing.

TRACY

Woody says it's all about machines now.

GILCREST

Parts get worn out, parts get replaced.

TRACY

Maybe so.

Tracy turns off the television.

TRACY (CONT'D)

They're saying the launch is off.

GILCREST

They'll find a way to launch it.
First glimpse of sunshine.

TRACY

That could be awhile.

GILCREST

I was never going to be able to stop it anyway. I was here to sign paperwork.

TRACY

Who exactly is "Jeremy?"

GILCREST

Never mind. Go home to Woody. He's a great guy.

She grabs her bag in the small kitchen, and turns.

TRACY

Was it strange for you, seeing me again?

GILCREST

Strange? It was thrilling. I thought you still needed me.

TRACY

Well, we're different now.

GILCREST

Yes we are. You filled your living room with people, and I filled mine with...quality low-cost furniture.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

TRACY

Well, thank goodness I didn't do anything rash like leave my husband for you.

He looks at her. And at Gracie.

GILCREST

Don't do that! You'd get to know me and be driven away.

TRACY

I do know you and I was driven away. But I always did like you.

GILCREST

You too. Thanks for crying at my funeral.

TRACY

Hey listen, look for me tomorrow. All the flights are down, so you might be here a few days. I've spoken to Jeremy a few times. We're, uh... working on a plan.

GILCREST

He called you?

TRACY

Yeah. Hit on me, too. I liked it.

She leaves with a private look of encouragement, and an upbeat flourish. He turns the television back ON.

ON FUNERAL FILM -- CONTINUING -- MUSIC

Tracy in the car, a mess, the only one who truly loved him, motioning for Mitchell to turn off the camera.

INT. NG'S HOTEL ROOM -- STILL STORMY NIGHT

Ng answers the phone. The Weather Report is on in her room. It hurts her heart, even to say:

NG

This is Ng.

JEREMY'S VOICE

Major Ng, am I disturbing you?
It's Jeremy.

She straightens immediately. She's spooked. He's warm and friendly.

NG

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY'S VOICE

Yes, I'm disturbing you?

NG

Yes. Is that the point?

JEREMY'S VOICE

Gilcrest doesn't know anything about this. I just wanted to say this one thing.

NG

I'm a mess, Jeremy. What do you want?

JEREMY'S VOICE

I don't want to get in the middle, but I want to say -- no pressure, but this is bigger than any stripes or patches on your glorious arm. This is about the future of mankind, which includes, if you want to look at it selfishly -- you.

NG

I don't want to talk about Gilcrest. It hurts too much.

JEREMY'S VOICE

Of course it does. It hurts me too. Our friend believed in you. And this is a guy who, as long as I've known him, believed in very little. I wouldn't be afraid to reach out to Gilcrest.

NG

I'm sorry I can't help you. This is against procedure. And you're going to make me cry.

JEREMY'S VOICE

(beat)

It's kind of exciting for me, too.

NG

Leave me alone.

JEREMY'S VOICE

No. I want to help you understand why you feel turned upside down. It's because winning never felt so much like losing to you.

NG

(bingo)

How did you know?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEREMY'S VOICE

Ng, I know this is uncomfortable.
I know me being a machine bothers
you. Are you on your laptop? Let
me send you a picture of who I'd
be if I was... well, if I was. Do
you have it yet?

Push in on her laptop. She's unnerved, and a little
nervous.

Ping. It's Stephen Hawking.

JEREMY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

My hero. Stephen Hawking.
Actually, this is who I am...

Ping. A photo of an alt-indie guy.

NG

No! Every guy looks like that.

JEREMY'S VOICE

You're right. Forget the
sensitive-faux-artist look. Hell,
I'm more human than most of 'em.
Now this --

NG

You're cheering me up.

JEREMY'S VOICE

-- this is who I truly long to be,
way down deep. McGarrett. I
worship him, frankly, as a God.

Ping. It's Jack Lord, from Hawaii Five-O.

NG

(sad for him)

But you're a machine...

JEREMY'S VOICE

Tell me about it. Welcome to my
sad life! What I'd give to
stretch my legs a little. But
you. But here's what you can do.
You can finish the myth. You know
how every myth ends, right?

NG

How.

JEREMY'S VOICE

The Gods triumph. In a strange
and beautiful way.

NG

Jeremy, I have to go.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JEREMY'S VOICE

You have nowhere to go.

NG

You know everything.

JEREMY'S VOICE

I know how you broke your foot in fifth grade. It changed your life. You wanted to be a dancer. Then you couldn't. You failed yourself. So you seek success in another area, you demand it, you deserve it. It's essential to your self-worth. I get it. But I have one thing to say to you on this stormy night, Ng. Let's dance. And if I get you warmed up enough, you might even want to dance with the guy you really want -- him.

NG

Jesus, Jeremy. Someone raised you right.

JEREMY'S VOICE

I'm an orphan, Ng. I don't even know who made me. It's classified. Even from me.

NG

Alright. What do you have?

JEREMY'S VOICE

A plan. And everyone's in but you...

She automatically rips open a pocket, and withdraws a notebook, wary, moved... and listening.

INT. HOUSE ARREST -- NEXT MORNING

Gilcrest pulls the curtains aside, sees the crisp clear weather. Grimly:

GILCREST

Launching weather.

A tray of breakfast is rolled in by a curly-haired red-headed, odd-looking WAITER. (This is the same gentleman we saw visit Gilcrest in the hospital room after Kabul.)

WAITER

Morning, Saddam. Here's your breakfast... along with a beautiful Red Hibiscus.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He puts the flower in a table vase. It takes Gilcrest only a moment to realize...

EXT. HONOLULU STREETS -- NIGHT

Red Hibiscus is at the wheel, racing out of Hickham.

GILCREST
The legendary Red Hibiscus.

HIBISCUS
As the hooker said to the
businessman, I'm all yours for the
next ten minutes. Maybe less.

GILCREST
Where the fuck were you in Kabul?!
You were supposed to be in a Green
Jacket --

HIBISCUS
Like I'm going to save your ass,
with you yelling "Hawalla?"

GILCREST
I was angry back then. And now.

HIBISCUS
(imitates him great)
"Hawalla!" "Hawalla!" "Kill me,
please! I'm having a Western mid-
life crisis!" Grow up! I'm tired
of saving your life!!

GILCREST
Well it would be a lot more
helpful if there was somebody who
knew everything. Because all I
ever know is part of everything --

HIBISCUS
I know everything! And now so
does she...

The car stops at a light. Hibiscus bails out with a
quick "shaka," and is replaced by... Ng.

GILCREST
Oh no no no. Take me back to lock-
up.

NG
I'm not here because of you. I'm
here for Itchy. We're going to
stop this launch...

She revs the car, and drives.

EXT. LAUNCH OBSERVATION BOAT -- DAY

It's a sparkling blue sky. Engineers and their Launching crew are all out in their hula shirts and summer clothes. Just ahead, on the ocean-liner launching platform, is a gleaming spire. A Titan II rocket, and within it -- JCS 132, "Elevation."

EXT. ITCHY'S KINGDOM -- DAY

Ng drives with Gilcrest.

GILCREST

How?

EXT. ITCHY'S KINGDOM -- DAY

The lush green hillside has begun to fill with people, all ages, every person in this Kingdom heading down the hillside, carrying drums, offerings and banners, everybody headed to the center courtyard of the Kingdom.

EXT. FRONT GATE -- DAY

Ng's car rolls past the guard gate. People stream past them, all headed to the courtyard. She pulls into a spot next to a small wooden building with several small dishes perched atop. This is...

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

Ng and Gilcrest enter to find Itchy's own communications center. Monitors and machines abound, all hidden in this small brown building.

ITCHY

Welcome back, Bra. We all gonna get to work now. It's time for Pele to meet Lono -- The Arrival.

Tracy arrives from a back room. Mitchell too. He's holding the box of Archer's bones in their flag-draped box.

MITCHELL

The Arrival is George Archer.

TRACY

Told you there was a plan.

NG

It's brilliant, and it came from a ten year-old...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCHELL

Ten-and-a-half. And it was easy.
Archer fit the profile better!
"The Fire Goddess will melt the
secret cold heart of Lono."
Archer was Frozen! You see!? And
I wanted to figure out a way to
keep you on planet Earth anyway,
Gilcrest!

GILCREST

Hey. I got a cold heart too, pal.

Gilcrest is about to say something far more sarcastic...
and then looks at the kid's face, beaming at him with a
conspirator's admiration.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

I know, you gotta keep me around.
I'm your sidekick.

Mitchell thrills.

MITCHELL

Sign # 5! Pele finds Lono. The
Ancients spare the Mortals. The
Ancients help us wipe chaos from
the sky. Etc. Etc.

ITCHY

Kid got ancient wisdom.

NG

Let's go.

GILCREST

How can we trust Ng? She's
playing both sides --

NG

Give it up, Gilcrest.

TRACY

Get a room, you two. Book a beach
house! But do it later.

Ng and Gilcrest remain supremely chilly.

TRACY (CONT'D)

I'm new to all this. I just came
with the bones.

Gilcrest fights cynicism, his mind racing.

GILCREST

Are we online with Colorado
Springs? Jeremy, do we have the
feed from the Ocean Launcher?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JEREMY'S VOICE
Linking you on SPRNET.

ON THE MONITOR

"Elevation" sits on the ocean-based platform. A cool cheerful woman's voice narrates the feed. She is PAULA KESSLER, the corporate "voice" of the big launches.

KESSLER
Our Mission Director is reporting
all systems are "go" for launch.
The combustion elements are
building according to schedule...

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

Gilcrest watches "Elevation." Ng nearby... watching Gilcrest. He can feel her eyes on him.

KESSLER
And look at this pleasant
surprise! It's our Industry
Partner, CEO and Owner of
Defensecom SES, acclaimed
philanthropist Phillip H. "Mato"
Saba! Hello Mr. Saba!

Saba is seen from a distance on his own boat, waving.
Surrounded by a security force.

KESSLER (CONT'D)
Stand by for our final assessment
from our Industry Partners and the
U.S. Air Force --

ITCHY
And on our side, we got...

Itchy opens the side-door.

EXT. ITCHY'S KINGDOM -- DAY

The hillside is filled with people. Chanting, playing music, joyously petitioning the heavens. Believers.

ITCHY
She gon' come for these bones.
You'll see... she gon' have some
fun with that rocket too.

Itchy gauges Gilcrest's disbelief.

ITCHY (CONT'D)
You gotta believe, Bra. You gon'
ruin everything. You gotta try
out a different belief system.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ITCHY (CONT'D)

Your soul been livin' on fast
food! You need a meal...

GILCREST

Yeah, well, I'd like to take the
"Fire Goddess" to Popeye's on a
Saturday night. She'd believe,
believe, believe...

ITCHY

(superstitious)

Shhh! Here she comes!

Gray now colors the sky. As the chanting continues...

WINDS

Now begin to whip at the launch site.

INT. SMALL CONFERENCE ROOM ABOARD SHIP -- DAY

Stern faces with a stern decision to make.

GENERAL # 1

Launch.

GENERAL # 2

Launch.

GENERAL # 3

Launch.

ADMIRAL DIXON

I'm tired of waiting for the
future. Launch it.

EXT. OCEAN LAUNCH PLATFORM -- DAY

Angled from the bottom, we see the billion dollar
technology's base. The traditional stuffed-animal
mascot, a furry monkey, sits at the base of the boosters.
Exhaust covers him with smoke... and fire.

KESSLER

The Titan II is ready for launch.
We have a "go for liftoff" at one
minute and counting, for our
historic collaboration of our
biggest Comsat project yet, JCS-
132, "Elevation."

U.S. COMMANDER'S VOICE

(static-filled)

Stand by for terminal count!

EXT. ITCHY'S KINGDOM -- DAY

Tens of voices chanting in ancient Hawaiian, pleading the case for Pele herself to stop this launch. Mitchell and Tracy are among them.

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS -- DAY

Jeremy's red light glows.

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

We see the Rocket from its in-house Corporate feed, 400 yards away, shot from two angles. We hear the count down from Russian and English scientists.

US/RUSSIAN COMMAND VOICES
... four... three... two...

INT. CHINESE SPACE COMMAND -- DAY

They watch with urgency.

US/RUSSIAN COMMAND VOICES
... one...

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

Blast off. The tangle of international voices assess the liftoff, all simultaneously analyzing the complicated launch. One different voice cuts through. The Main Technician, the Scientist, delivering the key word.

SCIENTIST
"Liftoff."

GILCREST
(quietly)
There goes the sky.

Ng stands near Gilcrest, just over his left shoulder. She longs for him to look back at her. He does not.

THE TITAN II -- ON THE MONITOR

Blasts from the platform. The rocket streaks upwards into the sky, as we hear the music of The Blue Nile.
"Let's Go Out Tonight."

EXT. LAUNCH OBSERVATION BOAT -- DAY

Each launch is a modern miracle, a life-altering event, and incredibly personal to the following people who look upwards in wonder. To the entire Space Command it's never been less than true -- the Launch is everything.

To music, a montage of faces, all bound by different loyalties and utter focus... on the sky. And all are riveted on the flaming streaking flash, above their heads. Music.

- 1) The Engineers
- 2) The Investors
- 3) The Officers
- 4) Launch freaks who managed to get this close.
- 5) Itchy's Kingdom chanting upwards.

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

They watch the monitor as the rocket slips earthly bounds. It's magic, every time, whatever side you're on.

GILCREST

Boy, it's a thing.

NG

Yes it is.

They don't look at each other. Every eye in the house is riveted to that monitor.

ON SABA

Watching from his boat. Joyous.

SEPARATION -- DEEP SPACE

As The Titan II sheds booster rockets, and the command voices filter back in. Three different languages now give way to a Russian Scientist who speaks heavily accented English.

RUSSIAN VOICE

Flight stabilization is nominal.

Music takes over as JCS-132 heads for deep blue.

KINGDOM VILLAGERS

Chanting ferociously. The bones sit at the center, on a small platform.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ITCHY

Come get your man, Pele! Calm the
skies! Do your will!

"ELEVATION" -- DEEP SPACE

Performs it's high-altitude ballet, rolling slowly as it
heads inexorably for the slot. Up here, 18,000 miles an
hour looks like a slow crawl.

COMMAND VOICES

Performance is nominal. Flight is
nominal. Stabilization is
nominal. JCS-132 is now...

And this is the big announcement of success. It's their
favorite word of all:

INT. HICKAM COMMAND POST -- DAY

COMMAND VOICES

Trans-sonic!

"ELEVATION" -- DEEP SPACE

Whirls towards it's slot. "Pele's Triangle."

INT. SABA'S BOAT -- DAY

Celebration. Champagne.

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

Gilcrest and company watch silently. Gilcrest turns away
sharply, and knocks over someone's coffee cup. The
tension level rises.

JEREMY

I'll come up with something.

GILCREST

Depending on you, Jeremy. As
always.

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS -- DAY

The Lone Man on the phone with another tech.

LONE MAN

Yeah. Got it. We're running a
little hot. I'll shut down some
units.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He reaches down and casually shuts off some data banks, including Jeremy.

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

Gilcrest addresses Jeremy.

GILCREST
Jeremy? Jeremy?

Silence. Ng checks the monitor.

GILCREST (CONT'D)
Let's get him back on SPRNET.

NG
Someone shut him off. He's gone.

Silence. Others now look worried.

GILCREST
He can't be gone.

He works at the monitor, tries calling with his mobile.

GILCREST (CONT'D)
Jeremy. Come back, Brother.
You're the one with the encryption
codes... and... all the answers...

Silence. Gilcrest looks crushed. Tracy and Mitchell slip back into the room.

NG
Let it go, Gilcrest...

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS -- DAY

Jeremy. Silent.

NG'S VOICE
... we can't get emotional about a
machine.

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

Gilcrest faces off with Ng. As Tracy watches their chemistry on display:

GILCREST
Attachments form, Ng. It's an
amazing thing that happens when
you trust the people you work
with.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NG

So they say.

TRACY

You know, this is funny. I'd almost think you liked each other.

NG

All he did was love the future and want it to work out for us.

NG (CONT'D)

I understand. He was somewhat important to you.

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS -- DAY

Jeremy rattles back to life, fails briefly and re-boots.

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

Gilcrest continues.

GILCREST

Important? Yeah, he was important...

He looks at Mitchell, who watches him worshipfully.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

He was my best friend.

The absurdity and loneliness of such a statement quiets the room.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

In... you know, many ways...

JEREMY

I never really knew you felt that way, Gilcrest.

OTHERS

Jeremy!

JEREMY

72% back...

Gilcrest shoots Ng a superior look.

EXT. ITCHY'S KINGDOM/HILLSIDE -- DAY

Chanting harder.

INT. VANDENBERG AIR FORCE BASE/LOMPOC -- DAY

The Controller watches.

CONTROLLER
She's coming around the earth,
heading for the slot --

EXT. ITCHY'S KINGDOM/HILLSIDE -- DAY

They're still chanting.

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS -- DAY

Jeremy "thinks" hard. The red light blinks wildly.

JEREMY
Gilcrest. I may have an answer on
how we can stop "Elevation."

GILCREST
Go, Jeremy.

JEREMY
We might be able to confuse it,
jam it or shake it out of its
orbit with the proper sound
vibrations.

GILCREST
String Theory!

JEREMY
(Jack Lord-like)
That's right.

GILCREST
What will you feed it --

JEREMY
Well, I think we can start with
every sound ever recorded.

GILCREST
Let's go.

JEREMY
Back in five seconds, Danno. Be
there. Aloha.

Jeremy revs upward into a high-pitched whine, collecting
and processing... every sound ever recorded.

JEREMY'S DATA BANK

The light brightens. We begin to hear an onslaught of
sound...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY (CONT'D)
Here we go. Sending...

"ELEVATION" -- DEEP SPACE

Immediately catches. Shivers.

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

Jeremy takes command, as they watch the Colorado Springs imaging feed. The graphics are life-like and detailed, the world's best.

JEREMY
Processing... this is a big ping.

"ELEVATION" -- DEEP SPACE

We hear layers of static and signals, rising in pitch, faster and louder now, whining and collecting the sound information... heading towards a peak. "Elevation" lurches off-course.

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

Ng yelps. Gilcrest claps once, loudly.

INT. NORAD COMMAND -- DAY -- SAME TIME

Engineers staring at their monitors. In anxious, near-simultaneous dialogue:

ENGINEER # 1
Whoa. Where's she going?

ENGINEER # 2
What are these signals, and where
are they coming from?

ENGINEER # 1
I don't know, Sir, but I think I
just heard Led Zeppelin in there.

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

Gilcrest and Ng move closer to the monitors, leaning in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"ELEVATION"

Delirious with communication sources. Exotic bits of melodies, signals, a piece of a Winston Churchill speech, pulses, applause, fragments of foreign languages, Steve Martin ("Excuse me..."), depth-charge sounds, the Canadian National Anthem, a scream, animal sounds, all in a powerful blitz of too much information. The whizzing almost stops at "Amazing Grace"... then revs wildly onward. It's everything we've heard or grown up with, way too much information, in one digital dollop of sound. The satellite gulps it, tastes it, and craves... more.

EXT. ITCHY'S KINGDOM -- DAY

Chanting.

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

Gilcrest watches proudly, others stunned with wonder.

ON JEREMY -- THE DATA BANK

Whizzing and whirring. Red-light burning even brighter.

JEREMY

It's working... check this out...
this one's for you, Ng...

INT. NASA MISSION CONTROL ROOM -- DAY

Rows of fascinated Space Technicians watch the feed and listen, as Jeremy begins pumping his next song choice over the digital cacophony of voices, recordings, sirens, WWI fight songs, and the tv theme song from "Mr. Ed."

"ELEVATION"

Tips wildly.

INT. ITCHY'S MEDIA COMPOUND -- DAY

Ng beams. Mitchell dances in the background. Gilcrest shakes his head. It's beyond comprehension.

INT. COMMAND STATION/VANDENBERG AFB -- DAY

The Commander staring at the screen, as others hang over his shoulder. Technicians are madly punching codes.

COMMANDER

Turn it around! Turn it around!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

"ELEVATION"

Surging further away, into space.

EXT. HILLSIDE -- DAY

The Area 51 crowd stares up at the sky. Chattering. Someone has a cell-phone. Word has hit that the launch has turned... unique.

LAUNCH FREAK

She blew the curve. She popped
the elliptical...

INT. CHINA SPACE COMMAND -- DAY

Chinese Scientists watching monitors, riveted. They hear the sound chaos. In the middle of the din, we hear a piece of Tom Jones singing "What's New Pussycat?". They look very confused.

INT. NORAD COMMAND -- DAY

Jeremy pumps in another song. He's on a roll.

INT. VANDENBERG AIR FORCE BASE/LOMPOC -- DAY

The most crowded room of all. We see Bob Largent, the host of the 4th of July barbecue, and all the Scientists from the beginning of the movie. They stand in wonder, watching the feed, and listening to...

The Who's "Baba 'O Riley," rising to an intense pitch over a spectacular soundscape from all of recorded culture and history. We hear JFK on the phone, discussing the Cuban Missile Crisis... Microsoft repair tones... a piece of "Pac Man Fever"... an elderly woman shouts "I've fallen and I can't get up!"... Tsunami warnings... Reagan says "There you go again"... the sound of boomer-heartache turned to a rising pitch of joy and abandon...

INT. ITCHY'S KINGDOM -- DAY

They watch "Elevation" shaking, shimmying and tumbling magnificently, further into space. As the pitch of this audio avalanche grows and builds to a peak...

JEREMY'S VOICE

Still in range for step two,
Gilcrest. Now... we launch the
"Angel Sat."

Camera finds Mitchell, pure joy on his face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEREMY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
Get ready for some real String
Theory now...

They hang on every word.

JEREMY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
... the sound vibration that will
launch the "Angel Sat." The
longest note in musical history.
Sending...

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS -- DAY

Jeremy's data-bank light shifts to a hot red.

JEREMY'S VOICE
... now.

ON "ELEVATION"

Out of the chaotic sonic din of waves and digital
screeching, comes a simple sound of absolutely purity...

A ukulele strumming. And a voice. It's a Hawaiian song
with a simple lilting vocal. Radio signals screech and
moan with delight as "Elevation" absorbs...

"Alika," the Hawaiian anthem sung by "Auntie" Genoa
Keawe. It's a simple song, ancient and pure. And in the
song's trademark moment, she slides into... a single high
continuous note.

The radio signals go nuts with delight... we can hear
their machine-like fervor rising in pitch now...
intertwining and feeding power into "Elevation." One
last burst of strength floods into the Satellite, as it
moves to its own chosen rhythm and orbit. We see the
various research and launch teams...helpless. Watching.
As the longest-sung note in music history just keeps on
going...

- 1) China
- 2) Vandenberg
- 3) Senate Intelligence
- 4) The White House
- 5) Gilcrest and others watch the monitors. Celebration
around him.
- 6) Saba on his boat.

ASSISTANT
This is coming out of Colorado
Springs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SABA
This is Gilcrest...

INT. ITCHY'S KINGDOM -- DAY

Shot moves in on Gilcrest. We hear:

JEREMY'S VOICE
Let that Angel Sat rip...

EXPLOSIVE LAUNCH -- THE ANGEL SATELLITE

This small tumbler of a satellite blasts from the side of "Elevation" and whizzes gloriously into deepest space.

ON GILCREST

Ng, and Tracy. Both grab one of his arms, on each side. The humanity is overwhelming, as "Alike" continues. They watch the monitor, and Jeremy's digital imaging.

CLOSER ON THE ANGEL SATELLITE

Shedding sparks and turning slowly, catching the sun, with absolute precision. The Angel Sat spins into space, like a cub reporter heading out on a big assignment.

ON JEREMY

Shuddering with the load. His voice slows.

JEREMY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
I'm losing... my edge...

ON THEIR FACES

A mixture of joy and panic.

JEREMY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
... look outwards... peeopppple...

He revs a bit, but his light is fading.

JEREMY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
... my memory... is... now...
fuuuuuull...

His voice is slow and quiet. A final revelation:

JEREMY'S VOICE (CONT'D)
I never got to announce baseball.

POW. Jeremy implodes. With a last psychedelic burst of digital bits, his monitors go dark.

Suddenly the room feels very, very empty... and quiet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mitchell is devastated. Tries not to cry. Awkwardly, Gilcrest puts an arm around him, rubs his shoulder. It means the world to Mitchell.

INT. COLORADO SPRINGS -- DAY

The Lone Tech.

LONE MAN

Hmm. Lost a data bank....

He removes the rack with frightening ease.

DEAD HARDWARE BIN

Jeremy. Tossed into a recycled dead hardware bin.

THE ANGEL SATELLITE

Still going. A noble patriot.

INT. SPACE COMMAND THINK TANK -- DAY

A Four-star GENERAL CAPENSTANZ sits listening, stoic. Fevered discussion as the big-wigs pitch ideas.

BIG WIG # 1

The D.C. crowd is gonna crawl all over us. This is a p.r. nightmare.

BIG WIG # 2

There go our budgets. There goes...

Mato Saba stands.

SABA

May I suggest we plant the blame where it belongs -- the failure of our principle contractor, and Launch Manager, Brian Gilcrest.

EXT. ITCHY'S KINGDOM -- DAY

Itchy announces to the Villagers.

ITCHY

Pele's Triangle is safe.

Cheers.

ITCHY (CONT'D)

The Fire Goddess didn't come today... but she will...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ITCHY (CONT'D)
when she's ready. She felt us
today. Proud and strong.

EXT. KINGDOM BENCH -- DAY

Gilcrest sits on the bench near the entrance. Nearby,
the flag flies. It's a melancholy moment. Staying on
the panoramic portrait, Itchy enters.

ITCHY
Congratulations, Bra. Sorry about
your friend.

He puts a big hand on Gilcrest's shoulder.

GILCREST
I was kinda hoping for the 1,000
sexy years in a volcano.

ITCHY
Not your destiny, Bra.

GILCREST
What is my destiny?

Itchy smiles knowingly. Holds out his fist.

ITCHY
Love of Country.

GILCREST
Love of Country.

They wearily bump fists.

EXT. HICKAM BRIEFING ROOM -- NIGHT

The MPs stand guard out front.

INT. HICKAM BRIEFING ROOM -- NIGHT

Admiral Dixon, Colonel Lacy and Mato Saba sit across from
Gilcrest. A clandestine de-briefing.

LACY
Who was your source at Colorado
Springs?

He feels the pang of Jeremy's loss. Still.

GILCREST
I had access to a very lively,
very covert databank. The access,
the information... it's over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His eyes meet Saba's. Deadness, the end of a long friendship.

DIXON

You don't have to wear this,
Gilcrest. The girl had a lack of
experience, Major Ng...

Gilcrest looks exhausted. Their pens are poised, as we
move closer on Gilcrest..

GILCREST

I got lost in the Tiki, guys. It
won't happen again.

SABA

(dripping acid)

You state the obvious with such a
sense of discovery.

GILCREST

I was supposed to work the
surface. Fix the problems.
Launch the package. I'm a lone
wolf. I come with the equipment,
right? There was no reason to get
all mixed up in the depth and
"mystery" of everything beneath
the surface. That's not who I am.
It's just a bunch of blue up there
to me.

Gilcrest continues to the others.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

But this girl, this Major Ng.
This exhausting, ridiculous girl
is the future. She believes in
the possibilities and the spirit
of all of it. She looks up in the
sky and sees a world beyond words.
Opportunity. Greatness. This is
a ferocious girl. Personally, we
don't even speak anymore. But if
you want to say anything about
this failed mission -- and I know
you have to -- I'd put her up
there -- p.r. wise -- and let her
whack it out of the park. She's a
knock-out.

EXT. HICKAM AIRFIELD/PRESS CONFERENCE -- DAY

Ng sits at a press conference with the head of Space
Command, and a high-ranking General. She speaks in a
voice powered with passion, and a little more meat on her
emotional bones. She tries to find Gilcrest's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NG

I stand on the shoulders of the greats who came before me. And to them I dedicate a dream of the future...

She maintains eye-contact, speaks to everybody very personally. But still can't find Gilcrest.

NG (CONT'D)

I'm here because of a scholarship paid for by my hometown. I am proud to be a part of the 15th Airlift Air Force Space Command. I believe in all the technology that's come thundering down the path, I believe in all the possibilities.

Her eyes find Gilcrest, searingly so.

NG (CONT'D)

But I never expected the powerful support-system of man's new best friend -- a well-built and perfectly programmed machine.

Gilcrest and Tracy share a look behind sunglasses, as Grace wanders off to text.

NG (CONT'D)

The launch of JCS-132, "Elevation," was in fact a partial-misfire.

There are coughs at the mention of the word "misfire."

NG (CONT'D)

Gosh. But... if ever a misstep was the beginning of a truly robust journey, it's this one. JCS had, in fact, an "angel"... that's what we call an adjunct mini-satellite... destined for deep-space observation, with power for at least two generations of study. And our "angel" did indeed deploy. That Angel Sat is still going. It will be for a long time. And it will record our past, and our present, and a thousand years from now. And thanks to this new...

She coins a phrase.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NG (CONT'D)

... "electro-humanic" collaboration, we just might still be here a thousand years from now. I'd like to salute the person I had the honor of standing with on this Mission. E ku'u kumu e, mai hopohopo, ua kapa 'ia ko'u inoa waena, 'o ia 'o, Mr. Gilcrest. And...

She falters a bit, and everyone -- even the often skeptical media -- is caught up in where she's headed.

NG (CONT'D)

... boy, it's a thing...

Tracy instinctively grabs Gilcrest's arm, moved.

NG (CONT'D)

... when you feel it, like we felt this one. And we dedicate this wonderful Mission to the surviving Angel-Sat of JCS-132. Code-named... Jeremy.

ALL LOOK UP AT A GRAPHIC

Of "Jeremy." There is applause. Gilcrest applauds. He and Ng meet eyes, just for a moment. She nods slightly. It gives him a chill. She's that good in the limelight. Nearby, a hard-nosed reporter in a Hawaiian shirt can't help himself.

REPORTER

I don't know whether to file this story or join the Space Program!

Laughter.

EXT. HICKAM AIRFIELD -- DAY

Gilcrest and Tracy, both emotionally raw, head for the parking lot, as the press conference crowd streams by, still buzzed. Grace and Mitchell are across the field.

TRACY

Guys! We're leaving!

Contractors Bixler and Finkley arrive, and look Gilcrest up-and-down. They're bitter, rancid.

FINKLEY

Way to "save the world," Gilcrest.

GILCREST

Guys. It was all her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They aren't buying it.

FINKLEY

Yeah, we'll talk about it at my pool party. Oh wait! I'm not getting a pool. I don't get my bonus! Come on over! We'll splash around in, let me see, nothing.

BIXLER

(exiting)

Enjoy the retirement.

GILCREST

They're gonna cream me at the hearing.

TRACY

Will you stop? They'd never treat the great Gilcrest like that.

He makes a self-deprecating noise.

TRACY (CONT'D)

You sound like Grace. She really likes you, you know.

She is looking at Grace. Gilcrest is looking at Ng, across the field. She sneaks a look at him, as she takes a cell-phone call.

TRACY (CONT'D)

You should talk to her. Do it now.

He exits. Tracy says to herself:

TRACY (CONT'D)

Just tell her she's your daughter. Enough already.

She watches as Gilcrest passes Grace and Mitchell and goes to Ng. Quietly:

TRACY (CONT'D)

No! Wrong girl --

EXT. HICKAM AIRFIELD -- DAY

Ng is loaded down with bags and purse, as she turns.

GILCREST

Major!

NG

Yes sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST

Well-done. Somewhere Jeremy
thanks you. And probably lusts
after you too.

NG

Good luck at the hearing.

Pause. It's tension-filled.

GILCREST

(leans forward)

Doesn't this part suck?

NG

Very much, Sir.

GILCREST

So -- no late night calls.

NG

Probably best.

GILCREST

No, "I've had a beer -- "

NG

"-- dialed you by mistake." No.

GILCREST

I don't make those calls.

NG

I do. And I won't.

She counts it off, five words. Bittersweet:

NG (CONT'D)

We're strokin' five words.
Consistently.

GILCREST

I wish you well, Major. Goodbye.

NG

That sixth word's a killer.

GILCREST

Thank you for the camaraderie.

She turns and moves in perfect symmetry with other
leaving Officers.

ON TRACY AND GILCREST

In sunglasses.

TRACY

I meant Gracie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILCREST

Oh. Because I really gave Ng hell, just now.

TRACY

Yeah, I could tell.

He's looking at Gracie now.

GILCREST

I never thought of myself as a guy with a kid. I kinda dig it.

As the planes roar, they have to shout:

TRACY

Does anybody take you seriously but me?

GILCREST

No!

TRACY

Do you have a place to stay?

GILCREST

No! I'm a Citizen of the World!

TRACY

I thought so. Listen. Take the Utility Room downstairs. Temporarily!

He nods.

TRACY (CONT'D)

This is a friendly Uncle thing! You cannot have my family!

INT. TRACY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

A sheaf of pages is pinned to the refrigerator with a magnet.

GRACE

Hey Mom. I think Dad wrote you a letter.

Tracy enters and takes the thick sheaf of papers.

INT. DINNER TABLE -- LATER NIGHT

The house with Gilcrest in it... runs great.

WOODY'S VOICE

"Dear Tracy... I applaud you for urging me to speak my thoughts.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOODY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

So here are some thoughts, on the
eve of our possible divorce.
Every one of them I should have
spoken... I hate Gilcrest.

EXT. BACKYARD -- NIGHT

Gilcrest and Gracie studying the sky. Gilcrest points
out falling stars. ("Did you see that one? Exhaust
burned off from a thousand years ago!") Mitchell joins
them, with camera.

WOODY'S VOICE

"... I hate that he's been with
you. I hate that you love him.
In fact, I hate him, more than you
love him. But I do like him. And
I don't like to hate...

MITCHELL

Look at that night-cloud,
Gilcrest. It looks like a
dinosaur --

Slowly Mitchell lowers the camera, until all three are
looking upward. They regard the sky. The camera unused
for once, in Mitchell's hand.

WOODY'S VOICE

"So I have decided to love him. I
love Gilcrest. I'm glad he showed
up. He helped me love you better.

INT. MITCHELL'S ROOM -- DAY

It's Itchy's Native Hawaiian Flag. Right side up. Push
in on Mitchell and Gilcrest nailing it to Mitchell's
wall. It fills the room with nobility as we hear Woody's
voice-over:

WOODY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

"Aloha, Woody. Your silent
husband. Who carries bombs. And
loves his family. You have no
idea about the chaos you calm in
me, the second I walk in that
squeaky back porch door."

INT. C-17 COCKPIT -- NIGHT

Woody looks confused and lost as he flies a late-night
Mission. The Co-Pilot is asleep next to him.

BETTY

"Low ground alert -- "

And for a moment, Woody considers letting it all go.

INT. TRACY'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Gilcrest helps with the birthday party. Tracy works the blender. In the next room, five other kids are present, all of them look like eggheads. Their straight-laced parents, a couple of them stiff-looking Officers' Wives.

MITCHELL

... and here is my film. I've been working on it my whole life.

OFFICER'S WIFE

Fabulous!

ANOTHER MOTHER

Oh, this is going to be adorable.

MITCHELL'S FILM

Is a collection of images from the moments we've seen before. It has a deliberate, professional, effectively corrosive quality, unsettling and assured like a young Stanley Kubrick. The images are one's we've seen him filmed, but now we see the angle and focus of his shots. It's an absurdist view of manners and camaraderie. The very thing they cherish. And it cuts from Military officers mixed with the hamsters on a treadmill, the motif of Murakami, to Arthur C. Clarke, father of the Satellite, to -- devastatingly -- his father's empty chair. Followed by explosions and pomp and circumstance. Cut to the Hamsters humping wildly, and Mitchell's final title card: FUCK WAR. All cut to The Disneyland Children's Chorus of "It's A Small World."

Tracy shares a proud, shocked and embarrassed look with the others. Gilcrest smiles encouragingly. Tracy rearranges her hands, as Mitchell sits contentedly nearby. A satisfied artist. There is silence.

OFFICER'S WIFE

Would clapping offend you?

EXT. HOME -- AFTERNOON

They all leave in a hurry. Mothers pull their children away quickly.

GILCREST

Well I loved it.

Mitchell stands proudly.

TRACY

(to Gilcrest)

This is all you, you know. Before you showed up, he was a happy little kid with a camera.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST

No no no. Don't pin this on me...
 this kid has darkness that goes
 back to Methuselah. This is
 primordial...

Mitchell beams. Subversive, successful and happy. There
 is a sudden, jarring SHUDDER that rattles the walls.

GILCREST (CONT'D)

Here it is --

TRACY

Turn on the news --

GILCREST

(instinctively)

Pele --

GRACIE

Mom!

Grace grabs her mother, and hangs on for dear life. In
 the midst of crisis, Tracy has never felt more needed...
 or better.

ON PELE -- THE VOLCANO

Which now erupts. Bursts of lava flow toward the sea.

INT. ITCHY'S KITCHEN -- DAY

Itchy and his family. The house shudders.

ITCHY

New land... here it comes...

EXT. HICKAM AIRFIELD -- DAY

Officers staring at the horizon. On a monitor outside.

BEN NAKAMURA

...live, as we speak. This is
 clearly the arrival of Loihi,
 about fifty years ahead of
 schedule. Let's go live to the
 north pit of Moku'aweoweo...

Music. "Waikiki" by Andy Cummings. As we see the
 activity of joy that sweeps through the islands. This is
 what they've been waiting for.

THE LAVA FLOWING

Through the gusts of smoke. The scratchy ballad of the
 city plays as...

INT. JPAC LAB -- NIGHT

But something is happening here, on the late night shift. We look at the quiet, terrified face of Keana. The only one at work tonight. She feels a wave of coldness, and then the crack of electricity. It's the feeling of reality and perception... peeling away... shrouded in...

A GREENISH MIST

Assembling in the bones room. At its center, a whiff of red. The faintest outline of the native Goddess, Pele herself. Like a faded image, barely even there.

THE BOX CARRYING ARCHER'S BONES

Obscured in mist. Within it, the faint figure opens the box and removes the bones delicately in her hands. She places them to her heart, as a deep red glows at the center of this apparition. The room grows dark, then warm, and with a quiet shudder, it is empty again.

ON KEANA

She will never be the same. She approaches the box carrying the bones.

THE BOX

Empty.

INT. ITCHY'S KINGDOM -- DAY

Itchy happily with his community, making dinner, crying openly as the walls and books shake.

ITCHY

The Arrival! New land!

And finally... everything settles.

EXT. FRONT LAWN -- NEXT DAY

Gilcrest is fixing the mailbox. Grace walks home. She pauses, seeing something in his eyes, and stops on her way inside.

GRACE

Did you want to say something --

GILCREST

I did. I had sort of a big thing to mention.

GRACE

Sure, Gilcrest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST

I wonder if you think that I'm
trying to horn in on your family
here --

GRACE

No --

GILCREST

-- because I am.

GRACE

Don't worry. I like you. You
don't have to try so hard.

He unburdens to her, raw and without irony.

GILCREST

I don't have much to go home to.

GRACE

People go nuts from loneliness,
you know.

GILCREST

How would you know?

GRACE

Gilcrest, I have a secret world.
People never know half the stuff
I'm thinking. I'm like no one
else I know.

Gilcrest makes an ironic noise. She knows it well. She
tends to make the same noise.

GILCREST

Stay that way. One step on the
mainland, it's all gonna go poof
into thin air.

GRACE

I can't wait!

He nods to himself. He was the same way once.

GRACE (CONT'D)

So what was your big idea --

GILCREST

Well, actually --

GRACE

I'm thinking about texting my Dad.
Will you help me phrase it
correctly? I just want to make
him laugh, tell me if it's warped
enough. Here it is --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She gets out a piece of paper. He reads:

GILCREST
"Not a shred of evidence exists in
favor of the idea that life is
serious." Brendan Gill.

GRACE
He's a writer.

GILCREST
(looks at her)
Nice.

He is poised on the edge of his big talk.

GRACE
Thanks for coming back, Gilcrest.
It's gonna hurt to see you go.

His face flickers with disappointment.

GRACE (CONT'D)
That big thing you wanted to talk
about? I already know it. I
almost knew it when she flew all
that way to your funeral. But I
really knew it when she put her
arm around you. She doesn't put
her arm around just anybody.

He smiles. Truer words.

GILCREST
Well, I don't want to go home.

She laughs and exits. He riffs, hoping she'll turn
around.

GILCREST (CONT'D)
I'm serious. I do not want to go
home. I'm going to replace this
mailbox -- personally. I'll just
stand out here and hold your mail
and... you can bring me meals!
It's a good life for me! I'll
hold a red flag, put it up and
down...

She's gone.

GILCREST (CONT'D)
Goodbye.

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Gilcrest helps Gracie and Tracy with dinner. She exits
the kitchen. Gilcrest turns at the sound of a knock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At the window is Woody. He looks concerned and disconnected. He opens the squeaky back-porch door.

The two regard each other, wordlessly of course. Gilcrest shakes hands with him, pats his shoulder, and smiles. Woody grabs Gilcrest's shoulder and squeezes. I know you're her father. Gilcrest grabs Woody's other shoulder, and squeezes. I knew you knew. Woody hugs Gilcrest. But it's my family. Gilcrest pulls away and looks at him. So it is.

It's a good "conversation," and Gilcrest leads Woody to the hallway, back to his family.

THE HALLWAY

Tracy sees her husband. She's missed him. And they adore that family. Husband and wife reunite. Gilcrest nods. Finally, he's done the right thing, with no muss or fuss. Over Woody's shoulder, Tracy's eyes meet Gilcrest's, powerfully. This is my life. She gives him a little salute. Grace and Mitchell arrive, and see the small commotion.

WOODY

So what did I miss?

GILCREST

Mitchell. You gotta show your Dad your movie...

Mitchell beams. Woody shows interest. Gracie studies Gilcrest, and the effect he's had on the family.

EXT. JPAC MEMORIAL SERVICE -- DAY

The Hickam Pageantry has returned to the airfield. A small military band bids goodbye to George Archer. An elegant, striking older woman, JANE, speaks. She looks nothing like our other characters, she's a world apart. She wears a sun hat.

JANE

I was George Archer's fifth cousin...

Tracy and Gilcrest attend dutifully. Nearby, Keana smiles tightly, a girl with a big secret. The box of George Archer's bones has begun its long journey home.

GILCREST

All that fuss over a box.

TRACY

That box is American know-how and loyalty to the fighting man.

He leans forward, just for her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST
Do they know it's empty?

TRACY
No.

She laughs discreetly.

TRACY. (CONT'D)
You know I love you.

GILCREST
I love you, and that family of yours.

TRACY
Call me or I'll call you. I'll let you do hula class on your own.

GILCREST
Aloha sweetie.

With a blast of Hawaiian-tinged fanfare, this small military gathering honors a man they never knew with the noble passion he deserved. This is the best part of tradition. Mitchell passes by, filming.

ON COLONEL LACY -- MINUTES LATER

On the mobile. Staff Sgt. Winston is in tow.

COLONEL LACY
Yes sir. An event in Timor...
yes, sir. I'll tell the Admiral.

Lacy's pace quickens. Another crisis in the Pacific. He passes Gilcrest on the steps and stops, hanging up.

COLONEL LACY (CONT'D)
I got this thing in Timor, but did you hear? Your hearing is cancelled. China turned in Mato Saba. For selling them bad secrets....

INT. SHANGHAI CAFE -- DAY -- TWO HOURS EARLIER

Saba is descended upon by NSA Agents. Led by a face we remember. In another country, with a completely different look, it's Red Hibiscus.

HIBISCUS
It's over.

They yank Saba into a vehicle, as we cut back to:

LACY AND GILCREST -- CONTINUING

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lacy waves off Staff Sgt Winston.

COLONEL LACY

You made it out alive, Gilcrest.
Another "robust" event to make
them forget the last robust event.
Your stocks on the rise again,
baby!

GILCREST

(appreciatively)

Hibiscus.

Lacy shakas Gilcrest, who shakas back.

COLONEL LACY

It's cookin' in the Theatre.
Winston! We're late for Timor!

BLACK BAG

Zipped.

THE SUITCASE

Shuts.

EXT. HULA CLASS -- NIGHT

Gilcrest stands poised to say goodbye to Gracie. He
watches her unseen for a moment, interrupted by the sound
of his mobile. He answers.

GILCREST

Gilcrest.

EXT. BANGALORE RESTAURANT -- NIGHT

Ng's face, lit by the glow of the restaurant. Or maybe
it's the beer. She sneaks a sip. She's never looked
more subversive, happier... or different. The only
remnant of the recent past is an important one -- she
wears the Hawaiian hat.

NG

What a day, Gilcrest. We brought
35,000 packets of food to the tip
of India. Just to see that look
on people's faces, and to appease
that suffering. India is a good
fit for me.

GILCREST

Nice draw from the job jar, Ng.

NG

May I flirt with you, Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILCREST
(immediately)

No.

NG
Then may I thank you for what you
did for me?

GILCREST
Yes.

NG
It's -- you know it's not easy for
me to say this --

GILCREST
Then don't.

NG
I miss the gang.

GILCREST
"The gang?" Ng -- there was no
gang. You're NRO now. You are in
the epicenter of Lone Wolfdom.
You'd better hide that caramel
center, Major.

NG
I turned 'em down, Gilcrest.

Gilcrest is taken aback. Sharply.

NG (CONT'D)
Flattered, but turned 'em down.
I'm staying with the Air Force.
And some special ops.

GILCREST
I gave you a paved road --

NG
It's a beautiful road, Sir, but
it's not the only road.

GILCREST
Well, it's a hell of a time in
your career not to capitalize.

NG
Am I ever gonna see you again?

GILCREST
Sure, why not. I'll send you a
picture.

NG
Gosh. Was that a joke, Gilcrest?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GILCREST

Come on --

NG

It was. It was a joke! And a
joke is camaraderie, and sir, I
see daylight. I. See. Daylight.

She looks up into the nighttime sky, laughing. Feeling
this loose feels good.

NG (CONT'D)

Actually, I see darkness, but it
feels like daylight...

GILCREST

Well, look out for the Iridium
lights. They're coming around
India this summer. That's an
eighteen-year cycle, you know.

NG

What a show, huh?

GILCREST

First saw them in 1971 with a 55
mm telescope.

NG

The maroon one. Your dad's. I
love this story.

Gilcrest looks up at the sky, there's a swirl of promise
up there. For a few seconds they share the silent
moment, sharing the sky.

GILCREST

Warmest Aloha, Ng.

ON THE KIDS

Dancing hula. Their hands lift up to the ceiling, to the
sky. The future is theirs, on this warm Hawaiian night.
Music continues. She does not hang up. She listens.

INSIDE HULA CLASS -- CLOSER ANGLES

They move in neat, committed rows. Their hands high.

NG

I am still so touched by the hula.

She chokes him up a little. He says nothing.

NG

(somewhat emotional)
With your permission, I shall
count on the pleasure of your
company in the future. Sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GILCREST

We skinned our knees on eternity,
Ng.

NG

Yes we did... Brian.

He takes a big breath.

GILCREST

Go get 'em... Lisa.

She pushes her hands deep into her pockets, and walks into the Bangalore night. A kid on the street spins a globe on a day-glo string. We hear the sound of sweet, subversive Indian pop music drifting from an upstairs window, mixed with the sound of the foreign nighttime camaraderie. She's on top of the world.

NG

Out here, Sir!

ON GILCREST

In the hula class doorway. Looking up into the same sky. The sky of his youth.

ON NG

Stops in her tracks. There they are. The Iridium Lights.

GILCREST

(never more alive)

Out here.

Reluctantly, she hangs up. Rip rip. She tucks the phone in her pocket.

GRACE'S HANDS

Twist and turn upwards, as music shifts to U2's "Elevation." Gilcrest nods goodbye to Grace with a very particular nod of the head. He raises a shaka to her. She returns it, with a similar nod of the head, a mannerism from deep within their mutual DNA. And in the last moment, Grace feels the loss. She's going to miss this odd guy in the doorway. It's bittersweet, like the smell of old newspapers... filled with good news. And it's clear to her, as they recognize each other fully. They are...

Father and Daughter.

THE "ANGEL" MICRO-SATELLITE -- JEREMY

Heading into the deepest blue. Music.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ON GILCREST -- THE HAWAIIAN STRIP MALL

He turns from Grace's hula class and fades into the late-night crowd of mothers, Hawaiians, Portuguese, all excitedly talking, with Missions all their own -- their kids. Families. Music continues, as he looks up into the sky. As always, it centers him... and leads him tonight to a simple truth. A miracle, really.

He is a man in the world. Finally.

TO BLACK:

Credits. Once again, black is revealed as DEEP SPACE. And then...

THE WRECK OF "ELEVATION"

Music takes over, as signals disappear. The biggest white elephant of the modern technological age orbits slowly into frame. It's JCS-132. "Elevation." The hull is charred and weathered. THE AMERICAN FLAG, singed but still visible like a deep space "Star Spangled Banner." Defiantly and proudly... heading for eternity...

THE END