

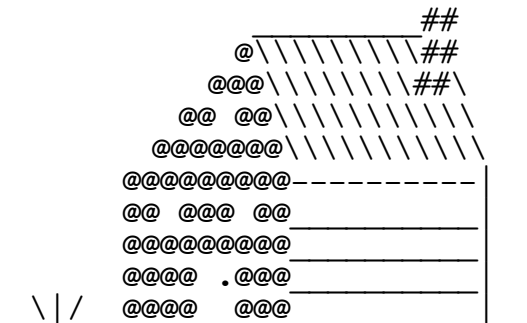


HIGHER

Written by

Max Landis

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The sound of wind. Rain, pouring down onto a roof, muted and obtuse. Distant thunder. Then:

A car door opens, and slams closed, bringing us into

INT. FLYNN'S RENTAL CAR - DAY

The economy rental is fresh from the airport, paperwork still on the passenger seat, the interior gray and nondescript, as

**FLYNN**, early 40s, unshaven, looking tired and worn down, his suit ruffled, gets into the car, slamming the door.

He shakes off rain, already on his cell phone.

FLYNN

Yes, it could be dangerous, I don't want to lie to you...It could be- it's a dangerous situation-

(beat)

Well, because it has to be me.

(beat, sadly)

You don't mean that. *You don't mean that*, so don't say it, I hate when you act like it's just a-

(beat)

Well someone has to. You think I don't know- *you think I don't know* there's a chance this ends up with me bleeding on the floor again?

You think I don't...

(oops too far)

Look it's going to be fine. We're going to...figure SOMETHING out.

(beat)

I love you.

(beat)

Okay.

He hangs up. There's a beat, Flynn composing himself, and then he opens the case. Inside it is a small revolver.

After a beat, he begins to load it, shell by shell, before closing the chamber, and hiding it in his coat.

He looks out the windshield. Up ahead, an electrical pole has somehow lit completely on fire. He watches it burn.

The telephone wires are burning as far as the eye can see.

**TITLE ON BLACK:  
HIGHER**

## EXT. PARSONS BARN - MIDDAY

The barn is on an isolated plot of land, with a dirt driveway leading up to it. Rain patters down. It'd be pastoral, quaint...

Except it's all pretty fucked.

A beat up, badly damaged 1997 Honda Accord is parked out front. The barn itself is all fucked up, too. Paint peeling, a board or two missing.

The house visible behind it is a wreck. Broken windows.

The front door hangs open. Several huge electrical cables, looking industrial in nature and size, are running out of it, humming with electricity, leading into the barn.

On the roof of the barn stands a figure in a yellow raincoat.

**POLLY.**

Late 30s early 40s, wearing unhooked overalls held up by a tool belt. She is not wearing pants, and her dirty legs stick out from the bottom of the raincoat. Combat boots.

She's looking through a telescope with some kind of complicated electronic component. She stands up, away from the telescope, and stares up into the sky.

## INT. THE BARN - MOMENTS LATER

The barn is two stories tall, or at least it was; multiple gantries and walkways, catwalks and platforms have been haphazardly erected inside, going in every direction.

At its center, under a series of tarps, is a large object, the side of a minivan, that sits in a clumsily dug out portion of the floor clearly hewn to this purpose.

From the tarp...thing blossom out electrical cables in all directions, both power and firewire, going to a seemingly random and various collection of computer stations.

It looks like a jungle, a deep rainforest made entirely of electronic components, dozens of screens from different eras shining brightly, mixed with the usual old attic garbage.

Mechanical and engineering equipment is strewn everywhere. It's hard to tell if this is a mad scientist's lab...or an episode of hoarders.

A door creaks open. And **FLYNN** enters.

FLYNN  
 (re: everything)  
 ...Whoa.

Flynn takes a careful step in, closing the door carefully behind him. He takes a moment to look at the machines. Most of them are off.

His eyes move to the tarp. Seems to be the center of everything. Hm.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
 Hello?

No response. Flynn talks out loud, seemingly to no one.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
 It uh, it doesn't look like she's in here. There's some kind of- contraption, in here, it covers the whole interior of the barn...I'm gonna try to get a better look.

He approaches it, touching, trying to get a look underneath-

Polly suddenly bursts through a door in the loft above him, unsettling a huge heap of old mail and papers, which cascade down in a dusty waterfall Flynn has to jump to avoid.

POLLY  
 Digger, thank god, it's almost time! You're really cutting it close there compadre, I was-

She sees Flynn. Flynn sees her. Flynn's eyes bug for a moment, startled by the pantsless, hooded figure above him.

She looks down, completely confused.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
 Who the fuck are you?

FLYNN  
 Do you not-...I- uhh-

POLLY  
 Oh, right, right. You can leave it anywhere.

FLYNN  
 I'm sorry, leave what?

POLLY

The food. You're the- you brought  
the food, yeah?

Polly's gone to work on one of the machines, out of sight  
above him, typing frantically. He moves to try to get a  
better look.

FLYNN

What food?

POLLY

The Chinese I ordered.

FLYNN

(quietly)

Yeah she's in here.

(to her)

I'm not the Chinese Delivery Man.

POLLY

Of course not. You're the white  
delivery man. But if you don't  
have the food, I'm going to have to  
ask you to go, sorry.

Flynn takes a beat, moving to where he can see her through an  
open hatch in the loft floor. She glances down at him.

FLYNN

Miss Webber, do you not recognize  
me?

POLLY

No, have we met?

FLYNN

Yes. My name is Flynn Westcott,  
I'm a lawyer, we met in college.

POLLY

Well I don't remember you-

FLYNN

Miss Webber, there's no Chinese  
restaurants within a hundred miles  
of here.

POLLY

So you're saying you don't have  
food?

FLYNN

I'm afraid not.

POLLY

(beat)

Well that's probably better,  
wouldn't want to go up on a full  
stomach. You can get the fuck out  
now, thanks.

Polly goes back to work, welding something rigged to under  
the tarp, one of the tight steel cables.

Flynn doesn't get the fuck out. He looks around, laughs to  
himself in disbelief, and notices the pile of magazines on  
the floor, kneeling to get a closer look.

FLYNN

(quietly)

Oh wow.

They're old, waterlogged, dirty. Among them are overdue  
bills, complaint notices...Then it drops out, clattering to  
the floor.

**A Nobel Prize.** Stained with dirt and dust and food.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(loudly)

Miss Webber?

No response. He sniffs. Smells something bad. Rising,  
looks up, noticing a sink full of dishes and food, a total  
mess.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Miss Webber, how long have you been  
in here?

No response, just the sound of welding.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Where did you buy- or find- where  
did you get all this equipment?

No response. Flynn slowly climbs the old, creaky, unstable  
steps up to the loft level, carefully stepping over  
electronic components and wires.

Up here, there are rows of servers, all old, many of them  
groaning in protest, clearly near overheating, rumbling in a  
haphazardly thrown together maze.

Flynn weaves his way through, only for the raincoated figure  
to suddenly appear, now wearing a welder's mask.

POLLY

I told you to leave.

She tries to push past, the two of them close together, and he moves to block her. The welding mask turns to him, expressionless.

Flynn tries to stay casual.

FLYNN

What is all this stuff?

POLLY

Targeting computers.

FLYNN

"Targeting?"

POLLY

Trajectory, component trajectories.  
Launch vectors, possible entry  
points, transpatial mapping.

FLYNN

Component trajectories for what?

POLLY

Who did you say you were again?

FLYNN

I can explain everything, but I  
need you to come outside. Maybe  
you can do some explaining too-  
what *is* all this stuff?

POLLY

Are you armed?

FLYNN

Armed? No.

POLLY

Then get out of my way.

Polly shoves Flynn very roughly aside, barging past. The shove is so rough that as Flynn tries to disentangle himself, he rips his coat.

He doesn't seem to care, ripping himself free and following her down the stairs to the crowded labyrinth of the barn.

FLYNN

Miss Webber, wait, you have to stop, wait, and listen, just for a moment, please-

As she talks, Polly heads over to one of the massive banks of old school computers, and turns it on, then another, then another, all the massive, antiquated technology whirring to life, lights blinking on.

POLLY

Look, what is it you need? What's the big plan, here, cause I'm being patient, but when Digger gets back- he doesn't like strangers, and you don't look like the fighting type, no offense-

FLYNN

Well that's the thing, Miss Webber, Digger isn't coming back.

As lights flicker around them, the barn losing its rustic, dusty sunlit ambience in place of something more sinister and technological, Polly stops.

POLLY

What?

FLYNN

Digger was arrested this morning.

POLLY

Bullshit.

FLYNN

It's how I found you. He was using your old credit card to draw money from an ATM, money to buy methamphetamines-

POLLY

"methamphetamines"

FLYNN

Yes. They pulled him over because he was speeding and found drugs in the car, weed, adderall, the whole pharmacy. Digger's not coming back, so you can't count on any protection from your boyfriend right now.

POLLY  
Is that a threat?

FLYNN  
I'm just furthering the dialogue.

POLLY  
Digger isn't my boyfriend.  
(beat)  
Digger is just someone I fuck.

Flynn blinks at the intensity with which she says this.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
And please, the last person I need  
protection from is you.

Polly pulls a large series of levers, and again, the barn  
charges further.

Flynn regards the machines with alarm and confusion.  
Electricity begins humming through all of the cords strung  
everywhere.

FLYNN  
Do I need to be worried about that?  
What do these machines do,  
more...calculations, or-

POLLY  
You need to be worried about  
getting the fuck out.

FLYNN  
Where did you get all this stuff?

POLLY  
Garage sales. Factory clear-outs.  
I needed older models so they  
couldn't scan them in advance and  
see what I was planning. No wi-fi.

FLYNN  
So who couldn't scan them in  
advance?

POLLY  
The Sigma Sixers.

FLYNN  
Sigma Six?

POLLY  
The aliens.

Polly ducks into a gantry hatch, climbing INTO the mess of machines around the big thing under the tarp.

Flynn falters. He clearly wasn't expecting it to get this weird. He's a little sweaty, and wipes his brow.

FLYNN

Is it getting hotter in here?

Silence from the machines, other than the noise of typing and things being worked on.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I could swear it wasn't this hot when I came in, maybe- is there any kind of output, what's cooling all these machines?

Silence. Flynn takes a moment, and then, confident he's not being watched, undergoes a brief, but major change.

He seems suddenly overcome with anger and frustration, his calm cover of lawyerliness falling away instantaneously in a brief, silent tantrum of movement.

He looks, for a moment...insane.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

She told you not to come. She told you to give up and you didn't listen. Now this fucking shit, of course, stupid fucking cocksucker, now fucking this shit now, *fine*, you want me to give up, *fine*.

Flynn eyes the machines, hunting for Polly, as he reaches around his jacket- is he getting the gun?

POLLY

*Drop it.*

She stands behind Flynn, having risen from the machines. She holds a gun at her side.

Flynn slowly turns to face the gun, holding...his cell phone.

FLYNN

It's just a ph-

Polly grabs the phone away and hurls it violently into the wall, destroying it.

How much of what he was saying did she hear? She sticks a finger right in his face.

POLLY

No more distractions. We're too close now. Not much time left. If you're looking for me to bail out Digger, that's not on the table-

FLYNN

I'm not here for Digger, I'm here BECAUSE of Digger. I'd been looking for you.

POLLY

Cause we met in college? Arkansas is quite a drive from Yale-

FLYNN

Because I'm trying to get you out of here, to get you out of this. If you'd just-

POLLY

Sorry bud, only way I'm leaving this barn is through the roof.

FLYNN

Your family is worried about you. Your daughter. Your husband.

Polly turns on him.

POLLY

See, now I know someone sent you, once you start that bullshit.

FLYNN

I'm sorry?

POLLY

My family does not give a singular iota of shit about me, or they'd be here now. But they're not here now, they left and went to Japan.

FLYNN

No, your daughter is at home, in Philadelphia-

POLLY

Right, sure.

FLYNN

She's going to be a senior in high school this year. She's pursuing law schools, she thinks-

POLLY

*High school!?* Did they even get you the right file on me? My daughter is nine years old. She's in *Japan* with her piece of shit *father* doing god knows what, she does not know I'm here, and she does not care.

Flynn falters, seemingly changing tact.

FLYNN

I'm sorry, Miss Webber, but that isn't the truth. That isn't the truth as I understand it, your daughter is seventeen years old-

POLLY

The truth, the truth right, sure, okay. "The truth."

FLYNN

Why do you think I'm here?

POLLY

Because they sent you.

FLYNN

Who. The aliens? Could we talk more about them-

POLLY

Not the ALIENS, they don't SEND PEOPLE, they just put the stars out. No, I'm talking about some anonymous they from the they buffet, I've got so many theys in my ass right now it's like- pick a card, any card. Move.

She pushes past him, headed to a computer console she powers up. It doesn't seem to be working, or functionally plugged in to anything.

Flynn notices.

FLYNN

If you don't mind me saying so, I think you might be forgetting some things. I think a lot of these machines aren't doing anything at all.

She laughs dismissively and continues trying to power up the machine. Flynn thinks, choosing the next path in.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Miss Webber are you under the influence of any kind of substance right now?

POLLY

No, are you?

FLYNN

Do you have a history of substance abuse of any kind, could you-

POLLY

No, I don't.

FLYNN

You're certain? Your view of reality seems- I mean, let's call it "disparate," disparate from the facts-

POLLY

Well that's not my problem, that's not the problem I *have*. I have two problems, one's in here

(indicates head)

And one's up there-

(indicates upwards)

Now it's five minutes to midnight and we're getting ready to stop everything from the downhill roll, and I warned them, but here you are so I guess they didn't-

FLYNN

Warned who? Talk to me. Explain to me what you think is going on. I think you're confused about some things, some integral pieces of this- and maybe if you help me understand what you are doing, or think you're trying to do-

POLLY

What I "think" I'm trying to do-

FLYNN

Yes, the "aliens," help me to understand.

(MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

The form and content of what you're saying seems- disparate to me from the facts as I know them, so-

POLLY

Disparate.

FLYNN

Yes.

POLLY

Disparate.

FLYNN

Okay.

POLLY

It's a lawyer-y word.

FLYNN

Guilty.

There's a BING noise and several of the machines and computers begin powering up. The web of steel cables suddenly tightens, flexing with an echoing metal rattle that startles Flynn badly.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

*Jesus!* What is this thing?

Polly's already on her way back up to the catwalk.

POLLY

The machines are warming up, I'm waiting on them. I have to start the preflight diagnostics.

FLYNN

Pre-flight? Is this barn going to the moon?

Polly opens four lap-tops, cueing each of them, and their screens blink to life in different colors, showing complicated read outs that very possibly could mean nothing at all, which Polly watches intently, hitting a few more buttons.

Suddenly, all of the LED strips in the barn click to life: Flynn is abruptly standing near the center of a massive, three dimensional spider-web of light, with the tarp near the center.

Electrical systems hum to life.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
...Maybe I spoke too soon.

Polly makes a noise of vague acknowledgment; she looks totally implacable, engrossed in the screens.

We're starting to see it a little more clearly now, and so is Flynn; she's not hearing him. There's something missing behind the eyes.

He might be in danger.

And yet he tries another tact.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
The power in this barn is being pulled illegally, did you know that? Someone hacked into a power grid north of here and ran a line. You wouldn't know who did that, would you?

POLLY  
Yeah I've got a pretty good idea.

FLYNN  
Oh, do you?

POLLY  
Yeah, it was me.

FLYNN  
And you're aware that's a felony, of course.

Polly laughs, not looking up from the computers as she takes off the raincoat, leaving her only in panties. Several bloody bandages are visible on her dirty body.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Something funny about that?

POLLY  
I'm off the grid now, buddy. We're self generating the power from right under there.  
(gestures to the tarp)  
How else was I suppose to get the kickstart I needed to get the mag  
All nice little families should have their nightlights and air conditioning back by now, I just needed a power surge to initiate fission in the reactor.

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

How else am I supposed to get the magnets going on the Slingatron?

FLYNN

Reactor?

Flynn blinks, doing a double take towards the tarp. Indeed, everything appears plugged into whatever is under it.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

F- fission? I'm sorry did you say fission?

POLLY

Yes, fission. You know. Atoms. Fairy dust of the universe, Oppenheimer, power from nothing, destroyer of worlds-

FLYNN

You're telling me that under that tarp there's a- you're telling me I'm *standing next to a-*

POLLY

(not even looking up)  
It's just a small one.

Flynn, horrified, approaches the humming noise from under the tarp, and yanks it back- ***which starts to reveal RADIOACTIVE SYMBOLS as the hum GETS EVEN LOUDER-***

***HOLY SHIT, it's a MINIATURE NUCLEAR REACTOR, clearly unstable-***

FLYNN

*Dear god...*

*Polly violently shoves him away from the reactor, knocking him down, and then picks up a computer monitor and HURLS IT AT HIM while he's on the ground!*

It shatters apart inches from his head, Flynn scrambling away in horror.

POLLY

***DON'T TOUCH THAT. DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING.***

Polly suddenly regains calm and goes to a cluttered cabinet, drawing out a pair of overalls she begins to pull on as Flynn lays on his back, thinking, breathing hard.

FLYNN

Th- that's a *live nuclear reactor*.  
I don't know how you built it that  
small, but if it's real, us  
standing this close to it is  
hitting us with at least a thousand  
rads a second. You are cooking us  
both alive.

POLLY

Then leave.

FLYNN

Leaving is not an option. Not  
without you.

POLLY

Then shut up and cook.

Flynn gets up, looking nervously at the barn door. The  
situation has changed. Polly buckles her overalls, watching  
Flynn try to contain his panic.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Who are you really? You're not a  
lawyer, someone sent you. Who sent  
you?

FLYNN

I sent me. I'm here because-

POLLY

No, someone sent you. Look at you,  
standing there with your elbow  
halfway up your arm and your teeth  
in your mouth, something's up.

FLYNN

There are people who could've sent  
me but they didn't get a chance,  
because I came here, on my own, to  
talk to you, before things get  
worse, before you make this any  
worse for yourself-

POLLY

You have no idea the scope of  
what's happening. You've got an  
itty bitty micro perspective here,  
this is *galactic*.

FLYNN

Galactic, huh?

POLLY

Yes. Yes. Yes.

FLYNN

I think a good amount of the "galactic" situation is contained in your head.

POLLY

*Idiot. Jesus. You never listen to me.*

FLYNN

I thought this was the first time we've met? Please just hear me out- that's- that's a nuke, okay? That will kill us both, that's not aliens, that's *real*. You lit two counties *on fire* turning it on, and if that thing destabilizes it's either going to MELT DOWN or BLOW UP, is that what you want?

POLLY

It's built to blow up.

FLYNN

*What?*

POLLY

I designed it to explode, it's GOING to explode. And it's not only technically a nuke; the fission is built on a self-cycling iridium neon chamber-

FLYNN

*I don't care about the science- listen to me. Listen to me. This is not...This is not a tenable situation. You don't want to- die, right? I mean you don't want to die, you're not-*

POLLY

It's a judgment call. My death is likely, and preferable, to the death of every human being alive.

FLYNN

In what scenario does every human alive die?

POLLY

The arrival of the Sigma Sixers.  
Less than an hour away now. Check  
the charts, photon bursts closer  
and closer. One just off the edge  
of Saturn.

FLYNN

Aliens are coming. That's it.  
Just, aliens are coming.

(beat)

You've got some bandages, there.  
Was that the aliens too?

POLLY

No. I did that.

FLYNN

You cut yourself.

POLLY

To cut out the nanites. I received  
a message in a dream.

FLYNN

From the aliens.

POLLY

Yes, nocturnal subconscious  
messaging systems, using alphawave  
channels in the human brain-

FLYNN

And they told you they're coming?

POLLY

No, they told me- other things,  
they told me other things-

FLYNN

They told you to build a nuclear  
reactor?

POLLY

No, I'm doing that for- myself-

FLYNN

You're confused.

POLLY

The Sigma Sixers- the stars go out  
one by one-

(mutters)

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

It's a- you can chart it, it's a chartable pattern- is someone- I can explain, I will explain. But tell me why you're here. Tell me who "they" is.

FLYNN

Well, right now, nobody. I'm just one person trying to resolve a bad situation.

POLLY

Is that what I am? A bad situation?

FLYNN

I think a lot of things are happening with you that you're not immediately aware of, not contextually aware of as being dangerous. You're bleeding. You're dirty. You told me you've been sleeping with a meth addict. And we are standing next to some kind of unshielded atomic reactor. Just stop and think. Pause, breathe, and become aware.

POLLY

Pause- pause breathe and-

FLYNN

Yes.

POLLY

Where'd you hear that?

He's getting close.

FLYNN

Shut down the reactor and I'll tell you.

POLLY

Where'd you hear that, is that something someone said to me-

FLYNN

Yes.

POLLY

Are you one of the doctors?

FLYNN  
Which doctors?

POLLY  
The doctors at Green Meadow.

FLYNN  
The Green Meadow Treatment  
facility? In upstate New York?

Polly falters, looking around at the machines.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Why would you know doctors at a  
mental illness treatment facility.  
What could've happened that  
would've brought you there?

POLLY  
Okay...Listen, this is real, I am  
not- I am not- if they sent you  
here to bring me back, I can't go.  
I'm very busy. I'm very busy.  
It's time sensitive.

FLYNN  
Because the aliens are coming.

POLLY  
(questioning)  
...Yes.

FLYNN  
Why are they coming, Miss Webber?  
And what are you going to do when  
they get here?

Polly is quiet. Flynn takes a beat. He's getting somewhere.

**WOOP.** A police siren, from outside.

POLLY  
You said you were alone.

FLYNN  
*I am, I am alone-*

POLLY  
You said no one sent you-

FLYNN  
They didn't, I'll- I'll handle this-

POLLY  
You're one of them-

FLYNN  
No, I'm not, there is no them,  
**there is no them!**

Flynn turns and walks straight out of the barn as he talks, out into-

EXT. THE BARN - CONTINUOUS

A police cruiser is parked in the roundabout, and the **COP** is just starting to get out, the rain pelting down on both of them, Flynn moving swiftly towards him.

FLYNN  
(yelling)  
Did no one call you?

COP  
Good afternoon, sir-

FLYNN  
Why are you here-

COP  
Let's quiet down.

Flynn reaches the cop, talking through gritted teeth in a hushed tone, urgent and matter-of-fact.

FLYNN  
Did *no one* call you.

COP  
What?

FLYNN  
Did no one call you, did no one call you at your- station or whatever and tell you what was going on?

The cop looks around, and chuckles.

COP  
Sir, have you been drinking today?

FLYNN

What? No, certainly not, certainly not. There's just a sensitive situation, and-

COP

I don't know about any sensitive situation. We had a power surge in the whole county, and DWP traced it to-

FLYNN

Yes, okay, I know about the surge, but the situation is under control, and you have to- you know, scram.

COP

...I have to "scram," huh.

FLYNN

Yes. I mean sorry if I'm being rude, or untoward, here, but yes, you have to leave, you have to leave right now.

COP

Okay. Okay. Can I see some identification?

FLYNN

No. Absolutely not. Get out of here-

COP

I'm going to need to take a look in that barn, okay?

Flynn erupts into vicious tone completely unlike anything he seemed capable of up until this point.

FLYNN

**LISTEN. DUMB SHIT. You have no clue, you have no fucking idea what you just walked into. You need to get the fuck out of here right now, right now-**

The cop looks ready to mace him.

COP

Sir-

Flynn tries to pull it together, wiping rain out of his face.

FLYNN

Don't say "sir" to me, just get  
fucking back in your car and drive  
away, *drive away.*

COP

Are you finished?

FLYNN

No! There is no "are you  
finished?", there's just *you*  
*leaving, before something-*

The Cop suddenly reacts to something behind Flynn, reaching  
for his gun-

**BANG!** His **SHOULDER BLOSSOMS BLOOD**, *splattering Flynn*, as he  
falls against his car.

Polly stands at the doorway to the barn, holding a smoking  
pistol and continues firing, her bullets striking the cop car-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

*No- NO NO NO!*

Flynn screams in fear and surprise, and yanks the injured cop  
around to cover-

Only to see he's drawing his weapon-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

*Wait I'm trying to help- Shit!*

The injured cop opens fire on Flynn from mere FEET AWAY, and  
Flynn scrambles back towards the barn, falling into the mud  
as bullets strike around him, Polly still shooting from the  
barn-

Flynn scrambles up onto the porch of the abandoned farm house  
as Polly and the cop exchange gunfire-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

*DAMN IT POLLY STOP IT! STOP IT  
RIGHT NOW! FUCK!*

Flynn hops over the other side of the porch, running  
frantically around the back of the barn as gunshots echo over  
the open grasslands-

He *throws his body weight into the door*, crashing back into-

INT. THE BARN - CONTINUOUS

Where Flynn, muddy and wet, pushes and trips and ducks and dodges through the mess of technology, the glowing web of steel cables and power cords, finally bursting out behind Polly-

She sees him a second before he can grab her and *SPINS*, pointing the gun in his face-

Flynn JERKS BACKWARDS, raising his hands as Polly advances, back into the barn, slamming the door behind her.

FLYNN  
*WAIT! NO! NO! NO NO NO, WAIT,  
 STOP!*

POLLY  
*You're trying to trick me!*

FLYNN  
 Put down the gun!

Two bullets blast holes in the door behind her, gray sunlight shining through. Polly doesn't even notice, stalking towards Flynn, gun raised.

Flynn *trips over some wires, frantically crabwalking backwards-*

POLLY  
*You called them here-*

FLYNN  
 No-

POLLY  
*You're trying to trick me, you're  
 not who you say you are-*

FLYNN  
*Then WHO AM I?*

Polly falters.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
*Who am I.*

Flynn slowly gets up onto his knees.

POLLY

The decimal fractions of seven are the same six recurring digits, but starting from a different one each time-

FLYNN

What are you talking about?

POLLY

For instance one seventh is equal to zero point one four two eight five seven one four two eight five seven and so on, and then two sevenths is equal to zero point two eight five seven one four two eight five seven one four-

FLYNN

Are you here now?

POLLY

And three sevenths- what?

FLYNN

Are you here now with me?

POLLY

(beat)

Yes.

FLYNN

Why are you telling me the decimal fractions of the number seven?

POLLY

It's relevant. Things are relevant, okay, there's a multitude of different ideas to compress and understand if you even want the most basic notion of what's going on. Thirty years ago they all said no, right? And then I saw it first, I made it happen for me, I did that myself. I've been alone in here, every day, doing it for myself, because I'm the only one who understands what it means that the stars went out! They go out one by one! Carl Sagan said it first but I didn't listen! Do you think I'm smarter than Carl Sagan? My husband certainly didn't, and look what I did to my daughter!

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

My own daughter! I mean FOR  
FUCKSAKES, FLYNN. FOR FUCKSAKES.  
There's only so much you can do to  
a person! There's only so much a  
person can take, there's only so  
much your heart can take before you  
leave someone! You can't treat  
someone that way! I won't be  
treated like this! Right?

(beat, confused)

Right? I won't be treated like  
this?

FLYNN

(beat)

Miss Webber, I'm sorry, but you're  
not making any sense.

Polly, out of breath, looks confused.

POLLY

Why are you calling me that?

Flynn just looks at her.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Why are you calling me "Miss  
Webber?" Why are you talking to me  
like that?

FLYNN

(beat)

Polly?

Polly looks around, confused, and then looks at the writing  
on her arms, seemingly seeing it for the first time.

POLLY

Are we- are we in Philadelphia?

FLYNN

No Polly. We're at the barn.

POLLY

(quietly)

What's...I forget what's happening.

FLYNN

I know. Look at me. Look at me.  
Who am I?

POLLY

I know you.

FLYNN  
That's right.

POLLY  
I know your face.

FLYNN  
Yes.

POLLY  
You're Flynn.

FLYNN  
(quietly)  
That's right.

Flynn is getting near tears, holding them back. Polly is just staring at him, blinking, trying to process.

POLLY  
You're my husband.

Beat.

FLYNN  
You're pointing a gun at me, Polly.

Polly lowers the gun, just slightly, there's a beat...It holds...

*Flynn immediately attacks her, knocking her backwards- they struggle, and the gun goes off twice into the floor before he wrenches it away, and knocks her to the ground-*

*Polly's head violently clips a computer bank as she falls, and she lays still.*

Flynn staggers back, tossing away the gun, and then rushes to Polly.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Polly, oh jesus, Polly-

There's a *PFT* sound and Flynn is showered with sparks. He looks up see that the two shots that went into the floor have hit some kind of electrical unit...

*Which is sparking, and starting to light on fire.*

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
*Shit.*

Flynn searches frantically around the mess as the fire sparks and pops, spreading over the entire electrical unit behind him, and starting to head up the wooden wall of the barn-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Shit, oh no no no-

Flynn sees a fire extinguisher up on the second level and rushes up to get it, nearly falling off the stairs, and then hurriedly edges through the servers to the edge of the loft-

Snap crackle pop the fire is spreading downstairs-

Flynn takes a moment to look out the window, down into the roundabout- the cop is around shotgun side of the car, laying in a pool of muddy blood, talking fervently on his comm-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Fuck.

The cop notices Flynn watching him, and raises his gun.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

*Fuck!*

Flynn jerks back from the window just as several bullets hit the frame! Flynn scrambles away.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Are you fucking kidding me!  
(beat, yells at window)  
Fuck you!

Flynn hurries down the stairs, only to see Polly slowly stirring, and the fire- **HAS SPREAD TO THE TARPED OBJECT-**

FLYNN (CONT'D)

No, CRAP! CRAP!

He fumbles with the fire extinguisher- it's old- oh shit, IS IT EMPTY? No come on-

*SWHOOSH the fire-extinguisher blasts the fire!* Flynn circles the burning area, putting it out. Flynn looks over to where Polly was...

She's gone. Somewhere in the barn. The embers of the fire hiss and spit behind him. Sparks shoot here and there.

Flynn takes a beat, then reaches into the collar of his shirt...Drawing out an earpiece, which he puts in, immediately greeted by an already speaking voice-

INIGAWA (ON COMM)  
-contact you, can you tell us  
what's going on, if you can hear me  
we're detecting an electromagnetic  
spike in-

FLYNN  
Things are fucked up here, things  
are bad, things got all- fucked!

INIGAWA (ON COMM)  
The drone saw gun-fire, we got  
people shooting back and forth like  
the wild west-

FLYNN (ON COMM)  
It's not UNLIKE the wild west,  
yeah, **WHAT THE FUCK** by the way **WHAT  
THE FUCK**, why was there some deputy  
dickhead here, you told me local  
police had been notified to back  
off-

INIGAWA (ON COMM)  
Calm down-

FLYNN  
Yeah *fuck you* Inigawa you told me  
you had this covered-

INIGAWA (ON COMM)  
Calm down and breathe, where is the  
reactor? What is the state of the  
reactor?

Flynn looks around, tiny glowing bits of ember from the fire drifting in the air around him, the roof above him still choked with dissipating smoke.

FLYNN  
Polly? Polly?

There's a noise from somewhere amidst the machinery.

INIGAWA (ON COMM)  
Please, can you tell me the state  
of the reactor?

FLYNN  
Okay, yeah, okay.

Flynn goes and quickly starts pulling the smoldering remains of the tarp away, causing it to fall fully down off the huge object in the center of the barn, revealing-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Okay.

INIGAWA (ON COMM)

What is it? What are you looking at? Is the reactor stable?

FLYNN

The reactor is part of- well, it's part of a larger whole. You're going to need to send a team in here, it's-

INIGAWA (ON COMM)

What is it? Describe what's you're looking at.

FLYNN

Ahhhhh yeah. Okay. Well, it's...Yeah, it's a space-ship.

The floor in the center of the barn has been dug out to make a small silo for what appears to be a VW Van, retrofitted to near unrecognizability into a some kind of Do-It Yourself spacecraft the unstable nuclear generator is powering.

The entire back of the "vehicle" is ribbed with what look like copper bands, and the front and body have been modified extensively to survive some theoretical trip to space.

All of the steel cords and cables lead to this, built into the cradle the vehicle now sits in, chassied up and attached to almost every computer and machine.

It does not look functional. But the generator clearly is.

INIGAWA (ON COMM)

Can you reach the reactor?

FLYNN

I mean, I can reach it, but Inigawa it's not like it has an on off switch. Have you been listening in, have we been coming in clear?

INIGAWA (ON COMM)

Yes, and that's why it's imperative you try to stop the cycling now. Professor Webber said it was built to explode. We have teams on the way but we can't guarantee they'll get there in time. You have to try to disarm it yourself.

Flynn stares at the nuclear reactor, and lets out an exasperated laugh of desperate frustration.

FLYNN

No. I can't do that.

INIGAWA (ON COMM)

You have to.

FLYNN

Well I can't.

INIGAWA (ON COMM)

We warned you this could be a possibility-

FLYNN

Yeah, a "possibility." I cannot disarm A *NUCLEAR REACTOR*-

INIGAWA (ON COMM)

You're going to have to try.

Flynn groans in frustration, and starts slowly approaching the cradle. Damaged machines spark around him.

It feels...not safe.

INIGAWA (ON COMM) (CONT'D)

Carla Santeer is going to join us. Carla's an expert in-

FLYNN

Yeah I know who Carla is Sam, thank you-

CARLA (ON COMM)

Thank you Dr. Inigawa. Can you hear me?

FLYNN

I can hear you.

CARLA (ON COMM)

There's a high chance a neon iridium fission reactor would be by its nature unstable, there's probably already significant leakage, so what you're going to need to do is-

Polly's arm is suddenly visible rising behind Flynn HOLDING A KNIFE *WHICH SHE PLUNGES INTO HIS BACK*-

FLYNN  
*AGH FUCK GAH-*

INIGAWA  
*WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHAT'S-*

POLLY  
*RAHHH!*

Flynn's ear-piece is ripped out, silencing the outside voices-  
 He spins, struggling with her, Polly crawling up onto Flynn's  
 back, both of them struggling and crashing into computers-

POLLY (CONT'D)  
*You won't turn it off! You won't  
 stop this, this **has to happen-***

Flynn slams Polly into the spaceship, knocking himself free,  
 and she rips the knife out of his shoulder and slashes at  
 him, Flynn staggering backwards-

FLYNN  
*Aghhh- STOP! Stop it right now!*

Polly slows her attack, Flynn staggering away, touching his  
 back, hand coming away bloody.

Flynn collapses against the wall, leaning heavily, breathing  
 hard. He stares at her, as she stares back, breathing hard.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
*What're you doing right now?  
 What's going on in your head?*

Polly angles on Flynn with the knife. Flynn stays well back.

POLLY  
*I am not a trusting person.*

FLYNN  
*Okay.*

POLLY  
*I feel like there's some- someone  
 is trying to trick me, here.*

FLYNN  
*Okay.*

Polly stares at him. Flynn groans in pain.

POLLY  
*No, you're not him you're not him-*

FLYNN

Look at my face, I'm him, I'm Flynn, we met in Miss Boyle's Introduction to Jazz, you said I looked lost and I told you-

POLLY

No you just look like him, they can look like people-

FLYNN

Who can?

POLLY

The ones the- the- I don't know-

FLYNN

*Focus. Think Who can look like people?* There's no aliens, it's just you and me-

POLLY

There are aliens, there are, they're not here yet but they're coming and oh god Flynn how am I going to stop them-

FLYNN

You just said they're here, are they here or are they not here?

Polly shakes her head in rage and frustration...at herself.

POLLY

I get confused. I have too many ideas in my head going too fast, going way too fast. I get confused between the imaginary aliens and the ones I know are real.

FLYNN

What's...what's the difference?

POLLY

(beat)

The aliens in my head, the ones who aren't real-

FLYNN

Yeah-

POLLY

They tell me I have the implants in my skin, the nanoblood implants, they tell me there's infiltrators, they tell me you're an infiltrator, they tell me I can't trust what I'm thinking, they're talking in my grandfather's voice or the voice of people I know-

FLYNN

Right...What about the real aliens?

POLLY

They're the Sigma Six aliens. They put the stars out one by one. They're real, Flynn, I swear they're real-

FLYNN

So the ones with your grandfather's voice are different-

POLLY

I don't know, I don't know, but Flynn, you trust me, you'll believe me, you can help me-

FLYNN

I trust you?

POLLY

Yes, yes, you'll help me- figure it all out, right?

FLYNN

I trust you?

POLLY

You're my husband.

FLYNN

You sure about that?

There's a long beat.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Sigma Six. That's the binary star supernova. I remember.

POLLY

That's right.

FLYNN

That was seven years ago, you're still- don't tell me you're still obsessed with that- oh god, of course you are, of course you are-

POLLY

Two suns in a two sun solar system can't supernova at once. The odds are trillions to one. It's a statistical impossibility-

FLYNN

I know, I remember your paper on it. But as I recall, the scientific community agreed that what had happened was indeed that trillion to one chance, that the magnetic fields from one star exploding triggered the next-

POLLY

FUCKING **BULLSHIT. BULLSHIT!**

FLYNN

Yeah, you said that then, too.

POLLY

**BULLSHIT! BULLSHIT!**

Polly's silent.

FLYNN

What happened to your daughter when she was nine?

POLLY

Our daughter *is* nine.

FLYNN

No, she's seventeen, what happened to her when she was nine-

POLLY

What are you talking about- *you're trying to confuse me-*

FLYNN

What happened to your daughter when she was nine?

POLLY

She **IS** nine!

A long beat. A weird, vicious sneer has come onto Flynn's face. Polly suddenly looks very small. Confused.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Don't try to pull me down some chasm, here- I know I'm- I'm not remembering SOME things, cause of the- interference from the- electromagnetic interference-

Flynn lets out a single sharp, barking laugh.

FLYNN

Oh, is *that* what's wrong?  
*Electromagnetic interference.*  
 That's making you see the bugs under your skin and cut yourself and forget things and hear your fucking abusive piece of shit grandfather talking to you from another universe?  
 (deeply mocking tone)  
 Is it the *electrical interference*?

Polly's quiet. Flynn has pulled himself to his feet, taking a slowly less vulnerable posture, despite his injury.

Behind his back, he picks up a screwdriver off a bank of machinery.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Or maybe it's like when you got "too drunk" in grad school, remember that? You told me "I got drunk" and that's why you disappeared for two weeks. I believed you. Can you fucking believe that, I look back I think: where was the double check? Where was the reality check?

POLLY

But- but we got married...We stayed- you stayed with me, and we got married, you're my husband, you care about me-

FLYNN

(mocking her)  
 "You're my husband."  
 (beat)  
 I **HATE** you.  
 (laughs, sickly)  
 (MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I hate you so goddamn much I can taste it, I hate that I'm in here with this fucking thing. I **DESPISE** you.

Polly is completely silent, and then refocuses.

POLLY

No. No it's real, this is real, this is all **real**, you're my husband, you're just trying to trick me, because I recognize I'm in an unstable- place, from the electromagnets or otherwise-

Flynn sits down against a bank of computers, looking at her with numb disdain.

FLYNN

When's the last time you saw me, Polly?

POLLY

I- at the...

FLYNN

At the what?

Polly's silent. Flynn's face is a rictus of anger. He touches the wound on his back.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Shut off the reactor. Now. We can go outside and turn you in to those guys, and we'll do the best we can for you-

POLLY

The Sigma Six aliens are real. They're coming, they'll arrive within an hour. It wasn't a supernova. They put the stars out, Flynn. They're a hostile alien race, and they go from system to system, firing some kind of machine, or weapon, some kind of protonic implosion unit that causes the total collapse of a solar system into its star-

FLYNN

You're wasting time.

POLLY

-when they get here, they're going to fire it at *our sun* and everything, from Mercury to Pluto is going to get violently sucked into the center of our star, and yes, Flynn, that includes us, and it's all my fault-

FLYNN

Is this what grandpa told you in your head, Pollyanna? That it's your fault the world is going to end?

POLLY

Yes.

Flynn laughs a mirthless, sour laugh. He painfully edges along the wall.

POLLY (CONT'D)

It's not him! It's not just the voice- voices. It was my fault, remember the signal? From Sigma Six-

FLYNN

Mhm.

POLLY

Well I followed it. I *responded*. I thought it was a distress call. I thought it was from a race whose star had exploded and needed help. So I broke into the SETI array and I responded, I used a hyperlight broadcast system I designed, I was trying to help them. And the signal bounced back. Just a pulsing ping, to show me they saw me. And the signal's been getting closer and closer for three years, and at every broadcast point, **THE STAR GOES OUT, THE SOLAR SYSTEM COLLAPSES**. I've been watching them come like fires lighting on the horizon, like this shadow stretching closer as a storm blocks the sun, and now it's my chance, *my last chance-*

FLYNN  
 (genuinely surprised)  
 You think I don't know you broke  
 into the SETI array?

POLLY  
 I-

FLYNN  
 Are you *that* gone?

Flynn pushes himself up to his feet, as outside, we can hear distant sirens, slowly approaching.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
 Okay. Turn this off. Turn it off now. They're going to walk in here and shoot you dead, *turn it off.*

POLLY  
 I'm not crazy, Flynn.

FLYNN  
 How old is our daughter?

Silence. Polly looks at him.

POLLY  
 They're coming, they're coming so soon, and I have to stop them-

FLYNN  
*How old is our daughter?*

POLLY  
 Nine.

FLYNN  
 Wrong.

We can hear the cops arriving, cars screeching up in mud, sirens turning on.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
 Sasha is seventeen. She *begged* me not to come. Because we knew you'd be fucking some tweaker, or some crackpot conspiracy theorist- luckily Digger was both so we both got to be right- and we knew you'd be trapped in some delusion, aliens, or what was it last time, nanobots? She *begged me* to let you *die.*

Polly reacts, trying to control herself, and then turns, going to machines, powering more of them up. Flynn laughs and shakes his head, edging closer towards Polly as she works.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

You know why I'm here? Because Sam Inigawa told me you were going to hurt people. Sam Inigawa said you had to be stopped. *Sam Inigawa.*  
*Your last friend.*

POLLY

Sam gave up on me.

FLYNN

No, you gave up on you.

POLLY

I have work to do. You're pulling me here and there but you don't have a point, you're not giving me any new information, you're the same old same, "please Polly I'm trying to save you"-

FLYNN

SAVE YOU!?! In what world am I trying to **save** you? I'm trying to save the world **FROM** you.

POLLY

I'm sure. I'm sure I'm a really big threat.

FLYNN

See, you've got a sarcastic tone, there, but the knife wound in my back doesn't feel ironic, it feels fairly sincere-

POLLY

You were trying to sabotage the last line of defense for planet earth against a threat that-

FLYNN

You shot a cop.

POLLY

These are little things! Little things in a bigger picture, Flynn. So what if I don't remember everything, I'm not crazy.

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

This isn't crazy. I'm- I'm sorry I stabbed you, is that what you want, I'll put it in writing, I'M SORRY, but it was my only option at the time.

Flynn just stares at her. He's gotten very close, the screwdriver clenched tightly behind his back.

FLYNN

Okay, then let's make a deal.

He reaches around to the back of his pants and draws out-

A prescription pill bottle. He shakes it.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Lurasidone. Take one, wait one hour, and then if the aliens are still there, we can launch your-thing and do- whatever.

POLLY

Is that a joke? You think you're going to drug me out of saving the world? No wonder I can't remember you, you had me on those- those fucking tranquilizers, those braining wheels, the fucking handcuff of intelligent thought-

FLYNN

You're telling me antipsychotics would somehow make those scary monsters from Sigma Six less of a threat?

POLLY

It would slow me down-

FLYNN

From believing in them? From believing in things that aren't there?

Polly is deeply staring at her computer, typing. Flynn's close enough to reach out and touch her. He stares at her.

POLLY

I'm collating all of the data now. I need to be at a perfect delivery arc when I launch.

(MORE)

POLLY (CONT'D)

We got lucky, they're coming in from Saturn, so when I launch there's a good chance I'll be right in their face. The pulse from them starting to come out of lightspeed will be big enough to send an electrical pulse all over the planet. All our little electrical toys will scream out in protest, and then we'll only have ten minutes before they put the sun out. So I have to be right in their ass, man. The weapon is designed to react to the chemical structure of their ship. They think we're nothing, well, we'll show them. We'll show them what happens when you fuck with the apes.

Flynn hasn't been paying attention. He's been looking at her bare, exposed torso under the over-alls. One of her bandages is soaked through with blood.

He reaches out gently, and touches her side, pulling away the overalls. She turns and looks at him.

From outside, we can hear a loudspeaker:

POLICE LOUDSPEAKER  
INSIDE THE BARN. THIS IS THE  
SASKALOOSA COUNTY SHERIFF'S  
DEPARTMENT. COME OUT OF THE BARN  
WITH YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR!

They continue talking, but Flynn and Polly ignore them. Flynn gently touches the old, dirty bandage on her ribs.

FLYNN

Jesus christ, Poll. Did you do this to yourself?

POLLY

I was...the bugs, you know-

FLYNN

(gently)  
Did you find any in there? Any bugs?

POLLY

I...I'm coming in and out, a little, here.

FLYNN  
I've been getting that impression.

POLLY  
Flynn I keep getting moved around.

FLYNN  
I know.

POLLY  
It's hard for me to focus, the way  
I need to, cause it really is  
important.

FLYNN  
I know. Can I look at this?

Polly doesn't move. She won't look at him, but her hands  
have stopped their manic typing.

Flynn gently tugs at the bandage on her side. The wound is  
badly stitched, and the skin around it is bruised, yellow,  
infected.

Flynn moves closer to her, balancing himself with his other  
hand on her hip.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Oh Polly...jesus. And what're  
these, are these burns?

POLLY  
(quietly)  
It's not...it's not stable...

FLYNN  
Yeah.

They're very close now.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Look at me.

Polly looks up. She seems deeply uncertain.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
These wounds are infected. You've  
got radiation poisoning. I'm  
getting it too, I can feel myself  
getting sicker. Tell me what to  
say, Polly. Tell me what to say to  
get you to end this.

Flynn puts a bloodsoaked hand over her hands on the keyboard, moving them down.

POLLY

There's a devil in my head. But I let it live there for too long and it took it all over. I thought it was transitory. But it's not. I'm stuck here. I'm stuck here.

Flynn's quiet.

POLLY (CONT'D)

The devil doesn't want to stay the devil, Flynn. The devil wants to become god.

FLYNN

It's not too late.

POLLY

Insanity in animals is fascinating to watch. They separate from the herd. And then they just- they starve to death. Because no one cares about them. And they can't take care of themselves and they-

FLYNN

You're not your mother. You don't have to die alone.

Polly stops dead, staring at him.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Why didn't you tell me?

Polly's quiet.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I've wanted to know for eight years. Why didn't you tell me? Do you remember? **Can** you remember?

Polly takes a long beat, then speaks in a shuddering, quiet voice we haven't heard yet.

POLLY

I was scared.

FLYNN

Just that?

POLLY

You know...My father left my mother after her first break, her first episode, and he never looked back. And he loved her, I believed he loved her.

FLYNN

I loved you.

POLLY

Yeah but you thought I was perfect. I remember you thought I was perfect from the minute you met me. I'm not perfect.

FLYNN

But why lie?

POLLY

I was going to tell you. I thought- I thought I was bigger than it-

FLYNN

Bigger than schizophrenia?

POLLY

*Everyone was always telling me how smart I was, I think I just- I thought I could out think it. I thought I could- plan around it, or come up with some way to win, that wasn't just locking my brain up in a cage. I thought it was what was good, for you, for us- not to know. I didn't want to lose you.*

FLYNN

I wouldn't have left. I would never have left. You're right, you were perfect to me. I loved you so much, Polly, you were like a god. You were like a movie star, the smartest person on earth, and she was *MY girlfriend*, she was *my WIFE*. It was like a dream. Every time I thought about you, you glowed. I wouldn't have given that up for anything. You were perfect to me. And who was I, just some lucky schmuck who-

Polly turns and kisses him, and Flynn pulls away.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Don't do that.

Polly continues trying to kiss him.

POLLY  
Just- Flynn- please just-

FLYNN  
No.

POLLY  
You're my husband-

FLYNN  
I'm not your husband. And you're not my wife. We're just two fucked up people who used to know each other.

POLLY  
There's going to be a power surge. And ten minutes later the world is going to end, if I'm not there to hit them where it hurts.

FLYNN  
That isn't real, Polly. It just isn't real. You've butchered yourself. Your life is in ruins. Let's get out of here. Your father left your mother. I left you. It's over, it's all over.

He raises the bottle of Lurisdadone.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
But there's still a chance. I'm back here right now, for this, so stop. Stop before the cliff, stop before-

POLLY  
You left me.

FLYNN  
Polly-

POLLY  
*You left me alone-*

FLYNN  
No listen-

POLLY  
*I remember, you left me alone-*  
 (screams, insane)  
**YOU LEFT ME ALONE!**

Polly **SHOVES** Flynn backwards and before he can recover she VIOLENTLY STRIKES HIM IN HIS KNIFE WOUND!

Flynn collapses in agony, and Polly stands, her eye twitching, as again the police warning booms in from outside.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
 (muttering)  
*They're trying to trick me.*

FLYNN  
 (groaning)  
 Stop.

POLLY  
*I'll show them what happens when  
 you fuck with the boss.*

FLYNN  
 You're my responsibility. I can't  
 let you hurt any more people.

POLLY  
*I'll show them a fucking  
 contingency right out their fucking  
 ass, won't I, these dumb  
 cocksuckers think they can ride a  
 fuckin buffalo no no no sir, no no  
 no sir, they're gonna learn a  
 lesson, SOMEONE'S GONNA GO TO  
 FUCKIN GRAD SCHOOL!*

Polly turns and hurries up the stairs.

FLYNN  
 POLLY NO! STOP!

Flynn jams in his earpiece.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
**Send help! SEND HELP NOW!**

INIGAWA (ON COMM)  
*We have a containment team en  
 route, they're almost there-*

FLYNN  
*Send whatever you have, send a  
 fucking tank just send it now!*

Polly goes through the servers, some of which are overheating, and goes around to a wall cabinet she rips open, causing a number of rifles and shotguns to *fall out to the floor-*

Ranting, Polly rifles through them, throwing on a bulletproof vest, and cocks an M-16 rifle, attaching some kind of home-built high tech device into where the bullets should go, *and then another one on the barrel-*

POLLY

Think you can outfox me, think you can push me around and put me in a fucking vice, put my head in a vice, I'll show you, you think they give you a Nobel Prize for being some fucking *bimbo, fucking little girl fucking burned up little girl!*  
*YOU CAN'T FUCKING BURN ME UP!*

Polly plants her hand in the still wet splatter of a tub of phosphorescent light reactive paint, and **SLAPS HER OWN FACE, leaving a WAR PAINT-esque palm print over her features.**

She looks **TERRIFYING.**

POLLY (CONT'D)

*I'll show you what happens when you fuck with the apes!*

Polly goes to the window and kicks open the shutter, revealing seven cop cars parked outside in the setting sun, several police officers headed inside.

Polly presses buttons on the devices and they whirr to life-

POLLY (CONT'D)

*YOU CAN'T BURN ME UP! FUCK YOU!*

Polly *OPENS FIRE ON THE POLICE*, the M-16's muzzle flare glowing BRIGHT BLUE WITH A HOT WHITE CENTER- fuck those are *not normal bullets*- eviscerating the cop cars, lighting them on **BLUE AND GREEN FIRE-**

POLLY (CONT'D)

*FUCK YOU! I WON'T BE TREATED LIKE THIS, I WON'T BE-*

Several of the cops fire back, *one of them striking Polly in the chest-* she falls, landing hard on her back.

She rolls, coughing in pain, and drags herself across the floor, dragging her gun with her, coughing and spluttering like an animal, her eyes wild-

She scrambles across the floor, down the stairs, *marching across to the side door-*

POLLY (CONT'D)  
*You won't stop me, no you won't  
 stop me, YOU WON'T STOP ME-*

She bursts out the front door, **OPENING FIRE AGAIN** on the recovering cops, before **TRIGGERING THE DEVICE ON THE BARREL-**

A **BLAST OF RIPPLING HEAT** fires out the front of the M-16, wiping over the cars, popping their tires and *melting their windows* in one wave, the cops falling and screaming-

Polly's rifle *lights on fire*, and she drops it, just as one of the cars **EXPLODES!** Polly is knocked down by the shockwave. Sound is momentarily a harsh whine, Polly holding her ears-

She crawls away as, out of focus behind her, the cars burn and the remaining cops scatter-

POLLY (CONT'D)  
 I won't be...be treated this way...

Polly slowly pulls herself to her feet. She doesn't hear or notice the bullets hitting around her. We don't either, locked in Polly's world.

A single officer is still shooting.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
 You can't...I won't...you can't  
 treat me this way.

Polly bends, picking up her burning M-16, and turning to fire it again-

POLLY (CONT'D)  
 It's not too late for me to fix  
 everything-

Flynn **SUDDENLY APPEARS, FLINGING POLLY FACE FIRST INTO THE DOOR FRAME, WHACK!** She tries to raise her gun, and **FLYNN SLAMS THE BARN DOOR ONTO HER-**

*Polly drops the gun, and Flynn kicks it away-*

**She staggers-** Flynn grabs her by the hair and **SHOVES THE SCREWDRIVER UP UNDER HER NECK, SLAMMING HER CHEST FIRST INTO THE WALL.**

He snarls right in her ear.

FLYNN  
*ENOUGH! ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT.  
ENOUGH.*

Flynn drags the dazed and disoriented Polly towards the "space ship" and the reactor. Outside, we can hear the panicking cops, more burning and secondary explosions.

POLLY  
No- please-

FLYNN  
*You're gonna turn this fucking  
thing off, right now.*

POLLY  
Please stop- why- why- I trusted  
you, you have to listen-

FLYNN  
*FUCK YOU!*

POLLY  
Please Flynn don't, please just  
listen-

FLYNN  
**TURN IT OFF.**

POLLY  
No I need to- there's gonna be the  
power surge, the sigma six aliens-

FLYNN  
***IT'S NOT FUCKING REAL POLLY! IT'S  
NOT REAL-***

POLLY  
Please believe me-

Flynn jerks her roughly by her hair, violently pushing her towards the reactor; Polly seems confused, sobbing, frightened, shrieking, pathetic-

POLLY (CONT'D)

You used to hold me, you used to  
kiss me and love me what did I do,  
I hate you oh god I hate you what  
did I do for you to do this to me,  
and you'd hold me in the morning I  
remember I remember you loved me  
you would kiss me and tell me you  
loved me please, please please  
*Flynn please, please Flynn* I'm just  
trying to help, I'm just trying to-

Polly suddenly *spins, slashing at him with her knife- FUCK  
WHOA NO NO NO-* the two of them *face off, moving slowly, both  
injured-* Flynn with the screwdriver and Polly with the knife-

There's the sound of a helicopter passing over. A spotlight  
flashes through the roof of the barn.

Polly is sobbing, emotional.

POLLY (CONT'D)

*Please...Please...*

Flynn just stares at her. He looks cold, vicious.

FLYNN

How old's your daughter, Polly?

Polly just shakes her head, her face confused and frightened.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Every woman I've met since you just  
looks like a monster. I have panic  
attacks. I have panic attacks  
every day. I have panic attacks  
just thinking about it. They  
begged me to come here. And Sasha  
begged me to stay. She's having  
her last surgery next month. And  
then you'll be out of our lives  
forever. But I won't be there,  
because you're going to kill me,  
aren't you? You're going to finish  
the job because I've been a fucking  
**ZOMBIE SINCE YOU, I've been fucking  
DEAD so now you're just going to  
finish it.**

POLLY

*...Don't tell me. Stop don't tell  
me I don't want to know-*

FLYNN

I was in Japan. Do you remember that I was in Okinawa on business, closing the Howard energy deal? It was important, I was important. And you'd stay home with Sasha. We always travelled together but this time you were busy working on the Sigma Six signal, you were "*discovering alien life,*" and I was *so happy for you.*

POLLY

No, stop-

FLYNN

I really believed it. I thought everyone else was wrong and you were right. Because you were Polly, ***YOU WERE ALWAYS RIGHT.***

Flynn flings the screwdriver away, and limps towards her,

Polly looks around, fidgeting with the knife as Flynn approaches-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

And I got a call. I got a phone call. I remember I was sitting on the bus stop and I got a phone call, "Hello, this Dr. Agutter-"

POLLY

Stop-

FLYNN

"There's been a fire at your house."

POLLY

Stop-

FLYNN

"Your daughter-"

POLLY

Stop-

FLYNN

"Your daughter was in the house and we can't find your wife-"

POLLY

***STOP!***

FLYNN

FUCK YOU, "We can't find your wife  
but the fire looks like arson--"

POLLY

Please please--

FLYNN

FUCK YOU, "your daughter is in  
critical condition--"

POLLY

I DIDN'T KNOW!

FLYNN

YOU FUCKING KNEW! YOU FUCKING  
KNEW! You knew you were  
schizophrenic and you knew your  
mother was schizophrenic and you  
fucking deliberately hid it from  
me! FROM ME! FROM ME, I LOVED  
YOU, AND I'M SITTING IN THE AIRPORT  
SCREAMING, I'M SCREAMING INTO THE  
PHONE, and then they find you,  
NAKED IN THE STREET, yelling about  
aliens.

(beat)

Aliens? Aliens?

(furious)

YOU LEFT THE STOVE ON.

Polly's face is frozen in agony, in physical pain from hearing, Flynn closer and closer. We can hear louder and louder noise from outside.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

And now this garbage. Your space  
ship. You fucking some drug addict  
in a fucking truck. Shooting cops.  
You were supposed to be everything.  
I loved you. I loved you for  
everything you were.

POLLY

Please--

FLYNN

And you almost burned my daughter  
alive.

POLLY

(weakly)

...our daughter.

FLYNN

You made that choice.

POLLY

I couldn't- I couldn't help it-

FLYNN

There were MEDICATIONS. There were medications you were supposed to be taking, but you LIED TO ME. And do you know what you told me?

POLLY

No, no-

FLYNN

I'd come back and I was looking at you in that fucking holding cell, this beautiful genius from the cover of TIME magazine, sitting in her own piss-

POLLY

Please...please...

FLYNN

Do you remember what you said when I told you Sasha was in coma, had *third degree burns all over her left arm, and they might have to amputate?*

*(snarled)*

***You said: "Who's Sasha?"***

Polly lets out a scream of anguish, dropping the knife. She screams again, and slowly shrinks back, falling against the reactor, slowly sinking down to her knees.

Flynn stares at her. The moment hangs.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Enough is enough...enough is enough. Please. Turn it off before-

***THE BARN IS LIT WITH BRIGHT WHITE LIGHT!***

Through every slat in the barn, and every window, we can see a white fabric: ***The entire barn has been haz-mat tented.***

Polly and Flynn both look abruptly dirty and sweaty in the bright antiseptic light; Flynn reeling.

POLLY  
What is that...what is that...

FLYNN  
(beat)  
**Them.**

Polly cowers down low, sobbing, utterly defeated, as Flynn turns, headed towards the door. He stumbles, tripping on some machines, wincing from the wound in his back, before flinging open the door to see-

*Nothing but white.* An nearly impenetrable, white sheet of plastic, lit from the other side.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Not yet. Shit. Not yet.

There's a *rush of air* as the tent is vacuum sealed, and Flynn stumbles back from the door as dark shapes appear outside the wall of plastic.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
(beat)  
Hello?

The shapes look strange, bulky and inhuman...

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
(quieter)  
Hello?

One of the shadowy shapes taps its big blocky head, and Flynn slowly backs up.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
(very quietly)  
...Hello?

It taps the side of its head again, Flynn paralyzed, staring at it. Flynn blinks, horrified: it's an alien.

And then, the head tap again. Flynn blinks, realizing, and puts in his earpiece.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Hello?

INIGAWA (ON COMM)  
We're here, Flynn, is that you?

FLYNN  
Yeah, is that- are you right outside?

INIGAWA (ON COMM)  
We can't come in until we're sure  
the barn is safe.

FLYNN  
...The barn is *not* safe. It's not  
going to be safe. This reactor has  
been heating up since I've been  
here, I...

Flynn takes a long look at the motionless black shape.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
(quietly)  
Are you sure that's you?

The shape moves slightly, silently. Then raises an arm.  
And gives Flynn the middle finger.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
(laughing)  
Oh jesus-

INIGAWA (ON COMM)  
Don't tell me you're losing it too.

FLYNN  
Oh no, I am, I fully am. I fully  
am. Get me the fuck out of here.

INIGAWA (ON COMM)  
It's going to be a few minutes  
while we pull toxins from the air.  
Where is Professor Webber?

Flynn looks over to where Polly has crumpled on the floor.  
In the new bright, white light, she looks even more  
destitute, filthy, and the barn itself is much less of a mad  
scientist's lab and much more of a hoarder's hovel.

The garbage. The rotting food.

FLYNN  
Polly's- Professor Webber is under  
control, but between you and me it-  
it kind of gets a little spotty  
with that, I'm injured-

INIGAWA  
We can't come in there until you  
confirm it's safe.

FLYNN

There's a fucking malfunctioning nuclear reactor ten feet from me, "safe" is not an actionable reality-

INIGAWA

Yes and we can't have her setting it off. This is why we called you, Flynn. To pacify.

FLYNN

"Pacify." There is no pacifying the smartest person on earth mid-psychotic break. You're either coming in here or you're not-

INIGAWA

She hurt people out here, Flynn.

FLYNN

Oh...christ. Did she...kill anyone, or-

INIGAWA

One of the officers is in critical condition. He's coming and going. One of them is stable but they're saying he might never walk again. She was firing a type of bullet we've never even seen before.

FLYNN

Sounds like her.

A second black shape appears at the wall.

CARLA (ON COMM)

Flynn? Can you tell me the state of the reactor?

FLYNN

I got stabbed in the back with a knife pretty, pretty deeply here, I think deeper than I thought, actually-

INIGAWA (ON COMM)

Focus please.

FLYNN

Polly? Hey, Polly, are you...

Polly isn't moving, laying on her side.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
(to earpiece)  
Just fucking get in here and I'll  
let you fuck the reactor if you  
want to. Just fucking get in here  
ASAP thank you.

Flynn pulls out his earpiece.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
...Polly?

He takes a few steps towards her. She's in a crumpled pile  
at the foot of her "spaceship," holding something.

Flynn tries to go to her, but he's dizzy. The knife wound  
really might've been deeper than it seemed. He stumbles  
against one of the machines, and then slides down onto his  
butt, leaving a bloody smear.

He sits there, opposite her, staring at her. Outside, we can  
hear the detox machinery hard at work, a steady soft  
thrumming.

The reactor has started to gently shake and rattle.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
What you got there Pol?

Polly speaks, barely above a whisper.

POLLY  
Space suit.

She shows him the clumsy tin foil space suit.

FLYNN  
Ah. Shit.

POLLY  
Yeah. I made it. I made the space  
suit.

FLYNN  
For the ship to get the Sigma  
Sixers.

POLLY  
(tiny)  
Yes.

FLYNN  
Yeah.

POLLY  
I miss our daughter.

FLYNN  
Yeah.

POLLY  
It's not real is it. None of it's  
real.

FLYNN  
No. I'm sorry.

POLLY  
I...

Polly's silent for a while.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
I hate me.

Flynn doesn't respond. Then, after a long beat:

FLYNN  
Did you hear about the guy who had  
the logic fetish?

Polly is silent.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
He couldn't stop coming to  
conclusions.

Polly laughs, and then goes quiet, looking at him.

POLLY  
You hate me.

FLYNN  
I do.

POLLY  
You smashed me in the face.

FLYNN  
You stabbed me in the back to  
prevent me from disarming a nuclear  
reactor that you built to defend  
the world against imaginary aliens,  
so...

POLLY  
 (after a beat)  
 Insert statement here that forgives  
 everything?

Flynn laughs, then frustratedly stops himself.

POLLY (CONT'D)  
 If you hate me then why did you  
 come?

Flynn's hard shell cracks a little bit. He's crying.

FLYNN  
 This was going to be my shot.  
 The...Aliens, I thought...I could  
 redeem myself somehow. Show that I  
 wasn't just some...bad thing.  
 I thought I was going to...fix it,  
 maybe. Help us, you know. Make it  
 better. I kept hearing in my head  
 "you can make it better." You can  
 save it.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
 Unfortunately that wasn't the only  
 thing you kept hearing in your  
 head.

Polly's quiet.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
 I'm sorry, I'm being an asshole.

Polly stays quiet.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
 I didn't think...I didn't want it  
 end like this. But I always knew  
 it would, maybe. Ever since I got  
 the call that you broke into the  
 SETI array, I thought: this story  
 isn't over. I remember they took  
 you away in cuffs. You looked like  
 an animal. And that was that.  
 (beat)  
 But I knew it wasn't over.

POLLY  
 I didn't.

Flynn listens. Outside, we can hear a new machine at work.

POLLY (CONT'D)

I thought I'd never see you again.  
I really believed that.

(beat)

I'd remember you sometimes, you know, it's hard for me to keep it straight. But I'd remember you and sometimes I'd remember you hating me and I'd just know you were gone. And I accepted that you were gone. And that was that. That was that. I'd never see my daughter again. I'd lost everything. And I'd just...I felt like I was just sinking down as low as I could go, to the bottom of the ocean, with voices coming in from outside. The bottom of the ocean and me alone, and something trying to get in. So I let it in. It just felt logical. It felt logical to give up.

Flynn's quiet, looking at her.

FLYNN

If this thing goes off you'll kill people. Thousands of people. For nothing. For a *delusion* of forgiveness. Honestly, knowing that you did this for me just makes it worse.

Polly cringes, hugging her space suit to her.

POLLY

They could've sent a strike team, or a psychiatrist, or an assassin or something so- Why you? If you hate me why did you come?

Flynn sits in grim silence, choosing his words. He glances back at the door, sighs, and laughs to himself.

FLYNN

I missed talking to you.

There's a loud *RUSH* of air, then a vacuu-seal WHOOSH, and the door to the barn swings open, light pouring through.

After a moment, looming shadows begin rapidly coagulating from the light outside, dancing across the light through the in tangles, inorganic and bizarre.

Flynn and Polly stare at them. There's an approaching noise, a thrumming, sinister hum.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Hey, are you coming in here?

Flynn looks to Polly, who's staring at the shadows.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Hey if you're coming in here say something.

The shadows grow. The humming intensifies. What the fuck is that? Are those fucking tentacles or-

Flynn reaches out and picks up the screw driver again. Polly watches him in silence, and then-

A bulky haz-mat suit steps awkwardly through the door, turning to Flynn and Polly.

INIGAWA  
Hi Polly.

**Sam INIGAWA**, late 50s, with a warm but stoic, collegial demeanor. This is clearly someone very smart.

POLLY  
(not moving)  
Hi Sam.

INIGAWA  
Hey we're clear in here, bring it in Dr. Santeer.

The barn is suddenly a clattering, overwhelming mess of activity. A dozen hazmat suits come through the doors, wielding all manner of different haz-mat equipment, clearly part of a government agency:

Most of them immediately begin investigating the various machines and computers, and several others, rolling some kind of high-tech looking device, go to the nuclear reactor.

Flynn and Polly are abruptly two small, dirty humans in a brightly lit world of bright white blocky figures.

One, a **PARAMEDIC**, comes over to Flynn, and two head over to Polly. The Paramedic helps Flynn up into an old barn chair.

As they talk, he sticks a thermometer in his mouth, and shines a pen light in his eyes.

PARAMEDIC

Hello Mr. Westcott, my name is  
Jason, I'm gonna check you out-

FLYNN

Great, hi Jason-

PARAMEDIC

Can I see yeah where you're  
injured?

FLYNN

Yeah, oh yeah, sure, yes.

INIGAWA

Don't worry Flynn, we'll have you  
out of here soon.

The Paramedic begins cutting off Flynn's jacket with surgical  
scissors to investigate his wound, but Flynn ignores him,  
watching instead as the two haz mat suits approach Polly.

Both are armed with rifles, pointed directly at her. Polly  
is cowering, slowly sitting up-

POLLY

Wait, please-

HAZ-MAT MARINES

*Face down, hands on your head.  
Face down, now. Face down.*

POLLY

Wait listen Sam please wait-

HAZ-MAT MARINE

**ON YOUR FUCKING FACE!  
COMPLY! FACE DOWN, HANDS ON  
HEAD! FACE DOWN! WE WILL  
KILL YOU IF YOU DON'T COMPLY!**

POLLY

*No please! PLEASE PLEASE  
SOMEONE NO NO HELP- help me-  
okay okay okay okay okay-*

Polly starts to comply but the marines shove her down onto  
her chest tearing her overalls, covering her in even more  
dirt as they wrench her arms behind her back-

POLLY (CONT'D)

Ow- stop- stop I'm surrendering,  
I'm surrendering- OW ow STOP ow-

Flynn watches in silence as the marines violently cuff Polly,  
kicking away her "space suit" like a piece of garbage.

His attention is brought to where **DR. CARLA SANTEER** is  
crouched before the reactor.

CARLA

Can anyone tell me what I'm looking at?

Two of the scientists join her, but Flynn's attention is pulled to Inigawa.

INIGAWA

Thank you Flynn.

Flynn starts to respond but then hisses in pain as the paramedic cleans his wound.

INIGAWA (CONT'D)

How bad is it?

PARAMEDIC

Not nearly as bad as it could've been, all things considered. Probably gonna need about 40 stitches-

FLYNN

Yeah, feels very minor.

PARAMEDIC

There's some damage to the muscle- it's a miracle the lungs are okay, biggest issue right now is infection and radiation sickness.

INIGAWA

Flynn, how're you feeling?

FLYNN

(long beat)

Bad.

PARAMEDIC

His eyes are dilated, heart rate all over the place. He's lost a lot blood.

Inigawa laughs. Polly being pulled up onto her knees.

POLLY

(weakly, pathetic)

Sam...Sam just listen okay-

Inigawa silences her with a look, and talks in between her and Flynn, both of them a wreck.

INIGAWA

You're in deep shit, Pol. I don't know if I can protect you.

POLLY

Sam, just- we can don't have to do it like this, with the- handcuffs-

INIGAWA

I'm afraid we do. I'm afraid we *absolutely do*.

A marine kneels in front of her, nearly blocking Flynn's view, talking to her in a hushed voice, but her eyes are focused on Flynn.

Inigawa talks to Flynn in a hushed tone.

INIGAWA (CONT'D)

Right now they want to call the formal charge treason. I've been trying to get them to knock it down, but the police involvement is going to make it harder.

FLYNN

Are we getting out of here?

INIGAWA

Flynn I understand you want to leave, but we have to wait until we understand what she's built, really understand it, before we change the situation.

FLYNN

How would me leaving "change the situation?"

INIGAWA

Simply put, we don't know what you've been exposed to. What was the narrative she was following?

Flynn glances over at Polly, filthy and topless, who sits staring at the floor, eyes dead.

FLYNN

Aliens. She thought her break in to the SETI Satellite Array had put blood in the water for some kind of alien species to come and destroy our sun.

(MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

She was gonna fly that thing up  
and...Jesus, it really is crazy,  
Sam, jesus christ.

Flynn lets out a long, shuddery breath.

INIGAWA

There's nothing crazy about that  
nuke. Carla how's it going over  
there?

Carla doesn't look up, talking intently to the two other  
scientists helping her. Inigawa shrugs. He notices that  
Flynn is staring at Polly.

INIGAWA (CONT'D)

We were worried about you in here.  
Worried to come in, might've  
devolved into some kind of a folie  
a deux situation.

FLYNN

A what?

INIGAWA

Folie a deux. It's a psychological  
phenomenon. Two people, locked in  
close orbit, can convince each  
other of something irrational,  
something impossible. They get  
trapped in their belief in each  
other.

Polly's eyes look up to meet Flynn's. She looks like a  
dirty, helpless child. The two marines pull her to her feet,  
talking to her as she ignores them.

One of them draws out a hypodermic needle, preparing to  
inject her.

POLLY

No, wait, what is that, what is  
that, what is that-

INIGAWA

It's just something to make sure  
you don't hurt yourself.

POLLY

No, okay, listen you don't  
understand, listen to me, I'm not-  
Flynn, tell him, I'm not crazy, I'm  
not- I mean I'm just confused,  
okay, please hold on-

The two marines roughly move Polly, pressing her face down on a desk full of computers and garbage.

INIGAWA

Polly this is for your own good.  
For the safety of everyone here-

POLLY

Fuck everyone here! Fuck my own  
good, don't do this! Flynn, tell  
him! Tell him-

INIGAWA

It's just a mild sedative, it'll  
only last ten or so minutes, just  
make you a little easier to handle-

POLLY

(struggling ferociously)  
*PLEASE! FLYNN PLEASE! NO!*

Flynn is silent, staring at her as the paramedic finishes bandaging his back. She sees it in his face and realizes:

There's nothing there. She *stabbed* him.

POLLY (CONT'D)

Oh no, no...I ruined it. I finally  
ruined it I ruined it for good.

Flynn's silent. They prep the needle. Polly has one last burst of energy.

POLLY (CONT'D)

*Don't you don't understand, the  
machine- the machine-*

They inject her, and she slowly goes silent. Flynn looks away. Polly slumps down, into the dirt. There's a noise from upstairs.

Beeping. A crash of sparks.

INIGAWA

What the hell?

FLYNN

She's got some kind of big  
mainframe system up there. I don't  
know if it's cooled, it was  
uploading trajectories-

There's a noise from behind them: an old printer is spitting out equations onto teletype pages.

FLYNN (CONT'D)  
Looks like it's finished.

There's a hissing sound, and suddenly a rush of fog begins to cascade down from the loft.

INIGAWA  
What is that?

One of the scientists turns.

HAZ-MAT SCIENTIST  
It's liquid nitrogen, sir. The system is dumping its coolants.

FLYNN  
She'd- she'd timed this all out, Sam. I think the process is mostly automated, but I'm not sure how much of many of these machines are actually even hooked in.

INIGAWA  
Timed it out?

FLYNN  
To the arrival of the uh-

Flynn points up.

INIGAWA  
We've got to start shutting these machines down. We've got to start shutting everything down, right now-

CARLA  
Dr. Inigawa, we've got some issues over here-

Sudden the entire web of high tech looking straps cords and wires going to the "spacecraft" suddenly **FLEX AND TIGHTEN.**

Inigawa jumps to his feet, and the haz-mat suits all jump back: the ship is now the centerpiece of a cocoon of high tensile wire.

INIGAWA  
Someone tell me what the hell that's about. Polly? How do we turn this off?

Polly's quiet, muttering something. Flynn watches her. She seemed dazed.

Another jet of thick obscuring fog waterfalls down from above: the barn is getting misty in the white light.

INIGAWA (CONT'D)  
Someone deactivate the-

CARLA  
*Sam we have a real problem.*

INIGAWA  
What?

CARLA  
It's spiking.

INIGAWA  
What?

CARLA  
It's irreversibly cascading. It's not melting down, this thing- it's not a reactor. *It's got a fucking triggering explosive built into it-*  
(horrified)  
*It's a bomb.*

INIGAWA  
What- what are you saying-

CARLA  
It's cycling out, it's in a death spiral, we can't stop it.

INIGAWA  
What? No, freeze it down=

CARLA  
It's built without failsafes, there's nothing to freeze, there's nothing to even interact with, just a fucking hand grenade built into the bottom, I don't- oh god, okay-

She stops, shuddering, breathing in panic. Flynn stares at his hands, zoned out. He's shirtless, except the bandaged wrapped around his chest.

HAZ-MAT SCIENTIST  
The rads are rising steadily. This thing is practically made out of old refrigerator parts-

INIGAWA

Okay calm it down, everyone pull it together for a moment here: what are we actually looking at?

CARLA

(trying to calm herself)  
I'd guess blast range is five point five kilometers. And we have less than ten minutes before the meltdown reaches the grenade.

Inigawa turns, eyes wide, speaking into his comm.

INIGAWA

(into comm)  
This is Inigawa, turn the choppers around, we need immediate evacuation-

CARLA

There isn't enough time, there isn't enough room. The trucks will never be able to get away in time, this thing is going to go off in a matter of minutes-

INIGAWA

We're going, now. *NOW!* Get her out of here.

The soldiers pick up Polly moving her hurriedly towards the door. Flynn stands, staring at the bomb, watching everyone hurry away, and then starts to head towards the door as well.

INIGAWA (CONT'D)

Flynn, move, let's go, now now now-

Flynn starts to move faster, staring at Polly's huddled, defenseless figure as she's hustled along with by the marines.

The door to the barn now leads to a bright white, tented hazmat tunnel. We can hear choppers approaching, now. The paramedic helps Flynn along.

INT. THE WHITE TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

Polly's just ahead.

She looks small; frail. Both old and childlike. The life has gone out of her. All that "compadre" stuff is over now, all that verve, that attitude.

Polly has lost everything. It is over for her, finally.

The lights in the tunnel flicker, and go out.

There is a *SCREECH of distortion* over all of the comms; the government officials stumble, clutching their helmets in the darkness.

After a moment, the lights flicker back on.

INIGAWA

It's just a power surge. Go! MOVE  
NOW-

Flynn has stopped moving.

FLYNN

Hey.

The group gets further ahead. Inigawa rushes back to him.

INIGAWA

Flynn, let's go, we have to try to-

FLYNN

Hey, listen-

INIGAWA

There's no time-

FLYNN

No, um...um, listen, that was a  
power surge. That *the* power surge.

Inigawa looks at him blankly. Flynn's expression is bizarre. He looks like he's in a dream.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Ah fuck.

(beat, flatly)

It's real. It's all real.

INIGAWA

What?

FLYNN

(matter of fact)

The aliens are here to destroy the  
earth.

INIGAWA

...What?

FLYNN

(mumbling)

Polly called them here on accident.  
They're going to fire some kind of  
explosion beam into the sun from  
earth's orbit. That power surge  
was them coming out of warp drive  
or- what'd she call it-

INIGAWA

Flynn, what're you-

The sound of the helicopter is getting close now.

FLYNN

Excuse me, sorry, sorry-

Flynn abruptly pushes past Inigawa, walking towards the where  
Polly is being marched ahead of him in the tunnel.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Hi, hey! Hey, excuse me! HEY!  
SORRY, will you excuse me for a  
second-

Inigawa grabs Flynn's arm- up ahead we can see the end of the  
tunnel, lights shining in.

INIGAWA

Flynn you're sick, your perception  
is distorted, just let me-

FLYNN

(tugging away)

There's no time, sorry, we have to  
go into space and-

INIGAWA

*Just calm down-*

FLYNN

***There's no time.***

Flynn hauls off and ***SHOVES INIGAWA DOWN, AT LAST DRAWING THE  
REVOLVER FROM HIS COAT, FIRING IT IN THE AIR he stalks  
towards Polly-***

FLYNN (CONT'D)

***EVERYONE: FUCK OFF.*** Sorry, sorry,  
it's all real, ***it's all real***, SO  
JUST- FUCK OFF!

The Haz-Mat scientists scream and run-

The marine next to her tries to aim his rifle- Flynn *shoots him in the leg-*

The other marine takes aim and Flynn shoots him in the arm at point blank range- kicks away his gun-

The first marine tries to get his gun and *Flynn puts the gun to his head, right up to the face-mask of the haz-mat suit-*

FLYNN (CONT'D)

*Keys. Handcuff keys. Now please.*

HAZ-MAT MARINE

*Are you fucking crazy-*

FLYNN

***NOW PLEASE NOW PLEASE  
NOW PLEASE NOW PLEASE***

The marine hands him the keys, and Flynn kicks away his gun, grabbing Polly in a near headlock as he drags her back up the tunnel towards the barn.

POLLY

*What's happening...*

They walk past where Inigawa is struggling to his feet, getting up and backing down the hallway, but pleading with them even as he retreats-

INIGAWA

*FLYNN DON'T DO THIS! DON'T DO THIS  
IT'S NOT REAL, IT'S A DELUSION,  
IT'S A GODDAMN DELUSION! THINK OF  
YOUR DAUGHTER! FLYNN! IT'S A  
DELUSION! IT'S A DELUSION-*

Flynn ***SLAMS THE BARN DOOR CLOSED-***

INT. THE BARN - CONTINUOUS

Flynn pulls Polly through the door to the barn, and she stumbles almost falling, Flynn catches her, grabbing her by the shoulders.

FLYNN

*Polly look at me, wake up, shit,  
wake up!*

Polly stumbles, nearly out on her feet.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Oh, shit! Wake up! Wake up!

The **HAZ-MAT TENT LIGHTS GO OUT**, casting the barn into a nightmare haze, now heavily fogged and lit only by the various machine displays and lights.

POLLY

Flynn.

FLYNN

Yes, wake up!

POLLY

F- Flynn.

FLYNN

Yeah?

POLLY

Flynn.

FLYNN

*Shit!*

There's a horrible grinding noise from behind them, and suddenly the entire barn is lit **blue**; the electrical wiring around the bomb has begun to fray from heat, and let off arcs of **blue plasma** energy dissipating-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Hey Polly is it supposed to be-

Polly has slumped against the wall, head down, and falls onto a desk, overturning some computers which crash to the floor as she stumbles under the loft, staggering towards the kitchen-

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Oh god-

Flynn turns to go to her, and right before he reaches Polly the servers above her, finally completely overheated, **RAIN SPARKS DOWN ON BOTH OF THEM AND THEN BURST INTO FLAME!**

Flynn grabs Polly, pulling her desperately away as the area above them in the barn **LIGHTS ENTIRELY ON FIRE.**

Polly is pointing at something, and Flynn follows her point: **THE PRINTER!** The fire is getting closer and closer to the printed out sheet of paper-

POLLY

It has to go into the ship.

FLYNN

What?

POLLY

The numbers, you have to...put them into the ship's console before it-

There's a SUDDEN HUM, AND *THE ENTIRE BARN'S LIGHTS BEGIN CYCLING*. **Neon squares we hadn't even seen in the wall begin cycling different neon blues and greens, in the smoke and mist and sparks the barn is DESCENDING INTO VISUAL ANARCHY-**

An old school projector whirrs to life behind them, projecting onto the barn's far wall.

**It's a countdown, with the word LAUNCH under it.**

## 2 minutes.

FLYNN

Okay. Okay.

Flynn rushes to the printer, tearing off the sheet of paper just before a **BURNING SERVER** falls off the roof of the barn *crushing the table it sat on-*

Flynn turns and rushes to the ship itself, taking a moment to figure out how to get inside before opening a gull wing door on the side-

The interior of what was formerly a van is extremely cramped, the majority of it housing whatever kind of magnetic "engine" (if it even works) Polly has built into the back.

Two centered jet fighter style seats clearly taken from a rollercoaster, one directly behind the other, and mess of rudimentary analog looking controls-

Flynn crawls in totally confused, laying down vertically in the seat, and a small analog control screen with green font blinks to life in front of him.

## ENTER LAUNCH VECTOR

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Right, yes, okay-

Flynn consults the paper and begins hurriedly typing in the launch vector trajectory numbers- upstairs, the fire has reached the pile of guns and bullets-

**SHOTS START GOING OFF, HITTING RANDOM POINTS IN THE BARN! A BULLET STRIKES THE COCKPIT RIGHT NEXT TO FLYNN'S HEAD, SPIDER-WEB CRACKING THE IMPACT GLASS-**

FLYNN (CONT'D)

**FUCK! AH!**

Flynn refocuses on the crumpled, dirty, now bloody piece of teletype paper crunched in his hand, tries to find his place, and finishes entering the code-

As he hits enter his eyes go up to-

**01:30      01:29      01:28**

*SHIT THE WHOLE SHIP IS MOVING- pistons shifting and pumping, adjusting the position- SHIT IT'S GOING TO LAUNCH WITH HIM INSIDE IT OH GOD-*

Flynn bails out of the still open door, crashing to the ground, and then looks up. The ship finishes adjusting, having shifted its angle-

Okay, no launch, so where's Polly- **FUCK! THE REACTOR SPRAYS BLUE PLASMA ALL OVER THE FAR WALL,** engulfing it in flames!

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Dear god.

Flynn stumbles back, and gets a look at the entire set up: now that the ship has shifted, for the first time, it's fully clear; all those hyper tensile wires, all that machinery:

*The spaceship is in the canopy of a massive slingshot.*

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Polly? Polly!

Flynn, realizing she's stumbled into the darkness, moves through the OBSTACLE COURSE OF THE BARN to find her-

**Choking black smoke-**

**Sparks and embers raining down and swirling in the air-**

**The occasional burst of ANOTHER computer, fires lighting-**

**Fog from the liquid nitrogen overloading-**

**The blue plasma fire from the leaking reactor-**

There's Polly, over the disgusting sink. She's pulled on the space suit up to her waist- she's leaning over- doing something-

Polly is opening a vial, which she snorts something out of.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

What're you-

Polly turns to Flynn, shoving a space suit into his chest, leaning on the counter.

They make eye contact.

She presses it against him.

Really? He follows her eyes over his shoulder to see.

00:55 00:54 00:53

Yes, really. They stand there amidst the total chaos, and then...

Flynn begins hurriedly pulling it on as Polly, dazed falls against the counter, shaking her head.

Polly roars in anger and shakes her head violently again. She slaps herself in the face, shaking her head. **Slaps herself again. And again. And again and again and again-**

POLLY

WAKE UP! WAKE UP!

Polly, her nose bloody and eyes wide, pulls up the space suit, zipping and velcroing it closed.

She is **AWAKE** and she looks **FUCKING INSANE.**

She turns to Flynn and then makes a **BEELINE FOR THE SHIP.**

00:30 00:29 00:28

Flynn follows her, giving a long look to the door as he goes-

There's still time to leave. He could leave and get out of here, this is too much. The bomb- there must be another way-

Polly climbs up onto the ship, climbing into the cockpit.

Flynn begins to climb the ladder, but then stops just at the entry to the ship. He stares at the exit of the barn.

His eyes go to the bomb rigged into the bottom of the "spacecraft." Leaking blue fire.

His eyes move over the spacecraft. It looks like the garbage it's built from. Launching will destroy it and kill him and Polly instantly. It might even detonate the bomb, it-

He looks up to see Polly staring at him.

**00:17 00:16 00:15**

She leans out and kisses him passionately on the mouth. After a moment, in the burning, freezing, kaleidoscope hellscape of the barn, Flynn kisses her back.

Polly uses her leverage to ***pull him into the ship, and he falls into the seat behind her!***

The gull wing door straps *slams closed as Flynn makes one last half hearted reach-*

FLYNN

(tiny)

Oh god.

Polly hits an actuator- *ALL OF THE CONTROLS LURCH FORWARD.* There's the hiss of the cabin pressurizing, and Flynn grabs his ears in pain, and then is startled as-

***All the machinery and technology right behind him WHIRRS to life- casting the interior of the ship in a surreal glow***

She ***SLAPS HERSELF IN THE FACE TWICE MORE, and SNARLS.***

POLLY

*Strap in.*

Polly straps in, activates controls- Flynn tries to strap in- his belt is stuck-

FLYNN

*It's stuck!*

**00:03 00:02 00:01**

Flynn's harness locks in.

Nothing happens.

Nothing happens.

Nothing happens.

Part of the barn roof collapses, falling in, crushing most of the lab in a burst of choking smoke and fire.

There's a click.

**The SLINGSHOT FIRES-**

EXT. THE BARN - SUNSET - CONTINUOUS

The craft **EXPLODES THROUGH THE ROOF OF THE BURNING BARN, SENDING DEBRIS CASCADING IN ALL DIRECTIONS AS IT ROCKETTS STRAIGHT UPWARDS-**

*FLYNN IS SLAMMED BACKWARDS INTO HIS SEAT, PARALYZED BY THE SPEED- HE TRIES TO TURN HIS HEAD AND CAN'T- HE'S CHOKING ON VOMIT- POLLY IS STRAIGHT AHEAD OF HIM-*

*HIGHER-*

*HIGHER-*

Flynn is browning in and out, faling in and out of consciousness from the g-forces-

THROUGH THE CLOUDS TOWARDS THE DARKENING SKY-

And then-

They slow- slower- slower-

This thing can't get into space, it couldn't even get that far past the clouds. Christ, they're going to fall-

Flynn vomits out onto his space suit, gasping in air-

Polly hits three switches and-

**THE ELECTROMAGNETIC ENGINE REVS TO LIFE!**

FLYNN

(dazed)

No way.

The brass rings on the back of the former van begin rotating rapidly- *kick into gear- and send the vehicle HURLING FURTHER UPWARDS, STEADILY ACCELERATING TO 600 MILES AN HOUR-*

But now the flaws in the design are showing- pieces of the ship are falling away, cracking off from the launch and the speed, the entire craft starting to come apart-

The sky around them goes from blue- to purple- to black- blood vessels burst in one of Polly's eyes but she holds tightly to the controls-

The windows around them *cover over with frost*, and the little cracks in them bleed wet condensation-

And then, slowly, the earth curves. Flynn stares at the window. He sucks in air, trying to breath, and then ship hangs, motionless.

The edge of space. It's dark in the pod, the lights and screens flickering on and off.

Flynn is dazed. Polly sits in front of him, head down.

Flynn coughs.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Polly?

Polly sits up. Blood is pouring out of her nose and ears. The light from space shines onto her face.

POLLY

This is the mesosphere. The edge of space. See how the sky looks. At night it seems like the sky moves, right? But the sky doesn't move. It's us that move. The sky stands still. The sky stands still.

Flynn is clearly aching all over, fucked to shit.

FLYNN

Where are they?

Polly's quiet. Flynn realizes.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

...Oh.

The two of them hang motionless, drifting. Polly stares at her controls. Flynn stares at the back of her head.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

It really- ha- we really came up here, didn't we?

Polly's quiet. Flynn realizes she's crying. She tries to turn, but the seat won't let her.

POLLY

I wish...I wish I could see your face. I wish I could look at it and know what to do.

FLYNN

Yeah, well. I never knew what to do. So maybe we were always even.

POLLY

Did you ever think of coming back for me? Before this...

FLYNN

I don't think...In a lot of ways I don't think I knew what "you" was. I mean is a person just...you remember when we used to sit in the shower together, in the first apartment?

POLLY

Yes.

FLYNN

Remember it would be like...silence. Just total silence. Almost like being alone. But then once you were gone...Being alone came back. Cause before even when I was alone I still had you.

(beat, laughs)

You just wouldn't take your fucking pills.

(sighs)

Trust is fucked up.

Polly laughs, through tears.

POLLY

Yeah, well, I'm fucking crazy.

FLYNN

Yeah. Oh god, though, you are the other person. You are absolutely the only other person.

POLLY

I can't believe I forgot you.

Flynn is moved. There is nothing. Just the emptiness of space. They have crested the top of their parabola.

The ship, what's left of it, is still, hanging motionless...

And it begins to slowly drift backwards, the top of a massive roller-coaster drop, a free-fall from the stratosphere.

There are no aliens.

Flynn starts to speak, then stops. Polly stares straight ahead, tears in her eyes. The cockpit glass begins to crack. More of the ship falls away.

Flynn stops himself from saying it. He reaches up, and puts his hand on Polly's shoulder.

She takes it, and kisses it, and moves it onto her face.

There are **no** aliens.

                                FLYNN  
                I'm sorry, Polly.  
                (beat)  
                I love you.

Polly goes quiet, weeping, tears in her eyes. She unstraps her security restraints, and turns all the way around to face Flynn. They stare at each other. Flynn is crying too.

There are no aliens.

Just two people in a misguided, malfunctioning piece of junk with a slowly burning nuclear reactor strapped to the bottom.

Because that's what the relationship was, maybe.

Maybe that's what all relationships are.

Moments of fooling ourselves. Bargaining. Feeling things so purely and then watching those pure feelings get further away until we can't touch them any more.

Love can't heal you. It certainly can't save you. Nothing can. At the end of the day, we are alone, and everything we try to do to bring ourselves closer, higher, closer so some greater understanding, is proven illusory, and fragile.

It's just nothing. We're just alone.

**There are no aliens. There never were.**

Maybe we're all just crazy. Just hoping for something that will never c-

**THE SIGMA SIX SOLAR  
DESTROYER ARRIVES,  
DROPPING OUT OF LIGHT  
SPEED TRAVEL, SNAPPING  
INTO SIGHT WITH A  
BLINDING FLASH~!**

FLYNN (CONT'D)

*OH HOLY SHIT*

*THE GIGANTIC STARSHIP LOOMS MASSIVE AGAINST THE STARS,  
DWARFING THE TINY HUMAN CRAFT EVEN AT A DISTANCE OF FIFTY  
MILES-*

POLLY'S EYES ARE WIDE AND FROZEN AS THE MASSIVE SPACECRAFT  
BLOSSOMS, EXPOSING SOME SORT OF MASSIVE, CRACKLING WEAPON OF  
PURE ENERGY-

POLLY

*No, fuck you.*

Polly falls back into her seat.

POLLY (CONT'D)

*You wanna SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN  
YOU FUCK WITH THE APES?*

Polly SLAMS A LEVER, LAUNCHING the unstable reactor with the  
railgun sending it **HURTLING TOWARDS THE ALIEN CRAFT-**

FLYNN

Is the-

**THE NUKE STRIKES THE SIDE OF THE SIGMA  
SIX SPACECRAFT AND EXPLODES IN A WAVE  
OF HEAT AND NEON BLUE PURE ENERGY-**

The Sigma Six craft is BLOWN IN HALF-

The nuclear shockwave **SLAMS INTO THE TINY CRAFT, SPINNING IT  
LIKE**

**A GRAVITRON-**

Polly, still unstrapped, *is VIOLENTLY THROWN AROUND THE INTERIOR OF THE SHIP-*

Out of control, as the cracked control panels *belch smoke*, exposed wiring and circuit boards coated in roiling hot red fire-

Flynn *catches onto Polly and GRABS HER TIGHTLY-*

The ship is starting to even out, but it's in *FREE FALL NOW-* Flynn *helps Polly struggle back into her seat- CLICK BELT ON-*

POLLY  
*BRACE YOURSELF-*

They're plummeting out of the sky now, the malfunctioning magnetic engines actually *ACCELERATING THEM DOWNWARD-*

As Polly struggles with the controls, the incredible sci-fi engine begins to *COME APART-* *the brass band on the back of the van snap and EXPLODE OFF-*

POLLY (CONT'D)  
*Not yet.*

The windshields *CRACK ENTIRELY IN UNISON*, *spraying them with safety glass-* *all of the screens on the computers CRACK and SPARK as well-*

Polly yanks a series of levers-

**HUGE WEATHER BALLOONS DEPLOY OUT OF THE BACK OF THE PLUMMETING VAN, rapidly inflating-**

The van is *YANKED UPWARDS* and **both its occupants are violently JERKED FORWARD-**

One of the doors to the van *flies off and they spin dizzily towards the ground-*

POLLY (CONT'D)  
*Not yet!*

Several of the balloons burst and fall away- parachutes pop out to slow their descent, and it works, momentarily, until a piece of the ship rips off and hits one of the parachutes, destroying it-

More parachutes- more balloons- the descent is slowing- slowing- wait is that- *FUCK IS THAT THE GROUND!?*

EXT. THE GRAND CANYON - DESERT - NAVAJO POINT - CONTINUOUS

*WHAT'S LEFT OF THE SPACECRAFT STRIKES EARTH, BEING BRUTALLY DRAGGED ACROSS SAND AND DIRT, DRAGGING THE PARACHUTE INTO A DEATH ROLL, POPPING THE LAST BALOONS-*

And coming to rest just on the edge of a cliff. Most of the ship is gone at this point. It's open to the air.

Silence. The sun is setting.

The power of the massive open space is not lost on us.

The world feels big. The two people, and the ship, feel absolutely, alienatingly small.

What's left of the ship is halfway over the cliff; Flynn rouses slowly, tries to unbuckle his seatbelt, only to discover he can move his left arm.

He groans in pain. It's broken. He takes a few gasping breaths, and groans in pain, trying to lift himself out of the ship, but he can't; even his body is tangled in the parachute ropes.

FLYNN

Breathe. Just breathe.

Polly's motionless head hangs in front of him. The ship slides a little further off the cliff.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Polly? Hey, you with me?

Polly stirs. She suddenly sits up, fighting against her restraints, breathing in panic.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Polly, it's over, it's over-

Polly, startled by his voice, turns to face him. Her eyes are wide and distant.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(beat)

Polly?

POLLY

(heat)

Who are you?

Polly realizes her injuries slowly, as though for the first time, shaking in horror. She screams, terrified.

FLYNN

Polly no wait- help me get out of  
the-

POLLY

Who the fuck are you? What'd you  
do to me?

FLYNN

Wh...what?

She doesn't remember. Look at her eyes, she's not there.

POLLY

You put me in your...car.

FLYNN

This isn't a car, Polly. Focus  
please please focus.

The ship slides further.

POLLY

Fuck you, you did something to me,  
you hurt me, I'm bleeding-

Polly climbs up and out of the ship to safety, Flynn  
pahetically grabbing for her.

FLYNN

*No wait- wait just-*

POLLY

(muttering)

I don't- you gave me a drug- you  
gave me drugs like the girl in the  
video-

Flynn, bewildered and horrified, struggles to get out. He  
can't. He screams in pain from his arm as Polly looks  
around, dazed, her legs weak, falling.

FLYNN

POLLY! THIS ISN'T A CAR! IT'S ME!

IT'S FLYNN! POLLY!

(no response)

*THIS ISN'T A FUCKING CAR! THIS  
ISN'T A CAR!*

Polly picks up a rock and flings it at Flynn.

POLLY

You're a fucking animal, you took me- you fucked me or took me somewhere- I can't trust you.

FLYNN

*Polly-*

The wreck lurches further over the cliff. The rocks under it are falling away.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

No, no, not like this!

Yes, like this.

POLLY

I need to find a cop. I need to find a cop.

FLYNN

POLLY NO! HELP ME!

She's not going to, Flynn.

The ship starts to fall, as Polly shakily stands.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

No, no no no no Polly wake up, oh god I just- no!

Polly starts to walk away. Love does not conquer all.

POLLY

Somebody did something to me, someone- hurt me- I have to go. I have to go, I can't let you hurt me, someone took a picture of my tits and showed to their friend in a bar, you know, it's not- you can't- I won't be treated this way-

FLYNN

POLLY STOP!

Polly's now walked a bit away, the wreck left behind her.

POLLY

My grandpa told me you're gonna get it, and I didn't listen, but he knew what happens to girls who go out to much, and now-

Flynn, now just a small, helpless, pathetic and forgotten figure, lets out one last pointless volley of screams.

FLYNN

*Who's going to tell Sasha! Who's going to tell her that her mother saved the world! Who's going to tell Sasha! She'll be alone without us! Don't do this! Don't let this happen! Don't leave her alone again! DON'T LEAVE HER ALONE AGAIN!*

The wreck falls off the cliff, out of sight. Goodbye Flynn.

After a moment, we can hear the crash from far below.

Polly stops. She flinches, turns, looks back. Thinks.

Her eyes bug out of her head as she rises from her psychosis.

POLLY

(screaming)

FLYNN! *FLYNN!* **FLYNN!**

Too late, Polly. She sprints, kicking dirt and sand, falling from dizziness, rushing to the cliff's edge-

Flynn hangs mere feet below her tangled in the parachute. Polly shrieks in delirious relief.

POLLY (CONT'D)

FLYNN!

Oh come the fuck on. Don't you roll your fucking eyes at me. You thought I was seriously gonna let him get dropped of a cliff? FUCK YOU for that one.

Polly, sobbing, pulls Flynn up onto the cliff. They sit there, dizzy, weak, covered in dirt and blood and ash, and Polly pets Flynn's head as he stares out at the horizon, sobbing.

**After a beat, Flynn lifts a single Lurasidone pill. Polly stares at it, then takes it out of his hand and swallows it immediately.**

Flynn's quiet. Polly stares at him. The desert wind blows.

POLLY (CONT'D)

I-

FLYNN

What, we're gonna yell and scream  
and say we're sorry again? Love  
doesn't conquer all.

Polly's quiet for a moment, and then:

POLLY

Yeah, but it does conquer some  
things.

Flynn processes this for a moment, then laughs, and looks up  
at her, then at the horizon.

The wreckage of the Sigma Six craft has begun to break up;  
secondary explosions, and dozens of shooting stars and  
wreckage, burning bizarre alien hues, tumble down into the  
already beautiful sunset.

FLYNN

Look at that. Jesus christ.  
Incredible.

POLLY

We got'em.

FLYNN

You got'em.

In the distance we can hear the sound of a helicopter.

Flynn puts his unbroken arm around her; she nestles close to  
him.

POLLY

(after a beat)  
I love you.

FLYNN

...That's a relief.

**CUE SONG: "SAY  
MY NAME" BY  
ODESZA**

Polly laughs and stares out into the horizon. Flynn kisses  
her forehead, and hugs her close.

Flynn and Polly sit framed against the pastel rainbow of  
debris tumbling out of the sky on the horizon.

SLAM TO BLACK.

THE END.