

THREE HUNDRED YEARS

by

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EXT. OUTER SPACE

Ahead of us, Earth.

But not like we're used to seeing it. We're approaching the planet FROM BELOW, like a shark swimming up towards its prey.

The icy shape of Antarctica fills our view. We slowly fly up over a dark southern hemisphere, passing above South America, where the lights of civilization begin to shine.

Then we cross the day/night terminus into sunlight, finally coming to a stop above the west coast of North America. Silently, we watch the planet below.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. CHESTNUT STREET, SAN FRANCISCO - EARLY EVENING

We're suddenly looking at a scruffy little dog, CHARLIE, sitting alone. He ran away from home five minutes ago. It's a decision that he now greatly regrets.

Charlie sits patiently at the curb, waiting for the right moment to cross the street. All seems quiet.

Tentatively, he steps out into the road.

ROOOAAAAR!

He's nearly HIT by a car. Charlie scurries back onto the sidewalk as more cars ZOOM by. They are BIG, LOUD, and TERRIFYING.

The little dog cowers. He's completely out of his element.

Off the BLAST of a CAR HORN--

EXT. VAN NESS AVE

A bike messenger, JACK, races down one of San Francisco's ridiculously steep hills. He's on a delivery run.

Pedaling furiously on the downhill, Jack expertly-- and fearlessly-- weaves at top speed between delivery trucks and cars. It's a real adrenaline rush.

An iPhone mounted on the handlebars pinpoints his destination. Time to make a turn--

Jack crosses over the center line, threading the needle of oncoming traffic. He CUTS SHARPLY IN FRONT of an oncoming cable car, making the turn onto--

EXT. CHESTNUT STREET

Charlie has retreated to a hiding place between two dumpsters. He stares out, watching pedestrians walk by. No one sees him. The little dog is all alone.

CHARLIE'S P.O.V.

We see Jack FLY BY on his bike.

Wait for it.

Wait for it.

Jack is back, and he slowly pedals up to the dog's hiding space. He takes off his helmet, revealing a head topped with a mop of BLOND DREADLOCKS.

His voice is gentle.

JACK

Hey little fella. Need some help?

EXT. CHARLIE'S HOUSE - EVENING

Jack, holding little Charlie, is at the front door of a well-kept Victorian house. The door opens, revealing a distraught OLD MAN-- whose face immediately transforms from grief to joy.

OLD MAN

(overcome)

Oh my! Oh my!

Jack hands Charlie over. Bursting with canine exuberance, the little dog licks the old man's face.

OLD MAN (CONT'D)

He just ran out when I opened the door. I thought I'd lost him.

(pause for more licks)

Thank you.

JACK

Sure thing.

Jack gets a glimpse into the old man's front hallway. Photos, medals, and a framed flag reveal he's a WW2 veteran.

OLD MAN

Let me pay you.

Jack steps back from the door, patting his messenger bag.

JACK
Don't worry about it. I've got a
delivery to make.

OLD MAN
At least tell me your name.

JACK
It's Jack.

OLD MAN
Thank you, Jack.

EXT. BACK ON CHESTNUT STREET - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Typical for a San Francisco evening, the sky is COMPLETELY OVERCAST. Under the glow of street lamps, Jack sits upright, pedaling his bike without holding the handlebars.

Through his Bluetooth headset, Jack is getting chewed out by a dispatcher. He just has to endure it for a minute--

Which gives us a chance to get a good look at him.

Jack is tall, late 20s. Handsome, not pretty.

Physically, he has the lean, hyper-fit build of someone who spends all day on a bike. Dreadlocks can be an annoying look for a white guy, but he's one of the few who can pull it off.

His outfit is the embodiment of bike messenger couture: cargo shorts, fingerless gloves, black Chuck Taylors, red hoodie-- and a messenger bag that's seen a lot of miles.

JACK
...I know it's a rush. I know. Tell
them I got stuck behind a parade or
something.
(pause)
No, it wasn't a lost dog. I told you
I'd stop doing that.
(pause)
Look, I'm just a few minutes away...

He checks the map on his iPhone screen. An error message pops up: GPS SIGNAL LOST.

JACK (CONT'D)
Dispatch? Hello?

The line is dead. He checks the screen again. Now the reception bars are gone. NO SERVICE.

He STOPS his bike. Did his iPhone just crap out? He takes the phone out of its mount and fiddles with it.

Then, ever so slightly, there's a TREMOR.

Jack looks around. Was that an earthquake?

Then another one, this time much STRONGER. Car alarms go off. Street lamps flicker. Jack barely keeps his balance.

Beat. Hopefully that was the worst of it--

THEN BOOM. A HUGE JOLT. Jack is knocked off his bike. His iPhone flies out of his hand into the street. In the background, we hear glass SHATTERING, people SCREAMING.

Ominously, an AIR RAID SIREN begins to blare.

Part of the street has buckled. Jack stumbles after his phone. He picks it up, then looks up into the sky--

Through the misty overcast, BRIGHT LIGHTS appear, as bright AS THE SUN. Something is coming down through the clouds.

It's huge, WAY BIGGER THAN SAN FRANCISCO ITSELF.

A BEAM OF LIGHT SHOOTS DOWN through the clouds, striking a TREE a few yards away from Jack. The tree is RIPPED UP THROUGH THE SIDEWALK, and just HOVERS IN THE AIR, its roots dangling.

The same thing happens to plants and bushes in front of people's homes. They're ripped up out of the ground.

Jack RUNS, but is quickly enveloped by a BEAM OF LIGHT--

SMASH CUT:

BLACK.

It's just a void. The black is all we see for a few moments.

Then, in the darkness:

GIRL'S VOICE

I think he's waking up.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Be careful.

INT. ADOPTION CENTER

Jack's eyes open. He sees 11 year old PIXAR (the girl), multiethnic and impish, and OPRAH (the woman), late 20s, gentle and beautiful, with porcelain white skin.

PIXAR

Hi there!

Jack takes a breath-- and starts coughing violently, choking.
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH THE AIR.

Oprah brings him a glass of water. Jack drinks the whole thing,
while Oprah COMFORTS him by holding his body steady. Her
kindness makes an immediate impact.

JACK
(rasps)
What happened?

OPRAH
What happened...?

JACK
What happened to the city?

OPRAH
Nothing happened to the city.
Everything is fine.

JACK
(more coughing)
The air. Why does it taste so
metallic?

Both Oprah and Pixar take deep breaths. Nothing.

PIXAR
It smells normal to me. You okay,
dude?

JACK
I'm not sure.

Jack takes a good look at both of them. The girl, Pixar,
wears an adult-sized jumpsuit that she's cut up to fit her.
Cinched tight with a belt, it has a punk feel.

Oprah wears a blue top and a SHORT pleated skirt with blue
tights underneath. It looks like an anime school uniform.
With her hair in a ponytail, she is a fresh faced beauty.

Jack still wears his bike messenger outfit. Around his neck,
though, is a large INVENTORY TAG.

OPRAH
My name is Oprah.

JACK
Jack.

PIXAR
Jack. That's a funny name for a person.

The girl blows a large chewing-gum bubble. POP!

PIXAR (CONT'D)

I'm Pixar.

OPRAH

(suddenly worried)

You're chewing gum? That's going to get you in trouble.

PIXAR

What are you, my mother?

Pixar leans in closer to Jack and looks at the tag around his neck. Instead of words, there is a GRID with MOVING DOTS and CYCLING COLORS.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

It says he's property of the Science Division.

Oprah is surprised-- not that Jack is property of the Science Division, but because of what Pixar just did.

OPRAH

You can read that?

PIXAR

(self-conscious)

A little.

(continues reading)

It says he's a... holy crap!

Pixar looks at Jack with genuine surprise.

OPRAH

What?

PIXAR

He's a pre-arrival human!

Oprah JUMPS UP and PULLS Pixar AWAY from Jack.

OPRAH

That's impossible.

PIXAR

He's been in stasis!

JACK

(beyond confused)

Stasis? What?

PIXAR

You've been on ice for a long time.

Oprah steps back even farther, pulling Pixar with her.

OPRAH
Is it safe for him to be in here?

BELVEDERE (O.S.)
The Science Division knows what it's
doing.

For the first time we see BELVEDERE, a small Asian man in his 50s. Wearing a jumpsuit that evokes a proper British butler, his eyes don't move from the shoes he's shining.

BELVEDERE (CONT'D)
There must be a reason he's here.
I'm sure it's safe.

Nonetheless, Oprah keeps her distance. Pixar strains against Oprah's hold, more curious than ever about Jack.

Exasperated, Jack looks around the room. It has the feel of corporate housing, but something is off. There are no windows or doors, and the ceiling is way too high.

JACK
Where are we?

PIXAR
The adoption center.

Long beat. Jack swallows hard.

JACK
Adoption center for what?

OPRAH
For us, of course.
(softening a bit)
Don't you know what's going on?

Before Jack can say no, there is a low hum. One of the room's walls SLIDES UP, disappearing into the ceiling.

Oprah immediately lets Pixar go.

PIXAR
Showtime.
(to Jack)
Dial back the crazy. Some of us need
a new meal ticket.

Pixar slips out of view. Oprah stands at attention. Belvedere stands up as well, smoothing his uniform as if getting ready for an inspection. Following their lead, Jack stands up too.

It's all quiet.

Beat.

Then we hear something coming.

It's a loud SHUFFLE-SLIDE, like something heavy being dragged across the floor. It gets closer and closer.

We hear high-pitched CLICKS and WHISTLES. It hurts everyone's ears, especially Jack's. He grimaces in pain.

SHUFFLE-SLIDE.

A shadow grows large on the wall. Something not human.

SHUFFLE-SLIDE.

We watch Jack's reaction as it arrives. His mouth slacks open. You never forget seeing your first--

Alien.

Only five feet tall, it's nonetheless a bit scary looking.

Large HEAD, big EYES. A cross between a squid and a pachyderm, it has several HEAD TENTACLES and one long elephantine TRUNK. The rest of its body is slug-like, though it has a pair of arms and hands. Two stubby legs propel it across the floor.

It emits more PIERCING clicks and whistles, intense enough that Jack's knees buckle. Then, from off-screen, ENGLISH:

MOM ALIEN (O.S.)

Remember dear, use their language
when we're around them.

[When Aliens speak English, it is with a heightened, professional RADIO-ANNOUNCER VOICE. It's a cadence so perfect and precise that it sounds... alien.]

The Alien in front of us switches to English. It's a KID.

KID ALIEN

Oh, of course. I'm sorry!

A MOM ALIEN and DAD ALIEN step into frame, seven and eight feet tall. They're huge, with longer trunks and head tentacles... and thick, pointed TUSKS.

MOM ALIEN

Oh sweetheart, you have so many
choices!

DAD ALIEN

(re: Oprah)

Look at this nice young lady. How about her?

OPRAH

Oh, thank you, but I already belong to a family. I was separated from them during the Starbridge celebration. They're on their way to pick me up.

Belvedere sees an opening--

BELVEDERE

(earnest)

Have you considered adopting an older human? My name is Mr. Belvedere. As a fully trained service companion, I have years of experience with--

The Dad Alien IGNORES Belvedere, instead pointing his trunk at Jack.

DAD ALIEN

What about this one? He looks like a strong young lad.

Holy crap. Jack goes white as a sheet.

KID ALIEN

But I want a girl!

Suddenly Pixar slides into frame, TRANSFORMED. She's now SWEET and DARLING, dressed like she's ready for Sunday School.

PIXAR

Hello, my name is Pixar. I'm eleven years old and I would love to join your family.

MOM ALIEN

Oh honey, she's perfect!

KID ALIEN

I want her!

With that, Pixar steps into the Kid Alien's waiting embrace.

We see that Pixar, Oprah, and Belvedere each wear an I.D. BRACELET around their left wrist. They are colorless, but Pixar's suddenly turns GREEN.

PIXAR

(to the humans)

Bye everyone!

Pixar grabs her PINK RUCKSACK and leaves with her new Alien family-- though she steals one last glance at Jack as she disappears down the hall.

Belvedere SIGHS, his shoulders slump. Oprah puts her arm around him.

OPRAH
I'm sure there's a family out there
for you.

Belvedere nods, but he doesn't have high hopes. From this tender moment, we cut to:

Jack, who's PRESSED UP AGAINST THE BACK WALL. Eyes wide, skin pale. FREAKING OUT.

JACK
HOLY SHIT!

OPRAH
What?

JACK
WHERE ARE WE?

OPRAH
The adoption center--

JACK
No. What planet are we on?

OPRAH
Earth.

JACK
Then what were those things?!

OPRAH
Our Alien masters.

Jack is knocked for a loop. Oprah sees that he's truly scared. Her empathy trumps her trepidation.

OPRAH (CONT'D)
You really don't know where you are?

JACK
We've got to get out of here! Escape!

OPRAH
Why would we want to do that?

This stops him cold. Jack realizes this upside-down world is NORMAL for her.

Then from the hallway--

OPRAH'S GIRL ALIEN (O.S.)
Oprah?! Are you down there?!

OPRAH
(suddenly excited)
I'm in here!

Two Alien kids and their Alien father arrive in the doorway.
It's Oprah's family. Hugs and kisses. Oprah wipes away TEARS.

OPRAH (CONT'D)
I missed you guys so much!

Oprah's I.D. bracelet turns GREEN.

OPRAH'S BOY ALIEN
It's a race! Let's go!

The two kid Aliens scamper down the hallway. Oprah smiles at both Belvedere and Jack, MAKING EYE CONTACT with Jack. She lingers for the briefest of moments, but it's a CONNECTION.

She turns and chases after her Alien kids, leaving just the Alien dad. Belvedere goes for it.

BELVEDERE
Have you considered adopting an older human? My name is Mr. Belvedere--

The Alien completely IGNORES him and leaves.

It's now just Jack and Belvedere in the room, and Belvedere doesn't bother hiding his crushing dejection. He hunches over and sighs heavily.

BELVEDERE (CONT'D)
My previous owner wanted a younger companion. It's understandable, but I have a lot to offer.

JACK
(not listening)
Those things... those Aliens... they're in charge? Did they invade Earth? What's going on?!

BELVEDERE
Some advice. You'll never get out of here unless you pull yourself together. You have a lot going for you, you're young, physically fit, full head of hair, but they won't take you if you appear to be unstable.
(MORE)

BELVEDERE (CONT'D)

(pause)

You only get one week in here before
they euthanize you.

JACK

How long have you been here?

BELVEDERE

This is day seven.

For the first time, Jack realizes someone may be in a worse
boat than he is.

Then, from the hallway--

BEAVIS (O.S.)

We're off quota.

BUTT-HEAD (O.S.)

Check the last cell.

The voices aren't Alien-- they're HUMAN. And sure enough,
two hulking, steroid-fueled meatheads appear in the doorway.
They wear imposing black uniforms.

BEAVIS

Boss! There's two in here!

From down the hallway, a heavy SHUFFLE-SLIDE approaches.

While they wait, Beavis and Butt-Head look at Jack coldly,
like he's merchandise.

BEAVIS (CONT'D)

Blondie's a good candidate.

BUTT-HEAD

What's with his slacker costume?

Then, stepping into the doorway, is the biggest Alien we've
seen yet. Eleven feet tall, his skin has a reddish tone. He
wears a black tunic that matches his henchmen's uniforms.

This is GENGHIS.

The Alien's voice is unsettlingly friendly.

GENGHIS

(to Jack and Belvedere)

Hello gentlemen. My name is Genghis.

BEAVIS

What do you think, boss?

Genghis STEPS INTO the room and WRAPS HIS TRUNK AROUND JACK,
LIFTING Jack up to the Alien's eye level.

Again, the Alien's friendly voice belies its rough handling.

GENGHIS

Well, aren't you a good-looking young man. Strong and fit.

Genghis reads the tag around Jack's neck.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)

This is interesting. You're pre-arrival. And you just woke up.

(tsk tsk)

You might cause me a lot of trouble. I'll have to pass.

He puts Jack down. Jack's never been manhandled quite like that. Holy shit.

BELVEDERE

(desperately earnest)

Have you considered adopting an older human? As a fully trained service companion, I have years of experience--

Genghis GRABS Belvedere and picks him up.

BELVEDERE (CONT'D)

I have a lot to offer.

GENGHIS

I'm sure you do.

(beat)

You know what? I think I have a special place for you.

These are the words Belvedere has been waiting for. Genghis gently puts him back down on the ground. Belvedere's I.D. bracelet turns GREEN.

With vigor, Belvedere shakes Jack's hand goodbye.

BELVEDERE

Best of luck!

The group leaves. Genghis shoots Jack a departing glance, the Alien's big wide eyes making the human feel puny and small. And with that, Jack is alone.

Jack darts around the room, desperate to find an escape. *There's got to be a way out of here!*

But there isn't.

And now something new is coming down the hall. It's moving slow, with a SHUFFLE-SLIDE-CLICK. It's coming his way.

SHUFFLE-SLIDE-CLICK.

From his pocket, as a reflex, Jack pulls out his iPhone. It still works, but NO SERVICE.

SHUFFLE-SLIDE-CLICK.

A large shadow grows on the wall. It's getting closer.

SHUFFLE-SLIDE-CLICK.

Slowly, Jack turns towards the door. There is an Alien standing there, looking at him.

Nine feet tall, the Alien's right tusk is BROKEN off at the midpoint. It carries a walking stick that's as tall as Jack.

This is NORMAN.

Its voice is deep and gravelly, but GENTLE--

NORMAN

Hello. Do you have a name?

JACK

(pause)

Jack.

NORMAN

I'm Norman. It's nice to meet you,
Jack.

Norman steps into the room. Jack flinches.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

I'm not going to hurt you.

The Alien SLOWLY stretches out his trunk, carefully taking hold of Jack's Inventory Tag. He reads it from afar--

And, like the others, the Alien is surprised.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Do you know what's going on? Or how
you got here?

Jack shakes his head.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

I imagine you're confused and probably
a bit scared.

Long pause. Jack waits for the Alien to speak.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

I am going to take you home with me,
Jack. And I'll do my best to explain
everything.

(beat)

I'm adopting you as my pet.

INT. VETERINARY EXAM ROOM

Jack is NAKED. Cupping his privates, he stands in the middle
of an exam room, feeling more exposed than ever.

Norman and an ALIEN VETERINARIAN tower over Jack. The vet has
a terrible bedside manner, speaking as if Jack isn't there.

ALIEN VETERINARIAN

I'll tell you, Norman, he's going to
be a handful. He might as well be
feral.

NORMAN

You know I have a soft spot for hard-
luck cases.

The Alien Vet runs a MEDICAL WAND over Jack's skin.

ALIEN VETERINARIAN

Not surprisingly, there's a lot of
toxins in his system...plus evidence
of quite a few contusions and
fractures.

NORMAN

Jack? Have you ever broken a bone?

JACK

(a bit hesitant)

My collarbone twice and my arm once.
Mountain biking. OUCH--

Without warning, the Alien Vet has poked Jack with a MULTI-
PRONGED needle.

ALIEN VETERINARIAN

(to Norman)

The usual inoculations. Cancer,
arthritis, male-pattern baldness.

(beat)

Want me to neuter him?

Off Jack's horrified look--

NORMAN

No thanks.

ALIEN VETERINARIAN
Well, keep an eye on him. They're extremely virile at this age. It can be a lot of trouble.

The veterinarian's 8-fingered hand FORCES OPEN Jack's mouth.

ALIEN VETERINARIAN (CONT'D)
His second bicuspid has some decay--

The Alien JAMS a cap on top of Jack's tooth. OUCH! FUCK! In a gesture meant to comfort, Norman pats Jack's shoulder.

Moving behind Jack, the Alien Vet lifts up a metal probe.

ALIEN VETERINARIAN (CONT'D)
Now for a quick intestinal cleanse.

We don't see where the probe goes, but--

JACK
Oh Jesus Christ!

It's over quick, but Jack's distress remains.

ALIEN VETERINARIAN
And finally, his I.D.

The vet holds up one of the I.D. bracelets that we saw on Oprah, Pixar, and Belvedere. It has BARBED PINS that attach under the skin. Looks very painful.

Jack sees the bracelet and LOOKS AT NORMAN FOR HELP.

NORMAN
You know Doc, I think he's had enough for today. We'll come back later.

ALIEN VETERINARIAN
Suit yourself. Just don't lose him.

The Vet extends his trunk and gives Jack a long Alien SNIFF.

ALIEN VETERINARIAN (CONT'D)
Next stop should be the groomer.

SMASH CUT:

INT. MONORAIL POD - DAY

Jack is back in his clothes, but HIS HAIR IS TRIMMED SHORT. The dreadlocks are gone.

Norman sits opposite him. They are in a large (to Jack) egg-shaped MONORAIL POD, accelerating through a TUNNEL.

NORMAN
(re: haircut)
Sorry, I guess they got a little
carried away.

Jack feels the top of his head.

JACK
All things considered, that's the
least of my problems.

Norman LAUGHS. It is deep, thundering. The tension breaks.

NORMAN
I suppose so.
(gentle tone)
I know you must still be in shock,
but you can ask me anything you want.

Jack stares back at the giant Alien sitting across from him.
He doesn't know where to start. After a pause--

JACK
Your name is Norman?

NORMAN
Yes.

JACK
That's what your mom called you?

Norman laughs again.

NORMAN
No. My given name is [CLICKS &
WHISTLES].

Jack winces at the high-pitched tones.

JACK
I'll stick with Norman.
(long pause)
Alright, how did I get here?

NORMAN
When my species arrived on Earth, we
collected control samples of every
native plant and animal. It's part
of our colonization process.

Colonization process? Jack doesn't like the sound of that.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Jack, you are one of those original specimens, kept in cellular hibernation since our arrival. Or at least you were, until today--

Norman's trunk points to Jack's inventory tag.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

The Science Division reclassified you as surplus material.

Surplus material. This hangs in the air while Jack tries to process it all. He looks out the window. Their monorail pod CONTINUES TO ACCELERATE through the tunnel, FASTER and FASTER.

JACK

So, a few hours ago I was on my bike, delivering a package. How long has it really been?

Norman doesn't answer immediately. Then--

NORMAN

Three hundred years.

Even with everything that's happened, Jack is stunned anew.

And then, BAM! Like a bullet, the monorail pod shoots out of the tunnel, into the open space of THE CITY.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

A lot has changed during that time.

That is the understatement of the millennium. The City is HUGE, a sprawling Alien metropolis with buildings soaring thousands of feet into the air.

A giant DOME, made from what looks like amber glass, COVERS THE ENTIRE CITY. The enormity of it is breathtaking.

And for Jack, it is completely overwhelming.

INT. BUILDING 477 LOBBY - DAY

Jack and Norman wait at a long row of elevator pods. Other Aliens (some with their own human companions) pass by, going about their business.

A pair of elevator pod doors open with a SWISH. Norman gestures for Jack to step in.

INT. ELEVATOR POD - CONTINUOUS

The pod walls are transparent.

And like everything else in The City, the elevator has an extremely high ceiling. Jack feels like a midget.

Instead of buttons, there is a grid with moving dots and cycling colors. Norman swipes it with his trunk--

--and the elevator shoots up LIKE A ROCKET. The acceleration and speed are incredible, but Jack feels no g-forces.

JACK

Whoa!

They travel thousands of vertical feet in mere seconds... then stop in an instant.

The pod doors open with a swoosh. Norman gets off, then reaches back in to pull a somewhat disoriented Jack out.

NORMAN

This is our floor.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Somewhat modest by Alien standards, it feels HUGE to Jack.

The furniture-- some of it recognizable as tables and chairs-- would dwarf its human counterparts. In what appears to be a kitchen area, the countertops are above Jack's head.

There is a long hallway with TWO DOORS. Norman presses a simple PRESSURE PLATE on the wall, and one of the doors opens with a swoosh.

NORMAN

I'm at the end of the hall. This is your room.

Jack's room is itself the size of a studio apartment, but it is completely bare except for a futon mattress. An exposed toilet and shower are at the far wall.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

I'm sorry it's so sparse. It's been a while since my last human.

JACK

(hesitant)

Last human?

Norman points to the wall, where PICTURE BOXES hang. Inside are miniature holograms, like perfect little sculptures. Most show holographic dioramas of otherworldly landscapes, but a SERIES OF HOLOGRAMS feature Norman with a human.

NORMAN

That was Huck Finn. I had him from
cradle to grave.

And we realize that each hologram features Norman with the
SAME REDHEADED MALE. The pictures show the human's entire
life: first as an infant, then toddler, adolescent, thirty-
something, middle-aged man, and finally as an old man.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

(nostalgic)

He was a good person.

Holy. Fucking. Shit. Jack backs away from the wall. He feels
like he's just been handed a life sentence.

JACK

I need some fresh air.

He continues to move AWAY from the wall-- and from Norman.

NORMAN

Are you feeling okay, Jack?

JACK

I really need to get out of here.

(pause)

I'm sorry--

Jack makes a break for the front door. Leaping up, he slams
the pressure plate, and swoosh, the door opens. He RUNS.

INT. ELEVATOR POD - MOMENTS LATER

Jack jumps into the elevator and swipes frantically at the
control panel. NOTHING HAPPENS.

His desperation grows. He swipes in every possible direction.
STILL NOTHING HAPPENS.

JACK

C'mon!!

NOTHING... but suddenly, the doors close on their own.

And the pod SHOOTs STRAIGHT DOWN.

It STOPS INSTANTLY on the ground floor. The doors open,
revealing a fat Alien and its pair of human companions. Jack
pushes past them, running.

EXT. BUILDING 477 - CONTINUOUS

Jack bursts out of the building, onto a busy Alien thoroughfare.

JACK'S P.O.V.

Everything is BIG, NOISY, and LOUD. Towering Aliens limit his ground-level view, while the soaring buildings induce vertigo. Above it all, the City's amber dome.

Jack desperately races through the Alien hustle and bustle. Most of the Aliens ignore him, though a few glance at him with minor annoyance.

All the humans Jack sees are in some kind of uniform. Most are dressed like Oprah, a few like Belvedere. They regard him with curiosity as he races by them.

EXT. BUSY STREET - CONTINUOUS

Running, Jack turns the corner. Autonomous HOVER TRANSPORTS, the size of buses, zoom by at ridiculous speeds.

Jack waits for the right moment to cross the street. For the moment, all seems quiet.

Tentatively, he steps out into the road.

ROOOAAAAR!

He's nearly HIT by a hover transport. Jack scurries back onto the sidewalk as more ZOOM by. They are BIG, LOUD, and TERRIFYING.

Jack cowers. He's completely out of his element.

Beat.

Unexpectedly, a KIND ALIEN taps Jack on the shoulder.

KIND ALIEN
Hey little fella. Need some help?

INT. VETERINARY EXAM ROOM - LATER

A sheepish Jack has his left arm extended out. Norman stands next to him, his huge Alien hand gripping Jack's shoulder.

ALIEN VETERINARIAN
I told you he'd be a problem.

The Alien Vet attaches Jack's I.D. bracelet.

Jack winces as the barbs puncture his skin. The bracelet ACTIVATES, turning GREEN.

NORMAN
Thanks, Doc.

ALIEN VETERINARIAN
You better keep him locked up, or
he's going to run again.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Swoosh. The front door closes. This time, Norman swipes his trunk across the pressure plate. We hear a CLICK and the plate turns RED-- showing us the door is LOCKED.

Norman's tone is gentle, even parental.

NORMAN
Jack, you could have been hurt or
even killed. There are places in
this City that are very dangerous.
(pause)
Where did you think you were going?

Jack doesn't answer.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Please don't do this again. Your new
I.D. bracelet is a homing beacon.
I'll be able to find you wherever
you are in the City.

JACK
What about outside the City?

Aha. Jack's intentions revealed.

NORMAN
Jack, the City is sealed under a
giant dome. There are no doors. There
are no exits. There is no way out.

This takes the piss out of Jack. He feels weak, spent. Norman hands him a DRINK POUCH, a straw sticking out of it.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
You've had a long day. This will
help you feel better.

Defeated, Jack takes it. He has a sip.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
It's from the vet. A neuro-
tranquilizer--

Jack PASSES OUT.

EXT. CHESTNUT STREET - NIGHT

We're back on the streets of San Francisco.

Jack is on his bike, pedaling towards his next delivery. There are no Aliens. No Alien City. Everything is back to normal. Thank God.

Jack pedals faster and faster, this time he doesn't want to be late. But suddenly--

CHARLIE THE DOG IS IN THE DEAD CENTER OF THE STREET.

Jack turns sharply and avoids hitting the dog. But the bike SKIDS, and he CRASHES. Jack flies off his seat, hitting the asphalt HARD.

Jack lies there, bloodied and bruised. Then, after a moment, a pair of arms slide around his body, gently cradling him.

OPRAH

It's okay. It's okay. I've got you.

It takes a moment for Jack to realize that it's HER.

JACK

(happy)

It's you?! How did you--

INT. JACK'S ROOM IN NORMAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

JACK

-- get here?

He opens his eyes.

Jack sits up. He's on his futon. He looks around his sparse room and REMEMBERS.

JACK (CONT'D)

Crap.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Like a teenager waking up late, a bleary-eyed Jack steps out of his room. Norman is sitting at the kitchen counter, slurping Alien SOUP.

NORMAN

Good morning!

JACK

(pause)

Good morning.

NORMAN

You've been asleep for two days.

JACK

Two days--?

NORMAN

Your body needed to catch up and recalibrate. How do you feel?

Beat.

JACK

Hungry.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Norman opens the door to a DUMBWAITER-- and retrieves a stack of FOOD CARTONS.

He lays them out on the counter: PANCAKES, EGGS, BACON, TOAST, FRUIT. Each carton has a photo of a happy human on the label.

NORMAN

What would you like?

Jack points to PANCAKES.

Norman opens the carton and slides its contents onto a plate. Like canned dog food, it lands with a wet, squishy thud.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

It's a protein loaf. Go on, give it a try.

Norman hands Jack a fork. The loaf looks super gross, but hunger wins out and Jack takes a bite.

He chews... it's beyond foul.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

(eager)

Does it taste like pancakes?

JACK

(nauseous)

Oh, yeah. It's great.

Not understanding sarcasm, Norman pats Jack on the back.

NORMAN

When you're done, I thought we'd get you acquainted with your new world.

INT. MONORAIL POD - DAY

We're zooming at HIGH SPEED on an elevated track.

The City spreads out in every direction for miles. And above it all, the dome. Sunlight streams in, illuminating a hazy, amber atmosphere within.

JACK

What's going on with the air? It's so heavy and metallic.

NORMAN

We pump a mineral from our home world into the City's air supply. You've been inoculated against its carcinogenic effect on humans.

JACK

That's comforting.

The pod banks hard to the left as it goes around a bend in the track. Jack holds on, but then realizes artificial gravity keeps him from falling out of his seat.

JACK (CONT'D)

Does your species have a name? Like Martians? Or Vulcans?

NORMAN

There's no adequate translation into human language. "Alien" is actually the most appropriate term to use.

JACK

So when you guys invaded, did we put up a fight? Was there a big battle?

NORMAN

You really didn't have time.

Suddenly it looks as if they're going to HIT another monorail pod on a perpendicular trajectory. Jack can't help but duck. The pods pass within INCHES of each other.

Holy shit! But Norman doesn't seem to even notice.

JACK

How long did it take? The invasion of Earth.

NORMAN

Fifteen minutes.

Unexpectedly, Jack finds himself crestfallen.

JACK

Fifteen minutes. That's it?

INT. HALL OF TRANSPORTATION - CONTINUOUS

The pod zooms into a massive HANGAR. They SLOW DOWN, so Jack can get a better look at what is inside--

NORMAN

(eager)

I think you'll find this interesting.
Something familiar.

Like an Alien Smithsonian exhibit, suspended in mid-air are the INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION, a US Navy AIRCRAFT CARRIER, a CRUISE SHIP, a NUCLEAR SUBMARINE, and a dozen JUMBO JETS.

Norman thought Jack would feel better seeing a bit of home, but it comes across as a humbling display of Alien dominance.

JACK

(quietly)

Why did you come here? To Earth?

NORMAN

We wanted a new place to live.

The monorail pod accelerates out of the hangar--

INT. MONORAIL POD - CONTINUOUS

-- and back out into the City. They pick up more and more speed.

JACK

Did something happen to your home?

NORMAN

Oh, no. Our home world is quite lovely. But my species has a need to expand. The same way you spread out over Earth and colonized its continents, we spread out through the stars and colonize planets.

JACK

But we were already here.

Norman's tone is patient and measured, as if explaining something to a child--

NORMAN

(sympathetic)

Jack, I'm not trying to be mean or insensitive. This is how nature works. A more advanced species will always dominate another.

JACK
Human beings are meant to be free.

NORMAN
Not anymore.

This stops Jack cold.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Your life is now here in this City.
And, Jack, if you work with me, it
can be a good life.

JACK
I'm not a pet.

LONG PAUSE. Norman's voice becomes forcefully cheerful.

NORMAN
Why don't we go someplace fun.

EXT. PEOPLE PARK ENTRANCE - DAY

Tight on Jack's face--

JACK
Wow.

We see what he sees: a huge, densely packed theme park / sports center / uber-playground. It's filled with frolicking humans of all ages.

NORMAN
This is the People Park. Go run around
for a while. Have fun. I'll call you
when it's time to go.

EXT. PEOPLE PARK - MOMENTS LATER

Jack makes his way through the throngs of people.

Everyone is in the same style of anime-esque uniform. The only variation is color. Still dressed like a bike messenger, Jack sticks out like a sore thumb.

Off to the side, there is a fenced-in zone filled with kids playing hopscotch and four-square. A CHILDREN'S SECTION. They chase each other around, laughing and teasing.

Overhead, people zoom by on ZIP LINES. On an artificial turf FIELD, teams of hyperactive humans throw frisbees back and forth. A small artificial MOUNTAIN (think Disneyland's Matterhorn) hosts a dozen snowboarders.

PIXAR (O.S.)
(distant yelling)
Jack! Hey Jack!

Through the crowd, Jack hones in on Pixar. She's NOT in the children's section.

EXT. PIXAR'S CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

Pixar sits on a small artificial boulder, putting her at Jack's eye level. Over their heads is what looks like a small gauge railroad trestle.

PIXAR
I'm Pixar. Remember me?

JACK
Of course I do. You're the first person I met.

Pixar is back in her punked-out jumpsuit, her hair teased up in crazy directions. She points to his new haircut.

PIXAR
What happened?

JACK
The groomer cut it off.

PIXAR
Philistines. Hey, you're official now!

Without asking, she grabs Jack's wrist and examines his green I.D. bracelet. She reads the Alien script on it.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
Down on the south side. Floor three-
ten of building four-seven-seven.

JACK
You know how to read Alien?

PIXAR
Just something I picked up. So, you like your new family?

JACK
It's just a family of one.

He points in the distance to Norman who, along with the other Aliens, stands in a viewing area that rings the park.

JACK (CONT'D)
His name is Norman.

PIXAR
Wow, he's old.

JACK
Really?

PIXAR
And that broken tusk? He's seen some action.

TEEN BOY (O.S.)
(loud whisper)
Pix? Pssst.

They're interrupted by a gawky, nervous teenager.

PIXAR
C'mon, let's make it quick.

The teen approaches. He quickly hands Pixar a small BAG.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
Jack, this is Tivo. Tivo, Jack.

Tivo flinches at the use of his name.

JACK
S'up.

TIVO
(re: bag)
They're to the specifications you wanted.

She opens it up and takes out a pair of thick, GLASS LENSES.

PIXAR
These 'll do.

Pixar reaches into her rucksack and pulls out a food carton labeled CARROTS. She hands it to Tivo, who quickly cracks it open-- it's filled with neatly wrapped sticks of CHEWING GUM.

Tivo nods, and disappears into the crowd.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
Want a sample? I make it myself.

She hands Jack a stick of gum.

JACK
Thanks.
(looking around)
So what about Oprah? Is she here too?

There's only a hint of annoyance at the question.

PIXAR

Nah, she's too fancy for the park.
Besides, she's the kind of human who
never wants to be away from her family.
Not even for a second.

JACK

What about your new family?

She holds up her wrist. Her ID bracelet is OFF. Colorless.

PIXAR

Didn't work out. I got what I needed,
though.

She pats her rucksack. It's filled with food cartons.

JACK

Isn't someone looking for you?

PIXAR

Nope. As far as anyone knows, I'm
back at the shelter.

Jack's own I.D. bracelet BLINKS and emits a TONE.

NORMAN (V.O.)

(over bracelet speaker)

Jack, it's time to go.

Jack turns and, in the distance, sees Norman waving for him.

When he turns back, Pixar is GONE.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Jack sits at the kitchen counter. He SPINS his now-dead iPhone, its screen dark, and thinks about the time gone by.

NORMAN

You must be hungry. How about some
barbecue?

JACK

Okay, I'm cautiously optimistic.

Norman swipes an order across the dumbwaiter control panel. There is a small HUM, then the WHOOSH of the dumbwaiter arriving, and an announcement DING!

Norman slides open the door and retrieves the contents. He lays them out on the counter--

More food cartons: STEAK, CHICKEN, SHRIMP, POTATO, BEANS.
Jack points to STEAK, as if it were a bomb might explode.

Norman opens it up.

Plop. It's another unappetizing protein loaf.

JACK (CONT'D)
Is there any way I could make my own
dinner?

NORMAN
Humans can't be in charge of their
own food! You would just eat all day
and get fat.

JACK
I'd like to try.

NORMAN
I'll think about it.

Discouraged, Jack idly spins his iPhone. Norman is intrigued.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Is that your... mobile cellular
telephone device?

JACK
I don't suppose you have an iPhone
charger somewhere?

NORMAN
No.

Norman picks up the iPhone. After a quick examination, he
swipes a series of gestures into the dumbwaiter control panel.

Meanwhile, Jack takes a bite of his "steak." Yuck.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Eat up. After dinner, it's bedtime
for you. And I leave for work.

JACK
Work?

NORMAN
The City isn't a holiday resort.
There's much to be done.

JACK
But you're... old.

Norman FROWNS theatrically.

NORMAN

The concept of retirement is, forgive the pun, alien to us. We work until our body ceases to function. And I'm still functioning.

Norman taps his walking stick loudly on the floor.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

My current job is seawater intake valve engineer.

(beat)

A plumber.

Jack eyes the Alien's broken tusk.

JACK

What else have you done?

NORMAN

Oh, quite a few things. On our previous planet, I was a Starbridge construction foreman.

JACK

Starbridge?

Norman smiles, eager to show Jack.

Seemingly on its own, without visible prompting from Norman, a HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE appears in the air above the kitchen counter. It is a MAP OF STARS.

NORMAN

As you might imagine, it takes a long time to travel the vast distance between two stars.

Within the holographic map, a DOTTED LINE begins to slowly extend from one star to the next.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

But build a bridge through hyperspace, and you can move instantly.

On the map, a SOLID LINE suddenly CONNECTS the two stars, then two more, and so on. A massive interconnecting 3D network emerges on the map.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

The Starbridges create a network that spans half the galaxy. It allows us to travel trillions of miles in mere seconds.

JACK

So that's how you got here?

NORMAN

(chuckles)

Oh, no. The ship I was on traveled to Earth the old-fashioned way. It took us almost thirty years to get here from our last assignment, Pi Orionis.

The holographic map zooms in on PI ORIONIS, a binary star system at the edge of the Alien network. A DOTTED LINE leaves it, traveling through simulated holographic space.

The map zooms in as the dotted line arrives at what we recognize as a holographic Earth. A beautiful blue globe.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

We came here to build a Starbridge.
To add Earth to our interstellar network.

Next to Earth, a large RING appears. A Starbridge. It begins to GLOW, and the dotted line connecting Earth and Pi Orionis becomes SOLID--

-- And Earth is connected to the Alien network.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Once the bridge is complete, big terraforming ships will come through. We'll do a total environmental conversion of the planet.
(excited)
We won't need the dome anymore!

The OCEANS of the holographic Earth change from the BEAUTIFUL BLUE we know and love to an ALIEN GREEN color.

A changed Earth. An Alien Earth.

JACK

Oh my God.

Norman grimaces at Jack's reaction. The Alien feels bad that he's constantly failing to anticipate his human's response to things.

They're interrupted by the HUM-WHOOSH-DING of the dumbwaiter. Norman opens it and retrieves a thin, dime-sized WAFER.

NORMAN

I had to order this up from the other side of the City.

Norman attaches it to the back of Jack's iPhone. The phone suddenly comes to life, its screen glowing brightly.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
It's a fusion battery. Should last
you 10,000 years.

Hoping it will cheer him up, Norman hands the iPhone over to Jack. It's a small consolation.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The lights in the apartment are dimmed. Light from the City comes through the windows, but it seems distant, far away.

Jack is supposed to be in bed, but he sits on the floor, browsing through his iPhone's photo album. Pictures of him and friends SNOWBOARDING, BACK-PACKING, RIVER RAFTING.

In the photos, the Earth is a verdant, fresh, clean world.

Then, braking the silence--

The HUM-WHOOSH-DING of the dumbwaiter. The thing has activated by itself.

Concerned, Jack stands up. He has no idea what's coming up inside it.

The dumbwaiter door slides OPEN, revealing--

Pixar.

PIXAR
Hey ya!

JACK
Pixar! What are you doing here?!

The girl slides out and drops onto the counter. She has her rucksack with her, and a pair of GOGGLES around her neck.

PIXAR
You're alone, right?

JACK
Yes.

Not waiting for an invitation, she hops down onto the floor.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Pixar makes herself at home as she checks out the apartment. Bemused, Jack has no choice but to follow her.

Without asking, she sticks her head in through the open doorway of Jack's sparse, jail cell-like room.

PIXAR

Love what you've done with the place.

She continues down the hall to Norman's room.

JACK

Whoa, we can't go in there.

PIXAR

Why? Is he on a sleep cycle?

JACK

Huh? No, he's at work--

Pixar LEAPS up and hits the pressure plate with the very tips of her fingers. The door slowly slides open.

PIXAR

What's he do?

JACK

Seawater intake engineer.

PIXAR

Out at the dome edge. That's a long commute--

She's caught off guard by WHAT SHE SEES inside Norman's room. Jack, hanging back, is suddenly concerned.

JACK

What is it?

PIXAR

(a bit of awe)

Your guy wasn't always a plumber.

INT. NORMAN'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The room is large, with the lights turned down to a low dim. A large sunken tub is in the middle of the floor, filled with what looks like bubbling petroleum jelly.

But what has Pixar and Jack's attention is the long row of white PEDESTALS lining the wall. Above each one floats a large MILITARY MEDAL.

Pixar reads their labels.

PIXAR

This one says "Bravery."

She moves onto the next one.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
"Gallantry."

And the next one.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
"Supreme... Heroism."

There are more medals, but their attention turns to a series of picture boxes on the wall. We see holograms of a much younger Norman wearing totally sick BATTLE ARMOR.

JACK
Wow.

PIXAR
A long time ago, he was a real bad
ass.

Jack leans in close to one of the holograms, making eye contact with the young, miniature Norman.

Then Jack realizes that Pixar has disappeared again--

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

He finds her at the front door. She's trying to open it.

PIXAR
Your front door is locked.

JACK
I know.

Pixar looks at him, SIZING HIM UP. Then she smiles.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - DUMBWAITER - MOMENTS LATER

Pixar is back inside the dumbwaiter. She swipes across its internal control panel, and the door opens even WIDER... wide enough for Jack.

PIXAR
Climb in.

JACK
Believe me, I want to get the hell
out of here. But I've got this.

Jack holds up his wrist. His ID Tag.

PIXAR
He won't track you if he doesn't
know you're missing. We'll just be
gone a couple of hours.
(beat)
C'mon.

INT. DUMBWAITER - MOMENTS LATER

The dumbwaiter is quite deep on the inside, but still low enough that a crouching Jack has no headroom. Next to him, Pixar swipes coordinates into the control panel.

PIXAR
This doesn't have a gravity buffer,
so you're going to feel the G-forces.

The dumbwaiter door closes, a RED LIGHT switches on inside.

JACK
Wait, what? How many?

PIXAR
(dryly)
A few. Here, put these on.

She hands him a pair of GOGGLES. She slides her own pair up onto her face. She looks a bit goofy, but cute.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
Get ready for a small drop.

The walls around the dumbwaiter SLIDE AWAY, revealing they're actually inside a mesh cage-- and that they're suspended in a huge open shaft, TEN THOUSAND FEET HIGH.

JACK
(HOLY SHIT)
You can't be serious!

PIXAR
Three... tw-

BAM! Unexpectedly, they DROP.

INT. DUMBWAITER SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

The dumbwaiter cage doesn't just free-fall, it ACCELERATES away from us at high speed--

INT. DUMBWAITER - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Pixar are PRESSED UP against the ceiling, pinned by the negative g-forces. Jack's open-mouthed expression is one of HOLY CRAP!, while Pixar--

PIXAR

WOOHOOO!

They PLUMMET down the shaft in a perfectly choreographed drop, missing several other dumbwaiters by mere millimeters.

It's the wildest ride Jack has ever been on... but the ground is getting real close, real fast. And they're NOT SLOWING DOWN, in fact they keep ACCELERATING.

Jack forces his head in Pixar's direction to see if she's concerned. She's not-- they're getting to the best part.

It looks like they're going to SMASH INTO THE BOTTOM OF THE SHAFT-- but instead they shoot through a SMALL OPENING IN THE SHAFT FLOOR, into an intercity connection conduit.

INT. INTERCITY CONDUIT - CONTINUOUS

No bigger than the dumbwaiter itself, the sense of speed inside the tight conduit is incredible.

The tunnel quickly levels off from vertical to horizontal. Mounted on gimbals, the dumbwaiter STAYS FLAT--

INT. DUMBWAITER - CONTINUOUS

-- Pushing Jack and Pixar into the back of the dumbwaiter with the pressure of several Gs.

JACK

(straining)

OHHH CRRAAAP!

PIXAR

(loving it)

YEAH!

Other conduits intersect with theirs, and dumbwaiters (some carrying cargo, some empty) shoot in front of them from all different angles-- all of them barely hitting each other.

Then, BAM--

INT. DISTRIBUTION HUB - CONTINUOUS

They shoot out into a cavernous distribution hub. It's filled with dumbwaiters and cargo transports being loaded and unloaded, like a giant automated Alien FedEx hub.

Jack and Pixar's dumbwaiter cage comes to a rapid stop-- inducing another set of stomach-churning negative Gs. Pixar quickly slides open the door and hops out.

PIXAR
This is our stop.

Jack slides out and spills onto the floor. The dumbwaiter shoots up and away, off to its next assignment.

A bit dazed, Jack staggers to his feet.

Beat.

Then a giant GRIN.

JACK
That was awesome.

EXT. ALLEYWAY LEAVING DISTRIBUTION CENTER - NIGHT

It is nighttime in the city. From ground level, it's an awesome sight as buildings soar up thousands of feet. Their lights are like vertical pathways into the sky, disappearing into the hazy mist of the dome's upper atmosphere.

Jack's attention is turned upward at the surrounding skyline, until Pixar GRABS him and hastily pulls him behind a tall stack of storage containers.

PIXAR
Shhhh!

Fifty yards ahead of them, out on the main thoroughfare, are a pair of TEENAGE BOYS. Even from this distance, we see their ID wrist tags glow BRIGHT RED.

JACK
What is it?

PIXAR
A couple of strays.

She opens her rucksack and pulls out the PAIR OF LENSES we saw her get at the People Park. She quickly SCREWS them into a pair of HOMEMADE BINOCULARS, which she hands to Jack.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

The boys both have dyed MOHAWKS, one BLUE, the other GREEN. They scavenge through a large bin of discarded food cartons.

Suddenly, a BRIGHT SPOTLIGHT is on the boys. They scurry away, but are quickly dropped by TASER PULSES fired from O.S.

Accompanied by a distinct energy HUM, a big HOVER TANK pulls into frame. Its cockpit door slides open, and out steps GENGHIS, the big scary Alien we met at the adoption center. He's followed by his two human henchmen, BEAVIS and BUTT-HEAD.

BACK TO JACK AND PIXAR

PIXAR (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

JACK

I know that Alien. Genghis. He almost adopted me.

PIXAR

(grim)

Then you dodged a bullet.

THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

Groggy from the taser hits, the teenage boys struggle to their feet.

From his tunic belt, Genghis pulls out a STUN BATON. He flicks it, simultaneously extending its length and activating it. The baton crackles with energy.

The giant Alien speaks. It is unsettlingly friendly.

GENGHIS

Hello boys.

BLUE MOHAWK

(surrendering)

You got us.

Genghis steps up to the pair, towering over them.

GENGHIS

I believe I do.

Genghis SLAPS Blue Mohawk with the stun baton. The boy YELPS and crashes back down to the ground.

Scared, Green Mohawk stumbles away. Genghis extends his trunk, grabbing the teen by the ankle and LIFTING HIM INTO THE AIR.

Very slowly and deliberately, Genghis TWISTS the stun baton UP a notch, cranking up its power.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)

Running from me is a terrible mistake.

(re: baton)

Fair warning, this might sting a little.

The Alien JABS the baton into the teen's side. The boy writhes in agony, screaming, before passing out. Genghis drops the teen's unconscious body head-first onto the pavement.

BACK TO JACK AND PIXAR

JACK
What the hell?!

Pixar sees that Jack is itching to MOVE, to go down there and help the teens.

PIXAR
Stay here. You do not want to be seen wandering around at night. Especially by him.

JACK
Who is he?

PIXAR
Genghis is a Human Population Control officer. They pick up strays, runaways, and the like.
(knowing beat)
He's by far the worst one.

In the distance, we see Beavis and Butt-Head drag the teens into the back of the hover tank.

JACK
I hope they're going to the hospital.

PIXAR
They're supposed to be taking them to the adoption shelter.
(beat)
We should lay low a few minutes.

EXT. INTERCITY SHIPPING CONTAINER - LATER

Underneath a monorail track, Pixar has brought Jack to the door of a large intercity shipping container. Made out of metal, it's fifty feet long and ten feet high.

Pixar slaps a fist-sized ELECTROMAGNET onto the door. KA-THUNK. She slides the magnet across it. From inside, we hear the muffled sounds of a latch being uncoupled.

She's unlocked the door. Pressing on it, the door opens easily.

INT. PIXAR'S HIDEOUT - CONTINUOS

The lights turn on automatically as Pixar and Jack step inside. She locks the door behind them.

JACK
This is where you live?

PIXAR
Most of the time.

Pixar unloads her rucksack while Jack takes a look around the hideout. Though it's brimming with scavenged items, the place is very tidy.

Several shelves are filled with VERY OLD BOOKS, including college textbooks on chemistry and world history. There's an encyclopedia set, as well as novels in multiple languages.

Against one wall is a counter-top assembly line for MANUFACTURING CHEWING GUM. Bowls, hot plates, a jury-rigged oven, and jars filled with ingredients.

Jack pops a sample stick of gum into his mouth. Not bad.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
(re: gum)
That's what funds this little operation.

JACK
Let me guess. Chewing gum is illegal?

PIXAR
Contraband of the highest order. It promotes tooth decay and dirties up the City. Don't ever get caught with it. If you do, we've never met.

In contrast to the industrial feel of the place, there is a bed in the far corner-- with a pink bedspread and several hand-stitched stuffed animals. Suddenly self-conscious, Pixar pulls a curtain closed around it.

Jack pretends not to notice. On a bookshelf, he finds a piece of Alien tech: a translucent TABLET. He picks it up.

JACK
Is this an Alien computer?

PIXAR
Yep. Do you remember the Internet?

JACK
Of course.

PIXAR
There's an archive on there.

JACK
An archive of what?

PIXAR
The Internet.

Huh? Jack touches the screen. A HOLOGRAM of the Google home page we all know and love appears.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
It's all there.

JACK
Holy smokes.

Using his fingers, Jack swipes to the next page. It's YOUTUBE. Then NETFLIX. Then TWITTER, where he stops to read:

TWITTER
What's with all the shaking? #earthquake
Northern Lights over Texas??!! #WTF
Is there a meteor shower 2 nite? #UFO
My phone just stopped working. #fml
Who was voted off tonight? #survivor

Then on to some news pages:

BBC NEWS
MASSIVE POWER OUTAGES ACROSS EUROPE

NY TIMES HOME PAGE
OBJECTS SPOTTED IN SKY, MILITARY ON HIGH ALERT

CNN HOME PAGE
BREAKING NEWS: GLOBAL EVENT UNDERWAY

Reports of Earth's demise give Jack the chills.

JACK (CONT'D)
This is insane.

PIXAR
I wish Facebook still worked. People
seemed to have a lot of fun.

It's an off-handed comment, but suddenly highlights Pixar's isolation. Jack flips through more pages on the tablet-- all of them Facebook-- and realizes she must spend her spare time reading through the 300 year old profiles of dead people.

JACK
Pixar, how long have you been on
your own?

She doesn't like the question.

PIXAR
What are you, the Po-Po? C'mon, let's
get going.

She grabs her binoculars and heads for the door, stopping to mark something on a HUGE CIRCULAR MAP that's mounted on the front wall. Scale holographic buildings extrude out from it.

JACK

(whoa)

Is that the City?

Pixar continues to make minute notations with a light pen. There are thousands of similar notations written all over it. Dates, times, observations. (Later, Jack will put it together that Pixar is SEARCHING for something.)

PIXAR

Indeed it is. We're here--

She points to a spot on the western side.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

--and you and Norman live here--

She touches a spot in the southern region.

JACK

What about Oprah?

Pixar shoots him a look. *It always comes back to her, doesn't it?*

PIXAR

Your girlfriend lives here. One of the ritzier parts of town.

She points to a spot near the CENTER of the map.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

It's on the way. We'll stop by.

EXT. UPSCALE ALIEN DISTRICT - NIGHT

An autonomous hover drone passes by-- with Pixar and Jack hanging off the back in a DIY magnetic harness.

PIXAR

Now!

They release, barely keeping upright as they stumble onto the pavement. Pixar stuffs the harness into her rucksack.

The neighborhood is reminiscent of brownstones on a tree-lined street. Instead of skyscrapers, the buildings are relatively short. They feel like... homes.

Pixar and Jack take cover behind some shrubs. A dozen yards away, a large window opens onto Oprah's ground-level bedroom.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

There she is.

Through the window, we see a pajama-clad Oprah JUMPING on her bed with her boy and girl Aliens. They're all laughing.

The room is warm and cozy. A sharp contrast to both Jack and Pixar's own living environments.

The Dad Alien appears in the bedroom doorway, calling for the kids. Oprah KISSES each Alien child on the forehead, while they TUCK HER INTO BED. It's very Norman Rockwell, in an extraterrestrial way.

The Alien family leaves and the bedroom light goes off. Oprah closes her eyes, snug and content in her bed.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

You know, it's a little creepy that we're hiding here, watching her.

JACK

Yeah.

Pixar gets up to leave, but Jack doesn't. She tugs his collar.

PIXAR

C'mon. We gotta get going.

JACK

Where are we going?

She gestures with her head.

PIXAR

Up there.

Jack turns around and looks. His mouth drops open.

Like a monster that's been lurking silently behind them, it's the tallest building in the City. The CENTER TOWER.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

All the way to the top.

EXT. CENTER TOWER - NIGHT

Pixar is sitting cross-legged, at the EDGE of the outside observation deck. It's open air, with no railings, 15,000 feet up. Jack is hanging back, still in the doorway.

PIXAR

Are you afraid of heights?

JACK
No, but I'm beginning to rethink my
position on the matter.

PIXAR
Don't be a baby.

This chastising from an 11 year old girl gets Jack to step out onto the platform. The whole thing ROTATES, giving them a 360° view of the City.

And the view is spectacular-- not just because of the City below, but because they're so close to the top of the dome. It's like being able to touch the sky.

JACK
Jesus. Look at the size of this place.
(beat)
There's got to be a way out.

PIXAR
Sorry, man, there isn't. You better
get used to it here.

Through her binoculars, she slowly scans the nearby buildings.

JACK
Are you looking for something?

PIXAR
Yes, I'm looking for someone who
doesn't ask so many questions.

Jack sits down next to her, cautiously peeking over the edge. He whistles. Holy shit, they're high.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
Have you looked up yet?

Jack looks up and is taken aback. Though the dome filters out almost all of the night sky (no stars), the FULL MOON shines through-- along with the glow of the MASSIVE ARTIFICIAL RING floating next to it in space.

The ring is BIGGER than the moon.

JACK
Oh my God.

Pixar hands Jack the binoculars.

PIXAR
That--
(beat)
--is the Starbridge.

JACK'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

The binocular's optical processing sensors ZOOM the view in dramatically, so we see lots of detail. A flurry of construction drones buzz around the massive ring.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

They strip-mined Mars for the raw material.

JACK

This thing is insane.

PIXAR

I don't completely understand how it works, but I think it somehow compresses two points in space-time.

BACK TO JACK AND PIXAR

PIXAR (CONT'D)

They just finished installing its fusion reactors a few days ago. Apparently, that's a really big deal because they threw a City-wide party.

JACK

(remembering)

That's how Oprah ended up in the adoption shelter with us.

PIXAR

(annoyed)

Yes.

Jack turns back to the Starbridge.

JACK

So how long until this thing turns on and our planet becomes one big Alien mess?

PIXAR

Soon. I know there's a scout team already packing up for the next assignment. It's a planet orbiting Epsilon Eridani.

JACK

(morbid chuckle)

Makes sense. Epsilon Eridani is only ten light years away.

She's impressed.

PIXAR
You're not as dumb as you look.

JACK
I went to college. A place called
M.I.T.

PIXAR
(excited)
The Massachusetts Institute of
Technology! I've read their website!

JACK
The website is probably all that's
left of it. I suppose there isn't
even a Massachusetts anymore.

PIXAR
What was... your major?

JACK
Mechanical engineering. But I didn't
exactly graduate.

Pixar wants more.

JACK (CONT'D)
I didn't adapt well to the rigorous
authority of the school administration.
I led a small team that took apart the
president's brand-new and very expensive
sports car and re-assembled it on the
roof of the admin building.
Unfortunately, someone forgot to
reconnect the parking brake, and--
(makes falling gesture)
Crash.

Though she tries hard to hide it, Pixar thinks Jack is the
coolest human she's ever met.

JACK (CONT'D)
If I could find a way out of this
City, would you come with me?

Pixar blushes, suddenly embarrassed. It takes her a second
to return to her regular acerbic self.

PIXAR
Pssh. No thanks. I've got stuff to
do here.
(reading his mind)
And don't even think about Oprah.
She has a super awesome family--
she'll never leave.

EXT. ALIEN MARKET - EARLY MORNING

The FIRST RAYS of sunlight are warmly illuminating the eastern side of the dome.

Pixar and Jack are safely ensconced on a ledge above an open-air Alien bazaar that is just opening for business.

Booths spring to life, growing to full size from just a small set of metallic rods (important Alien technology that we'll see more of later). Alien proprietors set out their wares, featuring all sorts of local and extraterrestrial goods.

JACK

I thought they could order up anything
they wanted in a dumbwaiter.

PIXAR

Not the exotic stuff. But shopping
is mainly a social activity for them.
Everyone comes here.

Laying prone, she pulls out her binoculars and scans the crowd. She's looking for someone.

Alien customers mingle through the bazaar. A few have their human companions with them-- and it's those people who Pixar has her binoculars trained on.

Jack notices this, but doesn't ask her about it.

Then suddenly--

PIXAR (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

JACK

What?

She passes him the binoculars.

JACK'S P.O.V. THROUGH THE BINOCULARS

A spice seller is packaging up some ingredients for... NORMAN.

BACK TO JACK AND PIXAR

JACK (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

Off Pixar and Jack LOOKING AT EACH OTHER--

SMASH CUT:

QUICK MONTAGE - RACING BACK TO THE APARTMENT

-- ABOVE A TRANSPORT STATION, Jack and Pixar sprint across narrow girders. Below them is Norman, carrying his bag from the market.

-- INSIDE A SPEEDING MONORAIL POD, Norman sits, holding his bag. From BEHIND him, Jack and Pixar PEEK through the window. They're hanging off the back of the pod.

-- OUTSIDE NORMAN'S BUILDING, Norman heads for the entrance, while Jack and Pixar peel away into a back alley. They duck into a crawlspace, which takes them to--

INT. DUMBWAITER DISTRIBUTION HUB - MORNING

They move with extreme haste.

Pixar leans inside a dumbwaiter and quickly programs in the coordinates. She slides out and Jack climbs in.

JACK

You're a girl who sure knows how to
have a good time.

She GRINS, and slams the dumbwaiter door shut. BAM! The unit SHOOTS UP into the air.

INT. ELEVATOR POD - CONTINUOUS

Norman reaches his floor. The door opens, and he gets off.

INT. DUMBWAITER SHAFT - CONTINUOUS

Jack's dumbwaiter races past us, ONLY HALFWAY THERE.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Shuffle-Slide-Click. Shuffle-Slide-Click. Norman reaches his front door. He touches the control panel with his trunk--

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Ding! The dumbwaiter arrives. Its door opens and Jack FALLS OUT onto the kitchen floor. THUMP!

We pan to the front door. It UNLOCKS and Norman comes inside.

We whip pan back the other way, PAST the kitchen, to the door of Jack's bedroom--

And Jack appears in the doorway, shirt off, yawning like he just woke up.

NORMAN
Wonderful! You're up!

JACK
(nonchalant)
Good morning.

EXT. CITY SOUTH SIDE - MORNING

An elevated monorail track extends all the way to the dome edge. Under it, massive water pipes loom.

A LONE MONORAIL whizzes by, heading south towards the dome.

INT. MONORAIL POD - CONTINUOUS

Jack is ASLEEP, his head back and mouth agape, like a snoozing kid in the backseat of a car.

Norman gently nudges Jack with his trunk.

NORMAN
Jack, we're here.

Jack snaps awake, just as the pod suddenly shoots down an incline. The track navigates a series of giant pipes and generators at dizzying speed. But looming ahead of them, more than anything else, is the EDGE OF THE DOME.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
This is where I work.

EXT. DOME EDGE - MORNING

We're at the very edge of the City, at the dome itself. At ground-level, you don't even see its curve. It's like a giant, endless wall made of amber glass.

Looking up, you get a vertigo-inducing view of it disappearing into the murky green atmosphere.

Jack runs his hands over its smooth surface. He presses his face up against it, trying to see what's outside.

JACK'S P.O.V.

Through the thickness of the dome, we can make out... shapes. Are those TREES in distance? The amber-tinted distortion makes it impossible to tell.

BACK TO SCENE

JACK
What's out there?

NORMAN

A forest. The natural world reclaimed most of the urban areas.

Now the big question--

JACK

Any people?

NORMAN

I suppose there are a few feral tribes around.

Holy shit. To Jack, that's huge news.

MARTHA (O.S.)

Norman! I didn't know it was bring-your-person-to-work day.

EXT. DOME EDGE - CONTINUOUS

An eight-foot tall Alien, MARTHA, emerges from a large complex of CONTROL PANELS and PIPES.

NORMAN

Martha, this is my new human, Jack.

With her trunk, Martha playfully tousles Jack's hair. She talks to him like someone would talk to a little puppy.

MARTHA

What a cutie-pie you are! Are you being a good boy for Norman?

JACK

(dryly)
I'm trying.

MARTHA

Good!

(to Norman)

I'm glad you're back. The flow in Pipe Seven is up three-trillionths of a percent. Could you analyze the problem?

NORMAN

Of course.

Martha PICKS JACK UP and BLOWS his hair with her trunk. An Alien kiss. It catches Jack off guard.

MARTHA

Oh, you are just the CUTEST!

She puts him down and ambles off. Jack straightens his clothes. He really hates being manhandled.

JACK

Who was that?

NORMAN

My boss. She's a real people person.

INT. SEAWATER INDUCTION CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Jack and Norman are in a gantry control room that spans a set of MASSIVE INTAKE PIPES. The pipes are huge, some as large as the Holland Tunnel. We can hear the muffled roar of rushing water.

NORMAN

These are the seawater induction pipes. We bring in the water and extract minerals. We also thoroughly clean it-- the planet's oceans were pretty dirty when we got here.

JACK

That's nice of you.

NORMAN

It's actually for our algae. It needs a healthy, pristine environment.

JACK

Your algae?

NORMAN

Genetically engineered terraforming agents. The ships from our home planet will bring enough algae to do a complete atmospheric conversion.

JACK

A complete atmospheric what?

With one hand, Norman picks up a vial of angrily swirling red ALGAE. In his other hand, a large beaker of water.

NORMAN

This is a small spore sample, and this is regular seawater. Watch how the two interact.

Norman pours the algae into the seawater. Immediately, both the algae and the water turn bright ELECTRIC GREEN. The water CHURNS, and a thick gas spews out of the beaker.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Once we release the algae into the ocean, they'll bloom at an exponential rate and convert the air into something my species can breathe.

JACK

And once that happens--?

NORMAN

Well, it's like pulling a trigger. There's no going back. Earth will be transformed.

Jack stares at the beaker but says nothing.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

It's the same colonization process we've done on hundreds of other worlds.

Jack looks up from the beaker, his expression one of ANGER. He and Norman hold each other's gaze for a moment.

Norman forces a smile. He tries to sound cheerful, but for the first time we hear the strain of a pet owner whose pet hates them.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Jack, I want you to know what's going on. I respect you enough to answer your questions honestly.

JACK

That's great, but it doesn't make this any easier. Look, for whatever time Earth has left, I'd like to spend it on the other side of this dome. I hate the air in here. I hate the food. I hate that I'm your pet, Norman!

Long pause. Norman's smile has disappeared.

NORMAN

I'm sorry Jack. I truly am. But you're not allowed outside.

(sighs)

I need to check on a pipe, then we'll be on our way.

EXT. SEAWATER INDUCTION CONTROL ROOM - LATER

Jack stands outside the control room, looking down from the gantry onto the massive pipes below, specifically PIPE 7.

Through the window of the control room, we see Norman SWIPE
A COMPLEX GESTURE into a control board.

EXT. PIPE 7 - CONTINUOUS

One of the smaller pipes, it's 50 feet in diameter. Suddenly
a large HATCH slides open, revealing the rushing water inside.

Like a river.

EXT. SEAWATER INDUCTION CONTROL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

This gets Jack's attention. We push in on his face as a PLAN
formulates in his head--

And he asks the most important question of his life:

JACK
Where does this come out?

EXT. PIXAR'S CORNER - AFTERNOON

A scale steam train passes overhead on the railroad trestle,
tooting its whistle.

Pixar is finishing a transaction with a pair of identical
twin girls, trading cartons of gum for spools of copper wire.

PIXAR
(sotto)
Pleasure doing business with you,
ladies.

An eager Jack barely waits for the girls to get out of
earshot.

JACK
I want to build a raft.

PIXAR
Do you now?

JACK
I want to build a raft, get it into
one of those giant water pipes, and
then ride it out under the dome--
all the way out of the City.
(beat)
Will you help me?

Still cheery from their adventures the night before, Pixar
gives Jack a once over. He's ENERGIZED, raring to go.

PIXAR
Sure, I'll help you.

She hops off her rock perch.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
But I won't be crazy enough to get
in the thing after you build it.

Pixar glances up at the Alien viewing gallery. Norman is leaning on his walking stick, in deep conversation with another Alien.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
Want to get started?

Jack's expression says it all. *Hell yes.*

EXT. CITY SIDE STREET - DAY

Jack and Pixar climb up out of a street vent. Jack replaces the grate over the hole.

JACK
We can walk around in the daylight?

PIXAR
Just be cool. All the Aliens will
assume we're with one of them.

EXT. CITY STREET - MOMENTS LATER

They make their way out to the main street, busy with Aliens and their human companions.

Jack carefully passes a folded sketch (drawn on the inside of a food carton) to Pixar. She coolly unfolds it, glancing down at it as they walk.

JACK
We need to build a raft AND a launch.

The sketch shows a precisely laid out diagram for the raft, and a launch ramp that straddles the pipe's access hatch.

JACK (CONT'D)
You know those auto-extending rods
they use at the Alien market--?

PIXAR
It's programmable metal. Super tough.

JACK
Good. We'll need it. Plus some fabric
for the raft, and lots of strong
rope to fasten it all together.

PIXAR

And you think this will work?

JACK

We'll assemble the raft on top of the pipe, open the hatch, and slide right in. It'll be a wild ride, but it will take us out of here.

PIXAR

What's with the "we" and "us"?

JACK

Will you at least think about coming with me?

PIXAR

I told you: I've got stuff to do here. Besides, how are you going to even open the pipe?

He grins at her.

JACK

I need someone who reads and writes Alien.

PIXAR

(wry)

Well, I'll let you know if I find someone who can.

JACK

Please do.

They turn the corner onto--

EXT. SHOPPING PROMENADE - CONTINUOUS

Like an extraterrestrial version of an upscale mall, it's packed. Aliens mill about in boutiques, while their humans sit patiently outside on benches.

JACK

Oh my God, I found Orange County.

PIXAR

This is the nice part of town. I've seen Oprah here a few times on walks.

Jack STOPS.

JACK

Really?

PIXAR
Really. I thought you wanted to build
your raft.

JACK
I do, but I want to see if she's
interested in coming along.

Pixar laughs.

PIXAR
Dude, she has a great family. Her
owners are big muckity-mucks in
orbital logistics. She has it made.

JACK
She's still a prisoner.

PIXAR
She'll never leave.
(sees something)
Oh crap.

It's Oprah, holding hands with her two Alien kids, walking
towards us.

OPRAH
Jack! Pixar!

JACK
(nonchalant)
Oh hey. Oprah, right?

Pixar rolls her eyes.

OPRAH
Wow, it's so great to run into the
both of you!

JACK
Yeah, what a crazy coincidence.

OPRAH'S BOY ALIEN
We're on our way to the zoo!

OPRAH
Want to come along?

PIXAR
(immediate)
No.

The Alien girl is shy and doesn't say anything, though she's
holding a GLOWING BLOB that changes colors and shapes.

JACK

That's a pretty cool toy you have.

The little Alien gets even more timid. Oprah gently strokes her head.

OPRAH

She can be a bit bashful around
strange humans.

Pixar stifles a laugh.

JACK

(to Oprah)

You know, it'd be great to catch up.
Do you wanna grab some coffee later?

She looks at him, confused.

OPRAH

What's coffee?

Then, from behind them, a burst of CLICKS and WHISTLES. The humans WINCE. Jack turns to see a trio of young Aliens coming towards them. Six feet tall with stubby tusks, they are juvenile delinquents out for trouble.

PIXAR

Uh oh.

OPRAH'S BOY ALIEN

You need to speak English!

The one with the longest tusks (though not by much) speaks.

ALIEN DELINQUENT

Okay. I'd like your sister's morph
ball.

OPRAH

You most certainly can't have it. I
think you should be on your way.

All three bully Aliens chuckle dismissively.

ALIEN DELINQUENT

You're a yappy one, aren't you?

Oprah stands in front of her kids.

OPRAH

Leave us alone.

The Alien delinquent scrunches up his trunk-- and then SNAPS it at Oprah. She's KNOCKED DOWN onto the ground.

The bully snatches the morph ball from the Alien girl's hands.

ALIEN DELINQUENT

Heh.

Beat.

The delinquent is tapped on the shoulder. The Alien turns-- and is CLOCKED BY JACK'S FIST.

The Alien goes flying, crashing into a cafe table.

EVERYONE-- Alien and human alike-- FREEZES. A person attacking an Alien is unheard of. The promenade comes to a standstill.

Jack shakes his hand and winces. These Aliens have thick skulls.

The Alien delinquent gathers its wits and lunges at Jack with surprising speed. Jack dodges the attack, tripping the Alien with his foot. It stumbles to the ground.

Jack leaps on top of it, ready to throw another punch, but is STOPPED BY OPRAH.

OPRAH

(pleading)

Don't. It's just a child.

Jack loosens his fist, and then is cold-cocked by the Alien's trunk. This sends Jack FLYING, landing sprawled on his back.

He gets to his feet, his face bloodied. He turns to Oprah.

JACK

A kid, huh?

The Alien is back on its feet. Jack puts his fists up. They're both ready to go at it more.

But then a piercing SIREN approaches-- the Alien SMILES and stands down. Jack is CONFUSED.

Without a word, Pixar SPLITS.

With an unmistakable energy HUM, a big HOVER TANK roars up to the scene. Before it comes to a full stop, the cockpit door slides open and Genghis leaps out, followed by henchmen Beavis and Butt-Head.

Genghis RECOGNIZES Jack.

GENGHIS

You've got to be kidding. The time traveler.

With THREE LOUD CLICKS, he cranks on his STUN BATON.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)
I knew you'd be trouble.
(beat)
You're coming with me.

Genghis jabs the baton at Jack, who deftly avoids it--
But he's suddenly GRABBED from behind by Beavis.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)
Please neutralize the subject.

Butt-Head sucker punches Jack in the gut. It HURTS.

BUTT-HEAD
Ready to come quietly?

JACK
(quiet)
Unlike these Aliens, I know your
anatomy.

BUTT-HEAD
Huh?

Jack KICKS Butt-Head in the balls, and REVERSE HEADBUTTS
Beavis, who lets Jack GO.

Knowing he's in over his head, Jack RUNS--

But his leg is GRABBED by Genghis's trunk. The giant Alien
lifts Jack off the ground, dangling him upside down.

Instinctively, with his free foot, Jack KICKS Genghis IN THE
HEAD. It's not much more than a slap in the face, but it's
the principal of the matter that really PISSES OFF the Alien.

Genghis speaks very precisely. Anger smolders underneath his
voice.

GENGHIS
Congratulations, you must be the
stupidest human being on the planet.

Genghis FLIPS Jack back onto his feet. Beavis and Butt-Head
quickly secure his wrists and ankles with SELF-BINDING ROPE.

The hulking Alien holds the stun baton to Jack's face.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)
I usually keep this at power level
three.

Slowly, Genghis cranks up the baton THREE MORE notches. The energy hum of the baton grows progressively louder.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)

But let's see what this does. Fair warning, it might sting a little.

Jack looks over at Oprah. She's SCARED.

Genghis JAMS the baton into Jack's NECK.

Jack's SCREAM is quickly cut-off by a--

SMASH CUT:

BLACK.

Jack's scream echoes away.

INT. HOVER TANK

Jack, unconscious, is strapped in the back of the hover tank. He is beat to shit.

Slowly he stirs awake with a moan. He is beyond sore.

Sitting across from him is Oprah. She says nothing.

JACK

Did I win?

Her arms folded, she's in no mood for jokes. She turns away.

Jack looks towards the front of the tank. Genghis pilots it, while Beavis and Butt-Head sit behind him, facing the prisoners. They scowl at Jack.

JACK (CONT'D)

You guys are assholes.

INT. HUMAN POPULATION CONTROL COURTROOM

We're in the small viewing area where prisoners sit. A thick window separates us from the main courtroom, which is empty.

Jack and Oprah sit at opposite sides of a bench. His face has swollen and is caked with scabbed blood. Oprah keeps her arms folded and looks at the wall.

JACK

This might be an odd time to ask,
but if I found a way to leave the
City, would you come with me?

She turns and looks at him. Her face says WHAT?

JACK (CONT'D)
I'm building a raft.

Oprah shakes her head and looks away. He must be brain damaged.

PIXAR
Did I miss anything?

Jack jumps in his seat. Pixar is suddenly sitting next to him.

JACK
Jesus! How did you get in here?

PIXAR
Pssh. I know my way around the detention center.

Jack looks around.

JACK
I don't even know where we are.

PIXAR
HPC. Human Population Control. You're on trial.

JACK
Great.

PIXAR
This is the courtroom.
(nods at a metal door)
Back there are the jail cells, where you're probably headed next.

The metal door SLIDES OPEN, and Genghis enters the courtroom. He stands at attention while three Alien HPC judges rise up out of the floor on an elevated bench.

It feels very formal-- and very serious. In the prisoner viewing area, it brings some détente between Oprah and Jack.

OPRAH
(whisper)
Thank you. Thank you for defending me.

JACK
Sure thing.

The Aliens speak in their native CLICKS and WHISTLES, but the ear-splitting effect is buffeted by the glass.

Pixar translates while Genghis speaks.

PIXAR

He says it's an open and shut case.
You're feral. Dangerous. A menace.

Jack doesn't know whether to feel worried or feel cool. We see Genghis hold up a PIECE OF CHEWING GUM to punctuate his argument. Pixar shoots Jack a look.

Then the judges speak.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

Now they're discussing the
punishment...

JACK

Wait, already?

Long pause. Pixar's face tightens--

PIXAR

Oh shit.

OPRAH

What is it?

PIXAR

The sentence is euthanasia.

JACK

Euthanasia?!

PIXAR

It means they're going to kill you!

JACK

I know what it means.

Oprah covers her mouth, in shock. Pixar is scared. Jack is stoic, unsure how he's getting out of this one.

Through the glass, Genghis looks happy. He got what he want. Just like that, the hearing is over.

Then the back door of the courtroom OPENS.

SHUFFLE-SLIDE-CLICK. SHUFFLE-SLIDE-CLICK.

NORMAN enters the courtroom. He slowly approaches the bench, while Genghis gives him the E.T. version of the evil eye.

OPRAH

Who's that?

JACK

My owner.

Norman reaches the bench. Ignoring Genghis, Norman speaks directly to the judges.

PIXAR

Norman is personally vouching for you... the judges are saying his testimony carries weight because of his military career.

Genghis SLAPS his trunk into his palm. A sign of anger.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

Genghis is pissed. He's saying that you should be destroyed. There's no other option.

Jack leans forward, his life on the line.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

Norman says he's old. That you're all he has.

The judges confer amongst themselves.

LONG pause.

The humans all lean forward. The judges render their verdict.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

You're to be...

Long pause.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

...released into Norman's custody.

Exhale. Oprah HUGS Jack and Pixar.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

(whistles)

And he's being fined 300 credits.

JACK

Is that a lot?

PIXAR

He probably makes 1 credit a week.

OPRAH

He must really love you.

Jack is afraid to process that statement. He just smiles, full of relief. Until he sees--

Genghis STARING AT him through the glass. It's a look of seething Alien anger that pushes Jack back in his seat.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - EVENING

Norman and Jack sit at the kitchen counter, as Norman applies MEDICATED OINTMENT to Jack's swollen face.

JACK

Ouch.

NORMAN

I do have some experience with treating cuts and scrapes, but you need to hold still.

Jack winces from the sting.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

So this was over a female?

JACK

(reluctant)

Yes.

NORMAN

I hope she was worth it.

JACK

So do I.

Like a hot towel at an old-fashioned barbershop, Norman presses a MED PAD over Jack's face. It REALLY stings. But when Norman pulls it off, Jack's face is as good as new.

He gives Jack a hand mirror. While Jack examines himself, Norman opens a cabinet door.

NORMAN

I went to the market for some rather exotic ingredients.

He pulls out the bag we saw him get at the Alien market.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Poultry eggs, grain flour, and this fatty substance called "butter." It's a wonder that your species didn't eat itself into extinction.

JACK

What's it for?

NORMAN

To make pancakes, of course.

Bam. Jack finally gets that Norman truly cares for him.

JACK

Look, Norman, um, thank you. For everything.

At first Norman doesn't say anything. Slowly, he sits down opposite Jack.

NORMAN

You and I are more similar than you realize. That's why I like you. You're restless, rebellious. You feel out of place.

(beat)

There's a word in the German language, wanderlust. Do you know it?

JACK

Yes.

NORMAN

I had it bad when I was the equivalent of your age. Until I found my way.

Reminiscing, the Alien SIGHS. He looks older than he has before.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

There's a scout team packing up right now for Epsilon Eridani. In centuries past, I'd be leaving with them. But I think Earth will be my last world.

(beat)

I'm afraid you're stuck with me.

JACK

With everything I've seen, I'm lucky you adopted me. You saved my life.

(long beat)

But I don't belong here, and I don't think I ever will.

NORMAN

I know. It's folly for an owner to think they can change their pet. The best you can do is teach them.

Norman smiles. He pats Jack's head with his trunk.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Jack, I need you to be smarter about how you act here in the City. Don't punch Alien children. Don't assault HPC officers. Don't do stupid things.

JACK

I'll try.

NORMAN

It's as simple as this. If you're going to break a rule, for both our sakes, please don't get caught.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JACK'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jack is asleep on his futon. A shadow crosses over his face.

He opens his eyes.

Standing above him is Pixar.

PIXAR

C'mon-- are we going to build this raft or not?

Jack GRINS.

INT. UTILITY CONDUIT - NIGHT

Pixar and a crouched Jack make their way down a cramped subterranean passageway. Pixar has her rucksack, Jack carries his BIKE MESSENGER BAG.

She hands him a small metal rod.

PIXAR

Is this what you're looking for?

In Jack's hand, the rod suddenly GROWS and BRANCHES into a perfect T-piece.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

Completely programmable and auto-binding.

Jack smiles broadly. To a mechanical engineer born in the late 20th century, it's an amazing piece of technology.

JACK

Where can we get more?

The answer comes in the distance, above ground, from the ROAR OF A CROWD.

EXT. HUMAN FIGHTING ARENA - NIGHT

An arena, proportionally similar to the Roman coliseum-- but much, much bigger.

INT. HUMAN FIGHTING ARENA - STANDS - NIGHT

This is where Aliens watch humans fight each other.

But it's not some ramshackle, post-apocalyptic Thunderdome. Rather, it has the clean and slick polish of an ultra-deluxe sports stadium.

Jack and Pixar emerge in the middle of a cheering crowd. Some Aliens have their human companions with them, giving the two cover to move around.

From their upper-deck perch, they see down into the center of the arena--

EXT. PLAYFIELD - CONTINUOUS

The arena playfield is set up in an Old West tableau. Wagons, saguaro cactus, sage brush, and a large wooden fence.

POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!

Lawmen and bandits shoot at each other. It's the middle of a gunfight.

INT. HUMAN FIGHTING ARENA - STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Jack reads the large illuminated SCOREBOARD mounted on the arena wall:

SCENARIO: Shoot-Out

DATE: 1881 AD

STORY: A group of lawmen confront cattle rustlers.

LOCATION: Arizona Territory

TIME LEFT: 07:34

JACK

What the hell is this?

PIXAR

The gunfight at the OK Corral.

POP! POP!

BANDIT #6 goes down, his shirt covered in HOLOGRAPHIC BLOOD STAINS. He tries to fire his pistol from the ground.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

Their weapons shut off when they die.

The bandit is obviously still alive in real life-- and ANGRY that he's out of the game. It's like futuristic paintball.

Up on the scoreboard, each team is listed out by name, along with their accompanying VITALS. We see the health for Bandit #6 drop to 0%, and his name is tagged "DECEASED."

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

We see an ALIEN ANNOUNCER. Overweight and on the shorter side, his tusks are decorated with ornate Alien tattoos.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER
Score one for the lawmen, but they
still have a lot of ground to make up!

The audience cheers, rooting for a comeback. They BLOW their trunks like Vuvuzelas.

EXT. PLAYFIELD - CONTINUOUS

The bandit gang makes its move. Several of them flank the pinned-down lawmen, catching them off guard.

A bandit with a SHOTGUN rapidly takes out two deputies, their chests erupting in a splash of holographic red.

The last lawman standing, the SHERIFF, fires back with his Colt .45-- but is shot in the back by a dual-pistol wielding bandit who snuck up behind him.

INT. HUMAN FIGHTING ARENA - STANDS - CONTINUOUS

The scoreboard shows all lawmen tagged "DECEASED."

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
And the bandits win!

The crowd STOMPS its feet and APPLAUDS.

The internal lights in the arena TURN ON. The "dead" human fighters all stand up, their holographic blood stains switching off.

JACK
While I think it's exploitive and
demeaning to have humans battle each
other for sport, that was actually
kinda cool.

PIXAR
(grim)
Just wait.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Thank you, everyone! We'll see you
tomorrow night!

The crowd, Alien and human, heads for the exits.

PIXAR
We need to hide.

She ducks under some seats, out of sight. Jack joins her.

From their vantage point, they see the playfield DISASSEMBLE. All the big props (wagons, cactus) UNWRAP themselves... they are made up of the same auto-extending rods they want to use for the raft.

Jack is impressed by the speed and mechanical precision of it all.

JACK

Wow.

PIXAR

That's the programmable metal we need. We'll grab some when the show is over.

Finally, the dirt FALLS THROUGH THE FLOOR, as if into a giant sieve. Suddenly all we see is an empty and sterile playfield.

JACK

So what are we waiting for?

PIXAR

The show's not over yet.

JACK

It's not?

INT. ANNOUNCER'S BOOTH - CONTINUOUS

ALIEN ANNOUNCER

Now for the invitation-only portion of our program. And tonight, we have a crowd favorite!

INT. HUMAN FIGHTING ARENA - STANDS - CONTINUOUS

CHEERS and FOOT STOMPING come from the lower deck. Jack and Pixar crawl out from their hiding place and peek over the railing. A small ring of spectators has STAYED BEHIND.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

It is three hundred and twenty-six orbits before our arrival, the year 1987. A time of great tension between the nations of the human population. Arsenals of atomic weapons are poised to destroy their civilization if a political solution cannot be found.

A new landscape forms on the playfield. Instead of dirt, it's snow. Thick trees rise like columns.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The leaders of the planet's two most
powerful nations meet for a summit.
But THINGS DO NOT GO ACCORDING TO PLAN!

The spectators CHEER. We cut to the scoreboard:

SCENARIO: Summit Showdown
DATE: 1987 AD
STORY: The American President is kidnapped by Soviet ultra-nationalists.
LOCATION: Reykjavik, Iceland
TIME LEFT: 5:00
SAFETIES OFF

We linger on that last part--

JACK
What does "Safeties Off" mean?

Suddenly a translucent PROTECTION DOME slides up over the playfield. The crowd goes wild with anticipation.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Let's meet the teams! First, the
Soviet ultra-nationalists!

Spotlights activate, illuminating a team of ski-mask wearing, snow camouflaged men on the east end of the playfield. Armed with AK-47s, they wave their automatic rifles at the crowd.

Note: all the weapons have INDICATOR LIGHTS that show whether they're hot or not. Right now they're green.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And the U.S. Special Forces team, led
by Sarge! His methods can sometimes
be unorthodox, but his record speaks
for itself-- an impressive 359 to 27!

More spotlights come on, highlighting a small squad at the west end of the playfield. Clad in green camo, they really pop against the snow.

Their leader, the hulking SARGE, nods slightly at the crowd-- but he's keeping his men focused on the mission. They're all business.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And finally, the objective of their rescue
mission, the President of the United
States!

A wooden shack, without a roof so we can see inside, has been assembled in the middle of the playfield.

A lone spotlight turns on, illuminating--

MR. BELVEDERE. Clad in a business suit, he's tied to a chair in the middle of the shack.

JACK AND PIXAR
(together)
Oh shit!

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
The Special Forces team has five
minutes to complete their rescue.
(beat)
Place your wagers.

Odds and percentages appear on the scoreboard, fluctuating like a stock ticker.

The spotlights on the playfield turn off, plunging it into darkness. Slowly a blue illumination comes up, simulating the light of a full moon. Each team has taken up position. Belvedere is surrounded by Soviet guards.

JACK
Is Belvedere going to be alright?

PIXAR
Probably not.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Safeties OFF! Weapons HOT! Let's
BEGIN!

Down on the playfield, weapon indicator lights SWITCH from GREEN to RED.

The crowd ROARS. The scoreboard clock begins to tick down.

EXT. PLAYFIELD - CONTINUOUS

The U.S. team gets going. They move with precision, following Sarge's hand signals. But suddenly--

BANG! BANG! BANG!

Fire from the tree line! One of Sarge's men GOES DOWN.

The wounded man twitches, his steaming warm BLOOD pooling in the snow.

INT. HUMAN FIGHTING ARENA - STANDS - CONTINUOUS

Jack is horrified.

JACK
This is real?! They're using actual
bullets?!

Pixar nods.

Jack springs to his feet, but Pixar grabs his shirt and PULLS HIM BACK with surprising strength.

PIXAR
Stay down. There's nothing you can do.

EXT. PLAYFIELD - CONTINUOUS

The wounded soldier is pulled away by a pair of his teammates, while Sarge directs his sniper on where to shoot.

BANG. One shot. The Soviet attacker falls out of a tree.

SCOREBOARD

The Soviet's medical vitals FLAT LINE. The scoreboard reads LETHAL HIT.

INT. HUMAN FIGHTING ARENA - STANDS - CONTINUOUS

The crowd CHEERS. Jack is sick to his stomach.

JACK
This is entertainment for them?

PIXAR
I once had a foster family that was
really into it. Didn't exactly make
for a fun home life.

EXT. PLAYFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Inside the shack, Belvedere sits stoically... even PROUDLY. TWO NERVOUS GUARDS cover the door, while their squad leader, OLEG, remains with Belvedere.

From outside the shack-- BANG! BANG! We hear a body fall.

OLEG
(Russian)
Stay on post!

The two guards look at each other-- they're SCARED out of their mind.

Then, a window SHATTERS. A FLASH-BANG grenade rolls onto the shack floor.

The three Soviets choke, frozen in panic... but not Belvedere, who seemed to be expecting it. He turns his head and shuts his eyes tight for the--

BOOOM! The bad guys are blinded by the flash.

The shack door is KICKED OPEN. It's SARGE.

With lethal efficiency, he dispatches the door guards with one bullet each.

Oleg, regaining his wits, slices Belvedere's bindings off with a knife and pulls the simulated president to his feet. Belvedere is now Oleg's HUMAN SHIELD.

SARGE

Let him go!

Oleg jams his pistol to Belvedere's temple.

OLEG

Nyet.

All three men LOOK UP at the scoreboard. FIFTEEN SECONDS left.

INT. HUMAN FIGHTING ARENA - STANDS - CONTINUOUS

JACK

Why don't they just let it end in a stand-off?

PIXAR

Because the losing team is severely punished. And I mean severely.

On the scoreboard, we see the betting grow out of control. Thousands of credits are simultaneously being wagered.

EXT. PLAYFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Oleg smiles. He's got the upper-hand as time ticks down.

Sarge and Belvedere make eye contact. There is an understanding between them. Belvedere quietly NODS.

BANG. Sarge shoots a single bullet THROUGH Belvedere's chest, just below the right shoulder. The bullet passes into Oleg, knocking him back.

Belvedere drops to the ground. Sarge takes three more precise shots-- hitting each of Oleg's legs and his free arm. The Soviet falls to the ground, incapacitated but not dead.

BUZZ! Time runs out!

Belvedere lies on his back, blood pooling through his shirt. He remains unflinching and stoic.

OFF HIS FACE WE CUT TO:

INT. COMBATANT STAGING AREA - LATER

Belvedere lies on an infirmary bed, his shirt is off but the wound is untreated. Jack slides up next to him.

JACK
Belvedere, remember me? Jack?

BELVEDERE
(struggling)
Good to see you.

Jack looks around the cavernous hall. Combatants receive care for their various wounds from a team of ALIEN VETERINARIANS. Some patients are even getting limbs replaced.

JACK
Why aren't they helping you?

Belvedere is in severe pain, but he keeps a stiff upper lip.

BELVEDERE
The others are more valuable.

JACK
(yelling)
Can we get some medical attention
over here!

Curious, an Alien Vet comes over.

ARENA ALIEN VET
(to Jack)
Who are you?

Jack doesn't have a quick answer, but--

BELVEDERE
He's new. On the Alpha-3 rotation
squad.

ARENA ALIEN VET
What kind of costume is that?

JACK
Early 21st Century. The Occupy Wall
Street combat scenario.

It's an acceptable answer. The Vet turns his attention to Belvedere.

ARENA ALIEN VET

(re: wound)

You're lucky. Unlike last night,
the bullet passed clean through.

A few pokes from a medical wand and the wound is sealed up,
leaving behind a tiny circular scar that joins a half dozen
others spread over Belvedere's chest.

ARENA ALIEN VET (CONT'D)

There you go. Stay off your feet for
the next few minutes, and you'll be
good as new.

BELVEDERE

Thank you, doctor.

Jack keeps his voice low as the Vet leaves.

JACK

(re: scars)

Jesus Christ. You get shot, then they
patch you up only to get shot again?

BELVEDERE

It's my duty.

Behind them, through the GATEWAY onto the playfield, comes
Sarge. He's assisting a limping soldier, whom he hands off
to an able-bodied squadmate.

As they pass through the gateway, their weapons DEACTIVATE.
The indicator lights change from RED to GREEN.

SARGE

Mr. Belvedere! Pulled another one
out, didn't we?

Sarge comes over and affectionately slaps Belvedere on the
shoulder. He gives Jack a curious look.

JACK

I'm Jack. Belvedere and I are old
friends.

SARGE

Sarge. Mr. Belvedere here's the best
hostage we've ever had. Really rolls
with the punches. The crowd loves
these rescue scenarios--

Suddenly, an Alien trunk WRAPS AROUND Sarge, turning him
around. It's the ALIEN ANNOUNCER.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER

(angry)

What's wrong with you? Why didn't
you take the kill shot?

Sarge keeps his cool.

SARGE

I got two of them.

He nods towards a pair of unzipped BODY BAGS by the wall,
it's the two soldiers who had been guarding the shack door.
Their ski masks are off... and Jack recognizes them as the
TWO MOHAWK STRAYS Genghis picked up earlier.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER

Three would have been better. I'm
cutting your food rations.

The Alien DRAGS Sarge away with him. Jack and Belvedere watch
them go, after which Jack cuts to the chase:

JACK

I think I found a way out.

BELVEDERE

Of where?

JACK

This godforsaken City. Will you come
with me?

BELVEDERE

(incredulous)

Why would I want to leave?

EXT. COMBATANT FEEDING AREA - NIGHT

We're on the backside of the Arena, amongst the open-air
communal dining benches. It's a mix of soldiers, cowboys,
gangsters, warriors from antiquity. Everyone eats together.

Belvedere eats a protein loaf with a knife and fork, while
Jack watches on with an upset stomach. Suddenly Pixar slides
onto the bench next to them.

PIXAR

How you doing, Mr. Belvedere?

BELVEDERE

Just fine, little one.

(dryly)

I see you're staying out of trouble.

She grins and opens up her rucksack. It's filled to the top with programmable metal nubs.

PIXAR

We've got everything we need. Canvas and rope too.

JACK

Great.

BELVEDERE

This is for your...?

JACK

Raft. If you won't leave the City, why not at least run away from here? Why doesn't everyone?

BELVEDERE

They're trained from youth to be combatants. It's their life.

JACK

Pretty awful life.

BELVEDERE

I admit it's a bit lowbrow.

A booming voice from across the dining area interrupts them.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER

(to crowd)

Alright you sons of bitches, chow time is over! Time to hit the racks!

As ordered, the crowd gets up. It's a good moment for Jack and Pixar to slip away.

PIXAR

Good night, Mr. Belvedere.

BELVEDERE

Good night, little one.

EXT. HUMAN FIGHTING ARENA - LATER

Jack and Pixar make their way back to the utility conduit.

PIXAR

So, how's your raft crew recruitment going? 0 for 3?

JACK

I don't understand it.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Of all people, I'd think he'd want
to get the hell out of here.

PIXAR
He's a service companion. Duty and
all that. It's the only thing he
knows--

She STOPS. Listens. Then GRABS Jack and pulls him down behind
an Alien dumpster.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
(whisper)
If he sees you, you're dead.

JACK
(whisper)
Who?

Around the corner comes the Alien Announcer-- with GENGHIS.

JACK (CONT'D)
Uh oh.

They have Beavis and Butt-Head with them, so the conversation
is in English.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER
This is for the most recent batch.

He hands Genghis a sack filled with multicolored crystals.
It's payment.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Can you get me a woman? I want to
put Damsel in Distress back into the
rotation.

GENGHIS
They're harder to find, but maybe I
can pull one from the adoption center.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER
Good. I'll pay you double.

They walk PAST Jack and Pixar's hiding space-- and Genghis
stops. He SMELLS something. He quickly turns around.

Jack and Pixar are GONE.

But from his face, we see Genghis SUSPECTS something.

INT. PIXAR'S HIDEOUT - NIGHT

All the furniture has been pushed to the walls.

In the center of the room, the raft's LAUNCH PLATFORM is already assembled. Next to it, Jack and Pixar have laid out pieces of programmable metal for the RAFT.

JACK

Let's do it.

They each activate a piece. Suddenly, the metal starts GROWING, extending out in different directions. Right before our eyes, the frame of the raft comes into form.

PIXAR

Not bad.

JACK

(wistful)

Man, if I had this stuff in college...

Pixar lays a small swatch of fabric on top of the frame. It starts growing, binding itself to the metal.

PIXAR

Just add water, and you have an instant raft.

Now complete, it's an accomplished design. Sleek and sturdy. And it's BIG.

JACK

Room for everyone.

Pixar rolls her eyes.

PIXAR

You're in store for a solo voyage, captain.

Jack turns his attention to the ROPE laid out on the floor. There isn't much.

JACK

We're gonna need more rope.

Pixar picks up a small piece and PULLS IT. The rope grows-- and grows, and grows. Suddenly she's turned a foot-long strand into one that's several yards long.

PIXAR

Subatomic particle dilation.
(throws it to him)
Easy-peasy, lemon-squeezy.

JACK

Cool.

PIXAR

Tension locks the molecular structure.
It also auto-binds--

Which Jack accidentally discovers by connecting the two ends.

PIXAR (CONT'D)

--into an unbreakable bond.

JACK

Oops.

All these rope mechanics will be super important at the end of the story.

Jack gets to work stretching out the remaining rope they have, while Pixar goes over to her City map. She toggles the holographic display, activating a GRID overlay.

JACK (CONT'D)

Seriously, will you come with me?

He looks around at the industrial metal grunge of her hideout.

JACK (CONT'D)

The outside world is a wonderful place. Green fields. Red deserts. Sandy beaches and warm oceans. Mountains covered in real snow.

PIXAR

I can't. I'm working on something.

JACK

You can make chewing gum on the outside.

PIXAR

That's not it.

JACK

I know. Your map is a search grid. You're looking for something.

(pause)

Or someone.

Pixar stops.

JACK (CONT'D)

Pixar, how long have you been on your own?

PIXAR
The whole time.

This hangs in the air for a moment.

JACK
You're searching the City for your
parents.

She says nothing. Her lack of denial is confirmation.

JACK (CONT'D)
Do you have pictures of them?

PIXAR
No.

JACK
How will you know when you find them?

PIXAR
I figure they'll look like me.

Her rock-solid certainty is heartbreaking.

JACK
Pixar, you are the smartest person
I've ever met, which means your
parents had to be smart too. Maybe
they found a way to get out.

She looks at Jack's raft, and suddenly grows sad.

PIXAR
No one gets out. If you pull this
off, you'll be the first.

EXT. OPRAH'S STREET - NIGHT

The early morning sun kisses the dome's edge. Jack's messenger bag is now stuffed with the de-constructed raft.

PIXAR
I don't think you have time for this.

He taps on Oprah's window.

JACK
I want to make sure she's doing okay.

A moment later, the window slides open with a whoosh. Oprah sticks her head out. She's in her pajamas.

OPRAH
(shocked)
What are you guys doing?!

Jack flips open his bag, showing its contents.

JACK
Getting our supplies.

OPRAH
For what?

JACK
I told you. A raft.

OPRAH
You were serious about that?

JACK
Absolutely.

OPRAH
And you're--?

JACK
Going to escape on it. I'd love for
you to come along.

Oprah shakes her head in bemused disbelief. It's the most
ridiculous idea she's ever heard.

OPRAH
Leave my family to go... to go
outside? Outside the City?

JACK
Yes.

OPRAH
No.

JACK
Don't you want a real family of your
own?

OPRAH
This is my real family.

JACK
You're their pet! What if you wanted
to have your own children?

OPRAH
It's not up to me, it's if my owners
want to breed me or not.

JACK
(exasperated)
Do you hear yourself?

Oprah isn't mad. She finds Jack's earnestness strangely cute.

OPRAH
I'm devoted to the family I have
now.

Pixar is growing impatient. She steps up to the window.

PIXAR
(to Jack)
C'mon, the sun is almost up.

OPRAH
Sweetie, you've got something--

Oprah licks her thumb and wipes some grease off Pixar's forehead. The girl freezes. NO ONE has ever touched her like that. Like a mom.

JACK
(to Oprah)
Think about it.

He steps away from the window. Pixar doesn't move, she stands looking up at Oprah, a bit slackjawed.

Filtered by the dome, the morning sun hits Jack's face.

JACK (CONT'D)
Only out there, away from this City,
will you ever be the person you are
meant to be.

EXT. NORMAN'S BUILDING - DAWN

Across from Norman's building sits a HOVER TANK.

INT. HOVER TANK - CONTINUOUS

Inside, Genghis sits in the pilot's chair, staring intently out the window. It's a stakeout.

BEAVIS
Why are we here, boss?

GENGHIS
Shut up.

But then Genghis perks up. Norman, carrying a fresh bag from the market, emerges from the transport station.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)
There's the old fart.

Genghis keeps watching. Norman disappears into his building.

Beat.

JACK and PIXAR scurry out from a hiding place, quickly ducking into an underground passageway.

Beavis and Butt-Head LAUGH. They can't believe how stupid Jack is. Genghis himself CHUCKLES-- an unnerving sound.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)
Gear up, boys.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The front door unlocks, Norman enters.

He drops his bag off in the kitchen, then walks to Jack's door and TAPS on it.

NORMAN
Jack! Time to rise and shine!

Norman continues down to his room.

We whip pan back around to the kitchen. DING! The dumbwaiter door opens, and Jack falls out of it. He makes a beeline for his room.

Down the hall, we see Norman's back is turned to us. Jack quietly slips into his room and shuts the door just as Norman turns around.

On his way back to the kitchen, Norman taps Jack's door again-- then OPENS it. Jack is in bed.

NORMAN (CONT'D)
Good morning!

JACK
(groggy)
Good morning, Norman.

NORMAN
Come on! We're having French Toast!

INT. OPRAH'S ROOM - MORNING

Oprah is lying snug in her bed, a smile on her face as she replays Jack's visit in her head.

Her door opens with a swoosh. She sits up excitedly, ready to greet her Alien kids.

But when they come in, the Alien kids are CRYING. They sound like animals in distress.

OPRAH
What's wrong?!

The Alien dad follows them in.

OPRAH'S ALIEN DAD
Sorry Oprah, but the family has new orders. We're leaving for Epsilon Eridani.

Slowly, horror creeps across Oprah's face--

OPRAH'S ALIEN DAD (CONT'D)
No humans allowed.

The world drops out from under her.

OPRAH'S ALIEN DAD (CONT'D)
Pack up your things, we're taking you to the shelter. I'm sure a nice family will adopt you.

But she's not listening. Shellshocked, the sound around her becomes muffled.

Annoyed with the crying of his children, the Alien Dad raises his voice to them.

OPRAH'S ALIEN DAD (CONT'D)
Stop crying or you won't get a new pet when we get there!

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Norman and Jack sit at the counter, eating their respective breakfasts of Alien soup and real French toast. Jack wolfs his food down, talking with his mouth full.

JACK
The pyramids.

NORMAN
Yes?

JACK
Did you guys have any hand in that?

NORMAN
Goodness no, that was all you. Be proud of your species. You accomplished a lot in a short amount of time.

Norman takes a big slurp of his soup.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

We make a point to have zero contact before we colonize. We wouldn't want the native population to accidentally get a technological leg up. It's happened before.

Jack's eyes go wide. He wants to know more, but--

CLICK. Suddenly the front door UNLOCKS BY ITSELF. Before Norman can do anything, the door SLIDES OPEN, revealing...

Genghis, flanked by Beavis and Butt-Head.

Norman and Jack are immediately on their feet. Norman is PISSED.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

How dare you!

GENGHIS

I'm here to take him in.

No one moves. It's a standoff.

NORMAN

(to Jack)

Get behind me.

Jack complies.

GENGHIS

Boys, please neutralize the subject.

Beavis and Butt-Head look at Genghis. *Are you serious?* He is.

They approach Jack, flanking Norman on either side. They get about halfway there before--

Norman's trunk STRIKES OUT at Beavis, hurling the henchman ACROSS THE APARTMENT. He bounces off the far wall, and crashes down through a table.

Immediately, Butt-Head is next. Norman's trunk WRAPS AROUND HIS HEAD, lifting him off the ground. Norman TOSSES him across the apartment. He lands with a CRUNCH on top of Beavis.

Now Genghis is PISSED. He powers on his stun baton-- then CHARGES straight at NORMAN.

Norman ROARS. He swings his walking stick out, using it to expertly DISARM Genghis before SMACKING him hard on both sides of the head. Crack! Bam!

Without missing a beat, Norman sweeps the walking stick at Genghis's legs, knocking the hulking Alien OFF HIS FEET.

In an INSTANT, Norman is ON TOP of Genghis, holding the stun baton right above Genghis's face. It is utter humiliation.

Norman cranks the baton up a few notches.

NORMAN

I see you've increased the power on this. That's against regulations.

Genghis responds with a burst of angry CLICKS and WHISTLES. The gist is clear: Fuck. You.

Norman is unmoved. Slowly, he leans down to Genghis's ear and whispers his own set of CLICKS and WHISTLES.

Genghis's expression goes from defiance to... FEAR.

Norman is back on his feet. He CRUSHES the stun baton with his hands.

The humans in the room, especially Jack, look at Norman like he's the biggest bad-ass in the universe.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Don't come near my human again. Ever.

Beavis and Butt-Head pull Genghis to his feet. He doesn't appreciate the help. As they leave the apartment, Jack asks--

JACK

What did you say to him?

NORMAN

I told him about all the things I did before I was a plumber.

EXT. NORMAN'S BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Disheveled, bloodied and bruised, Genghis and his henchmen draw stares as they get into their hover tank.

When the door slides open, we see a RACK OF STUN BATONS. Genghis puts a fresh one onto his utility belt.

He growls to Beavis and Butt-Head--

GENGHIS

Let's go.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Jack closes the front door.

JACK

Wow.

He turns around-- and is caught off guard by the sight of Norman in SEVERE DISTRESS.

JACK (CONT'D)

Norman!

The Alien's skin has turned a sickly white color. He's straining to keep on his feet.

Jack RUSHES to his aid.

NORMAN

(gamely)

That's the most physical activity
I've had in a while.

Jack, with effort, helps Norman down to the floor. The Alien's breathing grows labored.

JACK

What can I do?

NORMAN

Three of my four hearts stopped
working years ago. I'm afraid the
fourth one is on its way out too.

(beat)

There's nothing either of us can do.

It hits Jack that THIS IS NORMAN'S END. In what would have been inconceivable a few days ago, Jack tears up.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

I'm happy I'm not dying alone. I'm
very glad you're here with me.

JACK

Oh, Norman.

Norman's remaining heart seizes up for a moment, causing a jolt of pain. Jack HOLDS the Alien, comforting him. It takes Norman a moment to catch his breath.

NORMAN

I assume when you go out at night,
you're looking for a way to leave
the City.

JACK

(shocked)

You know about that?

NORMAN

This isn't my first rodeo. What's your plan?

Jack, realizing Norman is much savvier than he ever thought, decides to come clean.

JACK

We built a raft.

NORMAN

(smiles)

Out through a seawater induction pipe. Clever. And that little girl you run with-- she can read and write Alien?

JACK

Yes.

NORMAN

That's both rare and remarkable. She'll need my I.D. code to open the pipe.

Norman grabs Jack's hand, and uses his trunk to make a complex gesture on Jack's palm.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Repeat it back to me.

Jack gingerly makes the gesture on Norman's hand. The Alien nods in affirmation.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

They'll send a patrol when I don't show up for work. You better get going.

But Jack doesn't move.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

Jack, really. Go.

Jack shakes his head. He's STAYING.

Weakly, Norman laughs.

NORMAN (CONT'D)

You're a terrible pet. But you're a good person. A very good person.

And we see that Aliens, just like people, cry too.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DUMBWAITER DISTRIBUTION HUB - NIGHT

Pixar weaves through the bustle of the distribution hub.

Moving with urgency, she's WORRIED about something.

She finds an open dumbwaiter, climbs in, and programs the coordinates.

She puts on her goggles, steels herself--

The dumbwaiter SHOOTS STRAIGHT UP.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ding. The dumbwaiter door opens. Pixar drops down onto the counter--

Then looks up and lets out a YELP. She FREEZES in place.

REVERSE ANGLE

Jack is on the floor, next to an outstretched Norman.

JACK
(quietly)
It's okay.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Pixar crouches over Norman. The Alien is unconscious, his breathing shallow and rapid.

PIXAR
He doesn't have long.

JACK
I know.
(long pause)
I'm leaving tonight. But I want to
stop by Oprah's house first.

PIXAR
That's what I need to tell you. She's
not there anymore.

The WORRY in Pixar's voice makes Jack's heart sink.

JACK
Where is she?

EXT. HUMAN FIGHTING ARENA - NIGHT

Jack with his messenger bag, and Pixar with her rucksack,
SPRINT towards the arena.

EXT. PLAYFIELD - NIGHT

A group of Roman legionaries walks off the battlefield, heading into the bright light of backstage.

INT. COMBAT STAGING AREA - QUARTERMASTER STATION

Dressed in WW2 uniforms, Sarge and his squad stand in line for their weapons.

The Quartermaster, a precise and anal retentive human, cycles through a huge inventory of WEAPONS. We see sets of modern automatic pistols, gladiator swords, futurewar plasma rifles, Napoleonic muskets-- before finally stopping at an arsenal of WW2 arms.

Out of breath, Jack and Pixar find Sarge just as he's being issued a Thompson submachine gun and a satchel bag filled with grenades.

JACK

Sarge! We're looking for a woman.

PIXAR

Her name's Oprah.

SARGE

Yeah, the new gal. She's getting thrown into the mix tonight.

JACK

(desperate)

What's the scenario?

SARGE

We're about to find out.

INT. GATEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The squad is grouped at the entrance to the playfield, amped up in anticipation of their orders. Jack and Pixar stand with Sarge in the front.

Through the gateway, we see a new playfield form. It's muddy, hilly terrain. Unexpectedly, RAIN begins to fall. The squad groans.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Tonight, a very special event. We return to the humans' Second World War, a conflict of savagery and destruction rarely seen in the galaxy.

Jack and Pixar exchange looks. Neither likes where this is going.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
On this night, the dreaded Third Reich has kidnapped two Allied scientists. They are the secret to the Germans perfecting their mechanical terror soldiers!

JACK
Wait, what?

On the SCOREBOARD:

SCENARIO: Reich Strike
DATE: 1944 AD
STORY: Allied soldiers must rescue scientists from a secret German robot laboratory.
LOCATION: Bavaria, Germany
TIME LEFT: 7:00
SAFETIES OFF

BACK AT THE GATEWAY

Now the squad REALLY groans, letting some expletives fly.

SARGE
Come on now, everyone keep it together. We have a job to do.

JACK
What's wrong?

SARGE
This is one scenario we never win.

JACK
What do you mean?

SARGE
The scientists always die.

INT. PLAYFIELD - GERMAN LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

We're in a German lab, stocked with vintage equipment.

A spotlight illuminates the two captured scientists: OPRAH and BELVEDERE, both clad in period garb and white lab coats.

Two hulking robots step into frame. Made of iron, they are bulky dieselpunk monstrosities.

INT. GATEWAY - CONTINUOUS

PIXAR
What the fu--

JACK
The Nazis didn't have robots!

SARGE
These speculative fiction maps are a
real pain in the ass.

Jack swallows hard. He takes a leap into the unknown--

JACK
Sarge. Let me join your squad.

SARGE
(surprised)
Do you have any combat experience?

JACK
Just on Xbox. Video games.

SARGE
Games? Here you get shot, you bleed.

JACK
Please. Forget all these contrived
Alien scenarios. For me, this woman
is truly worth fighting for.

Beat. Sarge gives Jack a long once over.

SARGE
Schwarzenegger, give this guy your
uniform.

SCHWARZENEGGER, a tall hispanic teen, jumps out of line.

SCHWARZENEGGER
Yes sir!

The kid hands Jack his M1 Garand rifle and begins to unbutton
his uniform shirt.

SARGE
(yelling to squad)
Insertion in three minutes! Let's
get ready!

INT. COMBAT STAGING AREA - MOMENTS LATER

Now in a WW2 uniform, Jack is with Pixar at the back of the
squad.

He ties his shoes, which are still his black CHUCK TAYLOR ALL-STARS.

Pixar holds the M1 Garand rifle. She scrunches her face at its primitive functionality.

JACK
That thing only shoots one bullet at a time.

INT. QUARTERMASTER STATION - MOMENTS LATER

JACK
I need a better gun.

QUARTERMASTER
(scoffs)
No.

PIXAR
Let me make it worth your while.

Out of her rucksack she pulls not one, not two, but three cartons of chewing gum and places them on the counter.

QUARTERMASTER
(insulted)
Look little lady, I can't give him a different weapon.

PIXAR
Oh, the gum's not for that. It's for the sore jaw.

QUARTERMASTER
The what?

Jack CLOCKS the guy with a fast punch. He hits the ground with a thud.

JACK
Sorry.

Pixar LEAPS over the counter and cycles the weapon catalog.

PIXAR
How are you going to get her out?

JACK
I don't know. I'll be subtle.

INT. GATEWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The squad is raring to go. They all have their HELMETS and RAIN PONCHOS on.

SARGE

All right, here we go. Newbie, you here?

Just then, Jack falls into the end of the line.

JACK

Yes sir.

SARGE

You stick with me.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Safeties off! Weapons hot!

They can hear the crowd roar with anticipation.

SARGE

Let's go.

The squad pours out through the gateway, their weapons ACTIVATING as they pass onto the playfield.

Jack is the last one through. He turns and looks at Pixar as he disappears into the rain.

EXT. PLAYFIELD - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The rain pours down. Bullets fly by in both directions.

A few of the Allied soldiers have already been hit. It's miserable.

Jack and Sarge are pinned down in the mud behind a boulder. A few dozen yards ahead is the laboratory. Sarge takes a few shots, but his bullets just bounce off the thick iron skin of the robots.

INT. GERMAN LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Oprah and Belvedere are tied to chairs, sitting side by side. The German robots, with arm-mounted machine guns, are pounding their would-be rescuers.

OPRAH

This really sucks.

BELVEDERE

The men out there are good.

OPRAH

The men out there are getting ripped to shreds.

She pulls at her bindings. They don't budge.

EXT. PLAYFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Bullets whiz by Jack and Sarge. MORE enemy robots are joining the battle.

SARGE
I hate this map.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
Time to add something to the mix! If
you bet on the G.I.s to win, I'm
sorry. I don't think that longshot
is going to pay off for you today.

JACK
What's going on?!

SARGE
Things are about to go from difficult
to impossible.

INT. GERMAN LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

A robot slides a LARGE TICKING TIME BOMB under Oprah's chair.
It reads 3 minutes, in sync with the clock on the scoreboard.

OPRAH
(crushed)
Oh no.

EXT. PLAYFIELD - CONTINUOUS

On the scoreboard, Jack sees the video feed of the time bomb
TICKING DOWN.

JACK
This is horseshit.

Jack pulls back his rain poncho, revealing his weapon-- a
huge shiny futurewar PLASMA RIFLE.

Sarge pauses. This is unexpected.

Beat.

SARGE
By all means.
(yells)
Charlie Squad! Covering fire!

Two boulders over, a group of soldiers unloads with everything
they've got-- drawing the attention of the robots. Jack jumps
up and SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER.

Fiery PLASMA BOLTS blast out from the rifle, TEARING APART THE GERMAN ROBOTS.

The crowd in the arena goes batshit crazy.

We hear the Alien Announcer on the PA system. He doesn't realize he's on mic--

ALIEN ANNOUNCER
(in a panic)
What's going on?! Where did that
weapon come from?!

INT. GERMAN LABORATORY - CONTINUOUS

Oprah purposefully falls to the floor, grabbing a piece of robot shrapnel. She cuts through the vintage rope binding her hands and feet, then goes to help Belvedere.

OPRAH
We need to go!

The time bomb has ticked down to 1:30.

She frees Belvedere and helps him to his feet, but before they can get away--

ENEMY ROBOT
(processed)
NEIN!

A hulking robot steps in front of them. A quad barrel flame-thrower emerges from its arm.

Oprah and Belvedere fall back, barely escaping its huge fireball.

ENEMY ROBOT (CONT'D)
(processed)
NEIN! NEIN!

They're pressed up against the back wall of the lab. There's nowhere else to run. The robot raises its arm to fire--

BOOM!

The whole upper half of the robot is BLOWN OFF. The roof of the lab crumbles from the explosion. Rain pours in.

Oprah uncovers her head. Standing there in the rain is Jack, holding a smoking plasma rifle. He reaches down, pulls her up, and kisses her hard on the lips.

JACK
I really want you to come with me.

OPRAH

I really want to go with you.

They glance up at the scoreboard. Time left is :30 seconds.
Sarge emerges from the smoke, waving his arm for them to hurry.

SARGE

(urgent)

C'mon, this map still has a few
surprises!

Jack grabs Belvedere and helps him to his feet. But before
the group can leave, we discover the back wall of the lab
isn't a wall. It's a massive HATCH DOOR.

It slides up, revealing a giant four-armed ROBOT JUGGERNAUT,
with gun turrets for hands.

JACK, OPRAH, SARGE

(in unison)

Oh crap.

Belvedere, though, remains calm. He gives a man-to-man nod
to Jack.

BELVEDERE

I've got this. Go.

Without asking, Belvedere GRABS Sarge's satchel of grenades,
then PICKS UP the time bomb (now at :15). He runs towards
the Juggernaut, sacrificing himself.

No time to linger-- Jack grabs Oprah and they RUN the opposite
direction. Sarge follows them, providing cover.

SARGE

(yells to his men)

FIRE IN THE HOLE!

Sarge takes cover behind a boulder with his squadmates. Oprah
dives for cover, Jack dives on top of her.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

This is out of control! Shut it down!
Shut it do--

AN EARTH-SHATTERING EXPLOSION ROCKS THE PLAYFIELD. A fireball
roars out from the lab, sending a shower of debris across
the entire map. Black smoke fills the air.

The sound of the explosion echoes around the playfield, then
fades away. Nothing moves. It's quiet.

Beat.

Suddenly the GATEWAY DOOR opens, and light from backstage pours in. The Alien Announcer, followed by several Arena Veterinarians, marches onto the playfield.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
(beyond pissed)
What is going on in here?!

Unbeknownst to the Aliens, we see Jack and Oprah SLIP OUT the door behind them.

INT. GATEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jack and Oprah, covered in mud and soot, are met by Pixar.

PIXAR
Subtle.

EXT. BACK-ALLEY - NIGHT

The trio of Jack, Pixar, and Oprah regroup in an alleyway a few hundred yards from the arena.

PIXAR
Are you okay?

Jack's uniform is torn, and one of his shoes is gone.

JACK
I lost a shoe, but I'll live.

He takes off his remaining Chuck Taylor and goes barefoot.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Oprah)
What about you?

OPRAH
I need to change my clothes.

It's not vanity, it's practicality. Her wet, mud-caked vintage blouse, skirt, and nylons are not the best fugitive wear.

Jack opens his bag and pulls out his bike messenger clothes.

JACK
Here's my stuff. It's dry at least.

They smile at each other.

OPRAH
Thanks.

Jack leaves, giving the women privacy.

Oprah strips down to her underwear. Pixar is surprised by the bond of familial intimacy this implies.

She puts on Jack's oversized shirt.

OPRAH (CONT'D)

This is, by far, the strangest day
of my life.

PIXAR

And it ain't over yet.

INT. PLAYFIELD - LATER

More Aliens are down on the playfield now, including Genghis, investigating what happened. But with all the smoke trapped by the safety dome, visibility is terrible.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER

(pissed)

Can we clear this smoke?

Turbofans kick on and SUCK all the smoke out of the air. The playfield is a total disaster. Genghis sorts through debris at the edge of a massive crater.

He hears a human MOANING. Genghis grabs a large piece of robot debris and throws it aside.

Underneath is Belvedere, burned and bloodied-- but alive.

ALIEN ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)

Let's get a veterinarian--

GENGHIS

No.

With zero regard for the human's injuries, Genghis uses his trunk to pick Belvedere up.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)

(growls)

What happened here?

Genghis cranks on his stun baton: one, two, three.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)

Well?

Belvedere is conscious, but he doesn't answer. Genghis cranks the baton up to four, then five, then six.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)

Who brought that weapon in here?

Still silence from Belvedere.

Losing patience, Genghis cranks the baton to seven, then eight, then nine. It hums with a high-pitched energy.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)

Last chance. What do you have to say
for yourself, little man?

Belvedere looks Genghis squarely in the eyes.

BELVEDERE

I have a lot to offer. But not to
you.

With fury, Genghis STABS Belvedere with the baton. The human's body is OVERLOADED with energy.

Belvedere's SKELETON GLOWS FROM THE INSIDE, then his BODY VAPORIZES. His clothes fall to the ground.

His I.D. tag lands in the mud.

Genghis's anger is not satiated, in fact just the opposite. All this human defiance is really getting on his nerves--

BEAVIS

Boss?

GENGHIS

WHAT?!

From the debris, Beavis has pulled a BLACK CHUCK TAYLOR CONVERSE SHOE.

This is the last thing Genghis was expecting. He stares at it for a moment. When he speaks, his voice is measured and deliberate.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)

(to Beavis / Butt-Head)

Go back to the apartment and see if
he's there.

Beavis and Butt-Head react with horror. Genghis gives them a look that says *Really? You're going to defy me?*

The two henchmen reluctantly depart.

EXT. BIG ALIEN BUILDING - NIGHT

An autonomous hover drone zooms away, leaving Jack, Pixar, and Oprah on the side of the road. Pixar folds up her magnetic harness.

Oprah is in Jack's shirt, shorts, and hoodie. The shorts are cinched tight with a piece of rope. There's something super sexy about the look.

PIXAR

We'll have to walk the rest of the way. The pipes are just on the other side of this.

JACK

Where are we?

OPRAH

Drone Control. I've been here before.
(beat)
Bring your person to work day.

INT. DRONE CONTROL - MOMENTS LATER

The trio sneaks along a corridor, past a large control room. ALIEN TECHNICIANS monitor a scrolling set of holographic displays. The humans peek inside.

OPRAH

(whisper)
Those are live visuals from the Starbridge.

We see video feeds from OUTER SPACE, of construction drones working on the Starbridge. Some of the views show Earth in the distance. North America is DARK, except for the bright hub on the west coast that is the City.

And for the first time we see definitively where the City is located, on the coastline, halfway between San Francisco and Los Angeles.

The trio continues down the corridor, past another control room. Something catches Jack's eye. He stops.

JACK

(whisper)
Whoa. What's that?

The video feeds are from planet-bound drones. We see holographic scenes of forests, savannas, and oceans.

OPRAH

(whisper)
Terrestrial patrols. To keep an eye on the planet.

One feed in particular catches Jack's attention. It's a HUMAN CITY, many of the buildings covered by vegetation, but still standing nonetheless.

Inside one of the skyscrapers, a lone BONFIRE BURNS.

Mesmerized, Jack rises to his feet to get a better look. To him, it is proof of humans on the outside. He takes out his iPhone and snaps a picture--

Pixar pulls him back down to the ground.

PIXAR

(whisper)

Are you trying to get caught? C'mon!

Getting back to the task at hand, Jack leads them to the end of the corridor.

They climb into a vent. Jack first, then Pixar, and finally Oprah, who gives one last look at the world she's leaving behind.

EXT. SEAWATER EXPULSION PIPES - NIGHT

We're at the northern edge of the dome. Massive pipes and gantries spread out before us.

The trio has reached their destination.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Timidly, Beavis and Butt-Head step inside Norman's apartment. It's completely DARK. They switch on HEADLAMPS.

EXT. PLAYFIELD - CONTINUOUS

On a handheld holographic projector, Genghis watches the first-person video feed from the apartment.

INT. NORMAN'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Beavis and Butt-Head move through the living room. The smashed furniture from their previous encounter still lays on the floor in splinters.

They move to Jack's bedroom, nervously shining their lights inside. It's empty.

Looking down the corridor to Norman's room, they pause.

GENGHIS (V.O.)

Check the master bedroom.

Like scared children, they slouch towards the door. Neither wants to open it.

BEAVIS
Boss, are you sure--

GENGHIS (V.O.)
Open. The. Door.

With a look of *Fuck, we're going to die*, Butt-Head presses the pressure plate. The door opens with a whoosh.

EXT. PLAYFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Genghis leans into the video feed. We see the headlamps sweep around the bedroom. Nothing.

Then the beams converge on the middle of the floor.

It's NORMAN'S DEAD BODY, bone white, his military medals carefully laid out around him.

Genghis's face contorts into a RAGE. He's been suckered.

He ROARS. It shakes the arena.

EXT. SEAWATER EXPULSION PIPES - NIGHT

Everything is assembled.

The LAUNCH PLATFORM straddles a pipe that extends, a hundred yards away, OUT THROUGH THE DOME.

On top of the launch is the RAFT itself. Jack helps Oprah tie off a rope connecting the two.

JACK
See, it's auto-binding. We want to
make sure the raft stays steady while
we load in.

Oprah wraps the rope around the launch piping. It connects with itself, making a tight, seamless loop.

JACK (CONT'D)
When we're ready to launch, we just
pull the quick release.
(points up at a lever)
And the raft slides right in.

OPRAH
How long until we launch?

Jack pauses. He can't believe what he's about to say.

JACK
I think we're ready. We just need
the last member of our crew.

He nods towards Pixar, who is on top of a gantry.

PIXAR
(yelling down)
Want me to open the pipe?

JACK
Go for it!

PIXAR
(yelling down)
Let's hope your code works!

We see her swipe some gestures. But NOTHING happens.

JACK
Oh crap.

PIXAR
(yelling down)
It doesn't work!

OPRAH
Oh no.

Jack and Oprah look at each other. This is bad.

PIXAR
(yelling down)
Just kidding!

And with that, there's a loud KA-THUMP as the pipe access door unlocks. It SLIDES OPEN, revealing a glorious torrent of rushing water.

Jack and Oprah both exhale. Pixar slides down the ladder and joins them, a big grin on her face.

JACK
Very funny.

But Pixar's smile quickly disappears.

PIXAR
Well, I guess it's time for goodbye.

JACK
Will you please come with us.

PIXAR
I can't.

OPRAH
Please, Pixar. If I can leave the
City, so can you.

PIXAR
I need to find my... parents...

As she says this, with Jack and Oprah RIGHT IN FRONT OF HER,
she realizes she IS staring at her parents.

Pixar breaks down, sobbing.

She's quickly embraced by Oprah and Jack. Finally, a REAL
family-- for all three of them. They linger together, holding
each other tight, until Jack says:

JACK
Let's go.

Jack looks up at the raft.

JACK (CONT'D)
Ladies first.

Pixar, wiping away the tears, climbs up the ladder and into
the raft. Oprah's right behind her.

JACK (CONT'D)
I can't believe we made it--

Suddenly, Jack's I.D. bracelet TURNS BRIGHT RED. Alarms blare
all around them.

JACK (CONT'D)
Oh shit!
(to Oprah)
Go! Go! Go!

She climbs faster. Jack follows her. In the distance they
hear the unmistakable HUM of a speeding HOVER TANK.

Jack almost makes it into the raft, but he's SHOT OFF THE
LADDER BY A TASER BOLT--

Fired from GENGHIS'S HOVER TANK, which roars into frame.

Jack hits the deck hard. He's dazed.

Genghis, alone, gets out of the tank. He immediately pulls
out his stun baton and CRANKS IT ALL THE WAY UP TO 10.

Oprah, in the raft with Pixar, screams.

OPRAH
JACK!

Jack barely rolls out of the way, just as Genghis brings the baton down on top of his head. Hitting the ground, the baton CRACKLES with energy.

GENGHIS
(growling)
Come here boy!

Jack stumbles to his feet, drawing Genghis away from the raft. His voice is weak.

JACK
(barely a whisper)
Go. Go.

Genghis is closing on him. Jack finally musters the strength to yell.

JACK (CONT'D)
(to Oprah and Pixar)
GO! Leave without me!

Genghis STOPS. Realizing this is what Jack values most, Genghis turns his attention to Oprah and Pixar in the raft.

His tone is suddenly friendly and caring.

GENGHIS
Oprah. Pixar. I know you must have been drawn into this against your will. Why don't you come on down from there?

JACK
(desperate)
PLEASE GO! LEAVE!

GENGHIS
Oprah, I know you're sad that your family had to leave for their new assignment. If you come down, we'll make an exception to the no-pet rule.

OPRAH
What do you mean?

JACK
OH MY GOD! LEAVE! PULL THE RELEASE!

Genghis moves towards the raft.

GENGHIS
We'll put you on a high-speed shuttle. You will be with your family again.

Oprah thinks about this for a moment--

Then she CLIMBS DOWN FROM THE RAFT. She holds onto a rope for support.

Jack is devastated and betrayed.

GENGHIS (CONT'D)

And Pixar, we can find you a wonderful
foster family, one with young Aliens
to play with. You'll love it.

Oprah stands next to Genghis. He puts his huge Alien arm around her.

OPRAH

(super gentle)

Pixar, sweetheart, listen to him.
Come down from there.

Jack falls to his knees. Everything is crumbling right before his eyes.

Pixar, somewhat reluctantly, climbs out of the raft.

GENGHIS

Pull the release. Get rid of that
thing.

Oprah nods for Pixar to do it. She reaches up and puts her hand on the release lever.

OPRAH

It's okay. Do it.

Pixar PULLS THE LEVER.

CLINK! CLINK! CLINK! CLINK! Just as designed, the raft
UNLATCHES and SLIDES down the ramp into the pipe. The rushing
water GRABS it and quickly pulls it DOWNSTREAM, out of sight.

Oprah turns to Genghis, and in a pleasant voice says:

OPRAH (CONT'D)

By the way, I'm already with my
family, you asshole.

She jumps away from him, just as everyone realizes she's
TIED A ROPE TO HIS TUNIC. The other end is attached to the
rapidly accelerating raft.

With a ROAR, Genghis is pulled OFF his feet, and sent hurtling
towards the opening in the pipe. His stun baton clatters to
the ground.

Genghis paws desperately for something to grab onto. He's lifted up into the air, and just as he goes into the pipe, his TRUNK lashes out and GRABS PIXAR.

Jack is back on his feet, sprinting at full speed towards the pipe. He scoops up the stun baton, which is big and super heavy to a human, but Jack has all the adrenaline he needs. Oprah is right beside him.

Pixar holds onto the ladder with all her might, but her grip is slipping. Genghis is barely holding onto the pipe opening. If he goes, she goes with him.

PIXAR

HURRY!!

Both Jack and Oprah climb the ladder. Oprah wraps her arms around Pixar. Jack jumps out onto the pipe, right above Genghis.

JACK

(to the women)

Ready?

OPRAH

I've got her!

PIXAR

She's got me!

Genghis SNARLS at Jack. He unleashes a torrent of CLICKS and WHISTLES. Jack endures the auditory onslaught, lifting the stun baton above his head.

JACK

Fair warning, this might sting a little.

Jack slams the stun baton down on top of Genghis. The Alien's skeleton GLOWS from the inside. It's quite freaky looking.

Genghis ROARS as his body explodes into a billion loose molecules. His EMPTY TUNIC and TUSKS fall into the rushing water.

Pixar is safe. Jack helps her and Oprah down to the ground. They all collapse in exhaustion.

JACK (CONT'D)

Well... at least the raft worked.

Oprah gently kisses Jack, then Pixar.

OPRAH

What did Genghis say to Jack?

PIXAR

He called Jack several really bad words, then said we were trapped in the City forever.

They all ponder this truth. In the distance, they hear the SIRENS of more hover tanks approaching.

OPRAH

(re: the sirens)

There's more coming.

Then--

JACK

Pixar, can you drive that?

He's looking at Genghis's HOVER TANK.

She looks back at him-- and SMILES.

SMASH CUT:

INT. HOVER TANK - MOMENTS LATER

There is no doubt Pixar is in charge.

PIXAR

Sit down and strap in.

She powers on the controls. The dashboard lights up, filled with Alien writing. The door to the tank closes, sealing airtight with a hiss.

Jack and Oprah take Beavis and Butt-Head's seats. Out the back window they can see a dozen HPC hover tanks converging on their location.

Pixar jerks the yoke to the side and pushes the throttle. Their hover tank spins around and heads for the pipe. Jack and Oprah swivel their chairs around to watch through the cockpit window.

They zoom up ONTO the pipe--

And DROP DOWN INTO THE OPENING.

INT. SEAWATER EXPULSION PIPE - CONTINUOUS

The anti-gravity hover engines BEND the water around the tank. They bob up and down like a boat as they get carried with the current.

INT. HOVER TANK - CONTINUOUS

OPRAH
Are they following us?

Jack looks out the back window.

JACK
No, but I'll bet they're going to
close up the pipe.

Pixar doesn't need to be told anything more, she JAMS THE
THROTTLE FORWARD. They race through the pipe at blazing speed.

PIXAR
Hold on!

They catch up to their raft and SMASH THROUGH IT. The raft
disintegrates into a thousand pieces.

They go faster and faster, like a bullet racing down the
barrel of a gun.

Up ahead, the END of the tunnel. And the hatch is indeed
CLOSING, rising up from the BOTTOM.

Pixar SLAMS the yoke and PULLS the gravity regulator. The
hover tank rolls up the side of the pipe wall and ONTO the
CEILING. They zoom along UPSIDE DOWN, hanging from the top.

PIXAR (CONT'D)
This is going to be close.

She guns the throttle to maximum.

Almost there--

The hatch is more than halfway closed--

Almost there--

The hatch is almost up--

And BOOM! They shoot out of the pipe.

Pixar pushes the yoke forward, swinging the hover tank around
so it's aimed straight up.

For a moment they seem to be floating in the air, looking up
at the BRIGHT STARS of the NIGHT SKY. After a lifetime under
the thick dome, it's a sight Oprah and Pixar have never seen.

OPRAH
(awe-struck)
It's beautiful.

Pixar keeps pushing the yoke, rotating them back around-- and they realize they ARE HUNDREDS OF FEET IN THE AIR, ABOVE THE OCEAN.

They all scream as the hover tank NOSE DIVES into the water.

IMPACT!

But these Alien hover tanks are tough. Up through swirling and churning water, they rise to the surface. Above them, the monstrous seawater expulsion pipes loom.

Jack points out the window at a small beach in the distance.

JACK

Head to the shoreline. Then let's
put as many miles as we can between
us and the City.

Pixar guns the throttle, leaving the City behind...

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOVER TANK - DAY

They've been driving all night.

Moving slower now, Pixar carefully navigates them through a forest. The amber glass of the cockpit window dulls the morning colors.

Through the trees, a field of grass opens up before them. They're on a plateau overlooking a valley.

JACK

Let's stop here.

Pixar pulls the throttle back. The hover tank gently stops.

Jack goes to the side door, SMILES at Oprah and Pixar, then OPENS IT.

REAL, BEAUTIFUL, WARM SUNLIGHT POURS IN. It's the most amazing thing any of them could imagine.

Jack takes a deep breath-- followed, tentatively, by Pixar and Oprah. They're stunned.

OPRAH

What is that?!

PIXAR

It's so sweet!

JACK
That is fresh air.

Jack takes another deep breath.

JACK (CONT'D)
Let's get out of this thing. Pixar,
you first. And take off your shoes.

EXT. GREEN FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

Pixar steps out onto the field, the GREEN GRASS enveloping her feet. She's never felt anything like it.

Oprah and Jack step out behind her. We see that everyone's I.D. tag is BLANK.

A breeze blows. They look up at the GORGEOUS BLUE SKY.

JACK
We made it. We're outside.

We pull back to see the big, beautiful, vibrant world.

FADE TO BLACK.