

DEFEATING THE MARCIANS

Written by

An Earthian

Action/Adventure - Mathematician - Balaclava - Laboratory

**INT. WRIGHT'S RESIDENCE - COLE'S ROOM - DAY**

A room is a tribute to math and science. Pictures of Einstein and Hawkins on the wall, wallpaper that features formulas.

COLE WRIGHT (12), a look of concentration on his face as he jots complex math formulas with a marker on a board. He steps aside, contemplates his writing, wipes it off to start another.

GRUMPY, a colorful parrot, in a hanging cage, screams:

GRUMPY  
Euclidean, Euclidean.

COLE  
Wrong, my friend. But that's okay.

Cole steps toward the cage, flicks the latch open.

COLE  
Go have fun. Be home by two.

Grumpy carefully steps out of the cage.

A door to the room opens. PHILIP WRIGHT (45), dishevelled with dark circles under his eyes, peers in, with a phone jammed between his ear and shoulder.

PHILIP (INTO PHONE)  
First and foremost it's unethical,  
Larry, and I don't care if we're ahead  
of the Martians or not.

Philip covers the phone, whispers to Cole:

PHILIP  
Mother just called for dinner.

**INT. WRIGHT'S RESIDENCE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

The table is set for three. STELLA(45) the world's best mother, serves dinner. Cole sits in the middle. Philip approaches with papers marked PHYSICKY LABORATORIES #2G and his work ID card. He sets it on the table, sits down.

COLE  
How's the theory you worked out, dad?

PHILIP  
Well, they are cloning people, that's  
what it's for. My math is the foundation  
of their work and I had no idea. Cloning  
is evil to the core. ...and all of it is  
just to beat the Martians!

STELLA

Can't you deny them your input?

Philip shakes his head.

PHILIP

I've already submitted.

COLE

You could pay a good hacker to crash their database.

PHILIP

The fools don't even back their work thinking it's safer this way. It's all in their computers at the lab.

Cole rises.

COLE

Thank you, mother, it was delicious.

Cole wipes his mouth with a napkin, nods to his dad, leaves. Philip starts slurping his soup. He glances at his papers, his ID is gone. He looks under the table - it's not there.

PHILIP

Strange. I thought I had it with me.

#### **INT. COLE'S ROOM - DAY**

Cole steps inside. He rushes to his computer, powers it in. He googles "Physicky Laboratories". Turns to locate his parrot.

COLE

Grumpy, get inside. We got work to do.

#### **INT. PHYSICKY LABORATORIES - HALL - DAY**

In Hulk's Halloween costume, with a cape, gloves and balaclava covering his face, Cole steps in. MR. DWYTE (75) stares at him.

MR. DWYTE

Sorry kid, the drama club is next door. What's with the face mask?

COLE

Balaclava, sir. A form of headgear exposing only part of the face.

Cole dramatically drops the cape. Tucked under his belt are a toy gun, a hammer and miniature tomahawks.

COLE

Let me engage you in a simple trick  
of magic first.

Cole pulls the cover off the cage. He flicks the latch on the door open, shoves his hand in and Grumpy is out.

Grumpy hovers over Mr. Dwyte, heading toward the ceiling. Mr. Dwyte's jaw drops open. He rises, tries to shoo the bird out.

MR. DWYTE

What's going on here? These are  
laboratories. They are sterile.

COLE

My bird is sterile, too, sir.

Cole sets the cage on the floor. He scans the room, locates the cameras, pulls out a water gun. PHEW, PHEW - he spews green liquid at them, dashes to elevators.

Dwyte charges after him as fast as his body weight and age allow.

MR. DWYTE

I'm calling the police!

COLE

Telling them you are unable to stop a  
child? I don't think so.

The elevator stops. Mr. Dwyte gains on Cole when Cole changes his mind and darts toward the staircase.

He uses his dad's card to open the door to it.

MR. DWYTE

Do you have an access? Who are you?

**INT. PHYSICKY LABORATORIES - CORRIDORS - DAY**

Cole rushes to locate room #2G, uses his dad's ID to enter. The elevator stops, Mr. Dwyte peers out. He sees Cole.

**INT. PHYSICKY LABORATORIES - ROOM 2G - DAY**

Cole scans the room, gun in hands, aims at the cameras. PHEW, PHEW, promptly covers them with green liquid, trashes the gun.

He dashes toward the row of computers. Pulls out what looks like a toy hammer from under his belt.

Mr. Dwyte stumbles inside, his breathing labored and sees:

COLE

There's really only one way to erase  
a hard drive: destroying the magnetic  
disk, also called a platter, inside.  
Ding, dent, scratch the patter!

Cole swings the hammer at the computer, one, second, third.  
The hammer is definitely not a toy! Panting, Mr. Dwyte rushes  
after him.

Cole returns to the first computer. Another swing for each.

COLE

Oh, sweet dear Mr. Dwyte. It  
doesn't take a scientist to know  
I'd be back for another round.

Done with the computers, Cole dashes toward mice in cages.  
With a swing of a hammer he opens all the latches.

MR. DWYTE

That's it.

He reaches for his radio.

MR. DWYTE (INTO RADIO)

Wayne. Come right over. Over.

COLE

If you avoid repeating words your  
speech will become much clearer.

WAYNE (RADIO)

Dwyte, that you? Come right where?

MR. DWYTE

Lab, you fool! I'm in 2G. There's a  
kid with a bird, dammit.

Dwyte pounds his radio on a table.

Back to chasing Cole. Dwyte sees the escaping mice, one by one  
closes the cages on the way without. The doors swing back  
open, mice step out. Dwyte screams at that.

Meanwhile, Cole throws tomahawks left and right, knocking  
down containers that store lab solutions.

Finished, he grabs the cage and runs out the door.

COLE

My work here is done. Say hello to  
Wayne for me!

Mr. Dwyte slides to the floor, staring at the damage and cries.

**INT. PHYSICKY LABORATORIES - HALL - DAY**

Cole rushes to the front door, picks up his cage on the way out. Grumpy is back inside already.

**INT. WRIGHT'S RESIDENCE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

The family is having dinner. Stella passes the dishes.

PHILIP

I'm happy my work got erased but poor  
Dwyte... He's seventy five, you know.

STELLA

Did they find out who did it?

PHILIP

A strange boy in a face mask and a  
bird is all they know.

Cole quietly listens to the conversation. His lips tighten when he hears "face mask".

COLE

Honestly, describing what happened as  
let's say "a boy of five point two,  
in a two-piece pj set with a kerchief  
around his face, and a canary on his  
shoulder" would narrow it down to  
those who has that outfit in their  
closet and owns a canary. This way  
you or I could potentially recall  
something to help the investigation.

Stella and Philip adoringly listen.

STELLA

Aren't you happy our child would  
never do anything like that?

COLE

I'm actually curious about that boy.  
His street smarts and bravery coupled  
with my knowledge of math and science  
would optimize the human race. That's  
the only way to defeat the Martians.

FADE OUT