

The Andropholis Sphere

by

Christopher Sorensen

Based on, Fiction, Action/Adventure, Drama, Eco-message

Address: #44 Edward St.
E-Mail: csorensen65@msn.com
Copyright © Protected, Registered ®

WHITE SCREEN:

Super: THE ANDROPHOLIS SPHERE

SOUNDTRACK: 'THE RACE' (YELLO)

FADE IN:

EXT. MONTE CARLO - 1987 - DAY - GRAND PRIX FINALS

HOVER ABOVE: Bleachers which, are filled with screaming fans who wave flags of different countries. It is an exciting day for thousands of formula-1 racing aficionados.

A COMMENTATOR SPEAKS:

COMMENTATOR (V.O)
(Broken Accent)
...Finccenzo has taken the lead,
but his opponent, Conroy
Andropholis is closing the gap as
they careen around turn two at
speeds of over one hundred miles an
hour!

EXT. RACE TRACK - TURN TWO - CONTINUOUS

FROM A SHORT DISTANCE: Multi-colored high efficiency race cars slow down during the turn. TIRES SCREECH as some cross over the BOUNDARY markers to keep their spot in the line up. Yet a few KEEP back as to not overcrowd one another.

IN THIRD PLACE: Is a RED FORMULA racing mean machine. It is being driven by a talented young buck from Tucson Arizona. CONROY ANDROPHOLIS - (20's) who doesn't believe in luck as he HOPS over the BOUNDARY and over takes his opponent, Leonardo Gioncomo with ease giving him second place in the line up.

INT. FORMULA CAR - CONROY - CONTINUOUS

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES

OVER HIS HEADSET: Conroy listens to the daily reports of who is next in line and who is out. SWEAT BEADS down his face as he switches gears using the WHEEL PADDLES. When SUDDENLY...

HEADSET (V.O)
Jesus Christ... Will you take it
easy out there? This is our fourth
car that we had to replace because
of your stunts.

CONROY
Sorry, but I had the clearance, so
I took it.

HEADSET (V.O)
That's not the point god damn it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONROY

Look, once we take the win... I'll listen to everything you have to say from now on Al.

AL (V.O.)

Oh please, be still my beating cholesterol filled heart. Just watch your temperature when you try to use your spam key on the next guy you try to pass. I don't want to hear something like... Oops! Popped the clutch too early, gotta try and wrestle my way past Finccenzo on lane six.

CONROY

Ah - he's just small fry. Besides...

EXT STRAIGHT WAY - WHITE FLAG - LAST LAP

By a fan's POV FROM A FENCELINE: Each FORMULA RACE CAR WHIZZES past at breakneck speeds as their ENGINES WHINE in high acceleration. Much like oversized BEES during pollen season.

CONROY'S CAR is right behind Finccenzo using the lead car's SLIPSTREAM to keep pace.

CONROY (V.O.)

... I heard he was up all night gambling and lost eighty thousand at the tables.

AL (V.O.)

Pocket change to these guys. Just use turn four, and sweep out from his back end on the next stretch - please?

CONROY

Fine.

EXT. TIRE VIEW - CONROY'S REAR END - CONTINUOUS

Finccenzo's car inches two RACERS ahead of Conroy as they make their way to turn four. Conroy then punches the ACCELERATION PEDAL to the floor.

The GAP CLOSES between them.

SOUNDTRACK REACHES ITS CRESCENDO.

EXT. FRONT VIEW OF BOTH CARS

Each racer speeds down the home stretch. HEAT WARBLER off of the asphalt as SCREAMING FANS get LOUDER.

SLOW MOTION: SMOKE BILLOWS from their back ends as they push their limits beyond control to reach the checkered flag.

OTHER RACERS soon catch up behind them but at a short and helpless distance.

It is between Conroy and Finccenzo only.

EXT. BLEACHERS - CONTINUOUS

Fans CHEER AND WHISTLE. Some hold up drinks, while others begin to RUN DOWN the aisles towards the WINNER'S CIRCLE. CAMERAS FLASH... CHAMPAGNE BOTTLES are hoisted up by fans as the HIGH WHINING ENGINES get closer to the last marker.

WHEN SUDDENLY...

EXT. CLOSE TO THE CHECKER FLAG - CONTINUOUS

Conroy VEERS right, and speeds down the middle of home stretch when Finccenzo suddenly has a TIRE BLOWOUT, which officially knocks him out of the race.

EXT. CHECKER FLAG - SIDE VIEW

Conroy's CAR flies past the pole, while Finccenzo struggles to bring in his disabled car to the pits as his back tire SMOKEs and the RIM SPARKS. A great victory for the U.S team.

CUT TO:

EXT. WINNER'S CIRCLE - CELEBRATION

Driving in out of HIGH SPEED, Conroy parks his racing car over the MONTE CARLOS' OFFICIAL state flag as REPORTERS and fans gather in to catch a glimpse of the winner. Conroy removes his HELMET and climbs out of the cockpit as his pit boss AL walks over with the rest of the team who are in high spirits.

Brash, rugged but good looking is Conroy with messy brown hair, brown eyes and oddly enough a thin mustache.

After he puts down his helmet, his oversized SLOB of a boss hugs his winning stallion as the crew UNCORKS a bottle of champagne, then sprays the crowd.

FLASH BULBS go off, and of course two rented MODELS walk over and stand on each side of Conroy as window dressing to top it off like a cherry.

CONROY

See Al? You were worried for nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AL

Kiss my ass you punk. Just because the last turn was made with sheer luck, doesn't mean it's going to happen all of the time.

CONROY

(Waves to his fans)

Yeah well - at least we're all done for the season.

AL

Just don't expect too many endorsement deals to suddenly fall into our laps. We already lost two of our financial backups. Now we have to look for more replacements.

Conroy is not listening. He is too involved in the moment. As Al watches, Conroy moves towards the WINNER'S PODIUM leaving Al behind to hold the baggage with reporters.

CONROY

So, anyone up for spin the bottle?

ON AL: He can see that his prize driver is losing all semblance of what it means to be a top FORMULA ONE RACER. It's as if he can see their future crumbling as he observes Conroy's juvenile antics as he signs AUTOGRAPHS, or POSES for pictures as he nurses his mustache.

Al shakes his head, then walks away THROWING UP his ARMS as reporters try to get a scoop for sports illustrated from him.

ON CONROY: He laughs, makes jokes and does what all winners do... Brags about it and makes sure his opponent hears it.

CONROY

... Yeah it's a shame that Finccenzo lost a tire on the main drag, but that's what happens when you don't pit properly.

MORE FLASHES from CAMERAS...

His models just smile, and hope that it ends quickly so they can get back to their husbands.

MORE FLASHES OF BULBS... CHEERING CROWD, and on the LAST FLASH!!

FADE TO:

EXT. ARIZONA - TUCSON - CONVENIENCE STORE - NEWSPAPERS - ONE YEAR LATER - DAY

At a NEWSPAPER STAND outside of the store, rows of papers and magazines are fully stocked on shelves. One paper in particular displays CONROY SMILING in MONTE CARLO in 1987. The front page however of today's news event, shows his present race in total shambles as the PHOTO displays his CAR ON FIRE and torn apart like paper. The headline reads as...

'CONROY LUCKY TO BE ALIVE' - "DOCTOR STATES THAT HIS CAREER IS OVER...'

A customer grabs a paper, then pays the vendor.

VENDOR

Thanks pal.

As the customer walks away, he flips through the pages to read the funnies.

Another customer buys a paper.

CUT TO:

EXT. WORKER PLANT - DAY

While the city bustles, workers leave or arrive from the plant, which sits across from the convenience store. Those who drive own heavy trucks or medium size cars. Others have motor bikes or even scooters.

Yet for one man who walks out of the plant, he strolls to his stall where there sits his MUSCLE CAR.

A ROADRUNNER SPECIAL.

He is young - early forties, and is the BIG BROTHER to CONROY.

WAYNE ANDROPHOLIS. A stoic but well mannered individual around the ladies who often try to date him.

Wayne sits down into his BEAST, then starts the motor with a quick JAB of the accelerator.

ITS LOUD THUNDERING ROAR lets his co-workers know that Wayne is leaving the premisis.

Wayne then puts his car into reverse with a SOLID CLICK!, then quickly backs out of his stall and does a fast U-turn to point the grill to the plant's exit.

Then puts it into second, and hauls ass to the HOSPITAL to see his upstart little brother.

CUT TO:

EXT. ON THE ROAD - DAY

Wayne drives normally. He is careful not to speed along the main stretch where many juvenile speed demons often like to roam. Over his radio plays...

SOUNDTRACK: 'RADAR LOVE' (GOLDEN EARRING)

He is a patient man. Often popular with the local girls who WAVE AT HIM as he passes by.

For Wayne, the real world is how to work with your hands, and it shows inside of his gaze as he watches the road.

UP AHEAD: An intersection light turns yellow.

EXT. INTERSECTION - CONTINUOUS

Wayne slows down then stops to wait his turn at the light when SUDDENLY...

A CAR SCREECHES around the eastern block of the INTERSECTION while A POLICE CRUISER CHASES HIM down blaring his SIREN.

INT. WAYNE'S CAR

Wayne can see the driver pull out A GUN, then SHOOTS from the window back at the police cruiser, which HITS the windshield and BREAKS the WIPER.

Wayne DUCKS down but keeps his nose just over the steering wheel to see a BULLET take out the COP'S SIDEVIEW mirror.

THEN... FOUR MORE POLICE CARS join the chase who all scream down the stretch away from the intersection.

When the coast is clear, the light turns GREEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOOT OUT - CONTINUOUS

FROM A SHORT DISTANCE: The cops chase their target as an accomplice sticks his head out the PASSENGER WINDOW with a MACHINE GUN and FIRES IT.

EXT. COP CAR

BULLETS RIDDLE and SHRED the cruiser with multiple holes while the chase leads into a...

SHOPPING MALL.

EXT. SHOPPING MALL - SHOWDOWN

All cars scream into a large parking area where there are less cars and more space to move about. The criminals do BURN OUT circles as BULLETS FLY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUSTOMERS who see it head for the hills or quickly dash back in the mall.

EXT. COP CAR

An officer stops, and sticks his POLICE ISSUE out from his window, and beads on the DRIVER'S HEAD.

KABLAM! TIMES THREE...

INT. CRIMINAL'S CAR

As the last BULLET zips inside, it strikes the criminal's frontal lobe.

A CRACK sound along with BLOOD and BRAINS are then SPRAYED ON the passenger who then ducks down to avoid being killed.

The car stops, and very soon all five cop cars SURROUND them and do their civic duty.

CUT TO:

INT. WAYNE'S CAR - PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW POV - CONTINUOUS

As Wayne drives by slowly, he can see the lead COP PULLING out the dead DRIVER by his left arm, then drops him to the pavement while the blood soaked accomplice is hauled out by another officer.

All is well soon after in the quiet city of Tucson as long as the law enforcement take out the trash.

WAYNE

Idiots.

Wayne then speeds away to the hospital.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALF HOUR LATER - DUSK

Wayne is SIGNING in the visitor's log book as nurses and doctors stroll from room to room. PATIENTS wait on benches or sit in WHEELCHAIRS for their turn to be examined.

As he finishes, a YOUNG (Thirties) professional nurse walks up to Wayne who has the disposition of being a stern no nonsense type of woman, but has the body of Aphrodite to match.

SHE SMILES AT WAYNE:

NURSE

Hey Wayne. It's been awhile.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He glances over to see a very attractive red head. Yet for the moment, all he can think about - is CONROY.

WAYNE

Hey, Sarah.

SARAH

I already checked on him before my break. His leg is doing much better.

WAYNE

(Stoic, sullen)

Except he won't be able to walk the same again.

SARAH

True. He's damn lucky the accident didn't take his whole leg.

WAYNE

Yeah, real lucky.

OVERHEAD SPEAKER:

OVERHEAD SPEAKERS (V.O.)

Doctor Bryce, to emergency, Doctor Bryce to emergency.

SARAH

Listen, if you aren't busy after your visit - - feel like a coffee later?

Who the hell would say no to this woman? WAYNE CAN.

WAYNE

Thanks, but I got a shit load of work to do at home. We still need to work out our - - budget.

What STRENGTH, what AUDACITY.

Yet Sarah feels slightly deflated of being REJECTED, but tries to understand his point of view.

SARAH

Okay. No problem. Maybe another time then.

WHAT STUPIDITY.

He faces her, then offers a whimsicle smile on her behalf, then strolls down the hall to CONROY'S ROOM.

He doesn't even look back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Sarah resumes her duties a little hurt.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - DUSK

Wayne walks in to see CONROY LYING on his bed attached to all sorts of TUBES and LEG BRACE with PINS that are inserted into his leg to keep the bone straight.

Conroy opens his eyes to see his brother walk over to a chair to sit down.

CONROY

Hey man.

WAYNE

Hey.

CONROY

What time is it?

WAYNE

(Looks at watch)

... About five thirty.

CONROY

Shit.

WAYNE

What? You need to be somewhere?

CONROY

No - I just feel like I've been asleep for a week.

WAYNE

You were dumbass.

CONROY

Right - yeah.

HEART MONITOR BEEPS! OXYGEN HISSES through Conroy's NOSE TUBE.

WAYNE

Christ man, what the hell were you thinking of trying to pull off a tail wind leap-frog over two cars? I mean where was your head?

CONROY

I thought it could work. I had enough speed built up for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAYNE

Yeah, you did. Except that you didn't account for the fact that Al had adjusted your suspension to keep your front nose to the ground.

HEART MONITOR BEEPS AGAIN.

Wayne is getting frustrated with Conroy's loose attitude of GO WITH THE DEVIL routine.

WAYNE (CONT.)

You do realize that you can never race again.

CONROY

Says who?

WAYNE (CONT.)

The doctor for one. Plus the other six specialists who had to work on re-straightening your leg so you can at least walk with a cane. You lost nearly forty percent of your ligaments in the crash.

CONROY

So - what? I can't drive again?

WAYNE (CONT.)

Oh you can drive. Just not in a race car - - ever.

CONROY

Bullshit.

HEART MONITOR BEEPS: A little quicker.

WAYNE

You don't get it do you? You won't be able to use the clutch anymore. Even using the paddle buttons on the steering wheel might malfunction, which means you would have to use your right leg for the manual clutch. But by the looks of your leg, you won't be able to manage that much.

MONITOR BEEPS QUICKLY.

CONROY

So - we'll work on a new design.

Wayne is becoming upset that his little brother is not listening to reason.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WAYNE

God damn it man, they let you go.

CONROY

Who?

WAYNE

Everyone. All of your sponsors. Al is being contracted out to a new deal, while the lawyers are working on how to pay your hospital bill. Jesus Conroy, you lost your position. The only thing that comes out of this, is one hundred and four thousand, which barely covers your expenses. Not to mention that little fiasco you pulled in Milan.

MONITOR BEEPS SLOWER NOW...

CONROY

So we'll get a new...(Cut off)

WAYNE

There is no new! There is just you and your ego. Christ-All-Mighty why can't you just listen to people for once in your life? Al told you, over and over again, not to push your luck. And what do you go do? You roll the car because you had to look good for your brainless fans.

Wayne gets up from his chair, and paces around the room as Conroy gets irritable but tries to look cool and calm. But finds that moving in his bed to get comfortable is rather difficult.

CONROY

Well - what would you have done?

Wayne spins around to face his brother with a BURNING STEELY GAZE.

WAYNE

I would have listened to Al! He is - was your boss. Your bread and butter. Now all you have is a bum leg and a lousy retirement package. You can't even work as part of a pit crew because they do not allow invalids around the race cars.

Conroy TEARS UP as his situation becomes crystal clear. He can see his career is finally over - - WAY TOO EARLY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CONROY

What - - what am I supposed to do then? Work in a factory?

WAYNE

Hey, at least it's work. But - I do know they will never let you have access on the main floor. There is no way in hell.

All of Conroy's emotions start to surface in front of his brother.

Wayne can see the vulnerabilities seeping into Conroy.

CONROY

Oh my god. I'm a god damn cripple.

Conroy begins to sob.

Wayne approaches to console Conroy.

WAYNE

Hey look...

CONROY

No. No. Just - leave me alone. Get out.

WAYNE

We'll get...

CONROY

No! Get out! Piss off!

Wayne decides to leave the room feeling a bit useless, but leaves his brother alone to wallow in self pity. Not exactly the brotherly help Wayne had been hoping for.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

As he exits Conroy's room he stops to lean against the wall stewing in his mood. To break it, he heads over the the...

CAFETERIA.

INT. CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Wayne walks in, to see LOADS of CUSTOMERS sitting with their family members and patients who can get about on their own.

He spots a COFFEE CART.

Wayne approaches it and pours himself a cup of Joe.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NO SUGAR or CREAM... A MAN'S coffee.

He then finds a seat, and sits down to think as he sips.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - TWO WEEKS LATER - MORNING

Wayne is rolling out Conroy who is in a WHEELCHAIR. At least until the exit door, where Conroy then grabs his CANE from the back rest, then stands on his own with some difficulty.

HE ALMOST TOPPLES OVER.

WAYNE

Whoa, here let me...

CONROY

Don't. I got this. I'm not a total gimp.

WAYNE

Fine.

Wayne watches closely as Conroy walks with a shaky stature.

In a couple of seconds however, he gets the hang of it as he waddles over to WAYNE'S BEAST that sits by the curb.

Wayne pushes the wheelchair away, and it comes to a stop near the exit door.

EXT. WAYNE'S CAR

Conroy waits as his brother opens the passenger door under the morning sun that beats down its hot rays. Conroy spots a few giggling BEAUTIES who begin to pass by him.

Both girls are wearing SHORTS and very tight fitting tops. Of course he notices that their natural headlights are on.

He doesn't know them, but would love a private meeting as he smiles in thier direction.

CONROY

Ladies.

They say nothing as they pass by. Only when Wayne stands up do the girls respond...

GIRL #1

Hey Wayne.

WAYNE

Charlotte... Barbara.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Conroy is dumbstruck as he listens to the brief hello's between his brother and the two that got away. By his expression of... 'What about me?' says that nobody has heard of his accident that nearly killed him.

Wayne opens the door for Conroy.

CONROY

We should get some beer.

WAYNE

Nope. Doc says that you can't have any alcohol for a good month. Not until your leg heals more.

CONROY

(As he climbs into the car)

Why not?

WAYNE

Because of all the sugar and yeast, which would cause some of the hemorrhaging to swell up. Then it's painkillers to bring it down, which would cost more.

CONROY

Shit.

WAYNE

Hey, don't blame me. I'm just the messenger.

CONROY

(Defiant)

Yeah - right.

Wayne SHUTS THE DOOR, and moves to his throne and hops in.

INT. CAR

Wayne slides his key into the IGNITION, and starts the car.

A ROAR of power engulfs them, which makes Conroy smile once, but dismisses it as just brief weakness.

Wayne pulls away from the curb.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRUISING ON THE ROAD - PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW

As Wayne concentrates on his driving, Conroy looks out his window to see the WORLD passing by in the form of normal FOLK who walk rather than drive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The very idea to CONROY, that not driving faster than humanly possible... Isn't HUMAN.

CONROY

So how much do I have left in the bank account after the bills were paid?

INT. CAR

Wayne shifts from third to fourth gear, then signals to turn left off of the main drag.

WAYNE

We have sixty two thousand left.

CONROY

Damn it.

WAYNE

The last of your sponsors said they'll pay out your year. After that, it's all on you.

EXT.WAYNE'S CAR - PEDESTRIAN POV

Wayne turns the car left.

INT. CAR

Conroy looks at his shoes for a moment, then at his brother.

CONROY

What am I going to do?

WAYNE

I don't know. Even after your leg heals, it won't be the same.

CONROY

Don't remind me. God you're just like dad. Always have to get that last detailed piece in to keep me pinned to the floor.

Wayne never rebukes the statement. In fact he rather relishes the idea that he can mirror his father in one sense.

WAYNE

Feel like some chicken?

CONROY

Huh? Yeah... Sure.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICKEN PALACE - DAY

Although it's early to have lunch, both sit outside and eat their CHICKEN as traffic starts to get heavier as the day lags on. Some cars and trucks display DECALS of various high tech companies, which peaks Conroy's curiosity.

CONROY

I wonder what's going on?

WAYNE

Beats me. I heard that there's a convention in town happening this weekend.

CONROY

What kind?

WAYNE

How the hell would I know?

CONROY

Pft. What, you don't read the paper or watch television anymore?

WAYNE

No. I got better things to do than waste my time rotting my brain.

A RIG passes by, which catches Conroy's eyes.

ON RIG'S HAULING BOX: 'EMBASSY ENTERPRISES' - "FOR THE FUTURE OF TOMORROW."

CONROY

I know that logo. It's one of the manufacturing companies that design concept cars. Or even engines.

WAYNE

Oh yeah? What kind?

CONROY

All kinds. Domestic, professional... Hell, they even help N.A.S.A on occasion.

WAYNE

(Holds no interest)

You don't say?

CONROY

Yup. I think I'll check it out on Saturday to see what's new on the line-up.

WAYNE

Knock yourself out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONROY
(Clearly agitated)
I will.

Both eat in silence.

A WIND BREEZES in to blow away some of their napkins.

WAYNE
Shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY BUS STOP - SATURDAY - AFTERNOON

SOUNDTRACK: RELAX (FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD)

Conroy steps off of the bus, and moves towards A CONVENTION CENTER along with thousands of other people who pay top dollar to see the show.

As he uses his cane with more control, he passes by CARS and TRUCKS that are parked and on display for onlookers to ogle at.

Smiling, he stops at one truck to see its motor all SHINY and SPARKLING. To the right of the engine block he READS a sign of its SPECS.

CONROY
(whistles)
Not bad.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the ESPLANADE.

He moves on to the convention's entrance through mobs of people.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENTION - AFTERNOON

Conroy walks in to see the convention center filled to the brim of wall to wall high tech everything a person can imagine. ENGINES, CARS, BRAKES, PARTS GALORE...

FLOOR WALKERS pass out FLYERS to those who do not have one.

Conroy walks over to one of the DISPLAY STALLS to glimpse of the NEW DESIGN fuel intake valve components.

He is in heaven, but feels slightly out of place not being able to drive any longer. As he broods in his sullen mood.

A FLOOR WALKER interrupts him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLOOR WALKER

Sir. I see you haven't got the latest brochure for Dynatech.

CONROY

(Mood continues)

Don't need it.

Conroy moves to another stall to see a table loaded with new GAUGES along with SENSORS that check air flow or fuel.

FLOOR WALKER

Are you sure about that? Well, what about Embassy who are showing off their latest engine design?

CONROY

Already read their last report. I also heard that they had trouble with the on-board computer that couldn't distinguish between diesel fuel and cooking oil.

FLOOR WALKER

That's all in the past.

IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AISLE...

Both stop walking, and face one another. Conroy can see that the walker is trying, but it doesn't help with the five o'clock shadow and white shirt with coffee stains, or scuffed shoes.

FLOOR WALKER (CONT.)

This is the future.

He hands Conroy a BROCHURE.

CONROY

(Flips through pages)

So, what's in their new line up?

FLOOR WALKER

How about - - No fuel.

Conroy flashes him an expression of confusion, then when he is about to ask the walker a question, he sees that the lonely looking man is off soliciting other patrons.

CONROY'S POV:

Conroy opens the first page to see a brand new engine that indeed does not need fuel for a combustive reaction. He then heads on down to see the new engine as he continues to read.

BLEND TO:

INT. CONVENTION FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Conroy walks slowly along the floor aisle as he flips to another page, but impressively GAUGES between other patrons by USING HIS SENSES when he suddenly BUMPS INTO and attractive woman...

WOMAN

Hey, watch where you're going - -
jerk.

Conroy looks up to see a pair of deep brown eyes staring at him with obvious annoyance.

SIDE VIEW OF BOTH: The shapely woman waits for a moment to hear an apology - at least. In her arms are FOLDERS tightly clamped to her bosom, for which Conroy has a clear view of.

Judging by her stare, he immediately knows this is a woman who does not back down from a challenge. Even if it is from a simple thing such as an accidental bump.

CONROY

What? Oh - sorry.

Then he moves on down the aisle as his eyes avert back to his brochure.

She surmises the move as drastic for his own good.

WOMAN

That's it? Sorry? You're not going to say something like, "Oh, excuse me madam. I didn't see where I was going because I was not paying attention while I was reading this brochure.

CONROY

No.

HOW DARE HE?

WOMAN

No? Holy shit - you're an asshole.

HE STOPS and turns around.

CONROY

(Clearly irritated)

Yeah so? You saw me walking with a cane. Why didn't you move to allow and invalid like me to pass you - huh?

Well, well... Seems someone has enough balls to actually challenge her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Well you're supposed to be a gentleman. But by the looks of you, you're just using your handicap as an excuse.

CONROY

(Snorts a chuckle)

Yeah right.

He is just about to move again, when...

WOMAN

I know who you are.

CONROY

You do?

WOMAN

Yeah. You're Conroy Andropholis. You took the Monte Carlo cup by a stroke of luck.

Now it's on.

CONROY

What?

WOMAN

You heard me. That little stunt you pulled on turn two jumping over the marker to give you a two car lead advantage almost fried your suspension.

His BROCHURE SHAKES in his grasp.

CONROY

Well it worked didn't it? Who the hell are you anyway?

She can see of how much her statement flustered Conroy, which makes her curl a smirk.

WOMAN

Name's Sherry. Sherry Gulliver.

CONROY

Like the story.

SHERRY

Yeah, like the story. Wow I didn't know you had that many brain cells to figure that out.

Conroy's fingers SCRUNCHES the BROCHURE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SHERRY (CONT.)

God I got to change my name.

CONROY

Why? I like it.

SHERRY

Well of course you would. That simpleton mind of yours doesn't take much to entertain it.

Conroy is beginning to like her. Never mind her holier than thou' attitude, but it is her eyes that he only notices that captivates him.

SHERRY

Something on my face?

CONROY

Huh? No. I just - just - like your eyes.

Finally... Some obvious truth to come out of his mouth as she ADJUSTS the FOLDERS in her arms.

SHERRY

So what part of the exhibit has caught your limited attention?

WOW she doesn't quit.

CONROY

I was thinking of hobbling over to see what Embassy is presenting.

SHERRY

Oh? I'm one of their spokespeople.

CONROY

No shit.

SHERRY

(Exasperated)

Yeah - yeah no shit. Come on, I'll walk you over. Need my arm?

CONROY

Piss off.

As she giggles at Conroy's expense, Sherry walks in front of him. His eyes avert to her very SHAPELY - - personality (REAR END) which wiggles side to side.

He nods his approval for such a personality.

CUT TO:

INT. EMBASSY BOOTH - CROWDS GATHER

Conroy arrives to see hundreds of folks standing in front of a LARGE STAGE which has DRAPES drawn closed. Sherry joins at his side when an ENVOY for Embassy steps up to the microphone.

HIGH PITCH FEEDBACK: ... THEN:

HOST

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen. Today marks a pivotal moment in our company's future. Ever since the fuel embargo within the European nation as well as Kuwait, our fuel prices has sky rocketed drastically.

MUMBLES of agreement from the crowd stirs the air.

HOST (CONT.)

... With newer models of domestic cars, and trucks as well as commercial vehicles that struggle at the pumps because of inflation costs... We at Embassy want to introduce to you, a new concept of engine. An engine that does not use ANY... Fossil fuels.

MUMBLES become more audible as Conroy watches the host move aside to present...

ON STAGE: The drapes unfurls. Everyone gasps to see a brand new ENGINE that has none of the classic designs or features that regular motors have.

IT IS RUNNING with no SOUND.

HOST (CONT.)

... Powered by a revolutionary propulsion drive that uses hundreds of Magnetic parts. Each work independantly but also in tandem to one another to deliver the necessary horse power for even the heaviest of trucks or commercial vehicles. This engine uses just ONE crank shaft and ONE piston that equals to one hundred and fifty horse power. More than enough for a family of five.

UP CLOSE ON CONROY AND SHERRY: MUMBLES turn to loud chatter. Conroy glances around to see people smiling, while some non-believers frown or look unhappy or unimpressed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOST (CONT.)

... With this engine, it needs no maintenance, no oil or spark plug. Plus it does not exude toxic chemicals or waste fluids, which could ignite prematurely - - such as the story about a company who will remain nameless that had to recall twenty million cars. Here, is the new future for our way of life. We call it - The N.U.- X1.

CLAPS start to fill the room. Then the CLAPS amplify until it turns into a bravado score as the HOST WAVES to the people while the curtain closes behind him, and he leaves the stage.

Conroy is very impressed. So much so, that he leaves Sherry alone holding her FOLDERS.

CUT TO:

INT. BACKSTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Conroy steps into a BACK AREA to see the ENGINE up close and personal. Since it is a new concept, he remains far enough back to only observe its fine futuristic lines, and polished sparkling features of high tech.

He smirks as he walks around it slowly as his CANE taps the wooden floor.

The HOST WALKS in to see him.

HOST

Who the hell are you?

Conroy turns around.

CONROY

Sorry. I was just - just - wow. This... This can really work. Does it work? Has it been tested yet?

HOST

Of course it has. How did you get in here? You don't even have a pass.

CONROY

I just walked through the back. Nobody was there.

The host in his own mind and judgement surmises, that the intruder is not that smart enough to begin with. So he chooses words meant for the mentally challenged.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOST

Shit. Look this is not your basic type of engine that has flashy lights, and little sirens. This is a precision engine that uses magnetic forces that...

CONROY

... Microbalances between the piston and the crankshaft so the compression ratio equals to one fifth of the dimension of its intake chassis. Right?

AMAZED, the HOST CLEARS his throat.

HOST

Yeah. Not bad. Who are you?

CONROY

Conroy Andropholis.

Conroy sticks his hand out for a handshake.

The HOST looks at Conroy's HAND then grabs and shakes firmly.

HOST

So uh, I take it you're an engine fanatic? A driver? Racer?

CONROY

Used to race. Had a - bad accident on my last tour.

HOST

Sorry to hear that. (Not really) But this project is only a small part of what we're really working on.

CONROY

Which is?

HOST

I can't tell you that. Look, if you want more information, you're going to have to go through the proper channels.

SHERRY ARRIVES: She moves approaches Conroy.

SHERRY

Everything okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOST

Fine. I was just trying to explain to our uninvited guest here about backstage passes.

SHERRY

Well I invited him. So - I'll take full responsibility.

HOST

Well you're the designer.

CONROY

She's what?

HOST

You didn't tell him?

CONROY

No she didn't tell me.

His eyes glance at Sherry who is all smiles.

SHERRY

Yeah I designed the engine.

CONROY

No shit.

HOST

I'll leave you two alone. I'm going for a piss.

SHERRY

Really didn't need to know that.

The HOST WAVES in a lazy way as he exits the stage.

Conroy examines the engine much more closely to scrutinize the parts. Sherry approaches with an indignant attitude.

SHERRY

So? Does this peak your interest?

CONROY

I have to say, it shows incredible promise.

SHERRY

Promise? It works.

CONROY

It's not that.

Conroy stands straighter to gaze at her with more seriousness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CONROY

Every corporation on the planet will want to know how this thing works. Although it may be the next step into getting rid of fossil fuels, but at the same time, you're putting a bull's-eye in the middle of your forehead.

SHERRY

Yeah, I know. Which is why I'm doing it.

CONROY

Fine. It's your head.

SHERRY

That's right. It is. My head not yours.

CONROY

So what does the new project have to do with this engine?

Sherry is taken aback from his question.

SHERRY

Project?

CONROY

Your boy there. He told me that this is just one step closer to a much larger project. I just wanted to know what he meant.

SHERRY

Oh that. It's too complicated for me to explain to someone with limited intelligence.

CONROY

(Looks confident)

Try me.

SHERRY

(Chuckles)

Yeah. You don't have the capacity to understand on what we're working on.

CONROY

Is that right? You know besides me being an ex-formula one racer, I do have a master's degree in both physics and mathematics. So - if my intelligence seems too unworthy for

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CONROY (cont'd)
 your holiness, then I'll just have
 to try and build my own engine.

Sherry COCKS her LEFT BROW.

SHERRY
 You? Build an engine? Now that I
 want to see.

CONROY
 You're on. I'll even make it better
 than this one.

Sherry starts to LAUGH as if Conroy just delivered a punch
 line while telling a joke.

Conroy exits the backstage leaving SHERRY laughing her ass
 off.

BLEND TO:

EXT. CONVENTION - AFTERNOON

Conroy steps out to the BRIGHT sunshine and heat. To his
 left is a PATRON PUKING UP his lunch along with lots of
 drunken beer.

To his right, are some BUMS begging for change.

Yet ahead of him is a HOTDOG VENDOR.

He walks over to buy himself one with everything on it.

As he does, Conroy smiles from ear to ear as he utters under
 his breath...

CONROY
 What a bitch. Great ass though.

He Hobbles on.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL HALL - AN HOUR LATER - DAY

SOUNDTRACK: WICKED GAME (Chris Isaak)

Conroy walks through the front doors, while the outside
 continues to collect more BUMS, DEALERS, and SCHITZOPHRENICS
 who mumble to themselves. A PIMP walks by the hall, then
 stops to gab with one of his GIRLS at the building's edge
 then his hand SLIPS INTO HER TOP for a quick feel.

INT. POOL HALL

Inside the pool hall, it is smoky, acrid with fumes from cigarettes and stale whiskey or beer. Conroy moves to the front counter and TAPS the surface.

The owner turns around.

A BIG (FORTIES) mean looking ex-biker who has a full beard, fat stomach and has more tattoos on his arms than a JAPANESE yakuza ring leader smiles at Conroy.

His name is JUNKPILE.

CONROY

Hey junk. Is Otis around?

JUNKPILE

He just got back about five minutes ago. He should be in the back.

CONROY

Thanks man.

JUNKPILE

No problem. Want a beer?

Conroy considers it, but also remembers what Wayne said about causing more problems to his leg.

CONROY

Nah. Thanks anyway.

JUNKPILE

My pleasure.

WALKS BETWEEN POOL TABLES:

Conroy proceeds down between the POOL TABLES. The room is DIM, as each table has overhead lights but leaves the rest of the hall in near darkness. Luckily because over on Conroy's right is a couple making out. At least, the guy's date is with her head BOBBING up and down in his lap.

CUT TO:

INT. POOL HALL - BACK ROOM

Conroy walks in to see PINBALL MACHINES lined up against the walls. In the middle of the floor are more pinball machines, but are torn apart while a man works on one of the arcade games with a SOLDERING IRON.

Otis Plant. (MID-TWENTIES) is a very well to do Black American who knows the art of fixing things or anything that has electricity coursing through it.

He stops soldering and looks up to see Conroy gazing in his direction when he asks...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTIS

So - what's the great and all powerful Conroy Andropholis doing in my domain? I thought you bit the dust on your last circuit.

CONROY

Almost is the word.

Otis wipes his hands with a CLOTH.

OTIS

Seems that word was really looking for you this time. I told you didn't I? That your talents would get you into trouble if you stuck to the old ways.

CONROY

I didn't come here to get lectured by you man. I get that from Wayne.

Otis walks over to a table and puts out his cigarette.

OTIS

At least he has his eyes open. Look - I'm sorry for what happened to you out there, but racing is not for you man.

Conroy feels slightly betrayed, by his trusted friend of ten years as a classmate, but knows there is some truth to his words.

CONROY

I like the thrills of taking risks. To see what it's like to be free like they are.

OTIS

Yeah but that's the thing. They aren't. They're wrapped up in a cocoon of fear every day of their lives. Sure it's wonderful to just go all out, and be one of the them, but Conroy - - they don't know anything else. You do pal.

Otis then grabs his COCA-COLA and takes a healthy sip.

CONROY

Which is why I'm here.

OTIS

(Belches)

For what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONROY

I want you to help me.

OTIS

With what? As you can see I have all the business I need here.

CONROY

For chump change? Otis, you're the most brilliant physicist I know on the planet. I could really use someone who has the knowledge and ability to see beyond what other people call normal.

Otis really wants to do it, but needs more to accept Conroy's sell.

OTIS

I did once. And I got canned for being too smart for my own good. Embassy was not my friend that day let me tell you.

Conroy tosses in a BONE.

CONROY

Yeah, well I met one from there.

OTIS

Who? When?

CONROY

Today at the convention.

OTIS

Name?

CONROY

Sherry Gulliver.

OTIS

Ahh... Sherry. They're lucky to have her. Brilliant mind.

CONROY

I know. I took a peek at her engine she designed.

OTIS

The one that uses magnetic propulsion? I saw some of her early schematics during my first year in. Really touchy stuff man.

CONROY

I know. I saw it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

A BEAT...

CONROY (CONT.)

I want to build my own.

Otis spits out some of his COLA and looks at Conroy with both interest and confusion.

OTIS

Are you serious?

CONROY

Yeah. She got hers to work.

Otis SPITS out more COLA on hearing the news.

OTIS

Are you kidding me?

CONROY

I spoke with one of her colleagues at the convention backstage.

OTIS

(With more vested interest)

... Well. what's it deliver?

CONROY

One hundred and fifty horse power under a fifth of internal ratio compression.

OTIS

(In awe)

Shit.

Conroy approaches Otis calmly as he uses his cane, which makes his friend notice right away. Feeling bad for Conroy he admits defeat.

CONROY

I want to build one. But to do that, I need the best mind I know -
- yours.

OTIS

Look, I just can't just drop everything here.

Conroy offers the clincher to the deal.

CONROY

Junk will understand.

OTIS

Yeah, cause he's stupid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CONROY

How many of these machines did you
get fixed?

Otis glances around his SHOP to see a WALL full of arcade
games ready to go.

OTIS

... About forty machines.

CONROY

So tell Junk you need a vacation.
I'll get the help you need to
deliver them all. Come on man, I
really need you.

Otis swallows dryly as he gazes into the eyes of his best
friend with slight apprehension. Then finishes the last of
his COLA.

OTIS

Okay... (Belches) I'm in.

CUT TO:

EXT. DELIVERY OF ARCADE GAMES - LOCAL ARCADE - DAY

SOUNDTRACK: LET'S DANCE (DAVID BOWIE)

Otis, and Conroy deliver with the help of a few EXTRA HANDS
to every known customer on Otis's list and drops them off
all wrapped up in clear plastic. A FORKLIFT comes out to
pick up their games and hauls them back inside.

CUT TO:

EXT. DELIVERIES - BACK DOOR - BAR - DAY

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES.

Conroy guides Otis as he stands on the delivery platform.
Conroy uses professional HAND SIGNALS, as they work together
in perfect unison when the TAILGATE just touches the loading
dock.

A bunch of BOUNCERS then unload the games.

CUT TO:

EXT. DELIVERIES - BACK DOOR - LAST LOAD - PUBLIC SWIMMING
POOL - DUSK

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES.

As Otis unloads the last of the arcade games, Conroy is
watching the shapely figures of BIKINI CLAD pool bunnies who
help pull in the pinball machine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

One girl even has to bend over a bit to push in the game in front of Conroy's ogling gaze.

Otis nods his head of disapproval for his friend's libido stuck in overdrive.

With the last game delivered...

EXT. PUBLIC POOL - FRONT - DUSK

Otis is paid by the facility manager then joins Conroy... then pays his helping hands.

They all leave happy for happy hour.

Otis climbs in the truck, and hands over some money to Conroy.

CONROY

Nope. I just came along to help you deliver them.

OTIS

Take it. I'd feel bad if you didn't.

CONROY

Thanks, but I still have enough saved up. Besides we'll need all the help we can get when we start our work.

OTIS

(Reluctant)

Okay man. Don't blame me when the world economy drops to zero, and you have no pot to piss in.

CONROY

I just hang it over the veranda anyway.

Otis starts the truck, then he pulls away from the curb.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ANDROPHOLIS HOME - NIGHT

As Otis pulls up to the house, they can see WAYNE outside drinking some beer while listening to the RADIO. The farm itself is a large acreage, with a WAREHOUSE and EQUIPMENT, but no harvest to tend to. Since their father's death, it's just been Conroy and his brother who has been able to keep the land from being repossessed by the bank.

Otis shuts off the engine, and both climb out of the truck.

EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Wayne is in a sullen mood as he watches both approaching the steps. He belches once...

WAYNE

Well if it isn't Otis Redding himself.

OTIS

Up yours honky.

Wayne laughs as he reaches out to shake Otis's hand. Otis grabs it and shakes firmly.

WAYNE

How the hell are you?

OTIS

Not bad man. Had your brother help me deliver some games today.

WAYNE

In exchange for what?

Conroy GLANCES to WAYNE that can cut steel because of his brother's subliminal tone of VOICE.

OTIS

Oh, we're gonna design a new engine.

SILENCE.

THEN...

WAYNE

A what?

CONROY

(Like a simplton)

An - En - gine. Can't you under-stand eng-lish?

WAYNE

Up yours you little shit. So - now you're going to try your hand at building engines huh? That's not what your education was for.

CONROY

Oh? Pray tell. What was my education learned for? A car plant? Digging ditches? Building another prison so inmates can rap all day in front of a television, which is protected by chicken wire?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTIS

Hey, at least they can get good material. That is if they can write.

Wayne grabs TWO BEERS from his COOLER and opens the twist top caps.

WAYNE

Want a beer?

OTIS

Sure. Thanks man.

Wayne tosses Otis a beer and then tosses one to Conroy.

CONROY

What about the I shouldn't drink beer crap?

WAYNE

One's not gonna kill you.

CONROY

Hm.

All three sit on the porch deck while they enjoy the CLEAR NIGHT SKY and BRIGHT STARS. Conroy opens his beer (FITZ!) Then drinks it slowly to enjoy its taste and bubbly action on his tongue.

WAYNE

So - what type of engine are you boys going to build?

CONROY

I was thinking about designing a new electromagnetic propulsion engine.

Both Otis and Wayne nearly choke on their beers.

WAYNE

A - what?

OTIS

That's not even funny man. We tried building one in my second year at Embassy, but the internal gears had started to vibrate at around ten thousand RPM'S. No matter how accurate we were, it always seemed to cause severe feedback.

CONROY

Which is why we'll build it from the ground up. Start from scratch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OTIS

Yeah but we'll need really durable parts. Too much aluminum.

CONROY

I know. But with cores of Titanium, it can stop the resonant feedback if the clearances are equal to two microns.

OTIS

... Maybe.

Wayne sits between them listening. He glances from Conroy to Otis as if his presence has just been nullified instantly as they speak in technical jargon. An ALIEN language for most who do not excel in high profile intelligence.

WAYNE

Well - if anyone can figure it out - you two can. I'm going to bed.

OTIS

Take it easy man.

CONROY

Night Wayne.

WAYNE

... Night.

Wayne enters the house VIA SQUEAKY SCREEN DOOR, and lets it slam behind him.

BEHIND CONROY AND OTIS: Both sit in silence. Just ahead past the rows of TREES and CORN STALKS is the CITY LIGHTS of TUCSON. A CHOPPER FLIES over the city with its SPOTLIGHT ON. SIRENS can be heard.

OTIS

Think we'll get the Nobel Peace Prize?

CONROY

Stranger things have happened.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDROPHOLIS HOME - WAREHOUSE - THE NEXT MORNING

SOUNDTRACK: 'MAJOR TOM' (PETER SCHILLING)

Both Otis and Conroy are working together drawing out plans on an architectural table. A LIGHT illuminates from UNDER THE SURFACE. PENS line the desk's edge along with expensive rulers, precision tools and a picture of Conroy's late father who stands beside A PRIZE WINNING BULL.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP - CONTINUOUS

SOUNDTRACK CONTNUES.

After the initial drawing, they begin to work on the parts as each uses a LATHE, to start cutting basic shapes from ROUND STEEL BLANKS.

FLIP TO:

ON A DRILL PRESS: Conroy drills perfect HOLES into a piece of PURE TITANIUM using a bit that costs more than plastic surgery.

AT ANOTHER MACHINE: Otis is using a PRESSURE CUTTER. It uses WATER to cut forms out of large chunks of metal using high pressure at forty thousand pounds per square inch.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP - HOURS LATER

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES.

They start to fit pieces into one another like a puzzle, then disassemble them again and place them neatly over NUMBERS for memory reference.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP - REASSEMBLY - THE NEXT MORNING

Conroy is treating PIECES OF METAL, then heat bonds MAGNETS to each part, which include very small parts not easily seen by the human eye.

ON OTIS: He is using a LASER CUTTER on a TITANIUM part to remove unwanted weight, which also includes forming its shape.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP - DISPLAY STAND - SKIP SHOTS

As each piece is made, they are fitted into one another. Each day that passes it takes on a new shape to being round, sleek in design and shows no imperfections on its gleaming surface.

UNTIL FINALLY: It is a completely round piece of hardware which to any discerning human, looks like a SOCCER SIZED - STEEL BALL.

But, what does it do?

BLEND TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP - AN HOUR LATER

Otis and Conroy sit at a work table ten feet away from their creation and gaze at its magnificent shiny surface that REFLECTS the OVERHEAD LIGHTS. Otis pulls out a cigarette and lights it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTIS

Well - phase one is done.

CONROY

Yeah. Now all we need are fifty thousand pieces of magnets.

OTIS

... And a really big ass generator. Where the hell are we going to find that many magnets?

CONROY

I have an idea.

Both look to one another as if to say, 'YOU FIRST'

CUT TO:

EXT. GRAVE YARD FOR PLANES OR JETS - DAY

SOUNDTRACK: NEW SENSATION (INXS)

HOVER FIFTY FEET ABOVE GRAVE YARD

Otis and Conroy sift through hundreds of old air crafts that sit and rust away. What they need are the one way magnets for their project.

HOVER LEVEL descends TO THE GROUND: As Otis appears from an old FOUR PROP PLANE with a handful of MAGNETS.

Smiling he cranes his head up as CONROY WHISTLES at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. FROM A WINDOW OF COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Conroy sticks his head out the window of a B-52 bomber, and shows Otis holding up a NUDE PHOTO of TWO GIRLS lying on top of each other - The much revered, (69).

As Conroy holds his thumb up, Otis gazes up blankly, then shakes his head side to side in disbelief.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK BOX - MAGNETS - DAY

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES.

Each day, they haul more and more magnets until they have acquired enough to fill the entire warehouse floor with fifty thousand magnets like stacked dominos.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE FLOOR - CRAFT BODY SHELL - DAY

Otis and Conroy work diligently to ALIGN each piece of magnet in ROWS inside the craft's shell that looks like the inside of a fish before it's filleted.

UP CLOSE ON MAGNETS: Each are painted with a dull grey color, but are also in different LENGTHS. Shortest in the middle to the longest, which are arranged at the farthest points.

HOVER OVER MAGNETS: Shows the shape which is round and twenty feet in diameter.

Within the circular shape are the magnets that SPIRAL CLOCKWISE.

WITH THE LAST MAGNET PLACED by CONROY...

SOUNDTRACK ENDS.

BLEND TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP - AFTERNOON

Conroy and Otis call it a day as the last piece of magnet is fitted. They stare at the maze like quality of their invention as Conroy wipes his face with a rag.

OTIS

Shit... Never thought we'd get it all done.

CONROY

Neither did I. Christ that's hot work.

OTIS

So now we just have to figure out the dynamics of how to apply enough current for the core to power up with enough stable energy.

CONROY

Won't be a problem. Once we secure them into their mooring cradles, the electricity does the work for us.

OTIS

We'll have to start off with two mega joules. Then increase the charge when there's enough ramped up juice in order for this thing to lift off the ground.

CONROY

Yeah I know. Man I'm beat - and hungry. Let's go back to the house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTIS
Right behind ya man.

They leave the shop after turning off the lights and locking the door behind them.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDROPHOLIS HOME - KITCHEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Otis rests his head on the kitchen table's surface while Conroy is cooking SMOKIES in a skillet. A cigarette burns in an ashtray as some background music is playing.

SOUNDTRACK: 'OH SHERRY' (STEVE PERRY)

Once the SMOKIES are nicely charred all over, Conroy walks to the table and places four each on their plates.

OTIS
Yes. Been waiting for this. Mm - Mm
- Mm.

CONROY
Dad used to make these for us on the weekends. I can't get enough of them.

OTIS
Me neither. My uncle used to fry up some greens with a crap load of Bratwurst. Though he leaned more towards Kilbasa for some reason.

While they eat, the KITCHEN has a nice warm glow as the sunlight creeps through some drapes beside their table. Conroy drinks his beer and starts to WOLF down his smoky one at a time.

OTIS
Think we'll balance out the wave lengths once we amplify the base?

CONROY
(Full mouth)
Yeah. All it needs is enough frequency bursts to make the housing lighter. What the real problem is, is the weight distribution to keeping it level, which will be tricky.

OTIS
Tell me about it. I've been tryin' to figure out the ratio for forward momentum (Without) the loss of power.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eating in silence but even as the music plays over the radio, Conroy can hear A CAR APPROACHING up the drive way.

Otis looks through the drapes to see...

EXT. ANDROPHOLIS HOME - DAY

A SMALL HONDA COUPE pulls up to the warehouse.

BACK TO:

INT. ANDROPHOLIS HOME - KITCHEN

Conroy holds his fork with a chunk of smokie.

CONROY

Well?

OTIS

Does your brother own a honda?

CONROY

No.

OTIS

Then I don't know who it is.

Both get up from the table, and rush out of the house.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANDROPHOLIS HOME - DAY

Conroy as he limps without his cane, spots the coupe with someone SITTING inside it. He can't place who it is but also because the car is parked in a LARGE SHADOW provided by their massive oak tree.

SUDDENLY: The driver door opens and Conroy sees a pair of shapely LEGS swing out.

He knows.

CONROY

Jesus. What the hell are doing here?

Sherry stands up and closes her car door.

SHERRY

I thought I'd drop by and see how you were.

Otis wipes his mouth of any food remnants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONROY

I figured you'd be long gone with Embassy.

SHERRY

Yeah. I was. But I took some vacation time and decided to come down and see for myself of what it is you're working on. That is, if you are telling the truth.

Conroy plays with Sherry as he and Otis approach when she LEANS against her car.

CONROY

Sorry... You need to make an appointment with my secretary first.

BOTH STOP FIVE FEET AWAY FROM HER.

SHERRY

Otis. Good to see you again. How's the arcade business?

OTIS

Not bad. At least I don't have to listen to old wind bags who think they know what the hell they're talking about.

SHERRY

So you and Conroy, conspiring together. Say it isn't so.

OTIS

What the hell do you want Gulliver?

SHERRY

I want to see what you two are working on.

CONROY

Why? Your engine works, so you don't need to see our invention.

RIGHT SIDEVIEW OF ALL:

SHERRY

Oh... But I do. I need to see it up close in order to bolster my claim that my creation is the most efficient domestic motor on the market.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONROY

So - - this is what? Some kind of contest?

SHERRY

Possibly. Are you afraid?

POV BEHIND AND ABOVE SHERRY'S (RIGHT) SHOULDER.

CONROY

(Smirks)

Not really no.

SHERRY

Then there's no problem in showing me right?

SHERRY'S POV.

Otis and Conroy glance at each other, then nod yes in unison.

CONROY

Well - - I suppose a brief glance won't hurt. It's not finished anyway.

BEHIND ALL OF THEM WALKING TO THE WAREHOUSE.

ON LOCKED DOOR.

Conroy walks to the WAREHOUSE DOOR, then unlocks it and GESTURES Sherry in first like a butler would.

CONROY

Overlords first.

SHERRY

Why thank you slave.

Otis chuckles as he enters last.

HE CLOSES DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - ENGINE CORE - SHOP

Sherry stands in front of a COMPLEX piece of machinery, which takes her breath away. MAZES of MAGNETS are firmly mounted to the CRAFT'S HOUSING, which is made up of TITANIUM and light weight ALUMINUM. The ROUND shape give its appearance a kind of UFO appeal to its shape as she walks around the perimeter.

Otis and Conroy look at each other with smug expressions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRY

Jesus - - I've - I've never seen anything like this. What's it made of?

CONROY

The inner core consists of thirty thousand magnets, which align by their polarity. The outside is the opposite, the larger the magnets get. The housing, is made up of both light weight aluminum and titanium braces, which can eliminate all of the vibrations within its matrix.

SHERRY

What's the power source?

CONROY

Ah, that I have to keep a secret. I can show you what it is, but I can't divulge of what's inside.

Conroy gently grasps her right arm, and leads Sherry over to a table where Otis is leaning against.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP - POWER CORE

Sherry stands in front of a covered object. Otis whisks off the CLOTH to reveal their power core. It is A SHINY, gleaming and perfectly ROUND core that reflects her image.

SHERRY

Oh my god.

CONROY

A fully self contained resonator, which works with the housing that you just saw.

SHERRY

What's its output?

CONROY

I can't tell you that. Not until we do the unveiling once it's fully assembled.

UP CLOSE ON SHERRY - SIDEVIEW..

Sherry TOUCHES the metal surface to feel how velvety smooth it is. Her FINGERS caresses it like a masseuse.

ON CONROY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Conroy lifts an EYEBROW to see that her touch holds grace, which of course activates another fantasy in his head.

BACK ON SHERRY.

SHERRY

You expect to fly it?

CONROY

We hope.

OTIS

Yeah, but - for now all we need to do is acquire a power source to charge the damn thing.

CONROY

... And that is our obstacle.

SHERRY

(Excited)

I can help with that.

Uh-oh. Conroy knows what Sherry is definitely thinking. He then grabs the CLOTH and COVERS the device from her thirsty gaze.

VIEW FROM CRAFT AS ALL THREE TALK.

CONROY

Forget it. We'll do it on our own. We've been successful thus far, why jinx it?

SHERRY

Oh come on! This is a chance of a lifetime. I've never come close to this kind of technology, and when I did, I ended up creating more of a mess of it. When I lost my funding, I had to make up for the loss with my new engine. But this - - this is - - beyond my expectations.

CONROY

So?

SHERRY

I'll quit my job.

CONROY

Forget it.

Conroy walks away from her and moves more freely to the MAGNET HOUSING.

BEHIND SHERRY FROM TABLE:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Otis joins him as Sherry follows like a desperate school girl during recess.

SHERRY

Please... I really want to see this work. If you have a stable core, and it can be used to amplify the magnetic burst - - to give your craft lift then I may be able to design a burst tuner.

As he checks the craft, Conroy is still unsure of her intentions. She sounds authentic, but is she? Otis doesn't buy it, at least not yet.

CONROY

Do you have monitoring nodes so we can keep track of any Coulombe seepage?

SHERRY

More than you'll ever need.

Conroy studies her face to see if there are any misleading expressions. He relents - - But... For safety reasons...

CONROY

Alright. Probationary only.

SHERRY

YES!

CONROY

I still don't trust Embassy as far as I can throw them.

SHERRY

Deal. (Sticks out hand.)

CONROY DOESN'T GRAB HER HAND, INSTEAD...

OTIS

(Takes her hand)
Welcome to the team.

ON HANDS: They shake firmly.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERRY'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY

SOUNDTRACK: VENUS (BANANARAMA)

Sherry is in her office collecting all of her original work, plus extra DESIGNS that other team members created but were later fired for. A FEW TECHS from other offices glance her way and wonder why she is packing up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She TOSSES TRASH into a BASKET, which matches the DRUM BEATS of the SOUNDTRACK.

INT. NEXT ROOM

IN THE NEXT ROOM... Sherry enters and collects more DESIGNS and BLUEPRINTS when her boss comes storming in.

BOSS

What the hell is going on here?!

FROM A DESK - SIDEVIEW

SHERRY

Oh hey Harry. I'm just gathering up my stuff.

HARRY

Why may I ask?

SHERRY

Oh, didn't you get the note? I quit.

Sherry TOSSES more PAPERS into a waste basket, then GRABS extra BLUEPRINTS from strung up CLIPS.

BEHIND HARRY OVER HIS RIGHT SHOULDER

HARRY

You can't quit, you're under contract.

SHERRY

That was for project Osiris. When that was shelved you had me build the engine, which was off the books. So - - you don't have shit to keep me here.

Sherry storms out of the office area passing him, but her boss keeps pace as he SHOUTS profanities behind her back.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERRY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

With some difficulty, she carries all of her NOTES, BOOKS and PAPERS as TECHS peek out from doorways to see what is going on only to see her leave VIA the FRONT EXIT DOORS...

ON HARRY FROM A SHORT DISTANCE: He waves his fist in the air in the hallway.

HARRY

You'll never work in this fucking town again. Mark my words!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRY

Up yours Harry.

HARRY

Up yours too, you fucking bitch!

She smiles as she EXITS the building with a KICK of her right foot against the glass door.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMBASSY CORPORATION - CONTINUOUS

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES:

IN FRONT OF SHERRY...

As she walks out, Harry shows up at the entrance to see her half walking and running to her car, and then WAVES his MIDDLE FINGER UP at Sherry who for the moment does not see it.

EXT. SHERRY'S CAR

Sherry OPENS her car door, then tosses everything inside. Her excitement shows as she climbs in and rolls down her window, then she glances to the front doors to see Harry flip her the bird.

FROM HER OPEN WINDOW:

Again, she gleams a smile then WAVES like QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Sherry starts her car, then reverses out of her stall with added acceleration.

Once ready -- she puts it into first, and then PEELS AWAY.

LATER ON:

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Sherry arrives just in time to see a LARGE RIG pulling in reverse to the warehouse with a covered item on its FLATBED. Conroy guides the driver back using hand signals.

ON OTIS:

Otis walks out of the warehouse to see Sherry who is having trouble of her own assembling papers and other designs.

OTIS

Shit, don't you have a briefcase?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRY

No time. I wanted to be in and out as fast as I could.

OTIS

Did Harry try to use his contract bull shit again?

SHERRY

Oh yeah... But I set him straight. Called me a fucking bitch, but I was too happy to care.

OTIS

Must be his wife's cooking.

SHERRY

She left him last year. Took the kids and ran off with his lawyer.

OTIS

(Laughs)

Ha, ha. No shit.

SHERRY

So - our power source is okay?

BEHIND THEIR BACKS: Both look at the RIG.

OTIS

Yeah. Nothing out of the ordinary. I checked all of the cables, fuses, fluids and batteries. Hopefully, this - generator is enough to power up the core and housing.

SHERRY

I hope so too.

ON CONROY: Conroy notices Sherry and Otis standing close to her car as HER PAPERS continue to drop on the ground.

The RIG'S FLATBED touches the WAREHOUSE PLATFORM with a slight thud.

A HISS OF THE AIR BRAKES and Conroy signals for the driver to shut off his engine.

BLEND TO:

EXT. POWER GENERATOR - AFTERNOON - LATER ON

The rig driver leaves without his flatbed honking his HORN once down the dusty driveway. Sherry and Otis are at the GENERATOR and UNCOVER it by pulling a TARP to reveal a new SHINY and freshly PAINTED YELLOW ENGINE CHASSIS. It's size is equal to a DUMP TRUCK and runs on diesel fuel. But a nice

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

feature to its function that Conroy likes, is the FUSE BREAKER PANEL to withstand incredible AMPS and VOLTS plus the most needed... WATTS.

AT GENERATOR:

Conroy smirks to see both Otis and Sherry laughing as they fold the TARP up.

CONROY
So, how's it look?

SHERRY
Great. It's got a full tank, and all of the initials have been checked out.

CONROY
Great. Let's power it up then.

Otis walks alongside the engine and stops at a MAIN CONTROL PANEL and opens a door. He sees a KEY inserted into a slot.

SHERRY
Fuel valves open.

OTIS
Here goes nothing.

ON OTIS'S HAND: He turns THE KEY.

EXT. GENERATOR - BIRD'S EYE VIEW - CONTINUOUS

Hovering above the ENGINE it ROARS to life with a deep belch. The GUTTURAL noise indicates that its internal combustion system has kicked in nicely.

SIDE VIEW OF GENERATOR: The exhaust stack cap WIGGLES up and down to allow some of the BLACK SMOKE to escape, when Otis turns up the acceleration using a NEARBY LEVER.

ON GENERATOR: Conroy notices too that the SPINDLE YOLK is rotating properly.

SHERRY COVERS HER EARS.

CONROY
Cut it!

Otis shuts off the generator.

OTIS
Just like is was rolled off the assembly line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRY

It's been in my family for years.
Dad hardly used it so he let me
have it as a hobby project.

OTIS

Lucky. I'd love to have one of
these to power my house.

SHERRY

Not too practical. Fuel would break
your piggy bank.

OTIS

Yeah that's true.

CONROY

Come on. Let's get in and start
fitting the body.

Conroy holds open the door to their lab as Otis and Sherry
enter inside first. He closes the door behind him.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harry sits behind his desk. Sherry's ex-boss Harry Felch is
on the PHONE with some of his more - - unseen partners.
Harry's forehead beads SWEAT as he tries to explain the
situation and LOOSENS his tie to breathe.

FRONT VIEW OF HARRY.

HARRY

... Look, she just up and left. No
warning, no message - nothing. Plus
she has all of her notes, designs,
and blueprints to some of our more
sensitive projects.

OVER THE PHONE: A DEEP VOICE.

VOICE (V.O.)

I want the plans to that engine. I
don't care how you get them, just
do it or it's your ass on the line.
What about some of her coworkers?
Ask them... Just get me those god
damn plans as soon as possible. Our
investors do not want any of it
leaked to the public or it's going
to cost us billions in the first
month alone... Just remember that.

HARRY

Yeah I got it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EAR SPEAKER: CLICK!

Harry sits there and stares at the far wall BLANKLY with the receiver in his RIGHT HAND and in his other, HOLDS a DOUBLE SCOTCH, which is still untouched.

LEFT SIDEVIEW OF HARRY.

He looks at his drink, then - - THROWS IT across the room only to break on the far wall.

He then quickly DIALS another number.

RINGS TWICE: Then...

HARRY

It's me.

OVER PHONE:

VOICE (V.O.)

Target?

UP CLOSE ON HARRY, SIDEVIEW.

HARRY

Sherry Gulliver. As soon as possible.

VOICE (V.O.)

Rate is unchanged. Four million.

HARRY

Agreed.

CLICK!

Harry hangs up, and places his hands over his face and rubs up and down slowly.

FRONT VIEW OF HARRY'S HANDS.

He peeks through his FINGERS to see the...

ON FAR WALL: The STAIN.

FADE TO:

INT. ANDROPHOLIS HOME - DINNER TIME - NIGHT

SOUNDTRACK: EVERYBODY WANTS TO RULE THE WORLD. (TEARS FOR FEARS)

All are sitting at the table eating SHEPPARD'S PIE when Wayne moves to the fridge to grab a beer. It's quiet, albeit for the CHIRPING CRICKETS and the odd MOO of a cow from the nearby stables. Conroy gets up after eating and puts his

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

plate into the SINK.

The atmosphere is not comfortable as Wayne sits back down and TWISTS off the bottle cap. The quiet aside from the RADIO is deafening until...

WAYNE

(Props hand under chin)

So - how's the engine coming along?

Conroy sits down at the table again.

CONROY

Almost done. We need to assemble everything before we can power it up.

WAYNE

So once it does power up, what's it do?

CONROY

We - hope, it can fly.

Wayne straightens up.

OFFSET VIEW BEHIND CONROY:

WAYNE

Fly? What the hell did you build? A plane?

CONROY

You'd have to see it.

WAYNE

I don't think I want to. I can't believe you wasted your time building something that might fly.

FROM OTIS'S POV ACROSS FROM CONROY.

CONROY

Why? Because it doesn't have a radiator? Or a carbureator? Something which fuel flows into poisoning our atmosphere, and environment?

CONROY'S POV OF OTIS AND SHERRY SITTING TOGETHER.

Suddenly the air is DENSER. Too thick to cut with a knife. Otis and Sherry listen as their eyes DART to WAYNE and CONROY as the argument progresses.

ON WAYNE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WAYNE

Look - - I just think you might be over your head with this.

CONROY

Yeah you would. Man, you really think we're meant to be riding around in muscle cars all day long just because it looks cool.

WAYNE

So? What's wrong with that? It's my god given right you little shit.

CONROY

Just like a...

WAYNE

Like a what? A simple minded illiterate who only cares about cars?

POV FROM LEFT SIDE OF WAYNE'S HEAD.

CONROY

When you put it that way - yeah.

Soon the ATMOSPHERE SHIFTS from bad to worse.

Otis is unphased by their little TIFF but realizes that both boys are soon going to get physical.

FRONT VIEW OF WAYNE as HEAD of the TABLE.

WAYNE

Uh-huh. So what about you? You were off flying around in your formula one racer having the time of your life all over the world. Then you fucked it up by pulling that stunt, not bothering to take Al's advice.

CONROY

This isn't about me.

FROM A SHORT DISTANCE FROM TABLE.

Otis and Sherry slowly get out of their seats and BACK AWAY.

WAYNE

Isn't it? Since we're on the same subject, mind telling me why there's a diesel generaor parked on our property?

With a MEEK grin: Sherry interjects...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SHERRY

That's my generator.

ON WAYNE.

WAYNE

... And there she is. Other than knowing your name, you seem rather quiet. So let's add to the group discussion shall we?

On CONROY: He is getting very ANTSY as he tries to cope with his brother's momentary lapse of judgement in front of company.

CONROY

Don't - - even go there.

Both RISE out of their seats.

WAYNE

Don't tell me what to do in our house. This whole - engine bit has gone on too long. It's a god damn fantasy to think you can make something that will fly without props or wings.

CONROY

There you go again. Always assuming it can't be done.

ON WAYNE: He SLAMS his hand on the table startling both Otis and Sherry, but it does not phase Conroy in the least.

SOUNDTRACK BEGINS IN TIME WITH WAYNE'S HAND: BLACK BETTY (RAM JAM)

WAYNE

It can't. It's feasibly impossible without lift either wings, wind or a turbine! And you can stop with the thousand yard stare or I'll...

CONROY

You'll what? Knock me out like dad with me?

ON WAYNE'S RIGHT FIST: He clenches ready to pound some sense into his brother. When Sherry interrupts...

SHERRY

Who wants some pie?

OTIS

I do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Suddenly Wayne no longer holds back and he LUNGES for CONROY as Otis and Sherry just stand by as both boys duke it out in the kitchen.

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES....

As the music plays, Conroy and Wayne exchange PUNCHES while they RUMBLE around the kitchen area. PLATES are knocked off the table and smash to bits.

POV FROM BEHIND WAYNE.

A few CUPBOARD DOORS are crunched in as they grasp shirts trying to fend each other off.

Some PICTURES fall to the floor.

SIDEVIEW OF BOTH SMASHING INTO TELEPHONE.

The PHONE is TORN off the wall as Wayne body slams Conroy at the waist.

PUNCH: Wayne's fist connects with Conroy's right CHEEK, but hardly phases him but conroy delivers one back just as hard if not harder, which almost knocks Wayne over.

FRONT VIEW OF BOTH WHILE CONROY AND WAYNE RUMBLES ABOUT.

Both Sherry and Otis simply eat their PIE SLICES as they observe from the sink.

OTIS (CONT.)

I didn't think this would go the distance.

SHERRY

Are they always like this?

OTIS

Nah. Wayne never loses his cool unless there is something important to say.

SHERRY

So this is just - - a family matter.

OTIS

(Mouthful of pie)

Yeah, more like - - my room is bigger than yours. Or my tape collection is cooler.

ON WAYNE: He pushes Conroy into the FRIDGE, which topples side to side, then is met with CONROY'S RIGHT FIST to the face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Punches are being thrown like it was candy, until tell tale signs of weakness start to show in both of them.

BLOOD, OPEN CUTS, ABRASIONS... Are the staple of a normal household between two brothers who can't seem to get a grip on the big picture.

SIDE VIEW: They face one another as they exhchange BLOW after BLOW but also complain at the same time...

WAYNE

You little shit... (Punch) I'm only trying to look out (Punch) for you, and all you do is piss all over me.

CONROY

What about (Punch) you? Always thinking it's for my own good. (Punch) You lousy bastard! (Punch)

WAYNE

Up yours. (Punch)

OFFSET VIEW BEHIND CONROY.

Wayne and Conroy now start to SWAY as if drunk. Otis knows it's time to put an end to the festivities as he places his plate in the sink.

Then intervenes...

OTIS

Okay, okay boys. Time out - time...

Otis works between them he suddenly feels a (PUNCH) to his left cheek from Conroy.

ON SHERRY.

At first, Sherry is surprised and wonders if Otis will return the favor.

BACK TO:

When Otis recovers, Conroy suddenly realizes that the fight has gone on long enough.

WAYNE

(Winces)

Shit.

CONROY

(Feels bad and remorse)

Oh crap. I'm sorry Otis. I didn't mean to...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

OTIS

No big deal. It's just a punch... I took the risk of walking into a family squabble where two numbnuts decided it was open season on the other.

WAYNE

(Blood drips from lip)

Sorry Otis. For Christ sake. What the hell are we doing?

Otis NURSES his sore CHEEK.

OTIS

Having a family discussion by the looks of it.

CONROY

I just know, that our project will work Wayne. Whether you believe it or not. It will work.

Wayne simply gazes at his stubborn and BLOOD SOAKED little brother, then shakes his head in utter amazement while he WIPES some BLOOD DROPS from his lower lip.

He then grabs a beer from the fridge and opens it only to get SPRAYED by the FIZZY bubbles after being shaken by their match.

Sherry laughs.

WAYNE

Shit... (Laughs too)

Otis begins to pick up the bits of smashes plate pieces from the floor as Sherry wets a cloth under hot water, then hands it over to both of the JUVENILES.

SHERRY

Here.

CONROY

Thanks.

SHERRY

Unbelievable you two.

Both POINT at each other.

CONROY-WAYNE

It was his fault.

OTIS

Yep. Everything's back to normal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP - WAYNE'S DAYS OFF - DAY

SOUNDTRACK: YOU GOT ANOTHER THING COMING (JUDAS PRIEST)

ON CONROY AT CRAFT SHELL.

Conroy is measuring the SPACES between each MAGNET as Otis realigns them using a MICROMETER.

AT A WORK BENCH: Sherry is using a SOLDERING IRON under a large MAGNIFYING GLASS as she connects sensitive DIODES, or CAPACITORS to its LOGIC BOARD in order to finish her TUNING DEVICE.

BACK AT CRAFT: At the base of their experiment, WAYNE is underneath it as he WELDS the SECTIONS together so perfect, that it resembles an assembly ROBOT'S TALENTS.

BLEND TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP - CRAFT - CONTINUOUS

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES.

Once every MAGNET is placed, aligned and set, Wayne then starts to place 1/4 pie shaped panels ON TOP of the CRAFT'S FLOOR BASE and WELDS each one into place to make the floor around Conroy's POWER CORE.

ON SHERRY: She switches on her TUNER and adjusts for PITCH, TONE, and DENSITY as well as other needed wave lengths to balance the ELECTROMAGNETIC FIELD.

LATER ON:

ON WAYNE: After his welding is done, he uses a high speed GRINDING WHEEL to buff off the SEAMS and get rid of excess welded bits. SPARKS FLY EVERYWHERE.

HOURS LATER:

After some BUFFING and light polishing: THE FINAL PRODUCT.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CRAFT IS DONE - AFTERNOON

All four stand in front of the TWENTY FOOT diameter vehicle as Conroy oversees the specific details to both the WELDED seams and sections along with other possible imperfections.

AMAZED by the results...

CONROY

Shit Wayne, how the hell did you manage to cap a full seam like that? I can't even see the edges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAYNE

When you got it, you got it man.

ON CONROY:

Conroy is so impressed, he smiles gazing upon the SHINY SMOOTH surface of the CRAFT'S FLOOR. From anybody else's perspective, it looks factory made. Wayne is a real artist.

CONROY

(Whispers)

Wow... Wow.

JUST BEHIND HIM ARE SHERRY, OTIS and WAYNE STANDING TOGETHER.

SHERRY

I think he's impressed.

CUT TO:

INT. POOL HALL - AFTERNOON

A man who wears black clothing walks up to the front counter to see JUNKPILE counting out receipts and CASH. The man's face is not seen entirely when he asks Junkpile and holds up a PICTURE of SHERRY.

HIS ALIAS: Is simply, 'THE UMPIRE'

UMPIRE

Excuse me... But have you seen this woman?

Junkpile stops of what he's doing, then looks at the PHOTO with his glasses on the bridge of his nose, then NODS no silently.

UMPIRE (CONT.)

It's very important that I find her.

JUNKPILE

Sorry pal. Don't know the woman. As you can see, this place is a pool hall. I don't think a refined lady like her would ever step foot into this shit hole.

SIDEVIEW OF BOTH:

Just then... The stranger REACHES over the counter and PULLS Junkpile by his SHAGGY BEARD closer to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UMPIRE

I don't care if she comes in here or not. I want to know, if you've ever seen her, since this shit town is small and - - tight knit. If you catch my drift.

ON JUNKPILE:

As Junkpile tries to regain his balance, he reaches for the gripping hand holding his beard.

JUNKPILE

(Struggles)

Come on man! I've told you. I've never seen her before.

ON BEARD: The UMPIRE'S GRIP gets tighter and pulls out a few hairs along the way.

UMPIRE

Who has?

Junkpile tries to think quickly through the INTENSE pain of having his beard nearly ripped out...

JUNKPILE

Conroy. I think I've seen her with Conroy.

UMPIRE

Where can I find this... Conroy?

ON BEARD: Just as more hairs RIP LOOSE.

JUNKPILE

Ah! Out past - - Cornish Grove. He - Ah! Has a farm out there.

With a LAST TUG, the umpire pushes Junkpile back and his body slams into the shelves which hold all of the POOL BALLS for customers, which fall to the floor.

FROM BEHIND AND ABOVE RIGHT SHOULDER: The umpire raises his fist, which still holds the BEARD HAIRS and drops them on the counter.

As Junkpile nurses his CHEEK and CHIN the umpire leaves the establishment.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDROPHOLIS HOME - LUNCH

As they eat their lunch, the PHONE RINGS... Conroy walks over with a bit more freedom and answers...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONROY

Yello.

OVER THE PHONE: He can hear Junkpile's quivering voice.

JUNKPILE (V.O.)

Hey, you might be getting some company soon.

CONROY

What do you mean?

JUNKPILE (V.O.)

Some asshole just muscled me in my hall and wanted to know where he can find a woman you're with.

On Conroy as he GLANCES to SHERRY.

CONROY

Sherry?

JUNKPILE (V.O.)

He didn't give a name. Just wanted to know where she is. I'm just giving you a heads up. This guy is not fucking around.

CONROY

(Very concerned)

Yeah. Okay man, thanks.

CLICK!

WAYNE

What was that about?

CONROY

Sherry, when you left Embassy, what did you take with you?

BEHIND CONROY AS HE SITS BACK DOWN.

FLIP BETWEEN CHARACTERS:

SHERRY

Just my stuff, and a few other things.

CONROY

What other things?

SHERRY

Just - - a few project designs that were no longer commissioned and passed over. Why?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONROY

A friend of mine had his ass handed to him from someone who is looking for you.

SHERRY

What?

CONROY

Think. What about your engine design. Was it endorsed by your sponsors?

SHERRY

No, it was off the books.

OTIS

What about the blueprints?

SHERRY

Those are mine. I didn't let anyone see them or touch them.

WAYNE

What is going on?

CONROY

Someone is after Sherry. Possibly to get her work and plans, which concerns her engine design.

SHERRY

Screw them. I'm the one who had all of the Patents and Copyright protection up the Ying Yang placed on them. If Harry wanted them so badly, then he has to come up with a decent price to buy me out.

CONROY

Well whoever is looking for you won't see it that way.

OTIS

Seems the investors don't want your engine to go public. They'll do anything to prevent that from happening.

CONROY

Come on, that's crazy. You really think they'd kill her over an engine?

FROM SHERRY'S POV.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

OTIS

An engine that doesn't use fuel, or electricity to power it? Think about that. How many companies do we have in this country that deals with fossil fuels daily? Not to mention their overseas conglomerates. They would lose billions in the first week alone. They wanted Sherry to build one, so that they could bury it along with her so it never sees the light of day.

Otis eats more of his lunch while Sherry loses her appetite and PUSHES her plate away.

SHERRY

That god damn bastard.

Wayne does not know what is going on, but is so willing to offer his opinion on the matter...

WAYNE

You know what I think?

CONROY

What?

WAYNE

I think we should go pay him a visit.

CONROY

... And get ourselves killed in the process?

WAYNE

(Devilish Smirk)

Ah Conroy, Ye of little faith.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. EMBASSY - THE NEXT DAY - AFTERNOON

Wayne and Sherry sit in his BEAST across the street from her ex-workplace. Both watch as WORKERS walk in or out of the building.

SOUNDTRACK: LET'S GO (WANG CHUNG)

INT. CAR

Sherry has the look of - How can I KILL my boss and get away with it as Wayne breaks the SILENCE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAYNE

So - how long have you known my brother?

FLIP FROM SHERRY TO WAYNE.

SHERRY

What?

WAYNE

How long?

SHERRY

Not long. We met at the convention, but I knew who he was long before we spoke.

WAYNE

His racing career?

SHERRY

Yeah - so?

WAYNE

Nothing. I just think it's a little too convenient that you show up suddenly after quitting your job to work on his project with him.

Sherry gets irritated with Wayne's notion of butting into Conroy's life but rebukes...

SHERRY

Hey, get this straight - I don't take credit for someone else's work. We just happen to read and study the same things. Otis and I were also working on a project almost identical to Conroy's. This is all a joint venture.

WAYNE

Fair enough.

SHERRY

I'm not a whore.

After demonstrating to Wayne that she is on the up and up resumes to watch the Embassy building in his calm and stoic manner.

Sherry eyeballes him for a moment then GLANCES BACK to see...

CUT TO:

EXT, EMBASSY - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

... Harry Felch as he walks out the front door, and descends the stairs to the parking stalls.

BACK TO:

INT. CAR

Sherry leans over to Wayne and POINTS a SHAKY FINGER in her boss's direction.

SHERRY

There. That's the lousy cocksucker.

Wayne turns his head to see the overly dressed man strolling to his car as he takes his KEYS out from his back pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRY'S CAR

He fumbles with his KEYS, and then UNLOCKS the door and climbs in. He starts it, and reverses out from his stall, then proceeds to go home.

BACK TO:

INT. WAYNE'S CAR - FOLLOW THE LEADER - CONTINUOUS

Wayne starts his beast and pulls away from the curb to follow Harry's car, but at a safe distance.

All the training in Vietnam pays off.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRY'S HOME - SUBURBS - LATER ON

Harry pulls in and drives along his driveway to his house as Wayne from the street SLOWS DOWN to see Harry's home, which does not have a gate. After a quick PEEK, he drives on.

LATER THAT NIGHT...

EXT. HARRY'S HOME - SUBURB - NIGHT

Wayne pulls up to the curb in an ECONOLINE VAN, which is painted all BLACK. After turning off the engine, Wayne climbs out wearing A DARK HOOD, and BLACK clothes and is armed with a CROWBAR.

For what he needs to do, a gun is not needed.

He closes the VAN DOOR gently with a CLICK!

Then sneaks to Harry's house.

EXT. UP THE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Wayne keeps to the shadows and notices that LIGHTS are on inside the house.

Good, he's still home.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRY'S HOME - SIDE OF HOUSE

Wayne uses deft movements across the grass so that his FOOTFALLS are muffled.

He makes it to a WINDOW.

Wayne then PEEKS over the sill to see an empty dining room.

He moves on.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARRY'S HOME - BACK YARD

Wayne enters the back yard to notice there is no dogs or any other animal around. All the better. Wayne creeps over to the VERANDA doors behind a few bushes, and SEES HARRY sitting in front of the television while sipping a drink.

HE MOVES ON TOWARDS THE BACK DOOR.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Wayne quietly pulls out a handy LOCK PICKING tool and uses his talents to UNLOCK the door. A few taps here and there of the tumblers, and CLICK!

He opens the door and enters Harry's home silently.

INT. HARRY'S HOME - SURPRISE - CONTINUOUS

Harry sips more of his drink as he watches a rerun program of THE SIX MILLION DOLLAR MAN. Wayne is very quiet, as he tiptoes up to Harry from behind who is sitting in a PLUSH LEATHER CHAIR.

FRONT VIEW OF HARRY:

Wayne lifts up his CROWBAR, then TAPS Harry on the SHOULDER.

Harry quickly looks up to see... A HOODED MAN.

WAYNE
(Whispers)
Hi there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HARRY

SHI...

CLANG!!

LIGHTS OUT.

FADE TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS BASEMENT - NIGHT

Harry is sitting on a metal chair bound with NYLON CORD, and his feet are shackled with CHAINS and a PAD LOCK. Dried up BLOOD is caked on his forehead as Wayne walks over and lightly TAPS Harry's right cheek a couple of times.

SIDEVIEW OF BOTH.

WAYNE

Hey, wake up sleepy head.

Harry stirs awake.

FRONT VIEW OF HARRY.

HARRY

(Weak, sluggish)

Oh - god. What the hell?

WAYNE

Well you got it half right at least.

Harry looks up with groggy eyes to see Wayne's face under a dim light bulb. He then glances around to see only a dark room and wonders why he's there bound and tied like a prisoner.

HARRY

Where am I?

WAYNE

No where special.

HARRY

Who are you?

WAYNE

Me? I'm just a hired hand who wants to know why you contracted a hit man to hunt down a woman. (Holds up a BLACK BOOK)

HARRY

That's mine.

Harry's senses begin to clear up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON WAYNE.

WAYNE

I know. So - who's the guy you are willing to pay (Looks in book) Four million dollars to kill a woman for?

HARRY

Look - I was told to find one of our employees who stole fragile documents.

WAYNE

That's not what I've been told. It seems that her invention would revolutionize our way of life (IF) it went public. I guess your - investors don't like that kind of competition... Right?

FLIP BETWEEN BOTH.

HARRY

You can't scare me. This is bull shit, and Gulliver has taken you for a ride.

WAYNE

Right.

Wayne then PUNCHES Harry across the right side of his face, and nearly topples him over.

WAYNE

Who's the hit man?

HARRY

(Defiant, scared)

Up yours. You don't know what the hell you're getting into here.

ON WAYNE.

Wayne walks over to A COUNTER, and grabs AN EIGHT INCH LONG, 1/4 INCH THICK STEEL NAIL. He walks back over to Harry.

HARRY

(Breathes faster)

What's that for? Are you going to...

ON HARRY'S LEG:

Wayne the DRIVES the TIP into Harry's LEFT LEG above the knee cap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HARRY
(SCREAMS!)

Ah!

Wayne then approaches an ACETYLENE TANK and grabs the TORCH and FLINT. He pulls the tank over as Harry (SOBS) and (WHIMPERS)

WAYNE
Who's the hit man?

HARRY
I don't know. He - is only contacted by phone.

WAYNE
What's his name?

HARRY
An operative name.

WAYNE
Which is? (TURNS ON GAS and LIGHTS TORCH)

HARRY
The - Umpire.

WAYNE
Umpire? Are you kidding me?

Wayne adjusts the FLAME until it is a SHARP BLUE POINT. He then wafts it across the NAIL'S HEAD a couple of times to give Harry the idea that his tormentor is not playing.

WAYNE (CONT.)
So how do you nullify the contract?
(HEATS NAIL)

ON HARRY.

Harry can feel the HEAT starting to build, which makes him HYPERVENTILATE.

HARRY
A call! With A CALL!

WAYNE
What if he declines?

HARRY
He has to! We still pay him anyway!! PLEASE!!

SIDEVIEW OF BOTH.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Wayne stops for a moment, to let Harry recover slightly, then WAFTS over the nail one more time.

WAYNE

This - hit man has been told come out this way to look for this - woman. Is there a contact number that he uses in the field?

HARRY

YES!! OH GOD!! STOP!

ON NAIL: The tip is RED HOT, but luckily the heat does not flow down its shaft easily.

BACK TO WAYNE.

WAYNE

Then, we're all good.

Wayne TURNS OFF the TORCH.

ROOM LIGHTS TURN ON.

Harry looks up through tear stained eyes to see Sherry holding up a MICROTAPE RECORDER as Conroy and Otis approach the sorry looking piece of trash.

HARRY

Sherry?

SHERRY

You lousy prick! You could have just bought out my designs instead of making me go through all of this!

HARRY

You were asking for too much. Twelve billion? Are you kidding me?

SHERRY

No I wasn't. I would have built another one anyway.

ON NAIL:

Harry's SOBS intensify as Wayne pulls out the NAIL from his leg using PLIERS.

FLIP TO:

CONROY

So what now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

WAYNE

Now we take him to the hospital.
I'm sure that what ever he has to
say, will be - - of his own
imagination. Right? Harry?

Harry sobs under the dim bulb.

BLEND TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

As Wayne and Otis help out a LIMPING Harry to the VAN...

A GUNSHOT! rings out..

ON HARRY IN SLOW MOTION: Harry looks ahead towards the sound
of the SHOT. Otis and Wayne release him and DUCK out of the
way just as a BULLET STRIKES Harry right between the eyes.

BEHIND HARRY: Suddenly the BACK of his head BLOWS OUT along
with some brain matter.

He falls backwards to the ground dead.

MORE SHOTS RING OUT: Wayne and Otis roll out of the way and
HIDE behind A TOOL SHED.

AT WAREHOUSE: Conroy is at the door, Sherry is right behind
him.

CONROY

What the hell was that?

ON WAYNE: He sees his brother at the door.

WAYNE

Get back inside!

MORE SHOTS: A few bullets hit close to Wayne and SPARKS FLY.

ON CONROY: A Bullet or two hits the door's frame, which
frays. He then pulls Sherry back inside the warehouse.

ON WAYNE: He looks around the shed's CORNER and can SEE...

FROM WAYNE'S POV: The assassin in near darkness is sitting
in his car holding a weapon.

ANOTHER SHOT! MUZZLE FLASH!

The bullet GRAZES the EDGE of the shed and sends SHARDS
FLYING.

Then as fast as the CHAOS started, he starts his car and the
ASSASSIN SPEEDS AWAY.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Wayne and Otis stand up to see the TAIL lights, which are obscured by dust clouds as he escapes down the empty road.

WAYNE

Shit.

OTIS

He's not going to stop until she's dead. And by the looks of it, (Glances to Harry) his employer had his own contract nullified by his peers.

CLOSE ON WAYNE.

WAYNE

I know.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF ALL: As Conroy and Sherry exit the warehouse, they all surround Harry's dead body and look down to see bits of BRAIN and SKULL PIECES lying on the dirt.

FADE TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - ANDROPHOLIS HOME - AFTERNOON

Wayne and company are outside the warehouse along with TEN COP CARS and a CORONER vehicle. The ON-SITE officer talks with Conroy and Sherry to give them the news that Wayne is to be arrested.

OFFICER

... I am sorry. But there is nothing in the constitution that states a person can use torture to get a confession. I am afraid he will have to be taken in.

FROM CONROY'S LEFT SIDE:

Conroy glances over to see Wayne being HANDCUFFED, but Wayne remains calm through out.

SHERRY

But I got it all on tape. Everything. We even have his book that contains the hit man's alias.

OFFICER

Never the less. The deceased might have hired him on his own without his employer's knowledge, and they will prove that in court.

SHERRY

Shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLIP BETWEEN CHARACTERS:

OFFICER

Look, from what you told me so far, there is still a dangerous assassin out there who is willing to go as far as finishing the job. It would be in your best interest Miss Gulliver to accept protective custody.

SHERRY

Oh no. I won't go into hiding. No way. We have a lot riding on our success.

OFFICER

What is it you're all working on?

CONROY

Top secret. Sorry.

The officer scratches his head in frustration all because of a head strong woman. He can also see that Conroy would not be of any use either to try and talk some sense into her.

OFFICER

Damn it all. Well since you won't take my advice, perhaps I can issue a stake out detail but in shifts to watch over the grounds. But it can only be done at night.

CONROY

We can accept that.

OFFICER

If you have anything to say to your brother, now's a time good as any.

CONROY

Thanks.

OFFICER

No problem.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

FROM WAYNE'S WINDOW: He can see Sherry, and Conroy walk over to Wayne's awaiting POLICE CRUISER to see him sitting idly in the back seat HANDCUFFED, but the window is rolled down.

CONROY

Hey man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WAYNE

Hey. I wouldn't worry too much guys. I was told that the judge goes easy on new comers.

CONROY

This is bull shit.

WAYNE

Yeah but that cop was right.

CONROY

I know. I still don't have to like it.

WAYNE

Just concentrate on making it work. I want to see all of your faces on the news. You get me?

ON CONROY: A TEAR forms in his eye, then pats his big brother on the shoulder.

WAYNE

Sherry.

SHERRY

Yeah?

WAYNE

Keep him out of trouble.

SHERRY

Oh, that's not a problem.

WAYNE

Good. And - don't mess up the bed before I get back.

Sherry and Conroy glance to each other, then snort laugh at Wayne's dead pan humor.

Otis peeks in next. Sherry and Conroy back away from the car.

OTIS

Sorry man.

WAYNE

No sweat. Keep an eye on them for me.

OTIS

I will. Just don't pick up the soap in there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WAYNE

Well, don't send me any
pumpnickle bread.

OTIS

Will do man.

The CRUISER'S DRIVER gets in and starts the car.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER

Conroy, Otis and Sherry watch as the cruiser pulls away.

ON CONROY: He watches his brother head off to jail as he
CLENCHES his FISTS. Sherry wraps an arm around his shoulder.

The on-site officer approaches them...

OFFICER

He'll be okay. I sent word to a
friend of mine who works as one of
the prison guards to keep a close
eye on him.

CONROY

Thanks.

OFFICER

Well seems we're all done here. Is
there anything else you all need?

CONROY

No.

OFFICER

Right. Well - good day to you then.

OTIS

(Offers hand)

Thanks.

OFFICER

(Shakes hand)

You're welcome.

EXT. EVERYBODY LEAVES - BIRD'S EYE VIEW

All three just stand together as the rest of the CRUISERS
start to leave the property along with the CORONER VAN. DUST
PLUMES UP that covers their rears as they all head down the
lengthy driveway.

The SUN is starting to set over the mountains as each car
pulls onto the public rural road.

FADE TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - FIRST TEST - THREE DAYS LATER - AFTERNOON

Conroy, and Otis are watching as Sherry uses her newly invented TUNER. Then Conroy attaches a THIN RING which fits snugly on the vehicle's OUTER EDGE.

There are CABLES that lead off of the ring to the OUTSIDE where the generator sits and is running at half speed.

Once the RING is attached...

A DEEP THROBBING SOUND FILLS THE ROOM.

ON SHERRY: She looks at her TUNER to see that all readings are well within tolerances.

SHERRY

Looks good here. Electromagnetic field is flowing. No signs of degradation to the inner core's housing unit.

Conroy walks over to a CONTROL PANEL and holds a LEVER, which raises or lowers the generator's acceleration.

CONROY

Right. Pushing up acceleration to twenty thousand RPM'S.

As he PUSHES the LEVER...

CUT TO:

EXT. GENERATOR - SIDE VIEW

The WHINE of the engine's hum gets higher. Exhaust fumes SPEW out from the top tube, which is a little thick.

ON SPINDLE, WHICH SPINS AT 20,000 RPMS.

BACK TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

SOUNDTRACK BEGINS: SPACESHIP SUPERSTAR (PRISM)

They all watch with hopeful wide eyes as the BASE of the CRAFT starts to LIFT off of its MOORING cradle. THE DEEP THROB becomes less audible but hums with a more appealing pitch of sound.

As soon as a GAP of a half foot is made, Conroy approaches the platform, then lightly TAPS the craft's EDGE.

ON CRAFT: As it HOVERS It begins to move on its own slowly across the room above the floor.

Otis and Sherry have tears in their eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRY

It works. It god damn works!

CONROY

(Breathless)

What about steering?

Sherry adjusts her TUNER and points of what looks like a MICROPHONE to the craft.

Otis watches as she TURNS a KNOB on the tuner. The craft then moves right, left, up and down a few feet and back to its original position.

Conroy falls to his knees.

OTIS

Now all we have to do is figure out on how to give it speed.

SHERRY

Oh, that's not a problem.

UP CLOSE ON SHERRY'S RIGHT HAND: She grabs another SPECIAL KNOB, and then turns it one quarter of a MILLIMETER.

SHERRY (CONT.)

Conroy... Open the doors.

Conroy gets off of his knees and moves to the large metal doors with Otis and then pulls them open sideways as Sherry leads the craft outside.

CONROY

What's the power up looking like?

SHERRY

All in the green. Power core is now fully charged and operational, and the built in radar is working perfectly.

CONROY

Then we don't need this anymore.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

ON CRAFT: Conroy walks up and releases the METAL RING from the vehicle's edge.

IT NOW FLOATS ON ITS OWN.

Otis shuts off the generator then joins Conroy and Sherry as she guides the craft to a more spacial clearing.

ON ALL THREE: They watch it, and wonder how fast it can move.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SPEED IS THE REAL TEST...

SHERRY

We'll start off with a direct
nintey degree ascent. Ready?

OTIS

Go for it.

Conroy crosses his fingers as Sherry turns one KNOB, then holds onto the acceleration KNOB.

SHERRY

In three, two... One!

ON HER HAND: With a quick turn...

THE CRAFT LIFTS OFF: The pad CAREENS straight up into the sky at a speed of MACH 10!

CUT TO:

EXT. TAKE OFF - CLOUDS - DAY

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES.

It then stops with a precise halt. It looks like a UFO that sits idling in the sky, then it VEERS LEFT again at MACH 10 and disappears inside the clouds.

BACK ON THE GROUND...

CUT TO:

INT. NORAD - DAY

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES.

ALARMS sound off as a GENERAL walks out from his OFFICE to the BULLPEN to see monitors FLASHING. A LARGE WALL SCREEN, shows a distinct BLIP that ZIPS across the MAP of the U.S.

GENERAL

Are we being attacked?

LIEUTENANT

No sir. We picked up a bogey over the state of Arizona. Then it swung North east to Colorado and back towards the Pacific Ocean.

GENERAL

Scramble our fighters.

LIEUTENANT

Sir, we have two squads out that way now on routine patrol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL
Send them in.

LIEUTENANT
Yes sir.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVER PACIFIC OCEAN

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES.

The craft flies low over the waves. It's acceleration wake doesn't even lift an atom of water. Pilotless, the pad moves east again, towards land when suddenly...

BACK TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Sherry can see on her TUNER'S MINI-RADAR MONITOR, that other blips joined in.

SHERRY
Oh-oh.

CONROY
What?

SHERRY
Got some company.

Conroy joins her to see the five distinct blips giving chase to their craft.

CONROY
Well we expected that.

CUT TO:

EXT. OVER OCEAN

FROM THE WEST: FIVE FIGHTER JETS scream by as they start to give chase.

EXT. CRAFT

CRAFT POV: It speeds across land above trees, mountains, rivers and farms.

OVER FARMLANDS: The craft WEAVES and BOBS SIDE TO SIDE using the field as slight cover while Sherry carefully steers it back to the Andropholis acerage.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - SECONDS LATER

As they all look up, Sherry adjusts the KNOB to have the craft slow down and hover above the farm, but soon they can all hear A LOW RUMBLING SOUND coming from the distance.

OTIS

Oh shit.

CONROY

Come on, put it back in the warehouse.

Once the craft hovers just two feet above the dirt, Sherry then leads the craft over to the warehouse as quickly as possible as Conroy and Otis take a door each.

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - TEST COMPLETE

Sherry moves it over to the MOORING CRADLE but bumps a table adding more precious seconds for the INCOMING JETS. Once the craft is positioned, Conroy and Otis shut the DOORS and wait...

THEN...

A SONIC BOOM shakes the warehouse as the squadron flies overhead and soon disappears.

SOUNDTRACK ENDS.

EXT. WAREHOUSE -SIDE WINDOW

Conroy watches the fighters fly off over the next mountain and breathes a sigh of relief once he realizes that they are not coming back.

INT. WAREHOUSE - TEST COMPLETE

Sherry shuts off her tuner and puts it on a nearby table. Conroy just gazes at his creation along with Otis, who pats him on the back.

Sherry in her own excitement, rushes over to her cohorts and hugs them both tightly, then KISSES Conroy on the lips.

When they part, Conroy gazes into her eyes for a moment. Otis knows...

OTIS

Uh well, I think I have something else to do. SO you two go ahead.

SHERRY

Yeah, so do I...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONROY

... And I'll take some readings.

BIRDS EYE VIEW of CRAFT...

They split off into different directions to do what ever it is scientists do in uncomfotable atmosphere.

CUT TO:

INT. NORAD

ALARMS turn off, SCREENS go blank except for the DEFAULT map of the U.S. The general is not pleased as he PACES around the bullpen to see nothing on the RADAR screens or any other monitoring station.

GENERAL

What happened?

RADAR SCREEN POV OF LIEUTENANT.

LIEUTENANT

We lost the signal.

GENERAL

Just like that? What about the squadron?

BEHIND LIEUTENANT.

LIEUTENANT

They lost it over Tucson.

GENERAL

Give me their last location when the signal dropped. I want it down to the square meter.

LIEUTENANT

Sir.

UP CLOSE ON GENERAL.

Then general grabs a PHONE RECEIVER, then dials a number...

RINGS A COUPLE OF TIMES...

THEN...

GENERAL

This is General Pierce, I need a team ready.

HANGS UP...

HARD CUT TO:

INT, DARK ROOM - HOURS LATER

The ASSASSIN sits alone. His face unseen, in a dimly lit room as he looks at various PHOTOS of his TARGET, SHERRY GULLIVER. A cigarette smolders in an ashtray, which he doesn't smoke but allows it to burn away to the filter.

He then picks up a GUN and loads it with a BULLET MAGAZINE. A quick slap on the butt end, he then mounts the muzzle with a SILENCER.

After cocking the SLIDE LOADER, he butts out his cigarette, and then leaves the room but does not shut off the light.

CLOSE ON TABLE: A PHOTO of SHERRY shows her smiling with other fellow scientists in front of an invention that she helped build earlier in her career.

FADE TO:

EXT. ANDROPHOLIS HOME - PORCH - DAY

All three sit outside to enjoy a nice quiet moment together drinking beers under the hot sun, which can cook eggs on a car's hood. Crickets, Katydid and locusts chirp and buzz in the fields.

A slight BREEZE offers some coolness to Sherry as she waves a hand like a fan.

CONROY

We need to make a sturdier body for the base.

SHERRY

I got a few ideas on that.

OTIS

You're not actually thinking of riding on that thing?

CONROY

Why not?

OTIS

Well for one, the speed will kill you. Your guts would fly out your ass in a matter of seconds.

CONROY

I've taken that into consideration.

OTIS

How?

CONROY

A person can take up to what? Seven G's of acceleration? Much like when the shuttle takes off right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEHIND ALL THREE.

OTIS

Yeah.

CONROY

So we modify the resonator to monitor speed levels.

SHERRY

That's doable.

OTIS

Yeah, but you have to come up with a serious back up system if it fails.

SHERRY

I already considered that too.

OTIS

Man, you're just full up of positive come backs.

SHERRY

What can I say? I am about the best there is.

OTIS

Hmf.

CONROY

Don't be so doom and gloom Otis. We got this far didn't we?

ON CONROY.

OTIS

Nothing lasts forever man. You've already experienced that first hand.

Conroy is about to offer a counter argument when his EARS pick up a SOUND in the distance.

His eyes avert to the DRIVEWAY where he sees...

CUT TO:

EXT. MILITARY CONVOY - CONTINUOUS

A line up of TEN BLACK TRUCKS drive along the DUSTY DRIVEWAY with only ONE car in the lead that has an OFFICIAL FOUR STAR FLAG waving in the breeze. It is General Pierce who arrives.

BACK TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Conroy stands up holding his beer when his eyes catches the row of vehicles heading their way. He quickly sees the warehouse doors, which are OPEN.

OTIS

What is it?

CONROY

We have some company. You and Sherry go close the doors.

SHERRY

Who is it?

CONROY

Just go. I'll handle it.

FROM PORCH.

Otis and Sherry run back to the WAREHOUSE and run inside and start to close the doors.

ONLY A MILE and a HALF of driveway left...

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Sherry pushes hard along with Otis as the RUMBLE of vehicles get closer and CLOSER.

ONCE INSIDE and the doors are shut...

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

HOVER ABOVE CRAFT.

Otis and Sherry grab a large TARP and cover their craft just as the arriving vehicles come to a stop outside. DOORS OPEN AND CLOSE startling both to move quicker.

ONCE THE CRAFT IS COVERED UP...

EXT. OUTSIDE WAREHOUSE

Conroy addresses the military mob as friendly as he can as both Otis and Sherry sneak up to one of the door windows.

CONROY (V.O.)

Can I help you gentlemen?

OUTSIDE...

EXT. IN FRONT OF WAREHOUSE

As Conroy makes his way to the main house, the GENERAL'S car VEERS over to him and comes to a quick stop while SOLDIERS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

take positions around the area to prevent escape or intrusion.

Conroy watches as the driver hops out and opens... THE GENERAL'S DOOR.

General Pierce gets out and puts on his hat.

By Conroy's stand point, and judgement, the general is not to be taken lightly.

FLIP BETWEEN BOTH.

GENERAL
Mister Andropholis?

CONROY
Yes.

GENERAL
I'm General Nick Pierce.

CONROY
Am I supposed to know that name?

The general walks over to Conroy casually, calmly. His presence says that he is a person who doesn't need to move fast for anybody.

UP CLOSE.

GENERAL
No.

CONROY
What can I do for you General?

GENERAL
(Contrite)
Well - I'm here because of an incident that took place yesterday involving one of my fighter squadrons. Perhaps you saw them fly overhead?

CONROY
(Annoyed)
Yes. I saw them. They blasted their way over Knox mountain scaring the shit out of my cows.

GENERAL
Yes I am aware of that, and I apologize. But there are some questions that need answering.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONROY

Such as?

GENERAL

Before you saw my squadron, did you see anything else? Something that wasn't part of the group?

CONROY

What do you mean? Another jet?

GENERAL

(Agitated)

No. Something other than my squad.

Conroy knows that he suspects something, but so far all the general is doing is grasping straws.

SIDE VIEW OF BOTH SPEAKING.

CONROY

No. I only saw your group. Nothing else.

GENERAL

I see. Well that's very strange Mister Andropholis.

BACK ON WAREHOUSE: (WINDOW) Both Otis and Sherry watch with their noses just above the SIL, as the General and Conroy keep talking when suddenly a SOLDIER approaches from a BLIND SPOT.

They DUCK DOWN.

BACK TO:

CONROY

What is?

GENERAL

That the squadron lost a rogue signal right over this very spot that they were tracking... To the second in fact.

CONROY

So what's that got to do with me?

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

As the SOLIDER passes by they stand up slowly as Sherry glances back to the craft under the TARP.

(THEY WHISPER)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRY

We should have tried to test this thing somewhere else.

OTIS SEES another SOLDIER COMING.

OTIS

Oh shit.

SHERRY

Down.

BOTH DUCK AGAIN.

BACK TO...

EXT. CONVERSATION

Conroy leans against a tractor since he does not have his CANE to help him. Then he sees one of the SOLDIERS snooping around the warehouse.

CONROY

You mind telling him to stop what ever he's doing? (Points to the soldier.)

The General LOOKS BACK, then to Conroy.

GENERAL

He's just one of our patrols.

CONROY

I don't care what he is, tell him to stop. This is just a farm.

The General can sense that Conroy is not telling him everything. He ups the stakes.

GENERAL

Yes, but you however are not a farmer.

Conroy's eyes perk up at the General's sudden choice of words. How would he know that Conroy isn't a farmer? Psychic maybe?

CONROY

Excuse me?

AS GENERAL PACES RIGHT TO LEFT.

GENERAL

I read your background. Quite impressive. A formula One Racer, until it all ended with a near
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GENERAL (cont'd)

fatal accident leaving you slightly handicapped. But it's your educational records I am most interested in.

CONROY

Look, I don't know why you're out here, but as far as I'm concerned, it isn't against the law to have an education.

GENERAL

No it's not. But - I'm just wondering that if you're doing more than just - farming. By the looks of it, those patches out there haven't been touched for quite some time.

CONROY

So we're a little late in the season. Look, General if you have a warrant to check our farm, then produce it. Otherwise, I'll have to ask you all to leave.

Pierce removes his hat, and SCRATCHES his balding head in slight frustration. Since he cannot pursue the matter any further, he relents...

GENERAL

Well I do apologize if I seem too -
- anxious about this. We just can't have loose ends on this matter swinging in the wind. If you know anything or remember something, even in the slightest detail, please let my office know.

The General hands over A CARD to Conroy.

Conroy takes it.

CONROY

Fine.

GENERAL

Thank you. (WHISTLES to his men)

The soldiers trot back to their trucks and all pile in as the vehicles start up. The General walks back to his car while the driver holds the door open.

Conroy watches each truck move out as his HANDS SHAKE from the SHEER ADRENALINE rush.

EXT. ANDROPHOLIS HOME - BIRD'S EYE VIEW - CONTINUOUS

All of the vehicles leave the farm raising dust. Conroy strolls to the house to keep the illusion going to not raise alarms when the GENERAL'S CAR passes him as he stands on the porch.

CONROY'S POV: As he stands next to one of the porch's columns, he GAZES at the TINTED BACK WINDOW of the limo, and knows full well GENERAL PIERCE is looking right at him.

As the limo gets smaller down the driveway...

CONROY slowly inches his way back to the warehouse while still keeping an eye on the convoy that are exiting the property.

After the last truck disappears from sight...

CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Conroy walks in to see Sherry and Otis standing by the covered CRAFT in slight shock.

OTIS

We have to get this thing out of here.

CONROY

Agreed.

SHERRY

So where do we move it to?

Conroy thinks for a moment as he paces around the room looking anxious.

Then...

CONROY

I know a place.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. ANDROPHOLIS HOME - PULLING OUT - A FEW DAYS LATER - MORNING

SOUNDTRACK: TURBO LOVER (JUDAS PRIEST)

DRUM BEAT INTRO MATCHES RIG DOORS, BOX DOORS, CAB DOOR, ROADRUNNER DOORS BEING CLOSED TO BEGIN THE SONG.

They all pull out using the driveway dust as NAIVE cover with Conroy in the lead.

ON ROADRUNNER: Conroy turns off his driveway, and onto the open road with Otis right behind him in a rented RIG.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF VEHICLES

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES.

HELICOPTER POV.

Conroy keeps to the speed limit as he follows three cars ahead of him.

SIDE VIEW OF CARS: The sun is out and beats down its hot rays. SUNLIGHT REFLECTS off of the roadrunner's metal BLACK skin.

VOICE OF SHERRY:

SHERRY (V.O.)

So who is this Al guy anyway?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Conroy keeps his eyes on the road as the radio plays the song. Both windows are open to allow fresh air in since the runner has no air conditioner.

FLIP BETWEEN EACH OTHER.

CONROY

He used to be my pit boss when I was racing. A good guy. Fat, but all round solid guy.

SHERRY

Sounds like you two had a good relationship.

CONROY

Yeah, until I screwed it all up.

SHERRY

So you do admit that you made a mistake?

CONROY

I just - love being in first. Using all of the speed and luck I can muster.

SHERRY

So do all the other drivers.

CONROY

Yeah I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRY

Arrogance is the only killer.

Conroy glances to his SIDEVIEW MIRROR and notices a car two lengths back, weaving side to side in a suspicious way. The road ahead is clear of any oncoming traffic, which gives Conroy a CAUTIOUS feeling as he averts his eyes back to the road.

CONROY

Yeah, but at least I can admit when I was wrong.

THE SONG ENDS to which the radio announcer spells off useless information.

Conroy glances again, to see the car moving up.

He then picks up A CB MICROPHONE to talk with Otis.

CONROY (CONT.)

Otis.

OVER CB SPEAKER...

OTIS (V.O.)

Yo bud, what's up?

CONROY

Check your mirror. See that car behind us?

OTIS (V.O.)

The black sedan, what about it?

CONROY

It's been following us for the last five miles, except whoever is driving doesn't want to pass us on a clear highway.

OTIS (V.O.)

What do you think?

CUT TO:

INT. RIG CAB

Otis is looking at his SIDE VIEW MIRROR and watches the BLACK SEDAN. It is indeed keeping a distance, almost intentionally.

OTIS

... Should we speed up to see if he does want to pass us?

OVER CB SPEAKER IN RIG:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONROY (V.O.)
 Might as well. Besides there's a
 good flat stretch coming up.

OTIS
 Okay, well - I'll go first.

CONROY (V.O.)
 I'll pull aside to let you pass me.

OTIS
 Right.

Otis then changes gears, then hits the accelerator.

EXT. RIG - SIDE VIEW

As the rig pushes on faster, the BLACK SEDAN doesn't match speed. Instead as Conroy speeds up a little faster, so does the SEDAN to MATCH HIM.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Conroy watches closely, then starts to get irritated as he switches gears.

CONROY
 This is bull shit. Hang on.

Conroy then punches the pedal to the floor and changes gears again.

THIS TIME...

EXT. BLACK SEDAN

The sedan then picks up speed to follow Conroy, as the SEDAN'S DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW ROLLS DOWN.

WHEEL WELL VIEW: The sedan catches up, then VEERS to the shoulder on CONROY'S RIGHT SIDE...

INT. CAR - CONROY'S POV

He sees the sedan pulling up on his right side with the window rolled down. Conroy's pulse is racing when SUDDENLY...

TWO SHOTS!!

TOOF! TOOF!

One of the BULLETS HITS the DOOR while another ZIPS PAST SHERRY and almost hits CONROY. SHERRY SCREAMS as she DUCKS DOWN to the floor in front.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONROY FLOORS IT.

CUT TO:

INT. RIG

As Conroy passes by Otis, his tires begin to billow smoke from the acceleration, while the sedan tries to keep up with Conroy.

Otis KEYS HIS MIC...

OTIS
(Panicky)
What do I do?

CONROY (V.O.)
Don't do anything! Just keep going.
He's not interested in you, just
us.

OTIS
Shit man!

CONROY (V.O.)
We'll be alright. Just go.

OTIS
Good luck.

Otis shifts gears again, and pulls back to allow Conroy and the pursuer more room. Just as the radio DeeJay starts his next song list with...

RADIO (V.O.)
... And here's one that goes out to
all you fans with... Bonnie Tyler.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - CHASE IN ONE - DAY

SOUNDTRACK: NEED A HERO (BONNIE TYLER)

HOVERS OVER CARS as SONG BEGINS. Conroy hits the accelerator and starts to lead the assassin on a wild merry chase down the WINDY HIGHWAY.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW: Both cars SCREAM down an empty road that is built into the face of a mountain. Much like Italy's dangerous curves and hair raising bends. Conroy is in his element.

INT. CAR

Conroy watches his SIDE MIRROR, but keeps good control over the car's shifting and speed. Although his right foot is

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

throbbing and in pain, he doesn't allow for any mistakes.

ANOTHER GLANCE: He can see the sedan catching up and is no more than fifteen feet from his bumper.

UP AHEAD HE SEES IN THE LONG DISTANCE...

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO RIGS

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES:

As the lead rig pushes its limits, the one behind decides to pass him but must first also climb a small grade to get beside the first one to make the pass. All Conroy needs is a few seconds.

TIMING IS EVERYTHING...

BACK TO:

EXT. CAR - DRIVER WINDOW

Conroy peeks out of his window, then, reaches UNDER THE SEAT and produces a TIRE IRON.

CONROY
Take the wheel.

SHERRY
What?!

CONROY
Just do it!

INT. CAR

Sherry quickly moves up and GRABS the WHEEL as CONROY SLIDES THROUGH his driver window to sit on the WINDOW'S EDGE.

THEN HE: THROWS it with all of his might so that the TIRE IRON CAN...

CUT TO:

INT. BLACK SEDAN - IN PURSUIT

... SMASH through the WINDSHIELD, but doesn't break it, and STOPS with the IRON'S HOOK. By the assassin's POV, he is lucky to be alive since the TIRE IRON didn't proceed further right into his skull. Yet at the same time, the METAL TIP is no more than a FEW INCHES from his NOSE.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - CONROY'S POV

Both rigs are five hundred feet away as they traverse the weaves and twists of the road, when the SECOND RIG decides that he has had enough of follow the leader.

Conroy SITS BACK DOWN, and SLAMS the PEDAL to the FLOOR.

LOOKING OVER BACKSEAT POV: Sherry DUCKS BACK DOWN under the glove box.

AS SONG REACHES ITS CRESCENDO.

He can see both rigs coming side by side. It's now or never.

Conroy glances to the SIDE VIEW MIRROR as his car careens towards the rigs, when one of the HULKS BLOWS his LOUD HORN.

Sherry looks up...

SHERRY
Are you kidding me?!

CONROY
Hold on!

SHERRY
Holy shit!!

EXT. CONROY'S LEAP OF FAITH

With the gas pedal to the FLOOR, the ROADRUNNER BLASTS right between both rigs and trailers, which causes the assassin to...

EXT. SEDAN ABOVE CAR AND RIGS

... SWERVE and pulls to the right SHARPLY to avoid a collision. Yet SLEDGES his side panel across a ROCKY FACE, which create SPARKS GALORE.

CAR SPINS OUT OF CONTROL.

After a couple more SPINS the sedan comes to a quick stop and then drops into the highway's shoulder ditch, and bottoms out his car.

UP AHEAD...

CUT TO:

INT. CAR

Conroy smiles to see that his pursuer is out of commission. (FOR THE MOMENT). This gives him more time to think of a way to lose his tail for good.

LATER ON...

EXT. RIG - AN HOUR LATER

Conroy and Otis sit on the rig's hood as they keep a look out for the Sedan. Sherry is sitting behind some bushes to relieve herself while she too watches in silence through branches.

Over on her right, the rig and roadrunner are covered with branches, leaves and what ever else nature provides as Camouflage.

BACK ON RIG'S HOOD.

Conroy drinks a COKE, then sees from the corner of his eye the SEDAN coming down a SLOPED HILL towards them.

OTIS

You know, this reminds me when you nearly took your head off during a skiing trip.

CONROY

Don't remind me. I could barely eat or talk for weeks after that.

OTIS

Too much speed man, too much speed.

CONROY

Yeah, yeah. Think this rig's winch can handle the pressure?

OTIS

Without a doubt.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEDAN - AFTERNOON - LONG DISTANCE

As the sedan levels out from the slope, the assassin drives along the highway at a relative speed of seventy miles an hour. What he does not see however is a...

EXT. STEEL CABLE

LONG, one inch thick CABLE that is laid out across the road, ready and waiting.

INT. BLACK SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

ASSASSIN'S POV - WINDSHIELD...

As he drives close to Otis and Conroy's position, he accelerates even faster since he is now on the flattest part of the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. RIG - STEEL CABLE

Otis then powers up the WINCH, then the STEEL CABLE TIGHTENS in SECONDS, which does not give any reaction time.

SEDAN SIDEVIEW IN SLOW MOTION: The BLACK SEDAN passes their eye sight as the SEDAN'S WINDSHIELD touches the CABLE.

A SUDDEN... SCRACK! SOUND fills the air while the roof is cut loose from the car's frame but also with the ASSASSIN'S HEAD.

EXT. BLACK SEDAN - REAR VIEW

The entire roof is lopped off. The HEAD spins forwards while it tumbles out of the car's back end. THE ASSASSIN'S EXPOSED NECKLINE starts to GEYSER BLOOD as the car drives on towards a BEND IN THE ROAD where there is a...

CLIFF...

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF - FRONT END OF CAR

The Sedan SMASHES through the rusty metal guard rail and flies for a couple of seconds, then dips downward to the ground. Conroy and Otis watch from the top edge as the CAR'S...

EXT. MAGNIFICENT CRASH

... FRONT END of the sedan CRASHES NOSE FIRST on the ground, then starts to flip end over end in a CARTWHEEL like fashion down the embankment. FLAMES and a couple of EXPLOSIONS accentuate the crash even more as the body hits a boulder only to SIDE SPIN and do more CARTWHEELS until it finally CAREENS into a JAGGED ROCKY terrain, where a final explosion decimates the car completely.

UP TOP...

CUT TO:

EXT. CLIFF PRECIPICE - CONTINUOUS

Satisfied that the assassin is now dead, both head back to their vehicles for the long ride to Florida. The silence between them states it all, until Otis points out the obvious.

OTIS

Yup, that could have been your head too.

CONROY

Doubtful. My head is just as hard as my brother's.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AL'S FISH FARM AND RACE OUTLET - TWO DAYS LATER - DAY

Conroy and Otis pull up to a large METAL BUILDING to see many formula race cars that sit idly by in a row outside. SPONSOR LOGOS grace each car with different adverts and DECALS. One of which, Conroy recognizes as... E.L.E OIL COMPANY.

Otis pulls alongside the BUILDING, while Conroy parks into Al's PRIVATE STALL. It's just like him.

As Conroy gets out of the car, OTIS BLARES the RIG'S HORN. Al fish quickly waddles out of the building looking rather irritated to hear such noise on such a quiet lot.

ON AL AS HIS PUFFY EYES SEE...

AL

Well I'll be damned.

CONROY

Good to see you, you tub of shit.

Both hug as Al laughs heartily. Sherry climbs out to see such happy buddies reunite.

Otis hops down from the rig cab and joins Sherry.

AL

What the hell brings you all the way out here?

CONROY

Got a little surprise for you.

AL

Surprise huh? (Sees Otis) So I see he has you following along like a lap dog as usual.

OTIS

(Smirks)

Kiss my ass you filthy bitch.

AL

(Laughs)

Come here.

Both hug, briefly.

AL

(Sees Sherry)

Wow... And this is?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONROY

This is our partner. Sherry
Gulliver. She's the brains along
with mine of course.

Sherry and Al shake hands.

AL

Yeah... Of course.

NOT REALLY.

CONROY

Got some free time?

AL

Always. Come on in. I was just
about to brew up some coffee, when
I heard that ridiculous horn
shaking my establishment.

BEHIND ALL FOUR as they walk to the building, Al then holds
open the door for them.

CONROY

Thank you James.

AL

Up yours.

OTIS

Yup. Just like old times.

FADE TO:

INT, AL'S OFFICE

Al sits behind his desk while Conroy, Sherry and Otis sit
across from him as they enjoy their coffee. The WALLS are
PLASTERED with various racing PHOTOS from around the world
along with CONROY'S big WIN IN MONTE CARLO.

As Sherry sips her coffee, her eyes avert to Conroy's
PORTRAIT as he hold up the GRAND PRIZE CUP.

FLIP BETWEEN AL and CONROY.

AL

(Clears throat)

So, after all this time you decide
to come back. You know you can
never set foot into another car
again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONROY

(Feels sad, but with a purpose)

I know. But what we have will change everything.

AL

Oh? What's that? New engine? Brakes? Suspension? Impress me.

CONROY

What if I was to tell you that we... (Looks at his friends) invented the world's first Non-mechanical as well as a Non-combustible engine. One that can not only allow flight, but fly at speeds of Mach ten - or better,

If there were crickets present...

Al just blinks a couple of times. Then coughs as he gets up to refill his coffee mug from a cart that sits beside his desk.

AL

Uh - yeah. Hm. Mach ten you say? You know there is no such thing on earth that can do that. Right? Unless you're heading to space. You do realize this? Right? (As he pours coffee, he does not stop...)

His CUP OVERFILLS, Al SCORCHES his hand.

AL (CONT.)

Ah shit!

CONROY

All right there pal?

AL

No I'm not. I mean come on. The last person to break the land speed record was Chuck Yeager doing Mach Three.

CONROY

I know.

AL

No human can endure that kind of speed. Nobody.

POV BEHIND AND ABOVE CONROY'S LEFT SHOULDER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONROY

Well I didn't say I actually pulled it off in the driver's seat. It was an unmanned test.

Al looks confused as he sets down his mug and moves back to his seat wiping his hand with a cloth.

RIGHT SIDEVIEW OF AL.

AL

You - - you all achieved Mach Ten? That's seven thousand miles an hour?

ON SHERRY.

SHERRY

Actually it's seven thousand one hundred, and seventy, but yes. With the help of my own invention. It can monitor the vehicles flight path and adjust the speed through steering.

AL

(Looks at each person)
You - brought it here?

CONROY

Why do you think we came all this way?

Al looks down at his desk, then back up to the PHOTOS on the left wall. His eyes scan each picture of the old, the young, and the promising drivers... When he stops at Conroy's picture.

AL

I want to see it work.

CONROY

Boss, your wish is my command.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS - DAY

Al and his team stand under a tent as they watch Otis, and Conroy open the rig's trailer. No one knows what to expect from the test, but everyone who races cars want to see the next possible stage of racing.

ON RIG: After the doors open, Sherry then uses her TUNER to power up the CRAFT. It then SLOWLY FLOATS/FLIES on its side. Then exits the trailer from its mooring rack.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON AL: He can see part of the craft exiting. His team WHISPER, CHATTER and MOAN in awe as the CRAFT coasts out of the box and then turns CLOCKWISE to a HORIZONTAL POSITION.

AL

Okay, everyone be quiet.

BACK TO:

EXT. CRAFT

SIDE VIEW: Otis, Conroy and Sherry walk underneath it like a makeshift umbrella as they approach Al's tent.

All eyes look up to see its round shape hovering above them.

Sherry then uses her device to LOWER the CRAFT to another mooring rack.

She then powers it down.

AL

Tell me that was just a trick. Some movie prop.

CONROY

Nope. You all saw it. Flight without fuel or combustion engine. It's powered by an electromagnetic field, which gives it lift, speed and control. All it needs - - is a pilot.

AL

(Very excited)

Alright. Let's see what it can do. Hank get the meter running.

HANK

Will do.

IN THE TENT...

Hank then pulls out a small satellite dish and sets it up on a tripod as his coworkers begin to work on computers, which are in DOS FORMAT.

ON SHERRY: She smirks as she powers up the CRAFT, which HUMS and AGREEABLE sound. Some of the crew move back in case it wants to... explode..

When the pad RISES in the air then HOVERS...

CONROY

Let her rip.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SHERRY
(Grins Devilishly)
... With pleasure.

She turns the acceleration knob gently.

SUDDENLY...

EXT. CRAFT - TEST - ALL OUT SPEED

SOUNDTRACK: I CAN'T DRIVE '55' (SAMMY HAGAR)

THE CRAFT then BLASTS its way ACROSS the FLATS.

It looks like the pad by it self is having fun as it SCREAMS around the salt flat at a breakneck speed of...

BACK AT TENT: Al watches on the screen to see a phenomenal test of... FIVE THOUSAND FOUR HUNDRED MILES AN HOUR. Or MACH 7.5

BACK TO CRAFT: No DUST or DEBRIS is disturbed from the speed as the craft fluidly moves around the field of the salt flats.

CRAFT POV: The FRONT ARC shows by contrast how fast it is going across the WHITE landscape free of restraints.

THEN... IT VEERS LEFT with a turning ANGLE of NINETY DEGREES.

EXT. TENT

BACK AT TENT ON THE GROUND: Al has a hand over his eyebrows as he watches the craft coast towards a mountain slope.

By its distance, one would ACTUALLY think it WAS a UFO.

THEN... It SPEEDS BACK TO THE TENT.

FLYBY: The CRAFT ZIPS OVERHEAD to cheering techs and proceeds onward to the other side of the valley, when Conroy sees...

A DUST TRAIL, in the SHORT DISTANCE.

EXT. MILITARY CONVOY - CONTINUOUS

Like back on the farm. The long line of military vehicles speed their way over to the testing grounds. The earth SHAKES and RUMBLES.

Oh god the humanity.

CUT TO:

EXT. TENT

Sherry then calls back the CRAFT as Al, and his team begin using their SURVEILLANCE EQUIPMENT as cover while Conroy, and Otis get ready to confront of whoever is leading the wolf pack in.

Conroy suspects of whom it is by his expression.

FROM HIS POV: He can see the front car as being the General's limo as it pulls up to the tent while the rest of the military trucks and jeeps FORM a CIRCLE around Al's testing ground like an Apache stand off.

THEN... The DOOR opens and General Pierce steps out of his car.

CONROY

Hey General. Long time, no see.

GENERAL

It took awhile, but we did get a good glimpse of what ever you were doing out here.

BESIDE CONROY'S LEFT SHOULDER.

CONROY

How the hell did you find us?

GENERAL

We didn't let you out of our sight for one minute. Even when you rid yourselves of some unneeded baggage.

CONROY

We can explain about that.

GENERAL

No need. We already know who he was.

ON SHERRY as she covers the craft, but is quickly stopped by one of the soldiers.

SHERRY

Hey, don't touch that.

GENERAL

Corporal, at ease.

CORPORAL

Sir, yes sir. Sorry ma'am.

SHERRY

Kiss mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CORPORAL
 (Nice idea)
 Really?

SHERRY
 Oh god.

GENERAL
 So, mind telling me what this is
 all about?

CONROY
 General, we had to keep it quiet
 until it was time to expose it to
 the world.

GENERAL
 Expose what?

Conroy NODS to Sherry.

EXT. CRAFT - PRESENTATION

Sherry then pulls off the TARP to uncover the CRAFT in its entirety. The General approaches as he removes his hat with some apprehension. He gazes at its brilliance, its shape and simplicity. But is impressed that such a thing can move so fast or outrun his pilots.

AS HE GAZES THE CRAFT OVER...

GENERAL
 So this is what we were chasing.

FLIP BETWEEN THEM.

CONROY
 Sorry we had to keep it to
 ourselves. But it was necessary.

GENERAL
 ... And this is going to change the
 world?

CONROY
 That's what we hope for.

GENERAL
 That's what all the scientists say.
 Look - the world is moving too fast
 as it is. Exposing something like
 this that doesn't use fuel or a
 conventional engine, it would -
 well - it would crumble the stock
 market over night as we know it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONROY

But think of the benefits. It would rid the world of pollution, and it would save the government billions of dollars because no fuel is needed. Plus - the military would have something that can be used off world. Explore space, build outposts on other planets. Who knows the possibilities. And - it eliminates nuclear fission. No toxic wastes.

General Pierce walks around the craft and admires its shape. But notices too that there are round impressions in the middle of the craft's floor.

GENERAL

So other than of what I am gussing, is electromagnetism, what's the other power source? I see that the pad has a second module.

CONROY

That's the core. I haven't come up with a name for it yet but once we - - (Cut off)

SHERRY

It's called - The Andropholis Sphere.

Conroy glances over to Sherry who is smiling at the General.

GENERAL

The Andropholis Sphere? (Nods) Catchy. You know this won't go over well with the brass. Nor will it with the world wide fuel conglomerates. They will try and find every devious way to bury this and keep it in the dark. And - dare I say, possibly kill you in the process.

CONROY

(Looks hopeful)

That's why we need your help in this General.

GENERAL

Why should I help you?

CONROY

... Because once the people learn of our new step towards a fuel less
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CONROY (cont'd)
 revolution, you and your team plus
 family members will benefit from
 the kickbacks for the rest of your
 natural lives.

SILENCE... A BREEZE WAFTS IN.

The IDEA has certainly has merit as the General glances to
 his men, then back to Conroy.

GENERAL
 (With a cocky grin)
 What the hell.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON - WAYNE - FIVE MONTHS LATER - DAY

Wayne watches a television in the COMMON ROOM to see his
 brother Conroy, Otis and Sherry being escorted into the
 UNITED NATIONS ASSEMBLY FLOOR by GENERAL PIERCE as a
 REPORTER tells his story to the home audience...

BEHIND WAYNE AS WATCHES THE TELEVISION...

REPORTER (O.S.)
 ... Nations world wide have come
 today to see the newest and
 youngest candidate up for the Nobel
 Peace Prize after his speech about
 the newest form of transportation
 that doesn't use fossil fuel, or
 any combustible engine. Oil moguls
 have called his invention, a
 baseless rumor and held no
 conclusive evidence. As far as they
 were concerned it is another
 dreamer's hope of shutting down one
 of the most powerful insitutions by
 useless banter. Yet Mister
 Andropholis proved otherwise in
 front of a panel of top experts in
 the fields of Physics, Chemistry,
 Agriculture, and along with many
 other scholars and well known
 scientists from around the world.
 General Pierce who is escorting the
 young man along with his esteemed
 colleagues, Sherry Gulliver and
 Otis Plant. Both of whom are in
 respective fields of physics and
 science, and who also helped design
 and build The Andropholis Sphere. A
 subject of critical debate...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON WAYNE: His eyes GLISTEN as he SMILES while watchig his brother looking so excited.

BACK TO THE TELEVISION...

REPORTER (O.S.)

... They will be inducted into this year's registry and will be presented with the peace prize once the house speaker has established that Conroy Andropholis's invention can be used for public use as well as some military applications...

ONSCREEN: BEHIND HIM are other reporters who scramble to try and get an answer from Conroy as his team enters the HOUSE ASSEMBLY HALL...

CUT TO:

INT. UNITED NATIONS - NEW YORK - ASSEMBLY HALL - DAY

Conroy using his cane, steps inside the GRAND HALL where DELEGATES are already seated in their designated spots according to country names. Sherry is on his right while holding his hand, but is also holding Otis's hand too.

FRONTAL VIEW OF ALL THREE.

They all look afraid and nervous as they march down the AISLE with the GENERAL BEHIND them as he calmly advises the group...

FROM BEHIND THEIR BACKS AS HE LEANS IN...

GENERAL

Now remember guys, if someone asks a question, give them a straight answer. Don't dodge it. Most of these politicians don't like surprises. Your invention is going to do that.

CONROY

What if they ask about my brother?

CONROY LOOKS BACK to the General.

GENERAL

Then tell him or her the truth. That he is in prison for defending you and your friend's lives. Don't give them an opportunity to turn a question into an interrogation. Otherwise they'll own you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CONROY
Right. Okay - yeah.

SHERRY'S HAND: GRASPS his tighter.

SHERRY
Come on Conroy. Let's show the
world that we're going to take
over.

Conroy SMILES then saunters down to the front row.

FRONT ROW: Conroy takes his ASSIGNED seat along with Sherry,
Otis and the General who sits behind them as the rest of the
DELEGATES settle into their own seats.

THEN... THE LIGHTS DIM slightly.

In front of Conroy...

THE HOUSE SPEAKER WALKS out from backstage, then approaches
his podium seat.

A CRIER YELPS...

CRIER
All rise!

The ENTIRE assembly rises with respect.

CRIER
The Honorable Speaker, Terence
Moore of Great Britain presiding...

As the speaker sits down...

HOUSE SPEAKER
Be seated please.

Everyone sits down quietly, then those from foreign
countries put HEADPHONES on to listen in their own LANGUAGE
as the speaker begins...

ON HOUSE SPEAKER...

HOUSE SPEAKER (CONT.)
... I read your affidavit about
this new mode of transporation, and
I must say that it is quite
impressive Mister Andropholis. Some
of the delegates present have
already proposed a stay on its
production strictly because of the
unbalancing nature it will create.
Fossil fuels is our way of life,
and to change from one form to
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

HOUSE SPEAKER (CONT.) (cont'd)
 another over night does give rise
 to - - uncertain implications. Yet
 - our esteemed colleagues in the
 field of physics and such are
 excited and would like to know more
 of its uses. So I am going to allow
 Mister Andropholis a chance to make
 a statement concerning our future
 with the use of his invention.
 (Looks at Conroy) The floor is
 yours sir.

Conroy stands up, but his knees are slightly wobbly as he
 approaches an EMPTY GUEST PODIUM without his CANE. A
 MICROPHONE waits along with some hand written notes to use
 for his reference.

After reaching the stand, he takes a DEEP breath then
 exhales and glances at his notes a couple of times, but has
 some trouble reading them.

TAKING a CHANCE...

HOUSE SPEAKER (CONT.)
 ... When you are ready sir.

CONROY
 Thank you mister speaker. First, I
 would like to thank General Pierce
 who has helped me and my team
 arrive at this assembly since it
 does indeed concern all of us. Our
 - invention, was created to not
 only upgrade our mode of
 transportation, but to also ween
 ourselves off of the addicting
 properties of fossil fuels. For
 over a century, our planet's
 citizens have been victimized and
 exposed to toxic levels of Carbon
 Monoxide both on land and in the
 air along with our oceans. Using
 our Andropholis Sphere, eliminates
 all of that. Now, some people say,
 it's a bad idea, that it will
 topple the market or crash it. That
 may happen. I won't deny that. But
 at the same time, it will open new
 doors for space travel, galactic
 voyages at the speed of light and
 beyond. We are at a cross roads
 where the children are the future.
 Using fossil fuels is an outdated
 form of solution to most of our
 problems. When the Sphere is

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CONROY (cont'd)
 powered up, its inner core
 functions will last for four
 hundred years without replacement.

FLIP FROM FACE TO FACE AS...

The ASSEMBLY BUZZES with WHISPERS, and slight CHATTER as
 Conroy clears his throat. But then... A REPRESENTATIVE from
 the U.S. SPEAKS UP...

ON U.S. DELEGATE:

U.S. DELEGATE
 ... But doesn't that mean that our
 fossil fuel industry will become
 obsolete? What happens to the many
 employess, along with (their)
 families who work for those very
 same companies? How will they be
 compensated from such a drastic
 change?

A POWERFUL question. Conroy thinks fast to give a proper
 response.

THEN...

CONROY
 ... Change always invites
 difficulty in one form or another.
 There are ways to teach those very
 same workers a new trade with pay,
 and in an environment with no
 toxins. I used to race cars for a
 living, until my misjudgement
 nearly killed me and ended my
 career. I decided that a new
 approach was needed to racing but
 my focus altered even more after
 witnessing a new engine that was
 invented and displayed in a
 convention which doesn't use any
 fuel or electricity. I took it one
 step further with the help of my
 good friend and co-inventor Otis
 Plant, and Sherry Gulliver who
 helped by designing a unique
 acceleration, and steering
 mechanism that works alongside our
 invention. Without their help, we
 wouldn't be present here right now.
 Our world needs to change. We need
 a new form of transportation to
 travel from point 'A' to point 'B'.
 Plus it helps clean up our
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

CONROY (cont'd)
atmosphere and the environment in
the process.

ON ASSEMBLY: All eyes are on Conroy. Some smile because of his idealistic approach. Others not so much.

BACK TO CONROY...

CONROY (CONT.)
... Our existence hangs by a thread. The last count of Carbon Monoxide for Los Angeles was over fourteen million parts per square mile. That's enough poison to kill a small country free of exhaust fumes. Hong Kong citizens today normally have to wear masks because it is so bad. Why do we continue to poison the children, and elderly alike? What's the reason? Money. Nothing more, and nothing less.

SOUNDS OF DISCONTENT come from the ASSEMBLY FLOOR...

CONROY (CONT.)
... We mine it, process it, distribute it, and trade it in the stock exchange. It's just one gigantic cycle that has lasted too long. We war over oil, fight for it, die for it, and for what? Money. Our Sphere can stop the cycle. Man will just have to think up a new way to ease his financial burdens. Our way will help create a future where children don't have to wear masks or suffer in a hospital on life support. We need to act fast or it's just a matter of time before our atmosphere becomes too poisonous and toxic to even grow food. Thank you.

FRONT ROW:

Conroy steps down from the podium, and joins Sherry and Otis as he SHAKES like A LEAF.

As the assembly room CHATTERS and MUTTERS together, the house speaker chimes with...

LEFT SIDE OF HOUSE SPEAKER:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

HOUSE SPEAKER

The house will begin their deliberations. A vote count must surpass sixty eight percent. If there is a stalemate in the count, it will be redone only once. We will begin with South Africa. Plesae present your vote...

SOUTH AFRICAN DELEGATE

... Nay.

Conroy listens to the YAY'S and NAY'S but has some trouble keeping count. The hall is filled to the RAFTERS as he scans the room for signs of any friendly face who would vote YAY.

Otis glances around the room to see well dressed officials, then looks at his own attire and feels rather out of place.

Sherry keeps her head down, but holds Conroy's hand for security. General Pierce is a STONE STATUE. He shows no emotion since he is only their escort. Yet his eyes DART to those who vote NAY with CONTEMPT.

FLIP TO:

SWEDISH DELEGATE

(Sincere)

I think it would be a wonderful addition to our way of life. I vote Yay.

ON CONROY:

Conroy glances to the delegate, and smiles in his direction.

ON DELEGATE: As he MEETS Conroy's gaze, he gives a THUMBS UP.

Suddenly, others follow suit.

More and more YAYS are called and heard in the assembly hall with an ECHO.

SOUNDTRACK BEGINS: TURN UP THE RADIO (AUTOGRAPH)

FLIP FROM ONE DELEGATE TO ANOTHER - YAY OR NAY.

BACK TO CONROY:

Conroy begins to chuckle as his hopes reach a new high as more raise hands to vote YAY. General Pierce GRASPS Conroy's shoulder like a father figure for a job well done.

A FEW MINUTES LATER... SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

HOUSE SPEAKER

... The count shall now be read.
For the Nay's the count is - ninety
eight votes against. For the Yays,
the count is - - One hundred and
fifty six votes. Which declares by
a unanimous decision that Conroy
Andropholis and his team are hereby
approved to begin their
development of The Andropholis
Sphere on a world wide basis.
Congratulations Sir.

Conroy then stands up and hugs, Sherry, Otis, and of course
the General as other delegates come down to meet them all.
Those who voted Nay, look at Conroy with HATRED and disgust
as they leave the building defeated.

OUTSIDE...

CUT TO:

EXT. PUBLIC SPECTATORS - DAY

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES.

It is pandemonium as CROWDS GATHER to see the man of the
hour as REPORTERS FLOCK towards the front entrance of the
UNITED NATIONS. People hold up signs both POSITIVE as well
as NEGATIVE signs.

Then, Conroy emerges with Sherry, Otis and General Pierce as
REPORTERS stop them.

FROM BEHIND REPORTERS:

REPORTER #1

... How does it feel to be the only
man in history to slow down or stop
the fossil fuel mining? What are
your plans now?

CONROY

Well, I didn't stop it altogether,
but it is a first step in shutting
down the plants and harm to our
world. Plus I want to start a new
racing team.

REPORTER #2

Do you think that this new approach
will help others clean up our
planet?

CONROY

With enough support, yes we can.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER #3

How bout' you Miss Gulliver? Do you believe that our new possible way of life seems unreachable?

SHERRY

No. Besides, with Conroy at the helm, we can dream all we want now. Plus - the ring in his pocket tells me that his next venture is to get down on one knee.

OTIS

He'd better. Or he'll have to marry Al.

SIDEVIEW OF ALL:

General Pierce then tries to keep the hounds at bay as they all NUDGE their way to the limo at the curb.

THOUSANDS CHEER CONROY and his team on. Conroy waves at the WHISTLING mobs as the General opens the door. CAMERAMEN try to get up close to take a picture as Conroy climbs into the limo.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON

Wayne watches the television as his brother climbs into the limo. He SMILES ear to ear. Nobody else is in the common room, because they are all interested in back room deals, or sleeping the day away in their cells.

UP CLOSE AS A TEAR FALLS DOWN his cheek.

WAYNE

(Very very proud)

Good for you punk. Good for you.

FADE TO:

EXT. ORBIT - TEN YEARS LATER - CONROY'S FIRST SPACE RACE

IN ORBIT... Is a LARGE TEN THOUSAND MILE OBSTACLE COURSE that sits above the earth. STANDS that are protected by a clear ELECTROMAGNETIC SHIELD give fans a good close up view of the action as they WAVE at CAMERAS while various racing ships enter the field. Behind the stands however is a LARGE ORBITING STATION where SHUTTLES MEET and DOCK.

Smaller SHUTTLES transport audience members back and forth from the stands to the STATION.

SIDE VIEW of STANDS: They sit on BOTH SIDES of the course but at a safe distance so they can see the action as RACERS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

come out from their FLOATING SPACE PITS.

A ROVING CAMERA moves closer to the LINE UP as an announcer begins to address the CRAZED FANS...

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... Here we are folks. Two hundred miles above the earth's surface for the grand inauguration of the tenth annual Andropholis Cup. Today also marks this occasion with Conroy Andropholis himself who will be flying his own personally built pod racer, that can reach speeds of six thousand miles an hour. Since regulated speed limits are enforced, Conroy will have to settle on a mere - - three thousand miles an hour.... And now, let's get down and meet the pilots...

CUT TO:

EXT. RACE TRACK - CONTINUOUS

The RACERS enter the field of EMPTY SPACE as they GLIDE towards the starting line, which is a LIT RIBBON of LIGHT. Each racer has tiny windows, much like a formula one race car, but of course without wheels. Every FLYER has DECALS or PAINTED on LOGOS from SPONSORS to up their MASCULINE appearances.

Conroy's SHIP is his own. Sponsored by his own company. It is a RED MEAN MACHINE with a SPOILER on the back end that is shaped like a 'V'.

OVER HIS HEADSET HE CAN HEAR:

AL (V.O.)

Okay Conroy...

INT. CONROY'S RACER

Conroy looks excited, ready to race once again yet has to listen to his boss's annoying voice.

OVER CONROY'S HEADSET...

HEADSET (V.O)

... Since we've went over all of the basics, you know that keeping inside of the obstacle course is key. Any wandering off the track will only add negative points. So no piss assing around. Understand me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SIDEVIEW OF CONROY IN HIS RACER.

Conroy rolls up his eyes as he listens.

CONROY

Yes mommy.

AL (V.O.)

Good. Now I want a clean race out there. No fudging in the line up or sneaking around others. Just keep your wits and have fun.

CONROY

... Of course mommy.

AL (V.O.)

Hey I mean it. I don't want to see you in another accident.

WAYNE (V.O.)

Listen to him, or you'll deal with me mister.

CONROY

Wayne? I thought you had a meeting today?

WAYNE (V.O.)

I wouldn't miss my little brother's first official race IN space. So listen to your boss, or I'll smack you upside the head.

EXT. CONROY'S RACER - COCKPIT FRONT VIEW

CONROY

Okay... Okay I'll be good. I promise.

BACK AT THE PITS: Both Wayne and Al, can see on a monitor that Conroy is chuckling of not keeping his promise as well as SMIRKING EAR TO EAR.

WAYNE

Does he know we can see him?

AL

... Probably.

BACK TO CONROY.

WAYNE (V.O.)

Good luck out there man.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OTIS (V.O.)
Oh and hey, Sherry wants to say something.

Conroy can hear Otis handing the headset to Sherry.

SHERRY (V.O.)
Conroy?

COCKPIT CONTROL PANEL POV.

CONROY
Yes ma'am?

SHERRY (V.O.)
Get ready to add a new room when your race is over.

SILENCE...

A BEAT...

CONROY
You're serious?

SHERRY (V.O.)
Yup, lucky number three.

Conroy CLAPS his hands together as he INCHES closer to the starting line.

EXT. RACING COURSE

All ships are ready as they FREE FLOAT in TWO ROWS of TEN. He stops behind the fourth position since his qualification time was a tad slower than most. But he doesn't care...

SLOWLY FLY OVER RACERS BACK TO FRONT.

CONROY (V.O.)
YAHOO!

SHERRY (V.O.)
I love you.

CONROY (V.O.)
Love you too babe.

INT. CONROY'S RACER

He can see the clock start the TEN SECOND countdown.

SOUNDTRACK BEGINS: THE RACE (YELLOW)

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
... In five, four, three, two, one... And we're off!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CUT TO:

EXT. RACE BEGINS - FRONT VIEW OF RACERS - CONTINUOUS

Every ship accelerates at high speed as they race through the OBSTACLE course that have random RINGS or SHARP CURVES, which hold more angles than any POLITICIAN on the ground.

CONROY passes one ship, then...

FLIES THROUGH A RING... To gain TEN POINTS!

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

... And Andropholis puts the first ten points on his score card! But there is more to come as he makes the second turn. Carson is also on his tail, but Conroy is just too smooth with his racer as he heads for the next stretch.

INT. CONROY'S RACER

Conroy's helmet has a CLEAR FACE SHIELD DOWN, as he ZIPS through another RING, then takes a very SHARP BEND. By his POV he can see other racers from his left side window set against the backdrop of SPACE with the MILLIONS OF STARS as they inch closer to the NEXT RING.

UP AHEAD: A FIFTY POINT RING.

SOUNDTRACK CONTINUES.

EXT. FIFTY POINT RING - FRONT VIEW OF CONROY'S RACER

Conroy's ship is beside Carson as they head towards a RING worth fifty points. His OPPONENT Carson is good, but has a lack of confidence to keep so close to Conroy who then SWERVES away for safety sake, giving Conroy the RING as the NOSE of his RACER SPEEDS THROUGH only to...

SNAP TO BLACK

THE END.