

# THE ANDROPHOLIS SPHERE

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Based on, Action. Science Fiction, Drama, Eco-message

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WHITE SCREEN

SUPER: THE ANDROPHOLIS SPHERE

MUFFLED VOICES OF RACING FANS

SOUND TRACK: POPULAR EIGHTIES MUSIC THROUGH OUT.

FADE IN:

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

Racing track, fans, sunny weather, formula one race cars.

Thousands of fans CHEER and WHISTLE as high whining racing cars scream around a track. It is an exciting day for formula-1 racing aficionados.

A commentator speaks:

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

(Broken accent)

Fincenzo has taken the lead for the third time today, but his American opponent... Conroy Andropholis is quickly closing the gap between them as they careen around turn two at speeds of over one hundred miles and hour...

**EXT. RACE TRACK - TURN TWO**

Cars, wire fence line, fans, flags.

Fincenzo makes the turn. Fans cheer and wave as the car whizzes by at break neck speeds. Tires SCREECH.

Racers cross over a boundary marker.

In third position, is a RED formula mean machine driven by a talented young buck from Tucson Arizona.

Conroy Andropholis. (Late 20's)

His car hops over the boundary line and overtakes his opponent.

Conroy is now in second place behind Fincenzo.

**INT. CAR - CONROY**

Conroy, tight cockpit, loud engine noise.

Over his head-set Conroy listens to the daily reports.

Sweat beads down his face as he switches gears.

From his ear phones he can hear his pit boss... AL FISH.

AL (V.O.)

Jesus Christ. Will you take it easy out there? This is our fourth car we had to replace because of your god damn stunts.

CONROY

Sorry Al, but I had the clearance, so I took advantage.

AL (V.O.)

That's not the point damn it.

CONROY

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

AL (V.O.)

Oh please, be still my beating cholesterol filled heart. Just watch your temperature gauge when you try to use your spam key on the next turn you try to negotiate. 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 while my fried gear box melts.

CONROY

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

**EXT. TRACK - STRAIGHT PATH - CONROY'S REAR END**

Cars, stretch of track, heat waves, fans.

From the fan's POV from the fence line, they can see their idol racers WHIZ past at incredible speed.

Engines WHINE like BEES.

Conroy's car is right behind Finccenzo using his SLIP STREAM.

CONROY (V.O.)

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

AL (V.O.)

Chump change to these guys. Just use turn four, and sweep out from behind his ass on the next stretch. Please?

CONROY (V.O.)

Fine.

**EXT. WHEEL WELL - CONROY'S REAR END**

Fincenzo, Conroy, high noon.

Fincenzo inches ahead TWO car lengths ahead of Conroy as they make their way to turn four.

**INT. CAR - CONROY**

Conroy steps on the acceleration PEDAL to the floor.

From his POV, the gap closes between them.

**EXT. FRONT OF CARS**

Racers, heat waves, track, SMOKE.

Tire smoke billows from their back wheel wells as their back ends slide.

Other racers try to catch up but are left well behind.

It is between Conroy and Fincenzo only.

**EXT. BLEACHERS**

Fans, state officials, cameras.

The fans cheer and whistle while they hold up drinks or betting tickets.

FLASHES from cameras as both cars speed by.

Excitement builds.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

It has come down to just Fincenzo,  
and Conroy. Both make their way to  
turn five where they will pass the  
last marker in this final lap.

SUDDENLY...

**EXT. LAST MARKER**

As Conroy veers right, he has clearance to home stretch as the NOSE of his car passes Fincenzo's quarter panel, when disaster strikes.

**EXT. FINCENZO'S CAR**

BACK WHEEL: Tire blows, OIL LEAK, SPARKS.

Fincenzo's tire explodes and shreds like paper sending pieces all over the track.

He SWERVES and FISHTAILS.

Fincenzo is knocked out of the race.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

Oh NO! This is terrible. Finccenzo has blown a tire. Such bad luck on such a fine racing final as this. It gives Conroy his opportunity, and the lead for his first official win of the season. Yet, even though this event has knocked Finccenzo out of the race, he still dominates the season with a large point gap. It also means that Finccenzo will be heading to Paris for next year's extravaganza.

Finccenzo regains control of his car, while Conroy wins the race.

**EXT. CHECKER FLAG**

Conroy's car ZIPS past the pole while Finccenzo struggles to drive his disabled car to the pits.

SMOKE, SPARKS from the rim.

A great victory for the US TEAM.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

... And Conroy Andropholis takes the WIN! With so many unlucky breaks during this past year, it is his first official victory. A heartfelt congratulations to Conroy along with his crew and boss, Al Fish who made a great team.

The commentator rambles on about sponsors.

**EXT. WINNER'S CIRCLE**

Fans, reporters, officials.

Conroy makes his way to the winner's circle out of high speed and parks his car over the National Flag.

Reporters flock in. Officials try to keep them back.

Conroy opens his hatch to the car, and removes his helmet to reveal a brash, rugged but good looking man. Messy hair, brown eyes and a thin mustache.

He climbs out of the car as his oversized SLOB of a boss meets up with Conroy to hug the winning stallion.

Crew uncorks CHAMPAGNE.

Flash bulbs flicker. Two rented models walk over to Conroy and stand on each side of him.

CONROY

See Al? You were worried for nothing.

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 the fans.

CONROY

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.

Al notices that Conroy is not listening.

Conroy is too involved in the moment.

CONROY

So, anyone up for spin the bottle?

Al can see that his prize winning driver is losing all semblance of what it means to be a racer.

Conroy signs autographs. Flash bulbs continue to flicker.

Al shakes his head as he walks away.

Conroy laughs, makes jokes and does what all prize winners do as Finccenzo arrives to take his second place prize.

He brags about it and makes sure his opponent hears it.

CONROY (CONT.)

Yeah well, it's a shame that Finccenzo lost a tire on the home stretch. But, that's what happens when you don't pit properly.

More FLASHES from cameras.

Finccenzo is not happy.

On the other hand, Conroy's models just smile, but also express the need to get back to their husbands.

Continuous flash bulbs, cheering crowds.

And on the LAST FLASH!

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - A YEAR LATER - TUCSON - DAY**

News paper stand, customers, sunny weather.

Outside of a convenience store customers buy news papers or magazines from a vendor's mobile van.

One customer reads his paper, but pays no mind to the front page which shows a HEADLINE...

'CONROY LUCKY TO BE ALIVE!' DOCTOR STATES, THAT HIS CAREER IS OVER.

Another customer buys a paper.

VENDOR

Thanks pal.

Customer walks away as he reads.

BLEND TO:

**EXT. WORKER PLANT**

Workers, parking lot, guards.

While the city bustles - A LOUD horn blares.

It is quitting time.

Workers leave the plant as their replacements arrive.

One man walks out of the plant who is slightly larger than his fellow workers.

A young man, early forties and is the BIG BROTHER to Conroy.

WAYNE ANDROPHOLIS. A stoic, but well mannered individual.

Workers get into their cheap domestic type of cars while Wayne approaches his BEAST.

A BLACK ROADRUNNER SPECIAL.

He unlocks his door and climbs into the seat then closes his door.

Wayne starts his car.

A loud THUNDEROUS ROAR shakes the lot.

Everyone knows who is leaving the premises.

He coasts over to the gate, and when the way is clear, speeds out.

**EXT. ON THE ROAD - DAY**

Traffic, pedestrians.

FROM DRIVER'S WINDOW: Wayne drives safely while on the road. He keeps a close watch for any speed demons.

Over his radio plays eighties tunes, when the music is cut short from the DJ to report about a police chase.

DJ (V.O.)

... We bring this news bulletin. Just five minutes ago, a group of bank robbers made off with close to eight hundred thousand dollars after robbing the state union bank downtown. Police are in pursuit along with our news chopper who has a good view of the chase. Nelson, how's it going up there?

Over the radio, comes Nelson's report...

NELSON (V.O.)

Yeah we still have them in our sights Don. We're just about over the corner of Grant and Stone. Lots of traffic down there, which could give the police some trouble, but I am amazed that these guys can negotiate the corners without hitting anyone...

Wayne is a patient man and quite popular with the local girls who wave at him as he passes by.

For Wayne, the real world is about how a person uses their hands to work, and it shows within his gaze as he watches the road.

Up ahead, is an intersection light that turns YELLOW.

**EXT. INTERSECTION**

Traffic, Wayne in front, COPS.

Wayne slows down and stops to wait his turn at the light.

OUT OF NOWHERE, a beat up car SCREECHES around the eastern block of the intersection while a police cruiser chases it down with its SIREN BLARING.

**INT. WAYNE'S CAR**

From his POV, he can see the driver pull out a GUN and starts to SHOOT at the police car from his window.

BULLETS hit the cop's WINDSHIELD.



Wayne ducks down, but can still see over his steering wheel.

As they all cross over to the next street... FOUR more police cars join the chase.

After the coast is clear, the light turns GREEN.

**EXT. SHOOT OUT**

Robbers, cops, bullets, shopping mall.

When the robbers enter a parking lot of a local mall, the cops follow them in.

One of the robbers sticks his head out of a back window armed with a MACHINE GUN.

He FIRES it.

**EXT. COP CAR**

Windshield, hood, hail of bullets.

Bullets RIDDLE and shred the cruiser.

A few bullets enter the windshield and nails the driver's partner.

**EXT. SHOPPING MALL**

Shoppers, cars, children, security guards.

People who hear the sounds look over to the group of cars that are swerving and shooting at one another.

A few STRAY bullets strike nearby light poles and potted plants.

SCREAMS fills the air as people run back inside of the mall.

**EXT. ROBBERS**

Robbers do BURN out circles as they continue to shoot at the police and into the air like victorious fools.

One of the officers stops his car, and sticks his head out from his driver's window holding his issue.

He beads on the driver's head.

Policeman FIRES his gun... THREE TIMES.

**INT. ROBBER'S CAR**

Two of the three bullets nail the back seat, but the last bullet makes it mark as it penetrates the frontal lobe of the driver.

A CRACK sound follows along with BLOOD and BRAIN matter that sprays onto his accomplice.

The car STOPS.

Police surround them and do their civic duty.

Nearby...

**INT. WAYNE'S CAR**

From his POV, he drives slowly past the mall entrance to see a cop pull out the dead driver who then drops him to the pavement.

His blood soaked accomplices are hauled out and arrested.

All is quiet in the city of Tucson once more as long as the local law enforcement take out the trash.

Chopper flies overhead.

NELSON (V.O.)

Oh no, one of the robbers has been shot. I can see the policeman pulling him out of the car. I don't know if he's dead or hurt, but the others are being arrested quietly. The accomplice has a lot of blood on him. He might have been shot in the process, but I can't tell from this point.

WAYNE

Idiots.

Wayne leaves the scene.

**INT. HOSPITAL - HALF HOUR LATER - EARLY DUSK**

Nurses, doctors, patients, sterile environment.

Wayne is signing his name into a visitor's log book at a nurse's station. Behind him are patients who wait on benches, or wheel chairs.

As he finishes signing in, a young professional nurse approaches him.

A red headed woman (40's) who has the disposition of being a stern no-nonsense type of nurse, but has the body of Aphrodite to match.

NURSE

Hey Wayne. It's been awhile.

WAYNE

Hey Sarah.

SARAH

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

WAYNE

Yeah, except he won't be able to walk the same way again.

SARAH

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

WAYNE

Yeah. Real lucky.

OVERHEAD SPEAKER.

OVERHEAD SPEAKER (V.O.)

Doctor Bryce to emergency. Doctor Bryce to emergency.

CLICK!

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 paper work to do at home. We still need to work out our... Budget.

What STRENGTH. What AUDACITY.

Sarah expresses deflated emotions.

SARAH

Okay. No problem. Maybe another time then.

What STUPIDITY.

Wayne faces her and offers a whimsicle smile on her behalf.

He then heads to Conroy's room.

Wayne doesn't even... look back.

Sarah resumes her duties.

**INT. CONROY'S ROOM**

Monitors, Conroy's leg, a few get well decorations.

Wayne walks in to see his little brother lying on his bed attached to a leg brace with inserted PINS.

Conroy opens his eyes to see Wayne sitting down.

CONROY

Hey man.

WAYNE

Hey.

CONROY

What tims is it?

WAYNE

(Looks at watch)

About, five thirty.

CONROY

Shit.

WAYNE

What? You need to be somewhere?

CONROY

No. I just felt like I've been  
alseep for a week.

WAYNE

You were dumbass.

CONROY

Huh? Oh yeah.

Heart monitor BEEPS. Oxygen HISSES through a nose tube.

Wayne can see how much Conroy is suffering but steels himself to deliver a heart breaking message.

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 and momentum built up  
for it.

WAYNE

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

Heart monitor beeps again, but slightly faster.

Wayne starts to show frustration with Conroy's loose attitude of GO WITH THE DEVIL routine.

WAYNE (CONT.)

You do realize that you can never race again. Right?

CONROY

Says who?

WAYNE

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

CONROY

So? What? I can't drive again?

WAYNE

Oh you can drive eventually. Just not in a race car. Ever.

CONROY

Bullshit.

Monitor BEEPS faster.

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 foot for the manual clutch. But by the looks of your leg, you couldn't be able to manage that much.

BEEPS FASTER.

CONROY

So, we'll work on a new design.

Wayne expresses emotions that his little brother is not listening to reason.

WAYNE

God damn it Conroy, they let you go.

CONROY

Who?

WAYNE

Everyone. All of your sponsors. Al is being contracted out to a new recruit, while your lawyers are working on how to pay your hospital bills. 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 of a stunt you pulled in Milan.

BEEPS slow down.

CONROY

So we'll get a new...

WAYNE

There is no new! There is just you and your ego. Christ almighty why can't you 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 stands up and walks around the room.

Conroy tries to hide his emotions, but tries to remain cool headed.

CONROY

Well, what would you have done?

Wayne spins around.

WAYNE

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

Conroy tears up. He starts to realize that his career is over. Way too early.

CONROY

What am I supposed to do? Work in a factory?

WAYNE

Hey, at least its work. But, I do know that the brass will never

(MORE)

WAYNE (cont'd)  
 allow you on the main assembly  
 floor. There is no way in hell.

Conroy's emotions surface.

Wayne sees how its affecting Conroy.

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

Wayne offers to console his brother.

WAYNE  
 Hey look...

CONROY  
 No. No. Don't say another word. Get  
 out.

WAYNE  
 We'll get...

CONROY  
 No. Get out. Piss off!

Wayne reluctantly leaves the room.

Expresses uselessness.

**INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY**

Wayne exits Conroy's room. Patients, nurses, doctors.

He leans against the wall to think.

To break his mood, Wayne heads over to the cafeteria.

**INT. CAFETERIA**

Wayne enters to see other patients and nurses taking a  
 break.

He walks over to a coffee cart and pours a cup. No sugar or  
 cream. A man's coffee.

Sarah arrives.

She also grabs a coffee.

WAYNE  
 I'm not in the mood Sarah.

SARAH  
 I didn't say anything.

WAYNE  
 I'm just not good company at the  
 moment.

SARAH

What are you talking about? You've never been good company even in highschool.

Wayne tosses her a juvenile sneer.

He sits at a table.

Sarah joins him.

WAYNE

He just won't listen.

SARAH

Yeah well, he's like you. Hard headed, stubborn and often in trouble.

WAYNE

I don't know what to do with him. Ever since our dad died, he's been on some path of, self destruction.

SARAH

It's a phase. He loves the excitement and the danger that follows.

WAYNE

He should have taken that job in Japan. He would have been more useful in a lab than on a track.

SARAH

That's your dad talking. Conroy wants to live his life without the restrictions. Sure he's reckless and often pigheaded but he loves on what he does. But that's been ripped away from him. He needs to learn it his way. I mean, he never tells you what you need or want. Right?

WAYNE

I guess.

SARAH

Give him time.

CAFE ENTRANCE POV: Both sip their coffees in silence.

BLEND TO:

**EXT. HOSPITAL - TWO WEEKS LATER - DAY**

Wayne exits the hospital with Conroy who is in a wheelchair.



Conroy grabs his cane once they reach the curb.

He almost topples over as he stands up.

WAYNE

Whoa, here let me...

CONROY

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

WAYNE

Fine.

Wayne watches Conroy for a moment then pushes the wheelchair towards the exit door while Conroy hobbles over to Wayne's car.

**EXT. WAYNE'S CAR**

Conroy waits for his brother to unlock the doors while two pretty girls walk down a path side by side.

He notices how their summer apparel enunciates their beauty. Especially their tops from such a BREEZY morning.

Conroy doesn't know them, but would love a private meeting.

CONROY

Ladies.

The girls smile as they pass by. Only when they see Wayne do they respond.

GIRL #1

Hey Wayne.

GIRL #2

Hi Wayne.

WAYNE

Charlotte, Barbara.

Conroy displays awe as he listens to the brief hello's between his brother and the two that got away.

He also expresses a look of, 'What about me? I nearly got killed.'

Wayne opens the door for Conroy.

CONROY

We should get some beer.

WAYNE

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

Conroy sits down in the car.

CONROY

Why not?

WAYNE

Because of all the sugar and yeast. It can cause some of those wounds to hemorrhage and start 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

Yeah - right.

Wayne shuts his door and moves to the driver's side and hops in.

**INT. WAYNE'S CAR**

Clean interior, black leather, shiny seatbelt buckles. A true muscle car.

Wayne starts his beast and JABS the pedal once.

A DEEP ROAR engulfs them, which tells Conroy that Wayne loves his car.

Wayne pulls away from the curb.

**EXT. CRUISING - PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW**

A deep throb of the engine, traffic flow, pedestrians.

Wayne keeps his eyes on the road, while Conroy look out his window to watch the world pass by.

Ponders his thoughts.

CONROY

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

**INT. WAYNE'S CAR**

Wayne shifts gears, then signals to turn left off the main drag.

WAYNE

Around sixty two thousand.

CONROY

Damn it.

WAYNE

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

**EXT. WAYNE'S CAR - PEDESTRIAN'S POV**

Wayne drives his car down the next street.

**INT. WAYNE'S CAR**

Conroy looks at his shoes for a moment, and then up to 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.

WAYNE

Look, I'm just telling you the  
truth.

CONROY

I know. Man this fucking sucks.

Wayne never rebukes the statement. He expresses a small amount of satisfaction that he can mirror his father in a sense.

WAYNE

Feel like some chicken?

CONROY

Huh? Yeah, sure.

**EXT. CHICKEN PALACE - DAY**

Outside tables, customers, sunny weather.

Light breeze.

Conroy and Wayne sit together eating an early lunch. They notice that the traffic is getting thicker.

Conroy spots a few out of place cars and trucks with DECALS that display HIGH TECH company names.

CONROY

I wonder what's going on?

WAYNE

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

CONROY

What kind?

WAYNE

How the hell should I know?

CONROY

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

WAYNE

No. I got better things to do with my life than rotting my brain.

Conroy sees a RIG pass by.

On the rig's trailer BOX: 'EMBASSY ENTERPRISES' - 'FOR THE FUTURE OF TOMORROW.'

CONROY

Hey, I know that logo. It's one of the manufacturing companies that design concept cars as well as engines.

WAYNE

Oh yeah? What kind?

CONROY

All kinds. Domestic, commercial, hell, they even help N.A.S.A on occasion.

Wayne shows no interest.

WAYNE

You don't say?

CONROY

Yup. I think I'll check it out on Saturday and see the new line ups.

WAYNE

Knock yourself out.

Conroy expresses irritation.

CONROY

I will.

A BREEZE whisks away some of their napkins.

WAYNE

Shit.

BLEND TO:

**EXT. CITY BUS STOP - CONVENTION - SATURDAY - AFTERNOON**

Music, customers, vehicles, sunny weather.

A bus pulls up to the curb and stops. Doors HISS open and people exit the bus. Conroy steps off with his cane.

In front of him, are thousands of customers outside looking at cars, trucks, and stalls that sell parts.

**EXT. CONVENTION GROUNDS**

Conroy stops to look at a truck with its hood up.

The motor is shiny, clean and SPARKLING. To his right are its engine specs.

CONROY

Not bad.

He moves on to the convention center building.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW of the ESPLANADE.

Customers flock to the entrance.

**INT. CONVENTION**

Popular eighties music, cars, trucks, concept cars on display, parts vendors.

Conroy steps in to ogle at thousands of parts from around the country.

ENGINES, CAR DESIGNS, BRAKES, ADS GALORE.

It is a car builders wet dream.

Conroy makes his way over to a stall to glimpse of the newly designed FUEL INTAKE valve components.

Although it seems like walking around in racing heaven, Conroy seems to be in a sullen mood.

A FLOOR WALKER interrupts him.

FLOOR WALKER

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

CONROY

Don't need it.

Conroy moves to another stall full of GAUGES and SENSORS.

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 on it. 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.

They stop in the middle of the aisle.

Conroy faces the man to see a messy individual. White shirt with coffee stains, and scuffed shoes.

FLOOR WALKER (CONT.)

This is the future.

He hands Conroy a pamphlet.

CONROY

So, what's in their new line up?

FLOOR WALKER

How about an engine that uses - - no fuel.

As Conroy is about to ask a question, the floor walker is already off nagging other convention goers.

CONROY'S POV: Conroy opens the first page. It displays a new ENGINE that indeed does not need fuel.

He moves forward while reading.

**INT. CONVENTION FLOOR**

Conroy impressively weaves through the mobs of car loving folks using his sense of direction.

Yet, falls short when he BUMPS into a very pretty but organized looking woman.

WOMAN

Hey, watch where you're going.  
Jerk.

Conroy nonchalantly looks up to see a pair of deep brown eyes glaring at him.

He pays her no mind.

CONROY

What? Oh, sorry about that.

Conroy moves on.

She surmises the move as drastic.

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 wasn't paying attention whilst I was reading this brochure."

CONROY

No.

How dare he?

WOMAN

No? Holy shit, you're an asshole.

Conroy stops to face the irritating woman.

CONROY

Yeah so? You saw me walking with a cane. Why didn't you move aside a little to allow an invalid like me to pass you? Huh?

Seems someone has enough balls to actually challenge her.

WOMAN

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

CONROY

Yeah, right.

As he is about to leave...

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 gave you a two car lead advantage. But it almost fried your suspension.

Conroy squeezes his brochure.

CONROY

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

She can clearly see that her remarks are annoying Conroy.

WOMAN

Name's Sherry. Sherry Gulliver.

CONROY

Like the story.

Her mood shifts.

SHERRY

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

The poor brochure is being tortured in his grip.

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 need much to entertain it.

Conroy expresses both hate and admiration for Sherry. He just stares at her.

SHERRY (CONT.)

Something on my face?

CONROY

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

Finally, some obvious truth to come out of his mouth.

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 really? I'm one of their spokespeople.

CONROY

No shit.

SHERRY

(Exasperation)

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

CONROY

Piss off.

Sherry walks ahead of Conroy.

Her shapely hips helps his libido even more.

Conroy approves with perked up eyebrows.

**INT. EMBASSY STAGE - PRESENTATION**

Crowds gather, camera bulbs flash, exciting atmosphere.

Conroy arrives to see hundreds of fans standing in front of a STAGE which have curtains drawn closed. Sherry joins at his side just as an envoy for Embassy steps to a microphone.

TINNY FEEDBACK.

HOST

Good afternoon everybody. Are we having fun today?

Crowd claps and cheers.

HOST (CONT.)

Today marks a pivotal moment in our company's future. Ever since the fuel embargo within the European nation as well as Kuwait has taken its toll... Our fuel prices has sky rockted - badly.

MURMURS, whispers from the audience.

HOST (CONT.)

With newer models of domestic cars, trucks and commercial vehicles, the struggle at the pumps has become even more pronounced. Inflation, taxes and overhead costs for delivering the fuel is causing a

(MORE)

HOST (CONT.) (cont'd)  
lot of widespread backlash across  
the country. So, what do we do  
about it? We fight back.

Drapes open on stage.

HOST (CONT.)  
With an engine that does not use  
ANY fossil fuels.

MUMBLES from the audience. Conroy shows curiosity as his  
eyes stare at an engine that is running silently while being  
rolled out by a pretty model.

Sherry shows pride as she gazes at Conroy.

HOST (CONT.)  
Powered by a revolutionary  
technology using magnetic  
propulsion. It uses hundreds of  
magnetic components. Each work  
independently, but also in tandem  
with one another to deliver the  
necessary horse power for even the  
heaviest of trucks, or commercial  
vehicle. This engine uses one crank  
shaft, and one piston that equals  
to one hundred and fifty horse  
power. More than enough for a  
family of five.

Conroy makes his way closer to the stage along with Sherry.

Mumbles turn to loud chatter.

HOST (CONT.)  
Our engine needs no maintenance, no  
oil, or spark plug. Plus, it does  
not exude toxic chemicals or waste  
into the atmosphere. There isn't  
even any fluids, which could ignite  
prematurely. Such as the story  
about a company who will remain  
nameless that had to recall twenty  
million domestic cars. Here, is the  
new future for our way of life. We  
call it... The N.U - X1.

After the presentation is done, the host leaves the stage.

Audience starts to clap.

Curtains close.

Crowd's cheers and claps amplifies.

Conroy is so impressed he walks towards the backstage.

Sherry is left behind holding folders in her arms.

**INT. BACKSTAGE**

Empty stage, engine, a few flood lamps.

Conroy walks onto the stage to see the engine up close and personal.

It is still running with no sound.

Behind him, the host sees Conroy.

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.

Host judges in his mind that the intruder is not that smart  
to begin with.

HOST

Shit. Look, this is not your run of  
the mill engines with flashy lights  
or little warning sirens. This is a  
precision engine that uses magnetic  
forces that...

CONROY

... That microbalances between the  
piston, and the crankshaft so that  
the compression ratio equals to one  
fifth of its internal intake  
chassis. Correct?

AMAZED. Host rebukes.

HOST

Yeah. Not bad. Who are you?

Conroy sticks out his hand.

CONROY

Conroy Andropholis.

Host 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.

SHERRY

Everything okay?

HOST

Fine. I was just trying to explain to our uninvited guest here, about protocols.

SHERRY

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

HOST

You're the designer.

CONROY

She's what?

HOST

You didn't tell him?

Sherry and Conroy glance at one another.

CONROY

No she didn't tell me.

SHERRY

Yes. 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.

Host leaves but waves goodbye in a lazy way.

Conroy steps closer to the engine.

He examines it.

SHERRY (CONT.)

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 faces Sherry.

CONROY (CONT.)

Every corporation on the planet will want to know how this engine works. Although it may be the next step out of the fossil fuel era, it does however paint 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 expresses slight confusion.

SHERRY

Project?

CONROY

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

SHERRY

Sorry. That's classified. Besides, it's too complicated for me to try and explain to someone with limited intelligence.

CONROY

Try me.

SHERRY

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 hold a master's degree in both applied physics and mathematics. So, if my intelligence seems too unworthy for your... Holiness, then I'll just have to build an engine of my own.

Sherry expresses amusement.

SHERRY

You? Build an engine like this one? Now that I have to see.

CONROY

It doesn't have to be an engine like yours. But, I can make it better than this one by a factor of ten.

As Conroy walks away, he can hear Sherry start to snicker behind his back.

BLEND TO:

**EXT. CONVENTION GROUNDS**

Patrons walk around as Conroy exits the building into heated summer air. To his left, are bums begging for change.

To his right, is another drunk man PUKING up his lunch.

Just ahead of Conroy is a hot dog vendor.

As he walks over to order up one, he utters under his breath...

CONROY  
 What a bitch. Great ass though.

BLEND TO:

**EXT. POOL HALL - AFTERNOON**

Bums, dealers, hookers, schitzophrenics.

A real gritty neighborhood.

Conroy enters the hall. A nearby PIMP walks by the hall, and stops to gab with one of his girls.

His hand slips into her top for a quick feel.

**INT. POOL HALL**

Pool tables, dim atmosphere, acrid and smoky.

Conroy approaches the front counter, and gets the attention of the hall's owner.

Owner turns around.

A large (40's) mean looking ex-biker who has a full beard, fat stomach. He also has more tattoos on his arms than a Japanese Yakuza ring leader.

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.

CONROY  
 Nah. Thanks anyway.

JUNKPILE  
 My pleasure.

Conroy walks through the hall to the back between the pool tables. No one is playing.

On his left in a dark corner booth, is a man and a woman. The woman's head is bobbing up and down in the man's lap.

Close to the bathroom are some thugs who is beating the crap out of someone.

Conroy stays out of their business.

**INT. POOL HALL - BACK ROOM**

Vending machines, pinball games, parts, electronic equipment.

Conroy walks in to see multiple games torn apart exposing circuitry wires along with a young man who is working with a soldering iron.

Otis Plant (20's). Is a well to do repairman who knows the fine art of fixing anything that has electricity coursing through it.

Otis looks up to see Conroy.

OTIS

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

CONROY

Almost is the word.

Otis grabs a rag.

OTIS

Seems that every time we meet up, you got an injury of some kind. I told you didn't I? That your talents would get you into trouble if you stuck to the old ways.

CONROY

Look, I didn't come here to get a lecture by you man. I get that from Wayne.

Otis walks over to a table and extinguishes an unsmoked cigarette.

OTIS

At least he's smart. Look man, I'm sorry for what happened to you out there, but racing isn't for you.

Conroy expresses mixed feelings.

CONROY

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



OTIS

Yeah see, that's the thing. They aren't. They're wrapped up in a cocoon of fear every day of their lives. Sure, it's great to just go all out without a care in the world and be one of them. But Conroy, they don't know anything else. You do pal.

Otis grabs his open soda.

CONROY

Which is why I'm here.

OTIS

For what?

CONROY

I need your help.

Otis sits down.

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 along with the ability to see beyond of what other people call normal.

Otis shows some interest, but needs more.

OTIS

I did once. I got my ass canned for it too 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 of their spokespeople.

OTIS

Who? When?

CONROY

Today at the convention.

OTIS

Got a name?

CONROY  
Sherry Gulliver.

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

CONROY  
I know. I took a peek at the 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 running.

A BEAT.

CONROY (CONT.)  
I want to build my own.

Otis spits some soda.

OTIS  
Are you serious?

CONROY  
Yeah. One that can make a vehicle fly.

Otis spits more soda.

OTIS  
Are you kidding me?

CONROY  
I spoke with one of her colleagues at the convention center backstage. Gave me a few details about the engine's performance.

With more vested interest.

OTIS  
What's it deliver?

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

OTIS  
Shit.

Conroy inches closer to Otis.

CONROY

I want to build my own engine. One that can deliver enough power to offer lift. But to do that, I need the best mind I know... Yours.

OTIS

Look, I can't just drop everything here.

Conroy offers the clincher to seal the deal.

CONROY

Junk will understand.

OTIS

Yeah, cause he's stupid.

CONROY

If this works, both of us will become the first individuals to stop a world dominated by fossil fuel.

OTIS

Another dreamer. It won't work.

CONROY

How many of these machines did you get fixed?

OTIS

About, forty machines.

CONROY

Tell junk you need a vacation. I'll get the help you need to deliver them all. Come on man... I really need you with me on this.

Otis finishes his soda.

BELCHES.

A quick glance to Conroy says it all.

OTIS

Okay, I'm in.

**EXT. DELIVERIES - LOCAL ARCADE - MORNING**

Pinball machines, delivery truck, helpers.

Otis oversees his helpers as they unload the pinball machines via auto-tailgate.

Arcade owner has his own people outside to bring them in.

TRANSITION TO...

**EXT. DELIVERIES - BAR - AFTERNOON**

Bouncers unload the games as Conroy and Otis watch as the muscle bound behemoths use their manly strength to haul them inside.

ON TO...

**EXT. PUBLIC POOL - DUSK**

Last load, girls in bikinis, lifeguards.

Conroy watches the pool bunnies who push the last of the games on flat trollys inside.

His eyes avert to their dental floss clad bodies with admiration.

Otis expresses his disapproval.

As the last games is brought inside, the doors close.

**EXT. PUBLIC POOL - FRONT**

Otis is paid by the pool's manager.

Behind him, Conroy waits in the truck.

When Otis walks back to the truck, he pays his helpers.

They all leave for happy hour.

Otis gets in the truck.

**INT. TRUCK**

Dirty interior, eight track tape, hazy windshield.

Once in, Otis hands over some money to Conroy.

CONROY

Nope. I just came along to help.

OTIS

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

CONROY

Thanks. But, I have enough saved up. Besides, we'll need all the money I have to start our work.

Through reluctance...

OTIS

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, and pulls away.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. ANDROPHOLIS PROPERTY - NIGHT**

Wayne sits on his rickety porch drinking a beer. He glances to the nearby farm equipment that is not being used.

It's a quiet night albeit for a radio that sits beside him playing eighties tunes.

His eyes avert to the driveway.

A sound of a truck approaches.

He turns off the radio.

Otis pulls up to the house.

Both get out of the truck.

They see Wayne.

WAYNE

Well, if it isn't Otis Redding  
himself.

OTIS

Up yours honky.

Both laugh and shake hands.

WAYNE

How the hell are you?

OTIS

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

WAYNE

In exchange for what?

Conroy shoots Wayne an irritated glance.

OTIS

Oh, we're going to build an engine.

SILENCE. CRICKETS.

WAYNE

A what?

CONROY

An - En - gine. Can't you understand english?

WAYNE

Up yours you little shit. So, now you're trying your hand at building engines huh? That's not why you learned physics in college.

CONROY

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

OTIS

Hey, at least they can get good material. That's IF they can read and write. Niggers hate books.

Wayne grabs two beers from a cooler.

WAYNE

(To Otis)

Want a beer?

OTIS

Sure.

Wayne tosses Otis a beer.

OTIS (CONT.)

Thanks man.

Wayne tosses one to Conroy.

CONROY

What about the... I shouldn't drink beer crap?

WAYNE

One's not gonna kill you.

CONROY

Hm.

Otis and Conroy sit on each side of Wayne.

They open their beers.

WAYNE

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

CONROY

I was thinking on buidling an  
omni-hyper centrifuge.

Wayne and Otis 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 fifteen  
thousand RPM'S. No matter how  
accurate we were, it always caused  
severe feedback.

CONROY

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

OTIS

Yeah, but we'll need really durable  
parts. Too much aluminum in the  
frame.

CONROY

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

OTIS

Maybe.

Wayne only listens. He tries to wrap his head around on what  
they are talking about.

After listening to their drivel...

WAYNE

Well, if anyone can figure it  
out... You two can. I'm going to  
bed.

Wayne gets up.

OTIS

Take it easy man.

CONROY

Night Wayne.

WAYNE

Night.

Wayne enters the house via squeaky screen door.

Conroy and Otis sit in silence as they enjoy their beers.

Frogs chirp from a distant creek.

Ahead of them, is the city of Tucson. Skyscrapers are lit up.

A CHOPPER flies over the city using a SPOTLIGHT.

SIRENS blare which echo.

OTIS

Think we'll get the Nobel Peace  
Prize?

CONROY

Stranger things have happened.

BLEND TO:

**INT. ANDROPHOLIS PROPERTY - WAREHOUSE - MORNING**

Tools, plans, parts, image of a ROUND CORE.

Conroy and Otis work together as they draw out plans using an ARCHITECT'S TABLE which lights up.

PENS line the desk along with precision micrometer tools.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP SECTION**

Lathes, face shields, radio.

Radio blares eighties tunes.

Both work on LATHES. Drawings are kept in front of them as reference.

They cut out basic shapes from round STEEL BLANKS.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DRILL BENCH**

Conroy drills perfect holes in a piece of pure titanium using an expensive bit.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - WATER CUTTING TOOL**

Otis uses a pressure cutter that uses water as the blade. A sign next to him reads: 'DANGER - WATER PRESSURE at 35000 PSI.'

**INT. WAREHOUSE - ASSEMBLY ROOM - HOURS LATER**

Cut parts, assembly, dirty workers.

Both start to fit the cut pieces into one another like a PUZZLE.



Yet, takes it apart and places each piece in front of numbers.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - ASSEMBLY ROOM - REASSEMBLY - MORNING**

Radio plays more eighties tunes.

Conroy places a few pieces of titanium and other metals into an industrial size furnace to TEMPER the pieces.

ON OTIS: He heat bonds tiny MAGNETS to heat treated pieces, which include parts not easily seen by the human eye.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - LASER CUTTER**

Conroy laser cuts TITANIUM parts to remove unwanted weight along with shaping its form.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DISPLAY STAND - WEEKS LATER - CORE**

Each piece are fitted into one another. Shape takes form as round, and sleek in design.

SKIP build from start to finish. Once the core is assembled, it is a GLEAMING piece of hardware, which to any discerning eye looks like a SOCCER sized steel ball.

But, what does it do?

BLEND TO:

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DISPLAY STAND - AN HOUR LATER**

Air fan runs, shop equipment, THE CORE.

Otis and Conroy sits at a work table ten feet away from the core to gaze at its magnificent shiny surface that reflects the shop's interior.

NO FLAWS on the surface.

Otis pulls out a cigarette.

OTIS

Well, phase one is finished.

CONROY

Now all we need are fifty thousand segments of magnets for the shell.

OTIS

... And a really big ass generator to power it up. Where the hell are we gonna find that many magnets?

A PAUSE...

CONROY

I have an idea.

Both look at one another.

**EXT. AVIATION GRAVEYARD - NEXT DAY**

Brid's eye POV: Acreage is filled with PROP planes and retired JETS.

AT GROUND LEVEL: Both of the boys sift through each plane as they use opened hatchways.

Otis emerges from an old FOUR PROP bomber with a handful of magnets.

Happy Otis looks up when Conroy whistles over to him.

**EXT. COCKPIT WINDOW**

Conroy sticks his head out along with a DIRTY PICTURE of two girls in the classical 69 position and shows Otis along with a THUMB UP.

ON OTIS: Otis just ignores Conroy as he walks back to the truck.

ON CONROY: He is confused as to why Otis isn't interested in such art.

**EXT. TRUCK BOX - MAGNETS - AFTERNOON**

Both are on the road home. Truck has a throaty sound as Otis changes gears.

IN HAULING BOX: Fifty thousand MAGNETS sit in a pile five feet high.

Their haul was fruitful.

**INT. TRUCK**

They say nothing to each other on the way home. They just enjoy the ride.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - BODY BUILD - NEXT DAY**

Magnet, skeleton of a twenty foot diameter circular craft, radio plays eighties tunes.

Conroy and Otis start work as they align each magnet to an empty shell one piece at a time.

They use PRECISION TOOLS to measure the GAPS between each magnet.

Magnets are of different length.

Shortest ones are placed in the middle of the shell, while the longer pieces are arranged at the outer edge.

ABOVE POV: Shell shows the magnets in a SPIRAL CLOCKWISE pattern.

Conroy places the LAST MAGNET.

Radio song ENDS.

CUT TO:

**INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP - AFTERNOON**

Both call it a day as they stare at the MAZE like quality of their invention.

Conroy wipes his face with a cloth.

OTIS

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

CONROY

Neither did I. Christ, that's hot work.

OTIS

So, now we have to work out the dynamics on how to apply enough voltage for the core to power up and help keep it stable.

CONROY

Won't be a problem. Once the body is secure and the core is locked in place the electricity does the work for us.

OTIS

We'll have to start off with two mega joules. Then, we increase the charge every five seconds. Hopefully, that will be enough to give it lift.

CONROY

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

OTIS

Right behind ya man.

They leave the shop, and LOCK the door.

BLEND TO:

**INT. IN THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON**

House stereo plays eighties tunes. Conroy is cooking at the stove. House is rustic, overhead pots and pans over an island.

Otis sits at the table with his head on his arms. In his left hand is a cigarette that burns away.

Conroy finishes cooking and walks to the table with his frying pan and places four smokies each on their plates.

CONROY

Sit up.

OTIS

Been waiting for this. Mm - Mm - Mm.

CONROY

Dad used to cook these up 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.

Both eat as the stereo blares from the living room.

A warm GLOW of sunlight creeps through the drapes beside their table.

OTIS (CONT.)

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

With a full mouth.

CONROY

Yeah. All it needs is enough frequency bursts to make the housing lighter. What the real problem is, is that the weight distribution has to remain level, which is going to be tricky.

As they continue to eat, Conroy suddenly hears a vehicle outside pulling up.

Otis looks through the drapes.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - CAR**

A HONDA COUPE pulls up to the warehouse.

**INT. IN THE HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

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 and rush out of the house via kitchen door.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE**

Car, farming equipment, A PAIR OF LEGS.

ON OTIS AND CONROY: Conroy limps alongside Otis to see the car parked in a shadow patch provided by a LARGE OAK tree.

The car door opens to reveal a pair of shapely legs that swing out.

Sherry gets out of the car.

CONROY  
Jesus. What the hell are you doing here?

Sherry closes her car door.

SHERRY  
I thought I'd drop by and see how you two were coming along.

Otis wipes his mouth of food remnants.

CONROY  
I figured you'd be long gone with Emabassy.

SHERRY  
Oh, 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're telling the truth.

Conroy plays with Sherry.

CONROY  
What makes you think I've already started?

SHERRY  
With Otis standing there it means that either he's involved too, or you both are in - some - sort of - relationship?

Both Conroy and Otis look at one another with mock affection.

CONROY

I didn't know I had such feelings for him. I mean, all those showers together, really stirs up something.

OTIS

Yeah, tell me about it.

They inch closer to each other.

Sherry is not impressed.

SHERRY

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

OTIS

Not bad. At least I don't have to listen to crusty 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 ours.

SHERRY

Oh, but I do. I need to see it up close in order for me to bolster my claim that my engine is the most efficient domestic motor of its kind.

CONROY

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

SHERRY

Maybe. Are you afraid?

CONROY

Not really no.

SHERRY

Then there's no problem in showing me. Right?

Sherry's POV.

CONROY

Well, I suppose a brief glance won't hurt. But what you see, you keep to yourself. Understand?

SHERRY

You got my word.

OTIS

I'll hold you to that.

Conroy leads them to the warehouse.

He unlocks the door. Then becomes a gentleman.

CONROY

Overlords first.

SHERRY

Why - thank you slave.

Otis chuckles.

CONROY

Shut up.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP - AFTERNOON**

Craft shell, ambient radio music that was left on.

Sherry stands in front of a complex body shape that contains precisely inlaid magnets.

She says nothing as she walks around the circular shape.

Then...

SHERRY

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

CONROY

The inner chamber consists of thirty thousand magnets, which are aligned by their polarity level. The outside edge creates the opposite effect. All of the housing is made up of both lightweight aluminum but, reinforced with titanium braces, which eliminates all of the vibrations within its matrix.

Sherry expresses calm excitement.

SHERRY

What's the power source?

CONROY

A resonator core. I can show you what the source is, but I can't divulge of what's inside of it.

Conroy leads Sherry over to the display table.

Otis UNCOVERS the CORE.

Sherry approaches the core slowly with amazement.

SHERRY

Oh my god.

CONROY

... What you are looking at is a fully self contained resonator, which works as the power source for the craft's body.

SHERRY

What's its output?

CONROY

I can't tell you that. Not until we have it fully assembled and expose it with full media coverage.

Sherry touches the sphere.

Her fingers caress it like a masseuse.

Conroy reacts with a juvenile trance.

Otis nudges him.

Sherry glances over to the craft, and back to the core.

SHERRY

You expect to fly it?

CONROY

We hope.

OTIS

Yeah, but for now all we need is to acquire a power source hefty enough to charge the core.

CONROY

... And that is our problem.

Giddy as a school girl.



SHERRY

I can help with that.

Conroy expresses doubt.

CONROY

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

SHERRY

Oh come on! This is a chance of a  
lifetime. I've never come close to  
this kind of achievement before.

CONROY

So?

SHERRY

Our technology is limited. When I  
tried to create my own power core,  
I ended up making a mess of it. I  
lost my funding, and had to make up  
for the loss with my new engine.  
But this - this is, beyond my  
expectations.

Sherry examines it up close to see her own reflection on the  
surface.

CONROY

Look we...

SHERRY

I'll quit my job.

CONROY

No way. Forget it.

Conroy covers the core and moves over to the craft.

Otis joins him.

Sherry follows like a desperate school girl at recess.

SHERRY

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

Conroy inspects the shell.

He expresses unsure feelings of her intentions.

CONROY

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

SHERRY

More than you'll ever need.

Both Otis and Conroy look at each other.

Otis shrugs.

CONROY

Fine. But probationary only.

SHERRY

Yes!!

CONROY

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

SHERRY

Deal.

Sherry offers to shake hands, but Conroy just looks at her for a moment.

Otis grabs her hand instead.

OTIS

Welcome to the team.

**INT. SHERRY'S OFFICE - NEXT DAY**

Sherry is in her office cleaning up papers, files, blueprints and such. Her desk is a total mess.

She tosses papers into the trash.

Then enters an adjacent room.

**INT. ADJACENT ROOM**

She collects more papers and designs when her BOSS storms in.

Harry Felch. (40's) A suited man, slightly overweight, but also well groomed. Not very good looking.

HARRY

What the hell is going on here?!

SHERRY

Oh, hey Harry. I'm just gathering up some of my things.

HARRY

Why may I ask?

SHERRY  
You didn't get the note?

HARRY  
What note?

Sherry tosses away more garbage.

SHERRY  
I - quit.

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 to cover the books. So, you don't have shit to keep me here any longer than I want to be.

Sherry rushes out of her office with arms full of papers.

Harry does not stop her as she passes.

**INT. EMBASSY HALL**

Harry is right behind her when a worker steps out for a moment to address the boss.

WORKER  
Sir, can you take a look at this?

HARRY  
No! Get back to work god damn it.

Other workers pop their heads out of doorways to see what's going on.

**INT. EMBASSY FOYER**

Plants, desk clerk, Sherry in the lead of Harry.

She has some difficulty carrying her load but makes it to the front entrance.

**EXT. EMBASSY DOORS**

She kicks it open and walks out.

Harry remains at the doors as he yells behind her back.

HARRY  
You'll never work in this town again!

SHERRY  
Up yours Harry.

HARRY  
Up yours too, you stupid fucking  
bitch!

Sherry walks to her car, which sits at the curb.

**EXT. SHERRY'S CAR**

She opens the door and tosses everything inside as a college student would.

Sherry climbs in and closes the door and starts her car. Then rolls down the window.

SHERRY'S POV: She sees Harry at the front door.

FROM HER OPEN WINDOW: As she pulls away slowly, she waves to her ex-boss.

Like QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ON HARRY: All he can do is FLIP her the finger.

Sherry drives away.

LATER ON...

CUT TO:

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

A rig connected to a FLATBED backs up to a deck as Conroy signals to back in slowly.

Sherry pulls up alongside the warehouse.

Otis walks out to see she is having trouble with her paperwork.

OTIS  
Shit. Don't you have a briefcase?

Papers fall to the ground.

SHERRY  
I had no time. I wanted to be in  
and out as fast as I could.

OTIS  
Did he 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

Ha ha! No shit.

SHERRY

So, how's the power source looking?

OTIS

Pretty good actually. I checked all of the cables, fuses, and fluids before backing it in. Hopefully this generator is enough to power up the core and housing unit.

SHERRY

I hope so.

Conroy glances over to see Sherry and Otis gabbing together.

The rig's FLATBED touches the deck.

A HISS of air brakes.

LATER ON...

**EXT. POWER GENERATOR - AFTERNOON**

The delivery driver heads down the dirt driveway.

All three stand in front of the Gargantuan engine that sits silent. Waiting to be turned on.

It's size is equal to a DUMP TRUCK.

CONROY

So, let's go over the checklist.

OTIS

Already did when it arrived. It's got a full tank and all of the initials have been checked out.

CONROY

Fine. Let's power it up.

Otis climbs up a metal ladder attached to the flatbed.

He walks along a narrow path and stops at a main CONTROL PANEL.

There is a KEY inserted in the ignition slot.

Otis turns it to ACCESORIES.

Panel dials and gauges PULSE.

OTIS  
Fuel valves open.

CONROY  
Let her rip.

OTIS  
Here goes nothing.

Otis turns the key fully.

A BUZZING SOUND begins along with indicator light.

The engine BELCHES and starts.

Otis stands back as the diesel engine ROARS to life.

An exhaust cap wiggles up and down.

It runs.

Otis then uses an acceleration LEVER and pushes it forward.

The engine whines louder but smoother.

Conroy averts his gaze to the SPINDLE YOLK that rotates clockwise.

He is satisfied.

CONROY  
Cut it!!

Otis turns off the engine and hops down.

OTIS  
Just like it was rolled off the  
assembly line.

SHERRY  
It's been in my family's warehouse  
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. The fuel cost  
alone would break your piggy bank.

OTIS  
Yeah true at that.

CONROY  
Come on guys. Let's get to work.

INT. HARRY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Lonely office, avant garde decorations, awards, certificates.

Harry sits at his desk as he speaks to someone over the phone.

His unseen partners.

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.

PHONE (V.O.)

I want the plans to that engine back. I don't care how you get them, just do it or it's your ass on the line.

HARRY

She has to be working on something else.

PHONE (V.O.)

What about some of her co-workers? Ask them. Anything, just get me those god damn plans back as soon as possible. Our investors do not want any of it leaked to the public media or private sectors. Because if it does, it's going to cost us billions. Just remember that.

HARRY

Yeah, I got it.

CLICK!

Harry stares at the far wall blankly.

He hangs up the phone.

In his right hand... A double scotch.

Harry looks at his drink, then THROWS it across the room.

ON WALL IN SLOW-MO: The glass SHATTERS. Scotch liquid SPLAYS like flower petals.

Back to Harry.

He uses the phone again. Dials a number.

TWO RINGS.

Then...

HARRY

It's me.

OVER THE PHONE...

PHONE CALL #2 (V.O.)

Target?

HARRY

Sherry Gulliver. As soon as possible.

PHONE CALL #2 (V.O.)

Rate is unchanged. Four million.

HARRY

Agreed.

CLICK!

Harry hangs up.

He places both hands over his face.

Then, he peeks through his fingers to see on the wall...

THE STAIN, which trickles to the carpet.

BLEND TO:

**INT. AT THE HOUSE - DINNER TABLE - NIGHT**

Dinner time, Conroy and company, Wayne, Stereo playing.

All eat at the table as eighties tunes plays in the background.

Although it is quiet, the atmosphere seems thick and dense. An uncomfortable air.

Wayne leans back in his chair to the fridge and grabs a beer.

When he leans back...

WAYNE

So, how's the engine coming along?

Conroy gets up to put his plate into the sink.

CONROY

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

Conroy sits back down at the table.



WAYNE

So once it does, what's it do?

CONROY

We hope... It can fly.

Silence, except for the stereo.

Wayne straightens up.

His eyes turn from lazy to fully attentive.

WAYNE

Fly? What the hell did you build?  
An airplane?

CONROY

You'd have to see it...

WAYNE

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

CONROY

Why? Because it doesn't have a radiator attached? A carburetor perhaps? Using fuel to poison the atmosphere?

WAYNE

Oh don't give me that green house gas shit with me. I've had enough of it watching the news.

The air gets denser. Too thick to cut with a knife.

CONROY

You're just like everybody else.  
Ignorant as always.

WAYNE

Look, I just think you might be a little over your head with this - engine thing.

CONROY

Yeah you would. Man, you really think we're all meant to be riding around all day in souped up cars just because you think 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?

CONROY

When you put it that way, yeah.

Mood turns from bad to worse.

Otis and Sherry's eyes dart from Conroy to Wayne as the argument builds.

They get up slowly and back away from the table.

WAYNE

Uh huh. So what about you hm? You were off flying around on race tracks having the time of your life all over the world ignoring the farm. Then you fucked it up by pulling that stunt, not bothering to take Al's advice.

CONROY

This isn't about me.

WAYNE

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

SHERRY

That's my generator.

Wayne glances to Sherry with a mean stare.

WAYNE

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

Conroy shows agitation, anger.

CONROY

Don't even go there.

Both brothers rise from their chairs.

WAYNE

Don't tell me what to do in our house. This whole, engine business has gone on long enough. It's a god  
(MORE)

WAYNE (cont'd)  
damn fantasy. You live in a very  
peculiar world Conroy.

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

Wayne SLAPS the table top.

Both Otis and Sherry jump.

WAYNE  
It can't! It's feasibly impossible  
without a turbine or - wings or a  
fueselage.

CONROY  
Yes it can!

Wayne clenches his fists.

SHERRY  
Who wants some pie?

OTIS  
I do.

Without warning, both boys start to fight one another with  
their fists.

Wayne body tackles Conroy and slams him into the cupboards.

Cupboard door breaks.

They toss around and bash into the fridge nearly toppling it  
over.

Otis and Sherry quickly duck out of the way.

The PHONE is ripped off the wall.

Punches are thrown back and forth. Each hit sounds like  
coconuts being cracked open.

Otis is eating pie.

Sherry watches the juvenile duo with a disgusted look.

OTIS  
I didn't think this would go the  
distance.

Wayne slams Conroy onto the table. They scuffle together.

SHERRY  
Are they always like this?

Sherry puts a pie slice onto a small plate and eats it with Otis.

OTIS

Nah. Wayne never loses his cool unless there's something important to say. But even then, he never just listens.

PLATES BREAK!

Another cupboard door becomes a victim.

SHERRY

So this is just a family talk?

SCUFFLING SOUNDS.

OTIS

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

NOT SEEN BUT HEARD ARE: PUNCHES, KICKS, sounds of GUSHING AIR from stomach punches.

Conroy and Wayne face one another to further exchange blows.

A contest to see who can take more.

WAYNE

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

CONROY

What about (Punch) you? Always thinking (Punch) it's for my own (Punch) Good!

WAYNE

Up yours.

CONROY

Screw you!

Both start to show signs of dizziness.

Otis now intervenes.

OTIS

Okay, okay guys. Time out. Time...

Otis meets a right HOOK from Conroy.

Sherry remains still, but winces.

Both brothers sees it has gone too far.

WAYNE

Ah shit.

CONROY

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

OTIS

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

Bloodied faces and lips.

WAYNE

Jesus, sorry Otis. For Christ sake. What the hell are we doing?

Wayne nurses his cheek. Wipes some blood.

OTIS

Having a family discussion by the looks of it.

Air clears up.

Wayne grabs a beer from the fridge that now has a dented door.

He opens his beer.

It sprays his face.

WAYNE

Shit.

Everyone laughs.

Sherry hands a cloth to Wayne.

SHERRY

Here.

WAYNE

Thanks.

SHERRY

Unbelievable you two.

Both point fingers.

CONROY-WAYNE

It was his fault.

OTIS

Yup. Everything's back to normal.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - SHOP - WAYNE'S DAY OFF - NEXT DAY**

Craft, core, welding, radio playing, new partner.

As the radio plays hit tunes, Wayne helps by welding parts of the craft's body.

ON SHERRY: At a work bench, Sherry uses a SOLDERING IRON under a large MAGNIFYING GLASS.

DIODES, CAPACITORS, LOGIC BOARD all get connected with her skills. She is building the BURST TUNER.

AT THE CRAFT: Wayne is welding sections together so perfect, that it resembles an assembly ROBOT'S TALENTS.

LATER ON...

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CRAFT - AFTERNOON**

The craft looks more refined. With a new floor base as Wayne welds each one into place.

Conroy and Otis go over the design plans.

Sherry switches on her built tuner.

Next to Sherry, is an OSCILLATING monitor. She watches the screen and adjusts for TONE, PITCH, DENSITY.

MUCH LATER...

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DUSK**

Grinding wheel, craft, sparks.

Wayne uses a hand held grinding wheel to scour out the welded seams and smooth the surfaces.

SPARKS FLY.

Conroy adjusts the CORE in the middle of the craft, then seam welds it in.

Otis watches with dark GOGGLES which reflect the SPARKS.

Once it is all assembled...

**INT. WAREHOUSE - THE FINAL PRODUCT - DUSK**

Craft, core, team.

All four stand in front of the twenty foot diameter craft. Conroy approaches to examine it up close.

He is amazed by the results.

CONROY

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

WAYNE

When you got it, you got it man.

Conroy slowly paces around the craft.

CONROY

Wow... Wow.

All three stand together watching Conroy.

SHERRY

I think he's impressed.

CUT TO:

**INT. POOL HALL - DUSK**

Junkpile, a few customers, dim atmosphere.

As Junkpile counts receipts and balances the cash, a MAN walks in the hall.

He is in his thirties. Dressed all in black who wears sunglasses.

He uses an alias... 'SWEEPER'

Politely...

SWEEPER

Excuse me, but have you seen this woman before?

JUNKPILE

Who's askin'?

SWEEPER

Name's Sweeper.

Junkpile glances to a PHOTO of SHERRY.

He nods no.

SWEEPER (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.

From polite to BRUTISH.

The man reaches for Junkpile, and PULLS on the owner's scruffy beard with a tight grip.

SWEEPER

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

Customers sees the commotion, but dares not to interfere.

All except one guy.

CUSTOMER

Hey, you okay Junk?

Sweeper then pulls out a gun and points it at him.

CUSTOMER (CONT.)

Never mind.

Sweeper's grip on Junk's beard gets tighter.

SWEEPER

Who has?

Junkpile tries to think quickly. Some hairs get ripped out.

JUNKPILE

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

ON BEARD: More HAIRS are pulled out.

SWEEPER

... And where can I find this -  
Conroy?

ON BEARD: Even more hairs.

JUNKPILE

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

A last TUG. Then Sweeper pushes Junkpile away from him.

Sweeper returns Junkpile's hairs back to him in a small heap on the counter and leaves the establishment.

Junk's customers offer to help.

**INT. AT THE HOUSE - LUNCH - NEXT DAY**

All four eat at the table. Cupboards have DUCT TAPE on them.

PHONE RINGS!



Conroy walks to the dangling phone with more control in his stride.

CONROY

Yello.

OVER THE PHONE...

JUNKPILE (V.O.)

Hey, you might be getting some company soon.

CONROY

What do you mean?

JUNKPILE (V.O.)

Some asshole muscled me in my hall last night. Wanted to know where he can find a woman you're with.

Conroy glances over 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

Yeah, okay man. Thanks.

CLICK!

WAYNE

What was that about?

CONROY

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

Conroy hangs up and sits down.

SHERRY

Just my stuff, and a few other things.

CONROY

What other things?

SHERRY

A few project designs that were no longer commissioned and passed over. Why?

CONROY

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

SHERRY

What? For me?

CONROY

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

SHERRY

No, it was off the books.

CONROY

What about the blueprints?

SHERRY

Those are mine. I drew them myself and got patents for each draft.

WAYNE

What is going on?

CONROY

Someone is after Sherry. Possibly to get her work and plans back.

WAYNE

For what?

OTIS

A new engine that doesn't use fuel.

WAYNE

Seriously?

CONROY

Yeah. But they want all of the plans back.

SHERRY

Screw them. I'm the one who had all of the copyrights placed. It's my life's work. If Harry wanted them so badly, then he has to come up a decent price to buy me out.

CONROY

Well, who's ever 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 ever happening.

CONROY

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

SHERRY'S POV.

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 in fossil fuels daily? Not to mention all of the overseas conglomerates. They would lose billions in the first month alone. They wanted Sherry to build one to see if it could work, then bury it along with her so it never sees the light of day.

Otis continues to eat his meal while Sherry pushes her plate away.

SHERRY

That god damn bastard.

Wayne finishes his lunch.

WAYNE

Know what I think?

CONROY

What?

WAYNE

I think we should go pay old Harry a visit.

CONROY

And get ourselves killed in the process?

WAYNE

Ah Conroy, ye of little faith.

FADE TO:

**EXT. EMBASSY - NEXT DAY**

Parking lot, cars, trees.

Wayne and Sherry sit in his car waiting across the street from Embassy for any sign of Harry.

**INT. WAYNE'S CAR**

Radio offers a soft eighties tune but is kept low.

Both sit in silence as they observe Sherry's ex-work place.

Wayne then breaks the silence...

WAYNE

So, how long have you known my brother?

SHERRY

What?

WAYNE

How long?

SHERRY

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

WAYNE

You mean when he was racing?

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 next to my brother and Otis on their project.

Sherry expresses irritation.

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 similar project. This is all a joint venture.

WAYNE

Fair enough.

SHERRY

I'm not a whore.

WAYNE

Never said you were.

As she is about to rebuke, Sherry's eyes capture Harry coming out of the building. He walks to his car.

SHERRY

There. That's the lousy cocksucker.

WAYNE  
We'll tail him.

SHERRY  
And if he sees you?

WAYNE  
He won't. He'll be too caught up in  
his own bull shit to care.

**EXT. HARRY'S CAR**

Harry walks to his car and pulls out his keys. In his left hand is a coffee mug.

A SQUAWKING magpie irritates him. He throws his coffee to shoo it away.

Then unlocks his car door.

Once in, the MAGPIE lands on the hood.

He HONKS the horn and the bird flies off.

He starts his car and pulls out.

**INT. WAYNE'S CAR**

Wayne starts his beast and follows his target as Harry pulls onto the public street.

He keeps a safe distance away from Harry.

All the training in Vietnam pays off.

BLEND TO:

**EXT. HARRY'S HOME SUBURBS - DUSK**

Harry's home is stylish. Colony era columns, trees, large acreage, stone fence.

Harry pulls in and drives up to the house.

Wayne pulls up slowly to see Harry's car moving to a garage.

Once he has his quick peek, Wayne drives off.

LATER THAT NIGHT...

**EXT. HARRY'S HOME SUBURBS - NIGHT**

Empty streets, street lamps, an ECONLINE VAN.

Wayne pulls the van up to the curb.

He shuts off the engine and gets out. Armed with only a crow bar, and wears black clothes.

He closes the door quietly.

A subtle CLICK!

Wayne then sneaks to Harry's house.

**EXT. HARRY'S HOME**

Bushes, shadows, all clear.

Wayne sneaks up to the house via driveway, but keeps well within the shadows.

Deft foot steps as he reaches the side of the house and peeks in a window.

Nothing but furniture.

He moves on.

**EXT. BACK YARD**

A pool, yard furniture, all clear.

Wayne walks in the backyard. No dogs are present.

All the better.

He moves closer to the house and sees a light on.

Wayne moves up to a back door.

Inside, he can see Harry watching TV.

Harry's back is facing Wayne.

Wayne moves on.

**EXT. SIDE DOOR**

Lock pick, darkness.

Wayne uses his skills to pick the lock.

With a CLICK!, he enters the house.

**INT. HARRY'S HOME**

Den, lush interior, old panels, paintings, furniture.

Harry sips a drink as he watches the TV with no real interest.

Wayne is very quiet as he sneaks up to Harry from behind.

Once he is a half foot away, Wayne raises the CROW BAR.

Then TAPS Harry on the shoulder.

Harry looks up.

WAYNE  
(Whispers)  
Hi there.

HARRY  
Shi...

CLANG!!

Lights out.

DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. WAREHOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT**

Empty room, one lit bulb, Harry, chains.

Harry is sitting on a metal chair bound with NYLON cord.

Yet his feet are secured with CHAINS and PADLOCK.

Wayne walks over to Harry to wake him up.

A SLAP!

WAYNE  
Hey, wake up sleepy head.

Harry stirs.

HARRY  
Oh - god. What the hell?

Harry looks up.

His eyes try to focus.

WAYNE  
Well, you got it half right at  
least.

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.

Harry notices a familiar BLACK BOOK that Wayne is holding up  
and reading.

HARRY  
Hey - that's mine.

WAYNE  
I know. So, who's the guy you're  
willing to pay - four million  
dollars to kill a woman for?

HARRY  
Look, I was told to find one of our  
employees who stole some sensitive  
documents.

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

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

WAYNE  
Right.

Closes book.

Then gives Harry a RIGHT HOOK.

Harry nearly topples over.

WAYNE  
Who's the hit man?

Harry shows defiance.

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

Wayne walks over to a table and grabs a 1/4 inch thick but  
eight inch long STEEL NAIL.

Then returns to Harry.

HARRY (CONT.)  
What's that for? What are you  
going...

Harry's left leg is then STABBED with the nail above the  
knee.

HARRY (CONT.)  
(Screams!)  
Ahh!



Wayne grabs an ACETYLENE TANK and torch.

He turns on the gas and uses a FLINT to light the torch.

Wayne adjusts the FLAME to a fine small point.

WAYNE

Who's the hit man?

HARRY

I don't know. He - only goes by his contract name.

WAYNE

Which is?

HARRY

(Gets frantic)

An operative name.

WAYNE

And the name is?

HARRY

He's called the sweeper.

WAYNE

Sweeper? Are you kidding me?

ON TORCH: The flame is close to the embedded nail. Blood seeps from the wound.

Harry's breathing quickens.

WAYNE (CONT.)

So, how do you nullify the contract?

Wayne wafts the flame over the nail's end.

Heat builds. Harry Hyperventilates.

HARRY

A call! With a call!

WAYNE

If he declines?

HARRY

He can't! We still pay him anyway!  
Please!! Please!!

Wayne stops for a moment.

Harry catches his breath.

Wayne resumes to heat the nail.

WAYNE

This, sweeper. Has he been told to 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! Yes there is!!

ON NAIL: It GLOWS a dull red color.

WAYNE

Then - we're all good.

Wayne shuts off the torch.

Room LIGHTS turn on.

Harry looks up through tear stained eyes to see Sherry holding a MICROTAPE recorder.

HARRY

Sherry?

SHERRY

You lousy prick! I should have just let him continue. Or better yet, you could have just bought all of my designs instead of making me go through all of this shit!

HARRY

Sherry? What are you talking about? You were asking for too much! Twelve billion? Are you kidding me?

SHERRY

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

Wayne pulls out the NAIL with PLIERS. Harry reacts to the intense pain.

CONROY

So what now?

WAYNE

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

Harry sobs as Otis unshakles him.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Clear night, crickets, assassin.

Wayne helps Harry hobble out of the warehouse. Otis offers a shoulder as they all approach the VAN.

A GUNSHOT rings out.

Instantly, Harry is hit right between the eyes.

BLOOD and BRAIN matter eject from the back of his head onto the warehouse doors.

Wayne drops Harry. Otis ducks out of the way.

ANOTHER SHOT!

Harry's dead body hits the ground.

WAREHOUSE DOORS: Conroy looks out.

CONROY

What the hell was that?

WAYNE

Get back inside!

ANOTHER SHOT!

Wayne rolls beside a shed for cover.

SPARKS and bits of METAL are peeled off by the bullet.

MORE SHOTS!

A few bullets strike the warehouse door frame. Too close for comfort.

ON WAYNE: He looks around the shed's corner.

ANOTHER SHOT! MUZZLE FLASH!

Wayne is almost hit, when the bullet nails the edge.

He ducks back.

Wayne can hear a car starting.

He looks to see the car pulling away.

WAYNE

Shit.

OTIS

He's not going to stop until Sherry's dead. And by the looks of it, this guy's employer just nullified his contract too.

WAYNE

I know.

Conroy and Sherry emerge from the warehouse.

They all look down at Harry's dead body.

BLEND TO:

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - NEXT DAY**

Police, detectives, coroner van, Wayne arrested.

In front of the warehouse, the police are conducting searches for evidence of spent bullet slugs. Conroy and company are being questioned by a detective.

Wayne is separated from them getting arrested.

DETECTIVE

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

Conroy sees his brother in handcuffs.

SHERRY

But, I got it all on tape. All of it. Everything Harry said about hiring the assassin and trying to kill us. We even have his alias.

DETECTIVE

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

SHERRY

Shit!

CONROY

Yeah, but we were with Wayne during the whole thing. Why aren't we being arrested? Aren't we accomplices?

DETECTIVE

Yes but you never actually did the torturing. You may have witnessed it, but any lawyer can get you off quite easily. The most you'd get would be a stiff fine. Look, from what you told me so far, there is still an assassin out there who is willing to finish 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.

DETECTIVE

What's so important, that you would all endanger your lives?

CONROY

Top secret. Sorry.

Detective expresses slight confusion.

DETECTIVE

Shit. Well, since you won't take my advice, perhaps I can issue a night detail to watch over the property. Eight hour shifts. No more no less.

CONROY

We'll accept that.

DETECTIVE

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

CONROY

Thanks.

DETECTIVE

No problem.

The detective walks away to address other officers.

All three walk over to a police cruiser where Wayne sits in the back.

**INT. POLICE CRUISER**

Conroy leans on the passenger door to talk to Wayne. Otis and Sherry are beside him.

CONROY

Hey man.

WAYNE

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

CONROY

This is all bull shit. We were part of it too. Why aren't we being arrested?

WAYNE

They may yet. But don't worry. I'll keep all the freaks out of the shower room for you.

CONROY

Gee, thanks buddy.

OTIS

Keep a bunk warm for us man.

WAYNE

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

Conroy tries to hide his emotions.

WAYNE

Sherry.

SHERRY

Yeah?

WAYNE

Keep him out of trouble.

SHERRY

Oh, that won't be a problem.

WAYNE

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

Conroy and Sherry show signs of embarrassment.

SHERRY

With him?

CONROY

Hey.

Otis sticks his head in.

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.

WAYNE

Will do.

OTIS  
Take it easy.

Officer gets in the cruiser and starts it.

All three watch as they pull away. Conroy sees the back of Wayne's head in the backseat.

Detective joins them.

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

CONROY  
Thanks.

DETECTIVE  
Well... Seems we're all done here. Is there anything else I might help you all with?

CONROY  
No.

DETECTIVE  
Right. Then have a good day.

OTIS  
Thanks.

Both shake hands.

DETECTIVE  
You're welcome.

Police cruisers, and coroner van leave the property along with the detective.

Dust clouds obscure tail lights as they all drive down the lane towards the rural road.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Craft, radio, generator, TEST.

Radio plays heavy metal tune.

Conroy and Otis watch silently as Sherry tests her BURST TUNER.

She points a small MICROPHONE device at the craft.

Conroy then attaches a THIN METAL RING, which fits snugly on the craft's outer edge.

CABLES lead off the ring to the generator outside.

**EXT. GENERATOR**

Otis exits and waits for the word to be given.

He then hears...

CONROY (O.S.)  
Okay Otis, turn it on.

OTIS  
Starting up now.

Otis turns the key.

Generator POWERS UP. He grabs the acceleration lever and pushes it slowly forward.

OTIS (CONT.)  
Yolk is engaged and turning at five thousand RPM'S.

CONROY (O.S.)  
Good! Ramp it up!

OTIS  
Going to ten thousand.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - CRAFT POWERS UP**

Conroy and Sherry watch as the craft THRUMS a DEEP vibrating sound.

Sherry watches her tuner.

SHERRY  
Looks good here. Electromagnetic field is flowing. No signs of core degradation or any resonant feedback to the housing unit.

CONROY  
Okay Otis, go to fifteen thousand!

OTIS (O.S.)  
Pushing to fifteen thousand - now!

The craft starts to rise from its mooring cradle.

Sherry almost drops her tuner.

SHERRY  
Shit.

CONROY  
Keep going Otis!



OTIS (O.S.)  
Going to twenty thousand!

ON GENERATOR: Dials PEAK, POWER display shows three quarter useage of the engine as it ROARS comfortably smooth.

BACK ON CRAFT: It VIBRATES slightly but suddenly levels off as it lifts a few inches. Its throbbing sound dims to a mere whisper.

CONROY  
Oh my god. It works.

Sherry looks at her tuner with wide eyes.

SHERRY  
All vibrations are non existent. No feedback. Matrix unit is holding at - seven mega joules.

CONROY  
Cut the power!

OTIS (O.S.)  
Right! Cutting now.

Generator shuts down.

Otis walks in to see the craft hovering idle one foot off its mooring dock.

SHERRY  
Matrix is holding. I'm getting some funky readings.

CONROY  
Otis, open the doors.

OTIS  
(Awed)  
Right.

Otis rushes to open the warehouse doors.

Conroy removes the RING from the craft.

Sherry approaches the craft cautiously.

CONROY  
Alright. Sherry, how much of a discrepancy is there to allow forward momentum?

SHERRY  
Uh - around thirty two thousandth of a percent.

CONROY  
Okay, give it point six percent.

SHERRY

Right.

Sherry twists a KNOB ever so gently.

The craft MOVES forward.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - CRAFT'S FIRST FLIGHT**

All three walk outside behind the craft as it floats across the ground.

CONROY

This is so cool.

OTIS

What about a speed test first?

SHERRY

I can do a ninety degree ascent.

CONROY

Alright. We'll begin with five percent acceleration.

SHERRY

Set.

CONROY

Hit it.

Sherry inputs a few codes, and then turns the main knob one small turn.

In that second, the craft ZIPS straight up into the sky at MACH TEN.

On her tuner, she can see the craft as a BLIP.

Conroy joins her.

SHERRY

And - stopping ascent.

**EXT. CLOUDS - CRAFT**

Clouds, silence, breeze.

The craft stops instantly to float among the clouds. Its reflective hull gives off a resultant glare from the sunlight.

A LOW RUMBLE emanates from the craft's CORE.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Otis, Conroy and Sherry.

All stand together as they look at the tuner's onboard screen.

SHERRY  
Ascent has stopped.

CONROY  
What altitude?

SHERRY  
Seventeen thousand feet in - six seconds.

OTIS  
Holy shit.

CONROY  
We're gonna be famous.

SHERRY  
Not so fast. We still need a test flight. We'll start it at point ten. Where do we want to send it?

CONROY  
(Grins)  
Somewhere over Colorado.

Otis expresses amusement.

OTIS  
You would.

CONROY  
Hey, it gives them something to do.

**EXT. CRAFT**

The craft instantly VEERS left through the clouds.

**INT. N.O.R.A.D - COLORADO**

Red alerts, radars, officers, confusion.

Amidst computers and wall screens, a GENERAL show his face to see just what all the commotion is about in the bullpen.

Monitors FLASH. A large wall screen displays a BLIP that ZIPS across a STATE MAP of Arizona.

GENERAL  
Report!

A lieutenant speaks.

LIEUTENANT  
We picked up a bogey over the state of Arizona. Then it swung north east over Colorado state.

GENERAL

A missile?

LIEUTENANT

No sir. No markings or identification and no transponder signal.

GENERAL

Then, what the hell is it?

LIEUTENANT

Sir, it just swung back towards the pacific ocean.

GENERAL

How fast is it moving?

LIEUTENANT

Satellite indicates - mach ten.

GENERAL

Are you serious?

LIEUTENANT

Yes sir. Speed remains constant.

GENERAL

Send a scramble order.

LIEUTENANT

Sir, there is two squads on routine patrol in that area.

GENERAL

Send them in.

LIEUTENANT

Yes sir.

**EXT. OVER PACIFIC OCEAN**

Through Sherry's steering of the craft, it flies over the ocean waves. Its acceleration wake however, does not disturb the water.

Pilotless, the craft moves east again towards land when suddenly...

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Sherry notices new BLIPS on her tuner's mini-screen.

SHERRY

Oh oh.

CONROY

What?

SHERRY

We got company.

OTIS

That thing can pick up military  
band waves?

SHERRY

Yeah. I didn't design this thing to  
just fly our machine. We need some  
leverage if we are going to keep  
this project safe.

CONROY

Shit.

OTIS

Well you did say they needed  
something to do.

CONROY

How many are we talking about?

SHERRY

Five. No seven now.

CONROY

We can outrun them right?

SHERRY

Please...

CONROY

Okay, let's play follow the leader.

SHERRY

I got just the playing field.

She turns the main knob.

**EXT. OVER PACIFIC OCEAN**

From the west, two fighter squadrons SCREAM towards the  
craft.

**EXT. CRAFT**

From its POV, the craft speeds across the ocean while the  
jets try to catch up once it passes the squad.

**INT. PILOT - COCKPIT**

By the pilot's stand point, the craft seems to be slowing  
down.

PILOT

I got a lock.

MONITOR BEEPS!

He sees the craft ROTATE CLOCKWISE and VEERS off to the western seaboard.

PILOT (CONT.)

Shit, I lost it.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Sherry is enjoying herself along with the other two who watches the BLIPS scrambling about.

CONROY

This is too good.

OTIS

Maybe we should bring it in. Just in case they decide to fire and get a lucky shot.

CONROY

Yeah, you're right. Bring it in.

SHERRY

Okay, coming home now.

**EXT. CRAFT - OVER FARM LAND**

Trees, farms, sheep, cattle, homesteads.

The craft speeds over each farm plot but is kept low under radar.

Behind it, the squadron closes the gap.

**INT. N.O.R.A.D - COLORADO**

The general watches the wall screen of all blips leading over Arizona.

MAP CLOSES IN: Shows the city of Tucson.

GENERAL

Where are our boys?

LIEUTENANT

Just ten miles out, but they're gaining ground.

GENERAL

When they get close enough, give the order to fire everything they got.

LIEUTENANT

Yes sir.

**EXT. CRAFT - OVER FARM LAND**

Craft ZIPS across a few more farms and finally stops above Conroy's property.

**EXT. FIGHTER SQUADRON**

The jets close in from the distance with a SOLID BOOM!

**EXT. WAREHOUSE**

All three move aside as their craft stops instantly, and descends to the ground.

Timing is everything as Sherry maneuvers the craft back to the warehouse.

SONIC BOOM!

CONROY

Oh shit. Come on, put it back inside.

Otis rushes to the doors ready to close them.

Sherry causes the craft to accidentally bump into a nearby barrel.

It adds precious seconds.

Craft enters the warehouse.

**EXT. FIGHTER SQUADRON**

All of the fighters approach the ADROPHOLIS acreage at top speed.

Yet, just as they fly over...

**INT. WAREHOUSE**

Otis shuts the doors just as the squadron ZOOMS overhead.

Another sonic boom rattles the warehouse.

Outside, some of the cows offer their opinion on the matter.

Conroy peeks from one of the door windows to see that the squadron has flown over the next mountain.

CONROY

Whew.

OTIS

That was too close.

Sherry runs over to both boys and hugs them tightly.

SHERRY

We did it! We did it! Holy shit we actually did it!

She kisses Conroy.

OTIS (CONT.)

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

SHERRY

Uh yeah, so do I.

CONROY

I'll - - take some readings.

They all split off into separate directions and do what ever scientists do in an uncomfotable atmosphere.

CUT TO:

**INT. N.O.R.A.D - COLORADO**

Alarms turn off. Screens go black, except for the default map of the U.S.

The general is not pleased.

GENERAL

What happened?

LIEUTENANT

We lost the signal sir.

GENERAL

Just like that? What about the squadron?

LIEUTENANT

They lost contact over their last location. It's Tucson sir.

GENERAL

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

LIEUTENANT

Yes sir.

General moves to a phone.

Dials a number.

RINGS a couple times.

Then...



GENERAL

This is general Pierce. I need a team ready.

He hangs up.

**INT. DARK ROOM - HOURS LATER**

Sparse room, gun equipment, ammo, photo of Sherry.

The assassin sits in near darkness. A cigarette burns in an ashtray. His face is unseen.

He looks at photos of Sherry doing her work at Embassy before she quit.

After a few more seconds, the assassin picks up his gun and LOADS it with a magazine.

Mounts it with a suppressor.

Once loaded, he picks up another photo of Sherry smiling with her colleagues as a group.

The assassin then leaves.

**EXT. ANDROPHOLIS PROPERTY - PORCH - NEXT DAY**

Sunny weather, light breeze, crows nearby.

All three sit outside on the porch as they enjoy a quiet peaceful day.

Crickets chirp.

Sherry uses her hand as a fan to stave off the heat.

CONROY

We should design a sturdier base.

OTIS

Why? It's fine as it is.

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 would kill you. Your guts would spray out of your ass in seconds.

SHERRY

Didn't need to know that.

CONROY

I've taken the information into account.

OTIS

How?

CONROY

A healthy person can take what... Seven G's of acceleration. Right? Much like when the shuttle takes off and exits the atmosphere.

OTIS

Yeah.

CONROY

So, if we modify the burst tuner to monitor the core's output levels, we can add a new balancer to help decrease speed. Make it more manageable.

SHERRY

That's doable.

OTIS

Yeah, but you have to set up a seriously precise backup system if it fails.

SHERRY

I've considered that too.

OTIS

Wow, you're just full of positive shit aren't you? You're supposed to be helping me talk him out of it.

SHERRY

What can I say? I'm about the best there is.

OTIS

Hmf.

CONROY

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

OTIS

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

Conroy shoots him a dismissing glance.

CONROY  
I went and visited Wayne today.

OTIS  
How's he doing?

CONROY  
Alright considering. I spoke with the guard that our detective told us about. He got Wayne transferred over to one of the outside work crews.

OTIS  
Lucky. Most of the guys in there only work inside of the prison. Anyone that gets on furlough work are the one's who are on the model prisoners list.

SHERRY  
I suppose he...

Conroy stands up quickly.

OTIS  
What is it?

CONROY  
Sh.

His ears perk up. Through the light breeze, Conroy can hear distinct RUMBLING of vehicles.

He moves to the driveway's side of the porch to see in the short distance...

**EXT. DRIVEWAY**

Military vehicles, dust clouds.

A row of trucks with a BLACK LIMO in front heads down the driveway to the house along the two mile stretch.

**EXT. PORCH**

Conroy and company get up to head back to the warehouse.

OTIS  
Who is it?

CONROY  
Company. The military kind. You and Sherry go close the doors.

SHERRY  
How did they know so fast?

CONROY

Probably calculated on how fast they lost the signal when they were chasing our device.

OTIS

Damn man.

CONROY

Just go. I'll try and sweet talk them into leaving.

RUMBLE of the vehicles get closer.

SHERRY

They can do a search.

CONROY

Not if I can help it. Just go.

Both Otis and Sherry hightail it to the warehouse and start to close the doors.

Conroy turns to see the row of military vehicles approach and then starts maintenance work on a nearby tractor.

ON DOORS: Sherry and Otis close and LOCK them once they are shut.

ON CONROY: As he checks the engine, the LIMO pulls up and screeches to a halt.

Looking confused, Conroy stops on what he is doing, while trucks pull in and suddenly... Soldiers hop out and begin to spread out to cover the area.

Conroy grabs a cloth and wipes his hands as he gazes at the limo driver getting out and opens the backdoor.

THE GENERAL appears.

Judging by the general's appearance, Conroy surmises that he is not to be taken lightly.

GENERAL PIERCE

Mister Andropholis?

CONROY

Yes.

GENERAL PIERCE

I'm General Nick Pierce.

CONROY

Am I supposed to know that name?

Pierce expresses honesty instead of someone hiding something.

GENERAL PIERCE

No.

CONROY

What can I do for you general?

Conroy stuffs the oily cloth in his back pocket.

GENERAL PIERCE

Well, I'm here because of an incident that occurred above your property yesterday. Perhaps you saw my fighter squadrons fly by.

CONROY

Yeah, I saw them. They blasted their way over Knox Mountain scaring the shit out of my cows.

General and Conroy start Verbal tag.

GENERAL PIERCE

Ah, I am sorry about that. I do apologize for scaring your - cows. But, there are some questions that need answering.

CONROY

Such as?

GENERAL PIERCE

Before you spotted my squadron, did you see anything out of the ordinary? Something that wasn't part of my group of fighters?

CONROY

What do you mean? Another jet?

GENERAL PIERCE

No. I mean - not a jet, but something more exotic?

Conroy controls his suspicion, but also sees that both Otis and Sherry are peeking over a door-window sill inside.

CONROY

No. I only saw your squad. Nothing else.

General paces side to side with his hands behind his back.

GENERAL PIERCE

I see. That is strange Mister Andropholis.

Pierce is about to face the warehouse.

ON SHERRY AND OTIS: They duck down.

BACK TO CONROY.

CONROY

What is?

GENERAL PIERCE

That my sqaudron lost their signal trace right over this very spot that we are standing on. Right down to the square yard in fact.

CONROY

That is strange. So what's that got to do with me?

**INT. WAREHOUSE**

Otis and Sherry take another peek as they stand up only to see one of the SOLDIERS patrolling.

They duck again.

Whispering...

SHERRY

We should have tested it somewhere else.

OTIS

What would it matter? They would have tracked it either way.

Another SOLDIER approaches the door window. He stops to peek in.

Sherry and Otis are right under his window sill.

They can hear Conroy outside.

**EXT. CONVERSATION**

Conroy leans against the tractor.

He spots the soliders snooping around.

CONROY

Would you mind telling them to stop what ever they're doing?

General looks back, then back to Conroy.

GENERAL PIERCE

They're just routine patrol.

CONROY

I don't care who they are. Tell them to stop it. This is just a farm.

GENERAL PIERCE

But you're no farmer.

Conroy shoots him a PUZZLED look.

CONROY

Excuse me?

GENERAL PIERCE

I read your background. Quite impressive. A formula one race car driver. Career ended early by a near fatal accident leaving you slightly handicapped. Although looking at you, you've seemed to recover quite nicely. But what's more interesting is your very impressive background of physics and mathematics.

CONROY

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

GENERAL PIERCE

No. It's not. But, I'm just wondering if you're doing more than just... Farming.

A BEAT.

GENERAL PIERCE (CONT.)

By the looks of it, those patches our there haven't been touched for some time.

CONROY

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

Pierce removes his hat. Shows slight frustration.

GENERAL PIERCE

Well I do apologize if I seem too anxious. Oh, by the way, how's your brother doing?

CONROY

Wayne? Fine. Why?

GENERAL PIERCE

I spoke with Detective Cord a day ago about what happened here. For a  
(MORE)

GENERAL PIERCE (cont'd)  
racer, you seem to attract some  
unsavory people Mister Andropholis.

CONROY  
I think you should leave.

GENERAL PIERCE  
We can't have loose ends on this  
matter. If you remember anything  
else, anything, please call my  
number.

Pierce hands Conoy his card.

CONROY  
Fine.

Conroy takes it.

GENERAL PIERCE  
Thank you.

Pierce turns and WHISTLES at his men.

They all pile back into their trucks like good drones.

General Pierce gets back into his limo.

By Conroy's POV: Even though the window is TINTED, Conroy  
senses the general staring right at him.

Vehicles then leave the property.

Dust gathers around Conroy as they all head back up the  
driveway.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE**

Otis and Sherry exit.

OTIS  
We have got to get this thing out  
of here.

CONROY  
Yeah but it won't matter where we  
take it.

SHERRY  
So where's a good spot?

Conroy thinks for a moment.

CONROY  
I know a place.



**EXT. ANDROPHOLIS PROPERTY - PULLING OUT - TWO DAYS LATER**

Popular eighties METAL tune. RIG, WAYNE'S BEAST.

The team pulls out onto the rural road. Otis is driving the rig while Conroy drives his brother's car. Dust offers them slight cover.

They all pass a POLICE CRUISER.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - BIRD'S EYE POV**

Traffic flow, trucks, cars, sunny.

Conroy keeps to the speed limit but is behind the rig.

Rig has an open roof so that their craft's rim sticks out. By anyone else's point of view, it looks like a carnival ride.

Sherry's voice...

SHERRY (V.O.)

So who is this Al guy anyway?

**INT. CAR**

Conroy shifts gears. Radio plays a METAL tune.

CONROY

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

SHERRY

Sounds like you two had a good relationship.

CONROY

Until I screwed it up.

SHERRY

So you do admit that you made a mistake.

CONROY

I - just love the excitement. The speeds, adrenialine, knowing I could take pole position anytime I wanted.

SHERRY

Yeah, but so do all the other drivers.

CONROY

I know.

Shifts gears.

SHERRY

Arrogance is the only real killer.

Conroy glances to his side view mirror.

A suspicious looking vehicle keeps close, but remains two cars behind.

CONROY

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

Conroy glances again to see the car remain steady. He can pass at anytime, but does not move from his position.

Song ends. DJ spiels off useless information.

He grabs the CB microphone.

CONROY (CONT.)

Otis.

OVER 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.

OTIS (V.O.)

So?

CONROY

Why hasn't he passed us? The road is clear.

OTIS (V.O.)

What do you think? Think it's the same asshole who shot at us?

CONROY

It's possible.

**INT. RIG**

Leather interior, CB, eight track tape, OLD gear shifter, dusty gauges.

Otis watches his side view mirror while driving.

Uses CB.

OTIS  
Should we speed up and see if he  
sticks with us?

SPEAKER...

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

OTIS  
Okay, well, I'll go first.

CONROY (V.O.)  
I'll pull alongside to pass you.

OTIS  
Right.

Otis changes gears, and speeds up.

**EXT. RIG**

Dull metal skin, rusty spots, weathered frame.

Otis speeds up. Black sedan does not match the rig's speed.

Instead it pulls in the same lane as Conroy who takes the  
fast lane.

**INT. CAR**

Conroy watches as Otis continues ahead.

IN MIRROR: Sedan inches closer to Conroy.

CONROY  
This is bull shit. Hang on.

He shifts gears and JABS the pedal to the floor.

THIS TIME...

**EXT. BLACK SEDAN**

Sedan now gives chase.

Driver's side WINDOW rolls down.

From WHEEL WELL, the sedan catches up and VEERS to the right  
shoulder to match Conroy's speed.

**INT. CAR**

Conroy sees the sedan pulling on his right side with the  
window down.

TWO SHOTS are fired through Sherry's open window. They both duck down as she screams.

BULLETS hits driver's side door panel.

Sherry ducks under the glovebox.

Conroy floors it.

More shots follow as Conroy pulls further ahead.

**INT. RIG**

Conroy passes Otis as the BEAST'S rear tires BILLOW SMOKE.

Otis keys his mic.

OTIS

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 - keep  
moving. Don't stop.

Otis shifts down a few gears and falls back.

RADIO (V.O.)

... And here's one that goes out to  
all you Bonnie Tyler fans...

Radio plays popular eighties song.

**EXT. HIGHWAY - CHASE IN ON**

HOVER ABOVE: Conroy as he speeds down the highway. Sedan is on his ass.

Some traffic move out of the way as they weave and swerve recklessly as they try to negotiate other driver's paths.

**INT. CAR**

Conroy watches his mirror, but also keeps good control over Wayne's car.

He winces from the pain his leg.

With another glance, the sedan is catching up.

SHOTS ARE FIRED...

BULLETS hit the car's body. Sherry SCREAMS.  
 Conroy spots an exit. He SWERVES to take it.

**EXT. PARK**

Mountain, single lane winding road, foliage.

HOVER OVER CARS.

Conroy leads the sedan through the winding roads using his expert driving skills.

SHOTS FIRED!

BULLETS nail the body again.

Wayne is not going to be pleased.

FROM A SHORT DISTANCE: Both cars scream down the empty road next to a mountain base. Much like ITALY'S dangerous curves and hair raising bends.

Conroy is in his comfort zone.

**INT. CAR**

Conroy watches his side view mirror to see the sedan two cars length back.

The road ahead connects to an ascending hill.

Yet at the top of that hill, are TWO ILLEGAL RIGS DESCENDING.

CONROY  
 What the fuck?

From her hiding spot.

SHERRY  
 What? What now?

CONROY  
 We got two rigs coming down a hill.

SHERRY  
 So?

CONROY  
 It's a national park. They're not allowed on these roads. Shit.

**EXT. ILLEGAL RIGS**

Hauling rigs shift down as they begin their descent down the steep grade.

**INT. FOLLOWING RIG**

Well lived-in interior, a dog, country music.

Overweight driver.

As the driver follows the leader, his patience is wearing thin.

Honky tonk song plays over his radio.

RIG DRIVER

Ah come on buddy. This is taking too damn long.

Driver shifts down.

**EXT. FOLLOWING RIG**

Driver decides to pass the leader. AGAINST all commercial rules.

**EXT. CAR**

Conroy peeks out of his window backwards. He then produces a TIRE IRON.

CONROY

Take the wheel!

SHERRY

What?!

CONROY

Just do it!

**INT. CAR**

Sherry quickly slides over as Conroy eases his body out of the window and sits on the edge.

**EXT. SEDAN**

Assassin sticks his gun out of the window and SHOOTS!

**EXT. CAR**

Bullets nail close to Conroy. SPARKS FLY.

He ducks, then THROWS the tire iron as hard as he can throw.

**INT. SEDAN**

Assassin, dark interior, silent.

IN SLOW-MO: Tire iron SMASHES through the windshield, but stops just shy a few inches from his nose.

His face is never seen.

He can see the HOOK of the iron which got caught.  
His life is spared.

**INT. CAR**

Sherry sees the two rigs.

SHERRY

Uh - Conroy?

Conroy turns around to see the rigs approaching.

He slides back into the car.

Sherry moves over.

TIMING IS EVERYTHING.

Conroy shifts gears.

SHERRY

What? You're not really going to...

CONROY

Jusr watch me.

SHERRY

Holy shit.

**EXT. CAR - FRONT GRILL**

Shiny metal, car LOGO, BULLET HOLES.

Conroy accelerates.

Beast passes by.

**EXT. ILLEGAL RIGS**

From each driver's POV, there is no room.

Both HONK their loud HORNS.

**INT. CAR**

Sherry is wide eyed.

SHERRY

Oh my god.

CONROY

Woohoo!!

**EXT. ILLEGAL RIGS - FRONT GRILLS**

Drivers continue to BLAST their horns until one rig widens the GAP between them for Conroy to pass through.

**EXT. ILLEGAL RIGS - REAR ENDS**

Conroy speeds through the GAP between both rigs. His LEFT side barely touches one of the rigs.

Song reaches its CRESCENDO.

SPARKS FLY.

Once through...

**EXT. ILLEGAL RIGS**

Both rigs closes the gap, which cuts off the assassins chase prematurely.

**EXT. SEDAN**

The assassin VEERS a hard right to avoid a collision.

In doing so, he SLEDGES his side panel across the rocky section of the mountain.

SPARKS GALORE.

His car SPINS out of control.

A couple more spins later, the sedan plunges a foot or two into the highway's shoulder and bottoms out his car.

**INT. CAR**

Conroy sees the car spin out. He expresses relief that his pursuer is out of commission.

For the moment.

LATER ON...

BLEND TO:

**EXT. RIG - OTIS**

Conroy and Otis sit on the rig's hood as they enjoy a nice cool soda.

Rig is pulled off the road in such a way that it cannot be seen from either direction.

Wayne's car is close by covered with foliage.

Sherry is behind the rig using some bushes as cover.

While the boys sip their drinks, Conroy spots from the corner of his eye the sedan coming down a sloped hill.



OTIS

You know, this reminds me of when you nearly took your own head off during that 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. So, you think this rig's winch can handle the pressure?

OTIS

Without a doubt.

**EXT. SEDAN**

The damaged car levels out from the slope.

Assassin picks up speed along the flat stretch.

Smoke and fumes expel from the exhaust.

Ahead of him...

**EXT. STRETCH OF HIGHWAY**

Asphalt, bushes, snake, heat waves warbling.

A STEEL CABLE lays across the asphalt but is clamped to a tree trunk on the opposite side of the road. Sedan gets closer.

**INT. SEDAN**

Because of the damage to the windshield, the assassin does not see the cable.

He gets closer to their position.

**EXT. RIG - WINCH**

Otis hops down. He then powers up the winch and pushes a LEVER.

The winch rolls backwards and tightens the cable.

**EXT. CABLE - TREE**

The cable tightens in one second.

SLOW-MOTION: There is no reaction time as the sedan passes by.

**INT. SEDAN**

By the assassin's POV, he can see both Otis and Conroy staring at him.

At that moment, IN SLOW-MO.

SIDE VIEW OF SEDAN: The cable CUTS through the roof with a LOUD SCRACK!.

As the roof is sliced away. So is the assassin's head which SPINS backwards towards the rear of the car.

Now driverless, the car keeps going towards a guard rail to a...

CLIFF!

**EXT. CLIFF**

The guardrail SNAPS apart as the front end smashes through.

Nose of the car DIPS down to the ground.

Front grill catches a BOULDER'S EDGE which causes the car to spin vertically in a CARTWHEEL like fashion.

Gas tank EXPLODES.

Car rolls down the embankment. More explosions.

It finally reaches the bottom of the ravine to burn itself out.

UP TOP...

**EXT. CLIFF'S EDGE**

Both stand together as they watch the last remains burn away in BLACK SMOKE.

Otis notices that the assassin's head is just shy of the edge.

He kicks it to send it down to the car.

OTIS

Ew.

Assassin's face is not seen.

Only a pair of sunglasses remain behind.

OTIS (CONT.)

Yup. That could have been your head.

CONROY

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

OTIS

And just us stubborn.

Both walk back to their vehicles.

DISSOLVE TO:

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

Formula one race cars, wet pavement, arriving guests.

Conroy pulls up and PARKS in Al's private stall. It's just  
like him.

Otis pulls up alongside of the building and BLARES the HORN.

Conroy gets out of the car as Al storms out of the building  
with puffy eyes.

To his surprise...

AL

Well I'll be damned.

CONROY

Good to see you, you tub of shit.

Both hug one another like long lost relatives.

Sherry gets out of the car.

Otis hops down from the cab.

AL

So what the hell brings you all the  
way out here?

CONROY

Got a little surprise for you.

AL

Surprise huh? (Sees Otis.)

AL (CONT.)

So, I see he has you following him  
around like a lap dog as usual.

OTIS

Kiss my ass you filthy bitch.

AL

Come here pal.

Both hug briefly.

Al sees Sherry next to Conroy.

AL (CONT.)  
Wow... And this is?

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

Sherry and Al shake hands.

AL  
Oh, 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 god damn horn shaking my establishment.

**EXT. FRONT DOOR**

Al opens the door for his guests.

CONROY  
Thank you James.

AL  
Up yours.

OTIS  
Yup, just like old times.

BLEND TO:

**INT. AL'S OFFICE**

Photos, racing gear, sponsor logos, memorabilia.

Al sits at his desk while his guests sit across from him.

The walls are plastered with various photos of the past. Racers from around the world. Winners, placements, long time champions.

Sherry sips her coffee and averts her gaze to Conroy's PORTRAIT as he holds up the GRAND PRIZE CUP.

AL  
So, after all this time you decide to come back. You do know that you can never sit your ass into another racing car again. Right?

Conroy expresses emotions but remains calm.

CONROY

I know. But, what we have will change everything.

AL

Oh? With what? A new engine? Brakes? Suspension? Impress me.

A BEAT.

CONROY

What if I was to tell you that we... Invented and built the world's first - Electromagnetic engine.

AL

I've heard the stories. I know that Sherry here is one of the ones that came up with the idea. I read her reports in a science magazine.

CONROY

Yeah, but we took it one step further.

AL

What do you mean?

Conroy gets up to walk around Al's office both explaining their invention and looking at photos.

CONROY

Remember when I told you that I had a vision of building something radical?

AL

Of course I do. But, an electromagnetic engine is years away. Can't be done. Too many issues of instability.

CONROY

True. Yet Sherry got her engine to work. A fully magnetic engine that uses no fuel or powerplant.

OTIS

Plus her design was what started us on our little venture.

AL

Alright. Let's say you did invent it. Is it stable?

Conroy sits back down.

CONROY

Al, not only is it stable, but it's capable of - MACH TEN.

If only crickets were present.

Al fidgets.

AL

You're serious?

CONROY

Oh yeah. If we wanted to, it could even reach higher speeds.

Al gets up to refill his cup.

AL

Uh, yeah. Hm. Mach ten you say? You know there is no such thing on this earth that can do that? Right? Unless you're heading into space. You do realize this? Right?

Al pours hot coffee, but forgets he is pouring.

SCORCHES his hand.

AL (CONT.)

Ah! Shit!

CONROY

You alright there pal?

AL

Of course I'm not alright. I mean, come on. The last person to break the speed record was Chuck Yeager doing mach three.

CONROY

I know.

After wiping his hand off, he sits back down.

AL

No human can endure that kind of speed. Nobody.

CONROY

Well, I didn't say I actually piloted it myself. It was an unmanned test.

AL

You actually achieved Mach Ten? That's - seven thousand miles an hour.

SHERRY

Actually, it's seven thousand one hundred and seventy. But yes, with the help of my own invention. It can monitor all levels during the test. Yaw, pitch, speed, steering.

Al puts two and two together.

He swallows dryly.

AL

You brought it here?

CONROY

Why do you think we came all this way?

Al looks over at one of Conroy's PHOTOS on a nearby wall.

AL

I want to see it work.

CONROY

Boss - your wish is my command.

**EXT. BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS - NEXT DAY**

Tents, open range of salt, distant mountains.

THE CRAFT.

ON SHERRY: She turns on her tuner.

Al stands behind her fifty feet away his with arms across his chest.

CONROY

Clear!

OTIS

Clear!

SHERRY

Activating now.

Sherry flips a switch.

**EXT. RIG - OPEN BOX**

Craft HUMS. Its outer edge straightens vertically inside the box.

FROM THE BACK: Doors are open. The craft slowly inches to the opening in front of Al.

Once it exits, the craft rotates to a horizontal position.

Sherry walks to it along with Conroy and Otis.

It covers them like an umbrella as they approach Al whose mouth is hanging open.

**EXT. COMMAND TENT**

Al backs up with his crew as the craft is lowered to its MOORING CRADLE.

Sherry powers it down.

AL

Tell me that was just a trick. Some  
- movie prop.

CONROY

You all saw it. Al, flight without  
any fuel combustion. A perfectly  
unified electromagnetic propulsion  
system. Its field gives it lift,  
speed, and control along with our  
burst tuner. All it needs now, is a  
pilot.

AL

(Heavy breathing)

Alright. Let's see what this thing  
can do. Hank, get the station  
ready.

HANK

Will do.

**INT. COMMAND TENT**

Computers, DOS FORMAT, Nerds, speed freak technicians.

Hank walks in and grabs a portable satellite dish and tripod.

Workers inside crunch numbers to get the test ready.

**EXT. COMMAND TENT**

Sherry powers up the craft. Some of the nearby techs back off in case of possible explosion.

Pad rises to thirty feet and hovers.

CONROY

Let's do it.

SHERRY

With pleasure.

Sherry turns the main knob gently.

**EXT. CRAFT - TEST #2**

Speed, freedom, mountains, salt flats.



Eighties tune matches speed test.

Craft displays a loose, carefree attitude as it SCREAMS across the salt flats at a mind bending speed of...

**EXT. COMMAND TENT**

Al looks down to a monitor that now shows a speed of - MACH SEVEN.

Under the mach heading... FIVE THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR.

AL

Oh my god.

**EXT. CRAFT**

Craft's POV: Its front ARC shows the contrast of how fast it is moving across the white landscape, free of constraints.

It VEERS LEFT, RIGHT, UP, DOWN then turns a SHARP angle of ninety degrees.

**EXT. COMMAND TENT - CREW**

Excited people, crew, whistles. A very happy day for all.

As everyone cheers, the craft moves with fluid motion. By anyone's perspective, it looks like a UFO.

ON CRAFT: It speeds back to the tent.

ON AL: He looks up to see it ZIP past them with no sound.

Yet just as it passes, Conroy spots a DUST TRAIL on the surface of the salt flats.

He suspects.

Oh god the humanity.

CONROY

Sherry, bring it back.

OTIS

Oh man! Don't these guys have anything better to do?

AL

What's going on?

CONROY

Hopefully nothing.

Craft arrives and HOVERS over its mooring and descends to its cradle.

CONROY

Al, use the surveillance equipment  
to take some readings.

AL

Why? We haven't even...

CONROY

Trust me.

Al sees the military coming in.

AL

Oh, right. Hank give me a hand.

HANK

Will do.

**EXT. MILITARY CONVOY**

Pierce's LIMO is in front. Trucks, jeeps follow him.

As the limo keeps straight and steady, the rest split off  
and start to surround the encampment.

**EXT. COMMAND TENT - BIRD'S EYE VIEW**

All military vehicles make a circle to cut off any means of  
escape or intrusion.

An APACHE STAND OFF maneuver.

After the last one parks.

GROUND LEVEL...

The general gets out of his limo.

CONROY

General. Long time no see.

GENERAL PIERCE

We got a good glimpse of what ever  
you're all working on out here.

CONROY

How the hell did you find us?

GENERAL PIERCE

We didn't let you out of our sight  
for one minute since the farm. Even  
when you rid yourselves of some  
unneded baggage.

CONROY

We can explain about that.

GENERAL PIERCE  
No need. We already knew who he  
was. So you can rest easy.

Sherry covers the craft. Yet is quickly stopped by one of  
the soldiers.

SHERRY  
Hey, don't touch that.

GENERAL PIERCE  
Corporal. At ease.

CORPORAL  
Sir, yes sir. Sorry ma'am.

SHERRY  
Kiss mine.

CORPORAL  
Really?

SHERRY  
Oh god.

GENERAL PIERCE  
So, mind telling me what - this is  
all about?

CONROY  
General, we had to keep it quiet  
long enough until it was time.

GENERAL PIERCE  
Time for what?

CONROY  
To expose it to the world.

GENERAL PIERCE  
Expose what exactly?

Conroy nods at Sherry.

**EXT. CRAFT**

Sherry pulls off the tarp to reveal its UFO splendor to the  
general.

A SHINY METAL machine that sparkles under the sun's bright  
rays.

The general walks over to it.

GENERAL PIERCE  
So this is what we were chasing.

CONROY

I'm sorry we had to keep it to ourselves. But it was necessary.

GENERAL PIERCE

Amazing. It's so smooth and basic looking. How does it fly?

CONROY

Electromagnetism.

GENERAL PIERCE

Our own science teams have been trying to achieve a level of where you are now. But, we had trouble with the inner housing units.

OTIS

Well, what about area 51?

GENERAL PIERCE

Please, if it was that simple we would have succeeded a long time ago.

CONROY

I can tell you about it later. For now, we need your help.

GENERAL PIERCE

Why should I help you?

CONROY

Because this is going to change everything.

GENERAL PIERCE

That's what all scientists say. But there's always a catch. What makes this so different?

Both walk around the craft.

CONROY

General, what we hope for is using our machine as a jump start to our future. Fossil fuels are becoming outdated. Useless. And it's poisoning our world.

GENERAL PIERCE

Conroy, the world is moving too fast as it is. Exposing something like this to the world that doesn't use fuel or a conventional engine would cripple the markets.

CONROY

But think of the benefits. It would rid the world of pollution, and it would save every government around the world billions of dollars a month to clean up toxic wastes. No fuel means no planes, cars, busses or whatever else that uses fossil fuel. Plus a machine like this, can take a man into space. Plant colonies, localize space travel. The possibilities are virtually endless. And, it will eliminate Nuclear Fission. No toxic after effects.

They stop and face one another.

Pierce likes him.

GENERAL PIERCE

So other than electromagnetism that helps give the craft lift, what's its power source?

CONROY

See that central core?

GENERAL PIERCE

Yes.

CONROY

That's where the power comes from.

GENERAL PIERCE

Wow. So small. What's it called?

CONROY

I haven't come up with a name yet, but once we...

SHERRY

It's called - The Andropholis Sphere.

GENERAL PIERCE

Andropholis sphere. Catchy. You know this won't go over well with the brass. Nor will it with the world fuel conglomerates. I already spoke with the joint chiefs on our last venture and your - craft.

CONROY

You'll come up with something.

GENERAL PIERCE

You put too much faith in me.

CONROY

Which is why we need your help in this.

GENERAL PIERCE

Why? I have enough to do as it is in order to have this kept quiet.

CONROY

Because... Once the world learns about our little secret, it will be the first step towards a better future without fossil fuel. Plus - family members included, you and your team will benefit from the kickbacks for the rest of your natural lives.

SILENCE.

A BREEZE wafts through the encampment.

General Pierce glances to his men with a hopeful reaction.

GENERAL PIERCE

(Smirks)

What the hell.

BLEND TO:

**INT. PRISON - FIVE MONTHS LATER - DAY**

Prisoners, inmate cells, TV, Wayne.

Wayne watches the television, which is protected with chicken wire.

ON SCREEN: He sees his brother Conroy being escorted into the UNITED NATIONS BUILDING along with Sherry, and Otis along with General Pierce.

A male reporter gives his story...

REPORTER (O.S.)

... Nations world wide have come today to see the newest and youngest candidate recipients 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 are concerned, it is another dreamer's hope of shutting down the most powerful institution by useless banter. Yet, Mister

(MORE)

REPORTER (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 Andropholis proved otherwise in front of a panel of respected top experts in the fields of chemistry, Agriculture and Physics along with many other fellow scholars from around the world.

Reporter's camera man follows them into the building as the reporter continues...

REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT.)  
 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 science themselves, and who helped design and build The Andropholis Sphere. A subject of critical debate...

ON WAYNE: He expresses excitement but keeps it low key.

BACK TO TV:

REPORTER (O.S.) (CONT.)  
 They will be inducted into this year's registry and will be presented with the peace prize once the nations' house speaker has established that Conroy's earth shattering invention can be used for public use as well as some military applications.

Behind the reporter Conroy and friends are being led by Pierce.

CUT TO:

**INT. UNITED NATIONS - ASSEMBLY HALL**

National guests, seats, ambient tension in the air.

Conroy walks in without his cane.

THE GRAND HALL: Delegates sit down in designated seats. In front of them are their assigned country names.

Suits, or dress apparel from various nations cause Conroy to express uneasiness.

Sherry holds his right hand, but also grabs Otis's left hand as they all walk down the aisle to the front row.

General Pierce is behind them. He huddles them together for some quick advice.

GENERAL PIERCE

Now remember guys, if someone asks you a question - give them a straight answer. Don't dodge it. Most of these political leaders don't like surprises. Your invention is going to do that.

CONROY

What if they ask why Wayne is in prison?

GENERAL PIERCE

Then - tell him or her the truth. That he's in prison for defending you and your friends' lives. Don't give them the opportunity to turn a question into an interrogation. Otherwise - they'll own you.

CONROY

Right. Okay. Yeah.

SHERRY

Come on Conroy. Let's show the world that we're going to take over.

GENERAL PIERCE

Good luck.

OTIS

I like the fact that I'll have my very own lab after all this bull shit is over and done with.

They move to the front row.

FRONT ROW: Conroy takes his assigned seat along with Otis and Sherry.

Pierce sits behind them.

LIGHTS DIM.

ON STAGE: The house speaker arrives dressed in a JUDICIAL ROBE. An aged man (60's). Glasses on the bridge of his nose.

AN ASSEMBLY CRIER HAILS...

CRIER

All rise!

Entire room stands up.

CRIER (CONT.)

This assembly has come to order. The honorable Terence Moore of Great Britain presiding.



House speaker sits down.

HOUSE SPEAKER  
Be seated please.

Everyone sits down.

HOUSE SPEAKER (CONT.)  
(Flips pages)  
... I read your affidavit about  
this - new mode of transportation,  
and I must say that it is quite  
impressive Mister Andropholis. Some  
of the present delegates have  
already proposed a stay on its  
production strictly because of the  
unbalancing nature it will create.  
Do you agree?

ON CONROY: He stands up.

HOUSE SPEAKER (CONT.)  
Speak into the microphone, you  
don't need to stand for the moment.

BACK ON CONROY:

CONROY  
(Clears throat)  
I agree that it can have some  
implications. But, we need to  
further our incentives to stop  
using fossil fuels.

HOUSE SPEAKER  
Fossil fuels are our way of life.  
To change from one form of fuel to  
another over night does give rise  
to, uncertain events. Do you agree?

CONROY  
Yes - your honor.

HOUSE SPEAKER  
Yet, our esteemed colleagues in the  
fields of physics and such, are  
very excited and wish to know more  
of its uses and applications. I for  
one am willing to listen with an  
open mind. SO, I am going to allow  
Mister Andropholis his chance to  
address the assembly. Any questions  
from the delegates will be heard  
after.

Speaker glances to Conroy.

HOUSE SPEAKER (CONT.)  
The floor is your sir.

Conroy gets his notes out.

Various emotions surface.

He gets up and moves over to an awaiting podium.

He faces his opponents.

HOUSE SPEAKER (CONT.)

When you are ready sir.

CONROY

Thank you your honor. First, I'd like to thank General Pierce who has helped me and my team through out this lengthy process. Without his guidance, we wouldn't be here in front of you all now.

Both Conroy and Pierce look at each other.

Pierce nods once.

CONROY (CONT.)

Our world has come to an impasse. For close to a century now the populace has been consuming fossil fuel to heat their homes, run their cars, trucks, tractors and passenger jets. Together, it creates a thin film, which blankets the earth with a toxic shell of smog and poisonous gasses. It has to stop.

SUDDENLY: A U.S. delegate interrupts Conroy.

U.S DELEGATE

... But doesn't that mean that our fossil fuel industry will become redundant? Obsolete? What happens to the many families or employees who work for those very same companies? How will they be compensated from such a - drastic move?

A POWERFUL question. One that causes the room to mutter or chatter with moaning whispers to one another.

HOUSE SPEAKER

I did not give permission for any outbursts from the floor. Questions will be allowed once Mister Andropholis has delivered his statement. Please continue sir.

CONROY

Thank you. I was a race car driver for a good two years before an accident on the circuit nearly took my life. It helped open my eyes on what was more important. After my recovery, I decided to act upon a dream I once had as a student of science. My - brother Wayne gave me that idea.

**INT. PRISON - WAYNE**

Wayne's eyes perk up as he hears his name on the TV being spoken.

A few prisoners walk up behind him and listen to Conroy continue...

ON TV SCREEN...

TV/CONROY

We call our core - The Andropholis Sphere. Basically, it's a simple concept of an old idea. It's an electromagnetic field which can surround any vehicle of any size. The sphere itself or the core works in tandem with its housing unit that gives a craft lift, speed and control with the use of a burst tuner that my team member Sherry Gulliver designed and built.

PRISONER

Hey, isn't that your brother Wayne?

WAYNE

(Awed)

Yeah.

**INT. UNITED NATIONS - ASSEMBLY HALL**

ON CONROY.

CONROY

Once activated, we can reach speeds of Mach Ten. But it can reach even higher speeds.

MUMBLES from assembly.

CONROY (CONT.)

Plus, once the core is powered up - it's inner functions will keep running for four hundred years without any maintenance or replacement.

LOUDER CHATTER.

HOUSE SPEAKER  
Order! (Knocks Gavel.)

Room quiets down.

CONROY  
Questions?

U.S. Delegate raises his hand.

U.S DELEGATE  
I offer the same question again.  
What happens to all of the families  
who lose their jobs in the fuel  
industry?

Conroy thinks quickly.

CONROY  
Then, we train them. Change always  
invites difficulty in one form or  
another. There are many ways to  
re-train someone in a new trade. A  
trade with pay, benefits and they  
would work in an environment with  
no toxic hazards. Sounds beneficial  
all around don't you think?

A SWEDISH delegate raises his hand.

CONROY  
Yes?

SWEDISH DELEGATE  
... What was the highest speed you  
achieved?

CONROY  
With the help of the Hawaiian  
observatory, our team reached a  
goal speed of - MACH 390 two  
hundred miles above the earth.

Room GRUMBLES...

HOUSE SPEAKER  
Order please. Order!

Mutters continue...

HOUSE SPEAKER (CONT.)  
Order! (Gavel)

Room quiets down.

CONROY

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 or secluded island  
that doesn't produce oil. Hong Kong  
citizens of today have to wear  
masks because the air being so  
toxic. Why do we continue to poison  
the children and elderly alike?  
What's the reason for it? - -  
Money. Nothing more, and nothing  
less.

Sounds of DISCONTENT from the assembly.

HOUSE SPEAKER

Any more outbursts from the floor,  
I will have them removed.

Complaints vanish.

CONROY

We mine it. Process it. Tax it, and  
distribute it and also trade the  
fuel on the exchange market. It's  
just one - gigantic cycle that has  
lasted far too long. We war over  
oil, fight for it. Lose soldiers  
overseas. Die for it. For what?  
Money. Our sphere can eliminate the  
cycle. Man will just have to think  
up new ways to ease their financial  
burdens. Our way will help create  
the future where children or the  
elderly will no longer need to wear  
masks or breathe through a tube to  
keep them alive. We need to act now  
and fast or - it's just a matter of  
time before our delicate atmosphere  
collapses. To the point - where we  
will no longer be able to drink  
fresh clean water or grow food.  
This vicious cycle - must end.  
Thank you.

Conroy steps down.

He rejoins his team.

Assembly MUMBLES.

HOUSE SPEAKER

The house will begin their  
deliberations. A vote count must  
surpass sixty percent. If there is  
(MORE)

HOUSE SPEAKER (cont'd)  
 a stalemate in the voting count, it  
 will be redone only once. We will  
 begin with South Africa. Present  
 your vote.

SOUTH AFRICAN DELEGATE  
 Nay.

Conroy listens anxiously as the votes continue.

General Pierce glances to only the delegates who vote nay  
 like an emotionless statue.

UNTIL...

SWEDISH DELEGATE  
 I think it would be a wonderful  
 addition to our way of life. I vote  
 - Yay.

Conroy changes his expression ever so slightly.

The room chatters and votes nay or yay.

It becomes hard to distinguish for Conroy.

ON SHERRY: She only hears the Yays starting to multiply.

Otis however sits still but gazes from one delegate to  
 another and compares his suit to what they wear.

**INT. PRISON - WAYNE**

Prisoners listen around Wayne. Some offer encouragement while  
 others think it's a joke.

Wayne MOUTHS silently.

WAYNE  
 Come on.

**EXT. UNITED NATIONS**

Crowds of people, protestors, reporters, sunny weather.

Thousands of people wait as a reporter gives his scoop...

REPORTER  
 ... As you can see, the people wait  
 as the vote count continues. What  
 ever the results that come back  
 will reflect on Conroy  
 Andropholis's dream. Is he a hero?  
 Or an enemy to the fuel industry?  
 Most behind me support Conroy and  
 his dream but as you can see, there  
 are others who feel that his new  
 (MORE)

REPORTER (cont'd)

invention will bankrupt the economy and plunge the stock market to its lowest point. How this goes depends on the public's voice as well as the delegates inside. Do we establish ourselves as a new fuel-less country? Or do we continue as Conroy has stated, of poisoning our world to the brink of extinction? The next few minutes will tell us soon enough. Back to you Tracy.

**INT. PRISON - WAYNE**

Wayne watches the TV as a few guards patrol the common room. Fellow inmates take votes or bet.

Wayne shows anxiousness.

**INT. UNITED NATIONS - ASSEMBLY HALL**

Hall crier hands over the voting results to the house speaker.

Conroy and friends wait nervously.

House speaker reads each line carefully.

Then, upon completion...

HOUSE SPEAKER

Will you all please stand?

Conroy and his team stand up.

General Pierce remains seated.

HOUSE SPEAKER (CONT.)

The final tallied count is as follows. For the Nays, the count is - ninety eight votes against. For the Yays, the count is - one hundred and fifty six votes.

CHEERS FROM OUTSIDE can be heard.

HOUSE SPEAKER (CONT.)

Twenty percent not accounted for are hereby disqualified and null. This declares by a unanimous decision that Conroy Andropholis, Otis Plant, and Sherry Gulliver are hereby approved to continue the development of The Andropholis Sphere on a world wide basis. Congratulations to you all.

Conroy hugs his team. General Pierce grasps their shoulders.

Delegates who lost exit the hall defeated and express their utter discontent and hatred.

**EXT. UNITED NATIONS**

Spectators shout and roar cheers, while negative protestors wave their signs and flags.

It is pandemonium as Conroy and his friends appear from their victory.

CHEERS, WHISTLES, FLASH BULBS.

General Pierce along with hand picked soldiers holds back the vultures.

A few reporters make it through.

REPORTER #1

Mister Andropholis, how does it feel to be only man in history to slow or stop the fuel mining industry? What are your plans now?

CONROY

Well first, I didn't stop it altogether, but it's a first step in shutting down the plants which cause harm to our world. Plus, I want to start a new racing team.

REPORTER #1

With your new invention?

CONROY

Oh yeah.

REPORTER #2

How about you Miss Gulliver? Do you believe that our new possible way of life seems reachable?

SHERRY

Yes. Besides, with Conroy at the helm, we can dream about better things for our children's futures.

REPORTER #3

Is there any marriage proposals in the air?

SHERRY

Well the ring in his pocket says he'll get down on one knee.



OTIS

He'd better, or he'll have to marry Al.

REPORTER #3

Will this new approach help influence others to clean up our planet?

OTIS

I hope so. We're all in this together. We owe it to the younger generation.

GENERAL PIERCE

Okay, that's enough. Come on fellas, let us through.

Pierce helps them reach his LIMO as they all nudge through the MASS of people.

HOVER ABOVE: Streets as they all climb into the LIMO. Spectators surround them, FLASH BULBS, CHEERS continue...

ON the last FLASH...

**INT. PRISON - WAYNE**

ON WAYNE: Expresses joyful and tearful emotions. Prisoners who lost bets return to their cells.

WAYNE

Good for you punk. Good for you.

DISSOLVE TO:

**EXT. ORBIT - TEN YEARS LATER**

Racing stands, FLYING racers, thousands of fans, cameras. STARRY BACKGROUND.

In orbit, a flat TEN THOUSAND mile obstacle course floats above earth.

AT STANDS: Fans wave to the FLYING cameras behind a CLEAR air tight SHIELD.

To the right of the stands are shuttle TRANSPORTS from earth which dock.

Below the stands, are the pits for crews and drivers.

A few racers emerge from their pits to take a few practice runs on the course.

A ROVING CAMERA moves closer to the line up as a commentator begins inside his booth...

**INT. COMMENTATOR BOOTH**

A team of news and sports reporters sit behind a table facing the racetrack.

Microphones and country tags for each person in their own languages.

In the middle of them all is the 1987 Monte Carlo Cup Commentator.

Middle aged (50's). Good looking, modern man who keeps up with the times. Goatee, and neat hair as he excitedly starts the event.

With a broken accent...

COMMENTATATOR

... 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 the occasion for Conroy Andropholis who has come out of retirement and will fly his own personally built pod racer, which can reach speeds of up to six thousand miles an hour. Yet, since regulated speed limits are enforced, Conroy will have to settle on a mere - three thousand miles an hour. So, let's go down and meet the pilots.

**EXT. RACE TRACK**

Pod racers, track, obstacle course, stands.

Racers enters the field as they float across emptiness.

They glide across and take positions side by side in front of a RIBBON of LIGHT.

Camera moves forward over the lineup all the way to the back where Conroy is sitting.

It is a RED MEAN MACHINE of his own design. With a SPOILER on the rear end.

AL'S VOICE...

AL (V.O.)

Okay Conroy...

**INT. CONROY'S RACER**

Technical gadgets, lit dashboard, high tech everything.

Conroy shows excitement as he inches just behind another pod.

AL (V.O.)

... Since we've gone over all of the basics, you know that staying inside of the track is key. Any wandering off the track will only add negative points to your score. So - no piss assing around. Understand me?

Conroy glances to some of the competition.

CONROY

Yes mommy.

AL (V.O.)

Good. Now, I want a clean race out there. No fudging in line or rubbing another's side panel or using their blind spots. Just keep your wits - and - have fun.

CONROY

Yes 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 have to deal with me mister.

CONROY

Wayne? I thought you had a meeting today?

WAYNE (V.O.)

I did. I decided to leave early for my little brother's first space race. So, listen to your boss or I'll smack you upside the head.

**EXT. CONROY'S POD - FRONT WINDSHIELD**

Conroy shows his promise alright.

CONROY

Okay, Okay. I'll be good. I promise.

He exuberantly laughs silently.

**INT. PITS**

Pit crews, technical equipment, THE BOSS.

Both Wayne and Al can see on the POD'S CAMERA/MONITOR of conroy.

WAYNE

Does he know we can see him?

AL

Probably.

WAYNE

Good luck out there man.

Otis picks up a headset.

OTIS

Oh and hey, Sherry wants to say something.

**INT. CONROY'S RACER**

Over his headset...

SHERRY (V.O.)

Conroy?

CONROY

Yes ma'am?

SHERRY (V.O.)

Get ready to add a new room when the race is over.

SILENCE...

CONROY

You're serious?

SHERRY (V.O.)

Yup. Lucky number three.

Conroy is so stoked he looks for an imaginary cigar.

As he does so...

**EXT. CONROY'S POD**

His front panel gently bumps into his opponent ahead of him.

**INT. CONROY'S RACER**

He looks up to see the poor soul shouting angry insults and flipping conroy the finger.

CONROY

Oops.

SHERRY (V.O.)

What is it?

CONROY  
Nothing. Nothing.

SHERRY (V.O.)  
I love you.

CONROY  
Love you too babe.

His eyes avert to the CLOCK at POLE POSITION.

It begins to countdown from thirty seconds.

SHERRY (V.O.)  
Good luck.

CLICK!

**EXT. CONROY'S POD**

Conroy's voice...

CONROY (V.O.)  
YAHOO!!

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)  
... In five, four, three, two,  
one... And - they're off!

**EXT. RACE TRACK**

Every pod takes off down the track at incredible speeds.  
Conroy keeps close to the pack.

Just ahead, the obstacle course starts off with RANDOMLY  
placed RINGS for points.

Sharp CURVES, which hold more angles than any politician on  
the ground.

FOLLOW ALONG RACE TRACK... Conroy's POD ZIPS through a ring.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)  
... And Andropholis puts the first  
ten points on the score board. But  
so does Wyler, along with Carson  
'The Gallbladder' Ghetty who makes  
his first ten points. But there is  
more to come as they make the  
second turn. Carson is on Conroy's  
tail but experience is what  
separates the men from the boys as  
they head for the next stretch...

**INT. CONROY'S RACER**

Conroy's helmet is equipped with an AUTO-FACE SHIELD that  
lowers down as he ZIPS through another ring.

He VEERS his pod around a SHARP BEND.

From his POV he can see Carson and the other racers on his left side set against a starry background.

UP AHEAD: A FIFTY POINT RING.

**EXT. FIFTY POINT RING - FRONT OF PODS**

Pods are side by side as they all make a move for the ring. Conroy's opponent loses his confidence and SWERVES aside for safety sake giving Conroy the RING as the nose of his pod racer SPEEDS through to...

FADE TO BLACK

THE END.