

DAMAGE CONTROL

Written by

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FADE IN:

INT. A RUNDOWN APARTMENT

SUBTITLE: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS - 1972

The small apartment is trashed. Paint is splattered on the walls, boards over the windows and garbage everywhere.

A GROUP OF ARMED HIPPIES are taking cover behind broken pieces of furniture. They all duck as a search-light sweeps across the windows.

CHIEF O'BRIEN (O.S.)

(on bullhorn)

Alright Haney. Nobody has to get hurt. Just throw out your weapons and come out with your hands up.

ARNIE HANEY (30's with a thick beard and long frizzy hair) sticks his head up over the 2nd floor ledge and sees an ARMY OF ARMED COPS with every gun pointing at his head.

Arnie ducks back down quickly, eyes wide with panic.

ARNIE

Gus! They know my name! How the hell do they know my name?

Arnie scrambles over behind the couch, pushing his way in next to half a dozen other armed hippies. GUS FREEMAN (40's) is one of them.

GUS

Arnie! That's not important now! What is important is your commitment to The Freeman Brotherhood.

ARNIE

Okay, but I'm kind of new here. Are there some dues or something? I got a few bucks.

GUS

Yes, Arnie, there are dues we all have to pay. Right, men?

All the other hippies in the room babble in agreement.

GUS (CONT'D)

We need you, Arnie. I need you.

CHIEF O'BRIEN (O.S.)
(on bullhorn)
Arnie Haney! We just want to talk.
Come out with your hands up. You
have 5 minutes or we're coming in!

ARNIE
I don't understand this. Why is he
asking for me? You're the leader
right? Shouldn't you be the one the
cops are looking for?

GUS
Arnie! Look at me! This is your
time. We're giving you a chance to
be the hero of the people. To be
remembered forever as the one who
struck the first blow for The
Freemen Brotherhood! To be known
all over the world. Isn't that what
you want?

ARNIE
I guess that sounds pretty good.

GUS
Don't thank me, Arnie. We did this
for you. When we robbed that bank
this afternoon we made sure you got
all the credit.

ARNIE
You guys robbed a bank? Really? Was
that when you told me to go get
pizza? How much did you get?

GUS
It's not about money, Arnie. We
needed to send a message and the
message had your name on it.

ARNIE
You left a message at the bank with
my name on it?

STANKY JOHN (40's) pats Arnie on the back.

STANKY JOHN
Yeah, man. Those pigs all think
you're the leader of the Freemen
Brotherhood. That way Gus isn't
implicated and the Brotherhood will
go on. Thanks, man. You're our
hero.

ARNIE

Thanks, Stanky John. But Gus, your name is "Gus Freeman" and isn't that why the group is named "The Freeman Brotherhood"?

GUS

Arnie! It's time for you to strike a blow for all of us. Stanky John?

Stanky John carefully brings out a shoebox and puts it in Arnie's hands.

ARNIE

What's this? Can I open it now?

ALL THE OTHER HIPPIES

NO!

CHIEF O'BRIEN (O.S.)

(on bullhorn)

Three minutes, Haney!

GUS

It's a present, Arnie, but not for you. I want you to carefully carry this outside and hand it to the Chief of Police. Can you do that for us, Arnie?

Arnie starts to tuck it under his arm, all the men flinch and duck.

STANKY JOHN

Carefully, Arnie! Gus said carefully, okay?

ARNIE

Okay, got it. Just hand him the box. You guys will bust me out of jail, I guess, right?

GUS

Right on, Arnie. We're with you all the way.

Arnie raises his fist.

ARNIE

(shouting)

Power to the people!

All the men duck and flinch again.

GUS
Okay, okay, Arnie. Now get moving.
You've got about....?

STANKY JOHN
About two minutes left.

GUS
Two minutes, so hurry!

ARNIE
Okay, here I go. Wish me luck,
brothers!

All the hippies give him big smiles and wish him good luck and to get moving, one voice mumbling, "Get the hell out of here, will you?"

Arnie flashes the peace sign to Gus as he leaves. All the hippies visibly relax.

The hippies push the couch out of the way and one opens a trap-door.

GUS
How much dynamite did you use?

STANKY JOHN
12 sticks. Should be enough to blow
all those little pigs to Hell.

OTHER HIPPIE
And one little piglet.

The hippies laugh as they begin climbing down the trap-door.

GUS
A little respect, brothers. We're
about to get our first martyr.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF APARTMENT

Arnie tosses the shoebox down a garbage chute.

ARNIE
I'm not going out there. I didn't
even get any pizza.

Arnie turns and runs down the hallway toward the back of the building.

INT. THE BASEMENT OF THE BUILDING

More police sirens can be heard from the street. Gus and the others are moving quickly through the dark, garbage-filled basement.

STANKY JOHN
You sure he was a cop?

GUS
No.

All the hippies laugh.

STANKY JOHN
Seriously, Gus, he just seemed too stupid to be a cop.

They are passing a large pile of trash. The shoebox Arnie dropped tumbles down the garbage shaft and lands at Gus' feet.

GUS
Maybe he wasn't so stupid. How much time do we have?

The box explodes.

EXT. THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING - DAY

The cops dive for cover as the explosion blows out the basement walls and the building starts to collapse.

EXT. THE ALLEY BEHIND THE BUILDING - DAY

Arnie is hanging just above the ground from the fire-escape. His eyes are closed, his whole body is clenched as if bracing for impact.

All around him, frozen in the air, is the image of the explosion coming from the basement. Bricks, dust and shrapnel hang in mid-air right next to him. Even the building itself hangs as it buckles from the massive blast.

Everything is frozen in time.

Except for Arnie.

He opens one eye and looks into the burning hell right next to him. He cautiously puts his foot down on the ground and eases himself from the ladder.

HERBAH

Ahem. Excuse me. You're Arnold
Haney, correct?

Arnie turns and sees HERBAH, a man-sized lizard walking on
two legs, wearing eyeglasses and holding a clipboard.

ARNIE

I...Ar...Eee...

HERBAH

Haney, Arnold B. I'm sure I have
the right guy. Careful now. You
okay?

ARNIE

Oh...kay...Arn...me...

HERBAH

Can I give you a hand?

ARNIE

No! Ow! Stay away from me! I know
you're not real, but you're
freaking me out, okay?

Herbah sighs and flips to the back of the clipboard.

HERBAH

(reading)

*What you are experiencing now is
real. No drugs or other external
influences have changed either your
perception of reality or your
ability to process the sights,
smells and sensations of the
physical world.*

(to Arnie)

Do I need to go on?

ARNIE

Am I dead? Is this Hell?

HERBAH

(reading again)

*You are still in the physical world
you were born in, you have just
been brought out of time. I am
Herbah, your case worker.*

(to Arnie)

Hello, Arnie. It's very nice to
meet you.

ARNIE

Hi. So, this is all really happening?

Herbah helps Arnie to his feet.

HERBAH

Well, technically nothing is happening. Come with me. Everything will be explained.

ARNIE

Everything?

HERBAH

Yes, Arnie. Everything. All the secrets of time and space. Won't that be interesting?

They walk down the alley toward a bright yellow light.

ARNIE

I guess so. How long will that take?

HERBAH

No time at all, Arnie.

The light consumes them. Their shadows disappear.

EXT. A HIGH SCHOOL FOOTBALL FIELD - NIGHT

SUBTITLE: RICHMOND, VIRGINIA - 2015

The stands are packed as a high school football game is being played under bright stadium lights.

The band plays loudly as the young crowd cheers wildly. The scoreboard has a giant cartoon Civil War general in a threatening pose with the caption, "Home of the Generals!"

The score is Generals: 21 Tigers: 31.

The GENERAL'S COACH (50's) yells at his players as they leave the field.

GENERAL'S COACH

What is it going to take to get you guys fired up?! This is your shot at the state title! You gonna let those pansy Tigers kick your asses again?!

EXT. THE TIGER'S SIDE OF THE FIELD - NIGHT

FERGUS FITZPATRICK (18) is behind the Tigers' bleachers with ASSORTED TEENAGE FRIENDS. They all have on "Go Tigers!" T-shirts.

Fergus is handing out stacks of square cardboard placards.

FERGUS

They're numbered by rows. One stack per row. Do not get them mixed up. Make sure everyone takes one off the top and passes it down. Got it?

TEEN BOY

You sure this is going to work, Fergus?

FERGUS

I've never been more sure of anything! Just tell everyone to wait for my signal, then they hold up side one. I'll tell them when to flip to side two. We don't have much time! Go! Go!

The teens rush off, snickering to themselves.

Fergus stands in front of the bleachers watching his friends hand out the cardboard signs. The crowd of students look at the squares curiously, each has a splash of color or a line on it.

As the last sign is in place, Fergus gets a thumbs-up and his friends disappear behind the bleachers.

Fergus jumps up on the railing and shouts into a wireless microphone which carries his voice over the stadium's PA system.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Give me a Tiger roar!

The Tiger crowd yells in a loud roar.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Come on, show these Generals who we are! Give me a ROOOOARRR!

The Tiger students, players, faculty roar louder.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

What are we? Show'em side one!

The crowd continues roaring loudly and holds up the cardboard signs. Individually, they're just puzzle pieces, but when held up together by the whole Tiger crowd in the stands, the full picture comes together:

A sweet, little kitten kissing a butterfly!

The Tiger students holding the cards still have no idea what the picture is, but the Generals side bursts into loud laughter and applause.

GENERAL'S COACH

(laughing)

Now that's funny! You boys see that? You gonna let some pussycats kick your asses? Huh?

The Generals players are laughing and getting pumped up.

The Tiger players on the sidelines are enraged and start to come after Fergus.

FERGUS

That's right and what's going to happen tonight? Show 'em side two!

He dives off the railing as the crowd of students flip their signs. Now the picture is a cartoon of a muscle-bound General slicing off the head of a cowering tiger.

One of the Tiger player's grabs Fergus' shirt, ripping it. A Generals shirt is underneath.

TIGER PLAYER

Son of bitch!

Some of the football players are running up into the stands now, yanking signs out of people's hands. Fights are breaking out.

Fergus dives under the bleachers to escape the mob of angry students.

A metal bolt breaks loose and falls in front of him.

FERGUS

No!

The bleachers over Fergus' head collapse. He hears the screams of dozens of students above him and he covers his head.

Silence.

The only sound he hears is one man laughing hysterically.

Fergus peeks and sees the collapsing bleachers, feet and metal parts all frozen above him.

Fergus crawls out the front of the bleachers. Everything is frozen in time except for the LAUGHING MAN rolling around in the middle of the football field, holding his sides and laughing loudly.

Fergus approaches the laughing man. It's Arnie Haney. Arnie looks different now. His beard is neatly trimmed, his long hair pulled back into a pony-tail and he's wearing a long, dark green coat.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Mister? Can you hear me?

ARNIE

That's classic! Did you see their faces? Oh man, I can't stand it! Classic!

FERGUS

What's going on here? Am I dead or something? Why is everything stuck?

ARNIE

I'm sorry. Help me up.

Fergus pulls Arnie to his feet.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Hi. I'm Arnie.

FERGUS

I'm Fergus.

ARNIE

Fergus Fitzpatrick, I know. I'm a huge fan. You are a gifted prankster, Fergus. This was inspired. Probably should've checked the weight limits of the bleachers, but still, really great stunt, man.

FERGUS

Thanks. "Arnie", you said?

Arnie puts his arm around Fergus' shoulder and walks him briskly toward the end of the field.

ARNIE

I know, I know. Tons of questions.
I've been there. Come on.

FERGUS

Where are we going? Am I dead?

ARNIE

No, not yet, but you would've been
in about...

(snaps his fingers)

THAT. Hey, how long is...

(snaps his fingers)

THAT anyway? Do you measure it by
the time it takes to make the sound
or by the time it takes for the
sound to reach your ears?

FERGUS

If a tree falls in the forest...

ARNIE

Yeah? And?

FERGUS

You know, the old riddle: If a tree
falls in a forest and nobody hears
it, does it make a sound?

ARNIE

Huh? Of course it does! That's a
crazy question.

FERGUS

But how would do you know?

ARNIE

Because I've been there when it
happens!

FERGUS

But that means, you were there to
hear it.

ARNIE

No, I wasn't. Come on. I want to
show you something.

They walk toward a bright light.

FERGUS

I knew it.

ARNIE
You're not dead.

INT. A BRIGHTLY LIT HALLWAY

Arnie and Fergus are standing in a long, carpeted, corporate hallway with doors on either side. Fergus blinks, shielding his eyes from the bright, overhead lights.

ARNIE
The Krells just like a lot of
light.

FERGUS
It's so bright in here.

ARNIE
You'll get used to it. Or not.
Life's funny that way.

Fergus follows Arnie into a vast cubical farm. Also brightly lit, the rows of cubes stretch out into infinity. The sounds of busy OFFICE WORKERS can be heard.

Hanging above the cubicles is a huge, glowing holographic sphere full of streaming numbers and a few blinking red dots. Fergus stares at it.

FERGUS
Wow.

ARNIE
Pretty, isn't it?

FERGUS
It's beautiful. What is it?

ARNIE
It's a map of all of time and
space.

FERGUS
Huh?

PANKER, a lizard creature identical to Herbah but without the glasses, almost walks into Fergus.

PANKER
I'm sorry. Excuse me.

Fergus, mesmerized by the glowing sphere, jumps back screaming when he sees Panker.

ARNIE
Panker! You scared him! He's new!

FERGUS
What are you? What is this place?

PANKER
Then why did you bring him back
here first, Arnie?

ARNIE
I don't know. Shut up!
(to Fergus)
Come on, my spot is over here.

Arnie grabs his arm and pulls him down a row.

PANKER
Nice to almost meet you.

INT. CUBICAL ROW

FERGUS
Who was that? What was that?

ARNIE
That was Panker. He's okay, I just
like giving him a hard time.

FERGUS
He was a lizard, right?

ARNIE
No, he's a Krell. They kind of run
things. Didn't I tell you about
them? Okay, here we are. Have a
seat.

Arnie guides Fergus into a messy, disorganized cubical.
Fergus picks up a stack of papers from the chair, Arnie grabs
them from his hand and dumps them in the overflowing garbage
can.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
You feeling pretty good about
things so far? Any questions?

FERGUS
What? No! Yes! I don't understand
what's going on! Who are you?

ARNIE

Now, I'm pretty sure I told you that. Arnie? Arnie Haney? Really? I didn't introduce myself?

FERGUS

Yes, you told me your name, but I'm confused. Have I gone insane?

ARNIE

I don't know. Man, you see all this and that's your first question?

FERGUS

Arnie, please. What is this place? What's a Krell? Why are lizards talking to me?

ARNIE

Slow down, champ. One thing at a time. This place is called The Crust.

THEROY, another Krell, peeks over the top of the cube wall.

THEROY

No, it's not.

ARNIE

Yes, it is. Shut-up, Theroy! That's what I call it! Are you making popcorn?

Theroy disappears while the muffled sound of popping corn can be heard.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

I want some!
 (to Fergus)
 You hungry?
 (shouting at the wall)
 We're both hungry and we want popcorn!

THEROY (O.S.)

Make your own.

Arnie stamps around his cube looking through drawers and cabinets.

ARNIE

The first thing you need to know about Krells is that they're selfish babies! Ah, here we go.

He puts a small container in a microwave and presses a button. The sound of popping corn is heard immediately.

FERGUS

My head is going to explode.

ARNIE

(laughing)

Really? Oh, that was a metaphor.
Those are always so disappointing.

The bell rings and Arnie pulls out a large bowl of steaming popcorn.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Right on! Best popcorn ever!

He dumps various office supplies out of a hat, fills the hat with some popcorn and hands it to Fergus.

FERGUS

Thanks, I feel better already.

ARNIE

Good! So, any questions?

FERGUS

One or two.

ARNIE

We're on The Crust right now. It's a place outside of time. Think of Time as a place and from The Crust, we can reach every place, every time in time. With me so far?

FERGUS

I'm not sure.

ARNIE

Great. At some point, time was a multi-path of infinite strands. Every possible choice anyone made in time created a new time strand.

FERGUS

So an infinite number of universes throughout time, right?

ARNIE

Right, but that got to be impossible to manage, so naturally there was a war.

(MORE)

ARNIE (CONT'D)

An interchronomical war that spanned all the multiverses of all the possible time strands.

FERGUS

I must've missed that one.

ARNIE

We all did. Anyway, the result was that all the possible time strands, all the multiverses, were combined into just one. The Krells lost the war, so they're responsible for making sure everything works out the way it's supposed to. The big glowing globey-thing is their database of how history is supposed to be. The red dots are problems in the time-stream. Got it?

FERGUS

Interchronomical?

ARNIE

Great! Want to meet the rest of the team?

FERGUS

Krell?

Arnie walks quickly out of the cube, Fergus follows.

They pass Theroy's cube.

THEROY

We didn't lose the war, Fergus. It was a negotiated peace.

ARNIE

(laughing)

Oh sure, Theroy, you guys got your asses "negotiated" off! Come on, Fergus, let's hustle, man!

FERGUS

So, why am I here?

ARNIE

Wow, that's a big question, but you know an even bigger one? Where are we why? Right? Think about it.

FERGUS

That doesn't make any sense.

ARNIE

Probably not, but you didn't think about it for very long. Anyway, now that there's only one time-line, it's easier to manage, but all our eggs are in one basket. That's where we come in.

FERGUS

Who?

INT. DAMAGE CONTROL CLUBHOUSE

Arnie pushes open two large double doors which lead to a large combination gym, living space and office.

A large logo is painted on the wall. It's a fist holding a wrench busting out of the face of a clock.

Hanif (17) an Egyptian boy, DODDY (15) a slim, red-headed boy and MORA (18) a very serious and very attractive girl join them.

ARNIE

Us! Fergus, welcome to Damage Control! When something goes wrong, we break it! Come on, meet the gang. Everybody, this is Fergus, Richmond, 2015.

Doddy, speaking with a thick Cockney accent, greets Fergus warmly.

DODDY

Well, well, well. What have we here? You look a bit off, mate! Not to worry, we'll soon set you right. Bit of soup, bit of bread, you'll be right at home soon enough.

FERGUS

Hi, nice to meet you.

DODDY

I'm Doddy, London, 1840. And you like a good bloke to have around in a fight. Eh? Am I right, slugger?

Fergus laughs as Doddy playfully punches him a few times in the stomach.

ARNIE

Doddy is our light-fingers. Show him, Doddy.

Doddy empties his pockets. Fergus recognizes all the items the boy produces.

FERGUS

Hey, that's my watch! And my wallet! How did you do that? That's my belt! My pen! Wait, I wasn't carrying a pen.

Hanif snatches the pen from Doddy.

HANIF

Give me that!
(to Fergus)
He's very good, but he's also very bad.

Hanif shakes hands with Fergus.

ARNIE

This is Hanif, Cairo, 2118. He's our hacker. If it's a computer, he owns it.

HANIF

Yes, I'm good with machines. Nice to meet you.

FERGUS

Likewise.

ARNIE

And this is Mora. She's like a Ninja Plus.

MORA

I'm a Shadow Walker. What are you?

FERGUS

I'm a guy?

MORA

(to Arnie)
Excellent. Just what we need.

ARNIE

Give him a break. He really likes you. We can all see it. Right guys?

HANIF
Definitely smitten.

DODDY
Mora has a boyfriend!

FERGUS
Wait! What? Why is this happening?

Mora scowls at Arnie.

ARNIE
(to Mora)
I was just kidding around. Sheesh,
you're always so serious. Hey, when
are you going to kill me?

MORA
I haven't decided yet.

ARNIE
Okay, cool. No rush.

FERGUS
Kill you?

ARNIE
I told you Mora is a Shadow Walker.

FERGUS
Arnie, why can't you answer a
question with an answer?

ARNIE
I give up. Why?

HANIF
Mora is a soldier in the Chronos
Protectorate. They were the victors
in the Interchronomical War. The
Protectorate sent Mora to
assassinate Arnie.

FERGUS
Thanks.

ARNIE
Don't you want to know why?

FERGUS
No, that's really the only thing
that makes sense to me so far.

Everyone pauses for a beat then bursts out laughing. Even Mora cracks a grin.

ARNIE

Alright! Let's get trucking!
Meeting time!

The younger members pull up chairs and form a very loose semi-circle in front of Arnie. Doddy grabs a chair for Fergus.

DODDY

Have a seat, mate!

FERGUS

Thanks, Doddy.

As Doddy turns to get a chair for himself, Fergus quickly checks all his pockets.

Arnie stands like a general about to conduct a briefing.

ARNIE

Hanif, give us a report on the
Bubble Burst Project.

HANIF

Why are you talking like that?

MORA

He's showing off for the new guy.

DODDY

You sound like a right Herbert up
there, Arnie.

ARNIE

I'm not a Herbert! You're a
Herbert!

FERGUS

What's a "Herbert"?

ARNIE

Man, you ask a lot of questions.

FERGUS

That's because you never answer any
of them! I want to know what's
going on and I want to know right
now!

ARNIE

Hey, hey, let's not get all hostile. Deep cleansing breath, brother. Chill.

FERGUS

I'm sorry. It's just that I don't understand what's happened to me.

Arnie pulls up a chair and sits with the group.

ARNIE

You're right. I apologize, I get distracted and it's a lot to take in. You have been selected to join a very exclusive group. We call ourselves, "Damage Control". When the Krells discover an invention or technology which will cause problems at some point in time, they call us in.

HANIF

For example, ever wonder why nobody has ever invented anti-gravity flying devices in your time?

FERGUS

Sure, I guess.

Hanif points at Arnie.

ARNIE

Yes, yes. That was mine. One of my first missions. You should've seen the look on Hitler's face when the saucer blew up and burned off all his hair! Oh man, it was great! He looked like a shaved chihuahua! His doubles had to make all his speeches until it grew back! Classic!

FERGUS

The Nazi's had a flying saucer?

ARNIE

Oh yeah, really cool one too. They got the basics from a crashed UFO they'd recovered in '37. By '39 they were ready to give the Fuhrer a demonstration.

MORA

It did not go well.

HANIF

Arnie sabotaged the demonstration and Hitler cancelled all work on the project.

DODDY

If it had worked or when it worked, the Nazi's conquered most of Europe by 1941 and the rest of the world by 1948.

FERGUS

So, you stopped the Nazi's from taking over the whole world? Wow.

ARNIE

Yeah, but that really wasn't the problem. They didn't fully understand the alien tech and in '52 they kind of blowed-up a big chunk of the planet.

FERGUS

Nazi's running the world wasn't the problem?

MORA

We don't concern ourselves with politics.

ARNIE

Right, we're more big picture. Who gets their face on the dollar bill or whose flag waves in the breeze isn't our thing. Saving the world from getting all blowed-up, that's more what we do.

HANIF

The Krell handle the smaller details.

FERGUS

Then why do they need a group like this?

ARNIE

First, because we're freaking awesome and cool! But mostly it's because the Krells have no imagination.

HANIF

They are brilliant creatures, far more advanced than any of us obviously, but their reptilian nature has no capacity for irrational thought.

FERGUS

What do you mean "irrational thought"?

HANIF

Humor.

MORA

Chaos.

DODDY

Deception.

ARNIE

Pranks! That's why you're here, Fergus. We need your skills as a prankster.

FERGUS

Seriously? Come on. I just came up with a stunt to goof on a rival high school. I'm not qualified to stop the planet from getting all "blowed-up". You know that's not a real word, right?

ARNIE

You're perfect for us! And it's not just that one prank. You've been pulling stunts like that most of your life. You're great!

FERGUS

I'm sorry, I just don't see how I can do this. I can't. Thanks, really, I'm honored, but this is all too much. I just want to go home.

ARNIE

You sure?

HANIF

Arnie, he doesn't understand.

ARNIE

No, it's cool. We made an offer, he made a choice.

(to Fergus)

You're sure about this? You want to go back?

FERGUS

I'm sorry, but yes. I don't see how a guy who got a C- in World History is going to be any use as a time-travelling troubleshooter.

MORA

And you understand what this means?

FERGUS

Well, yeah. I guess you do some kind of futuristic thing to my brain so I forget all this and send me back or I wake up from this dream and promise never to eat peppercinis right before bed.

ARNIE

It's not a dream and we don't have a mind wiping thing-a-ma-bob. Okay then! Let's go.

DODDY

No!

MORA

Arnie, wait.

HANIF

Fergus, you realize what you are going back to?

FERGUS

I go back, keep my mouth shut and live out the rest of my life wondering what you guys are doing.

MORA

The rest of your life?

ARNIE

(laughing)

Yeah, all 3/10 of a second of it! Come on. We'd better get moving.

FERGUS

Hold on! What?

ARNIE

What did you think you were going back to? Remember the collapsing bleachers? Yeah, it's not pretty but at least it's quick. Come on!

FERGUS

Wait a minute! Why can't I go back and stand someplace else when you kickstart time again?

ARNIE

Will your getting crushed cause a major catastrophe that impacts generations of human development?

FERGUS

Yes!

ARNIE

See? That's another thing the Krells can't do: Lie! Let's not draw this out. Let's go.

FERGUS

All of you were about to die?

DODDY

Picked the wrong pocket. He had a knife in the other.

HANIF

Plane crash.

ARNIE

Blowed-up. Are we going or what?

FERGUS

(to Mora)

And you?

MORA

I want no part of this. Stay or go, it means nothing to me.

Mora storms out.

ARNIE

She is totally into you. Too bad. Everybody say "bye-bye". We should get you back now.

FERGUS

Wait! What if I stay?

ARNIE

You work with us. We do good stuff. When the Krells say so, they put you back in your time but without the whole getting crushed to death thing.

FERGUS

How long?

ARNIE

Who knows? There's no time in the present.

FERGUS

Huh?

HANIF

We are outside of time. Here, there is no time. The Krells will release us when they release us.

FERGUS

After careful consideration, I've decided to accept your offer.

ARNIE

Right on! Hey, you guys hang out, eat some popcorn, get to know each other. I should go talk to Mora.

Arnie goes through the big doors after Mora.

FERGUS

What is it with him and popcorn?

HANIF

We've often wondered the same thing.

FERGUS

Ever ask him about it?

Hanif and Doddy laugh, Fergus joins them.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Right, Arnie and straight answers don't mix.

INT. THE CUBICAL FARM NEAR ARNIE'S CUBICAL.

Arnie passes his empty cubical, turns and goes to Theroy's cube. Theroy is typing quickly on a computer.

ARNIE
Hey, Theroy. You seen Mora?

THEROY
Yes.

ARNIE
Oh man, you guys are so literal.
Where did you see Mora?

THEROY
She is in your cubical.

ARNIE
No she's not!

Arnie leans to the side and looks. Mora is sitting in Arnie's cubical glaring at Arnie.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
Hi Mora. Thanks, Theroy.

Arnie joins Mora.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
It's so cool how you can do that,
you know, like go all ninja and
sneak around.

Mora continues to stare angrily.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
Come on. You're being weird. Talk
to me. Nothing? Really? Okay, I
know what you're thinking, but we
need his experience with this time
period.

Mora snorts and looks away.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
What? You're saying we don't? This
is a big deal we're going after.
It's not just the security, it's
not just the potential to make
things worse if we screw up, we
only have one shot at this. We have
to get it right.

Mora looks back at him.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Oh sure, you always have to be the downer. Well, I think he'll be fine.

Mora rolls her eyes.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Give him a chance. He's not a bad guy. Besides, he really does have a crush on you.

Mora storms out of the cubical.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

I'm glad we could talk this out!

INT. THE DAMAGE CONTROL CLUBHOUSE

Arnie is standing again in front of the group, which once again includes Mora.

ARNIE

Fergus, what do you know about The Bubble Burst Project?

FERGUS

Not a lot. I think it's some crazy idea a few scientists have about faster-than-light travel, right?

ARNIE

Oh it's faster than faster-than-light and, oh boy, is it crazy. It even works. This technology allows human beings to travel to the ends of the galaxy, further even, in the blink of an eye. Even faster than that!

Arnie blinks his eyes rapidly to demonstrate.

FERGUS

Sounds great. What's the problem?

Arnie stops blinking.

ARNIE

I'm so dizzy right now.

HANIF

The first time they use it to open a doorway to another galaxy, they unleash a horde of horribly destructive creatures. Their name is hard to pronounce. It's kind of like "Sizzledins".

DODDY

I thought it was "Zullzinans".

ARNIE

You're both wrong, it's "Sullimanizariani"...no wait. That's not it. Crap, I used to know this.

MORA

Sullizullizarimaniraniterris.

Arnie, Hanif and Doddy applaud. Fergus joins in.

FERGUS

Now I'm getting dizzy.

ARNIE

Anyway, the "Whatevers" are kind of a cross between a wolf and a cockroach and in 2050 they pretty much eat everything and everybody on Earth. Then they move on to the rest of the galaxy.

FERGUS

At least the Earth didn't get blowed-up. So, what do we do?

ARNIE

We do our thing, man! We sabotage the Bubble Burst Project. The scientists give up and nobody gets eaten! Yay for us!

FERGUS

Wait. You're saying we're going to stop mankind from reaching the stars? Isn't there another way?

ARNIE

No, it's not like that. The tech will be discovered, but later. When Earth is ready to handle what they find out there.

FERGUS
Makes sense. What's the plan?

Arnie stands.

ARNIE
Right on! Let's go do some damage!

The rest of the group, except for Fergus, begin preparing by collecting various pieces of equipment or clothing.

FERGUS
What? Now? We're going somewhere?
What do I do? Don't we have some
kind of plan or something?

ARNIE
Not really.

DODDY
Arnie isn't what you'd call a
"planner".

ARNIE
I've got sort of a plan. I just
don't want to get all boxed in,
man. My mind needs space to build,
to create. I'm like an artist.

Mora is strapping a knife to her belt.

MORA
An artist?

ARNIE
I paint with anarchy and my canvas
is time. I weave the threads of
chaos into the fabric of
righteousness.

MORA
Very creative. Are you ready to go?

Arnie pulls out a handkerchief and blows his nose loudly.

ARNIE
Now I am. Alright everybody, bring
it in.

Arnie puts his hand out, palm down like a football player before the big game. The others join him, placing their hands over his.

Except for Fergus.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
Come on, Fergus! Get in here.

FERGUS
I don't know. What am I supposed to do?

ARNIE
One step before the next, brother.
Come on. Join us.

HANIF
You're one of us now, Fergus.

DODDY
Step up, mate! It'll be a laugh,
you'll see!

MORA
Arnie believes you have skills of
value.

ARNIE
See? Even Mora thinks you're great!

Fergus places his hand on theirs.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
When something goes wrong...

ALL EXCEPT FERGUS
...We break it!

ARNIE
Again. When something goes wrong...

EVERYONE
(loudly)
...We break it!

INT. LONG HALLWAY

Arnie leads the way as the group walks briskly down a brightly lit hallway. VARIOUS KRELLS are seen carrying boxes or papers; general office activity.

Herbah joins them as they walk.

HERBAH
Ah, Arnie. There you are. You're late.

ARNIE

Hi Herbah. How's it going? I want you to meet...hey, wait a minute. Did you just make a joke?

HERBAH

Yes. Was it funny?

ARNIE

Did you see anybody laugh?

HERBAH

No.

ARNIE

Well, it was still a joke and I'm proud of you. Keep at it, man. You'll get there. Meet Fergus. Fergus, this is my pal Herbah.

FERGUS

Hi. Nice to meet you.

HERBAH

Greetings, Fergus. We're very happy you're here. Do you have any questions?

ARNIE

Nope! Told him everything! We're good to go. Right?

FERGUS

Well...

HERBAH

(reading from his
clipboard)

Do you have an allergies? Any medical conditions which require medication? Do you suffer from vertigo? Have you ever had a erection lasting longer than 4 hours?

FERGUS

A four hour what?

ARNIE

Ugh, really? Okay, I can do this faster. Let me see the list again. No...no...no...all of those are "no"...wait...that one is a "yes". When he was 12.

HERBAH

Really?

FERGUS

What when I was 12?

INT. THE KRELL TRANSPORT ROOM

The hallway opens into a large room. At the center of the room is a glowing raised dais. The lighted dais pulses slowly as there's a general hum of machinery and activity. Krells are at various stations, working dials, typing on keyboards.

ARNIE

Nothing! It's just paperwork, you know. All the rest are "no". Damage Control, roll up!

The team climbs the stairs to the glowing dais. The pulsing and hum increase.

HERBAH

Arnie? His watch?

ARNIE

(to Fergus)
Give me your watch.

FERGUS

My watch? Hey, where's my watch?

Doddy tosses Fergus' watch to Herbah.

DODDY

Just warming up, mate.

Arnie hands Fergus an antique gold pocket watch. It has the Damage Control logo on the cover. Fergus presses the clasp and it flips open. The face of the watch has one hand. A smiling sun is at the 12 o'clock position, a frowning sun is at the 6.

ARNIE

This is your watch, your locator, your communicator, your a bunch of other stuff I never bother with. When we go through, the big hand starts. When it gets to the frowny face, we're out of time. Got that?

FERGUS

How much time do we have there?

ARNIE

I don't know. It's always different.

FERGUS

What happens when it's frowny-face o'clock?

ARNIE

Just keep an eye on it, okay? Also, if you want to talk to one of us, press here and say, "Arnie. You are the coolest!" Or "Mora! I am so totally in love with you!"

Arnie guides/pushes Fergus to his place on the glowing dais.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

On the count of one, jump into the air.

FERGUS

You said "jump"?

ARNIE

Yeah, it's awesome! Do it, man!

HERBAH

Are we ready, Arnie?

Fergus takes a big breath and nods.

ARNIE

Right on. Ready, steady, go, Herbah!

The machinery hum increases, the pulsing light of the dais gets brighter. Herbah's count is in sync with the pulsing light.

HERBAH

And we are go in...8...7...6...5

Arnie bends his knees, preparing to jump in the air. The rest of the group does the same.

HERBAH (CONT'D)

4...3...2...1...

ARNIE

Jump!

The light consumes them. Fergus jumps up.

EXT. A MEADOW - MORNING

Fergus falls flat on his face, moaning in pain. The rest of the team are trying not to laugh. Nobody else jumped.

The team has materialized on a small hill over looking a beautiful meadow.

ARNIE

(laughing)

Oh man, that's so funny! You totally fell for it! I said "jump" and you did it! Classic.

Fergus rolls over on his back, holding his head.

FERGUS

I think I'm going to throw up. Why am I so dizzy?

HANIF

For some reason, Arnie finds that joke hilarious. It's not a good idea to jump during transport, as you now have determined. Arnie, seriously, you should stop doing that.

ARNIE

Hey, you guys could've told him. Come on, it's funny!

FERGUS

I must be laughing on the inside.

DODDY

We all got taken by that one, mate. Think of it as your final initiation. Here, I'll help you up.

FERGUS

(smiling)

No, thanks. I can get up on my own. You'll probably swipe a kidney or something.

Doddy laughs.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Where are we?

Arnie scans the area with an antique collapsible telescope.

ARNIE

We're right here right now, but we want to be over there and right soon. Let's go!

Fergus notices they were standing in a large crop circle: A big, intricate geometric design woven into the grass.

FERGUS

So that's where they come from?

ARNIE

Yeah, I thought it'd be cool. I really didn't think they'd cause so much confusion. Keep up, we've got a nice hike ahead of us.

Fergus opens his pocketwatch; the big hand has moved just slightly.

EXT. ROAD LEADING TO BUILDING - MORNING

The team is walking down a two-lane blacktop leading to the large parking lot in front of the building they saw in the distance.

Hanif looks to be texting on a cell phone as he walks.

FERGUS

Hey, wait! Where's Mora?

ARNIE

She's doing her thing. I'm sure we'll meet her inside somewhere.

FERGUS

She's inside? How do we get in?

ARNIE

Now that's a good question, Fergus. So? How do we get in?

FERGUS

Me? Why me?

ARNIE

Welcome to the NFL, rookie. You've got until we reach the front door to come up with a brilliant plan.

Arnie picks up the pace.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
And we're walking.

Fergus stares angrily at Arnie's back for a beat before running to catch up.

EXT. SIDEWALK OF OFFICE BUILDING - MINUTES LATER

Fergus is trailing the rest of the team. They are walking through a large, full parking lot leading to a huge windowless building. A large logo on the front reads "Paradonic Laboratories".

FERGUS
Wait!
(speaking into his
pocketwatch)
Mora? Can you hear me? This is
Fergus.

MORA
(from Fergus' pocketwatch)
What do you want?

FERGUS
(speaking into his
pocketwatch)
Can you set off the fire-alarm?

The fire-alarm begins braying loudly.

ARNIE
Wow, that's your best idea?

HANIF
Fergus, the security guards are
sure to check ID's as the people
return.

DODDY
You've lost the plot, mate.

ARNIE
(sarcastically)
Hey, I know! We can dress up like
firemen!

Fergus walks briskly by the team.

FERGUS
And we're walking.

EXT. NEAR THE DOORS OF THE BUILDING

The team are in step behind Fergus.

A large stream of OFFICE WORKERS begin poring through the doors in an orderly fashion and make their way toward the parking lot.

Fergus makes his way through the crowd with the team behind him. As Fergus gets close to the doors, he turns and begins walking slowly backwards.

As people are moving around him, some give him odd stares, some mutter things like "Watch it" or "Excuse me", but they generally just move around him.

Arnie gives Doddy and Hanif a big grin and the three do the same, turning and walking backwards through the crowd of people leaving.

They continue walking backwards through the crowd until they are passed the security desk in the lobby of the building.

INT. HALLWAY NEAR THE LOBBY

Fergus is walking quickly down the hallway.

ARNIE

Oh man! That was classic! Fergus!
Fergus, wait up!

HANIF

What just happened?

DODDY

Bit of misdirection, eh?

FERGUS

I figured the guards wouldn't
notice us if we kept facing the
same way as everyone else.

ARNIE

I'm proud of you! I knew you could
do it.

FERGUS

Doddy, I hope you took advantage of
the crowd.

Doddy winks. He's wearing an ID badge and he hands one to each of the team.

DODDY
Anybody want a snack?

Doddy produces a handful of candy-bars and a small bag of popcorn which Arnie snatches gleefully.

ARNIE
Nice work! Hey, you got a badge for Mora?

FERGUS
(startled)
Where'd you come from?

MORA
(to Fergus)
You were lucky.

ARNIE
I'll take lucky any day of the week, sister.

FERGUS
(to Mora)
Why didn't you show us how to get in?

MORA
Where I walk, you can not follow.

FERGUS
Want to bet?

ARNIE
Okay you two crazy kids, let's get this party started. Mora, got the floor plan?

Mora taps her head.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
Good work. Hanif, what's on the schedule for today?

Hanif glances at his handheld device.

HANIF
It would appear the Krells have brought us to the time of the first demonstration of the Bubble Burst technology. It will be commencing shortly in Lab 3.

FERGUS

A demonstration?

HANIF

They will be moving a small pellet from one side of the lab to the other instantaneously. There are several high-ranking members of the military and government scheduled to be in attendance.

ARNIE

How small a pellet?

Hanif holds up his thumb and forefinger about 1/4 of an inch apart.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Mora, take us to the cafeteria. You kids don't eat enough vegetables.

INT. A LARGE LABORATORY - MINUTES LATER

The room is dominated by two huge machines at either end of the large room, with computers surrounding. TECHNICIANS in white coveralls scurry around.

INT. A VIEWING GALLERY ABOVE THE LABORATORY

Doddy and Fergus are watching from above with a large group of IMPORTANT-LOOKING OFFICIALS. DR. FAIRWELL (male, 60's) provides commentary.

DR. FAIRWELL

As you can see, ladies and gentlemen, we're nearly ready to begin.

A large, intimidating GENERAL (male, 50's, tough-looking) gives Fergus' ID card a hard look.

GENERAL

Ya'll look pretty young to be scientist there, "Doctor Yang".

FERGUS

You look pretty young to be a general, General.

GENERAL

(laughing)

You egg-heads crack me up.

(MORE)

GENERAL (CONT'D)
 (loudly to the room)
 This dog and pony show gonna happen
 or what?

FERGUS
 (quietly)
 Oh man, I hope not.

DODDY
 (quietly)
 Have a bit of faith, brother. It's
 all in hand.

He shows Fergus several cigars.

Fergus glances at his pocketwatch. The hands are beyond the
 half-way mark.

INT. THE LABORATORY

Two of the white-suited technicians are Arnie and Hanif.
 Their faces covered by the hoods.

INT. THE VIEWING GALLERY

DR. FAIRWELL
 Ladies and gentlemen, our
 demonstration today will be a
 simple one, but one which will show
 the fantastic possibilities of the
 Bubble Burst Project. And one, we
 hope which will demonstrate the
 vital importance of your continued
 support. The test subject today is
 a small pellet.

A technician in the lab holds up a glass vial with the tiny,
 pea-sized pellet.

DR. FAIRWELL (CONT'D)
 It will be placed in the
 transmission chamber and sent
 across the room to the receiving
 platform instantly.

Another technician standing by the receiving platform at the
 other end of the room elbows Hanif aside and raises his hand.
 A round metal tray in the middle of the machine is clearly
 empty of any pellets.

An OLDER MAN (60's, very distinguished) clears his throat and
 raises his hand.

DR. FAIRWELL (CONT'D)
Yes, Senator?

SENATOR
Can you explain how this is possible to those of us who's IQ's aren't over 200?

DR. FAIRWELL
Of course, Senator. I was just about to.

An assistant hands Dr. Fairwell an inflated balloon.

DR. FAIRWELL (CONT'D)
Think of the distance between two points as the air inside this balloon.

Dr. Fairwell draws a small dot on one side of the balloon with a magic-marker.

DR. FAIRWELL (CONT'D)
The journey begins here.

He draws another dot on the other side of the balloon.

DR. FAIRWELL (CONT'D)
And the destination is here.

He puts his index fingers on each dot, the fingers are opposite each other, holding the balloon in place.

He slowly pushes his fingers toward each other, the balloon bending inward as he does.

DR. FAIRWELL (CONT'D)
What we have done is eliminate distance as a factor in travel.

As his fingers meet, the balloon pops causing some in the crowd to flinch.

A WOMAN (40's well-dressed) raises her hand.

WELL-DRESSED WOMAN
Dr. Fairwell? Why call it the Bubble Burst Project and not the Balloon Burst Project?

DR. FAIRWELL
The idea first came to me as I was taking a bubble bath.

The crowd laughs politely.

GENERAL
 (muttering to Fergus)
 I figured him for bubble-bath type,
 you know what I mean there, Doc?

FERGUS
 (quietly to the General)
 Don't ask, don't tell, right?

The General laughs loudly.

DR. FAIRWELL
 Do you have a question, General?

GENERAL
 Yeah, I got a question. You done
 playing with your fingers?

DR. FAIRWELL
 Let us begin.

With a nod from Dr. Fairwell, the technician places the glass vial containing the pellet into the transmission chamber.

Switches are thrown, commands are typed and there is a bright flash in the room.

DR. FAIRWELL (CONT'D)
 And now, you will all see the
 pellet has been transported to the
 receiving platform.

The technician by the receiving platform is staring at the small pellet on the tray. He calls another technician over and they begin whispering and pointing at the pellet nervously.

DR. FAIRWELL (CONT'D)
 Gentlemen? Can you confirm the
 transmission?

One of the technicians clears his throat nervously. His voice is heard from a speaker in the gallery

TECHNICIAN
 (stammering)
 Sir? It appears the test pellet
 isn't the test pellet anymore.

The observers in the gallery begin demanding answers.

DR. FAIRWELL

Quiet please!

(to technician)

What are you talking about? Speak up!

TECHNICIAN

It's a frozen pea, sir.

GENERAL

What the hell did you say, son?

DR. FAIRWELL

Ladies and gentlemen, we appear to have a glitch. If you'll just wait in the next room, we'll look into this and be ready to try again shortly.

GENERAL

You brainiacs always have some excuse. I'm going out for a smoke! Where the hell are my Cubans? What the hell is this?

He pulls a handful of frozen peas from his pocket.

GENERAL (CONT'D)

These are peas, damnit! What kind of lame-brain operation you running here, Fairwell?

Various people in the gallery begin pulling handfuls of frozen peas from pockets, from knapsacks and purses. They all being shouting at Fairwell.

DR. FAIRWELL

Please, I don't know how this happened. Don't leave. I'm sure we can fix this. It's never happened before. If you'll just give me time to...

SENATOR

(interrupting)

And it won't happen again, you can bet on that! I'm pulling the plug on this moneysink. Your cash cow just died, Doctor!

Fergus and Doddy begin moving out of the gallery along with the angry crowd.

Someone tosses a handful of peas at Fairwell as he tries to calm the crowd. He gives up and sinks dejectedly into a chair.

DR. FAIRWELL
(to himself)
I don't understand. How could this happen?

Fergus gives him a sympathetic look as he leaves with Doddy.

EXT. THE MEADOW

Everyone is laughing and excited, except for Fergus who is a few steps behind the rest of the group.

ARNIE
Classic! Another job well done!
Good one guys!

Arnie tosses a handful of frozen peas in the air like confetti. Doddy and Hanif do the same.

FERGUS
What happens to Dr. Fairwell?

ARNIE
Huh? Who? Oh, the head smarty-pants dude? I don't know. Hanif?

Hanif thumbs a few buttons on his handheld device.

HANIF
No news articles, no mention in any scientific journals. He dies from a heart-related condition 16 years from now.

FERGUS
We ruined his life? He goes from being the next Edison to being humiliated and forgotten?

ARNIE
Come on, guys. Let's go back and explain everything. Then in 35 years, when everyone is being eaten alive by monsters from outer space, Dr. Fairwell can be remembered as the guy who started it all.

FERGUS

I'm just saying there must be another way. I don't need your sarcasm, Arnie.

ARNIE

Really? You sure? I've got plenty to spare.

Fergus walks by him toward the hill.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

I've had the same feelings, but I got over it and you have to too.

MORA

Your sympathy is your weakness.

FERGUS

And your lack of sympathy is yours. All of you, you're so proud of destroying lives?

DODDY

It had to be done, right?

HANIF

You must see the bigger picture, Fergus. If this technology was allowed to flourish now, the end result would be catastrophic.

FERGUS

I get it, Hanif, but any moron can destroy something. It takes skill and intelligence to find a solution which doesn't involve destruction.

ARNIE

This was kind of a fun gig till you showed up.

Arnie looks at his pocket-watch. The hands are nearly at the frowning sun.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Come on everybody. We have to get back.

Once everyone is in the crop circle again, Arnie presses a button on his pocket-watch.

A light glows around them.

INT. THE KRELL TRANSPORT ROOM

The transport room is a shambles. Smoking machinery, debris and dead Krells everywhere.

Herbah slumps to the floor by one of the damaged machines.

ARNIE

Herbah!

HERBAH

I'm sorry. It's over. I tried to send you somewhere safe. I tried.

A large gray-skinned SOLDIER enters, sees the team and aims his rifle at them.

The soldier presses a button on his chest and a loud, RECORDED VOICE fills the room.

RECORDED VOICE

Attention Krells and all Krell operatives: This is Alpha Dumont of the Chronos Protectorate. You are hereby informed that the Treaty of Unification has been nullified and all Krells are to subject themselves to the first available Protectorate Military Unit for disposition. Any resistance will be met with immediate termination.

Herbah tries to sit up. The soldier turns his gun toward Herbah.

MORA

Arnie.

Mora is holding a glowing dagger back in preparation to throw it at Arnie's chest.

FERGUS

Mora! No!

The Protectorate soldier pauses, grinning at Mora.

ARNIE

But you're one of us.

DODDY

You bloody bitch!

MORA

Move.

Arnie steps aside as she throws the glowing knife, sinking it into the Protectorate soldier's chest.

DODDY
No offense, right?

Mora smirks and ruffles Doddy's hair. Arnie rushes to Herbah. The team follows. Herbah struggles to stand. Arnie helps him to a chair.

HERBAH
It's over. The Protectorate violated the treaty. They're establishing a base on the Crust. They plan to use it to launch an invasion of all of the known worlds. They're killing all of us. There's nothing we can do. I tried to stop your return, but the machines are failing.

ARNIE
Herbah, we can help.
(to the team)
Right?

The team is silent.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
Come on! When something goes wrong...

FERGUS
We break it. I get it now, Arnie.
Let's do some damage.

Hanif and Doddy nod. After a beat, Mora nods.

ARNIE
Right on! See, Herbah? We can do it. Can you send us back?

HERBAH
I can try. Hurry, Arnie. They are coming again.

Explosions are heard from not far away. Herbah begins frantically working the controls. The dais light sputters and begins to pulse.

HERBAH (CONT'D)
Go! Quickly! I'll make sure they can't follow you!

The team moves to the dais. The sounds of the troops approaching is getting louder. Herbah presses a button and a heavy shield drops over the damaged door.

Arnie is the last to take his place on the pulsing dais.

ARNIE

Thank you, Herbah. We'll fix this.

HERBAH

I know you will, Arnie.

The room is rocked by a loud, explosive pounding on the door. Debris falls from the ceiling.

The dais light gets brighter. The broken machinery is revving up as sparks and grinding indicate this is it's last gasp.

HERBAH (CONT'D)

In 5...4...3...

ARNIE

When something goes wrong...

ENTIRE TEAM

We break it!

The door explodes inward and Protectorate soldiers begin pouring through.

HERBAH

Arnie? Jump!

Arnie laughs as the light consumes them.

EXT. THE MEADOW - AFTERNOON

The group materializes back in the center of the crop circle near the Paradonic Labs Building.

ARNIE

(quietly)

Good one, Herbah. Those soulless bastards are going to pay. I promise.

(to the group)

Everybody alright? Good. Pull up a chunk of ground.

Arnie sits with the rest of the team.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

We need to come up with a plan.

HANIF

Really?

MORA

You want a plan? You?

FERGUS

He's right.

ARNIE

First thing we need is information
and the first bit of information I
want is from you.

(to Mora)

Why didn't you kill me?

MORA

Maybe I will one day.

ARNIE

Fair enough.

FERGUS

Wait. What? What is your deal,
Mora? Why are you here?

MORA

It isn't important.

FERGUS

No more secrets, no more half-assed
answers!

ARNIE

Fergus, it's like this...

FERGUS

Mora! Answer me. What are you doing
here?

MORA

Alpha Dumont considers Arnie a
threat. I was ordered to learn all
I could, then eliminate him.

(smiling to Arnie)

I think you still have much to
teach me.

ARNIE

You bet! We haven't even started
going over stuff like football or
pizza yet. Lots more to learn!
Could take like forever!

FERGUS

Who's this Alpha Dumont guy?

MORA

My people are hunters. I was stolen from my family and raised to serve in Alpha Dumont's Shadow Walker army. He has nothing more to teach me.

ARNIE

Yeah, baby. Payback!

DODDY

What do we do now, Arnie?

Arnie looks at his pocketwatch. The others do the same. The hands have moved slightly.

HANIF

Arnie?

ARNIE

I'm not much when it comes to planning, right? But it seems to me like we need some help. Right now the only person I can think of that could be any help at all is Fairwell.

FERGUS

The Bubble Burst Project inventor? Why would he help us? We just destroyed his life's work.

HANIF

And how can he be any use to us?

Arnie is walking away toward the building.

ARNIE

I got it! Come on! We'd better hurry.

Fergus is walking next to Mora.

FERGUS

What really happens when the hand hits the frowning sun?

MORA

If we've not returned to our transport point, we'd be pulled back to the Crust so quickly we could not survive.

HANIF

We enter the time-stream from The Crust like a runner with an elastic tether attached to his back. Once we've moved in time as far as the tether can reach, we are snapped back.

DODDY

And our bits are stretched out over a few galaxies, mate.

FERGUS

But what happens now since there's no Krell machine to return to?

Nobody answers.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

So, the whole yanking out of existence thing, how are we going to avoid that?

ARNIE

Don't worry, I have a plan!

FERGUS

I thought you weren't a planner.

ARNIE

And I thought you didn't want to break stuff.

FERGUS

I guess we're all learning from each other.

Fergus glances at Mora, but looks away shyly when she catches him watching.

EXT. FRONT WALKWAY TO PARADONIC LABORATORIES BUILDING - DAY

An ASIAN MAN (40's) is being hustled toward a police car by two POLICE OFFICERS.

DR. YANG

You must believe me! I am Dr. Yang!
I am not trespassing! I just lost
my credentials!

ARNIE

Good work, officers. That man is
obviously insane.

Yang sees Fergus is wearing his ID badge.

DR. YANG

Look! He has my ID badge! Look! Why won't you look?

OFFICER #1

Keep it down, sir. People are trying to work. Let's go someplace nice and quiet so we can talk.

ARNIE

Get rid of the badges.

DODDY

So, how we getting in then?

Arnie opens the front door.

ARNIE

Like this.

INT. GUARD DESK

A SECURITY GUARD eyes the team suspiciously.

SECURITY GUARD

Yes, sir? May I help you?

ARNIE

Hi there, Colonel. We're here to see Dr. Fairwell.

SECURITY GUARD

Name?

ARNIE

Yeah, well, we're not going to be on your list there, chief.

SECURITY GUARD

Have a nice day.

ARNIE

Tell him we've got his thingy.

SECURITY GUARD

His thingy?

Arnie holds up the test pellet from the demonstration.

INT. SECURITY HOLDING ROOM

The team are all in handcuffs, sitting side-by-side in a holding room.

Mora removes her handcuffs as if they weren't locked and walks to the door.

ARNIE

Mora, no wandering off. Let's stay together.

Mora puts the handcuffs back on and retakes her seat.

FERGUS

Arnie, why are we just sitting here?

ARNIE

I've been on my feet all day. My dogs are barking, man.

HANIF

We are running out of time, Arnie.

ARNIE

Is that even possible?

FERGUS

Okay, Arnie's losing it. I vote we get out of here. Who's with me?

Everyone raises their hands, including Arnie.

ARNIE

It's unanimous! Yay democracy! Excuse me, Senator, but the delegate from the great state of confusion has a question: How?

FERGUS

Mora? Can you get us all out of here?

MORA

I cannot guarantee all of us will make it out or that there won't be civilian injury.

Arnie raises his hand again.

ARNIE

Senator, I propose we reinstate the monarchy with me in charge. All in favor?

Everyone raises their hands, including Fergus.

FERGUS

Whatever, Arnie, but what are we going to do? We can't just sit here!

ARNIE

A great philosopher once said when faced with a seemingly unsolvable problem, it's best to wait until the answer comes to you.

The door bursts open and Dr. Fairwell enters with two security guards.

DR. FAIRWELL

(to Arnie)

Who are you?

ARNIE

(to Fairwell)

I am a great philosopher!

(to the team)

How about that? Man, that was some great timing, right?

(to Fairwell)

Hi, Doc. We're the ones who messed up your demo. Sorry.

DR. FAIRWELL

What?

ARNIE

We're all really, really sorry. Right, guys?

The team nods sincerely.

SECURITY GUARD

What do you want us to do with them, Doctor?

DR. FAIRWELL

Call the police. I want them arrested.

ARNIE

You don't want to do that. You need our help.

DR. FAIRWELL

What are you talking about? Why should I trust you?

ARNIE

Because I know what's in the bubble, doc.

Arnie gives Dr. Fairwell a wink.

DR. FAIRWELL

Take them to the lab.

SECURITY GUARD

Sir?

DR. FAIRWELL

Immediately! I am in charge here!

ARNIE

Long live the monarchy!

EXT. THE TWO-LANE BLACKTOP LEADING TO PARADONIC LABS

The police car carrying Dr. Yang slows to a stop at a military check-point. Several ARMED SOLDIERS stand by an Army jeep. The general who Fergus spoke with at the demo sits in the jeep smoking a cigar and looking bored.

SERGEANT

Good afternoon, officers. I'm sorry to have to slow you down.

OFFICER #1

What's the problem, Sarge?

SERGEANT

It's a military matter. We just need your names and then you can be on your way.

OFFICER #1

Officers Martin and Kent. What do you mean a "military matter"?

SERGEANT

And who's this dangerous looking character?

DR. YANG
My name is Dr. Yang!

This gets the General's attention.

OFFICER #1
That's what he says anyway. He
doesn't have an ID.

GENERAL
Sergeant!

SERGEANT
Sit tight for a second, Officer.
We'll have you on your way shortly.

He joins the General at the jeep.

OFFICER #1
I don't like this.

DR. YANG
I don't like any of this!

OFFICER #2
(to Dr. Yang)
Shut up back there!
(to Officer #1)
Why? What do you think's going on?

OFFICER #1
I just don't like it. I'm calling
it in.
(into microphone)
Station, this is unit 12.

VOICE OVER POLICE RADIO
Go ahead, 12.

The Sergeant barks a command at the other soldiers and they fire their automatic rifles at the police car.

The bullets rip through the windshield hitting the officers and Dr. Yang.

GENERAL
Alright. Let's go.

The soldiers jump in the jeep. As they pass the wrecked police car, one of the soldiers tosses a hand grenade through the driver's side window.

The jeep heads back toward Paradonic Labs.

VOICE OVER POLICE RADIO
Unit 12? You there? Come in, 12.

The police car explodes.

INT. THE LABORATORY

The Damage Control team and Dr. Fairwell are standing between the two machines used in the Bubble Burst demonstration. The two security guards stand by the door.

DR. FAIRWELL
I want answers and I want them now!

FERGUS
Good luck with that.

ARNIE
Can we get these bracelets off?

DR. FAIRWELL
No. Who are you? Why did you sabotage my equipment?

ARNIE
We're inter-dimensional, time-travellers who sabotage technology which proves to be dangerous to humanity.

DR. FAIRWELL
I see.

ARNIE
We're called Damage Control.

DR. FAIRWELL
Very clever.

ARNIE
Thanks. I came up with that one.

DR. FAIRWELL
Take them back to the holding room.

ARNIE
Wait! I was kidding!

DR. FAIRWELL
Then tell me the truth.

ARNIE

We work for ExecuWare. We were hired to make you look bad because they have a similar technology they're trying to pitch to the Pentagon.

DR. FAIRWELL

I knew it! Inter-dimensional time-travellers indeed. The idea is absurd.

ARNIE

Yeah, it's just silly. Anyway, we want to work for Paradonic instead.

DR. FAIRWELL

Why?

ARNIE

We like your cafeteria better.

FERGUS

And because you're going to pay us more money, right?

DR. FAIRWELL

Yes, of course. Provided you can tell me how to fix my machine.

HANIF

That will not be a problem. Your machinery isn't broken. Arnie and I just swapped your test pellet for the frozen pea.

DODDY

And I put the icing on the cake by filling everyone's pockets with more frozen peas, see?

DR. FAIRWELL

But the machine isn't working.

ARNIE

Sure it is. We didn't really break anything, just screwed up your demo in front of all the big muckyity-mucks.

DR. FAIRWELL

I don't understand. If that's true, then why...?

Dr. Fairwell is interrupted by the loud braying of the fire-alarm.

Everyone turns to Mora.

MORA
I'm right here. I didn't do
anything.

INT. THE LOBBY OF PARADONIC LABORATORIES

The General is stepping through the shattered front doors to the lobby. The two front-desk guards are dead. The three soldiers sweep the lobby.

SERGEANT
All clear, sir!

GENERAL
Sergeant! Leave one man here.
Nobody in or out! The rest come
with me!

The General and the two soldiers head down the hallway.

Another security guard rushes out of the stairwell. Seeing the carnage and the dead bodies, he reaches for his sidearm and his walkie-talkie at the same time.

SECURITY GUARD
You! Don't move! What the hell
happened?

SOLDIER
(smiling)
It's a military matter.

The soldier fires and the security guard falls, his walkie-talkie still clutched in his hand.

INT. THE LABORATORY

The Two Security Guards hear the firing over their walkie-talkies. They pull their sidearms and cover the Damage Control team.

SECURITY GUARD #1
Dr. Fairwell! We have to get you to
safety.

FERGUS
Hey, what about us?

SECURITY GUARD #1
You're coming with us! Now!

Arnie sits down.

ARNIE
Hell no! We won't go! Everybody
sit!

FERGUS
Safety sounds pretty good right
now. Those were gunshots.

ARNIE
Everything we need is right here!

SECURITY GUARD #1
Get up!

ARNIE
Shut-up! We're not leaving!

The team sits.

SECURITY GUARD #2
What do we do, Hank?

DR. FAIRWELL
You can't leave them here!

HANIF
We are not leaving!

ARNIE
What are you going to do? Shoot us?

SECURITY GUARD #2
Can we?

SECURITY GUARD #1
No! We've got to go. Doc, you're
coming with us! Now!

The Security Guards drag a protesting Dr. Fairwell out into
the hallway.

Arnie jumps to his feet and begins pushing a table toward the
door.

ARNIE
Help me with this! Not you, Hanif!
Get the transmission beam focused
on a wider range.

HANIF

What do you mean, Arnie?

The rest of the team are pushing the heavy desk against the door to the lab.

ARNIE

I mean that's our ticket home!
Refocus the beam for a wider angle!

HANIF

I don't even know where to begin!
In handcuffs?

ARNIE

Listen to me. I need you to be amazing! I need all of you to be amazing! You can do this! Doddy, help him! Refocus the beam so it's wide enough to cover all of us!

Hanif and Doddy rush to the transmission machine and begin working frantically.

FERGUS

You want to transport us across the room? Why? Is it safer over there?

ARNIE

Look at your watch!

Fergus fumbles out his pocketwatch. The hand is very, very close to the frowning sun.

Arnie picks up a metal chair and smashes it into the receiving machine.

FERGUS

Arnie! What are you doing?

ARNIE

Help me wreck this thing!

MORA

Stand aside.

Dropping the handcuffs, Mora leaps into the air, spins and kicks the large piece of machinery. It topples with a loud crash and shower of sparks.

ARNIE

That was cool.

Arnie rushes to the computers next to the transmission machine.

FERGUS

Arnie! If we don't have a place to transport to, where are we going?

Arnie is typing quickly on the computers, the machines begin to start up in the same way they did for the demonstration.

ARNIE

How we doing over there?

HANIF

Almost done!

ARNIE

(to Fergus)

Fairwell's machine doesn't eliminate distance, that's not possible. It must eliminate time as a factor in travel. So, where's the only place you know of where there's no time?

FERGUS

The Crust?

HANIF

(laughing)

Brilliant! Without the receiving platform, we'll stay in The Crust.

FERGUS

Do we want to go back there?

Machine-gun fire is heard in the hallway.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

(to Hanif)

How we doing over there?

HANIF

Done!

ARNIE

Amazing! Everybody stand in front of the beam's path! Hurry!

The machinery revs up, the beam sputters and glows. The team stands together in it's path.

Arnie looks at his watch. The hands are seconds away from reaching the end.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
This is it! Hang on!

The beam flashes covering the crew.

Nothing happens. They're still in the lab!

Fergus looks at his pocketwatch. Time has run out!

ARNIE (CONT'D)
Oh man, it didn't work! We're
screwed!

The team cringes, preparing to be blasted into nothingness.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
I love you guys!

Nothing. They're all still standing in the lab. The machine winds down to a gentle hum.

Arnie peeks out through his fingers.

DODDY
(snickering)
Oi, Arnie, we love you too, mate!

The rest of the team laughs.

FERGUS
Yeah, where did that come from?

ARNIE
I thought we were all about to get
disintegrated or something.

MORA
Why weren't we?

HANIF
I think I know why.

The door to the lab is smashed open and the soldiers rush in, covering the team with their weapons.

The General follows smiling at the Damage Control team.

GENERAL
Howdy, Dr. Yang. No, you don't look
like a "Yang". "Fergus" suits you
better. Hanif. Doddy. How you
doing? Mora. You're looking just as
pretty as a picture.
(MORE)

GENERAL (CONT'D)

Now, don't do anything stupid. You might get one or two, but not all of us.

ARNIE

Who are you?

GENERAL

Now that the Krells are out of business, I guess you could say we're your replacements.

INT. THE LABORATORY

The Damage Control team are on their knees. The handcuffs have been removed. One soldier covers them as another puts a thin, silver chain around Fergus' neck. The rest of the team have the tight fitting chains on already.

GENERAL

On your feet.

FERGUS

I'm not really into jewelry.

GENERAL

I bet Mora knows what those are, don't you, dear?

MORA

Decapitation chains.

ARNIE

I don't like the sound of that. Can we take them off please?

GENERAL

I wouldn't advise it. I say the magic word and those pretty little necklaces will shrink up to about the size of a pinky ring.

ARNIE

What's the magic word?

The team shouts not to say it!

ARNIE (CONT'D)

I just want to make sure nobody says it by accident. Sheesh, calm down.

(to General)

These kids are so hyper.

(MORE)

ARNIE (CONT'D)

It's not a common word like "hello" or "monkey" or "wind-up toy soldier with a god complex" is it?

GENERAL

Apparently not, but let's keep the chatter to a minimum just the same, okay? Now, where's Fairwell?

ARNIE

We don't know. The guards took him when they heard the gunfire.

GENERAL

Let's go.

The soldiers move the team toward the door.

ARNIE

Asparagus! No, that wasn't it. Muffler! Nope. Give me a hint, is it a noun, verb, adverb or adjective?

FERGUS

Arnie, what are you doing?

GENERAL

He's being an idiot. It only works if I say it.

Arnie gives Fergus a grin. The soldiers move them out.

INT. HALLWAY OF PARADONIC LABORATORIES

The soldiers leads the way, the General walks with the Damage Control team.

GENERAL

Sergeant, turn off that alarm. It's giving me a headache.

The sergeant pushes up his sleeve revealing a sophisticated device strapped to his wrist. It looks like a large wristwatch with a small keypad. He taps a few keys and the fire-alarm stops.

ARNIE

So, General, how long you been with the Chronos Protectorate? You know their health plan is kind of a rip-off, right?

GENERAL

(laughing)

Alpha Dumont said you were crazy,
but you're funny too.

ARNIE

You know our names, what's yours?

GENERAL

General Wilburn, formerly Capt.
Wilburn of the Union Army's
Illinois Regulars.

ARNIE

So you're one of those Civil War re-
enactors, huh?

GENERAL

No, you idiot, I'm one of those
Civil War soldiers. These men and I
served the Union proudly.

FERGUS

Now you're serving Alpha Dumont and
his cause to take over the
universe.

GENERAL

You sound like a Virginian, son.

FERGUS

Richmond.

The soldiers laugh with the General.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Something funny about that?

GENERAL

We were there when it burned, son.
Now we get to see an entire galaxy
go up the same way.

ARNIE

I might be crazy, but you know
you're insane, right?

GENERAL

I'd rather be insane and alive than
crazy and dead.

ARNIE

That sounds like something I'd say.

FERGUS

True, it doesn't make any sense.

One of the soldiers approaches with Fairwell.

PRIVATE

Sir! I found him.

GENERAL

Evening, Doctor. Where'd you find him, Private?

PRIVATE

He and two security guards were attempting to leave the area, General.

DR. FAIRWELL

He shot them in cold blood for no reason. Why? Why are you doing this?

GENERAL

Doctor, these folks feel like the best way to eliminate dangerous technology is to trick people, play stupid little games. We don't do that. My men and I think the best way to eliminate dangerous technology is to eliminate guys like you.

DR. FAIRWELL

Dangerous to who?

GENERAL

To the Chronos Protectorate, of course. Your machine sets loose a world full of very nasty monsters, Doctor. We'd prefer to keep them right where they are until we're ready for them.

The General pulls his pistol.

Arnie falls to his knees.

ARNIE

No! Please don't kill us!

The General turns to yell at Arnie. Mora kicks the gun out of the General's hands and snaps her foot up into his jaw.

A loud cracking sound is heard and she grabs him from behind, using him as a shield and, grabbing her knife from his belt, she holds it to his throat.

The General gurgles unintelligibly, his jaw broken.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
Good work, Mora.

DODDY
(to soldiers)
Guns down!

HANIF
You heard! Do it now!

The soldiers keep their rifles pointed at the Damage Control team. The General gurgles again, but he can't manage more than a pained, angry mumbling.

The General waves his hand at his men indicating they should lower their weapons.

FERGUS
Nice distraction, Arnie.

Arnie is getting to his feet.

ARNIE
Yeah, that was a neat trick, wasn't it? Good distraction. All part of the plan.

FERGUS
Yeah, right.

The General gurgles angrily again.

ARNIE
I'm sorry? Again?

The General rants loudly but unintelligibly.

FERGUS
Hmmm. It sounds like he's telling you to do something.

The General's walkie-talkie crackles.

SOLDIER
(over radio)
Sir! We have local authorities approaching. Your orders, sir?

SERGEANT
Retreat, sir?

The General nods.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
(speaking into his walkie-
talkie)
Retreat. Fall back to base. We'll
meet you there.

Mora shoves the General at the soldiers. The Sergeant presses a button on his wrist-watch and a glowing light builds around them.

GENERAL
(shouting)
Vug Chew!

The light consumes them and they vanish.

ARNIE
I think I got that one.

FERGUS
Oh yeah, loud and clear.

DODDY
The chains are gone.

HANIF
Their transport machinery must be designed to remove all evidence of their technology when they leave.

DR. FAIRWELL
You're really what you said? Time-travellers? It's astonishing.

ARNIE
It's one of the better jobs I've had.

HANIF
Dr, you must tell us where you got the Bubble Burst technology.

DR. FAIRWELL
I was in the bathtub one evening...

HANIF

Sir, we don't have time for this. You're a brilliant scientist, but this technology is beyond your understanding. Where did you acquire it?

ARNIE

Cops. Cops are coming. You guys know that right?

FERGUS

What are you saying? He's not the inventor? What are you talking about?

HANIF

He doesn't have a complete understanding of how it works. You reverse engineered this technology from an alien device, didn't you Dr?

ARNIE

Did I mention the cops are coming?

DR. FAIRWELL

I was told to say it was my work.

FERGUS

By who?

DR. FAIRWELL

It would be easier to just show you.

INT. AN ELEVATOR

The Damage Control team and Dr. Fairwell are in an elevator going down.

INT. UNDERGROUND HANGER

The elevator doors open revealing a large aircraft hanger. In the center is a round alien spacecraft. It's covered with wires and surrounded by computers and monitoring equipment.

ARNIE

Oh mama, that's what I'm talking about.

HANIF

I knew it! It's an old Krell spacecraft.

FERGUS

The Krells came to Earth?

ARNIE

All the time. They send those little bug-eyed gray robots a lot too. Man, those things are creepy.

HANIF

Is it operational?

DR. FAIRWELL

We've been studying it since it crashed in '47. We've made some progress, but we're still very much in the dark. The technology used to drive the engines has been my speciality. It's how we developed the Bubble Burst transporter.

ARNIE

These things are a breeze to drive! I'll show you.

Arnie runs into the spacecraft.

DR. FAIRWELL

What are you doing? Stop!

A large window appears in the craft and Arnie can be seen adjusting controls on a panel.

The craft sputters to life and a powerful hum fills the hanger.

DR. FAIRWELL (CONT'D)

Stop! The craft was damaged! You can't possibly know what effect...

The craft lifts a few feet off the ground and hovers.

DR. FAIRWELL (CONT'D)

That's impossible! How are you doing that?

The craft sputters, tips and falls back to the floor shaking the room.

Arnie appears again in the doorway at the top of the ramp.

ARNIE

I think this thing is busted.

DR. FAIRWELL

You fool! I tried to tell you it's damaged!

ARNIE

You want us to fix it? Hey Hanif, come here and give me a hand.

HANIF

Fix it?

FERGUS

Arnie, what are you doing?

Arnie appears back in the doorway again.

ARNIE

I've got a plan! First, we fix this ride. Second, we use it's Bubble Burst Drive to go back to The Crust. Third, we kick Alpha Dumont's ass!

MORA

Your plan is for the five of us to defeat Dumont's entire army?

ARNIE

Don't worry about step three. We'll probably all be blowed-up in step 2!

FERGUS

Still not a word.

ARNIE

Hanif, you know more about this stuff than me. Come on up here, buddy!

HANIF

Might as well try.

Hanif joins Arnie inside the spacecraft.

DR. FAIRWELL

Wait! I can't authorize this!

FERGUS

You'd better just let them work.

A loud banging sound is heard from inside the spacecraft.

DR. FAIRWELL

But what if they damage it further?

FERGUS

Give them a chance. Arnie is kind of a force of nature, you just have to let him happen.

Arnie appears holding a piece of machinery with wires dangling.

ARNIE

You guys see if you can find us some tools and stuff.

Dr. Fairwell looks like he may faint. Doddy and Fergus guide him to a chair.

FERGUS

(to Fairwell)

Tools?

Fairwell points weakly in the direction of a large collection of scientific equipment and tools.

INT. UNDERGROUND HANGER - LATER

Mora and Fergus are working on top of the spacecraft. A section has been pulled away exposing a dark crystal orb covered with wires. They sit facing each other, the orb between them as they work reattaching wires.

FERGUS

What was the name of your home planet?

MORA

Tiamaya.

FERGUS

That's a pretty name.

MORA

I was very young when Dumont's army came. I remember the sky was orange and my mother singing. Or maybe I just want to think I remember.

FERGUS

Mora, I know you have a lot of reasons to want to take Alpha Dumont down hard, but you know we really don't have a chance, right? How big an army does he have?

MORA

I would estimate as the Alpha of the Chronos Protectorate, he would command a force of nearly 10 billion.

FERGUS

You take the 5 billion on the right, I'll take the 5 billion on the left.

MORA

(laughing)

Don't underestimate this team's ability to achieve the impossible.

FERGUS

You're really pretty when you smile.

(embarrassed)

I'm sorry, I didn't really mean to say that out loud.

MORA

I'm not pretty when I'm not smiling?

FERGUS

No, it's not that, you're pretty all the time. I mean, when you're not throwing a knife at somebody or kicking over a ton of hardware but even then...

Mora pulls Fergus in for a kiss.

The crystal orb in the craft begins to glow brightly.

Arnie pops his head up from another opening and sees them kissing. He smiles and slowly lowers himself out of sight.

Mora and Fergus continue kissing softly.

Arnie, Doddy and Hanif's heads peek up through the hole where Arnie first appeared, all smiling broadly.

Without breaking the kiss, Mora points at the grinning trio then taps the knife at her belt. The three slowly sink out of sight again.

The crystal orb glows brightly.

Mora and Fergus slowly part.

FERGUS (CONT'D)

Wow, you're a really good kisser.
Hey! The thing! It's glowing!
Arnie!

Arnie, Doddy and Hanif's heads immediately pop up again. All three smiling innocently.

ARNIE

Yes? Did you call?

FERGUS

The orb thing. It's glowing. Is that good? Did we do that?

ARNIE

The power of love has activated the drive engines!

FERGUS

The power of what?

DODDY

Don't be daft. Most powerful force in the universe, love is!

FERGUS

Are you serious? Our kissing did that?

HANIF

It may also have been that I just completed the rewiring of the drive to the power source.

ARNIE

No, I think it was the smooching.

DODDY

Never underestimate the power of a good snog!

MORA

We should prepare for the journey.

INT. UNDERGROUND HANGER - A FEW MINUTES LATER

ARNIE

Alright Damage Control, roll up!
Find a seat. Dr. Fairwell, I'm
sorry but we can't take you with
us.

DR. FAIRWELL

You mean I'm going to miss out on
the suicide mission in an untested,
damaged alien spacecraft to fight
an intergalactic army?

ARNIE

We cool?

DR. FAIRWELL

Bon voyage, my friends.

INT. INSIDE THE KRELL VEHICLE

Fergus is looking out the front window as Arnie is talking to Dr. Fairwell. Arnie hands his pocketwatch to Fairwell. They shake hands and Arnie runs up the ramp, the door sealing behind him.

Arnie takes the pilot seat, Hanif the copilot seat next to him. The rest of the team take their seats as Arnie and Hanif begin powering up the spacecraft.

FERGUS

You gave the Doc your pocketwatch?

ARNIE

Did I? Okay, so everybody got their
seatbelts on?

HANIF

This craft is equipped with
inertial dampeners which make
seatbelts unnecessary.

The lights on the control panel sputter, the engines make a reluctant sound, not unlike a car engine on a cold morning.

ARNIE

And these magic international
dumpeators are probably the one
thing that we know work perfectly,
right?

Everybody straps their seatbelts on.

Arnie and Hanif continue to work the controls, coaxing the engine to full power. A large red button in front of Arnie begins to glow.

Dr. Fairwell hurries to the elevator. The hanger is full of a rushing wind, sparks and flashes of electricity crackle around the Krell spacecraft.

The elevator doors open and several armed dark-suited men rush out.

LEAD AGENT
Federal agents! Don't move!

DR. FAIRWELL
I'm Dr. Fairwell! Don't shoot! I take full responsibility!

LEAD AGENT
Hands up! Do it now! Baxter!
Halsey! Stop them!

DR. FAIRWELL
No! Let them go! You don't understand!

AGENT BAXTER
Stop them, sir? How?

LEAD AGENT
Shoot damnit!

DR. FAIRWELL
No!

INT. INSIDE THE KRELL VEHICLE

The vehicle is shaking wildly, Arnie pulls back on the control yoke and it rises a few feet off the ground. The spacecraft begins to glow as the bolts of lightning intensify.

ARNIE
Man, as soon as the party starts getting good, somebody calls the cops.

Bullets ricochet off the windshield harmlessly.

Arnie flashes the agents the peace sign.

FERGUS
Let's do this!

ARNIE
Herbah says JUMP!

He slams his hand down on the large red button and with a pop and colorful flash like a big Fourth of July fireworks show, the Krell spacecraft vanishes.

The hanger is quiet, papers flutter to the ground, emergency lights come on.

LEAD AGENT
Dr. Fairwell? Are you injured?

DR. FAIRWELL
Of course not, you fool! How dare you countermand my orders! Follow me!

LEAD AGENT
But Doctor, what about the UFO?

DR. FAIRWELL
Don't be ridiculous. There's no such thing as UFOs. There was never anything here, the Bubble Burst technology is a complete failure. The machine will be dismantled and destroyed.

LEAD AGENT
Yes, Doctor.

DR. FAIRWELL
Right after I use it just once more.

The agents follow as Fairwell marches into the elevator.

INT. INSIDE THE KRELL VEHICLE

The Damage Control team all look as if waking up from a deep sleep. The spacecraft is at an angle. The view through the front window is just a blank, gray wall.

ARNIE
Wow, that was rough. Did we make it? Is this The Crust?

HANIF
Checking.

FERGUS

What was that you said before we launched?

DODDY

Something about Herbah?

ARNIE

I was trying to think of a name for our ride. "Herbah Says Jump" sounded cool.

The team laughs.

FERGUS

That's what you were thinking about?

ARNIE

What else? You guys like the name?

DODDY

Sounds like a winner.

FERGUS

Why not?
(to Mora)
You okay?

Mora nods smiling.

HANIF

As best as I can tell, we have arrived at The Crust. The only other destination available was Earth and we're certainly not there.

ARNIE

Let's take a look around. Nice and quiet everyone. We've obviously arrived without anyone noticing. Let's keep the element of surprise, okay?

FERGUS

Because that's important when taking on an army 10 billion.

EXT. A MILITARY TRAINING FIELD

The Herbah Says Jump has materialized at the base of a huge statue of a military leader.

The statue is blocking the view from the front window. Unseen by the team, the spacecraft is surrounded by THOUSANDS OF ARMED CHRONOS PROTECTORATE SOLDIERS, with more rushing in riding tanks and other deadly looking vehicles.

ARNIE (V.O.)

Now who's being sarcastic? Try to stay positive. I have a really good feeling about our chances. We made it this far, right?

INT. A BRIGHTLY LIT HALLWAY

Flanked by a heavily armed escort of Chronos Protectorate SOLDIERS, the team is being escorted down the same long hallway Arnie walked down with Fergus when he first brought him to The Crust.

They enter the area where the cubicles used to be, now replaced with military weapons and equipment as far as the eye can see. Soldiers are everywhere, cleaning weapons, drilling or moving equipment.

The glowing sphere hangs above them, now covered with huge splashes of red, blinking dots.

ARNIE

Where's all my stuff?

One of the soldiers shoves Arnie forward.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Okay, take it easy, big guy.

The soldiers lead the team through the big double doors which used to be their clubhouse. It's been completely changed. The logo on the wall has been replaced with the Chronos Protectorate flag and underneath the flag is a huge, golden desk. Behind the desk is ALPHA DUMONT (40's, very short, very pudgy) wearing an elaborate military uniform.

The General stands next to Alpha Dumont, glaring at the team angrily. He is wearing a neck brace, his jaw is hugely swollen and he has two black eyes.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Hiya General buddy! Wow, you look like roadkill raccoon! You should really get that looked at.

ALPHA DUMONT

Ah, there you are. Welcome. It is a rare honor to meet all of you.

(MORE)

ALPHA DUMONT (CONT'D)
I am Alpha Ghengis Alexander
Augustus Napoleon Dumont.

FERGUS
Can we just call you Assface for
short?

The corners of Dumont's smile twitch slightly as the Damage Control team laugh.

ARNIE
(laughing)
Assface. That's a good one. I was
going to go with Sissy Boy, but I
like Assface better. Everybody good
with Assface?

The team laughs again and the General snarls.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
Can't you do something for our boy
here? It's bad enough he got his
butt kicked by a girl, but he looks
like he's in a lot of pain.

ALPHA DUMONT
We could heal his injuries
completely, but I find pain to be a
very effective educator. Don't you
agree?

ARNIE
Sounds like somebody didn't get a
lot of hugs from their mommy.

Arnie opens his arms wide, offering a hug to Dumont.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
Want some love? Come on, Assface,
let's hug it out.

ALPHA DUMONT
Why are you here? You couldn't
possibly think you had a chance of
defeating us.

ARNIE
To demand your unconditional and
immediate surrender.

The General, the soldiers and Dumont laugh loudly.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

I'll take that as a "no". Actually, Assface, I really wasn't expecting we'd make it passed step 2, so I'm sort of winging it here.

ALPHA DUMONT

And that is precisely why I am pleased to see you all. I'd asked the General to bring you to me. His failure only proves my need for your team's unique abilities.

FERGUS

You want us to work for you?

MORA

Never.

ALPHA DUMONT

I have assembled the largest, most powerful army the universe has ever known. Using The Crust as our base, we will launch attacks on all the known solar systems. Once our scientists uncover the full secrets of the Krell time travel device, I will be the master of all space and time.

ARNIE

Now that has to look good on a resume. What did you do with the Krell?

ALPHA DUMONT

Those who resisted, were disposed of. Some have been taken to our containment planet. Some escaped.

He gives the General a sour look.

ALPHA DUMONT (CONT'D)

The General's team has it uses, but they approach a situation as military men. I also need a team which can operate with finesse and a creative unpredictability.

ARNIE

We're really unpredictable. I never even know what we're going to do next. Would we have to wear those goofy uniforms?

HANIF

Arnie, you can't be serious.

ARNIE

I'm totally serious, I'm not wearing that.

MORA

I will not join you, Dumont.

ALPHA DUMONT

I wouldn't expect that you would, Mora. The offer did not include you. You have been tried and convicted of treason. The sentence is death.

Two soldiers grab Mora's arms.

Fergus jumps at the nearest soldier.

FERGUS

Get away from her!

The soldier swats Fergus aside.

MORA

I demand a trial by combat!

ALPHA DUMONT

I did rather expect that. Granted, of course. Now as to the selection of my champion, I select the General.

MORA

No! I challenged you!

ALPHA DUMONT

Yes and I have selected a champion to fight in my place. You have the right to appeal the decision to...well, to me.

ARNIE

What's the matter, Assface, can't fight your own battles?

ALPHA DUMONT

Don't be absurd. I am a great military leader. I plan battles, I don't fight them.

MORA

I accept.

ALPHA DUMONT

There's still the matter of your champion.

MORA

I fight my own battles, coward.

ALPHA DUMONT

Bravely spoken, but since I have chosen a champion, you must have one as well. It's all part of the rules.

(to Fergus)

And I believe your champion has already volunteered.

MORA

He's not a soldier! He has no part in this!

FERGUS

I'll do it.

(to the General)

I'm going to kick your butt.

The General chuckles confidently.

ARNIE

Hey come on, this was funny at first, not it's starting to get serious. Everybody chill. Let's just sit down and talk this through. What did you do with all our chairs anyway?

FERGUS

I can do this. I want to do this. Look at him, he can barely stand. I took karate at summer camp. I can take him.

Fergus does a couple of practice karate chops in the General's direction.

ALPHA DUMONT

It is of course the General's selection as to what form the combat will take. I believe I know what weapons he will choose.

The General grins at Fergus.

DODDY

Steady on!

HANIF

This is unfair. Why do you get to make all the choices?

ALPHA DUMONT

Of course Fergus has a choice. He may choose which of the cannons he will fire in the duel.

ENTIRE TEAM

Cannons!?!

ALPHA DUMONT

Yes, cannons. Before joining my ranks, the General commanded an artillery unit in the first American Civil War.

The General painfully does his best to make two words understandable.

GENERAL

(to Fergus)

Rebel scum.

ARNIE

Oh wow, name calling? That's really mature, Mrs. Assface.

EXT. A LARGE OPEN FIELD - DAY

The dueling area is a large field, not far from the training grounds where the Herbah Says Jump can still be seen jammed into the base of Alpha Dumont's oversized statue.

The Civil War era cannons are on two small hills 100 paces apart. The General stands by his cannon, casually smoking his cigar. Fergus and Arnie are by Fergus's cannon.

A viewing stand with a shade tent has been erected to one side, well away from the field of fire.

Alpha Dumont sits casually sipping a glass of wine as STEWARDS offer trays of finger food and a STRING QUARTET OF MUSICIANS play quietly.

SOLDIERS guard Mora, Doddy and Hanif.

EXT. FERGUS'S POSITION - DAY

FERGUS

Any chance you know how to load and fire one of these things?

ARNIE

Sorry. I partied a lot in college.

FERGUS

No. Really?

ARNIE

You just aim alittle high, okay? I've been living here a long time. The gravity in The Crust is a little heavier than on Earth. These guys might not know that.

FERGUS

Aim high. Got it. Good advice.

ARNIE

And just do what he does.

FERGUS

Do what he does. Got it. Good advice.

ARNIE

You sure you're okay?

FERGUS

I've never been more sure of anything in my life.

A STEWARD calls out from the viewing area.

STEWARD

Seconds out!

FERGUS

Arnie, would you tell Mora something for me?

ARNIE

Tell her yourself.

Arnie sweeps Fergus up in a big hug.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

(whispering)

You're a good boy, Fergus. Now blow that bastard to Hell.

Fergus nods nervously. Arnie turns and walks toward the viewing area.

EXT. THE SHADE TENT VIEWING AREA

Arnie takes a seat next to Dumont. He grabs a glass of wine from a passing tray downing it in one gulp and snatches a handful of finger sandwiches from another tray.

MORA

Is he ready, Arnie?

ARNIE

He's ready. I guess. Not really. I don't know.

ALPHA DUMONT

(to Arnie)

I must admit this is quite exciting. I am a huge admirer of your planet's history. It's been in a constant state of warfare for thousands of years. Quite inspiring.

ARNIE

What say we make this interesting?

ALPHA DUMONT

A wager? You Earthers are always finding new ways to enhance the enjoyment of violent encounters. What shall we wager?

ARNIE

Fergus wins, we go free. Your wife wins, we sign on with your army.

The Damage Control team all shout their disapproval.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Shut-up! I know what I'm doing! How about it, Assface?

ALPHA DUMONT

Your constant attempts to insult me are becoming a bore, sir.

ARNIE

And?

ALPHA DUMONT

I accept. Pain, sir, is a great educator and I have much to teach you. All of you.

ARNIE

The jokes on you, I'm a lousy student.

(to Mora)

That sounded a lot cooler in my head.

STEWARD

By the command of Alpha Ghengis Alexander Augustus Napoleon Dumont, Commander Supreme of the Chronos Protectorate, we are gathered here today on the field of battle to appeal the guilty verdict of the traitor Mora of Tiamaya. At the signal, the combatants will load and fire their weapons. Jonathan Samuel Wilburn of the Chronos Protectorate, are you ready?

The General waves his cigar nonchalantly.

STEWARD (CONT'D)

Fergus Angus Fitzpatrick of the former Krell Consortium, are you ready?

EXT. FERGUS'S POSITION

FERGUS

(voice cracking)

Ready!

(to himself)

That sounded really tough. Okay, do what he does, do what he does.

EXT. THE SHADE TENT VIEWING AREA

Alpha Dumont fholds the ornate sword high in the air and, after a dramatic pause, he brings it swiftly down.

EXT. THE GENERAL'S POSITION

The General ignores the signal and nonchalantly contemplates the tip of his cigar.

EXT. FERGUS'S POSITION

FERGUS
Come on, do something.

EXT. THE GENERAL'S POSITION

The General walks slowly over to the stack of cannonballs and appears to be studying them. He selects one, testing it's weight, shaking it, even thumping it like a melon. He discards the first cannonball and selects another, putting it through the same testing procedures.

EXT. FERGUS'S POSITION

Fergus tries emulating the General's actions, struggling with the heavy cannonball.

FERGUS
What is he doing? Aren't they all the same?

EXT. THE VIEWING PLATFORM

ALPHA DUMONT
(laughing)
Very droll. Our General has such a bizarre sense of humor. He's toying with your friend. A bit of cat and mouse. The spider and the fly.

ARNIE
The shut and your pie-hole.

The General continues toying with Fergus by picking up objects, putting them down, looking down the sights of the cannon, smoking his cigar, testing the wind.

Fergus tries to copy the General's actions but, realizing he's being played, he becomes more and more frustrated as the game continues.

DODDY
(shouting)
Come on, you bloody wanker, get on with it!

ALPHA DUMONT
I'm afraid your champion is losing his nerve, my dear Mora.

MORA

Arnie? Isn't there anything we can do?

ARNIE

It ain't over until the fat lady...YES!

Arnie stands.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

(singing)

*Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
that bears a single star.*

Arnie's voice carries clearly out over the field. Recognizing the song, the General snarls.

Playtime is over!

The General grabs the sack of gunpowder and rams it down the barrel. Fergus does the same.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

*As long as the Union was faithful
to her trust
Like friends and like brethren,
kind were we, and just
But now, when Northern treachery
attempts our rights to mar
We hoist on high the Bonnie Blue
Flag that bears a single star.*

As he sings, Arnie begins clapping in time to the music. The rest of the Damage Control team stand and haltingly join him as they learn the chorus.

DAMAGE CONTROL TEAM

*Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
that bears a single star.*

Alpha Dumont laughs loudly as the General becomes visibly angry.

ALPHA DUMONT

Delightful! Wonderful strategy,
sir! Musicians! Accompany them!

The string quartet begins to pick up the tune.

In his frustration, the General stumbles over one of the discarded cannonballs and nearly falls, cursing loudly.

ARNIE

*Now here's to brave Virginia, the
old Dominion State,
With the young Confederacy at last
has sealed her fate,
And spurred by her example, now
other states prepare
To hoist high the bonnie blue flag
that bears a single star.*

The General's hands shaking with rage, he begins lining up the sights of the cannon and taking aim. Fergus does the same.

DAMAGE CONTROL TEAM

*Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
that bears a single star.*

The General's sights are directly on Fergus.

ARNIE

Again!

DAMAGE CONTROL TEAM

*Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
that bears a single star.*

Fergus' sights are directly on the General, then he raises them slightly.

FERGUS

Aim high, he said. Aim high.

ARNIE

Louder!

DAMAGE CONTROL TEAM

*Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Southern rights, hurrah!
Hurrah for the Bonnie Blue Flag
that bears a single star.*

The General lights the fuse on the cannonball and drops it down the barrel. Fergus does the same.

The General touches his cigar to the vent in the rear and the powder ignites with a loud "WHUMP!" tossing the smoking cannonball at Fergus.

Fergus, one step behind, does the same, his cannon firing a beat behind the General's.

Everyone stops singing as the two cannonballs fly toward their targets.

The General's shot hits just below Fergus' position, sending up a huge cloud of dirt and fire into the air. Fergus is completely hidden by the smoke and dirt.

Fergus' shot is arcing high in the sky. The General sees it coming straight toward him.

GENERAL

Aw jeet!

A direct hit! Cannon and General parts are thrown into the air with a massive explosion!

Everyone in the viewing stand waits for the smoke to clear.

MORA

Is he...? Fergus?

Silence.

FERGUS

I am so dirty.

The Damage Control Team rushes to Fergus.

EXT. FERGUS'S POSITION

Fergus is lying on his back, covered in dirt.

Mora hugs him and helps him sit up.

FERGUS

The General?

ARNIE

Blowed-up.

FERGUS

Still not a word.

MORA

Are you injured?

FERGUS

I'm good, I think. Where'd you learn that song?

ARNIE

Arnold Beauregard Haney of Alabama at your service.

DODDY

"Beauregard"? Pull the other one, mate.

ARNIE

No, seriously. I used to think all those family sing-a-long's were torture. Didn't know they'd save a life one day.

Alpha Dumont and several of his soldiers join them.

ALPHA DUMONT

Bravo! Bravo, sir! Exceptional! You must reconsider and agree to join my army.

ARNIE

No thanks. Good luck with taking over time and space though.

ALPHA DUMONT

Ah well, perhaps you'll change your minds one day.

ARNIE

Sure, give me your email address. Okay, so we'll be heading back to our ship. Thanks again. Sorry about the mess. Damage Control, roll up!

ALPHA DUMONT

No, I'm afraid not.

MORA

You lost the wager. We are free to go!

ARNIE

We had a deal, Dumont!

ALPHA DUMONT

The wager was that if your champion won, you would be free to go.

(MORE)

ALPHA DUMONT (CONT'D)

You are free to go, but your Krell vehicle is now the property of the Chronos Protectorate.

ARNIE

We're stuck in The Crust? There's nothing out there! It's just a big empty stretch of nowhere!

FERGUS

You really are an Assface.

ALPHA DUMONT

Of course, if you were to come work for me then you'd have shelter, food, exciting work. It's entirely up to you.

ARNIE

I'm going to give you one last chance, Dumont. Surrender. Go back to your home planet.

Alpha Dumont laughs loudly, the soldiers join him.

ALPHA DUMONT

I may have overestimated you, sir. I admire your eccentric ways, but perhaps you are just insane. Why would I surrender now? At the very edge of my greatest victory?

A beat.

ALPHA DUMONT (CONT'D)

No answer? I suggest you leave my base of operations immediately.

ARNIE

Wait for it. Just remember I gave you a chance.

Suddenly, alarms are heard going off all over the place. A panicked voice is heard over the communication device held by one of the soldiers. His babbling is drowned out by a burst of static.

Then a deep, cold, MECHANICAL VOICE is heard over the communication device.

MECHANICAL VOICE

We have come. We must feed. You are food.

ARNIE
I'm sorry it had to be this way.

The soldier holding the communications device drops it and runs away.

ALPHA DUMONT
(to Arnie)
What did you do?

ARNIE
I asked a friend to make a phone call. Nobody help me, I can do this: Sullizullizarimaniraniterris. Yes! Nailed it!

ALPHA DUMONT
No! You couldn't have!

Two more of the soldiers run away.

ALPHA DUMONT (CONT'D)
Cowards! I order you to protect me!

The other soldiers run.

FERGUS
I think your army is about to have a very busy day.

ALPHA DUMONT
How? How did you bring them here?

ARNIE
I didn't. I just told Dr. Fairwell how to open a doorway between their world and The Crust.

Explosions and screaming can be heard in the distance.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
We should get going. You got visitors and our ride is double-parked.

Alpha Dumont whips his sword out and charges at Arnie's back. Fergus kicks his arm. Dumont drops the sword and holding his arm he sinks to his knees whimpering.

ARNIE (CONT'D)
Nice kick.

FERGUS
I told you I took karate.

ALPHA DUMONT

Please, I beg you. Take me with you.

ARNIE

We couldn't do that to you. You're getting your wish, man. All the warfare you can handle. Have a great time!

Mora picks up Dumont's sword.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Mora? Horde of hungry rampaging half-cockroach, half-wolf things? Remember?

FERGUS

Don't give him the easy way out.

Mora flips the sword, sticking it in the ground in front of Dumont.

MORA

You are a leader no more. Now, you must fight and die like a soldier.

ARNIE

We done here? I really wanted the last word, but whatever. We have to go. NOW!

More explosions, more screams are heard. The horizon is filling with a dark cloud.

The Damage Control team begins running to the Herbah Says Jump.

The base is a mass of confusion. Officers are shouting orders, vehicles are careening wildly, soldiers are firing at anything. One soldier is on his knees chanting insanely "We are food! We are food!".

The explosions are getting closer; the sky is getting darker.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

Hurry! We've got to get through the doorway before Fairwell closes it!

INT. INSIDE THE HERBAH SAYS JUMP

Everybody scrambles into their seats.

ARNIE

Strap in!

The Herbah Says Jump engines roar to life with a loud grinding.

DODDY

That doesn't sound good!

HANIF

This craft is still in need of repairs!

FERGUS

Oh great.

ARNIE

Hang on!

He pulls back on the control yoke and the Herbah Says Jump pulls free from the base of the statue. The statue falls forward, smacking into the front window, rocking the craft. As they pull away, the huge, stone face of Alpha Dumont slides by with it's smirking grin.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

That's kind of creepy.

Arnie heads into the darkening sky. The statue tumbles to the ground with a thunderous crash.

HANIF

Why can't we just use the jump drive?

ARNIE

Because the only other address we have is the Paradonic Laboratory.

Arnie points the craft at a large glowing square in the sky. Open space, full of stars can be seen on the other side.

FERGUS

So?

ARNIE

There won't be a Paradonic Laboratory in a minute!

An alarm buzzes, Hanif works the control panel.

FERGUS

What's that?

HANIF

I'm not sure, many of these controls are still unfamiliar to me. Checking.

EXT. THE SKY

Looming behind the Herbah Says Jump is a massive alien spacecraft, all of its weapons pointing directly at them.

INT. INSIDE THE HERBAH SAYS JUMP

HANIF

It appears to be some kind of proximity alarm, but I detect no obstacles.

ARNIE

Doesn't matter, almost there.

The team lets out a victorious shout as their craft zooms into the doorway and out the other side.

EXT. THE SKY

The alien warship fires a blue beam. The beam goes through the doorway and grabs the Herbah Says Jump, holding it still.

INT. INSIDE THE HERBAH SAYS JUMP

The room is covered in the bright blue light. The craft is shaking as the engines sound close to burning out.

ARNIE

What is that? We're stuck!

HANIF

Tractor beam! We're being pulled back through the doorway!

ARNIE

No! Come on, baby! Don't quit on us now!

FERGUS

When will Fairwell shut down his machine?

ARNIE

He should've done it already!

INT. THE PARADONIC LABORATORY

The Bubble Burst machine is revved up at full power, making a sound similar to the groaning engines heard on the Herbah Says Jump.

Dr. Fairwell is standing in front of a computer console, his hands raised. Arnie's pocketwatch is connected by several wires to the computer.

DR. FAIRWELL

Please, we must destroy it. You don't understand what's at stake.

The three dark-suited federal agents are there, Baxter and Halsey are pointing their weapons at Dr. Fairwell.

LEAD AGENT

Dr, power the machine down and step away.

DR. FAIRWELL

I can't do that! You won't shoot me. You wouldn't dare!

AGENT BAXTER

Sir? It sounds like it's going to blow. We should leave.

LEAD AGENT

Agent Baxter, your firearm.

AGENT BAXTER

Yes sir.

He hands his pistol to the lead agent. The lead agent shoots Agent Baxter in the knee. He falls to the floor screaming in pain. Agent Halsey looks confused, but keeps his pistol pointed at Fairwell.

LEAD AGENT

Dr, I just kneecapped one of my own men. Don't think for one second you have any idea what I am capable of doing to you. Power. Down. The. Device. Now!

Fairwell, hands shaking, begins typing.

INT. INSIDE THE HERBAH SAYS JUMP

The spacecraft is shaking even harder, the engines screaming as they are being pulled slowly back toward the doorway.

On the other side, a large section of the alien craft slides open, like a huge mouth.

MORA

Doesn't this craft have any weapons?

ARNIE

Weapons? I don't even know if it has any bathrooms!

INT. THE LABORATORY

The computer screen in front of Fairwell goes blank, with a blinking sign on it which says "Locked". Fairwell yanks the keyboard free and raises it over his head.

Agent Halsey shoots Fairwell.

LEAD AGENT

Damn it!

He rushes to Fairwell, turning him over. Fairwell coughs, a small trickle of blood seeps out of his mouth.

DR. FAIRWELL

(whispers weakly)

Bon voyage, my friends.

The Bubble Burst machine begins to glow.

AGENT HALSEY

Sir? We need to go!

AGENT BAXTER

You can't leave me!

Halsey runs out the door.

LEAD AGENT

Fairwell, how much time do we have?

EXT. THE MEADOW

In the distance, the Paradonic Laboratories building explodes in a huge, glowing fireball.

EXT. THE HERBAH SAYS JUMP

The glowing doorway blinks out just as the Herbah Says Jump was about to be pulled through!

The blue light disappears and spacecraft rockets forward, it's engines pushing them at an incredible speed. The Damage Control team hang on until Arnie can bring their spacecraft under control again.

They marvel at the beautiful view of a window full of stars.

ARNIE
Classic. Where are we?

HANIF
Checking.

Arnie swivels his chair around to face the rest of the team. Hanif continues sorting through data on a holographic display.

ARNIE
Another job well done.

The team laughs.

FERGUS
Arnie, we just barely made it out with our lives.

DODDY
Still, bit of a laugh.

FERGUS
I almost got blowed-up.

ARNIE
Not a word.

MORA
I'm still not sure how we did it, but I think we have much to be proud of.

ARNIE
See? Mora gets it.

FERGUS
I have to say, it was fun. We make a pretty good team.

DODDY
Too right we do, mate.

ARNIE
Hey Hanif, share the love over here.

Hanif swivels his chair around to face the group. He looks shocked.

FERGUS
What is it, Hanif?

ARNIE
Are we lost?

HANIF
No. In fact, we are found. We've received a transmission.

ARNIE
A message? From who?

HANIF
Not a message exactly.

DODDY
Spill it then.

He taps a few keys and a smaller version of the Krell's glowing, golden sphere appears in the center of the control room. A few small blinking red dots can be seen among the mass of swirling, glowing numbers.

HANIF
It's everything. It's the entire Krell database. All the mappings of all the known worlds, all of the past history, all of the future history. Everything.

ARNIE
All the secrets of time and space. Herbah said I'd find out everything one day.

HANIF
With this information and the technology on this ship, we can go anywhere, anytime.

FERGUS
You mean you could send us all home again?

HANIF
Yes. I can insert us all back in our original time-lines in such a way as to avoid our deaths.

(MORE)

HANIF (CONT'D)

Mora, I can even send you back to before you were kidnapped by the Protectorate.

Nobody speaks. Fergus and Mora exchange a glance.

DODDY

That's good, right?

ARNIE

Is it?

FERGUS

Don't you want to go home?

ARNIE

Who sent the transmission?

HANIF

I have a vague fix on the sector it came from, but it's a big galaxy. Perhaps one of the surviving Krells.

FERGUS

Why? What difference does it make who sent it? We can go home, Arnie. That's what we all want, right?

ARNIE

I can't do it. I'm happy for you guys. Really. You all deserve to live your own lives, but it just doesn't feel right for me. With the Krell gone, The Crust a no man's land and the Protectorate busted up, there's nobody out there minding the store. Stuff is still going to get screwed up. Somebody needs to be there when it does. Somebody wants that somebody to be us.

Arnie stands and looks at each of them.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

I don't have any right to ask this of you, but Fergus said it: we make a pretty good team. The Krell that survived are out there and they need to be found, but until then, I can't do this alone.

He puts his hand out, palm down into the glowing holographic sphere.

ARNIE (CONT'D)

None of us had a choice before, now we do. You can all go back one day. When the Krell are ready to take over the job again. But until then, who's ready for more?

Fergus stands and puts his palm on top of Arnie's hand.

FERGUS

I had a math test on Monday I wasn't ready for anyway.

MORA

I still have much to learn.

She joins them, placing her hand gently over Fergus'.

DODDY

I'm in.

He joins the circle.

HANIF

I suppose I could give it another hundred years or so.

The circle is complete.

ARNIE

Anywhere, anytime, when something goes wrong...

ENTIRE TEAM

We break it!

EXT. VIEW FROM SPACE

The Herbah Says Jump revs up noisily then bursts away in an explosive shower of fireworks.

FADE TO BLACK.