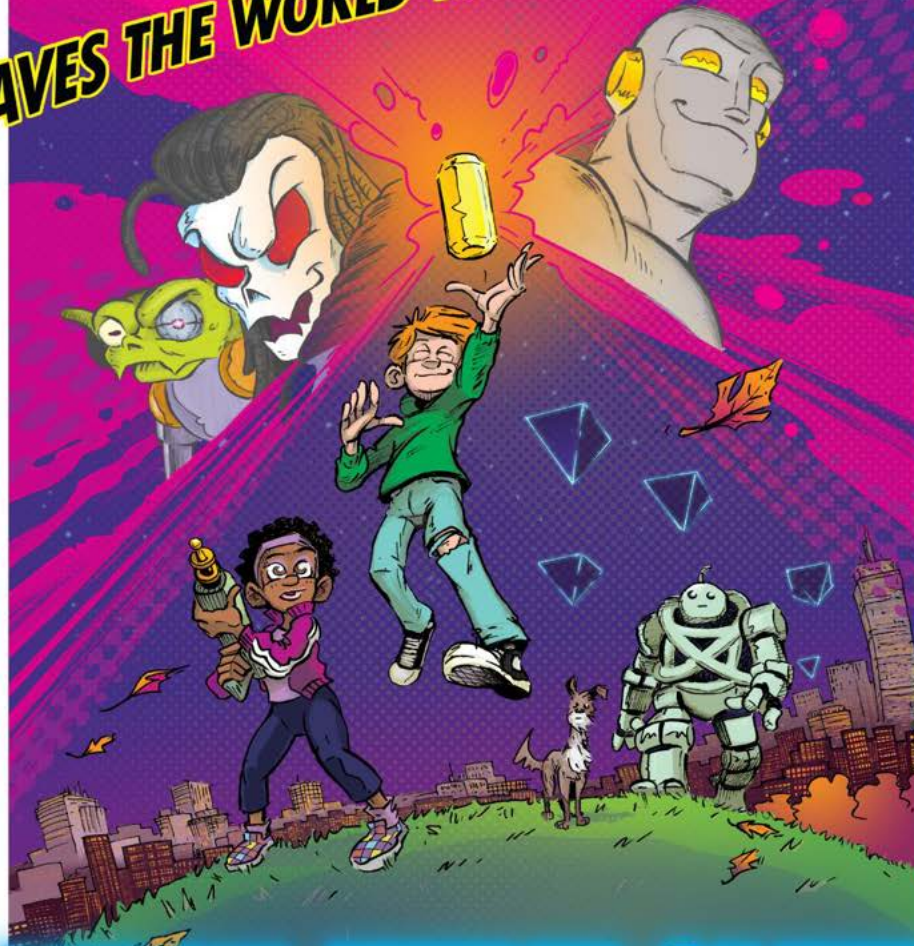


# FILO FARNSWORTH

SAVES THE WORLD WITH HIS EYES CLOSED



## PART ONE: KEEPER OF THE COSMOCRON

BY RYAN L. HIGGINS

### Some notes about this manuscript...

Sketches are included with this text to help the reader (and me) visualize some of the characters and situations. I've kept the formatting of this script loose-- as the writer AND artist on this project I prefer to work out panel and page breaks when doing the actual page art.

For faster downloads, this file ends after Chapter 3. My finished sample pages pick up the story at that point and the full 110 page version of this manuscript covering the full arc of "Book One" is also available. All items can be viewed on this private web page: <https://www.ryanlhiggins.com/submissions>.

Thanks for reading!!



## Act 1

### Chapter 1- Pg1-14

#### Scene 1: Prologue: The Daydream

Exterior, FILO FARNSWORTH, a 3-year-old boy stands precariously on the edge of a boulder at least twice his height. It is a summer afternoon in a grassy, suburban backyard in New England. The yard is bordered by woods. At the tree line, the mossy remains of an old stonewall meander off into the forest. Clouds are graying on the horizon. Somewhere in the distance the suburbs give way to the Boston skyline.

FILO'S eyes are squeezed shut; he is talking to himself in a little chant.

FILO: I can do it, I can fly. I can fly. I can fly!

FROM HIS PERSPECTIVE, we see his feet on the edge of the precipice.

He steps off the boulder but doesn't fall, he hangs in the air, suspended three feet above the ground, hovering!

He opens his eyes and sees he is floating.



FILO: I CAN FLY! I CAN FLY!

From around the side of the house, a voice:

(Off Panel): FILO! FILO WHERE ARE YOU?

Coming around the corner of the house, FILO'S mother sees him in the air.

MOM: FILO! Wha--!?

Startled, FILO falls to the ground. His mother rushes to him.

FILO: MOMMA! I did it, did you see me flying?

MOM: I saw you FALL.

From a low angle, we look up at her.

MOM: Little boys can't fly!

FILO climbs back up to the rock while MOM looks up at the sky.

MOM: ...Looks like we might get some rain.

FILO stands on the rock once again.

FILO: I'll do it again!

FILO scrunches up his face and with great effort tries to lift himself back into the air.

He opens his eyes and looks down.

From his point-of-view we see his little Chuck Taylor sneakers planted firmly on the rock.

FILO'S MOM lifts him off the boulder.

MOM: See FILO? It was just make-believe.

The mother leads the little boy away by the hand. He looks down, humiliated, frustrated.

MOM: Now come in the house and play SAFE games where I can keep an eye on you!

## Scene 2: FILO Misses the Bus

CAPTION 1: TEN YEARS LATER...

One-hundred-year-old "New Englander" style houses stand side by side, separated only by driveways. These homes are well past their prime but still loved, their architectural details slump slightly, paint is chipping here and there off the more elaborate trim pieces that couldn't be covered with aluminum and later, vinyl siding. Mature green trees line the street and hang over the back yards.

Exterior of FILO'S house, our focus is on the second floor. Music blasts inside.

>>>>\* \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_

**/\/\/\ GRAPHIC REPRESENTATION OF *MUSIC* WAVES REVERBERATE ACROSS THE PANELS \\/\/\**

\* \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_ \_ \* \_ \_>>>>

CAPTION 2:

**SONG**  
**WHERE IS MY MIND**  
**WRITTEN BY BLACK FRANCIS**  
**PERFORMED BY THE PIXIES**  
**COURTESY OF YOUR MIND\***

\*CAPTION (Editor's Note in the classic comics style): THIS 'RECORDING' IS ONLY REALLY PLAYING IN YOUR MIND READER...

Our eye follows the rippling music waves back to their source, a pair of speakers perched on a crowded bookshelf above a desk covered with toys and comic books.

FROM ABOVE we see thirteen-year old FILO FARNSWORTH lying on his bed. From our point-of-view he appears upside down.

Exasperated, FILO'S MOM opens the door to his room, she holds a laundry bin full of folded clothes.

MOM: What are you doing!?

FILO: I think I just had a moody and introspective flashback!

MOM: You're going to miss the bus!



FILO leaps up, grabs his backpack and kisses his Mom as he darts past her.

FILO: it is true, an ordinary boy could not make it to the bus in time—BUT FEAR NOT MOTHER, FILO FARNSWORTH IS NO ORDINARY BOY!



Panel borders take on a wavy dream style. FILO imagines himself shooting ice from his hands creating an ice bridge in front of him as he slides down the staircase. HE NARRATES HIS OWN ACTIONS.

FILO: IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE FILO FORMS AN ICE SLIDE DOWN THE STAIRS!

Next, FILO swings through his living room on a web out the front door, startling KIRBY, his tiny scruffy dog in the process.



FILO: FIRING A WEB FROM HIS WRISTBANDS, FILO SWINGS OUT THE FRONT DOOR!

\\\\\\

Back upstairs, in the master bedroom now, MOM, SARAH FARNSWORTH, shoves folded clothes into a dresser drawer. In the bathroom we see FILO'S DAD, MICHAEL FARNSWORTH as he finishes shaving.

SARAH: He's going to miss the bus. AGAIN, for the third straight day!

CLOSE-UP: MICHAEL'S hand rests on the bathroom counter next to a can of shaving cream and a mobile phone. Small, strange "bubbles" of matter float off his hand as if he is dissolving in small bits (the effect looks like liquid as it floats in zero- gravity).

PHONE: **BLURTT!!**

We see MICHAEL and his reflection in the bathroom mirror. As he finishes wiping leftover shaving cream from his face, he sees these “bubbles” of himself begin to form and separate from his head and dissolve. Behind him, the even pattern of wall tiles warp into a cubist-Penrose pattern.

SARAH: (cont. off panel): Could YOU drive him to school today? Maybe you can get through to him.

With his hand on the mirror he leans in closer, everything seems normal, for NOW.

MICHAEL: What--?

Worried, obfuscating, MICHAEL FARNSWORTH and his reflection look back towards his wife.

MICHAEL: SORRY, I just...

SARAH is in the doorway now, impatient. MICHAEL looks at the time on his phone.

SARAH: Could you drive FILO, talk to him about growing up a bit?

MICHAEL: I don't really have a lot of time.

Disappointed, SARAH nods and starts to turn away.

He meets her outside of the doorway, hand on her arm reassuringly.

MICHAEL: I'll make time.



\\V\\V\\

Panel border is wavy again, EXTERIOR. FILO hurtles to the end of his street in a leap that arcs higher than the roof tops of his sub-urban neighborhood.

FILO: IN A SINGLE BOUND FILO LEAPS DOWN HIS STREET JUST IN TIME TO SEE...

Panel border is straight again, FILO runs while the school bus drives away. ELLIE leans out of an open window in the back.

FILO: ...TO SEE HIS BUS DRIVING AWAY!?

ELLIE: HEY FILO!

FILO: HEY ELLIE— TELL MRS. D TO STOP THE BUS!

Close up of ELLIE, in the bus window.

ELLIE: She's not stopping— yesterday was your last chance!

MORE KIDS are leaning out now.

KID 1: YOU'RE SUCH A LASER-BRAIN FARNSWORTH!

ELLIE: LEAVE HIM ALONE!

Out of breath, FILO bent over and watching the bus drive away.



FILO stands back up, alone.  
Frustrated.

FILO (thinking): Laser-brain...!

WAVY PANEL. Abstract image of FILO in profile with sci-fi ray guns orbit his head, firing x-ray beams into his head's interior, an empty pink void filled with cartoon stars.

VOICE (off panel): Hey WONDER-BOY—

MICHAEL FARNSWORTH, FILO'S DAD, pulls up in a car, leans out the window.

DAD: -- What happened, did you miss the bus again?

FILO: YEAH! Even with all my superpowers... I think a new time controlling super villain must have TIME-TRAPPED me or something!

### Scene 3: Riding to School with Dad

FILO flops into the passenger seat of the car. Dad looks at FILO hesitantly and smiles.



DAD: Kiddo, your only superpower is that imagination! What's the REAL reason you missed the bus?

Embarrassed, FILO scratches the mop of hair on his head.

FILO: I might have been a little distracted this morning...

DAD: You forgot your lunch too, pal.

FILO tenses his hands into two claws.

FILO: UGH! Why can't I focus?!

Driving now, MICHEAL FARNSWORTH's phone blurps out a notice.

**BLURTT!!**

FILO: Is that a call?

DAD: No—it's just an alert. Something we've been tracking at the lab...its fine.

Michael FARNSWORTH nabs a glance at his reflection in the rear-view mirror, his face seems to slip away at the edges again as it did in the bathroom.

FILO (off panel): Maybe that's what I need—

DAD: What?

FILO looks at his DAD, with one hand his father tests his now solid face.

FILO: a phone—you know, to remind me of stuff.

DAD: You don't need a phone to remind you to get ready for school. You need to be responsible enough to do that on your own. Besides, sometimes I worry these things will be the death of us all...

Exterior of the road. The car zooms past one pedestrian walking his dog, another jogs, both stare at their phones.

Back in the car.

DAD: Try this: get to the bus stop EARLY tomorrow, then you'll have time to hang out with ELLIE! You guys are like the DYNAMIC DUO.

FILO (under his breath) Yeah, and ALL THE OTHER kids will be there too...

The car drives through town.

DAD: Why, what's wrong with the other kids?

FILO looks out the window away from his father. FILO and his reflection look past each other.



FILO: Nothing.

FILO (CONT'D): What if someone DID have a superpower, and they just didn't know how to use it, or forgot how to use it?

DAD: That seems like it would be hard to forget! Besides, just because we forget something doesn't mean that it's gone. We may lose track of certain memories or skills, but they're always inside us, somewhere.



FILO implores his DAD.

FILO: Can't you and UNCLE WILL give me REAL SUPERPOWERS? What if I could stop time when I'm late? Something like what SANTA must use to get to all those houses in one night!

DAD: Ha! That WOULD be handy... Our work IS pretty cutting edge but the only way I know to 'STOP TIME' would be to drop you off at the edge of a black hole.

As his father speaks, FILO imagines his father's car is a spaceship. They approach a black hole. WAVY PANEL BORDERS. Small heads of FILO and his FATHER appear in the upper corners of the panel to "NARRATE" the sequence.

DAD: -- and while the immense gravity of the black hole would stop time for you --

FILO imagines himself as an astronaut floating in space, exiting the spaceship he waves goodbye to his Dad and heads off toward the black hole.

DAD: --time would continue normally for everyone else.

FILO-as-Astronaut gets smaller in a series of panels. He is alone in the center of a black void.

DAD: There's another problem with the black hole--

FILO: --I'd never see you again. Nothing escapes a black hole.

DAD: That's right. Well, nothing except Matthew McConaughey.

FILO: HA! Oh yeah...

MICHAEL FARNSWORTH looks down the road as he drives.

DAD: Look Pal, I don't think anyone feels like they have ENOUGH time. The trick is to manage all the distractions while keeping our minds open to inspiration—Figure that out and you'll have plenty of time.

Michael FARNSWORTH's phone chirps again. Visibly concerned, MICHAEL looks at his phone. FILO fidgets with the radio until he tunes in REM's cover of "SUPERMAN."

FILO: I think I get it.

RADIO: "I AM, I AM SUPERMAN, AND I CAN DO ANYTHING, I AM, I AM SUPERMAN...."

FILO: OH! Good Song!



WWW

Almost back into his car, DAD watches FILO confidently walking toward the school.

He lifts his hand as if to call out to FILO and tell him something.

He stops himself.

DAD: No, not enough time, to really explain it--

CLOSE UP OF MICHAEL FARNSWORTH, very worried.

Michael FARNSWORTH pulls his car out of the school parking lot. His phone throws a fit: **BLURTT!! BLURTT!! BLURTT!! BLURTT!!**

DAD: No.....not now, not HERE!

*A DOME-SHAPED BUBBLE OF NEON GREEN ENERGY SUDDENLY EMERGES OUT OF THE GROUND IN FRONT OF HIM.*

*IT GROWS LARGER THAN THE CAR!*

Interior shot of car, MICHAEL FARNSWORTH gapes ahead, squinting into the light.

DAD: no, no, no. This is too soon.

The dome expands, the front half of the car is engulfed!

FROM THE SCHOOL YARD, kids can see the strange light. FILO is among them.

FILO RUNNING.

FILO: DAD?

The dome contracts and disappears. Only the back half of the car remains, there is a cut into the ground creating a missing, spherical cross section. The strange bubble of energy cleaved away and removed everything inside of it. Water flows out from a bisected pipe and begins to puddle at the bottom of the odd crater.

Kids who had been walking to school stop and stare. Confused parents stand beside their cars trying to make sense out of the spherical void in the ground.

FILO pushes through the crowd that has formed. FILO is panicked, confused.

FILO: DAD?!?

#### Scene 4: The Police, Uncle Will and a Stranger Watches

Exterior of FILO'S house. It is gloomy, an early summer afternoon thunderstorm is threatening in the distance. FILO sits on a bench against the wall under a covered porch. He is fidgeting with a Rubik's cube.

CAPTION: LATER THAT DAY

Two police officers exit the house. The storm door opens obscuring where FILO is sitting, they don't notice him as they pass and walk down the porch steps towards their parked cruiser.

OFFICER 1: Don't be stupid! Probably just some kinda flying car prototype! It exploded!

OFFICER 2: That was no explosion. There wasn't no debris! I'm telling you – that was a TELEPORTATION thing gone WRONG.

OFFICER 1: COME ON! TELEPORTATION? You read too many comic books. Either way that guy is TOAST and that wacko brother of his knows more than he's letting on...

FILO scowls.

UNCLE WILL comes out of the house and stands on the porch. He exhales as he watches the police drive away.

FILO gets up and starts to walk away.

WILL: Filo, wait—I need to talk to you—

FILO stops but keeps his back to his uncle.

FILO: The police think Dad's dead.

WILL: DEAD? Pfft.

Somewhat frantically, UNCLE WILL waives his arms around as he speaks, like a mad scientist.

WILL: THEY don't know what happened--

FILO whips around, smoldering.

FILO: DO you?

UNCLE WILL is taken aback by FILO'S anger. He bites his thumb nail.

WILL: Well yes, in theory- look it's complicated and WEIRD.... VERY WEIRD. Come on, sit down buckaroo—

FILO softens, sits back on the porch bench. UNCLE WILL gangly plops down next to FILO.

UNCLE WILL is uncomfortable, not sure what to do or say. He starts to reach out a hand to comfort his nephew...

But UNCLE WILL motions toward the RUBIKS CUBE instead and FILO hands it to him.

WILL: Hey, could I see that?

UNCLE WILL stands back up and fidgets with RUBIKS CUBE as he starts to pace.

WILL: Your Dad isn't dead, he's just... LOST.

WILL CONT'D: He could probably explain it, but ME? I would sound CRAZY...



UNCLE WILL close-up.

WILL: humph.

WILL (UNDER HIS BREATH): ...maybe I am...

MEDIUM SHOT, WILL & FILO.

WILL: Look, over the last few days we've had some REVOLUTIONARY breakthroughs. But what happened today doesn't make sense--

FILO: Were you guys turning Dad's car into a flying car? Is that why it did that?

WILL: What? A flying car? No! We had that figured out in high school! That's old tech compared to what we we're working on—

FILO: Then what were you working on?

WILL: It's probably better if you don't know--

FILO gets up and starts to walk away again. WILL puts his hand on FILO'S shoulder.

WILL: Hey – wait! Look, I can fix this, I'll get him back... if he doesn't find his own way back first--

FILO shoves his uncle's hand away and walks around the porch. He is starting to cry.

FILO: The last thing my Dad told me was to get my imagination under control. I'm done playing pretend-- you should stop too before someone else gets killed!

UNCLE WILL watches FILO walk into the side entrance of the house.

UNCLE WILL tosses the RUBIK'S CUBE back on the bench and turns to walk down the front steps of the porch.

As he approaches his VESPA SCOOTER  
He notices something down the street  
that doesn't belong.

Half-way down the street an ominous  
looking man sits in a black sedan,  
partially concealed in shadow. This is  
AGENT LOCKE. He stares back at  
UNCLE WILL.

UNCLE WILL climbs onto the scooter and puts on a helmet.

The scooter starts to hover above the ground, smoke billows  
out from beneath. Each wheel splits in two and reconfigures

into a pair of drone-type propellers.

UNCLE WILL flies down the road and launches skyward over AGENT LOCKE as he steps out of his car, in the manner of the iconic scene from ET where the boys take flight on their bikes.



FILO, returns to the porch. He looks for his Uncle but only sees the Rubik's cube.

FILO picks up the RUBIK'S CUBE and sees that it is solved.

FILO notices the creepy AGENT LOCKE still standing beside his car. There is uncomfortable exchange of glances.

A flash of lightening cuts across the horizon beyond FILO'S neighbor's rooftops. The rain begins.

FILO goes back into his house as LOCKE climbs back into his car.

Long shot, we see FILO'S house from a distance.

Time speeds up over a series of panels: the rain stops, the sky flips through various shades of blue and leaves begin to change from green to a symphony of orange, yellow and red. The wind blows a few leaves past the foreground.

## Chapter 2 – Page 15-37

### Scene 1: Time passes... WONDER BOY retires?

CAPTION: A FEW MONTHS LATER

Exterior, we see Filo's House. There is a "FOR SALE" sign planted in the yard.

ELLIE approaches the garage where FILO is carrying a box to a pile.

ELLIE: Why are you packing? My Dad said it could take months for your house to sell- has someone bought it already?

FILO: NO, but my MOM says we have to "de-clutter"-- get rid of stuff to make the house look bigger or something.

ELLIE pulls out a he-man looking action figure.

ELLIE: FILO! Some of these are collector's items—weren't they your Dad's?

FILO: Yeah... and my Uncle's but since the--

ELLIE pulls a make-shift super-hero costume out of one of the boxes.

ELLIE: HOLD. UP. You're throwing away your Wonder boy costume?!

FILO starts to walk back into the house.

FILO: So?

ELLIE: No way!

FILO: Sorry... I guess Wonder Boy's retired. I mean, even I have to grow up someday, right?

ELLIE: I guess...

ELLIE grabs his shoulder and shoves the costume and action figure into his arms.

ELLIE: ...but NOT TODAY, WONDER BOY – humanity needs you!

FILO: What?

ELLIE shouts back to FILO as she runs out of the garage.

ELLIE: Suit up! And wait for the call!

FILO: Come on, ELLIE, I need to finish this before my Mom gets home --

FILO stretches the costume out in front of him. A big “W” made from duct tape adorns the chest.

ELLIE (off panel): I SAID SUIT UP!

/V/V/V/V

INTERIOR: ELLIE’S ROOM. She is pulling on a glove, the last piece of her own hodge-podge super-hero costume.

The panel takes on a wavy outline as ELLIE picks up a WALKIE TALKIE. She is now in an imagined command center surrounded by computers and communications equipment.

ELLIE: WONDER BOY- COME IN, WONDER BOY.

INTERIOR of FILO in his room. Dressed as “WONDER BOY” he reluctantly picks up the WALKIE TALKIE.

FILO: WONDER BOY here. Over.

ELLIE, in her wavy-paneled imagined command center.

ELLIE: I’m getting multiple reports of a robot uprising. Meet me in the City! OVER!

FILO (across the walkie talkie): “The City”?

ELLIE: The Playground! Now get moving!

ELLIE smirks as she walks out of her bedroom and down a hallway towards her father’s home office.

ELLIE (thinking): OK, here comes a lecture- ‘is that really a constructive use of your time?’

ELLIE stands in the doorway to her Dad’s home office. He is texting on his phone in front of two computer monitors. A tv playing financial news blares behind him.

ELLIE: Dad I’m going to play with FILO.

ELLIE’S DAD doesn’t look up.

ELLIE’S DAD: Uh huh.

ELLIE, adjusting her goggles.

ELLIE: All my homework is done.

ELLIE’S Dad: Great—





ELLIE adjusts the goggles of her super-hero costume:

ELLIE, under her breath/to herself (smaller type): are you even listening?

ELLIE, (CONT'D, LOUDER): We'll probably rob a convenience store to get money for matching tattoos. We haven't decided yet on PUNISHER SKULLS or FLAMING GHOST RIDER SKULLS. Either way it's going to be skulls... if there's enough money leftover we'll use it to run away...

Now talking on the phone, ELLIE'S DAD gives a 'thumbs-up' as he rotates away in his desk chair.

Annoyed, ELLIE huffs and exits.

/~~~~~\

EXTERIOR, PARK. FILO slumps on a swing while ELLIE pretends to shoot at invisible assailants.

FILO: Aren't we getting to old for dress up?

ELLIE: YOU can play 'dress-up' if you want-- I'M COS-PLAYING! Now get off your butt, WONDER BOY - let's wreck some evil robots!

Wavy panels, ELLIE does an elaborate backwards somersault kicking two robots.

FILO: WHOA!

FILO gets up to join her.

FILO (CONT'D): OK, alright...

NOW, ELLIE and FILO both as their alter-egos in an epic imaginary battle against a mob of robots!

~~~~~\

Exterior, the sun is setting over the suburban tree line of FILO & ELLIE'S street. They are walking down their street. Talking excitedly.

FILO'S MOM is standing in the driveway, angry.

FILO: UH OH... I think I'm in trouble.

ELLIE holds up her toy laser pistols as she walks away.

ELLIE: Sorry WONDER BOY, you're on your own. THESE only work on imaginary robots. They have no effect on angry parents!



FILO: Thanks a lot....

ELLIE looks back over her shoulder as she jogs toward her house .

ELLIE: ...and don't forget there's a quiz tomorrow on tonight's history reading! See ya!

FILO: Oh crud!

FILO'S MOM, disapproving, fists on hips.

MOM: THAT'S what you've been doing? OFF PLAYING PRETEND? Waiting for you has made me so late; I don't even have time to yell at you about it—

FILO: I didn't even want to—

FILO'S MOM looks at her phone.

MOM: You've promised to be more responsible, but I come home from work to find the garage door wide open, the dog hasn't been fed and you've hardly made a dent in the pile of toys—

FILO: I said I'd do it!

FILO'S MOM gets into her car.

MOM: Then do it FILO, please. Sometimes I worry that you'll never grow-up, like your Uncle. I can't imagine how detached from reality he is now that your Dad--

FILO: I'm trying—

MOM: Don't just tell me FILO, show me!

FILO watches her drive away.

MOM: There's take-out on the counter and don't forget to walk Kirby one more time before you go to bed!

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Later, FILO is in his room at his desk. He sloppily eats noodles out of Chinese take-out container while he reads from a history textbook.

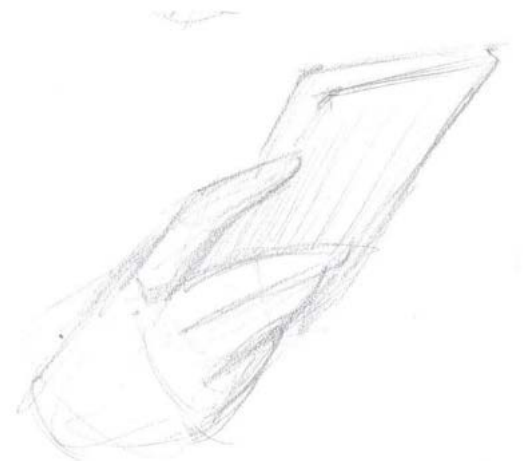
The over muscled HE-MAN-esque action figure that ELLIE had rescued from the garage stands on the desk in front of the textbook facing FILO.

FILO looks up at the toy.

Close-up of the toy, the inanimate object almost seems to stare at FILO.

Now an extreme close-up of its eyes. A penetrating gaze.

Close-up of FILO.



FILO: What are you looking at? I'm busy right now, I don't play with toys anymore-- sorry.

FILO turns his attention back to his reading.

Soon enough, FILO is again returning the toy's intense stare.

FILO: LOOK, I know we had some good times but I'm a different kid now, OK? I'm growing up.  
NO MORE ADVENTURES!

JUST THEN, FILO'S small dog, KIRBY, jumps up, its out-stretched paws reach up to FILO'S lap.

FILO: Hey pal? Need to go out? No problem! After all, tonight you are MY responsibility!

## Scene 2: Walking the Dog and REALLY strange Strangers in the park

Exterior shot of FILO and KIRBY exiting the house. Night.

KIRBY sniffs a bush.

FILO: What do you think, KIRBY, is this stone a contender? No?

They have moved on to a mailbox post.

FILO: It is a fine mailbox buddy, but is it truly worthy of your urine?

The dog has settled on a rock and a bush. KIRBY cocks his leg and looks up at FILO for approval.

FILO: A GREAT choice. LET IT BE KNOWN TO ALL DOGS WHO PASS THIS BUSH THAT KIRBY WAS HERE!

It is a clear autumn night, the view of the stars over a playground catches FILO'S attention.





FILO: WHOA. Look at those stars!

FILO and KIRBY sit on a grassy hill in the park, silhouetted in front of a night sky with view of a small town below. Beyond the town on the horizon we can see hints of the Boston skyline.

FILO: You know, before Dad had his...accident, I used to look up at those stars and wish I was THE SILVER SURFER or A GREEN LANTERN. Just flying around out there from planet to planet beating up bad guys...

Close up of FILO, melancholy.

FILO: Now I just look up and see stars—wait--

Same shot of FILO, a little closer as he has leaned forward a bit. He sees something in the sky.

FILO: GREAT GADZOOKS! WHAT'S THAT?

ODD clouds begin to gather in the sky. From the center of this peculiar vortex FILO sees a strange ship materialize!

FILO: Some kind of...UFO!? It's coming right at us!

FILO and KIRBY run behind a play structure.

FILO: QUICK—LET'S HIDE!

From behind the play structure FILO and KIRBY watch as the ship releases A COLUMN OF LIGHT towards the ground.

FILO: OH MY GOSH- IT'S FIRING SOME KIND OF DEATH RAY!

Stout, four-foot-tall space wizards with monkey-owl faces descend from the ship, floating down the column of light. These are the AETHARIANS.

FILO: Wait- that's not a death ray. There're little aliens floating down!

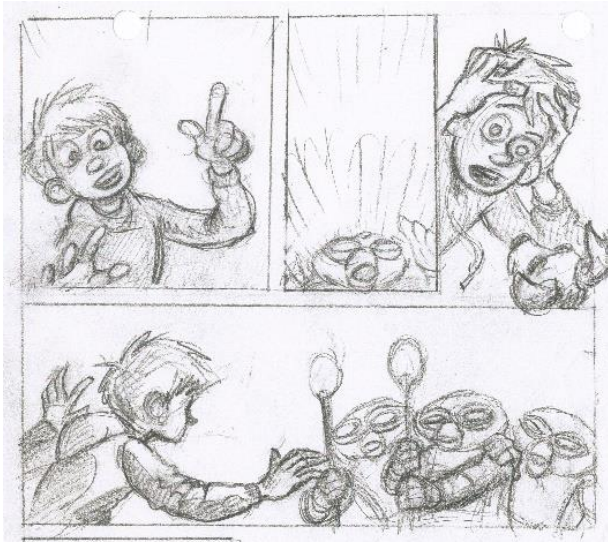
FILO, Cont'd: WHAT AM I SAYING!?

FILO slumps down with his back against the slide.

FILO: You see this too, right KIRBY?

FILO turns away from the strange scene transpiring behind him to talk to KIRBY. The dog sits and attentively looks him in the eye.





FILO: Why aren't you barking? You lose your mind every time the mailman comes to the house, but you're totally cool with little orange men from outer space? Unless...  
FILO turns to see the AETHARIANS, these cosmic heralds, atop the hill behind him striking dramatic poses!

FILO: .... I'm imagining this entire thing!?

AETHARIAN #1: FILO FARNSWORTH—WE ARE THE LAST AETHARIANS, KEEPERS OF THE COSMOCRON, TRAVELLERS OF THE GREATER ORBIT!

AETHARIAN #2 —WE COME TO WARN YOU THAT YOUR WORLD IS IN GREAT DANGER!

FILO, dismissive, exasperated.

FILO: Seems like the world is ALWAYS in great danger! Could you be more specific-- Global Warming? Super-Flu? GIANT METEOR?

AETHARIAN #3: AN EVIL SPECIES--**THE VORHEIR** AND THEIR MONSTER ARMY SEEK TO ENSLAVE THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE, AND EARTH IS NEXT.

FILO, distressed, looks at his dog.

FILO: Well, that's a NEW one. Did you hear that KIRBY? I REALLY hope I've finally lost my mind COMPLETELY and this is ALL IN MY HEAD.

AETHARIAN #3: But FILO, the only way ANYTHING can be perceived is inside your head.

The AETHARIANS talk amongst themselves.



AETHARIAN #2: Don't confuse the human with philosophy!

AETHARIAN #1: It is NOT philosophy; it is the true nature of REALITY! He needs to understand THAT if he is to fully understand the workings of THE COSMOCRON!

AETHARIAN #3: He is gone!

The AETHARIANS look around and realize that FILO has fled while they were arguing among themselves.

\\ \\ \\

### Scene 3: Jumped in the Woods!

FILO and KIRBY run through the woods.

FILO: COME ON BUDDY! This shortcut is creepy at night, but it beats talking to strangers from OUTER SPACE about a UNIVERSE-WIDE apocalypse!

FILO looks back as he runs.

FILO: I don't think they are following us!

KIRBY and FILO slide to a sudden stop. Their path is cut off.

They are surrounded by a menacing group of lizard-bug-man-creatures. These alien-monster soldiers are THE KAARNUKAI!



FILO: ZOINKS!

A KAARNUKAI soldier calls into his commander on a hand-held device.

KAARNUKAI #1: SIR, we have intercepted the creatures. Can we eat them?

The commander's face is transmitted back on the handheld device. It is a bald, goblin looking thing with large ears and one bulging robotic eye. This is SIBERIUM SCRUM.

SCRUM: NO! Do not eat them. I want them alive!

SCRUM (CONT'D): SEARCH THE HUMAN, THE AETHARIANS MAY HAVE ALREADY GIVEN IT TO HIM! I am on my way.

The alien soldier looks at FILO and KIRBY, considering them.

The KAARNUKAI are confused, they confer with one another.

KAARNUKAI #1: Which one is a "HOO-MAN"?

FILO interjects.

FILO: Hey guys, I think I can help. Sounds like you aren't familiar with the flora and fauna of our fine planet--

FILO explains, making his hands a shadow puppet of a bird flapping its wings.



FILO: You see, I'm NOT a "HOO-MAN". HOO-MANS are small winged creatures that live in the trees. If you want to find HOO-MANS, you will need to look—

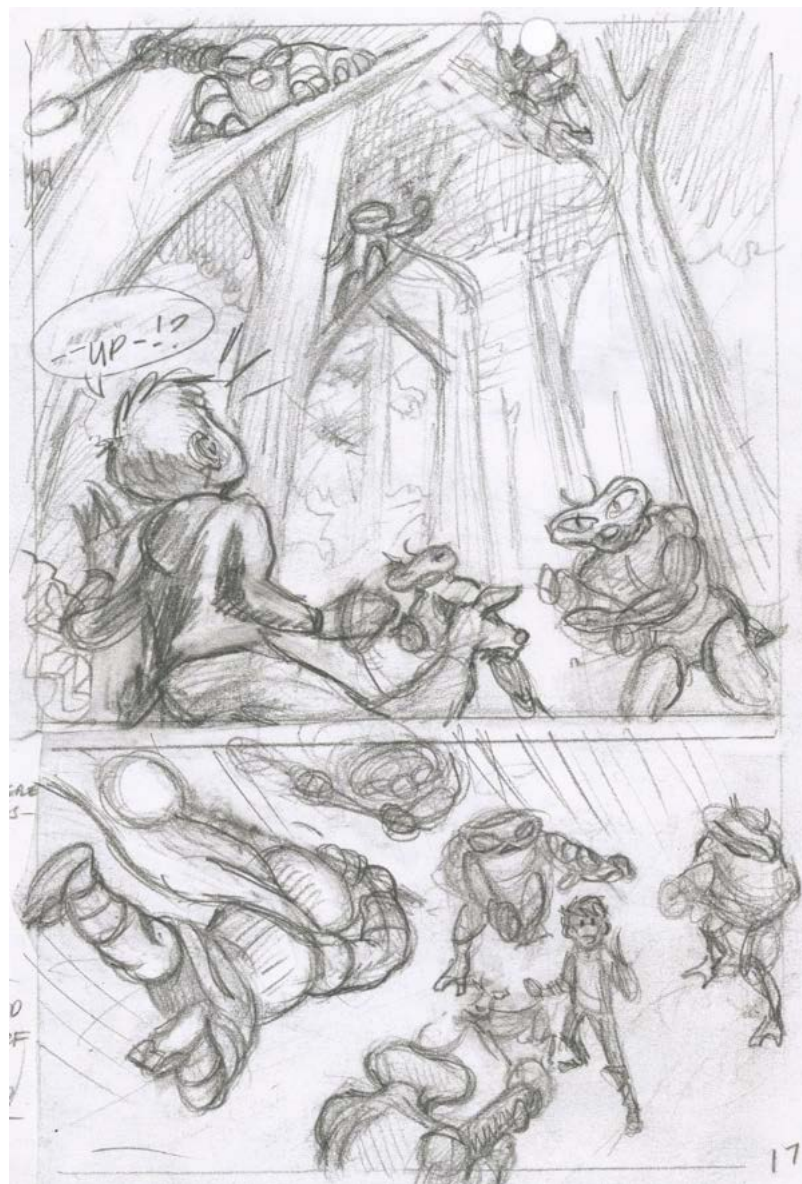
As FILO looks up, he sees the AETHARIANS hiding among the branches of the tall trees. They are poised to strike.

FILO (CONT'D): —UP?!?

KAARNUKAI: DO NOT TRY TO DISTRACT US SO THAT YOU MAY SCAMPER AWAY!

The AETHARIANS leap from the trees.

KAARNUKAI: WE KAARNUKAI ARE NOT FOOLS!



**WAP! SMACK!** The AETHARIANS land on the KAARNUKAI, striking them with their staffs. FILO and KIRBY stand startled in the middle of the melee.

FILO: C'mon KIRBY, I think this is our chance to 'SCAMPER AWAY'!

FILO and KIRBY start to run again through the woods.

FILO: I hope the little guys that DIDN'T want to eat us win this scuffle but we don't want to be around in case they don't!

A boney, green, three-fingered hand reaches out behind FILO.

VOICE: NOT SO FAST, HOOMAN!

One of the KAARNUKAI grabs FILO by the hood of his sweatshirt and yanks him off his feet.

KAARNUKAI: You can't escape THE KAARNUKAI that easily!

KIRBY bites the leg of the Monster Soldier. CHOMP!

The KAARNUKAI looks down at the small dog biting away desperately at his leg. FILO struggles to get free.



KAARNUKAI: HA, HA! Your tiny teeth are no match for my exoskeleton!

The soldier aims his gun at the dog.

KAARNUKAI: PATHETIC CREATURE!

FILO: DON'T POINT THAT AT HIM!

There is a flash of laser fire. ZAP! FILO recoils in horror....

FILO: NO!

The dog hasn't been hurt! Instead there is a smoking hole in the center of the Monster Soldier's chest. Still frightened by the blast, the dog nervously slinks back.



FILO: KIRBY! YOU'RE OK?

The KAARNUKAI slumps to his knees. Free now, FILO tries to make sense out of what happened.

The KAARNUKAI soldier falls onto the ground, dead. In the background the shooter is revealed, FILO has been rescued by an AETHARIAN.

AETHARIAN: FILO FARNSWORTH, have you been harmed?

The AETHARIAN comes to FILO'S side

FILO: I'm fine, thanks for jumping those guys!  
These are the soldiers of the "Monster Army"?

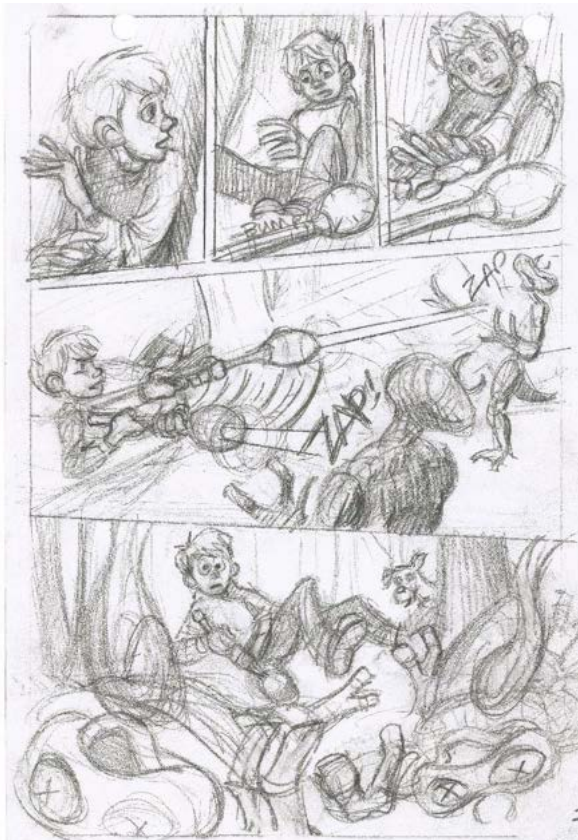
AETHARIAN: We did not expect them to be  
here so soon.

The AETHARIAN pulls at FILO'S arm.

AETHARIAN: My companions have perished.  
COME, we must move! More of them approach  
and I will not be able to keep you safe HERE.

**ZAP!** A blast fires in from out of sight! The AETHARIAN is hit  
and knocked down!

Frightened, FILO takes cover behind the trunk of a tree as the  
Monster Soldiers advance towards him.



FILO peaks around the edge of the tree. He has no idea  
what to do.

FILO'S foot inadvertently nudges the AETHARIAN's staff.

He reaches for it.

FILO dives out from behind the tree and blasts the  
Soldiers. **ZAP! ZAP!**

FILO and KIRBY look at the terminated KAARNUKAI,  
shocked.



The AETHARIAN is still alive, he raises his weary hand towards FILO. He is very weak.

AETHARIAN: FILO, well done.

FILO: You're alive!

The AETHARIAN is lying on the ground, hand on his wounded chest

AETHARIAN: Yes, but not for long.

The alien sprays his wound with a strange hardening foam.

FILO: What's that?

AETHARIAN: it will give me more time... as I was saying-- your use of my ZOLARAN STAFF is impressive.

FILO looks at the staff perplexed.

FILO: Usually my aim stinks- beginner's luck?

FILO crouches at the side of the prone AETHARIAN.

AETHARIAN: No, that is not what I mean. The staff has no mechanical buttons or triggers. You fired it with YOUR MIND.

FILO: MY mind- but HOW? I'm no one *special*. I'm not even NORMAL- my brain is a scattered mess—

AETHARIAN: NO- we sought you out BECAUSE of your mind--

FILO: But I've never been chosen for anything. I'm always picked last at gym, at recess once they even picked a kid that was out sick over me!

Suddenly, the staff reflects an image like a crystal ball. More soldiers approach! Amazed, FILO looks at it.

AETHARIAN: THERE ISN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN  
FURTHER- MORE ENEMIES APPROACH—

FILO strikes a heroic pose with the staff. KIRBY mirrors his pose; the boy and his tiny dog are ready to take on anything.

FILO: OH! I get it — I'm the reluctant hero who embarks on a series of adventures using his unique talent to eventually overcome evil and learn something important about himself in the process!

The AETHARIAN reaches into his satchel.



AETHARIAN: SOMETHING LIKE THAT. Except you won't be using that staff...

The AETHARIAN holds out a golden cylinder and visor.

AETHARIAN: ...BEHOLD – THE COSMOCRON!

FILO: WHOA!

FILO excitedly inspects the cylinder.

FILO: Cool! How's it work? Is it like a light saber?

FILO puts on the visor; it is solid metal and covers his eyes completely.

FILO: Do I use this to see through walls or shoot laser beams out of my eyes?

There is a blast of light as FILO is knocked backwards off his feet as if he has been struck by lightning. Energy crackles out of the cylinder.

FILO: What's happening—UGH!!



With the visor still on FILO picks himself up and kneels on the ground.

FILO: Hey, what happened? Do I have super-powers now? CAN I FLY?

FILO extends his hands out into the air above him like Superman.

Nothing happens.

With his arms still extended he lifts up the visor and looks over at the AETHARIAN.

FILO: It didn't give me super-powers, did it?

AETHARIAN: No.

FILO slumps his shoulders and looks at the two alien objects.

FILO: I don't get it – I can't see a thing with this thing on--

AETHARIAN: Of course not! Direct observations of the material world by your conscious mind would stop the whole thing from working! Don't humans teach their children anything about Quantum Theory and the De-Focalized consciousness?

FILO: I guess not --

AETHARIAN: Think about the way quantum particles pop in and out of being like random thoughts and images pop into our minds. You can't THINK about controlling it FILO- you must let it—

FILO and the AETHARIAN hear something nearby in the woods.

AETHARIAN: --they approach! Now go!

FILO: But –

AETHARIAN: There's no time. Run!

FILO & KIRBY duck behind some bushes as a new character enters.

It is SIBERIUM SCRUM! a goblin-headed alien with a robotic body, He is accompanied by three KAARNUKAI soldiers.



SCRUM: AH, QUERCAS RUBRA, how fitting to find YOU wounded here and bleeding out slowly- shall I speed things along?

The AETHARIAN lunges for his Staff.

SCRUM drops his metal foot on the staff and points his own weapon at the AETHARIAN.

SCRUM: My head is all that remained of me after our last encounter, I don't wish to lose that as well! NOW tell me-- where is the COSMOCRON?

FILO & KIRBY watch from behind the bushes, he still clutches the Cosmocron and visor.

FILO (thinking): I can't just sit here; I need to figure this thing out so I can help!

CLOSE-UP of FILO.

FILO: I did feel something happening when I put it on—like I was about to fall into one of my crazy daydreams... I wonder if I—

#### Scene 4: Enter GRAY MAN!

Back to the bad guy's interrogation of the injured Aetharian.

SCRUM: Tell me where the COSMOCRON is or—

There is a burst of light! They all turn to see the COSMOCRON hovering above the bushes where FILO is hiding. Light and plasmas pour out of it-- a brilliant display!

AETHARIAN: There it is!

The Cosmocron rotates on its axis and a shape forms around it, an archetypal form of a Super-Hero: IT IS GRAY MAN! He is a bulky muscular humanoid with simplified features and stone colored skin. He hovers about ten feet in the air.

GRAY MAN looks at his body and blocky, 4 digit hands.

GRAY MAN: Whoa! I'm a man! A big, GRAY MAN! AND I'M FLYING!

GRAY MAN looks down. On the ground beneath him FILO lays unconscious, still wearing the visor. KIRBY looks up at this new character.



FILO: Oh great... *AND I'm having an out of body experience! What is this—some kind of remote-controlled Super-Hero!?*

The bad guys are still in shock.

SCRUM: The Cosmocron-- But how -- ?

GRAY MAN remembers that the villains need to be vanquished.

GRAY MAN: Oh yeah, um... you guys-- why don't you pick on someone your own size?

SCRUM: EH? But- He *IS* my size

GRAY MAN compares the relative heights of Scrum and Quercas, rubs his chin, thinks for a second.

GRAY MAN: Right. I suppose he is...

GRAY MAN puffs up his chest, fists on hips in a "HERO POSE"

GRAY MAN: .... then how about: "YOU SHOULDN'T PICK ON A GUY WHEN HE'S DOWN!"

SCRUM yells at his soldiers

SCRUM: Don't just stand there, BLAST THIS BLATHERING APPARITION OUT OF THE AIR!

The KAARNUKAI open fire. Startled, GRAY MAN catches their shots in his hands and exclaims.

GRAY MAN: *YEEOW*, that stings!



GRAY MAN swoops in and grabs one soldier by the laser-rifle and arm and bowls him into the others.

GRAY MAN turns toward SCRUM. The mostly metallic alien backs away into the woods.

SCRUM: How, Quercas?! How are YOU conjuring this gray oaf?!

From this new angle SCRUM can see the unconscious FILO.

SCRUM: *The human child!* HE is using the COSMOCRON to project this... BEING... this 'GRAY GUARDIAN'!?

GRAY MAN: What? That guy over there? That's just some sleeping kid—eyes on me Space-Ork!

SCRUM turns towards the unconscious body of FILO.

SCRUM: But that sort of mastery would take years, decades—

CLOSE-UP shot of the VISOR covering FILO'S eyes as SCRUM begins to understand.

SCRUM: Ahhhh-- I SEE! QUERCAS, you have created some sort of interface!

SCRUM points his staff at FILO'S body, it releases a bright blast of energy!

SCRUM: Very clever—but it won't matter—

GRAY MAN dives in the path of the shot and absorbs the hit.

Grimacing in pain, GRAY MAN inches toward SCRUM as a steady torrid of energy rushes from the staff. Particles of his body disintegrate under the onslaught!

Finally, within reach, GRAY MAN swings a big blocky four-fingered fist at SCRUM. The ghoulish alien ducks beneath it.

GRAY MAN's errant punch shatters the trunk of a vast oak tree!

The huge tree tumbles and crashes, clearing a significant swath through the woods.

GRAY MAN is embarrassed by the damage.

GRAY MAN: Uhm.... Timber? Sorry tree!

Retreating, SCRUM opens a dimensional portal in the ground; A *DOME-SHAPED BUBBLE OF NEON GREEN ENERGY*! Big bubbles of a foreign space-time-reality bubble into the air.

SCRUM descends into the portal. He looks back over his shoulder towards GRAY MAN.

SCRUM: YOU ARE POWERFUL GRAY GAURDIAN, BUT WE WILL SOON RETURN AND THE COSMOCRON **WILL** BE OURS!

CLOSE UP OF GRAY MAN, he recognizes the familiar form of the green portal-bubble.

GRAY MAN (THINKING): That light—!

GRAY MAN starts towards the portal to pursue SCRUM.

QUERCAS RUBRA: No, you mustn't!

GRAY MAN POINTS AT THE CONTRACTING PORTAL, ANGRY.



GRAY MAN: But Robo-Gollum is getting away! THROUGH SOME KIND OF BUBBLE THING THAT LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE THE ONE THAT *I THOUGHT* KILLED MY DAD!



QUERCAS RUBRA: FILO, that portal passes through the Greater Orbit, to an unknown destination! With your REAL BODY still here on Earth you could lose your connection with the COSMOCRON and it would fall into the hands of the VORHEERIUM!

FRUSTRATED, GRAY MAN watches as the portal shrinks completely.

GRAY MAN: But my Dad --

QUERCAS RUBRA: Losing the COSMOCRON will not help him.

NOW, small neon green rifts also open beneath the prone KAARNUKAI and their bodies sink into them and disappear.

GRAY MAN closes his eyes, Energy leaks from his body and he begins to evaporate. The COSMOCRON hovers in the air. FILO removes the visor as he sits up. Instinctively he holds out his hand as the COSMOCRON flies into it.

FILO considers this for a second.

FILO: O.K...

Aggressively, FILO leans over QUERCAS.

FILO: You said "Help Him" -- Help my DAD? He's still alive?!

QUERCAS: YES--

FILO stands up and turns away. Fists balled at his side; he starts to cry.

QUERCAS (CONT'D): --more than ever.

FILO: Uncle Will was right the whole time and I... I didn't believe him... I should tell him--

QUERCAS: NO!

Wiping the tears from his eyes FILO turns back to look at QUERCAS.

FILO: NO? Why not? Uncle Will can help me rescue my Dad from those—

Close up of QUERCAS.

QUERCAS: THE COSMOCRON was hidden for centuries—so feared was its power! But now IT has compelled us to seek YOU out! The adults of your world will never trust you to yield its power—

FILO looks at the COSMOCRON.



FILO: This is MY responsibility... Save the world then save my Dad.

FILO (CONT'D): ...and it always makes sense to maintain a secret identity and all that.... but what the heck is going on—what is “The Greater Orbit”?

As QUERCAS speaks he conjures images from his staff, they flash around them holographically illustrating his explanation.

QUERCAS: Your scientists scratch at its edges and call it “Dark Energy” and “Dark Matter” not realizing that the orbits of PLANETS AND STARS ARE BUT MERE DUST WITHIN THE HIGHER DIMENSIONAL OSCILLATIONS of THE GREATER ORBIT! Once its frequencies are understood, a TRAVELER can use these swirling streams of ‘time’ and folds in ‘space’ to step from a planet to its moon or, with enough power, from galaxy to galaxy....

QUERCAS RUBRA coughs and clutches his wound. Rain has started to come down.

QUERCAS: FILO.... I am out of time. PLEASE, remember...YOU and YOU ALONE are now THE KEEPER OF THE COSMOCRON, use it to fight the VOORHEIR. If they capture EARTH, there will be no hope for your FATHER or anyone in the galaxy....

QUERCAS RUBRA passes.

FILO looks up to see the AETHARIAN ship above them. Rain is falling heavier now.

Three beams of light shoot out with two landing at unseen spots in the surrounding woods and the last one landing on the body of QUERCAS RUBRA.

The Three AETHARIAN bodies are lifted into the ship along the light beams.

Energy crackles around the ship as it disappears.

FILO and KIRBY stand, FILO looks at where the ship was in the sky. KIRBY looks at his master, head cocked.

FILO: Did you hear that buddy? I’m a super-hero now! STEP ONE: stop AN INTER-DIMENSIONAL MONSTER ARMY from invading the PLANET! STEP TWO: Make them give back my Dad!

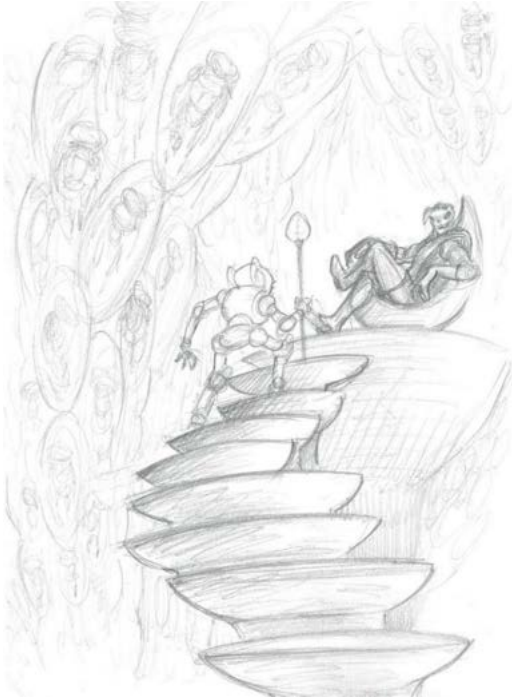
CLOSE-UP of KIRBY, the dog’s head jerks back a little as he cocks an eyebrow: a doubting look.

FILO: Come on! Show a little faith—this will be good for me! It’s MY responsibility-- I can do this!

FILO and KIRBY walk home. FILO holds up the COSMOCRON and examines it as he walks.

FILO: I just wonder HOW I’m going to do this....

Scene 5: The Bad Guys



Cut to FULL PAGE of many SIBERUM SCRUMS descending multiple mind-bending staircases that shift from up to down, down to up. These are quantum-clone echoes (blurry copies) of SCRUM that head off in different directions in this MC Escher-like space. Cosmic energy spirals and crackles all around. In the top left corner, we see the woods on earth that SCRUM has left (rendered in purple/blue negative colors) as if looking up at the scene from inside a pond. SCRUM descends towards a Sci-fi-cosmic-castle interior to the bottom right. This is the VOORHEIRUM staging base.

SCRUM enters a cavernous space containing spiral structures of egg-sack looking stasis chambers stocked with unconscious soldiers. More of these slowly push through a pulsating portal in the ceiling joining countless tens of thousands. They descend ever downward until they disappear into the dark.

SCRUM climbs up steps to a central command platform. PRINCE CAIRNUS BAHN slacks across a throne sideways playing on a phone. We see music waves indicating that music is

playing.

CAIRNUS: AH – SCRUM-chum! You're back from Earth! How was the weather? I noticed you lost your entire squad and I don't see the SOUVENIR you promised us—that ancient omnipotent artifact—what was it called again?

SCRUM hunched over into a bow.

SCRUM: The COSMOCRON, Sire, and it has the potential to give one the ability to manipulate the very fabric of reality.

CAIRNUS: Yeah, that's the legend but no one's ever done it. What a bunch of gobbledygook. Anyway—where is it?

Just then a gigantic cluster of crystals flash and pour forth a green and purple fog.

The image of a new character materializes amongst the crystals; a snake faced female alien in a regal pose, she is of the same species as CAIRNUS. THIS IS BHANRA MAITHAR, EMPRESS of the VORHEIRUM! She is the SUPREME COMMANDER of the galactic armies, RULER OF HUNDREDS of PEOPLED WORLDS. She looks down on the other two. SCRUM bows even lower into a cower. CAIRNUS does not even look up from his game.

SCRUM: Greetings your Highness.

CAIRNUS: HI MOM!

EMPRESS looks down, contemptuously.

EMPRESS: CAIRNUS- are you still playing with that thing?

CAIRNUS, playing his game.

CAIRNUS: This isn't PLAYING— it's RESEARCH. The humans are obsessed with these things!

Smart phone Chimes: **BLING BLING!**

CAIRNUS: YES! New high score!

The EMPRESS, looking even more disgusted.

EMPRESS: ...and WHAT is that droning noise? Is your equipment malfunctioning?

CAIRNUS, feigning offense.

CAIRNUS: DRONING? NOISE? THAT'S a prime example of EARTH'S HIGH CULTURE, it's *Pink Floyd's "Darkside of the Moon" Album!* Get it?

EXTERIOR, we see that the VORHEIR BASE is, in fact, on the dark side of the moon. A spired silver & purple structure, a cross between a castle and a rocket, stands in the middle of a seemingly endless field of obsidian black pyramids, their edges outlined in cyan blue.

CAIRNUS (unseen, from within the spire shaped structure): "Get it? DARKSIDE OF THE MOON! Get it??"

EVERYONE: "YES. We get it...!"

Back inside the base the EMPRESS is annoyed.

EMPRESS: HMPH. The humans divert and amuse themselves and call it "CULTURE."

CAIRNUS: It's their PRE-OCCUPATIONS that make them such *DELICIOUS* targets! We've all seen the data; the humans SATISFY our purposes more efficiently than any other species we've encountered!

EMPRESS: None of that explains why you distract YOURSELF with their nonsense, be careful that you don't --

CAIRNUS: I know what I'm doing!



EMPRESS isn't convinced but is more interested with keeping to her agenda. She turns to SIBERIUM SCRUM.

EMPRESS: SCRUM, did you FINALLY intercept the so-called LAST AETHARIANS? Why their sudden interest in Earth, on the eve of our Invasion?

SCRUM: We found them-- and they were eliminated. There was no opportunity for interrogation.

EMPRESS: The KEEPERS OF THE COSMOCRON are dead? EXCELLENT —AND DID YOU FETCH IT?

SCRUM: Before we arrived THE AETHARIANS GAVE THE COSMOCRON to a human. An ADOLESCENT.

CAIRNUS looks up from his game.

CAIRNUS: A kid? Then why didn't you just take it?

SCRUM: He used it against us and defeated my squad.

EMPRESS: *THE HUMAN* was able to harness the power of the COSMOCRON? This is very troubling-- Who IS he?!

CAIRNUS: Who cares! We're about to begin MY perfectly planned attack on that pretty blue and green planet and THIS is what you two are worried about?

CAIRNUS yells towards a command area just beneath them where KAARNUKAI technicians and officers are at work. Dozens of technicians sit at a long counter of controls that looks like something out of the 60's Star Trek TV show.

CAIRNUS: Scrum, sounds like you just need more muscle-- TORAK! Get up here!

Enter the seven-foot-tall, four-armed KAARNUKAI Commander, TORAK. He bows to CAIRNUS.

TORAK: Yes, sire?

CAIRNUS: Some human kid has something my Mom wants-- Go down there and help Scrum get it, will you?

Close-up of THE EMPRESS, annoyed, disapproving.

EMPRESS: I really wish you would take this more seriously CAIRNUS. Do not forget what is at stake, we have a lot of mouths to feed—

CAIRNUS opens a cell-like chamber door built-into the wall.

CAIRNUS: No chance I'll forget that MOM—*not with you constantly nagging me* — WHICH REMINDS ME, my breakfast is getting cold!

Baring his vampire-like fangs, CAIRNUS grabs a terrified alien prisoner from inside the cell.

ALIEN PRISONER: *No! Please-- don't!*

Medium shot of SCRUM and TORAK. SCRUM looks away. A shadow on the wall behind them silhouettes the ghastly scene in front of them.

OFF PANEL: AAAAIIIEEEEE!

SCRUM: Ugh, barbaric.

TORAK: Gird yourself SCRUM. If we did not fight for the Voorheir it would be us in that pathetic creature's place.

Satiated, CAIRNUS notices TORAK and SCRUM.

CAIRNUS: What are you two still doing here? I told you to go get that kid--

TORAK: A question sire-- How will we find this EARTH CHILD?

Standing behind SCRUM, CAIRNUS massages SCRUM'S head like it's a crystal ball. SCRUM is unable to hide his irritation.

CAIRNUS: OH, I'm sure the answer to that question is beginning to bubble and gurgle around in this green globule! Am I right? I'm right, aren't I?

SCRUM: Yes Sire...