

Bobism

written by
Ben Wexler

4.7.08

Over BLACK, we hear the sound of fingers clattering away on keys accompanied by a lone voice. He is BOB.

BOB (V.O.)

I guess if there's one reason I'm starting this thing, it's 'cause I'm scared. Scared that I'm gonna die someday without ever having made any sort of mark on the world. You ever think about that? Like, what happens when you're dead, and everyone you know is dead, and your permanent record's, like, erased, to make room on the hard drive? Is it like you never lived at all...?

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

A class full of UNDERGRADS, so diverse it could be a Benneton Ad. Everyone's in ass-crack jeans, except for one kid in slacks and a tie, typing on a LAPTOP: our hero, BOB TRAUTWIG, 20.

Bob is awkward, thin, pale - perhaps he'll be comfortable in his own skin one day, but he has to grow into it first.

POLI SCI PROFESSOR (O.S.)

Okay, folks, midterm's Friday.
Bring your "A" game.

Students STAND to leave. Through the crowd, Bob spots the pretty HEATHER BAILEY heading his way. He quickly smooths his hair, then cups his hand for a quick "breath check."

HEATHER

Bob?

BOB

Heather! Hi!!

That was too loud and excited. Bob does his best to calm down.

HEATHER

Oh my God did you take notes?
'Cause I totally--

BOB

Spaced out for like the last half hour of the lecture? Yeah, I already e-mailed 'em to you.

HEATHER

Bob - you are like my savior!

She HUGS him. Bob tries to hide the fact that this is the high point of his life. A student with a jew-fro, NOAH FEENBERG, walks by an WHISPERS to Bob as he passes.

NOAH
Think about baseball.

BOB
Shut up.

Noah makes a "slide whistle" sound as if Bob is popping a boner.

EXT. UCLA CAMPUS - DAY

On a clear spring day, this is one of the most pleasant places on earth. Pretty students walk in pairs, yet talk on cell phones. Bob walks with Heather.

HEATHER
You totally saved my ass in Macro-Econ, too. If you hadn't helped me with that paper, I'da failed.

BOB
Hey, what's one more all-nighter?
Y'know, in the scheme of things?

HEATHER
You're awesome, Bob.

She smiles and SLIPS HER ARM THROUGH HIS. A shudder of excitement ripples through him. They walk like that a while, Bob slowly working up the courage to say:

BOB
Hey, Heather? I was thinking, we just, we have such a good time together, studying n' stuff, I mean it's like we have that back-and-forth thing, y'know, where we're always finishing each other's--
(she stares blankly)
--sentences... and I thought, I dunno, maybe if you're free sometime we could possibly hang out. Go out. Hang out or go out. Either's fine with me.

HEATHER
Oh God, Bob, I - you're a great guy, it's just... I have a boyfriend.

Bob looks like he's been stabbed in the gut. Playing it off:

BOB
Oh yeah, no, sure. I mean, me too.
(then)
Not "me too I have a boyfriend," I
mean "me too" the other thing.

HEATHER
You... think you're a great guy?

BOB
(beat)
Yes.

EXT. CAMPUS (BEHIND POWELL LIBRARY) - DAY

Bob, now walking alone, has TEARS IN HIS EYES.

BOB (V.O.)
I guess there's another reason why
I'm starting this blog: To rail
against the injustice of the world.
A world that places value on the
most superficial virtues, while
ignoring such qualities as
intelligence, hard work...

EXT. HEATHER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - OUT OF TIME (M.O.S.)

Over Bob's continued rant, we SEE Heather KISS her jock BOYFRIEND.

BOB (V.O.)
And lets obscene over-consumption
continue unabated, even as earth's
precious resources dwindle.

Heather and the Boyfriend climb into his OBSCENELY HUGE SUV. The
ANGLE WIDENS to reveal BOB, watching from ACROSS THE STREET.

EXT. CAMPUS (BEHIND POWELL LIBRARY) - DAY

Bob blinks back his tears as he approaches one of those old-school
SOFT DRINK VENDING MACHINES that drop a plastic cup, then shoot
ice and soda into the cup.

BOB (V.O.)
Do I expect to change the world?
Of course not...

Bob feeds a dollar bill into the slot, then selects ORANGE SODA. A beat, then the ice drops, followed by the soda... but NO CUP!!

This is the last straw.

BOB
NO!!!

That was *really* loud. Many STUDENTS STARE as we SMASH TO:

INT. WHITE BACKGROUND WORLD - OUT OF TIME

Bob, wearing ALL WHITE, sits in a WHITE BACKGROUND WORLD and speaks directly to the CAMERA.

BOB
But if I don't try, who else will?
If I don't at least try and make my
voice heard, then what will my life
have amounted to? Y'know, when
it's all said and done?

As Bob speaks, we PAN UP until he disappears from frame, filling the screen with WHITE... then FURTHER UP until THE WORDS that Bob just spoke APPEAR: "...when it's all said and done?"

Next to these words is a BLINKING CURSOR. And we PULL BACK to REVEAL we're...

INT. BOB'S COLLEGE BEDROOM - NIGHT

...watching a COMPUTER SCREEN - Bob's LAPTOP - as Bob sits at his desk, typing into his BLOG.

It's a TYPICAL COLLEGE BEDROOM - two futons, two desks, messy. Over Bob's desk is a JOHN WAYNE POSTER. As Bob sits back to assess what he's just written, we SMASH TO BLACK.

And a TITLE CARD appears: "***Genesis.***"

And over this, we HEAR, pre-lap, a LOUD COMMOTION.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A giant bong rests atop an old SEGA GENESIS someone bought off EBay in 1997.

Bob's roommates, the Hindu ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH and the lily-white CHRIS GLUCK, play VIDEO GOLF as jew-fro NOAH watches from the couch, another MASSIVE BONG between his pants-free legs.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

Ohhh! Pebble Beach is my house,
bitch!

CHRIS

How does he chip that in from the
rough? HOW!?

Bob pokes his head in from the adjacent BEDROOM.

BOB

Guys? Could you keep it down? I'm
trying to work in here.

NOAH

What are you workin', the gherkin?
Put on some headphones.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

(laughing)

Heh. After gherkin he said "Head."

NOAH

And don't skimp on the lotion, pal.
Dick-chafe is the number one killer
of young men ages 18-20.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

Dude, why not take a break for once
and smoke some sticky? You study
like nonstop. It's hard to watch.

BOB

Actually, I'm not studying right
now. I'm starting a blog.

NOAH

Oh, good, the inane ramblings of a
college student. Now the
internet's complete.

BOB

Noah, do you even live here? I
don't recall you paying us rent.

NOAH

Baby, it don't got to be about all
that. My lease ran out. I'm
looking.

BOB

You're homeless. Chris, I found
some gay porno on your bed.

The room goes silent as Bob holds up a hard-core gay porno mag - "CRACK N' JACK" - and all eyes turn to Chris. Beat, then:

CHRIS
I was holding it for a friend.

Andy and Noah SHRUG - that's good enough for them.

INT. BOB'S COLLEGE BEDROOM - NIGHT (**QUICK DISSOLVES**)

Bob TYPES, furious and fast... thousands of WORDS fly by on the screen... Chris, in his bed, SLEEPS. Bob, at his desk, TYPES... John Wayne, on the poster, LOOKS TOUGH.

Finally Bob sits back, satisfied. HESITATES, about to click the LINK marked: "*POST ENTRY NOW.*" After a long beat, he CLICKS it. He looks at the clock. It's 4:15 a.m.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BOB'S COLLEGE BEDROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

A loud, insistent KNOCKING at the door PIERCES the silence. Bob, in a DEEP SLEEP, wakes suddenly and looks at the clock - it's 7:15 a.m. He looks at CHRIS, sound asleep in silk pajamas.

INT. CRAPPY LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bob groggily crosses to the front door. Noah is passed out on the couch in his underwear, clutching a five-iron. He doesn't stir.

Bob opens the door to reveal two FEDERAL AGENT TYPES, both wearing dark suits and sunglasses like villains from "The Matrix." These are JOHN GAI (40s, Asian) and CORNELIUS ORANGE (30s, black).

BOB
Can... can I help you?

GAI
Yes, we're looking for Bob Trautwig.

BOB
I'm Bob Trautwig.

The Feds exchange a look, like they were expecting him to look different, then FLASH BADGES so quick they're impossible to read.

ORANGE
I'm Federal Agent Cornelius Orange,
this is Federal Agent John Gai.

Bob looks nervously at the BONG next to Noah.

GAI

Did you start a blog last night
called "Bob-isms"?

BOB

Oh, yeah, um, ever since I was a
kid I've always said the darnedest
things - well, not the darnedest,
but pretty darned darned - and it
got to a point where my parents
started calling them "Bob-isms,"
like "here comes another Bob-ism,
or--

GAI

Mr. Trautwig, could you come with
us, please?

ORANGE

And bring your laptop.

BOB

What... what'd I do?

INT. FEDS' CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Bob sits in the back seat of the Feds' car (his LAPTOP CASE on
the seat beside him) as it drives past the FEDERAL BUILDING in
Westwood and heads toward the 405. A long beat of SILENCE.

BOB

Seriously, what'd I do?

INT. FEDS' CAR - MOVING - SEVERAL HOURS LATER

We're now WAY OUT IN THE DESERT, very close to if not *in* the
MIDDLE OF NOWHERE. Bob looks at the passing cacti. A beat.

BOB

You guys aren't gonna tell me what
I did, are you?

Agent Gai, behind the wheel, suddenly PULLS OFF THE ROAD, driving
now through BARE DESERT. Orange turns around to face Bob.

ORANGE

You haven't done anything, Mr.
Trautwig. We just need to ask you
a few questions.

The car pulls to a sudden stop. The Feds GET OUT, open the back door, and BOB DOES THE SAME. They're standing in THE MIDDLE OF THE DESERT. Nothing but sand and scrub as far as the eye can see.

Only one physical feature stands out from the otherwise-monotonous landscape, but it's striking: a SANDSTONE ROCK FORMATION that forms a high, arching "BRIDGE" over the desert floor below.

It's known to locals - and will soon be known to us - simply as "*LANDBRIDGE*."

GAI

Mr. Trautwig, have you ever seen this woman?

He produces a SNAPSHOT of the most stunningly BEAUTIFUL WOMAN Bob has ever seen. Black hair, olive skin... *gorgeous*.

BOB

No. No. And I'd remember. Wow.

Orange turns to Gai and SMILES.

ORANGE

Pre-contact. This is good.

The agents SMILE for a beat. Just then, Gai PULLS HIS GUN and nervously scans the horizon! Bob flinches.

GAI

Did you hear something?

Orange shakes his head, "No." A look around reveals... NOTHING. Just a vast EMPTINESS, surrounding this very TENSE moment.

BOB

I'd really like to know what I--

BAM! A BULLET WHIZZES BY BOB'S HEAD!

And sends GAI'S GUN FLYING OUT OF HIS HAND. Where did that shot come from? Bob SCREAMS like a girl.

ORANGE

Down! Down! We've been compromised!

BAM! Another shot - the WINDSHIELD SHATTERS. Then, suddenly:

THE BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FROM THE SNAPSHOT

APPEARS out of nowhere! Riding a black Kawasaki Ninja, wearing a silver lycra bodysuit, and FIRING a semi-automatic .45!

The Feds DIVE for cover. Bob DUCKS behind the car. Sees GAI'S GUN sitting in the sand, 10 or 15 feet away.

THE WOMAN

Banks her motorcycle hard, sending it into an intentional SKID-OUT aimed STRAIGHT FOR ORANGE. Orange has to JUMP STRAIGHT UP to avoid being hit.

Amazingly, as the Woman skids out under Orange, she's able to GRAB his leg and TWIST it sideways, causing him to come down awkwardly and BANG HIS HEAD hard against a ROCK as he lands - out cold.

She looks - her gun has skidded underneath the car - unreachable.

She springs to her feet and greets Gai with a flurry of roundhouse kicks. PAP! PAP! PAP! As she's kicking Gai, she turns to BOB:

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Run, Bob Trautwig! Run!!

Bob reacts, wide-eyed. How'd she know his name?

BOB
How'd you know my name?

No time to answer - Gai has pulled the GUN off Orange's limp body. The Woman grabs his wrist and a STRUGGLE for the gun ensues. Gai slowly starts to get the upper hand...

Just before Gai gets the barrel pointed at her face, she uses her entire body to JERK BACKWARDS, FLIPPING Gai right over her head!

He lands on the roof of the car and SPRINGS to his feet, FIRING. But the Woman is so agile, it seems she's able to get out of the way of the bullets a split-second before Gai fires.

Now it's her turn to dive behind a BOULDER. As she does, Gai EMPTIES HIS CLIP into the rock. Gai squeezes the trigger - CLICK. Out of ammo. He turns his head toward BOB...

...who's now HOLDING THE OTHER GUN.

GAI
Give me the gun, Mr. Trautwig.

He walks toward Bob. Bob doesn't quite know what to do. He doesn't even know what's going on...

Behind Gai, the Woman takes a ROCK and, like Roger Clemens in his roid-rage years, FIRES a fastball which CLOCKS Gai on the back of the skull. He crumples to the ground.

She runs to Gai, takes his gun, tucks it into the back of her belt, then LOOKS UP AT BOB. Seeing him, she SOFTENS, speaking with an ACCENT that's hard to place:

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
It's really you. I thought you'd
be taller.

We notice now that Bob's holding the gun completely WRONG - with his hands clasped around the barrel, which is pointed at the ground, the BUTT of the gun pointed out.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Nothing comes out of that end.

Bob reacts, embarrassed. From a sheath-holster on her leg, she pulls an ENORMOUS DAGGER.

BOB
What are you doing?

She lowers the dagger until the point is TOUCHING GAI'S FOREHEAD! Before she can plunge the knife directly into the Fed's brain:

BOB
Stop! No! You can't kill him!

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
Bob, these men mean you grave harm.

BOB
No! They're Federal Agents.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
They're not Federal Agents.

BOB
Sure they are. They showed me
their badges. They flashed them
super-quick... but they were
badges, you could tell.

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
If we don't kill these men right
now, Bob, I promise you we'll live
to regret it.

BOB
We? Who are you? And how do you
know my name?

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

There'll be plenty of time for informational transfer later. For now, just call me Lina.

BOB

Okay. Lina. Please - I beg you, I implore you... don't kill them.

LINA

(long beat, then)

Then at least help me secure them.

Lina ransacks the Feds' car - inside are *many* sets of HANDCUFFS. Dozens. WAY more handcuffs than two Feds would ever need.

LINA

Place the smaller one on top of the larger one.

Bob struggles to DRAG Gai over to Orange, dumping him FACE-DOWN onto the larger man. Lina cuffs Orange's ankles to Gai's wrists, and vice-versa, sticking them in what amounts to a "69" position.

LINA

Come. Time is of the essence.

BOB

We can't just leave them here. They'll starve.

Lina looks at Bob, grabs a huge box of DONUTS off the passenger seat, and THROWS it out onto the sand.

LINA

There. This should hold them.

INT. FEDS' CAR - MOVING - MOMENTS LATER

Lina drives, fast, as Bob sits in the passenger seat in disbelief.

BOB

I'd like that informational transfer now.

LINA

Pardon me?

BOB

(beat, then exploding)

WHO THE F ARE YOU? And what the F just happened? Seriously! F!

LINA

What I'm about to tell you will be difficult to comprehend--

BOB

Just tell me! Who are you?

LINA

My full name is Angelina Grapefruit Boom Boom Thelonius Shakalaka. I was sent here from the future to protect you from those... "men."

There's a long beat. Bob takes a deep breath, almost at peace with what he must do next... then JUMPS OUT OF THE MOVING CAR!!

LINA

Oh, Bob Trautwig!

EXT. DESERT - SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Bob rolls a lot in the desert sand on the side of the road. It appears to be QUITE PAINFUL.

BOB

Ow... ow... ow...

He continues to ROLL for a comically-long while. He's about to slow to a STOP... then hits a small DOWNSLOPE and ROLLS some more.

Bob finally comes to a stop, he BLINKS a few times at the scorching SUN above.

BOB

That hurt quite badly.

And then LINA is standing over him. She looks down at him with a sympathy so deep, it borders on LOVE.

LINA

I'm afraid I must do this for your own safety.

She pulls out a perfectly round SHINY METAL OBJECT, like a tennis ball made of stainless steel. She pushes a few buttons on it. Suddenly a BRIGHT LIGHT fills the screen, and we CUT TO BLACK.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Bob BLINKS AWAKE. He's lying on a floral-pattern bedspread in a CHEAP HOTEL ROOM. As things come into focus, we see LINA is sitting on top of him, STRADDLING him.

LINA

Relax. Try not to move too much.

Now Bob is awake enough to be frightened.

BOB

What is this? Where are we?

LINA

We're safe for the time being. We're in a Best Western temporary dwelling site, not far from your university. I picked it because I know you like Westerns and this one purports to be the best.

BOB

How do you know I like Westerns?

LINA

I know everything about you. Everything you've committed to text, anyway.

BOB

What are you talking about? My blog? I just started that last--

Bob looks at her - she's smiling at him so wide, it's unsettling.

BOB

Oh my God, you're some sort of stalker, aren't you? You... you're gonna rape me.

LINA

Bob. This will all be very difficult for you to assimilate into your current knowledge set, but it's imperative that you come to trust me. What you composed last night is merely the opening chapter of what will become the most important set of moral, ethical and existential guidelines the world has ever known.

BOB

(extremely dubious)

Wait a minute. You're trying to tell me I wind up writing a religion? Like L. Ron Hubbard?

LINA

No. Religions are still practiced in discrete sects, much like the present day. Bobism is a unifying philosophy, the unifying philosophy, which binds the entire human race.

BOB

Bobism? The blog's called Bob-isms.

LINA

It's not clear exactly when the "S" at the end was dropped. A massive electrical storm in 2379 wiped out over half of what was then known as "The Internet." All that survived was a several-billion word-long Text File. For centuries Bobism, all 1500 pages of it, was copied by hand.

Bob just lies there, not knowing what to make of this nutjob. There's a beat, then:

LINA

How would a woman rape a man?

BOB

(fidgets, defensive)

It can happen...

It's now clear from the look on both of their faces that Bob, still underneath Lina, has a serious BONER. She climbs off of him and he quickly grabs a PILLOW to cover his groin.

BOB

You were like right on top of me!

EXT. DESERT - AFTERNOON

The two FEDS, still handcuffed together 69-style with Gai on top of Orange, struggle to get over to the BOX OF DONUTS.

GAI

Now a little to your left...

Orange SHUFFLES slightly and Gai gets a hand on the box. From between Orange's legs, he peers in.

GAI

Okay, it's lookin' like we got
crullers, half a bear claw...

In the distance, a brightly-colored VW BUS approaches.

INT. VW BUS - MOVING - SAME TIME

Inside are four flamboyantly-dressed GAY GUYS and a great deal of CAMPING GEAR. The DRIVER spots something off in the distance.

FROM HIS POV

We see what he sees: two DARK-SUITED MEN handcuffed together, 69-style, writhing in the sand.

GAY CAMPER

Well well well! What have we here?

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Bob is now sitting up on the bed, the pillow still covering his groin. Lina sits a respectful distance away.

LINA

I'm sorry. Bobism removes the taboo associated with casual-yet-intimate contact.

BOB

That actually does sound like me...

LINA

So you believe me then? You believe that what I'm telling you is true?

Bob looks deep into her intense, DARK BROWN EYES. Finally:

BOB

I do. I believe.

LINA

Then the rest will be easy.

Lina SMILES a dazzling, gorgeous smile... then stands and crosses to the BATHROOM.

LINA

Remind me - is it still common
practice to close the door while
defecating?

BOB

Yes. Very much so.

Lina nods and CLOSES THE DOOR. Once it's closed, Bob hurriedly PICKS UP THE PHONE. And DIALS: 9... 1... 1.

EXT. DESERT - SAME TIME

The Gay campers have pulled over to where the Feds are lying, happily SPILLING OUT of the VW Bus to offer their help.

GAY CAMPER

Are you guys going to Bending Man?

ORANGE

Yeah... sure. Do you think you can
help us with these handcuffs?

GAY CAMPER #2

Um, hello? I think we know how to
deal with handcuffs!

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME TIME

Bob is waiting impatiently for 911 to answer.

BOB

C'mon... c'mon...

VOICE (ON PHONE)

Hotel security.

BOB

(whispering urgently)
Hotel security? I need the cops!

VOICE (ON PHONE)

That's an outside line. You have
to dial nine.

BOB

I did dial nine. 9-1-1. You're
telling me I need to dial 9-9-1-1?

VOICE (ON PHONE)
That's correct, sir. Is there
anything I can help you with?

BOB
Yeah! I'm being held against my
will by a loony nutjob!

VOICE (ON PHONE)
(long beat)
For that I'll have to transfer you
to local law enforcement--

LINA (O.S.)
Bob?

BOB
Just ordering room service!

LINA (O.S.)
That's fine - do you mind if I take
a shower? I still have chryo-plasm
on my skin from the time portal.

BOB
Oh, yeah, definitely. Yes. A
shower, that's a must.

From inside the bathroom we HEAR the sound of the SHOWER starting. Bob quickly HANGS UP the phone. He spots his LAPTOP CASE, on the floor, propped against a wall. He grabs it, then SKEDADDLES.

EXT. DESERT - LATE AFTERNOON

The Gay Campers have cut through last of the Feds' handcuffs.

GAY CAMPER
There we go! You're free!

Orange and Gai, free of their bonds, stiffly STAND.

GAY CAMPER #2
Okay, who's up for psychedelic
drugs and lots and lots of
tushy-related loveplay?!

The Feds do that scary, villain NECK-CRACK move, then start SLOWLY WALKING toward the gay campers.

GAY CAMPER
What are you doing?

INT. BOB'S COLLEGE APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

Slow and cautious, Bob OPENS THE DOOR to his apartment - it's a MESS, but it's EMPTY. And rather EERIE.

BOB

Hello?

No answer. Bob tiptoes around, half-expecting someone to jump out at him any second. He sees a NOTE on the table marked "BOB." He opens it:

"Dude, what happened to you??? You disappeared! Meet us at the Dodger Game tonight - we got sweet seats!"

Folded-up in the note is a DODGER TICKET. Bob thinks for a beat.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - EVENING

The Dodgers play the Giants. DODGER FANS SCREAM "Giants Suck!" And Bob sits in the sweet seats with Chris, Noah and Andy. Bob is the only one not SWILLING BEER.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

So, the Asian guy was Agent Gai.
And the other guy was...

BOB

Agent Orange.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

Uh-huh. And Orange was... black.

BOB

Yes.

CHRIS

And that's all you know? You don't even know what Federal Agency they were supposedly from?

BOB

That was the first question the cops asked when I called 911.
So... I hung up.

NOAH

Can we entertain one possibility for just one moment? That maybe, perhaps the smokin' hot chick with the enormo-rack and heart-shaped ass really is from the future?

CHRIS

Okay, fine, but if she's from the future then who are the two Feds?

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

Duh. They're obviously evil cyborgs, also from the future, sent here to prevent Bob's religion from ever being written. My guess: we're probably looking at a liquid metal endoskeleton surrounded by organic flesh, y'know, to facilitate time-travel.

NOAH

Dude, that's just "The Terminator."

BOB

And it's not a religion. Stop saying it's a religion.

CHRIS

You know what I never got about The Terminator? How did Cyber Dynamics develop the technology to build the super-advanced carbon-metal alloy in the first place?

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

By using a sample the section of the Terminator's arm, originally destroyed in the hydraulic press, ya moron.

CHRIS

Exactly. But how did that sample even get there in the first place, cock? Because Terminator travelled back in time.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

So?

CHRIS

So - nobody ever invented the technology in the first place! It was invented in the present because it had been invented in the future. It's a big, circular, logic-toilet.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

No it isn't.

NOAH

No, I see his point. It kinda is.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

(getting angry)

What?! You're not even qualified
to participate in this
conversation, Bong-y!

As the guys' argument grows more and more heated, Bob grabs his laptop case, RISES, and heads for the aisle, unnoticed.

INT. DODGER STADIUM MEN'S ROOM - NIGHT

Drunken DODGER FANS and a few GIANTS FANS piss into a TROUGH and heap verbal abuse upon each other.

Bob, sitting in a TOILET STALL, pulls out his iPHONE to check his BLOG. Clicks the link marked "FEEDBACK." The PAGE REFRESHES to read: "NO COMMENTS POSTED FOR THIS BLOG." Bob reacts. Then:

We SMASH TO BLACK and a TITLE CARD appears: "**Deuteronomy.**"

INT. WHITE BACKGROUND WORLD - OUT OF TIME

As before, Bob speaks directly to the camera.

BOB

Can I just say one thing? Guns
freak me out. In fact, weapons of
any kind freak me freakin' out.
You know how they say "guns don't
kill people, people kill people"?
Well, you know what kinda people
kill more people than most people?
People with guns. People who shoot
people. They're the scariest
people in the world.

INT. VW BUS - SAME TIME

The Feds, now alone, DRIVE the Gay Campers' VW Bus in silence. After a beat, the Fed in the passenger seat suddenly perks up.

ORANGE

We've got activity on the blog!
Coming from a handheld device in...
Dodger Stadium.

Gai smiles with grim satisfaction and steps harder on the GAS.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - LATER

It's the bottom of the ninth, the Dodgers are down 4-2, and Bob is back in his seat. The CROWD has thinned considerably.

NOAH

The only thing I don't get is this:
Even if she was some stalker fan
obsessed with your blog, why oh why
did you not bang her??

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

Because then he'd have been all
relaxed n'shit after and that's
when she'd have killed him.

NOAH

If you can tell me ONE better way
to die, I'll buy you a car.

BOB

Screw this. Furcal's gonna strike
out. This game's over - let's get
the hell out of here.

NOAH

Are you high? We got two men on.

BOB

Are you high?

NOAH

Yes! But this is baseball, baby!
Anything can happen!

BOB

Furcal's hitting like .218.

As the guys anticipate the next pitch, Andy looks OFFSCREEN, then turns to Chris.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

How come that obviously gay guy's
been waving at you the whole game?

CHRIS

Probably thinks I'm someone else.

Andy SHRUGS - that's good enough for him. But JUST THEN:

Furcal hits a HIGH FLY BALL, deep to center field! It could be... it might be... it is! A home run! The place goes UP FOR GRABS!

NOAH
Holy shit!

ELSEWHERE IN THE STADIUM

The FEDS have arrived. They SCAN the delirious crowd for Bob.

THE GUYS

Cheer, high-five, chest-bump, etc. Chris HUGS Andy a bit too long. Bob turns to Noah.

BOB
Unbelievable! You were right, man.

Noah smiles. People are starting to EXIT. As Bob bends down to grab his LAPTOP, an ENVELOPE falls out of his jacket pocket.

He picks it up: Huh? OPENS it. Inside, a slip of BEST WESTERN stationery. Written on it:

"Bob, just in case you still don't believe me..."

Beneath that, a strange series of NUMBERS:

*SF 200 002 000 460
LA 001 010 103 571*

Bob looks up at the DODGER SCOREBOARD, which from his P.O.V. is just beyond the slip of paper. The final line score reads:

**GIANTS 200 002 000 460
DODGERS 001 010 103 571**

It's the exact same series of numbers! He looks back at the slip of paper. Beneath the line score, the note READS:

"FURCAL HOMERS. --Lina."

BOB
Holy Jesus Henry Christ.

Bob LOOKS AROUND - what's going on? Is this some sort of joke? As he looks up toward the EXIT, he sees...

THE FEDS

...pointing and gesturing. *They just spotted him.* They start heading his way.

Bob doesn't know what to do. He turns to a group of big, tough LATINO DODGER FANS next to him and points:

BOB

Hey, see those two Matrix-looking dudes? They're Giants fans! And they hate Mexicans!

And just like that, Bob TAKES OFF RUNNING with his laptop.

NOAH

Bob, what are you doing?

But Bob is GONE, and the LATINOS are agitated...

ORANGE

He's got the laptop! Move!

The Feds try to give chase, but their PATH is BLOCKED by...

LATINO DODGER FAN

Yo, what's your deal, puta?

The angry LATINOS open their Dodger jackets to reveal KNIVES. The FEDS open theirs to reveal GUNS. The Latinos open the *other* sides of their jackets - they, too, have GUNS!

EXT. DODGER STADIUM PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Bob has RUN out into the PARKING LOT. Where to go now? Before he can collect his thoughts, the FEDS BURST from a nearby exit, pursued now by an even larger group of ANGRY DODGER FANS.

Bob quickly DUCKS between two parked cars. He looks to his left: there's A DRUNK GUY TAKING A LEAK. He looks to his right: LINA!

LINA

You got my note?

BOB

Lina!

LINA

Stay low and come with me.

Lina grabs his hand and they CROUCH-RUN between parked cars. A massive SUV PULLS OUT of its space and Lina leads Bob, using the SUV as a moving shield, keeping it between them and...

THE FEDS, who desperately SCAN the parking lot for Bob as they continue to evade the ANGRY MOB.

Bob and Lina are EXPOSED momentarily when the SUV turns away. They quickly duck between two still-parked CARS.

BOB

You really are from the future?

LINA

Yes. But it was clear you needed more proof.

BOB

Those guys, how did they find me?

LINA

They're monitoring your Blog.
Every time you post a new entry,
they're able to pinpoint your location.

BOB

Lina... give it to me straight.

(deep breath)

Are those guys cyborgs with a liquid metal alloy endoskeleton?

Lina looks at Bob as though he's quite insane.

LINA

No. They're aliens.

BOB

Aliens?

One of the cars they're hiding between PULLS AWAY.

LINA

We're losing our cover. This way!

She grabs his hand, leading him to a PICKUP TRUCK which is stopped in traffic. They CLIMB onto the back of the truck and into the BED, where they hide...

UNDER A TARP

Between a LAWNMOWER and several RAKES. The TRUCK starts MOVING.

BOB

Wait, really? In the future, the Earth is invaded by a super-smart race of Aliens?

LINA

I wouldn't characterize them as "super-smart." Their brain capacity is roughly two percent greater than that of humans.

BOB

We get taken over by aliens who are only two percent smarter than us?

LINA

Not taken over. So far we've been able to battle them to a standstill despite their vastly-superior firepower. Laser-guided missiles, explosives powerful enough to destroy an entire single-family dwelling... truly fearsome stuff.

BOB

Wait a minute - we have those things, too.

LINA

No. In the next thousand years, humanity drastically reduces its development of new weapons.

BOB

(dawning)

Because I just wrote guns are bad. Oh my god, I totally just screwed the human race.

LINA

Quite the contrary - Bobism is the only thing that has allowed us to stave off annihilation. Without Bobism, the aliens would rout us instantly.

BOB

And that's why they're trying to kill me now.

LINA

They were trying to kill you. Now that they know I've made contact, killing you does them no good. Not until they capture my Orbula Majora.

BOB

What is an Orbula Majora? 'Cause I gotta be honest, it sounds a little dirty.

Lina pulls out the round, SHINY METAL OBJECT we saw earlier.

LINA

It's a multifunctional handheld device, much like your iPhone. It contains all 1500 pages of Bobism.

BOB

Fifteen hundred pages? Okay, this is all very trippy. I mean... there's a bunch of cool philosophy I'm gonna write n' change the world n' junk and you've already got it on like a flash drive?

LINA

Correct. The Aliens know that if they killed you now, I'd use my Orb to post your teachings exactly as they're destined to appear. That's why they wanted your laptop - they hoped to log on as you and enter a corrupted version of Bobism that would plunge the future into chaos.

BOB

Can't they just log on to the Blog from another computer?

LINA

No. They don't have your password.

BOB

They're super-smart aliens from the future and they can't figure out a way to hack my password?

LINA

Again, only two percent smarter.

Bob does his best to absorb all this as...

...THE PICKUP TRUCK pulls out of the parking lot and onto the FREEWAY.

INT. DODGER STADIUM - SAME TIME

Noah, Chris and Andy are THE ONLY ONES LEFT in the stands.

NOAH

He ain't comin' back. Anybody sober yet?

They all sadly SHAKE THEIR HEADS. And continue to SIT there.

EXT. STREET - EAST L.A. - NIGHT

The PICKUP turns onto a main drag lined with TACO STANDS and CARNICERIAS, passing a SIGN that reads "*East Los Angeles.*"

UNDER THE TARP, Bob and Lina rattle among the gardening equipment.

BOB

So - tell me junk about the future.
Does Heather ever dump that big
dumb idiot?

LINA

For you to know too much about the
future would be dangerous.

BOB

Why, because of the Space Time
Continuum and what-have-you?

LINA

What is that?

BOB

I'm not sure.

LINA

People have too great a tendency to
imagine the future as something
fixed, which it's not. Your
destiny is malleable.

BOB

Okay, fine, but tell me something.
Who wins the next election?

Beat. Lina can't help but SMILE at Bob's curiosity.

LINA

After your President Reagan, it
went: Bush, Clinton, Bush, Clinton,
Bush Bush Clinton Clinton Bush.
Rabinowitz. Clinton. Then the
Chinese take over.

Just then, the ENGINE STOPS. Lina gestures for Bob to be very
quiet, then pokes her head...

ABOVE THE TARP

The pickup has parked on a DRIVEWAY. A Mexican MAN and WOMAN
emerge from the cab of the truck... then FOUR KIDS hop out too.
Everyone heads into the house, the wife rubbing her aching back.

EXT. EAST L.A. - CRAPPY MINIMALL - THE NEXT MORNING

Lina walks briskly toward one of those crappy minimalls prevalent in working-class sections of L.A. Bob, still wearing clothes from last night, looks rather tired.

BOB

East L.A. I've never been here before. It's... nice.

LINA

I hope you were able to get some sleep. Today is a major turning point in the history of Bobism.

BOB

Oh, yeah, the back of that pickup truck was super-comfy...

Lina sees something OFFSCREEN and suddenly FREAKS OUT.

LINA

Ahh!! What on earth is that?!

Lina cowers in abject fear and points at a SMALL DOG.

BOB

That... dog?

LINA

That's a dog?

She's shaking with fear. Bob can't help but laugh.

BOB

You've never seen a dog?

LINA

No. In fifty years or so, the air quality gets so bad, they all die.

Hearing this news, Bob's eyes WELL UP with TEARS.

BOB

You always think it's gonna be some crappy animal, like a spotted owl. You never think it'll be doggies...

Lina quickly pulls Bob inside a "LAVENDERIA," or LAUNDROMAT.

INT. LAUNDROMAT - MOMENTS LATER

Lina has calmed down as Bob looks around - everyone here is a MEXICAN WOMAN. Lina sets up his laptop on a laundry counter.

LINA

There's an unprotected wireless network next door. Once you're finished with your entry, you can use it to post.

BOB

Wait, I'm supposed to write the next entry right now?

LINA

Yes. But remember, once you post, we'll have to leave immediately.

BOB

So... a major turning point in the... thingy, that unites all of humanity... is written in a laundromat in East L.A.?

LINA

Apparently so. I'll stand guard outside - call me when you're ready to post.

She leaves. He STARES at his open laptop. We PUSH IN on the BLANK WHITE FIELD that awaits him, until we find ourselves...

INT. WHITE BACKGROUND WORLD - OUT OF TIME

Where Bob sits, trying in vain to come up with something to say. He looks at US for a long time, in SILENCE. Finally:

BOB

This is weird. It's not every day you learn you're, like, Jesus.

(then)

Jesus is probably not right. I probably shouldn't say Jesus. That's just, that's gonna be offensive to some people--

The IMAGE OF BOB against the WHITE BG starts FURIOUSLY REWINDING.

IN THE LAUNDROMAT

Bob is furiously hitting the "BACKSPACE" button.

WHITE BACKGROUND WORLD

Bob tries to come up with the right thing to "say." Beat, then:

BOB
Love thy neighbor?

The IMAGE again REWINDS. Another beat, then:

BOB
Turn the other cheek...

Again, the IMAGE REWINDS. Bob sits there, frustrated. Finally:

BOB
Why can't we all just... get along?
Y'know? I mean, our whole history
of human... conflict... is just...

IN THE LAUNDROMAT - A WHILE LATER

Bob deletes again, then STARES at the screen in ANGER.

BOB
Goddammit.

This clearly isn't fun for him. Frustrated, he walks around the Laundromat, trying to jog something loose. Then, in a series of QUICK DISSOLVES:

Bob POUNDS HIS FIST against a dryer... then against his HEAD... then he POUNDS HIS HEAD against the counter... a MEXICAN WOMAN doing laundry stares at him... then, finally, he frowns and TYPES:

WHITE BACKGROUND WORLD

Bob angrily YELLS at the CAMERA:

BOB
I'm not the messiah!

IN THE LAUNDROMAT

That's all Bob has typed: "*I'm not the messiah!!*" He stares at the screen, seething. His finger hovers over the "POST" button.

EXT. LAUNDROMAT - MOMENTS LATER

Lina scans the street watchfully as Bob EMERGES.

BOB
Give me the orbula mandibula.

LINA
What?

BOB
You said you have a copy of Bobism
on that thing. Plug it into my
laptop. Just, type it in, or copy-
and-paste, whatever it is you
future people do.

LINA
That would not be right. Bobism
places the highest value on the
virtue of a job well-labored-upon--

BOB
I don't care. Log on as me. All
my usernames and passwords are in a
folder on my desktop. Marked
"UserNames And Passwords." Write
the whole thing. I just don't have
it in me.

LINA
That isn't true.

BOB
Yes it is. And don't tell me it's
"cheating" because I've written
plenty of people's papers for them
and none of 'em were like, "Oh, I'm
sad, I missed out on the
satisfaction of having done the
work myself" after.

LINA
Bob, millions of people revere you--

BOB
Well, maybe they got the wrong guy.
Or maybe this was always the way it
was destined to happen. Maybe it's
you they should revere, for going
back in time with your orbalina and
doing a little, y'know, cut-and-
paste-afoon.

LINA

But that logic is so circular. It exists in the future solely because I travelled back, to the past, and planted it there? In that scenario, who originally composed it?

BOB

(exasperated)

Nobody questioned it in *Terminator!*
(then)

Okay, you know what, I don't care who composed it! All I know is, it wasn't me. I've been in there two hours and all I have is four words.

LINA

(beat)

You have four words?

INT. LAUNDROMAT - MOMENTS LATER

Lina reads what Bob has written. It's still just the same four words: "*I'm not the messiah!*" She gasps.

LINA

Oh my.

BOB

Yeah, I know. Lina, I just--

LINA

That's it verbatim! You've done it! I can't believe I'm witnessing this...

BOB

No, you don't understand. I am not the messiah, I'm really not.

LINA

Yes, it's widely believed you issue this denial to indicate that only a false prophet would claim otherwise.

BOB

But I am! I am a false prophet!

Bob angrily grabs the laptop and begins to type: "*I am a false prophet!*" He then clicks the button marked "*POST ENTRY NOW*." Lina's EYES WIDEN and she grabs the laptop from him.

LINA

Bob, what are you doing?

BOB

I'm posting it. I don't care--

He grabs the laptop back and SPEAKS OUT LOUD as he TYPES:

BOB

"Seriously... nobody... has any
business... listening... to a word
I say!"

He hits "POST ENTRY NOW" and looks at her defiantly. She is visibly SHAKING with emotion and excitement.

LINA

The Three Denials.

BOB

Huh?

LINA

"I'm not the messiah," "I am a
false prophet," and "Seriously,
nobody has any business listening
to a word I say." I just watched
the moment of their creation!
Glory be to Bob!

Bob stares at her for a very long beat. Finally:

BOB

You're full of shit.

LINA

My current digestive status is
immaterial to the conversation.
Bob, think about it. What you know
as "The Internet" is full of people
claiming to have all the answers.
Without The Three Denials, Bobism
never would've stood out from that
vast body of useless data.

Bob's head is spinning. Lina hurriedly folds up his laptop, puts it in the case, and slings the strap over her shoulder.

LINA

We must hurry. You posted too
hastily for me to plan an escape
route, and now that they have our
coordinates they'll be here any--

Just then, a CAR SCREECHES UP! Orange and Gai burst out, heading into the place NEXT DOOR (the one that has the wireless network).

BOB
Wow. How'd they get here so--

The ANGLE WIDENS to reveal that LINA, who was standing there a second ago, is GONE. So is the LAPTOP.

BOB
--fast? Lina?

Bob is stunned. A second later, THE FEDS BURST IN with their guns drawn! Bob just stands there like a deer in the headlights. Various MEXICAN WOMEN scream:

VARIOUS MEXICAN WOMEN
Soy Americano! / Tengo una Green
Card! / No tengo cocana! No cocana!

The Feds spot Bob, AIM THEIR GUNS at him, and Agent Orange barks:

ORANGE
Where's the girl?!

BOB
She... was here a second ago.
(then, eyes closed)
If you're gonna kill me, do it now.
Don't make me sit in an ass-stink
car for four hours this time.

GAI
Kill you? We're not gonna kill
you. Bob, we're from the IRS.

There's a long, long beat -- then:

BOB
What?

INT. I.R.S. OFFICE - DAY

A dingy, cluttered office in the flat, sketchy part of Hollywood. Bob sits with Agents Gai and Orange.

BOB
Identity theft?

ORANGE

Yes. Lately she's been preying on mostly young men, college age, who have recently started a blog.

GAI

The blogging community as a general rule is sad, lonely, particularly susceptible to this type of personal infiltration scam.

BOB

Oh my God.

ORANGE

Anyway, this broad's M.O. is to get personal with a guy--

GAI

--really personal--

ORANGE

--naked personal. Intercourse personal. Oral intercourse p--

GAI

He gets it. Then, you know how a guy gets after he drops a batch of daddy sauce. That's when she milks you of the stuff she really wants. Financial info. Account numbers, usernames, passwords, the like.

ORANGE

I hope the sex was worth it, pal.

BOB

We, uh, we didn't have sex.

GAI

What? You didn't?

Bob shakes his head. The Agents look at each other.

GAI

That's great! That means you didn't give her any of your--

BOB

Um. Bad news on that front. There was this folder on my desktop. Marked "UserNames And Passwords." Which I kinda... told her about.

ORANGE

You gotta be kidding me! How?
What story could she possibly have
fed you to get you to part with
that much sensitive information?

Bob takes a deep breath and we SMASH TO:

INT. IRS OFFICE WAITING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Bob bursts from the office, followed by Orange and Gai. They're hysterical, gasping for air. Convulsive FITS of laughter!

BOB

That's great, guys. Thanks.

GAI

So wait, wait! In that story, what
are we? Are we like, evil cyborgs?

BOB

(barely audible)

You're aliens.

The Agents LAUGH even louder, dab at TEARS, clutch their STOMACHS.

GAI

And he didn't even fuck her! Oh,
it hurts! Oh, make it stop!

BOB

You don't understand - she knew
stuff. About the future! Like,
she knew Furcal was gonna homer.
How the hell could she have known
that? It was Dude's first home run
in like 612 at-bats!

GAI

She told you this? Ahead of time?

BOB

No, but when we were in the hotel
she put this note in my pocket. It
had like the exact line score of
the game.

ORANGE

She's a skilled pickpocket, Bob.
She probably followed you to Dodger
Stadium, planted the note on you
right at the end of the game.

BOB

But she had this Orb, that could do things, like time-travel, and... it had like a trillion books on it...

GAI

This "Orb," she showed it to you?

BOB

Yeah.

GAI

And the things she claimed it could do - did you see it do any of these things?

BOB

Yeah, it knocked me unconscious for, like, hours.

The Agents look at each other and NOD. Agent Orange reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out... a SHINY METAL ORB!

ORANGE

Did it look like this?

BOB

Yes! Exactly like that.

ORANGE

This is a standard-issue government taser. Designed to incapacitate a perp for up to six hours without causing any internal injuries. She lifted it off of one of our operatives about three weeks ago.

GAI

It's quite cool, actually. Works with infrared technology. With a simple one-button operation--

Gai reaches over to "show" Bob how it works, but as he does, Agent Orange reacts, alarmed.

ORANGE

Wait, don't press that bu--

SMASH TO BLACK.

INT. BOB'S COLLEGE BEDROOM - DAY

Bob BLINKS AWAKE in familiar surroundings - HIS OWN BED! Huh?
Was this all a dream? Nope - as things come into focus, he SEES
Agents Gai and Orange standing over him. Beat.

GAI
Sorry about that.

Bob looks - behind the Feds, just inside the doorway, are ANDY,
CHRIS and NOAH.

CHRIS
Hey, buddy. How ya doin'?

NOAH
They told us everything, Bob.
Sorry, man. Tough break.

Noah has to stifle LAUGHTER. Soon, Andy and Chris, too, turn away
to hide their GIGGLES.

ORANGE
Bob, we contacted your bank. I'm
afraid the news is not good. She
zeroed out all your accounts. And
changed your passwords.

BOB
Goddammit! That bitch! That's it,
I wanna nail this chick.

(then)
That sounded dirty but that's not
how I meant it. I meant it like,
"she screwed me, and now I wanna
screw her." In the ass.

(then)
Again, much dirtier than I meant
for that to sound.

ORANGE
You'd like to help us catch her.

BOB
Yes. That. The sexual sounding
stuff, that was just frustration.

NOAH
That said, you really shoulda
banged her.

BOB
I know. Dammit, Bob!

Bob self-hatingly PUNCHES his own SKULL. Just then, his iPHONE RINGS! The display reads: "NO CALLER ID." There's a beat.

GAI

That could be her.

BOB

Why would she be calling me now?

ORANGE

She's smart. She knows we've been tracking her. Do not let her know we're with you.

The phone RINGS AGAIN. The next few lines are spoken URGENTLY.

BOB

What do I do??

GAI

Answer it. Make her think you're still on board the con. Hint at a secret account she didn't know about. And the most important thing is, try and get her to meet you someplace!

Bob steels himself, then answers his phone.

BOB

Hello? Lina!

(then, pointedly)

No, they did not catch me. I'm fine. In order to stay on the lam from the aliens, I'm thinking of cashing in some... Israel bonds my Grandma gave me for my Bar Mitzvah.

Bob looks at the FEDS, who nod in encouragement.

LINA (ON PHONE)

Bob, there's not much time. Meet me at the Griffith Park Observatory at four p.m. -- and make sure you're not followed!

The LINE GOES DEAD and Bob HANGS UP the phone.

GAI

That's in an hour. Let's move.

Bob WOBLES to his feet and the roommates help steady him.

CHRIS

Dude, quick thinking with your Grandma and the Israel Bonds.

BOB

That was true. Of course, they don't mature until I turn 21.

(softly)

Sometimes I just hate her so much...

NOAH

Isn't that in like two weeks? Oh man, we are gonna use those sweet shekels to get you hammered!

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - DAY

In a secluded area outside Griffith Park Observatory, the Feds tape a WIRE to Bob's chest as he laughs, nervously.

BOB

A wire, this is cool.

(whispering into chest)

"Serrano's got the disks!

Serrano's got the disks!"

(beat)

Nothing? "Serrano's got the--"

Nothing. Bob just trails off.

BOB

Okay.

GAI

The moment you establish visual contact or "vis-con," indicate as much. We'll take it from there.

INT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - ROTUNDA - MOMENTS LATER

Bob's steps ECHO against the marble floors of the empty ROTUNDA. It's eerily QUIET.

BOB

Lina? Lina?

Bob hears the muffled sounds of a MOVIE coming from inside the AUDITORIUM. He walks over and PEEKS IN - it's a HIGH SCHOOL CLASS on a field trip, watching "Mysteries of Outer Space."

Bob heads up a set of STAIRS, whispering into his chest.

BOB

No visual contact as of yet. I
repeat, no vis-con as of yet.

He gets to the top of the stairs and heads into a narrow CORRIDOR. Proceeds with caution. Suddenly an ARM shoots out of nowhere and pulls him into...

THE TELESCOPE ROOM

...where a huge, high-powered TELESCOPE gives off a faint HUM, and Bob is suddenly face-to-face with LINA!

IN THE FEDS' CAR

Suddenly their surveillance equipment goes from live sound of BOB BREATHING to PURE WHITE STATIC. They exchange a concerned look.

IN THE TELESCOPE ROOM

Bob's face is inches from Lina's. He tries to act "casual."

BOB

Lina, hi! How nice to be seeing
you. Actually looking at you.

LINA

They can't hear you.

BOB

What? Hear me? Who, what are you--
who can't hear me? Talking face-to-
face with you. Lina.

LINA

I know they're waiting outside,
Bob. They plan to kill us both.

IN THE FEDS' CAR

It's still just STATIC. Gai and Orange are getting antsy.

ORANGE

I don't like this. Let's go in.

GAI

Give him another minute.

IN THE TELESCOPE ROOM

Bob is still face-to-face with Lina.

LINA

Think about it, Bob. If I'm an identity thief, why didn't they tell you on that first day? Four hours in a car, driving out to the desert, don't you think that would've come up?

(beat)

You must believe me, Bob.

BOB

(exhales, frustrated)

You know what - why? Why should I believe you, when I have no proof?

LINA

You'll have proof soon enough. But right here, right now, you need to look deep within yourself. Belief in the absence of proof, Bob - it's called faith. Which do you choose to believe about yourself - that Bob Trautwig has it in him to change the world? Or do you want to go on believing what you've always believed - that he's just a face in the crowd, waiting to get taken in by yet another girl who's out to use him?

Bob takes this all in, weighing his options.

LINA

Your old identity's been stolen, Bob, but not by me. And from what I saw of it, it needed stealing.

INT. FEDS' CAR - SAME TIME

Gai is fiddling with the audio, trying in vain to get a signal.

ORANGE

This is ridiculous. I'm going in.

Just then, the AUDIO SIGNAL becomes CRYSTAL CLEAR, and we HEAR:

BOB (O.S.)

Guys! She's in the Rotunda! I repeat, she's in the Rotunda!

And with that, the Feds spring into action. They cock GIANT SHOTGUNS and make a RUN for the FRONT DOOR.

INT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - ROTUNDA - CONTINUOUS

They kick open the door and BURST into the ROTUNDA, where they frantically point their guns at everything. But it's SILENCE - all they hear are the muffled sounds of the MOVIE from inside...

THE AUDITORIUM

...where HIGH SCHOOL KIDS watch the boring film about astronomy.

TEENAGER #1

Let's go outside and smoke a bowl.
This is boring as ass.

TEENAGER #2

No kidding. This movie needs like
aliens or some shit.

IN THE ROTUNDA

The FEDS tiptoe around, shotguns at the ready. Suddenly a DROP of something lands on Gai's shoulder. He looks at it, SNIFFS, then:

GAI

What the--?

They both LOOK UP at the same time.

ON THE BALCONY ABOVE THE ROTUNDA

AGENTS' P.O.V.: LINA leans over the guard rail, about to pour GALLONS AND GALLONS OF MR. CLEAN...

LINA

Here's your proof, Bob.

...Which now RAIN DOWN upon the Feds! Then something strange happens. As the Mr. Clean makes contact with their skin...

THE FEDS BEGIN TO SMOKE.

A little at first, then a LOT. Mr. Clean clearly hurts these men. But now, it's becoming evident... THEY AREN'T MEN AT ALL!

They begin to MELT, MOLT, MORPH before our very eyes... into scaly, lizardy, tentacle-y, ALIENS!

BOB, who along with Lina is emptying huge bottles of Mr. Clean over the guard rail, stops to WATCH what's going on below.

BOB

Holy fuckamole.

The Feds are now WRITHING in agony on the floor, as the anguished bodies of the ALIENS crawl out of the men through THEIR EARS!

A sickening green slimy OOZE trails from the Feds' ears across the floor as the Aliens CRAWL AWAY, clutching the government-issue SHOTGUNS in their lizardy hands.

ANGLE ON

The two bored teenagers, who have just snuck out of the auditorium. Jaws hanging open. They've seen everything.

TEENAGER #1
Okay, my apologies - this rules!

Just then, yet more Mr. Clean RAINS DOWN on one of the Aliens, sending his SHOTGUN SKITTERING across the floor. The other Alien aims his gun and FIRES, winging LINA in the shoulder!

LINA
(ala "Jesus Christ!")
Ahh! Bob Trautwig!

Bob sees this, then sees the (less-injured) Alien LEAP onto the wall and climb STRAIGHT UPWARDS 90 degrees like a salamander scaling a tree. Climbing up for them!

He RUNS toward Lina, grabs the last full bottle of Mr. Clean, and CUTS the top off with a KNIFE.

LINA
No! Leave me. Get out of here.

BOB
We're getting out of this together.

Bob sends the Mr. Clean cascading down the wall. The Alien on the wall looks up and FIRES! Bob DUCKS behind the thick plaster as bullets fly into the space he just occupied.

DOWNSTAIRS

The high school kids GO NUTS! They're now joined by a dozen OTHER KIDS, plus a couple TEACHERS.

UPSTAIRS

Bob peeks over the balcony at the Rotunda below. The high school kids watch the "show," which at this moment includes the injured Alien slowly BELLY-CRAWLING across the floor towards his shotgun.

Bob weighs his options. Only one way down...

BOB JUMPS OFF THE BALCONY!

A fall of about 15 feet. LANDS. Grimaces in pain.

BOB
That hurt very badly.

Bob picks up the shotgun that skittered across the floor and points it at the belly-crawling Alien.

BOB
Okay, the safety's probably on and I have no idea how to use one of these but I guess it's worth a--

Bob SQUEEZES the trigger - and BLOWS THE SHIT out of the alien!

BOB
--SHOT.

The High School kids CHEER with wild abandon. Bob just stares slackjawed at the smoking shotgun in his hand. Then:

BOB
I guess I better re... cock...

He grabs it by the barrel and, with growing enthusiasm, does that bad-ass "shotgun re-cock" gesture. He sets his sights on the Alien still climbing the wall towards Lina.

BOB
This is from Bob Trautwig.

Bob BLOWS THE SHIT out of his second alien.

The High School kids break out into WILD APPLAUSE as Bob heads for the stairs, holding the shotgun as far out from his body as he can. One TEACHER turns to the other.

TEACHER
Did you know this was part of the program?

The other teacher shakes her head as Bob BOUNDS UP THE STAIRS two at a time to LINA, who's holding her injured shoulder.

BOB
That was awesome! They were really aliens! I killed the aliens!

LINA
No. Guns don't kill aliens.

BOB
(hoping against hope)
People kill aliens...?

The ALIENS stir -- and GROW NEW LIMBS -- their wounds healing. Kids are still applauding, as though they're two performers at Universal City. Bob looks at Lina... and then they RUN!!

EXT. GRIFFITH PARK OBSERVATORY - DAY

Bob and Lina BURST OUTSIDE and RUN through the parking lot. Lina surveys the available CARS... until her eyes settle on a VESPA.

The aliens SLITHER out after them, just in time to see:

BOB AND LINA

...escaping on the Vespa. Bob is sitting on the back, his arms wrapped tight around Lina's waist.

THE ALIENS HISS MADLY. They scan the area, zeroing in on:

AN ELDERLY COUPLE

At the rail, using a coin-op metal TELESCOPE to look at downtown L.A. The Aliens SLOWLY ADVANCE on the old folks, and whip out their ORBS...

ON THE VESPA

Bob and Lina whip through the winding streets of the HOLLYWOOD HILLS on their commandeered SCOOTER. Bob's thrill has turned to sheer TERROR. He yells to Lina through the whipping wind.

BOB
What the hell was that? They
re-grew their flippin' limbs!?

LINA
The aliens' molecular structure allows them to heal from single-entry contusions at a rate 10,000 times faster than humans.

BOB
Well, that sucks.

LINA
The only way to kill them is with the point of a knife to a very specific spot on the brain. Kind of like a lobster.

BOB

Question. Are they able to quickly
inhabit the bodies of other humans?

LINA

Yes. How did you know that?

BOB

'Cause old people don't usually
drive like that.

Bob POINTS behind then. Lina looks back, sees TWO INSANELY OLD
PEOPLE in a Cutlass Supreme driving like maniacs in pursuit.
Yep - that's them. She steels herself for a renewed chase.

LINA

Hold on tight!

She pulls a HARD BANK and SWERVES off the road, sending the
scooter down a steep and bumpy portion of the HOLLYWOOD HILLS.

THE ALIENS/OLD PEOPLE

Trying to pursue the Vespa, also bank hard... and EAT SHIT. They
SKID OUT and SLAM into somebody's BIG-ASS SECURITY FENCE.

BOB AND LINA

Meanwhile, are in a barely-controlled CAREEN through Beechwood
Canyon, bumpity-bumpity-bumping through BRUSH, ROCKS, etc...

THE HOMEOWNER

Whose fence the oldies just demolished happens to be right there,
watering his driveway. He approaches the smoking Cutlass.

HOMEOWNER

Good Christ! Are you folks okay?

OLD LADY

We're going to be needing your car.

HOMEOWNER

What?

The Old Man PULLS A SHOTGUN.

OLD MAN

Your car, human! NOW! Before I
shoot you in your human face!

BOB AND LINA

Miraculously emerge at the bottom of the hill, scratched-up but intact. They take a left on Franklin and go right past the SCIENTOLOGY CELEBRITY CENTER.

BOB
I think we lost them!

LINA
Let's keep going, just to be safe.

EXT. DOWNTOWN HOLLYWOOD - DAY

The Vespa WHIPS past Chewbacca taking photos with tourists... several TRANSVESTITE HOOKERS... WILLIAM SHATNER's star on the Walk of Fame...a FREAK ranting about the end of the world...

...then finally, in the seedy part of Hollywood, they pull into an ALLEY behind the "DIANETICS by L. Ron Hubbard" building.

BOB
Wow. These guys really own a lot of real estate.

Lina pulls out her ORB and applies it to her injured shoulder.

BOB
What's it doing?

LINA
Right now it's altering the chemical makeup of the tissue to prevent further blood loss.

BOB
I don't think my iPhone does that.

LINA
Version 6 will. It doesn't heal internal organs, though. Luckily the bullet only hit my shoulder.

The Orb has amazingly FROZEN Lina's wound. Bob reacts.

BOB
My God. That's not a government-issue taser. This is all real.

LINA
I thought perhaps seeing the Aliens might drive that point home for you.

Suddenly, a Jaguar rounds the corner at the far end of the alley, our two ELDERLY friends in the front seat.

BOB

What? How'd they find us so quick?

But instead of answering, Lina GUNS the Vespa a millisecond before a SHOTGUN BLAST destroys the DUMPSTER they were just in front of. The CHASE IS BACK ON.

LINA

I was afraid this might be the case. They planted a tracking device in you, Bob!

Bob frantically brushes at his skin, like he's covered with bees.

LINA

Not on you. In you.

BOB

How'd they get a tracking device in me without my knowing? That's impossible.

LINA

While you were in their custody, did you lose consciousness at any point?

BOB

Oh no, yeah, that happened.

Lina nods grimly, then banks hard, CRASHING through the GLASS DOORS of the Dianetics building! The Vespa SPEEDS through the main corridor inside! Scientologists SCATTER!

SCIENTOLOGIST

Heavens to Zortron!!

EXT. SUNSET BOULEVARD - SECONDS LATER

They EMERGE at the other end of the Dianetics building, but the Jaguar is there to meet them. Lina SWERVES to avoid the next volley of gunfire.

BOB

How are we gonna lose them?

LINA

We can't lose them! That's the advantage of a tracking device!

BOB
Sarcasm is not your best color.

Lina WEAVES through oncoming traffic, barely avoiding crash after crash. Still, the Jaguar pursues. The Old Lady leans out the passenger window, holding the shotgun, waiting for a clean shot.

At Sunset & Vermont, Lina JUMPS the curb and hurls the Vespa straight for the SUBWAY STATION!

INT. SUBWAY STATION - CONTINUOUS

Pedestrians SCATTER as she speeds DOWN the UP-ESCALATOR, right underground! The Jaguar screeches to a stop and the Oldies get out, packing heat, hobbling forward as fast as they can.

THE VESPA

Jumps a turnstile underground and speeds along the platform.

BOB
There's a subway in L.A.??

Lina jumps the platform and LANDS on the tracks eight feet below. They SPEED along the bumpy tracks, Bob holding on for dear life, until the LIGHTS of an oncoming train appear.

BOB
Uh... Lina?

Lina sets her jaw and GUNS it, heading straight for the train. At the last possible instant, she pulls HARD on the brakes, SKIDDING to a stop in front of a niche carved into the side of the tunnel.

Lina YANKS Bob off the Vespa, ditching the scooter right there on the tracks and still holding his shirt, DIVES into the alcove just as the train SPEEDS by, CRUSHING the Vespa.

They're in front of a DOOR marked "TO BOILER ROOM." It's locked.

THE OLD FOLKS

Hobble down to the platform. The Man pulls out his ORB, pushes a button. It HINGES OPEN, emits a FINE MIST, and PROJECTS onto it a holographic image that looks like a GPS readout.

He gets a fix on BOB'S LOCATION. They NOD at each other, then CLIMB DOWN onto the tracks, much to the shock of other commuters. They take a few steps in Bob's direction, and then

THE TRAIN RAMS INTO THEM!

They HISS as the train just fuckin' PLOWS them down the tracks!

BOB AND LINA

At the door, hear the deafening HISS echo through the tunnel. Lina reacts, satisfied, then puts the Orb against the keyhole. Like R2D2 workin' it, the Orb quickly unlocks the door.

Bob and Lina enter, shut the door behind them, then Lina uses the Orb to WELD the door shut. Bob stares at the Orb for a long beat.

BOB

Does that thing play music, too?

LINA

Yes.

Lina finishes welding the door shut, then leads Bob down a narrow corridor toward...

INT. BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Where Lina closes another set of doors and BOLTS it shut.

LINA

Alright. We just bought some time.

BOB

Good, now how are we gonna get this tracking device outta me?

LINA

I'm afraid it's not a simple process.

BOB

That's okay. I can handle it.

LINA

Good. Take off your pants, bend over, and spread your buttocks apart an almost painful amount.

BOB

Oh my God, no. It's... up my ass?

LINA

Deep within your colon, most likely. The device is liquid, so it's quite difficult to remove. I'd be lying if I didn't tell you this will be horribly painful.

BOB

Okay, hang on. If it's liquid,
can't I just drink lots of water
and flush it out?

LINA

That would take too long.

BOB

How long?

LINA

Three years.

BOB

I don't believe this. Aliens
planted something in me anally.
I'm that guy.

THE SUBWAY TRAIN

Which plowed the Old Folks COMES TO A STOP. They look awful,
but they're still ALIVE. Just then, the TRAIN STARTS BACK UP.
They MOAN sadly as they're dragged off again.

IN THE BOILER ROOM

Lina is behind a bent-over Bob, using her Orb to work on his ass,
as BOB SCREAMS:

BOB

This is as humiliating as it is
uncomfortable! Ahhhh!

TITLE CARD: **"One Hour Later."**

Bob is still SCREAMING.

BOB

Ahhh! Ooh... OW! No die-down of
the pain, none! Remarkable really!

Finally, she pulls out the tracking device. It's HUGE - the size
of a grapefruit. It looks like a sphere of suspended liquid.
Lina throws it on the ground and STOMPS on it.

Bob's screams finally die down. He turns to her, full of shame.

BOB

Don't tell anybody about this.

THE SUBWAY TRAIN

Finally reaches the END OF THE LINE. The Old Folks CRAWL OUT from underneath it, MANGLED almost beyond recognition. The Old Man checks his GPS and they hobble in the direction of Bob.

INT. BOILER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob and Lina are both exhausted, like a brand-new mother and her doctor moments after the baby's been delivered.

LINA

You'll want to lie still and recuperate for a few minutes.

BOB

Not a problem.

A long beat of silence as Bob lies down, grimacing with pain.

LINA

I once had to perform an extraction on Lieutenant Nix, the bravest soldier in our entire unit. He could face down alien fire without flinching, but that same procedure you just went through nearly wrecked him.

(beat)

That was meant ironically. Did you not-- "wrecked him?" Wrecked-'im?

(then)

Did I tell it wrong?

Beat, then Bob starts to laugh.

BOB

You just made a joke!

LINA

It's not my strength.

BOB

No! No, that was a really good one. I just wish it didn't hurt my ass so much to laugh.

He laughs again, then grimaces. She starts laughing too. The laughter dies down and they're left smiling at each other.

BOB

So really, that thing plays music?

LINA

The Orb contains every song ever recorded, every book ever written. The number of trees it saves alone is staggering.

BOB

Good lord. That thing must cost a ton of money.

LINA

Not at all. Each citizen is given one at birth.

BOB

For free? How is that possible?

LINA

The economy of the future is knowledge-driven rather than consumer-driven. Bobism taught us that humanity thrives based on how much people experience in life rather than how much they buy.

BOB

That is so... freakin'... groovy.

LINA

The 31st century is spectacular.
(then)
Would you like to see it?

BOB

See it?

LINA

The Orb is also Virtual World Simulator, or VWS. I can transport us there holographically right now.

BOB

(beat)

Is it gonna hurt my ass?

THE OLD FOLKS

Have finally reached the "To Boiler Room" door. They test it: WELDED SHUT. The Old Man takes his Orb and, using its "BLOWTORCH" function, begins to SLOWLY CUT THROUGH the edges of the doorway.

At this rate, it'll take a while.

INT. BOILER ROOM - SAME TIME

Lina has sat down next to Bob and slips her HAND into his.

LINA

For this to work, we must be
touching at all times.

BOB

I'm okay with that.

With her other hand, she pushes a few buttons on the Orb. It begins to VIBRATE, then GLOW, and finally it gives off

A BLINDING WHITE LIGHT

...and suddenly, we're in:

THE YEAR 3008

Bob and Lina, still holding hands, appear as a HOLOGRAM, kinda like Yoda and Ben Kenobi looked when they'd show up after death.

The WORLD OF THE FUTURE is impossibly utopian. GLEAMING, TALL STRUCTURES rise toward a perfectly-blue sky dotted with puffy white clouds. And...

BOB

Everyone is beige.

LINA

That's right. What you know as "races" have long since merged.

BOB

So the entire world... did it with each other.

LINA

I suppose so. An indirect result is that there are no "nations" anymore. War, at least between humans, is a distant memory.

Bob shakes his head - it's too good to be true. He looks around: wildly attractive people, all of them healthy and fit, move about through perfectly-manicured PUBLIC PARKS.

On a beautiful, wide BOULEVARD, a sleek AUTOMOBILE glides by - TWO FEET OFF THE GROUND. Bob reacts. A beat, then he SNIFFS THE AIR.

BOB

What's that smell?

LINA

Oh, yes, that. Several hundred years ago, scientists developed a way to convert the carcasses of SUVs into super-compressed energy pellets the size of a small marble which can power modern-day vehicles over 100,000 miles. The emissions have the exact chemical composition, and aroma, of--

BOB

Fresh-popped popcorn.

LINA

(nods, then)

You get used to the smell after a while.

BOB

That's... too bad.

They round a CORNER and find themselves in a MASSIVE CITY PLAZA. Like a huge, futuristic ROCKEFELLER CENTER, tall buildings ring an enormous public space. Bob looks up.

BOB

Oh my God.

On the façade of one of the buildings, twenty stories high, is the image of a serenely-smiling FACE, and beneath it, in HUGE LETTERS, "BOB TRAUTWIG."

Just one problem - the face is much more handsome, and racially much darker, than the real Bob.

LINA

No photographs of you survived.

BOB

That's clear.

Bob looks to his right - a man is selling "TROUT WIGS" (an actual FISH that fits over your head).

VENDOR

Trout wigs! Get your trout wigs here!

Bob marvels at this oddity, then looks beyond the City Plaza at a natural feature we've seen before: the SANDSTONE ROCK FORMATION known as "*LANDBRIDGE*." It's surrounded by CANDLES and FLOWERS.

BOB

Hey. That rock formation, the arch. I've been there before. It... it was in the desert...

A dark LOOK passes over Lina's face.

LINA

It's called LandBridge.

BOB

Why are there so many candles?

LINA

(changing subject)

Here, I want to show you something.

Lina grabs Bob by the arm and PULLS him into...

INT. PIZZA PARLOR OF THE FUTURE

Kinda like a Pizza Parlor of the 1950's, only even more awesome. "Little Italy" meets "Minority Report." Bob inhales the scent.

BOB

Wow. That smells even better than the car exhaust.

LINA

New York City tap water is available throughout the world. Pizza is delicious everywhere on earth. Music, even in elevators, rocks. And of course, I mentioned the thing about there being no more war.

BOB

(tearing up)

It's impossibly wonderful...

LINA

We'd better go. This drains the battery tremendously.

Bob nods reluctantly. Lina pushes some buttons on her Orb, and...

THE BLINDING WHITE LIGHT

Returns them to THE PRESENT DAY, where they find themselves...

INT. BOILER ROOM - SAME TIME

...holding hands, as before. Bob is blown away by what he's just seen.

BOB

That... that's all because of stuff
I write?

LINA

Because of what you set into motion,
yes. It's amazing the effect one
human being can have upon the world.

Bob reacts, amazed, as we CUT TO:

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

The OLD FOLKS have finished CUTTING THROUGH the first set of DOORS. They KICK them down and head down the corridor toward the door marked "BOILER ROOM."

INT. BOILER ROOM - SAME TIME

Bob and Lina hear the Aliens just on the other side of the door.

LINA

They're drawing closer! We must
flee!

Lina helps Bob to his feet. He hobbles along, wincing with tushy pain at each step. She uses the GPS function on her Orb to lead him through the bowels of the system, and UP...

...a METAL LADDER, into a room full of massive POWER GENERATORS. Lina looks at her Orb, then leads them through a narrow passageway that leads to a large GRATE, which she easily unhooks.

They climb through the opening, into a corridor which leads to...

A DEAD END.

LINA

What? I don't understand. The Orb indicates this corridor should lead directly to an air shaft.

(slaps the wall)

But this - it's solid brick.

BOB

Could I see that?

He looks at the GPS readout on the Orb. Then looks closer.

BOB

Look. This says "as of 11:59 pm tonight. My guess is, something happens between now and the end of the day to open this passage up.

(then)

Is is possible we do it?

LINA

(knowing)

Yes. It's possible.

INT. BOILER ROOM - SAME TIME

The Old Folks finally SMASH DOWN the Boiler Room door. They pull their shotguns and give chase in hot pursuit, HISSING ferociously.

INT. CORRIDOR - SAME TIME

The HISSING echoes to Bob and Lina. Time is quickly running out.

LINA

We can blast through this wall.
But at a great cost, I'm afraid.

BOB

Okay, fine. What's the cost?

LINA

The Orb.

Bob nods, getting it. That is a great cost indeed.

LINA

It's capable of delivering a powerful explosive charge, but it would be destroyed in the process. Which means two things. One is that the only remaining copy of Bobism would be--

BOB

The one in my head. The one I haven't written yet.

LINA

That's correct.

BOB
And what's the other thing?

LINA
(beat)
Never mind the other thing. We can handle that. The question is - can you handle this responsibility?
Are you sure you have it in you to do what must be done?

BOB
Yes. Yes, I'm sure.

Bob looks Lina in the eye - he's *positive*. They both look down at THE ORB in her hand.

THE OLD FOLKS

Advance along the path just travelled by Bob and Lina. They get to the METAL LADDER and gingerly start CLIMBING it.

LINA

Opens a panel on the Orb, revealing a COMPARTMENT inside with a RED BUTTON. She presses the button, places the Orb at the base of the wall, then RUNS.

She DUCKS AROUND A CORNER where Bob is already huddled in a protected spot. She hurries to join him just as...

THE ORB EXPLODES!

...Sending Lina HURTLING FORWARD, smack ON TOP OF BOB...

...Sending The Old Folks FLYING BACKWARDS, blasted off the METAL LADDER and CRASHING down on the concrete floor below.

When the DUST SETTLES, a HOLE has been BLOWN through the wall, through which we can see an AIR SHAFT where FILTERED SUNLIGHT beams down from the SIDEWALK GRATE above.

Bob and Lina, their faces inches apart, LOCK EYES. The air is thick with TENSION, sexual and otherwise, when suddenly the Old Folks ROUND THE CORNER! Lina grabs Bob by the hand.

LINA
Come! We must hurry!

Lina pulls Bob up and they climb through the air shaft, up toward the SIDEWALK GRATE. When they reach the top, Lina moves the grate aside and THEY EMERGE at...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD AND HIGHLAND - CONTINUOUS

...Right across the street from the tourist zoo that is GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATER.

LINA

Where are we? I'm lost without my Orb!

BOB

Follow me.

Bob takes ONE STEP before he's startled by a WHITE KID his own age standing right in his face.

PANHANDLER KID

Spare some change?

BOB

What? No! Dude, you're like twenty. Work!

The kid SLINKS OFF. Just then, an OLD LADY ARM reaches around Bob's neck! Bob tries to SCREAM but no sound comes out!

Bob grabs her arm and FLIPS HER OVER HIS HEAD! People take notice just in time to see the Old Lady CRASH into a sunglasses display. Bob POUNCES on her, SMASHING A FIST into her face.

Onlookers are HORRIFIED as Bob climbs on top of the Old Lady and begins PUMMELLING her! A lifetime of rage pouring out.

BOB

You bitch! I will kill you! You hear me, freak-show? Kill you!

The OLD MAN jumps on Bob's back. Bob ELBOWS him in the face, too.

BOB

Oh, you want some? I'm Bob, motherfucker!

Bob POUNDS *both* old folks. It's an awful sight and people SHIELD THEIR EYES. Then, out of nowhere, someone BLINDSIDES Bob, knocking him off the now-defenseless Old Lady.

It's SUPERMAN. Not the real Superman, of course - the guy in the costume who poses for photos on the Walk of Fame. If Superman were 45 and smoked three packs a day, he'd look like this guy.

Bob is THROWN into the street - right into oncoming traffic.

LINA

Bob!

ERRT! A PRIUS SKIDS OUT, coming to a stop inches from Bob's head. The DRIVER hops out, furious.

ANGRY PRIUS DRIVER
What the hell, bro?!

Lina LEVELS the guy with a high kick.

LINA
Bob! Let's go!

She HOPS IN the Prius, Bob right behind her. The badly banged-up Old Folks watch them PEEL OUT, as both SUPERMAN and MARILYN MONROE (50-ish, billowy white dress) stand over them.

MARILYN MONROE
Are you okay?

The Old Folks' SWOLLEN EYES look Marilyn and Superman up and down, with a sinister GLEAM.

EXT. LAX - LONG-TERM PARKING - DAY

Bob and Lina park - and promptly DITCH - the PRIUS. As they RUN across the vast expanse of PARKED CARS that is Lot C, we hear:

LINA (PRE-LAP)
You'll take your time writing each entry, as much time as you need. But once you're ready to post, we also must be ready to escape. Each time we log on to the grid, they'll have a fix on our location.

BOB (PRE-LAP)
Got it.

INT. LAX - STORAGE LOCKER AREA - DAY

This conversation has been taking place in the part of the terminal where people rent LOCKERS. Lina opens one with a key and pulls out BOB'S LAPTOP. He reacts, delighted.

BOB
Lappy!
(off her look)
It's what I call my laptop.

LINA

I'll be nearby. Try to stay relaxed - it's just the future of the human race.

He nods. She leaves. As he sits on the floor and OPENS HIS LAPTOP, we SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: "Numbers."

INT. WHITE BACKGROUND WORLD - OUT OF TIME

Bob wears the all-white, stands in front of the all-white background, and (after a beat) speaks directly into CAMERA.

BOB

Well. It's been an eventful couple days...

MONTAGE

Over the next, Bob and Lina POST a series of NEW blog entries. Bob writes them in various locations around the city, then they HURRY AWAY before the Aliens arrive.

As they RUN from LAX, hopping the first COURTESY SHUTTLE they find, we hear:

BOB (V.O.)

So much has happened - so much has changed. I've seen parts of the city I never knew existed...

Bob types furiously on his laptop in a coffeeshop in the heart of THE CRENSHAW DISTRICT - he's the only white guy in the place.

BOB (V.O.)

But more than that. I've seen a vision. Of a world - our world - not as it is, but as it should be. As it will be...

Bob and Lina hop out of a TAXI in the heart of BEVERLY HILLS. They head for the one place on Rodeo Drive that offers FREE WI-FI.

BOB (V.O.)

Could you imagine what would happen if we put aside our differences, if we spent less time acquiring and more time inquiring - into what it means to have a soul, into what it means to be a human being?

SUPERMAN and MARILYN MONROE, each holding an ORB, burst into the Crenshaw District coffeeshop where Bob was typing earlier. No sign of Bob and Lina. Black PATRONS chuckle at their get-up.

BOB (V.O.)
I've seen it, and it's wonderful.
The world I've seen inspires me.
It makes me think humanity does
have a chance to become One.

Bob finishes up another entry, then he and Lina HURRY OUT. They're in Chinatown now, running past a market choked with ASIAN FOLKS... BUSINESSMEN on lunch...

EXT. UCLA CAMPUS - LUVALLE COMMONS - DAY

A jillion STUDENTS dine al fresco at this outdoor eatery. Chris, Andy and Noah share a table. Noah's on his laptop.

NOAH
Wow.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH
Whaddya got, sex tape? Upskirt?
Some lesbo action on a webcam?
Even if it's fake, I don't care.

NOAH
Bob's blog. I was gonna post a comment just to tell him he's a douchebag, but this is actually some profound shit. Look.

Chris and Andy come around to read what's on Noah's screen. They're dubious at first, but quickly grow absorbed. A pretty GIRL in a KAPPA t-shirt notices them.

EXT. DOWNTOWN L.A. - DAY

Bob and Lina have turned onto Cesar Chavez and RUN past OLVERA STREET and its many Mexican-Americans and TOURISTS...

BOB (V.O.)
And to think, a week ago I was worried about midterms, obsessed with Heather Bailey, applying to business school. Much has changed. But much has yet to change, too.

EXT. UCLA CAMPUS - LUVALLE COMMONS - MOMENTS LATER

The Kappa Girl and a few more SORORITY GIRLS have joined Chris and Andy standing behind Noah, reading Bob's blog off his laptop.

KAPPA GIRL

Wow. That is so cool. Could you forward me the link to this?

OTHER SORORITY GIRLS

Me too. / Yeah, me too.

NOAH

Totally! I'm gonna need all your e-mails. Cell phone numbers, too. Just so I can follow up.

As the girls write their info down for Noah, LYNN (a very butch lesbian girl) walks by.

LYNN

Hey, Chris! See ya at the meeting tonight?

CHRIS

Uhh, meeting? Don't know what you're talking about. Stranger.

LYNN

The meeting. Of the Gay Lesbian Bisexual Transgender Club. Of which you're the Treasurer.

CHRIS

Oh, that, yeah. See ya there.
(to guys, "explaining")
Lotta extra-curriculars - looks good on a grad school application.

Andy and Noah SHRUG - that's good enough for them.

INT. CRAPPY TERCEL - MOVING - DAY

Superman smokes and drives; Marilyn is studying her Orb.

MARILYN MONROE

Okay, this is weird - I just got activity coming from UCLA.

SUPERMAN

That makes no sense. She wouldn't let him go back to his apartment. Even he knows it's too dangerous.

MARILYN MONROE

That's not the weird part. Three minutes ago, another entry logged - in Chinatown. Fifteen miles away.

SUPERMAN

You... think they split up?

MARILYN MONROE

She doesn't have an Orb.

(then, looking)

Shit! Another post. From... New York City? How is this possible?

SUPERMAN

Where do you want me to go?

MARILYN MONROE

You tell me, genius!

Marilyn looks out the window as Superman takes a long DRAG. They're pissed at each other.

INT. UNION STATION - DAY

Bob sits in a chair in the train station, furiously TYPING. Finally he finishes, then looks up at Lina, a few seats away.

BOB

Okay, I'm ready to log on and post.

Lina nods, stands. Bob LOGS ON, then reacts to something on the screen.

BOB

Whoa. Look at this. I have responses! A lot of 'em. And not just Noah calling me a douchebag.

LINA

Noah? The Apostle Noah?

BOB

Apostle?

LINA

One of three. Noah, Chris, and Andy Rantamprikash are revered as the chosen and pure of heart.

BOB

Pure of heart? Noah is a pothead!
Chris hides gay porno under my bed.
And Andy seems nice - till he gets
drunk. Then it's all pissing in
laundry baskets and anti-semitism.

Lina comes around to read what's on the Blog.

LINA

Wait, so these writings come from--

BOB

Readers of the Blog. People post
comments.

(off blank stare)

Do you not have Blogs in 3008?

LINA

Not as such. Humanity has grown
considerably less self-involved in
the last thousand years.

INT. INTELLIGENTSIA COFFEE - SILVER LAKE - DAY

Superman and Marilyn are at the front of a long line, accosting a
tatted-up BARISTA.

SUPERMAN

What the hell do you mean, people
can "post comments"?

BARISTA

It's called Open-Source, homes.
What, you never read a blog before?

Superman and Marilyn exchange a LOOK. The Barista gestures at the
long line behind them.

BARISTA

Listen, Superman, you gonna order a
coffee or not?

Just then, Marilyn's EYES WIDEN. She pulls Superman aside and
they huddle close, looking at her Orb and WHISPERING.

MARILYN MONROE

There's activity right here, in
this coffeehouse!

They look up around - EVERY HIPSTER in the place is on a LAPTOP.

INT. COMMUTER TRAIN - MOVING - DAY

Bob and Lina sit next to each other as the WORLD SPEEDS BY their window. They gaze at the POSTINGS - dozens more by the minute.

LINA

This is certainly unexpected. We mistakenly thought the entire Text File was generated by you. But of course, this makes more sense.

BOB

It's kinda cool, when you think about it. I set something into motion, but the reality of it is, a thousand hands help shape this. I'd have loved to write the Great American Novel, but in a way this is better.

LINA

You know what it means. The Aliens cannot track your entries anymore.

BOB

That's awesome!

LINA

Perhaps you know of someplace where we can make ourselves comfortable for a few days. I haven't had a shower since Bob-knows-when.

BOB

I know where we can lie low, but it's not comfortable.

(exhales deeply)

Orange County. My parents' house.

LINA

Are you serious? I get to meet Beverly and Michael Trautwig, the esteemed forebears of Bob?

BOB

Yeah... them.

As Bob shudders with anticipatory disgust, we CUT TO:

INT. THE TRAUTWIG HOUSE - ORANGE COUNTY - EVENING

This is the house where Bob grew up, a McMansion decorated with more money than taste. A horribly cheesy POSED PORTRAIT of Bob and his PARENTS smiles down from above a white leather couch.

And there they are - BEVERLY TRAUTWIG, 50s, with way too much jewelry and makeup, and MICHAEL TRAUTWIG, 50s, with more "hair" than he had ten years ago - seated around the dining table.

MICHAEL TRAUTWIG

...course, that's what happens when you do business with the Chinks. I tell you, they're one step up from the dot-heads.

Bob, wildly uncomfortable, stares at his plate as he tells Lina:

BOB

Dad is in the plastic bobble-head business.

MICHAEL TRAUTWIG

Correction - I am the plastic bobble-head business.

He smiles smarmily at Lina. His teeth are way too WHITE.

LINA

Mr. and Mrs. Trautwig, I cannot begin to explain what an honor it is to be sitting here, in your home, sharing the evening meal with you. You! Parents of... Bob.

BEVERLY TRAUTWIG

Lina. That's such an interesting name. Is it Irish?

LINA

Actually, no. It's short for Angelina Grapefruit Boom Boom Thelonius Shakalaka.

MICHAEL TRAUTWIG

Oy my God.

BEVERLY TRAUTWIG

That doesn't sound Jewish...

LINA

Actually, it's Bobist.

Bob STANDS and quickly begins clearing the table as we CUT TO:

INT. CHEAP MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Superman has stripped down to tights, boots and a WIFE-BEATER. Marilyn still wears her billowy white dress, but the blonde wig is OFF.

SUPERMAN

We have failed. How will we ever find him now? We have absolutely no biographical data on Bob, no known contacts other than the apostles - and there's no chance he'll contact them. We have no leads.

A beat - they're both stumped. Marilyn, on her Orb, scrolls through the BLOG, looking for any clue. Then, suddenly:

MARILYN MONROE

I have an idea...

INT. BOB'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lina looks around Bob's childhood bedroom in awe. She's changed into an old "Boy Meets World" t-shirt of Bob's and her hair is still wet from the shower. She touches a "PARTICIPATION" trophy from Little League as though it's the Holy Grail.

LINA

I'm speechless. This is the definitive collection of Bob-aphernalia! I wish I could take it all back to 3008...

BOB

Hey, I've been wondering about that. When we're all done with this "Bobism" thing, how do you get back to 3008?

LINA

(beat)

That was the "second thing."

BOB

You mean... the Orb?

Lina nods. Bob absorbs this.

BOB

Lina, why didn't you tell me we were blowing up your ticket home?

LINA

It wasn't germane to our objective,
which at that moment was to escape.
And it might've compromised the
mission.

BOB

The mission?

LINA

To protect Bobism at all costs.

BOB

So now you're stuck in this craphole
of an era for the rest of your life?

LINA

It's not that bad. 2008 has its
redeeming qualities.

She smiles and LOOKS INTO HIS EYES. She's talking about *him*. The MOMENT hangs heavy like that for a beat. Bob opens his mouth to SPEAK...

...but before he can get a word out, they're KISSING. They sink down onto his CHILDHOOD BED, surrounded by SPORTS BOBBLE-HEADS, each of which seems to be nodding "YES!"

BOB

I'm so glad we got a chance to
shower...

INT. MICHAEL AND BEVERLY'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Bob's parents are lying in bed, reading magazines.

BEVERLY TRAUTWIG

They're not in separate bedrooms.
I can just tell.

INT. WHITE BACKGROUND WORLD - OUT OF TIME

Bob looks into CAMERA, a faint shit-eating grin on his face.

BOB

Life really is a wonderful thing,
you know that? Think about it for
a minute, how incredible it is to
be alive. On a planet where
billions of people have come and
gone... *you are alive, right now.*

INT. BOB'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Bob types and types, with just the WHITE GLOW from his laptop illuminating the dark room. He looks over at his BED, where LINA lies sound asleep. He smiles - still can't believe that happened.

He types a little more, clicks the "POST ENTRY NOW" link, then, out of curiosity, clicks the link marked "FEEDBACK."

The FEEDBACK PAGE comes up and there are literally THOUSANDS OF RESPONSES. He scrolls down, down... a zillion WORDS fly by. The Blog has caught fire. Bob reacts, stunned by what he's started.

Then one LINE catches his eye: "**Posted by HeatherBailey222 9:14pm**" He stops scrolling and reads the POST:

"Bob its me heather remember? blast from the past listen me & BF kinda called it off/are taking a break & i've been reading your blog it's AMAZING! give me a call, OK?"

Bob LAUGHS softly to himself - he's come a long way since *she* was the one he pined for. Lina BLINKS AWAKE.

LINA

Bob? What are you doing up?

BOB

I couldn't sleep, so I wrote an entry. Look at all these posts.

Bob shows Lina the FEEDBACK PAGE. At the bottom, it reads: "*The Comments Section is now closed as feedback has exceeded allotted server space.*" Now it's Lina's turn to be stunned.

LINA

Oh my-- hang on a moment...

Lina quickly scrolls through it again, then turns to Bob.

LINA

You're only ten pages away from having written all of Bobism.

BOB

That's fantastic! I could knock that out tomorrow!

LINA

(quickly)

No!

(then)

I mean, what's the hurry? Take a day off. Enjoy Orange County.

BOB

What are you talking about? We're almost done. That's great, right?

There's a SADNESS on Lina's face she can't hide. Bob sees it.

BOB

Something happens to me after I write the final entry, doesn't it?

(off her silence)

Usually when the answer to a question like that is "no," the person says "no" right away.

LINA

The future is not fixed, Bob. Your destiny is malleable.

BOB

Yeah but every other prediction you've made so far has been pretty g-damn spot-on. What happens to me, Lina??

Lina can't answer - doesn't want to answer. Finally, she breaks:

LINA

You die.

BOB

When? Where?

(then)

Wait a minute, I saw it. The candles, the flowers. What'd you call it - LandBridge. That's why the Aliens drove me out there in the first place. That's where they... kill me.

LINA

According to what little we know about your death, yes. It does occur at LandBridge.

BOB

When? Tell me, Lina. When?

LINA

(beat, then softly)
On your 21st birthday.

BOB

That... that's in two days!

LINA

I was sent back with instructions to reveal as little as possible about the immediate future.

BOB

Oh, so you could tell me the final score of a baseball game but you couldn't say, "hey, y'know what Bob? Go ahead and splurge, get the extra cheese, 'cause you die on fucking Saturday."

LINA

Telling you too much could've compromised the mission.

BOB

Oh, so that's all I am to you? A mission?

There's a long, stinging beat. Lina speaks through TEARS.

LINA

Bob, I still believe your death can be avoided. You must stay away from LandBridge at all costs, and you can still live a long and healthy life. I have faith.

BOB

Oh, you have "faith"? Great. I don't want your faith, Lina. I never wanted any of this!

Bob gathers up some pillows and a blanket and STORMS OUT in a huff as we DISSOLVE TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

The sun is high in the sky as BOB SLEEPS ON THE COUCH.

BEVERLY TRAUTWIG (O.S.)

Bob? Bob? Wake up, honey.

Bob looks up to see BEVERLY standing over him.

BEVERLY TRAUTWIG

What happened to the shiksa goddess with the disturbingly even tan?

BOB

What?

INT. BOB'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bob hurries up to his old room, only to find his BED NEATLY MADE. There's no sign of Lina except for a NOTE on his pillow. Bob picks it up and READS it:

"I will love you for 1000 years-- A.G.B.B.T.S."

INT. BOB'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - HOURS LATER

Bob hasn't moved in hours. He lies on his bed, crushingly depressed. Finally he pulls out his iPhone and DIALS:

BOB

Hey Heather, it's me Bob. Trautwig.
Sorry to hear about your boyfriend...
(deep breath)
Listen, um, for what it's worth? I
was really, really into you. Really
into you. And I happen to know that
if you'd given me a shot you'd have
liked it quite a bit, 'cause I uh, I
recently had occasion to have
intercourse with a very very
attractive lady, probably a good 40
percent hotter than you, and I
brought her to orgasm. Thrice.

INT. HEATHER'S DORM ROOM - SAME TIME

As Heather's ANSWERING MACHINE captures the last of Bob's message, the ANGLE WIDENS to reveal HEATHER standing there, listening.

BOB (OVER ANSWERING MACHINE)
So, there you have it. Hat trick.
Trifecta. Coulda been you.

The message ENDS and Heather checks the CALLER ID... then whips out an ORB!! As she does, the ANGLE WIDENS further to reveal she's standing there with SUPERMAN!

HEATHER

The call came from a single-family
residence in Orange County. The
Orb is now tracking his every move
using the GPS on his own phone.

SUPERMAN

We can be there in an hour.

HEATHER

No, I'll handle this myself.

SUPERMAN

Split up? But what if you're not successful in eliminating him before the final entry is posted?

HEATHER

While I'm in Orange County, you will commence collections for Contingency Plan 8801-B. We will reconnoiter at the portal.

SUPERMAN

Contingency Plan 8801... B?

Heather NODS, ominously. Superman's eyes widen. Whatever Contingency Plan 8801-B is, it's pretty serious...

INT. BENIHANA - EVENING

Beverly and Michael lead a BLINDFOLDED Bob in.

BOB

I don't like this. Where are you guys taking me?

BEVERLY TRAUTWIG

You said you might not be around tomorrow for your birthday, so we're surprising you. Ready?

Bob's parents exchange a nod, then remove the blindfold to reveal they're in a crowded, Orange County BENIHANA. Andy, Chris and Noah stand in the bar area with the four KAPPAS we met earlier.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

Happy birthday, biyotch!

NOAH

Your folks said they were paying, so we brought dates for all of us.

KAPPA GIRL

Hey, Bob. I like your blog.

The Kappa smiles flirtatiously at Bob as a HOSTESS leads the group toward their table. Chris and Bob hang back.

CHRIS

So, did you tell your parents about the whole identity theft thing? Because I can't imagine they'd have been cool with that.

BOB

Actually... turns out it wasn't
identity theft. It was something
else.

CHRIS

Aliens and a woman from the future?

Chris looks into Bob's eyes for a long beat. Finally:

BOB

Yes.

Another long beat, then:

CHRIS

Bob, when you're ready to tell me
the truth, I'm here for you.

Chris walks ahead. Bob watches him go. And sighs.

INT. HEATHER'S BMW - DUSK

Heather's BMW is *crawling* in Friday rush hour traffic on the 405.

HEATHER

Son of a bitch! What is with this
freakin' traffic?!

From her ORB, sitting on the passenger seat, Superman's VOICE can be heard as if on SPEAKER PHONE.

SUPERMAN (OVER ORB)

If you'd let me come with, we could
be in the carpool lane right now.

HEATHER

Shut up!

INT. BENIHANA - A SHORT WHILE LATER

The Trautwig party of ten is now seated at a table with a YOUNG CHILD and his PARENTS, who seem vaguely annoyed by the group's rowdiness. Noah leads the roommates in a round of SAKE BOMBS.

NOAH

Alright everybody, one... two...
three! MASI OKA!

ANDY/CHRIS/GIRLS

MASI OKA!!!

The roomies and the Sorority Girls drop SAKE CUPS into their beer glasses, then chug it all down. Bob sips his half-heartedly. Everyone else watches, horrified.

The obviously Mexican CHEF, whose nametag reads "SHISITO HATORI," puts a shrimp on his spatula.

SHISITO HATORI
Okay, birthday boy. You ready?

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH
Whoa whoa whoa, hang on.
(off Chef's nametag)
"Shisito Hatori"? What's your real name?

SHISITO HATORI
(lying badly)
That is my real name.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH
Yeah, and Andy's my real name.

NOAH
What? Dude, what is your real name?

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH
Long story.

SHISITO HATORI
Cut me some slack, okay ese?
(then, to Bob)
Lean your head back, open your mouth and close your eyes.

Bob does. The Chef turns his back and flips the SHRIMP over his own head, directly into Bob's OPEN MOUTH.

Just before the SHRIMP lands in Bob's mouth, the HOSTESS snaps a PHOTO just as a GREASE FIRE FLARES one table over.

FREEZE FRAME:

Bob, flanked by 12 people, including his "apostles." His arms are out slightly and his head is leaned back, the shrimp an inch above his mouth and the grease fire creating a HALO EFFECT around him.

BACK TO LIVE ACTION:

The SHRIMP lands in Bob's mouth. Everyone APPLAUDS. The Hostess prints out the digital photo from her camera and hands it to Bob.

HOSTESS
Happy birthday from Benihana.

She LEAVES. Bob CHEWS the shrimp, then looks around the table.

And then the WORLD SLOWS DOWN, but just for Bob. The SCENE GOES SILENT as he looks around:

The Chef CHOPS with lightning-speed. Noah FLIRTS with the Kappas. Chris looks LONGINGLY at Andy. Beverly and Michael BICKER.

Bob SMILES a strange half-smile - if this were to be his Last Supper, it'd be a good way to go out. Just then:

NOAH
Dude... is that Heather Bailey?

Bob LOOKS UP. There, through the tumult of the busy Benihana, is HEATHER, coming towards him in SUPER SLO-MO. She smiles at him.

BOB
No way. She got my message...

Bob's expression changes - first to AMAZEMENT, then to DREAD. Heather's EYES go dead as, in one fluid motion, she reaches into her jacket and pulls out an enormous .45 AUTOMATIC.

We WHIP back to REAL TIME as ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE.

Heather aims and FIRES - but Bob's already HIT THE DECK. The bullet WHIZZES past Shisito Hatori's shoulder and SLAMS into the back of the chair Bob just vacated.

SHISITO HATORI
¡Aye, dios mio!

SHISITO HATORI DIVES out of the way. The spatula he'd been using goes straight up, sending FRIED RICE everywhere.

As the fried rice rains like delicious savory confetti, BOB CRAWLS under the table. Noah, Chris and Andy are already down there.

NOAH
Dude! The hottest piece of ass in school is trying to kill us!
What's that all about?

BOB
It's me she's after. You stay here. I'll deal with her.

Bob peeks out: GUNFIRE EXPLODES all around! HEATHER keeps coming, ejecting the spent shell nonchalantly. We suddenly WHIP PAN to:

A BUS BOY

One table over, triangulated between the party of Bob and the rapidly-approaching Alien chick - LOOKS UP.

Despite the crazy Japanese get-up and the hat into which her hair is piled, we recognize her instantly: it's LINA.

She reaches behind her, CLEANLY PICKS the enormous knife out of Hatori's hand, and without hesitating WHIPS the knife across the room at HEATHER, who's about to take another shot.

The knife goes CLEANLY THROUGH HEATHER'S THROAT and she drops like a sack of potatoes. Patrons SCREAM. Benihana goes up for grabs.

LINA

Bob, get out of here! There's a back-exit in the kitchen. RUN!

Bob SPRINTS for the kitchen. LINA grabs another huge knife and grimly makes her way toward HEATHER as frightened patrons cower.

A burly MARINE-TYPE with buzzcut decides to be a hero. He grabs Lina from behind, pinning her knife-hand to her side.

But before he even knows what hit him, Lina quickly jerks down and then UP, slamming the top of her skull into his chin. It's just enough to loosen his grip.

She reaches back with two fingers and grabs his nostrils like a bowling ball. Using this grip, plus a powerful lower body THRUST, she HURLS the guy through the air, until he lands on...

A HOT FLAT-TOP GRILL

...which COOKS the back of his leather jacket with a loud SIZZLE.

Meanwhile, Heather STIRS, struggles to her feet, and does that quick "shake the cobwebs out" move. As she does, her face briefly toggles back-and-forth between HUMAN and ALIEN.

Nobody in the restaurant sees this... except Bob's PARENTS and ROOMMATES. Their jaws nearly drop into their miso soups.

CHRIS

Did she just morph a little bit?
I think she morphed!

Heather calmly PULLS THE KNIFE OUT OF HER THROAT. Lina DIVES out of the way as Heather FIRES, barely missing her. Lina TAKES OFF for...

THE KITCHEN

And RUNS *FAST* through the narrow space. She DROPS to her hands and knees just as Heather ENTERS from the restaurant.

The COOKS and DISHWASHERS perk up - no two hotter chicks have ever been back here. Heather scans the kitchen for Lina, but...

...LINA, below the radar, CRAWLS toward the back door, grabs a HUGE VAT OF GREASE, and BACKS OUT, spilling the grease all over the floor behind her. Then she STANDS. Seeing Lina, Heather SPRINTS for the back door.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Lina BURSTS through the door into the cool night air outside. Bob, who's hiding behind a dumpster, calls out:

BOB
Lina!

LINA
Get down!

Lina quickly side-steps just as HEATHER reaches the back door at a full run, hits the grease and EATS SHIT, skidding at high-speed until she CATAPULTS forward into THE ALLEY...

...where she goes SPRAWLING across the pavement. Her gun SKITTERS towards Bob, and he wastes no time in grabbing it.

Lina POUNCES on Heather from behind, flips her over, and presses the point of her huge KNIFE to Heather's FOREHEAD, just above the midpoint between her eyes.

LINA
Move a muscle and you're dead.

Heather defiantly SPITS in Lina's face. Lina turns the knife around and SLAMS the butt of it into Heather's forehead, knocking the Alien OUT COLD. She then turns to Bob.

LINA
Give me your iPhone.

Bob does. Lina SMASHES it to bits under her heel.

BOB
I paid 600 bucks for that. Didn't even get the rebate...

LINA

They were using it to track you.

(then)

We need to find a safe place to interrogate the Alien. Someplace we know will be empty.

They look across the street - above a darkened storefront, a SIGN reads: "AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMMUNITY CENTER OF ORANGE COUNTY."

INT. AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMMUNITY CENTER OF ORANGE COUNTY - NIGHT

It's after-hours at the deserted A.A.C.C.O.O.C, but that hardly matters - it doesn't look like anybody's been here in weeks.

Bob, his parents, the roommates, and the Sorority Girls sit around under a smiling picture of BARACK OBAMA, awkwardly listening to HORRIBLY VIOLENT NOISES coming from the next room. Finally:

MICHAEL TRAUTWIG

Explain to me again, the Alien is occupying this broad's body?

NOAH

Heather Bailey. She's a Tri-Delt. Word on campus is her body gets occupied with alarming frequency.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

Boom!

Andy FIST-BUMPS Noah. Bob shoots them a look to knock it off.

MICHAEL TRAUTWIG

The part I don't buy is this crap about Bob being Jesus. I mean, this is a kid who couldn't figure out how to use a fork until I don't wanna tell you when.

BOB

Dad?! How many times I gotta tell you, I'm not Jesus. It's not a religion, okay? Stop saying Jesus.

BEVERLY TRAUTWIG

Good, because Jesus probably didn't hide a stash of pornography under--

BOB

Mom!

BEVERLY TRAUTWIG
The afghan he got from his grammy.

BOB
O-kay.

A long beat as the roommates and girls try not to laugh.
Thankfully, LINA EMERGES from the next room.

LINA
She won't reveal the location of
her partner. But she says she'll
tell you, Bob. If she can talk to
you alone.

BOB
Okay. Let's do this.
(stands, then)
Do you have her Orb?

LINA
Yes.

BOB
Could you, like, show it to my
parents? Let 'em see the giant Bob
building. Something.

INT. EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Bob tentatively enters the EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE. There
sits a defiant Heather, securely tied to a chair.

BOB
Um... hey, Heather.

HEATHER
My name is not Heather. It is--

She produces an UNEARTHLY SERIES OF PIERCING WHISTLES.

BOB
Okay, I'm not sure I can pronounce
that correctly, so--

HEATHER
If you post the Final Entry, your
girlfriend will die.

BOB
What?

HEATHER

If Bobism goes online in its complete form, my partner has instructions to return to 3008 with a dirty bomb powerful enough to destroy humanity.

Bob is stung by this, but he maintains an air of false bravado.

BOB

Fine. Lina can stay here with me.

HEATHER

Not for long. Her lungs aren't equipped to handle present-day pollution levels. Unless she gets back home, she can only survive another month. Two, tops.

This time it's harder for Bob to hide his utter shock. Beat.

BOB

You're lying.

HEATHER

Am I? Suit yourself. Find out the hard way. Oh, by the way, this is Heather speaking now -- I never liked you. I was just using you for your Econ notes.

BOB

What?! Is this really Heather?

HEATHER

(beat)

No.

A beat, then Bob goes apeshit, grabbing her by the shoulders.

BOB

You bitch! I'll kill you!

HEATHER

You don't have the guts!

BOB

Oh, I don't?

He grabs a large KNIFE just as LINA BURSTS IN from the next room.

LINA

Bob! She's no good to us dead!

BOB

I don't care. This lizard needs to die.

He walks toward Heather, brandishing the knife.

LINA

No! If you miss, even by a centimeter, the Alien will release a toxin strong enough to kill us all. Kind of like a blowfish.

A beat, then Bob backs down, DROPPING the knife.

BOB

Are there any other ways in which these guys are like seafood?

EXT. LAUREL CANYON DOG PARK - NIGHT

A PICKUP TRUCK pulls up to the locked gate of the Laurel Canyon Dog Park and SUPERMAN steps out of it. He uses his Orb to CUT THROUGH the chain that secures the gate, then heads to a DUMPSTER.

INT. AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMMUNITY CENTER OF ORANGE COUNTY - LATER

Lina stands outside the door to the Executive Director's office, addressing the GUYS, the GIRLS, the TRAUTWIGS. Everybody holds a spray-bottle of MR. CLEAN in each hand.

LINA

I want two people at each entrance. If you see anything out of the ordinary, start spraying.

Everyone nods, "check," and they all fan out to their posts, leaving Bob and Lina alone. A beat.

LINA

Are you ready to write?

BOB

Is it true what Heather said? That you can only live another month or two in 2008?

Lina simply NODS. Bob absorbs this.

BOB

So when you blew up your Orb to save me, you knew it meant you'd die.

LINA

Yes. And I'd do it again.

Bob is floored by the sacrifice she was willing to make. Then:

BOB

I'll write the Final Entry, on one condition.

LINA

What's that?

BOB

I'll tell you after I write it.

Bob heads into...

INT. ANOTHER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Bob pulls his laptop from its case and sits at a desk in an office across the hall. He opens the laptop, takes a deep breath.

Over black, a TITLE CARD: ***"The Parable of the Orange Soda."***

INT. WHITE BACKGROUND WORLD - OUT OF TIME

Bob, in the all-white, speaks directly to CAMERA.

BOB

You know those vending machines where you choose your soda, then the cup comes down and the drink shoots in with some little ice cubes? Yeah. Well, a couple weeks ago I tried to buy an Orange Soda from one of those...

FLASHBACK - CAMPUS - A FEW WEEKS AGO

The scene we saw at the start of the movie - Bob, at the vending machine, feeds a bill into the slot, makes his selection...

BOB (V.O.)

It all seemed to be going fine until my orange soda started shooting down... without a cup.

BOB

NO!!!

As we saw the first time around, other STUDENTS turn and STARE. But this time, the scene continues...

BOB (V.O.)
At first I froze - I didn't know what to do. Then, something inside me just... took over.

Suddenly, Bob CUPS HIS HANDS in an attempt to CATCH the soda!

BOB (V.O.)
My hands shot into the stream, senselessly trying to capture as much of the soda as they could. Then, as other would-be vendees looked on, I frantically began to lick my dripping hands free of all the delicious Orange Soda my tongue could catch.

Bob LAPS at his hands like a dog. Some laugh; others turn away, disgusted.

BOB (V.O.)
I licked and licked until there was nothing but spit left on my hands. My soda had been snatched away in the blink of an eye, the lack of a cup.

As Bob cleans up the mess, first dabbing at his own clothes, then bending down to wipe up the pavement, something OCCURS TO HIM.

BOB (V.O.)
And then I realized something. Maybe not right then, but in the two weeks since...

INT. WHITE BACKGROUND WORLD - OUT OF TIME

Bob, in the all-white, speaks to CAMERA.

BOB
We all assume we're gonna get a full cup, or a half-full cup, or at least half-empty... but maybe *life* doesn't provide us with a cup at all. Maybe we should be happy to lick from our hands whatever we can capture. Especially considering the pocket change they're asking for the whole deal.

INT. AFRICAN-AMERICAN COMMUNITY CENTER - DISSOLVES - NIGHT

In DISSOLVES, we look around: the TRAUTWIGS man the front door... CHRIS and ANDY man the back door... LINA covers the Executive Director's office... NOAH socializes with the Kappas...

BOB (V.O.)

There's this Latin term, "Memento Mori." It means "Remember Death," but its connotation is "Remember Your Own Death." As in, even though it hasn't happened yet, remember that it will. Plus it's Latin, so you know it must be smart. I'm not saying "Live each day like it's your last" - that's cliché. Good rule of thumb: Once it's on a coffee mug, it's probably not a rule to live by. Also useless is that poster with the cat that says "Hang in There, Baby."

INT. ANOTHER OFFICE - SAME TIME

At his laptop, BOB TYPES furiously, really in a zone.

BOB (V.O.)

But maybe it's just "Live Each Day."
I like that. Live Each Day.

Bob types for a while longer. Finally he SITS BACK.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bob pokes his head out and addresses Lina.

BOB

I'm ready to post. But I want you to read it first.

Lina NODS, then pulls NOAH from the stairs where he's socializing. She drags him to the OFFICE where Heather is tied up.

LINA

Stand right outside this door.
Don't let her out of your sight.
Don't speak to her, don't touch
her. I'll be back in two minutes.

Lina leaves. A long beat, then Heather SMILES at Noah.

HEATHER

You're cute.

INT. ANOTHER OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Lina is reading Bob's Final Entry off the laptop screen. We PUSH IN on the SCREEN to read along:

....if I could leave you with just one thing, it would be this: HAVE FAITH. Not just in others - have faith in yourself. And know that you have it in you to change the world.

Lina is moved nearly to tears.

LINA
That's it, exactly. To the comma.

BOB
You know it all by heart?

LINA
I have all along. I've read each word a thousand times.

Bob laughs, amazed. Lina looks at the CLOCK - it's 12:01 a.m.

LINA
Happy birthday.

BOB
Thanks.

They smile at each other. They KISS. And just then...

CRASH!

Like, really LOUD. They hurry to the window in time to see: Beverly's JAGUAR SPEEDING OFF! Bob and Lina rush into...

INT. EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Noah lies in an awkward heap on the floor, his shirt and pants open to reveal a chubby belly and threadbare boxer shorts. He has a nasty cut above his eye.

The ANGLE WIDENS to reveal HUMAN HEATHER, lying on the floor in a sexy black bra, unconscious. A sickening green OOZE trails out of her ear, across the floor towards the busted-open WINDOW.

BOB
Noah! Dude, what happened?!

LINA

Isn't it somewhat obvious what
happened?

NOAH

(barely conscious)

I regret nothing.

LINA

It took the Orb! Bob, go back into
your room. Post the entry. NOW!!

INT. ANOTHER OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Bob RUNS back to his laptop (LINA right behind him), hits "POST."
The laptop screen READS: "YOU ARE NOT CONNECTED TO THE INTERNET."

LINA

Bobdammit! I was afraid they would
resort to this.

BOB

To what? They broke the internet?

LINA

The Orb can be hacked in such a way
that it's capable of shutting down
all the servers in the area.

BOB

How big an area? Can't we just
take the laptop, drive across town--

LINA

The entire Southwest region. A
radius of at least 600 miles.

BOB

That's a big area.

LINA

The only way we can get the servers
back up is with that Orb.

BOB

Well, it's in my mom's Jag headed
God knows where.

LINA

Oh, I know where they're headed...

BOB
LandBridge.

Lina NODS, gravely. Noah, Andy and Chris have clustered in the doorway, the Kappa Girls behind them in the hallway.

CHRIS
What's LandBridge?

BOB
It's where I die. Potentially.

NOAH
That sucks.

BOB
Lina, I'm coming with you.

LINA
No. Absolutely not.

BOB
You read what I wrote. I'm not afraid, Lina. I've lived more in the last two weeks than I did in my first twenty years.

NOAH
It's true. He has.
(off Bob's glare)
Sorry. Go on.

BOB
Lina, you were willing to die for me. I'm willing to die for you. Besides, that was my one condition.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH
If Bob's going, I'm going too.

CHRIS
So am I.

NOAH
Me too.

The Kappa Girls fidget nervously.

KAPPA GIRL
We kinda don't know you guys that well, so...

Over black, a TITLE CARD: "**Exodus.**"

EXT. THE TRAUTWIG HOUSE - NIGHT

Bob, Lina and the guys are piling into Mr. Trautwig's ESCALADE as Beverly and Michael look on.

BEVERLY TRAUTWIG

Okay, kids. Do you have everything you need to kill the Aliens and save the future?

LINA

Yes, Mrs. Trautwig, and thank you for everything.

BEVERLY TRAUTWIG

Bobby, you gonna be warm enough?

BOB

Mom. I'm fine. Just make sure Dad posts my entry the minute the internet comes back up.

MICHAEL TRAUTWIG

Okay, I'm just worried I might hit the wrong button and lose the whole religion.

BOB

Not a religion...

Lina holds up a FLASH DRIVE.

LINA

Don't worry. We have a backup copy on this Flash Drive just in case.

BOB

Well, Mom, Dad. Guess this is it. It's possible I might never see you again so um, thanks for raising me.

BEVERLY TRAUTWIG

Bobby, honey, just please promise me... you'll get that Jaguar back. I love that Jaguar.

BOB

Yyyyyep.

Bob steels himself, then DRIVES AWAY. Beverly turns to Michael.

BEVERLY TRAUTWIG

Did you think he had this in him?

MICHAEL TRAUTWIG

You kidding me? I was just hoping he'd get into business school. Get a job working for some Orientals.

INT. ESCALADE - MOVING - NIGHT

Bob drives, and Lina sits in the passenger seat of the huge SUV. Noah, Andy and Chris sit in the back.

BOB

So all we gotta do is capture their Orb, get the internet back up and running, prevent them from bringing the dirty bomb through the time travel portal to wipe out the human race of the future, then get Lina back to 3008 so her lungs don't collapse from all the crap in today's air.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

You have a ballpark figure for when you think we might be done? I have a midterm at like three.

LINA

What I still don't understand is what they're planning for this dirty bomb. The Aliens have long since developed a sophisticated trigger mechanism for one, but the fuel source doesn't exist in 3008.

BOB

What's the fuel source?

LINA

A combination of methyl indol, C9H9N, and chromic oxide, Cr2O3. Both of which can be found in--

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

Dogshit.

(off looks)

What? I'm a Chem major. Stop looking at me like I'm a terrorist.

LINA

That's the thing. A thousand years from now, there are no dogs.

CHRIS

But right now, there are. Lots of 'em.

BOB

So that's the backup plan - even if we manage to post the Final Entry, they'll smuggle the dogshit back to 3008 and destroy the human race. Bobism won't matter.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

Yeah. Even really awesome philosophical tenets are no match for a dogshit-powered dirty bomb.

INT./EXT. "KATHY'S KENNEL" DOG HOTEL - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

One of those places people leave their dogs when they go out of town. As SUPERMAN walks through the place, the caged DOGS GO CRAZY. He heads out back and finds what he's looking for: THE DUMPSTER. He flips the lid open and INHALES deeply.

SUPERMAN

Mm. Smells like victory.

EXT. LANDBRIDGE - DAWN

The SUN RISES over Landbridge just as the Escalade crests a ridge, affording us a sweeping VIEW of the valley below.

A vast TENT CITY has sprung up, with thousands of CAMPSITES arranged in such a way as to suggest in a festival of some sort.

LINA

What in Bob's name is that?

CHRIS

It's called Bending Man. It's a gay camping odyssey out here in the desert. Takes place every April.

NOAH

Dude, how do you even know about shit like this?

CHRIS

Oh, y'know, you read the LA Weekly, they have a list of concerts, festivals, that kinda thing...

Noah and Andy SHRUG - that's good enough for them. Long beat.

CHRIS

No. You know what? I've been reading Bob's religion, and he's right. Life's too short.

(deep breath)

Guys... I'm gay.

A long beat as Noah and Andy's world is rocked. They stare at Chris and he meets their gaze, honest for the first time in his life. Another beat... then they BURST OUT LAUGHING!

NOAH

Oh man! You totally had me!

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

Don't joke like that, ya balllicker!

As Andy and Noah continue to LAUGH, Bob turns to Lina.

BOB

How will we ever find the Aliens in that huge crowd?

LINA

Don't worry. Even among thousands of humans, two extra-terrestrials should be easy to spot.

EXT. "BENDING MAN" FESTIVAL - MORNING

It's later in the morning and scores of GAY CAMPERS are now up and about, in all manner of flamboyant get-ups: VEGAS SHOWGIRLS... LEATHER-CLAD BIKERS... some are even dressed as ALIENS.

LINA

Okay, check that. Maybe the Aliens can blend in.

BOB

Uh-oh. Even for this place, that looks off.

Bob's points off at a cluster of GAY CAMPERS gathered in a circle, cheering as they watch...

SUPERMAN! Although the R-rated bits are obscured by onlookers, it's clear he is MAKING SWEET LOVE to the horrible, SCALY ALIEN!

LINA

Oh no, this is terrible!

BOB

Every time you say that, things get
way more complicated for us.

LINA

They've gotten desperate! They're
going to copulate and bury eggs...

(then)

Of course. It all makes sense!
This is how they got here! This is
why we have aliens in the future!

BOB

Because of a gay festival?

LINA

Yes! The gestation period for
Alien eggs is a thousand years. It
was always a great mystery how the
Aliens arrived on earth. There was
never an invasion from outer space -
they just... showed up one day.

CHRIS

Hang on. So you're saying they
show up in the future because of
eggs they lay today, but they're
only here today... because they
travelled back in time from the
future?

LINA

Yes.

CHRIS

That makes no sense! None!

Noah and Andy just watch, transfixed, as the Aliens copulate.

NOAH

How come I'm hard as a rock right
now?

BOB

Why are we just standing here?
Let's get 'em!

Bob pulls a HUGE KNIFE and rushes FORWARD. Lina STOPS him.

LINA

No! After the mating ritual is
complete, the male alien--

Suddenly, a BIG SMILE spreads across Superman's face and all the onlookers gathered round FALL DOWN DEAD. Then, so does SUPERMAN.

LINA
--releases a poison gas, then dies.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH
That's harsh.

LINA
That's not all...

The female Alien then DEVOURS SUPERMAN, sucking his slimy ENTRAILS through her many rows of horrifying TEETH.

NOAH
Okay, that's the worst thing I've ever seen. And yet, still hard.

BOB
No, it's great! It means we only have one alien to kill.

LINA
No, still terrible. When a female alien is gestating, she becomes ten times more ferocious. She also becomes ten times more...

BOB
More what?

Since Bob is turned to face Lina, only he cannot see what she, Noah, Andy and Chris are now STARING at in ABJECT FEAR.

The FEMALE ALIEN now TOWERS over Bending Man! Gays SCATTER!

LINA
More large!

Andy, Chris and Noah hold their ground for about a second... then RUN! The giant Alien heads for the PICKUP TRUCK full of dogshit.

LINA
Oh no! She intends to take the feces to the future!

As the Alien picks the truck up with both hands, Bob LOOKS - lying there, next to Superman's bloody cape, is an ORB!

BOB
The Orb! Superman dropped his Orb!

Bob takes off SPRINTING for the Orb.

LINA
Bob, no! Stop!

But on BOB RACES. Seeing him, the Alien DROPS THE TRUCK, but Bob gets to the ORB a step ahead of her. He SNATCHES it and DIVES between two rocks.

The truck lands, sending DOGSHIT SPLATTERING EVERYWHERE. The Alien reaches for Bob, but he's wedged between the rocks. She jams her finger, HOWLING in pain.

She sucks on her throbbing finger, but it has some dogshit on it so it tastes horrible. She spits, disgusted. Bob RUNS off!

BEHIND A ROCK

Andy, Noah and Chris, hiding from the Alien, MAKE SMALL TALK.

NOAH
So if your name's not really
Andy... what is it?

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH
Okay, here's the deal. My parents were expecting twins. They were gonna call 'em Dinesh and Maheesh. When triplets came out, they couldn't think of another name, so they went with "Dinesh, Ampersand, Maheesh."

CHRIS
Your real name is Ampersand?

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH
Yeah. Classic "Middle Child" story.

NOAH
(beat)
No. It's really not.

BOB

Runs as fast as he can, but the Alien's legs are so long, she catches up to him in just a few strides. When she does, she GRABS him roughly. He's got the Orb... but she's got him!

LINA
No!!

The Alien lifts Bob to her mouth, salivating with anticipation. Bob, trapped in her giant fist, calmly opens a panel on the Orb, revealing the compartment inside that houses... THE RED BUTTON!

The Alien opens her grotesque mouth, revealing row after row of SHARP TEETH. But Bob stays calm. At the last possible moment, he pushes the button and HEAVES THE ORB right up the Alien's NOSE!

It goes way, WAY up and LODGES there. The Alien reacts. It starts to shake and wheeze... then it SNEEZES violently.

The sneeze causes it to involuntarily lift Bob to its nose. The sheer force of the sneeze PROPELS Bob out of the Alien's hand and THROUGH THE AIR.

Bob LANDS with a THUD on the desert sand. He doesn't move.

LINA
Oh, Bob. Oh, BOB!

And then, as the Alien starts doing another pre-sneeze inhale...

ALIEN
Ah... AHHH...

HER HEAD EXPLODES!

Alien brains, snot, and dog crap RAIN DOWN on the desert. One GAY CAMPER turns to another.

GAY CAMPER
Best... acid... ever.

LINA wrenches the last remaining ORB from the giant Alien's cold, dead HAND and presses a couple BUTTONS on it.

INT. BOB'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Beverly is fast asleep on Bob's bed. Michael, exhausted, sits at Bob's laptop, hitting "POST" for the umpteenth time. Finally, this time it GOES THROUGH.

MICHAEL TRAUTWIG
Oh, look at that. It worked.

Michael looks over at the bed to make sure Beverly's asleep, then opens up a PORNO WEBSITE. He grabs some Kleenex.

EXT. "BENDING MAN" FESTIVAL - CONTINUOUS

Lina now kneels at Bob's side. He's mortally injured. It takes nearly all the energy he has to open his eyes and look up at Lina.

BOB
That was kinda cool, huh?

Lina nods, breaking down. She holds out the Orb to him.

LINA
Bob, darling, take this.

BOB
I don't think that's gonna heal me. I'm pretty sure internal organs are involved.

LINA
No, it can transport you to 3008. The doctors there are quite good.

BOB
And there are lots of hotties there who worship me.

Lina LAUGHS through tears.

BOB
No. I'm not gonna make it, Lina, we both know that. Go. There's only one Orb left - you need it more than I do. And if you stay to watch me die, I'll kill you.
(fading fast)
Tell 'em... tell 'em I loved you.

Bob's EYES CLOSE. Noah, Chris and Andy have now gathered around and comfort Lina, who's really CRYING pretty hard.

She stands, pained, and begins walking toward the SANDSTONE ROCK FORMATION, clutching the ORB. The crowd of GAY CAMPERS parts to let her through, and when she gets there... SHE DISAPPEARS.

FROM ABOVE, we see Bob lying peacefully on the desert floor, surrounded by his friends, and THE SCREEN GOES WHITE.

TITLE CARD: "***Six Months Later.***"

At first, the WORLD IS ALL WHITE. Then, IMAGES come into focus. Shapeless forms, which SHARPEN until we realize: they are Andy, Chris and Noah, looking down into CAMERA.

NOAH

That was one hell of a long coma.

ANOTHER ANGLE reveals Bob, lying in a hospital bed, waking up.

BOB

I didn't die??

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

For the purposes of the internet
you sure as shit did. We posted a
note on your blog, talking about
what happened, how you "died" out
in the desert, in front of all
those witnesses... dude, once you
became a martyr, that shit blew up
in earnest.

An ORDERLY passes by in the hallway outside, wearing an Urban
Outfitters-esque T-SHIRT that reads "*BOBISM*."

CHRIS

Just to make sure Bob Trautwig
stays dead, we bought you a new
identity. Here.

Chris hands Bob a fake DRIVER'S LICENSE. In the Photoshopped I.D.
picture, Bob has a mustache.

BOB

Miguel Sanchez. I like it.

ANDY RANTAMPRIKASH

So... what are you gonna do with
the rest of your life?

As Bob considers this, we:

SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: "3015."

INT. LINA'S DOMICILE - 3015 - DAY

Lina sits in her super-futuristic DOMICILE with a stainless steel
mug of coffee and her ORB. She pushes a few buttons on her Orb
and a HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE of a BOOK appears. The "cover" reads:

"The Great American Novel," by Miguel Sanchez.

Lina SWIPES her fingers over the hologram to "open" the book to
the DEDICATION PAGE, which reads:

"For Angelina Grapefruit Boom Boom Thelonius Shakalaka, wherever she may be."

Lina smiles, knowing who the real author was. She looks over to:

THE COUCH, where a very pretty YOUNG GIRL sits watching TV as a SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY, the spitting image of BOB, sits next to her, doing a pile of SCHOOLWORK.

LINA

Bobby, she can do her own homework.

The boy shrugs, then runs to the KITCHEN, goes to a high-tech fridge unit, and places his hand into a dispenser. ORANGE SODA rains down. Bob Jr. drinks it out of his hands, smiling happily.

And we PULL BACK through the window to see Bob's vision of a NEW LOS ANGELES in all its glory.

FADE OUT.

THE END