

THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY

screenplay by
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based on the Dark Horse series
created by Gerard Way and Gabriel Ba

9/3/09

OPEN ON THE UNIVERSAL GLOBE as it turns slower and slower,
its color fading to an apocalyptic grey as a TITLE APPEARS:

The End

POGO (V.O.)

It's true...

EXT. THE END OF THE WORLD - DAY

A BROKEN BLACK UMBRELLA blows past the ruins of what was
once a city street. Destruction and rubble as far as the eye
can see, the scrape of umbrella spindles the only sound...
until POGO resumes in his soothing voice-of-reason baritone:

POGO (V.O.)

This is the way it all ended.

The broken umbrella snags a curb. Flaps there helplessly.

POGO (V.O.)

Not with a bomb...

The umbrella's torn canopy gasps spastically against its
bent spindles like a punctured lung as we become aware of a
FAINT, SHRILL TONE. We PUSH IN TIGHT on the black canopy -

POGO (V.O.)

...but with a violin.

- until our screen goes BLACK precisely as the shrillness
reveals itself to be a solitary high note being played on a
violin. The violin's tremolo hangs in the blackness... then
launches into a piece of SOLO VIOLIN MUSIC (Bach?), quick
and in a minor key, continuing over:

EXT. A WRESTLING ARENA - NIGHT

SWOOPING AERIAL OF A SEA OF BLACK UMBRELLAS hammered by rain
as CROWDS wait in a downpour for the night's main event.

POGO (V.O.)

And this is the way it all began...

INT. WRESTLING ARENA - NIGHT

The vibe is old school rough, like a 50's wrestling picture.
"TUSSLIN' TOM" GURNEY, a 350 lb. brute, wrestles a giant,
slimy SQUID to the WILD ROAR of the crowd.

POGO (V.O.)

*It was the year "Tusslin' Tom" Gurney
knocked out the space-squid from Rigel
X-9.*

CONTINUED:

Tusslin' Tom delivers a punishing Atomic Flying Elbow.

POGO (V.O.)
It happened at exactly 9:38 pm.

The REFEREE holds up Tusslin' Tom's slime-splattered arm.

POGO (V.O.)
*In that moment, in an occurrence of
complete coincidence...*

INT. A SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

A slime-splattered NEWBORN is birthed by an unseen mother to the stunned reactions of fellow PASSENGERS.

POGO (V.O.)
*...forty-three extraordinary children
were born to mostly single women who had
shown no signs of pregnancy, in seemingly
random locations around the world.*

INSERT RAPID-FIRE FLIP-BOOK STYLE COMPENDIUM OF STILL IMAGES

of 42 other newborns at their moments of birth: in a Chinese restaurant kitchen; a Bedouin tent in the Sahara; an Inuit igloo; a Brazilian favela; the Trevi Fountain; a Ukrainian laundromat; a bullfight, etc, etc.

INT. NOBEL AWARDS CEREMONY - STOCKHOLM, SWEDEN - DAY

RAPID PUSH IN ON SIR REGINALD HARGREEVES at a podium, a leather attaché case in one hand.

POGO (V.O.)
Enter Sir Reginald Hargreeves, a.k.a "The Monocle."

Dressed in a quasi-Victorian suit, lips unsmiling beneath a push-broom mustache, Hargreeves lifts A MONOCLE to his left eye as he surveys the APPLAUDING ASSEMBLY with an air of utter aloofness and superiority.

POGO (V.O.)
*World-renowned scientist and wealthy
entrepreneur. Recipient of the Nobel
Prize for his work in the cerebral
advancement of the chimpanzee.*

EXT. AN ARCHEOLOGICAL DIG SITE - MIDDLE EASTERN DESERT - DAY

Pyramids in the background, we find Hargreeves in fencing whites, parrying with a chimpanzee while teams of Arabs haul up unearthed treasures from a massive crater below.

CONTINUED:

POGO (V.O.)
Olympic Gold Medalist and art collector.

HARGREEVES
(scoring a hit with his epee)
Ha!!

INT. HARGREEVES' ENTERPRISES - PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

RAPID PUSH IN AS HARGREEVES YANKS OPEN A PAIR OF CURTAINS to reveal an odd-looking elevator car fitted with fancy wires and attachments. A plaque at its base reads "THE TELEVATOR."

HARGREEVES
(blasé)
I should mention it runs on a completely independent power source, the future applications of which are, of course, potentially limitless.

O.S. GASPS and APPLAUSE. Flash bulbs POPPING.

POGO (V.O.)
Inventor of The Televator, The Levitator, The Mobile Umbrella Communicator, and Clever Crisp Cereal.

INT. A BATHROOM - EVENING

ON A NEARBY TV SET a cheesy technicolor commercial for Clever Crisp Cereal (kids dancing in the supermarket aisle).

TIGHT ON Hargreeves at a vanity sink, his face leaned just out of frame as he studies his reflection in the mirror. On a chair back we see a flaccid MASK of Hargreeves' face.

POGO (V.O.)
Space alien.

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - PRIVATE AIRFIELD - EVENING

Hargreeves boards THE MINERVA - a high-tech, art deco aircraft resembling a WWII Bomber - via an underside hatch.

POGO (V.O.)
For reasons unknown, Sir Reginald set out aboard his private vessel, The Minerva, and sought to track down and adopt as many of the forty-three children as he could. He only found seven of them.

INT. HARGREEVES' ENTERPRISES - PRESS CONFERENCE - DAY

RAPID PUSH IN ON SEVEN BLACK BABY CARRIAGES in a neat row...

CONTINUED:

Nearing the carriages, we note that the SEVEN INFANTS within are all wearing small black DOMINO MASKS.

POGO (V.O.)
*Wiping their identities, Hargreeves
 assigned each child a number -*

In said carriages we discover A NUMBER EMBOSSED IN WHITE inside each canopy: 00.01, 00.02, 00.03, 00.04, 00.05, 00.06, 00.07. We continue past the carriages...to Hargreeves standing at a phalanx of microphones, addressing REPORTERS.

POGO (V.O.)
*- then allowed for a one-time press
 conference to address the question on
 everyone's mind:*

ITALIAN JOURNALIST
 Why-a have-a you adopted these-a seven
 children?

Hargreeves allows a very slight, very cryptic smile; we PUSH TIGHT on he leans meaningfully into the microphones:

HARGREEVES
To save the world, of course.

EXT. THE CITY - A STREET CORNER - DAWN

A BUNDLED STACK OF NEWSPAPERS hits the sidewalk...

POGO (V.O.)
To which the world asked -

Above a photo of Hargreeves, a big headline: **'FROM WHAT?'**

EXT. HARGREEVES' ESTATE - DAY

A HUGE CROWD amassed before iron gates, rattling the bars and shouting questions to an empty lawn and distant mansion.

POGO (V.O.)
But they received no answer.

Realizing it's pointless, the crowd disperses. The last of them exit frame, revealing the locked gates themselves...

Where the gates meet, there is a symbol where a crest might be: a black umbrella within a white circle.

SUPERIMPOSE TITLE CREDIT:

"THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY"

OPENING CREDITS PROCEED OVER:

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - VARIOUS LOCATIONS (FOUND FOOTAGE)

[The following is a black and white grainy 16mm archival film marked "CONFIDENTIAL: U.A. TRAINING FOOTAGE" along the bottom. Note: the children always wear identical schoolboy/schoolgirl uniforms, regardless of age.]

-- OPEN ON A 3-YEAR-OLD NUMBER ONE (Spaceboy) smashing his way out of a cement cell with his fists. He seems to be truly enjoying the challenge, eyes smiling behind his mask.

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

Number One demonstrates enhanced physical strength, inhuman dedication, and impeccable leadership.

Cut to 6-YEAR-OLD Spaceboy strapped into the huge cockpit of a MiG fighter jet (U.A. logo painted on its fin). He gives a big thumbs up to the camera as the cockpit glass is lowered.

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

He has asked to go by 'Spaceboy.' I have no objections.

-- CUT TO: 4 YEAR-OLD NUMBER TWO (Kraken) having a tantrum, a bowl of spaghetti lying cracked on the floor beside him.

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

Number Two, however, is an insolent brat, as evidenced by the time he threw a tantrum and revealed he could hold his breath for three weeks straight - an ability of dubious use, if any.

Cut to 8-YEAR-OLD Kraken at a practice range, angrily hurling a knife at a target-poster. A second knife sails in, splits the handle *and blade* of the first knife.

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

I'll concede he's not bad with a knife.

-- CUT TO: 3-YEAR-OLD NUMBER THREE (Rumor) seated at a dressing mirror, admiring herself.

3-YEAR-OLD RUMOR

I heard a rumor that my eyes were green.

Rumor's eyes instantly change from brown to green.

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

Number Three can be insufferably self-involved, but should prove useful in her ability to prevaricate.

CONTINUED:

Cut to 8-YEAR OLD Rumor still admiring herself in the same mirror. Her sister Number Seven (Vanya) now present in b.g..

8-YEAR-OLD RUMOR

I heard a rumor that my hair was purple.

Rumor's hair is now purple. She glances at Vanya with a sly "you so wish you were me" smile. It's clear Vanya does.

-- CUT TO: 2-YEAR-OLD NUMBER FOUR (Séance) is playing joylessly while TOYS FLOAT wildly all around him.

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

As for Number Four, his psychic abilities are stunted by a morbid temperament.

Cut to an 8-YEAR-OLD Séance floating in lotus position, his eyes glowing, furniture floating around him. Already rather effete for his age, he wears his hair in a new-wave style.

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

His insistence on communing with spirits the likes of Edgar Allen Poe, Sylvia Plath and Ian Curtis suggests a certain sensibility I find deplorable.

8-YEAR-OLD SÉANCE

(in Poe's actual voice)

...Quoth the Raven, 'nevermore.'

-- CUT TO: A WALL CLOCK as the second hand rounds 12. The instant it does, 8-YEAR-OLD NUMBER FIVE (The Boy) materializes. He checks his pocketwatch.

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

Number Five demonstrates a gift for time-travel.

The Boy looks directly at us, shrugs in boredom, and walks out of frame with shoulders slumped.

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

He continues to resent my reminders not to go too far into the future, lest he find himself unable to return.

-- CUT TO: 3-YEAR-OLD NUMBER SIX (The Horror) fighting over a teddy bear with 3-year-old Kraken.

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

Number Six is too easily manipulated due to his trusting nature...

Kraken yanks the teddy bear out of The Horror's grasp...when from the Horror's shirtfront FOUR MONSTROUS TENTACLES LASH

CONTINUED:

OUT and snatch the toy back.

CUT TO AN 8-YEAR-OLD Horror dutifully holding Hargreeves' dictaphone mic in one of his tentacles as the pair observe Spaceboy bound in chains, gleefully smashing his way out of a huge, ridiculously dangerous pressure-cooker training device. The Horror beams at his brother in admiration, but Hargreeves is distracted the Horror's mic-gripping tentacle.

HARGREEVES

(into dictaphone mic)

He's rather gruesome, but fascinating.

-- FINAL CUT TO: 8-YEAR-OLD NUMBER SEVEN (Vanya) standing in a bare room, playing a violin - *the same solo piece we've been hearing on our soundtrack until now*. She ends with a brilliant flourish. Clearly a musical prodigy.

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

As for Number Seven, she continues to display no discernible talents.

Vanya takes an awkward bow. The response is dead silence.

VANYA

H-How was that, Dad?

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

Quite useless, I'm afraid. And don't call me Dad.

Crushed, Vanya lowers her head as the film strip runs out -

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

End recording.

[OPENING TITLES CONCLUDE WITH DIRECTOR CREDIT.]

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - DAY

"Shining"-style travelling shot of 10-year-old Number Five (The Boy) wandering the halls, looking bored and irritated. He twirls a piece of chalk between his fingers, wearily glancing into each doorway he passes, starting with THE LIVING ROOM, in which Spaceboy and Kraken are beating the living hell out of each other -

The Boy just yawns as he keeps walking, now passing THE LIBRARY, in which we glimpse Séance floating, eyes glowing orange as he chants in Tibetan, an open volume of "The Tibetan Book of the Dead" floating nearby -

The Boy just rolls his eyes, continues on his way around a corner and another stretch of hallway, passing a PARLOR, in which we glimpse Rumor counting with her eyes closed.

CONTINUED:

RUMOR

49...50. Ready or not, here I come!

Rumor glances around, levels her gaze on a nearby desk.

RUMOR

I heard a rumor you were hiding behind
the Chippendale desk.

From behind the desk we hear a startled YELP from The
Horror, splayed out and disoriented, tentacles sprung.

RUMOR

Found you.

The Boy frowns at the pitiful scene, continues walking past
VANYA'S ROOM. Practicing her violin (alone as usual), Vanya
looks up hopefully on hearing The Boy pass by her door.

VANYA

Number Five, do you want to hear my new-

- but The Boy ignores her, just keeps walking down the hall.

He finally stops at the far end. Alone, he sighs, looking
only more bored, trapped and miserable... then something
occurs to him. He grins as he crouches and begins to chalk
something on the polished wood floor: *a hopscotch board*.

The Boy proceeds to jump from box to box - jump, jump, jump -
but when he lands in the final box he simply vanishes,
leaving only his black domino mask behind.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - HARGREEVES' STUDY - NIGHT

Hargreeves at his desk, dictating to a CHIMPANZEE dressed in
white shirt and suspenders, tapping at a typewriter.

HARGREEVES

With regard to Number Five's recent
disappearance, it would seem that despite
my warnings, he's run away to the future.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - SEWING ROOM - EVENING

EXTREME CLOSE ON A WOMAN'S PERFECTLY MANICURED HANDS as she
SEWS NAME-TAGS inside the children's uniforms. "Luther
Hargreeves." "Diego Hargreeves." "Allison Hargreeves."
"Klaus Hargreeves." "Ben Hargreeves." "Vanya Hargreeves."

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

While I consider this to be no great
loss, it occurs to me that additional
supervision may be advisable.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - DINING ROOM - DAY

The six remaining children (age 10) enter the Dining Room with jackets in hand, puzzling over their new name-tags.

KRAKEN

We have names?

MOM (O.S.)

You do now, my dears.

Their young heads quickly turn to the doorway to find MOM (a brunette June Cleaver, vapidly chipper and saccharine-sweet) carrying a silver tray of 6 hot fudge sundaes.

MOM

Now then, who wants ice cream?

RUMOR

Who are you?

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

That would be your mother.

WHIP TO HARGREEVES in the other doorway, leaning on his umbrella, his leather attaché case at his side.

SÉANCE

We have a mother?

HARGREEVES

You do now.

The children frown, unsure what to make of this.

HARGREEVES

However, the ice cream will have to wait. There's trouble in Paris. To the Minerva, everyone.

SPACEBOY

(eagerly)

"Trouble," sir? Do you mean to say-

HARGREEVES

Indeed, Number One. It's time for the world to meet The Umbrella Academy.

EXT. PARIS - THE EIFFEL TOWER - DAY

A BLACK UMBRELLA is snapped open by a portly souvenir VENDOR, then affixed to a table displaying statuettes. The Vendor steps back to admire his table when

CRASSSH! a steel girder falls from the sky, crushing it.

CONTINUED:

BANG! Another hunk of Eiffel Tower crashes down behind him.

ANGLE ON A GENDARME

stationed nearby. He's suddenly accosted by the Vendor, who is shouting frantically in French. The Gendarme assumes the Vendor is crazy - when an UNNATURAL GROAN booms from above.

The Gendarme freezes, raises his eyes to the Eiffel Tower...and *it moves*. With another MECHANICAL MOAN, the Eiffel Tower stretches like a King Cobra, shedding another hunk of girder that comes flying down with a SMASH!

TOURISTS and PARISIANS in the vicinity now SCREAMING as more and more shards of Tower come hurtling down... The Gendarme starts shouting into his walkie-talkie in alarmed French -

SPACEBOY (O.S.)

Excuse me, officer, but I believe we can be of assistance.

The snooty Gendarme peers down to find Spaceboy, waist-high.

SPACEBOY

It's your Eiffel Tower. It's gone insane, and must be stopped at any cost.

GENDARME

What?! It is you children who are insane!

Spaceboy nods at Numbers Two, Three, Four and Six. At once they press their LEVITATOR BELTS and float off the ground.

SPACEBOY

Allow me to introduce my subordinate, Number Three.

RUMOR

Citizens of Paris! I heard a rumor that the Musée d'Orsay is giving away many of its finest paintings.

(beat)

They're also serving crepes.

In an instant every man, woman and child in the area makes a mad rush away from the Tower in the direction of the Louvre.

SPACEBOY

Good job dispersing the crowd, Number Three, although we'll most likely have to recover those paintings.

SÉANCE

Um...Space?

CONTINUED:

The top of the Eiffel Tower is starting to glow neon green, the focal point of some sort of massive power surge. Green lightning bolts crackle up and down the Tower as it emits an even angrier mechanical ROAR... one of those lightning bolts suddenly ZAPS straight down at the children -

The five children blast off (via their Levitator Belts) just as the bolt blasts a crater in the ground beneath them.

INT. THE MINERVA

Hargreeves on the deck of the Minerva as it hovers nearby, his right-hand chimpanzee by his side (now dressed in aviation attire). Hargreeves steps down to a huge pane of Observation Glass, peering out sternly at the sight of the five children battling the Eiffel Tower as it goes berserk.

By his feet we find Number Seven (Vanya) crouched by the glass as well, watching with longing. The outsider.

VANYA

Dad- I mean, Mr. Monocle, sir... can't I be with the others?

HARGREEVES

I'm sorry, Number Seven. There's just nothing special about you. Why don't you go play the violin?

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER

One of the Horror's tentacles is wrapped around a center beam at the top of the Tower. Rumor and Séance use his other tentacles to swing toward the source of the lightning sparks: a churning mass of grinding gears and razor sharp blades and cogs. The entire Tower is alive with groans...

THE HORROR

Number Four! You're slipping!!

SÉANCE

Just don't let go of me! I'm trying to contact a dead engineer from the spirit world - he can tell us how to stop it!

Number Two (Kraken) hovers below, a 10 year old cynic.

KRAKEN

Save your breath! We're all gonna die!

Hovering on the opposite side, Spaceboy glares at Kraken.

SPACEBOY

That attitude of yours isn't helping, Number Two! Either pitch in or shut up!

CONTINUED:

KRAKEN

Yeah? Why don't you shut me up?

Spaceboy's had it - fist cocked, he flies right at Kraken, about to deliver a massive blow...only Kraken zips out of his way at the last second and Spaceboy's fist collides into the side of the Tower with a punishing BANG!

CREEEEEAK...the Tower is actually about to tip from the blow.

SPACEBOY

Rumor! Séance! Horror! Get out of there!

Horror releases his grasp, flinging Séance and Rumor out of the way just in time - as the Eiffel Tower falls like a chopped-down tree and CRASHES to the ground.

ANGLE ON THE TOWER'S CONTROL CENTER (toward what was the top) as Spaceboy and the ZOOM DOWN beside it. Spaceboy grabs a steel panel, rips it free to expose...

INT. EIFFEL TOWER CONTROL CENTER

...a small control room, manned by -

ALL 5 CHILDREN IN UNISON

Zombie-Robot Gustave Eiffel!

The name says it all: robot body, zombie Gustave Eiffel head. The creature chuckles grimly, in the French manner.

ZOMBIE ROBOT EIFFEL

MAUDIT ENFANTS!

SPACEBOY

Just as I suspected!

KRAKEN

Yeah, right.

SPACEBOY

(turning, annoyed)

Damn it, will you just --

(sees Kraken has a knife)

-- Kraken, no!!

Kraken cockily disregards Spaceboy and sends the knife blade flying through the air, directly between the Zombie's eyes. Zombie Robot Gustave Eiffel topples back dead - his body slamming into a LEVER, causing it to engage.

COMPUTERIZED VOICE (O.S.)

INITIER LA SEQUENCE DE LANCEMENT...

The entire Tower is starting to shake violently...

CONTINUED:

RUMOR

Séance, you speak French! What's it mean?

SÉANCE

Hard to say. I think it's taking off...?

HORROR

Taking off?!

SPACEBOY

EVERYBODY OUT!! NOW!!!

Spaceboy blasts through the ceiling, the others following -

EXT. EIFFEL TOWER (CONTINUOUS)

- as the tower starts to right itself, rumbling and quaking like a rocket ship about to launch...and then, sure enough, its base erupts in thruster flames and the entire Eiffel Tower blasts off the face of the Earth!

The five children stare up after it, stunned.

KRAKEN

How... how did it...

HARGREEVES (O.S.)

Because it's not a monument, children.
It's a spaceship.

The five all turn, stunned to find Hargreeves behind them.

HARGREEVES

And while you lost the Eiffel Tower, you saved Paris. Do you know what that means?
(a sliver of a smile)
Ice cream for everyone.

SAME SCENE - LATER

A huge gathering of ADORING SPECTATORS and REPORTERS as the MAYOR OF PARIS presents Hargreeves and the five children (each has an ice cream cone) with the KEY TO THE CITY. Vanya stands off to the side; only Kraken seems aware of her, glancing over at her as a FLASHBULB POPS and the whole key-to-the-city scene is captured as a STILL IMAGE.

POGO (V.O.)

Overnight, the Umbrella Academy attained world-wide fame and adoration.

A SERIES OF NEWSPAPER/ MAGAZINE HEADLINES SMASH IN:

"UMBRELLA ACADEMY RESCUE HUNDREDS FROM SOLAR EARTHQUAKE!"

CONTINUED:

"THE 'MURDER MAGICIAN' NO MATCH FOR UMBRELLA ACADEMY"

"UMBRELLA ACADEMY HEROES AGAIN! HIJACKED MONORAIL HALTED!"

"SPACEBOY: FIRST BOY IN SPACE!"

"MEET THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY! EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEWS INSIDE!"

SMASH TO:

A CARTOON IMAGE OF THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY LOGO is stamped by bubble-letters: "*The True Adventures of THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY!*" A sub-title appears: "*Episode 12... Dr. Terminal: Hungry for Doom!*" as we watch a CLIP from a Hanna-Barbera style Saturday morning cartoon:

INT. DR. TERMINAL'S LAIR (*ANIMATED)

A (cartoon) TEENAGE "RUMOR" is bound to a huge steel chair, a gag over her mouth as (cartoon) DR. TERMINAL paces before her gleefully. Terminal might best be described as a bloated cross between Iron Man and the Michelin Man - only evil.

DR. TERMINAL

I never considered myself "lucky." Never won a raffle, never made a dime on the ponies. But then I developed a very rare disease... Eisenstein Syndrome. It eats you from inside, starting with the nervous system, ending with the brain.

He comes closer, Rumor squirming fearfully in her chair.

DR. TERMINAL

The doctors gave me two months. Told me to live life to the fullest. So I did, and built myself this little wonder...

He gestures to the features of his creepy body-machine, all sorts of knobs and lights and dials and pumps...

DR. TERMINAL

It eats matter and converts it to energy - energy that feeds the disease and keeps me alive... But it gets so hungry.

Terminal leans in to Rumor as she thrashes, her powers muffled by her gag.

DR. TERMINAL

I apologize, my dear. But little girls just taste better.

Rumor thrashing in fear as Terminal is about to devour her when - SMASH! the wall behind Rumor crashes open and

CONTINUED:

(cartoon) "SPACEBOY" soars in!

SPACEBOY
This is the end of the line, Terminal!
Next stop, the Hotel Oblivion!

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - ENTRANCE GATES - DAY

MANY THOUSANDS OF FANS are amassed at the iron gates in the hopes of just glimpsing the teens. The image becomes TV NEWS footage of same. The caption: "UMBRELLA-MANIA!"

POGO (V.O.)
*Things were going exceedingly well for
all of them...*

INT. A SMALL AUDITORIUM - EVENING

A TEENAGE VANYA is giving a violin recital. She is by now a true virtuoso. However, of her family only (teen) Kraken has bothered to attend, and he's sprawled fast asleep.

POGO (V.O.)
Or rather, almost all of them.

Other than Kraken, there's hardly anyone in the audience. In fact, the only person who seems to be paying attention is a gaunt, creepy young man (THE CONDUCTOR, we'll later learn) seated inconspicuously in the last row.

As Vanya performs, the sadness in her is so distracting that she suddenly plays a bad note, the bow SCREECHING across her strings for an instant -

ON "THE CONDUCTOR" as Vanya's bad note causes a wooden chair back in front of him to crack right down the middle. The Conductor's eyes widen intensely.

POGO (V.O.)
And then it happened.

CUT TO: A TV NEWS BROADCAST

NEWS ANCHOR
We've just learned that Luther Hargreeves, aka "Spaceboy," has been critically injured on a mission to Mars.

BLURRY, SUPER-TELEPHOTO STILL IMAGE of what appears to be a 12 foot gorilla clinging to the hull of a small spacecraft.

NEWS ANCHOR
According to sources, the young pilot's craft came under attack by a race of Martian gorillas. In making his escape,

CONTINUED:

NEWS ANCHOR (CONT'D)

Spaceboy failed to notice one of the creatures had latched on...

SHAKY FOOTAGE of a spacecraft CRASH LANDING in the ocean.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - INFIRMARY/LABORATORY - NIGHT

CLOSE ON SPACEBOY'S TEENAGE FACE on a pillow, unconscious.
O.S. BEEPS and BLIPS of high-tech medical equipment.

POGO (V.O.)

Hargreeves had no choice but to perform a radical and experimental procedure.

INT. HARGREEVE'S MANSION - LIVING ROOM - DAY

O.S. a door opens - and teenage Kraken, Rumor, Séance, Horror and Vanya all gape in absolute astonishment...

POGO (V.O.)

Spaceboy's life was saved. But he would never be the same.

REVERSE ON SPACEBOY standing before them - his head now sits atop the humongous body of a 12 ft. tall Martian gorilla, powered by a power pack similar to the one on the Televator. He is visibly self-conscious, his movements big and clumsy.

POGO (V.O.)

Nor would his powers. To compensate, he became almost too driven...pushing the team into ever more perilous situations.

ANOTHER SERIES OF NEWSPAPER/ MAGAZINE HEADLINES SMASH IN:

"UMBRELLA ACADEMY SAVE OCEAN LINER, DESTROY WATERFRONT."

A photo of Spaceboy angrily shouting orders is cropped beside a photo of a massive ocean liner beached on the wreckage of what was once San Francisco's Fisherman's Wharf.

"UMBRELLA ACADEMY FIGHT CRIME... AND EACH OTHER?" A photo catches Spaceboy and Kraken in the midst of a brutal brawl.

POGO (V.O.)

Resentments grew, and when the group's in-fighting eclipsed their heroism...

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - FRONT GATES - DAY

TIME LAPSE: the thousands of avid fans by the gates become hundreds... become fifty... become twenty...

POGO (V.O.)

...the world began to lose interest.

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER HEADLINE: **"BREAKING NEWS! RUMOR QUILTS UMBRELLA ACADEMY! SÉANCE HINTS HE MAY BE NEXT."** Photo of Rumor exiting the mansion's gates, hands blocking her face.

POGO (V.O.)

This only fueled Spaceboy's desperation to prove their worth. It was a matter of time before recklessness begot tragedy.

FLASH ON: A JARRING CLOSE UP OF SPACEBOY GAPING AT THE CHARRED HAND OF THE HORROR -

ANOTHER HEADLINE: **"BEN 'THE HORROR' HARGREEVES - DEAD. KILLED IN ACTION DURING MYSTERIOUS 'JENNIFER INCIDENT.'"** An obituary photo of The Horror...

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - GROUNDS - DUSK

...morphs to a STATUE OF THE HORROR erected in his memory.

POGO (V.O.)

The death of Number Six proved to be the proverbial last straw.

In one of the mansion windows we find Hargreeves peering out, a troubled look on his stern face.

POGO (V.O.)

The Umbrella Academy permanently disbanded, severing all contact with Sir Hargreeves, and with each other.

Reverse angle to find Spaceboy boarding his spacecraft on the lawn, the last to leave. He takes a final look back at Hargreeves still standing in the window, then lowers his head guiltily and ducks into his craft.

The SUN SETS on the gates, now devoid of fans. Hargreeves' trusted chimp paints over where someone has graffiti'd **"GOOD RIDDANCE"** as in b.g. Spaceboy's craft blasts off.

POGO (V.O.)

Just like that, it was over.

And with the last rays of amber daylight we

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE: Ten Years Later.

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE - (ALWAYS) NIGHT

WE PUSH IN FROM BLACKEST SPACE to find the lone figure of Spaceboy (now late 20's) standing on the cratered face of the moon. He has the aura of a man in self-imposed retreat.

CONTINUED:

Through the glass of his fishbowl-style astronaut helmet, we find he's staring at something with a hard, pensive look -

- when he's interrupted by a faint BEEPING. He peers down, sees the Umbrella Academy buckle on his belt flashing green.

BEN'S ROBOTIC VOICE (V.O.)
(from helmet speaker)
Number One? Come in Number One... This is
Annihilation Control. You have a call.

SPACEBOY
I'm busy.

BEN'S ROBOTIC VOICE (V.O.)
It's Dr. Pogo, sir.

SPACEBOY
Pogo?... Okay, keep him on the line, Ben.

Spaceboy BLASTS OFF with his jet pack... and we now see what he was staring at: an exposed corner of the base of the Eiffel Tower, the rest of which apparently lodged deep in the Moon those many years ago.

INT. ANNIHILATION CONTROL - MOMENTS LATER

A bunker-like space station built for one - well, two if you count "BEN," Spaceboy's dutiful robot. Spaceboy's astronaut helmet is off as he talks on the Umbrella Phone.

SPACEBOY
Pogo - any news from Earth?... Negative,
Pogo. You know I can't leave my post...

He peers out the glass at Planet Earth in the distance.

SPACEBOY
Because a threat from space could come at
any-- What?...
(stunned)
When?... I see... I'm on my way.

Spaceboy slowly lowers the receiver. Ben approaches.

BEN
I've readied your ship, Number One. Will
you be requiring your laser pistol?

INT. SPACEBOY'S SPACECRAFT - MOMENTS LATER

Small, capsule style. Lots of colorful dials and knobs.
Spaceboy strapped in. Clicking levers, turning switches...

CONTINUED:

BEN (V.O.)
Hull integrity at 100%. Weapon Systems
online. Thrusters ready...

Ben's robot voice drowned out by the ROARING THRUSTERS as -

EXT. LUNAR SURFACE

- Spaceboy's craft blasts off the Moon... leaving Ben alone,
standing atop Annihilation Control, waving goodbye.

BEN
Godspeed, Spaceboy, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. A DOWNTOWN GOTH-HIPSTER PARTY - NIGHT

A stark den packed with glamorous goth junkies. We find a
number of them amassed in a corner, gathered around

SÉANCE. Since we last saw him, he's gotten even more gaunt
and pale, and has traded his domino mask and uniform for an
all-black wardrobe, complimented by black nail polish and
the words "Hello" and "Goodbye" tattooed Ouija-style on the
palm of each hand. He sits cross-legged on a velvet pillow.

GOTH HIPSTER
How about Lizzie Borden?

OTHER HIPSTERS
Yeah! We want to meet Lizzie! Please?!

SÉANCE
(slurring)
Oh all right, but I warn you, for an axe
murderess she can be a bit of a bore.

Just then a slim DANCER-TYPE approaches, whispers to Séance:

DANCER-TYPE
Klaus, there's a call for you. Some
doctor named "Pogo?"

Mildly surprised, Séance rises woozily, as if stoned.

SÉANCE
Perfect. Another ghost.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CITY - CITY PARK - DAY

City Park is big, ala Central Park. CHILDREN playing,
laughing. We focus on one: CLAIRE (7), beautiful, happy.

CONTINUED:

ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE PARK a woman in a trench-coat tries to be inconspicuous as she watches Claire. Only when she raises her eyes do we discover it's RUMOR. Her look of longing instantly confirms that A) Claire is her daughter and B) it rips her heart out not to run over and hug her.

A TELEPHONE RING from off-screen startles Rumor. She turns, realizes the RINGING is coming from a phone box a few feet away. RING... RING... Rumor frowns warily, slowly picks up.

POGO (FROM PHONE)

Hello, Allison.

RUMOR

Pogo? How could you know I'd be here??

POGO (FROM PHONE)

Simple. You're there every day at three.

Rumor huffs, irritated that he knows this.

RUMOR

This better be good.

POGO (FROM PHONE)

I'm afraid it's just the opposite.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CITY - A BOOKSTORE - EVENING

A LITTLE OLD LADY is perusing REMAINDER BINS outside a canopied bookstore. An old hardcover catches her eye: "**EXTRA ORDINARY: MY LIFE AS NUMBER 7 by Vanya Hargreeves.**" The cover shows Vanya as a child, masked and playing her violin.

The Old Lady starts to open the book - when her purse is suddenly grabbed by a PURSE-SNATCHER running past. The Old Lady screams as she's knocked to the ground, along with Vanya's book, allowing us to see the back cover, where a faded blurb tell us it was a "SHOCKING BESTSELLER!"

INT. A DARK ALLEYWAY - MOMENTS LATER

The Purse-snatcher bolts past dumpsters as he rummages through the Old Lady's purse, when WHAP! the purse flies out of his grasp! He spins to find the purse hanging by its shoulder strap on a knife blade embedded in the far wall.

Scared, the thief searches the alley when WHAP! a second knife pierces his shirt collar, pinning him to the opposite wall a good three feet off the ground. The thief kicks wildly at the air, struggling to free himself... when a SHADOW looms in.

CONTINUED:

PURSE-SNATCHER

K-Kraken?!...I'm sorry, man! Honest!

KRAKEN finally steps into view, his uniform a grey and black body suit (traditional superhero variety). He still wears a mask, but one eye is covered by a black patch. His hair is long, face unshaven, and expression perpetually pissed off.

KRAKEN

Purse snatching, huh? Let me guess, you needed the money for an operation.

PURSE-SNATCHER

N-No...

Kraken CRACKS his knuckles as he steps closer.

KRAKEN

You will when I get through with you.

INT. CITY POLICE HEADQUARTERS - EVENING

INSPECTOR LUPO (skinny, bald, sports a moustache, sunglasses and a beret) marches through the corridors, past POLICE OFFICERS both human and chimp. He arrives at his office, throws opens the door marked "Inspector Lupo" -

INT. LUPO'S OFFICE

- to find the Purse-Snatcher semi-conscious in a chair, a note taped to his chest: "ARREST ME." Lupo just sighs, shakes his head as he marches to an OPEN WINDOW and peers down... to find Kraken five stories below, walking away.

LUPO

Hey, Kraken! I've been looking for you.

Kraken reluctantly slows, squints up at Inspector Lupo.

LUPO

A message came in for you about an hour ago... From a Dr. Phinneus Pogo?

CUT TO:

INT. A SMALL APARTMENT (THE CITY) - NIGHT

Dimly lit, sparsely furnished. Lonely. From off-screen we hear the sound of a violin playing. Then RING... RING...

CLOSE ON A VIOLIN BOW as it reluctantly stops playing.

CLOSE ON THE RINGING PHONE as a WOMAN'S HAND picks up.

CONTINUED:

VANYA (O.S.)

Hello?

POGO (FROM PHONE)

Vanya. It's me.

TILT UP TO VANYA in a plain tank top, phone to her ear.

POGO (FROM PHONE)

I'm calling about your father.

Vanya starts to hang up -

POGO (FROM PHONE)

Please don't hang up.

VANYA

I have nothing to say to him, Pogo.

POGO (FROM PHONE)

I'm afraid it wouldn't matter if you did.
He's dead, Vanya.

We move off Vanya's torn expression as she slowly lowers the phone, Pogo's voice still audible through the receiver -

POGO

Vanya, did you hear me? Vanya?

Click, she hangs up. Vanya remains by the phone, somewhat shaken - when it RINGS again. She reluctantly picks up -

VANYA

Pogo, I don't know what you want me to-
... Hello?

(composing herself)

Speaking... An audition? I don't know,
maybe... Where and when?

She picks up a pen and pad, and scribbles "*ICARUS. NOON.*"

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - FRONT GATES - DAWN

The sun is just coming up over the Umbrella Academy, the sky still dark...when Spaceboy's craft comes racing in with an unholy noise and smashes down into the front lawn.

The hatch slowly HISSES open, and Spaceboy climbs out. He pauses, peers out at the old estate. It's been a long time.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - HALLWAY - DAWN

Spaceboy paces down a long corridor. The house feels big, cold and empty. He arrives at a closed door, tries the knob.

INT. HARGREEVES' STUDY

Spaceboy enters. Plush, dark, seemingly vacant...until:

POGO (O.S.)

You made it.

REVERSE ON A HUGE DESK. Its high-backed desk chair is faced away from us (it's from the chair we heard Pogo's voice).

SPACEBOY

Dr. Pogo - so it's really true?

POGO (O.S.)

It is. Impossible as it seems...

The chair now turns to reveal DR. POGO seated in it: the same chimpanzee we'd seen fencing with Hargreeves, taking his dictation and co-piloting the Minerva. He wears reading glasses and white shirtsleeves rolled above the elbow.

POGO

...Sir Reginald Hargreeves is dead.

SPACEBOY

Are any of the others coming?

POGO

They should be here shortly.

SPACEBOY

You look tired, Pogo.

POGO

I've been working around the clock. Your father left his affairs in some disarray.

Pogo returns to the stacks of paperwork on the desk.

SPACEBOY

Think I'll take a stroll around the old place. Stretch the legs.

Spaceboy starts to go -

POGO

It's good to see you, Luther.
(gently)
Welcome home.

EXT. UMBRELLA ACADEMY - MORNING

The sky is a chalky gray, threatening to rain as we find Spaceboy standing beneath the stone statue of the Horror

CONTINUED:

erected long ago. He studies the Horror's innocent, trusting face; painful memories tugging at Spaceboy's heart -

RUMOR (O.S.)

It wasn't your fault, you know.

Spaceboy turns, sees Rumor beside him with a suitcase. She looks beautiful despite an aura of perpetual sadness. Spaceboy musters a smile. Truly glad to see her, he looks like he wants to embrace her, but is too awkward.

SPACEBOY

Allison. You look... nice.

(feigning nonchalance)

Where's the hockey player - Patrick, right?

RUMOR

He filed for divorce eight months ago. He got the house, and custody of Claire.

SPACEBOY

Claire? You have a daughter?

RUMOR

(smiles sadly)

You've been away a long time.

A meaningful silence... It's clear each has missed the other a great deal, maybe more than they even realized -

SÉANCE (O.S.)

You know what I love about funerals?

They both turn to find Séance floating over in a chic black leather overcoat and Jackie O sunglasses.

SÉANCE

Everything I own is black.

RUMOR

Klaus. You haven't changed a bit.

SÉANCE

You always were an incorrigible liar, Allison. Hello, Luther. How are things on the moon? Any sign of a genocidal alien threat or world-eating star phantoms?

SPACEBOY

(defensive)

I do what I do for the greater good, Séance. You know that.

CONTINUED:

SÉANCE

Booooooring.

(starts for the house)

I hope Pogo's got a fresh pot on. I look like death.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - KITCHEN

Séance pours himself a cup of black coffee, lifts it to his lips - and catches Kraken in the liquid's reflection.

SÉANCE

Still sneaking up on people, Diego?

Kraken is leaning back against the counter behind him.

KRAKEN

I've been investigating The Monocle's death. Coroner estimated he kicked the bucket at 7:02 pm, but the estates's security cameras mysteriously stopped recording at 6:44. Interesting, huh?

SÉANCE

It's good to see you too.

KRAKEN

So I broke into the city morgue and ran an autopsy. Turns out the coroner was right. Hargreeves died of natural causes. Heart attack... Apparently.

SPACEBOY (O.S.)

Always have to play detective, eh Kraken?

Kraken finds Spaceboy and Rumor entering the kitchen.

KRAKEN

Better than playing dead, like you.

SPACEBOY

What are you doing here anyway? You hated Dad.

KRAKEN

We all hated him. I just had the guts to admit it.

SPACEBOY

You can still show a little respect.

KRAKEN

Is that an order, "Number One?"

Spaceboy starts toward him, massive fists clenched.

CONTINUED:

SPACEBOY

Some things never change, do they? Let's see if you still bruise easily.

KRAKEN

Take your best shot, monkey boy -

POGO (O.S.)

That's enough.

Pogo is at the kitchen door, now dressed in a suit.

POGO

I am the only one here of the pongidae persuasion, and I take offense to that comment. Now start acting like homo sapiens so we can bury your father.

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - FRONT GATES - DAY

The sky more threatening as we find SLEAZY REPORTERS gathered before the gates with note pads and cameras.

VANYA (O.S.)

Excuse me...

Reporters are stunned to find Vanya trying to get through.

VARIOUS REPORTERS

Vanya! Is it true? Is Hargreeves really dead? [etc.]

Vanya ignores them, fishing out a hefty key to the gates...

VANYA

Please, just - leave us alone.

OBNOXIOUS REPORTER

If you wanted privacy, why'd you write your book?

She finally gets her key into the lock, quickly slips through and shuts the gates on the reporters behind her.

EXT. HARGREEVE'S MANSION - FRONT DOOR

The front door opens - and the four siblings step out. Rumor and Séance are now dressed in their respective 'hero' costumes (Rumor's body suit; Séance's Ouija motif).

RUMOR

Were the costumes really necessary?

POGO

It was per Sir Hargreeves' request.

CONTINUED:

KRAKEN
(suddenly halts, scowls)
Unbelievable...

The others follow Kraken's hard look to Vanya, approaching.

POGO
She is your sister.

KRAKEN
(purposely loud)
She's a traitor.

Vanya hears this - flinches, but says nothing.

RUMOR
Hello, Vanya. It's good to see you.

VANYA
Allison. Luther. Klaus.
(hesitates)
Diego.

KRAKEN
You've got some nerve coming here.

RUMOR
Kraken, let it go.

KRAKEN
Why should I? She aired our dirty
laundry. Made us look like a bunch of
neurotic, ex-child prodigy freaks.

SÉANCE
As opposed to...?

VANYA
(truly emotional)
I apologized, Diego. To all of you. I was
young and angry. I - I made a mistake -

POGO
(taking control)
Come, everyone. Let's get this over with
before it starts raining.

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - LAWN, BENEATH A LARGE TREE

RAIN TAPS ON A SHINY BLACK COFFIN sitting beside a 6 foot
hole. The group all gathered. Staring silently. No tears.

POGO
Does anyone wish to say anything?

CONTINUED:

Rumor and Spaceboy exchange a look. Kraken steals a glance at Vanya, who is staring sadly at the ground. Séance stifles a yawn. And then, out of nowhere -

MOM (O.S.)

He wasn't the best father...

All heads turn, surprised to find Mom has arrived. She's hardly aged a day. Same brunette bob, same sugary voice:

MOM

But if he was guilty of anything, it was caring for the world so much that he sacrificed personal relationships... Unfortunately, he never asked us how we felt about that.

ON KRAKEN as he frowns, anger boiling up in him.

MOM

But that doesn't make his loss any less painful.

ON SPACEBOY as he sees Kraken start marching at Mom -

MOM

And it falls to us now to-

SPACEBOY

Kraken NO!

But Kraken grabs Mom's coat and RIPS it off - exposing the fact that her perfectly humanoid head sits atop a robotic body, i.e. "Mom" was just another invention of Hargreeves'.

MOM

I'm sorry, I shouldn't have come...

Mom starts to cry. Rumor goes to comfort her, covers her up.

SPACEBOY

Why do you always ruin everything?

KRAKEN

Me? You still don't get it, do you "Luther." It's all a lie! Hargreeves left us with a mausoleum full of questions and a piece of plastic for a mother!

He realizes everyone is staring at him - Spaceboy, Rumor, Séance, Pogo... Even Vanya.

KRAKEN

What the hell are you staring at, Vanya? Taking notes for a sequel?

CONTINUED:

VANYA

(fighting tears; turns away)
I - I have to go. I have an audition at
noon... I'm sorry, Pogo...

Vanya covers her face as she hurries away, leaving them.

SPACEBOY

Happy now?

Kraken avoids his glare, clearly just as angry at himself.
BOOM! thunder claps as if on cue, and RAIN falls harder.

SÉANCE

Who wants ice cream?

RUMOR

Shut up, Klaus.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

CLOSE ON A HUGE DISH with the melted remains of an ice cream
sundae sitting on the kitchen table. Beside it are two empty
tubs of ice cream and an emptied jar of chocolate syrup.

O.S. we can hear the sound of the funeral group returning
home. Spaceboy and Kraken are shouting at each other...

SPACEBOY (O.S.)

She said she was sorry! What more do you -

The group enter the kitchen and stop in their tracks upon
seeing the empty bowl and the ice cream fixings.

SPACEBOY

Pogo? Were you expecting anyone else?

POGO

Not that I -

KRAKEN

Wait.

Kraken is staring at something on the floor: SHOE PRINTS.
Small, like a child's.

RUMOR

Looks like they lead to the cellar.

Kraken follows the prints to a CELLAR DOOR, about to reach
for the knob - when the door opens...and NUMBER FIVE (The
Boy) enters carrying two new tubs of ice cream. He looks
just as he did when we last saw him: still age 10, still
wearing the old black and white schoolboy uniform.

CONTINUED:

Spaceboy, Rumor, Kraken, Séance and Pogo are all stunned.

SPACEBOY
...Number Five?

Number Five puzzles over Spaceboy's humongous gorilla body.

THE BOY
Number One? What happened to you?

SPACEBOY
What happened to me? Where have you been
the last twenty years?!

The Boy sets his ice cream down, then SIGHS impatiently.

THE BOY
Pogo, are we out of chocolate syrup?
Because we're out of scotch.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICARUS THEATER - NOON

A decrepit, abandoned-looking theater in a grungy part of the city. Cracked marquee, littered sidewalks. We find Vanya carrying her violin case as she arrives at a door on the side of building marked 'STAGE DOOR.' She checks the note she'd scribbled yesterday: "**ICARUS. NOON.**"

INT. ICARUS THEATER

Vanya makes her way through a pitch dark BACKSTAGE AREA of dusty curtains and fraying ropes, finally steps out onto

THE STAGE. It's equally dark here. Squinting, she can tell the huge theater was probably beautiful long ago, but has fallen into such disrepair it's now dank and creepy as hell. Corroding walls. Cracked stone angels. And way too quiet.

Nervous, Vanya calls to the cavernous dark of the audience:

VANYA
Hello?... Is anybody here?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE END OF THE WORLD

Same idea as the opening shot of our film - streets in apocalyptic ruin, no one left alive - except The Boy is present. We find him standing atop a pile of rubble.

THE BOY
Hello?... Is anybody here?

CONTINUED:

The boy continues walking through the ruins (including a giant neon eye inside an inverted triangle).

THE BOY (V.O.)

Dad always warned me not to go too far
into the future...

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - KITCHEN

The Boy eating a second bowl of ice cream as his siblings and Pogo listen in stunned silence to his story; despite his cute appearance, there's something *much older* about The Boy's tone - something hardened and world-weary.

THE BOY

...but I was determined to run away. Only
what I found wasn't just a place to hide.

EXT. THE END OF THE WORLD

The Boy encountering only more ruins of a vacant city.

THE BOY (V.O.)

What I found was the end of the world.
It took me a few days to figure out I was
the only boy alive. But once I did -

INT. POST-APOCALYPTIC NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

The Boy snatches up swords and assorted weaponry strewn amongst the rubble and shattered glass.

THE BOY (V.O.)

I was ecstatic.

CUT TO THE BOY IN WARRIOR ARMOR, brandishing a huge sword as he lays waste to the taxidermy animal displays, mannequins, dinosaur skeletons, etc. We hear him shouting gleefully:

THE BOY

Unhand thine maiden, foul beast!!

INT. POST-APOCALYPTIC SUPERMARKET

The grinning Boy gathers arm-loads of candy.

THE BOY (V.O.)

Of course it eventually occurred to me -

EXT. END OF THE WORLD - NIGHT

The Boy sits on a pile of detritus, sick to his stomach from the candy, his sword at his side.

CONTINUED:

THE BOY
(aloud to no one)
This is bad.

INT. POST-APOCALYPTIC PUBLIC CITY LIBRARY

Beneath cracked marble columns, The Boy makes his way through the toppled shelves and piles of soot-covered books.

THE BOY (V.O.)
A search through the Public Library led me to a book written by Number Seven.

He finds a dusty copy of "EXTRA ORDINARY: My Life As Number Seven" by Vanya Hargreeves. He sits down to read.

THE BOY (V.O.)
I saw how bad things had gotten. How The Horror had died. How we had failed.
Right then I decided I had to go back.

EXT. THE END OF THE WORLD - CITY STREET

PAN ACROSS a stretch of library wall entirely covered in hand-scribbled equations, greek letters, theorems, diagrams, etc. Turn a corner and find another wall equally marked up.

THE BOY (V.O.)
Dad said it was impossible to return. I spent the next fifty years trying to prove him wrong.

Finally arrive at a 60 YEAR OLD NUMBER FIVE with a white ZZ Top beard and tattered clothes, leaning against yet another wall of failed equations and diagrams.

THE BOY (V.O.)
I finally gave up, accepting my fate as the last man on Earth.

The Boy (age 60) finds a shard of glass, picks it up, contemplating suicide.

THE BOY (V.O.)
But just as all hope seemed lost -

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
You're an idiot.

THE BOY (AGE 60)
What?

He spins to a cracked statue of a nude female torso - it is from this statue that the Female Voice emanates (i.e. 50 years of utter isolation has driven The Boy a bit insane).

CONTINUED:

FEMALE VOICE (FROM STATUE)
*You forgot to subtract the two from the
 one - like twelve years ago. I wasn't
 gonna say anything, but...*

The Boy (age 60) picks up the statue, embraces it.

THE BOY (AGE 60)
 Dolores! You figured it out! How could I
 have been so blind?!

EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC PUBLIC LIBRARY - DUSK

The Boy (age 60) hobbles away from the city library ruins,
 gleefully shouting "I'm going home!" to absolutely no one.

THE BOY (V.O.)
 My plan was to go back to the day I left -

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - KITCHEN

The Boy looks up from his emptied ice cream dish.

THE BOY
 ...But something went wrong. I got pulled
 out of the time stream too soon.

SPACEBOY
 Maybe it was Hargreeves' death?

THE BOY
 Number One, with all respect, you
 shouldn't speculate about things you
 can't begin to comprehend.

Spaceboy bristles, doesn't appreciate the snarkiness.

THE BOY
 Let's just say getting back here came
 with a price. I saw things - did
 things... I'm still in grave danger -
 (shakes it off)
 It doesn't matter. What's important is I
 made it here before it was too late.

RUMOR
 For what?

The Boy takes out a gold pocket watch.

THE BOY
 Pogo, The Monocle died when?

POGO
 Two days ago.

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

That's what I thought. And now it's
already two minutes past noon. Not good.

KRAKEN

What the hell are you babbling about?

The Boy snaps shut his pocket watch gravely. Intense.

THE BOY

In the future, all evidence indicated
that the planet was destroyed exactly
three days after Hargreeves' death.

RUMOR

What?! Hold on, are you saying -

THE BOY

Yes. We've got less than twelve hours to
save the world.

Utterly stunned reactions all around.

SPACEBOY

From what?

THE BOY

Near-total annihilation.

KRAKEN

He means what does the annihilating?!

THE BOY

How should I know? I just got here.

INT. ICARUS THEATER - DAY

Vanya as we left her, standing on an empty stage clutching
her violin case in this creepy-as-hell abandoned theater.

VANYA

Hello?... Hello?

She's had it, turns to go when WHOMP! a blinding spotlight
shines on her from the rear of the theater. Vanya spins,
squinting into the glare, unable to see a thing -

VANYA

Who's there?! What is this?

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Play for us, Vanya.

Unnerved, Vanya grips her violin case tighter.

CONTINUED:

VANYA

Who are you?... Answer me, or I'm -

A figure steps in front of the spot, standing in the center aisle, haloed. Vanya can only make out a lanky silhouette.

MAN'S VOICE

You don't know me, but I've been a great admirer of yours for quite a long time.

As the figure nears, Vanya's eyes adjust and she can see him a little better: he's dressed in tuxedo tails and cape, his face gaunt and pasty white, resembling a cross between Nick Cave and the emcee from Cabaret. We recognize him as THE CONDUCTOR who was present years ago at teen Vanya's recital.

VANYA

Look, what's going on? I got a message about an audition at noon -

THE CONDUCTOR

A mere formality, I assure you. The part is already yours, Vanya. Indeed, no one else in the world could possibly play it.

VANYA

(frowns)

What "part?"

THE CONDUCTOR

Allow me to explain.

He glances back - the spotlight blinks out as the house lights fade in...revealing some 50 ORCHESTRA MEMBERS in formal attire seated in the theater seats, all wearing elaborate, black Carnivale-style masks. Blank expressions on vaguely sinister faces. All watching Vanya.

THE CONDUCTOR

We are The Black Orchestra. I am The Conductor. I've just completed a piece of music - my entire life's work, in fact. I call it..."The Apocalypse Suite."

VANYA

Catchy. If you'll excuse me -

THE CONDUCTOR

This is your chance, Vanya. Don't you see? You can prove your father wrong.

The Conductor starts walking up the aisle, toward her.

VANYA

What the hell are you talking about?

CONTINUED:

THE CONDUCTOR

This music I've written, it's taken me so many years to compose. But I dare say, it's nothing short of a masterpiece.

(mounting the stage)

You see, it comprises an exact combination of notes that, when played in the right key, with the precise dynamics, will destroy the world entire.

Vanya unimpressed by what she assumes is artistic hyperbole:

VANYA

A little full of ourselves, aren't we?

THE CONDUCTOR

On the contrary...

He arrives before her, and hands her a thick scroll of BLACK SHEET MUSIC as he smiles ominously.

THE CONDUCTOR

The music is written, the Orchestra assembled. We only need one thing -- you.

VANYA

Me. Really.

THE CONDUCTOR

Your brothers and your sister have their gifts. But did it ever occur to you that you have a power greater than them all?

Vanya looks on edge: the very notion cuts deep.

THE CONDUCTOR

It's true. I've been studiously following your progress since you were children. Certain of your particular potential -

VANYA

Oh I get it, so that's what this is about. You're just another Umbrella Academy obsessed groupie stalker. Thanks, but no thanks.

She starts to walk off the stage. The Black Orchestra all turn in unison to the Conductor, awaiting his response.

THE CONDUCTOR

We're due to rehearse this afternoon.
Aren't you in the least curious?

TIGHT ON VANYA as we see just a sliver of her is. Still she keeps walking, The Conductor calling after her:

CONTINUED:

THE CONDUCTOR

The music was written for you, my dear.
At last, you can be truly extraordinary.

That word seizes her - she halts just a second - then forces her way through the thick curtains backstage -

THE CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

We can show them, Vanya. We can show them all!

- and BANGS out the stage door to the city streets.

CUT TO:

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - HARGREEVES' STUDY - DAY

Spaceboy, Kraken, Rumor, Séance, The Boy and Pogo are hunting through Hargreeves' files and records.

SPACEBOY

Keep looking. If something like the end of the world was coming, Dad would've known about it. Séance, find anything?

Séance is sorting through various blueprints of inventions.

SÉANCE

Only the formula for Clever Crisp Cereal.

SPACEBOY

Rumor?

Spaceboy looks at Rumor - to find she's staring at an old framed photo. He nears, sees it's a snapshot of young Spaceboy and Rumor, smiling proudly as behind them Dr. Terminal is led away in shackles.

SPACEBOY

Remember that day?

RUMOR

You saved my life.

She glances up at Spaceboy, and he sees how sad she looks.

SPACEBOY

Allison...? What's wrong? I know it's been a while. But look, here we are, working as a family again.

KRAKEN

(scoffs)

"Family." That's a good one.

CONTINUED:

Spaceboy gives him an angry look.

KRAKEN

What? He only adopted us as another project to gratify his ego.

POGO

That's not entirely true, Kraken.

SÉANCE

(opening drawers)

Anyone seen that leather attaché case he was always carrying around?

POGO

I've been looking for it myself-

THE BOY (O.S.)

Hello... Look what I found.

They all turn to find The Boy at Hargreeves desk, removing from a drawer a small, leather case. He opens it... Inside, resting on a bed of velvet, is Hargreeves' MONOCLE.

They all stare at it a beat, this symbol of Hargreeves. The Boy holds it up, somewhat awestruck as he turns it to the light, watching the way it refracts through the lens.

The Boy then slowly brings it to his eye, fascinated -

INSERT THE BOY'S POV THROUGH MONOCLE: the thick glass distorting his view of Pogo beside him as the monocle arrives at The Boy's eye and suddenly in *RAPID IMAGE SUCCESSION ('RUN LOLA RUN' STYLE)* a montage of Pogo's life races past at breakneck speed - captivity in the jungle, ripped from his mother's breast, trapped in a lab cage, electrodes hooked to his exposed brain, chimps shrieking, eyes wide in terror, voices warped, barking orders -

TIGHT ON THE BOY, pale as a sheet, trembling as he gazes at Pogo through this horrific monocle-vision.

THE BOY

P-Pogo?...I...I had no idea...

And then The Boy's eyes loll back and he collapses.

POGO

Number Five!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CITY - THE PIER - DAY

A huge, retro-style amusement park dominates the City Pier. We travel over tourists and families enjoying attractions, then continue above a more isolated section of the park: a sort of gated-off graveyard for defunct rides.

Among these retired rides we push in on one in particular: a central hub from which seven big spokes extend; fixed on the spoke ends are seven "space capsules," each painted red with a different letter in white. The ride looks like it's been sitting here a good 20 years.

We continue pushing closer, arrive at the ride's control panel: a rusted placard reads "MANUFACTURED BY TERMINAL AMUSEMENTS." The panel looks dead - until we hear a faint buzzing, like a power surge...an INDICATOR LIGHT blinks on -

- and the "capsules" begin to awaken - robotic arms slowly extend, detaching themselves from the ride spokes as the capsules turn 90 degrees upright, revealing that they're not capsules at all but trash-can sized droids (cylinder body, domed head): THE TERMINAUTS. They rise and hover in unison.

TERMINAUT "L"

ASSESSMENT!! REACTIVATION SUCCESSFUL!!

6 OTHER TERMINAUTS

AGREEMENT!!

Vision sensors aimed in unison, they fly off in V-formation.

CUT TO: A MORE POPULATED SECTION OF THE PIER

CHILDREN just getting off a CAROUSEL...when the Terminauts arrive overhead. Pier-goers pause to smile up at them, excitedly pointing up at the cute, hovering droids, like they're some unexpected attraction.

TERMINAUT "T"

ANNOUNCEMENT!! CITIZENS OF THE CITY!!
IRREGULARITY 87678, AKA THE UMBRELLA
ACADEMY, INDICATES A HIGH LIKELIHOOD OF
REFORMATION. HENCEFORTH, ERADICATION!!

TERMINAUT "B"

AGREEMENT!! PREPARE FOR MASS FATALITIES!!

Pier-goers amass, eager for a show. Laughter and clapping.

TERMINAUT "J"

OBSERVATION!! OUR PRESENCE APPEARS TO BE
INSPIRING AMUSEMENT RATHER THAN DREAD!!

CONTINUED:

TERMINAUT "L"

SUGGESTION!! A DEMONSTRATION OF INTENT!!

6 OTHER TERMINAUTS

AGREEMENT!!

Terminaut L swivels his dome to Terminaut "B." Terminaut "B" begins to VRRRRRRRRR as a panel in its chest slides open. A small muzzle rotates into place, swivels down toward the carousel and

BOOOOOM! a single laser blast hits it with the force of a tomahawk missile -- the massive explosion hurling the carousel top like a giant frisbee across the pier!

The stunned Pier-goers erupt in SCREAMS, trampling each other as everyone frantically flees for their lives...

SMASH TO:

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - INFIRMARY/LABORATORY

The Boy lies unconscious on a bed, Pogo attending to him.

POGO

Who knows what he's been through? Most likely he just needs some rest.

SÉANCE

Join the club. I've been up for two days straight. Every time I close my eyes I see centipedes.

Just then an ELECTRONIC CRACKLE is heard - it's from Kraken's belt radio. He quickly snaps it to his ear.

KRAKEN

My police scanner...

(listening intently)

Something's going down at the Pier.

He snaps his radio back on his belt, storms for the door - when Spaceboy blocks him bodily.

KRAKEN

Out of my way, you dumb ape.

SPACEBOY

If this is somehow related to the catastrophic threat Number Five warned us about, we need to do this as a team!

KRAKEN

Team? It's over, remember?!

CONTINUED:

SPACEBOY

This is different -

KRAKEN

Really? 'Cause it seems awfully familiar.
Only last time you were this gung ho, one
of us didn't come back.

Spaceboy is silenced by the low blow.

KRAKEN

You want to relive your glory days, knock
yourselves out. These days I work alone.

Kraken shoves past Spaceboy and out the door.

POGO

Kraken -

SPACEBOY

Let him go. Séance, Rumor, to the
Telelevator.

EXT. THE PIER - DAY

The Terminauts spread out across the amusement park, firing indiscriminately, unleashing assorted weaponry like flying swiss-army knives, blowing up anything in their paths. People screaming, parents clutching kids, running in sheer panic, hurdling turnstiles to flee the Pier...

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - PERIMETER - DAY

Kraken arrives on foot at the edge of a river (borders the rear of the mansion). Across the water he can see distant smoke and flames engulfing the pier. Scowling, he takes an UNNATURALLY DEEP BREATH - then dives in to the water.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - MAIN FLOOR - "READY ROOM"

The Telelevator sits in the center of the "Ready Room," which has fallen into disrepair. The Telelevator door is open, Spaceboy holding it impatiently, eyes fixed on

A WALL OF TV MONITORS: some are dead, or cracked, or just play static - but on a few we see LIVE NEWS COVERAGE of the melee at the Pier. At one point Terminaut "J" whisks past, firing blasts.

SPACEBOY

Terminauts! I should've known!

Séance arrives at the Telelevator, yawning.

CONTINUED:

SÉANCE

Refresh my memory...?

SPACEBOY

Dr. Terminal's farewell 'gift,' remember?
Before we locked him away, Terminal swore
he'd have his revenge. He must have heard
about Hargreeves' death and figured we'd
be at a disadvantage.

Séance just shrugs, steps inside the Televator. Spaceboy
frowns, sees Rumor hanging back -

SPACEBOY

Allison, what is it?

RUMOR

There's something I need to tell you -

SPACEBOY

Whatever it is, it's gonna have to wait!

Rumor hesitates - then joins them in the Televator.
Spaceboy presses buttons as the door closes -

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON AN ELEVATOR DOOR as DING! it glides open inside

INT. CITY HALL

Spaceboy, Rumor and Séance step out - to the astounded
murmurs of city employees. Ignoring the gawkers, the three
march across the marble floor, out the front door to

EXT. THE STREET

Pandemonium. Directly across the street is the Pier
entrance, people still fleeing in chaos, like rats from a
sinking ship. Spaceboy seems to relish the excitement:

SPACEBOY

I say we nip this in the bud. Séance:
work crowd control. Rumor: say what you
need to and shut those Terminauts down
for good. I'll check out the Pier, rescue
anyone who may be in-

RUMOR

Luther - I can't.

SPACEBOY

Of course you can! Just-

CONTINUED:

RUMOR

You don't understand. I tried to tell you before... My powers, they cost me my marriage, my daughter -- when I lost Claire, I made myself a vow, never to use my abilities again.

SÉANCE

Very noble of you, sis, but I think this counts as extenuating circumstances.

SPACEBOY

I'm afraid Séance is right. We're talking about potentially the end of the world here.

RUMOR

It's not that simple. When I swore that oath to myself, I knew I'd be tempted to retract it... So I made sure my powers were gone for good.

SPACEBOY

For good? But that's impossible -
(freezes, dawns on him)
Unless... you said so?

RUMOR

(nods solemnly)
It was the last rumor I ever heard.

Spaceboy stares, shocked she would destroy her own powers.

SPACEBOY

How could you?

Rumor looks away, emotional and guilt-ridden when - BOOM! another explosion from the Pier precedes the hunk of TILT-A-WHIRL flying into frame, CRASHING into the side of City Hall in a cloud of dust and debris.

SPACEBOY

All right, just - work with Séance. Get everyone as far from here as possible.
(draws his laser gun)
I'm going in.

RUMOR

Luther -

He levels a hard glance back at her. She's scared for him.

EXT. THE PIER

Smoke and flames framing a ride: THE TUNNEL OF TERROR.

INT. TUNNEL OF TERROR

The ride has been evacuated. Underlit vampire mannequins and giant tarantulas line the dank walls; spooky piped-in SFX echo hollowly in the dark. A RIDE BOAT sits motionless in the murky water that snakes through the ride's dark passages. We assume the boat is empty, until:

CHILD'S VOICE (O.S.)
(whispers)
I'm scared...

INSIDE THE BOAT we find three 9 year old BOYS crouched, hiding out. Each looks more scared than the next.

BOY 2
You're scared? I can't even swim!

BOY 3
Sssh! I hear someone coming!

Sure enough, we hear a WHIRRING...as from the black end of the tunnel a pair of red dots appear like two eyes: a Terminaut! Its laser scanners fan out, sweeping the dark.

EXT. THE PIER

Spaceboy racing through the chaotic exodus of screaming Piergoers. Fires everywhere; he can barely see for the smoke.

Arriving at a FERRIS WHEEL, Space begins to bound up its structure King Kong style, climbing higher and higher...

ANGLE ON TWO TERMINAUTS soaring over the destruction when -

TERMINAUT "V"
DETECTION!! PRESENCE OF AT LEAST ONE
HARGREEVES ADOPTEE!

Terminaut "B" follows "V's" dome spin toward the Ferris Wheel...

INSERT TERMINAUT 'B' POV: *Terminator-style computer data scrolls across the screen as the image zooms in on Spaceboy climbing like Kong up the Ferris Wheel. Read "UMBRELLA ACADEMY MEMBER 00.01. STATUS: DE FACTO LEADER."*

BACK TO SPACEBOY ON THE FERRIS WHEEL

Arriving at the very top, Space surveys the Pier far below, sees that nearly everyone has evacuated - when he hears SCREAMS AND SHRIEKS coming from his left. He spins, trying to determine where they're coming from... then sees

CONTINUED:

THE MEGA-COASTER

a huge wooden roller-coaster far across the park. Most of the coaster scaffolding has been annihilated, however A COASTER CAR FULL OF PEOPLE teeters at the very peak of an ascent. Should it tip forward it would barrel into the descent - which abruptly ends where it's been blown apart!

Alarmed, Spaceboy quickly charts a path to the coaster, about to climb down when - BZZZZZZ! He peers down to see Terminaut "B" sheering off the base of the Ferris Wheel with a high-tech chainsaw blade poking from its side...

Spaceboy LEAPS off just as the massive Ferris Wheel CRASHES over - manages to grab on to the cable of a YO-YO SWING. No sooner does he grab it than he's met by a hail of MACHINE-GUN FIRE! Space swings from cable to cable like vines, narrowly ducking bullets as he fires back at Terminaut "V" with his laser gun...

EXT. CITY STREET BEFORE PIER

Séance and Rumor ushering SCREAMING CROWDS from the pier.

SÉANCE

Cover me! I'll channel Dr. Terminal, try to make him deactivate those things!

RUMOR

But Terminal isn't dead?!

SÉANCE

He's in the Hotel Oblivion! Same thing!

Séances eyes begin to glow orange as he starts to channel Dr. Terminal. Meanwhile Rumor tries to take charge:

RUMOR

Everyone, this way! No pushing...

The citizenry looked shocked at the sight of two members of the Umbrella Academy back in action. Séance pays them no mind - but Rumor seems particularly self-conscious.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - INFIRMARY/LABORATORY

Pogo watching the breaking news reported on a TV set in here. In his hands he's holding readouts from the lab equipment to which he has Number Five hooked-up.

Number Five's eyes start to flutter open. Confused.

THE BOY (O.S.)

(groggily)

What happened...?

CONTINUED:

Pogo glances over to find The Boy regaining consciousness.

POGO

Hargreeves' monocle. It allows you to see the true nature of things. To the uninitiated, it can be overwhelming.

THE BOY

I take it the world hasn't ended yet?

POGO

(worried, turns to TV)
I'm afraid that remains to be seen.

The Boy tries to sit up, still very weak. Turns his attention to the TV news...

INT. TUNNEL OF TERROR

The three terrified children in the boat are crouched as low as possible to avoid detection by Terminaut "L" as it continues to scan the tunnel's dank interior.

INSERT - TERMINAUT "L" POV: Night-vision scan of the dark. Something flashes - three child shapes inside the boat.

Terminaut "L" zips over the boat, directly above the three children. They're shaking in fear, clutching each other as they're bathed in the glow of the laser scanner.

TERMINAUT "L"

DECISION!! NUMEROUS WEAPONRY VIABLE!!

The kids whimpering and pleading as the Terminaut's panel slides open, weaponry selection internally debated in milliseconds. The Terminaut settles on a flame thrower.

TERMINAUT "L"

SELECTION!! FLAME-THROWER! 50,000 BTU'S!

The Terminaut about to blast the three screaming kids when THWAP! a knife blade slices the flame-thrower in two just as it fires, causing the flames to torch the Terminaut's own inner machinery!

REVERSE ON KRAKEN emerging from the water, finally letting out a breath. He has another knife blade at the ready -

- but the first knife has done the trick. Terminaut "L" is unable to close its panel or shift to another weapon.

TERMINAUT "L"

FRUSTRATION!! FRUSTRATION!!

Kraken yanks the kids off the boat - when a hail of laser

CONTINUED:

fire BLASTS from behind! Kraken shoves the kids into a "Mummy's tomb" display in the nick of time, spins to see a *second terminaut* - Terminaut "J" - soaring in from the other end of the tunnel!

EXT. PIER DESTRUCTION

Spaceboy blasting back at the Terminauts with his laser gun as he leaps through the detritus, eyes fixed on

THE TEETERING COASTER CAR filled with shrieking passengers - with every explosion below, the car rocks back and forth a little more...

EXT. WATERFRONT HIGHWAY

A major road runs alongside the water. Traffic at a stand-still, lookie-loos gaping out of windows at the astonishing sight of the Pier destruction.

INSIDE A TAXI CAB we find Vanya, violin case in her lap, listening tensely to a news report on the radio:

RADIO ANNOUNCER

*...eyewitnesses confirming that Spaceboy,
The Rumor and Séance arrived on the scene
moments ago, and are presently locked in
a life-and-death battle...*

Face pressed to the window, Vanya peers fearfully out at the burning Pier (a direct echo of 10-year-old Vanya peering out the glass of The Minerva during the Eiffel Tower scene). The CABBIE glances in his rearview, squinting at Vanya.

CABBIE

Hey, aren't you -

VANYA

(hands him a bill)
Here. Keep the change.

She throws open the door and hurries on foot through the sea of traffic, heading in the direction of the Pier...

EXT. PIER - MEGA-COASTER AREA

Spaceboy directly below the Megacoaster, about to climb up to save the teetering car -- when he sees three Terminauts honing in on him from all sides!

Triangulated in their sites, Spaceboy's eyes dart from the Terminauts racing at him to the teetering coaster car seconds away from plummeting...

CONTINUED:

TERMINAUT "L"
ATTENTION!! POSITION TRIANGULATED!

TERMINAUT "B"
CONFIRMATION!! ESCAPE IMPOSSIBLE!

TERMINAUT "T"
AGREEMENT!! BLOODSHED IMMINENT!

All three Terminauts racing right at Spaceboy like three heat-seeking missiles, about to converge on their target --

-- when Spaceboy grabs what looks like a metal pole: in fact it's the underside of the carousel top that was blown loose! Hefting up the top like a massive metal umbrella, Spaceboy SWINGS it just as the Terminauts arrive, BASHING all three into the sky with one huge swing!!

CLOSE ON TERMINAUT "B" as it SLAMS into the coaster scaffolding, cracking its metal frame -

SCREAMS FROM HUNDREDS OF FEET ABOVE! Spaceboy's head whips up to see the impact on the scaffolding was the last straw -- the coaster car tips over the peak and starts to plummet!

INSERT COASTER CAR OCCUPANTS' POV: racing right down the roller coaster to nothingness...closer...closer...closer...

Then, sure enough, the track ends and the coaster car flies into open air, everyone in it hysterically SCREAMING -

- when WHAM! the car lands on another long STRIP OF COASTER TRACK held aloft by Spaceboy, leading in a sharp incline back upwards! The car races up the incline, slowing just enough not to fly off, then rolls back down, finally stopping over Spaceboy's head. Everyone gasping relief as Spaceboy lowers the track to the ground.

TERMINAUT "B" (O.S.)
(warped and damaged)
ADAGE!! IF aT fiRsT yOu Don'T suCcEed,
tRY AgaIn!

Spaceboy turns to find TERMINAUT "B" emerging from the wreckage of the coaster scaffolding. More than just its voice-box is damaged. No sooner does it right itself than Spaceboy lunges, seizes the Terminaut in a vice-like grip, digs his fingers in and RIPS ITS DOME OFF.

SPACEBOY
Ride's over, you bucket of...

Spaceboy's words halt, eyes go wide as he discovers: a series of glowing blue tubes marked with a radioactive symbol and a small timer that's ticking down from 5 minutes

CONTINUED:

("4:59...4:58..."). As Spaceboy stares in shock, Terminaut "B's" warped voice-box reverberates off its inner casing:

TERMINAUT "B"
*ADAGE!! iF liFE giVeS YOU leMONs, Make
 sWeET LemONaDE...sWeET WiTh bLOoD! HA...
 HA...HA...HA...HA...HA...HA...HA...HA...*

EXT. STREET BEFORE THE PIER

Eyes glowing, Séance pronounces in *Dr. Terminal's* voice:

SÉANCE/TERMINAL
*TERMINAUTS! I COMMAND THAT YOU CEASE YOUR
 AGGRESSION THIS INSTANT!*

Séance exhales, turns to Rumor, exhausted.

SÉANCE
 It's no use. I was on Terminal's astral plane. As far as I can tell, those terminauts aren't doing his bidding.

RUMOR
 Then who's bidding are they doing?

SÉANCE
 Beats me -

Their UMBRELLA COMMUNICATORS crackle to life:

SPACEBOY (O.S.)
 Séance! Rumor! The terminauts are powered by nuclear reactors!

On Rumor and Séance as they're both hit by the apocalyptic ramifications of this.

BACK TO SPACEBOY

Standing over the exposed Terminaut as its reactor counts down. The dying Terminaut's "HA...HA...HA's" unrelenting.

SPACEBOY
 (into communicator)
 We don't have much time left. 3 minutes and 42 seconds to be exact.

OVERHEAD the surviving terminauts are amassing, hovering...

SPACEBOY
 (into communicator)
 Allison, if this is it, I... I just want you to know-

CONTINUED:

BOOM! Spaceboy spins to see the side of the Tunnel of Terror blast open as Kraken soars out hanging on to Terminaut "L," trying to use a blade to pry the droid open like an oyster.

ON KRAKEN AND THE TERMINAUT

as they crash to the ground, smashing along the planks of the pier. They remain locked in battle, Kraken just narrowly avoiding the exposed weapons panel -

VANYA (O.S.)

Diego!

Kraken manages to turn, sees Vanya arriving behind him -

KRAKEN

What the hell are you doing here?!

VANYA

I heard, I - I wanted to help -

A FLAME-THROWER BLAST shoots out of Terminaut "L," just barely missing Vanya. Vanya gasps, stands frozen -

KRAKEN

The only thing you're gonna help with is getting yourself killed! Get out of here!

TIGHT ON KRAKEN as we see him realize there's only one way sure way to get her to leave:

KRAKEN

Don't you get it?! Nobody wants you! GO!

Vanya blinks back tears, then turns and runs off, clutching her violin case.

BACK TO KRAKEN: furious, he HURLS the Terminaut into a lamppost, then leaps up, grabs a stray HELIUM TANK from a toppled balloon display, raises it over his head, about to smash the tank right down onto the terminaut's dome -

SPACEBOY

Kraken NO!

Kraken halts, struck by the sheer panic in Space's voice.

SPACEBOY

The terminauts...

He looks at the Terminaut Kraken was just about to smash.

SPACEBOY

Each one is an atomic bomb.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - INFIRMARY/LABORATORY

The Boy now sitting up in bed, but still hooked up to Pogo's medical equipment. Both are following the live news on TV.

THE BOY

(scoffing)

Terminauts? The end of the world? Hardly. Besides, the world's not supposed to end for another few hours at least.

POGO

(less assured)

If there's one thing Hargreeves death has taught me, it's that anything's possible.

The Boy just frowns. He still doesn't buy it.

POGO

Speaking of which, you'd better take a look at this. I'm afraid it's rather disturbing...

Pogo turns to the equipment bank, where The Boy's EKG results are spilling from a machine like ticker tape.

POGO

These results suggest your biology is that of a healthy 60 year old man trapped in the shell of a 10 year old boy.

THE BOY

I'd call that fairly obvious.

POGO

That's not the disturbing part.

(hands him the data)

Scans show no indication of cell death or growth. You aren't aging, Number Five.

The Boy's eyes widen as he realizes what this means:

POGO

It's as if your body is stuck in time.

EXT. THE PIER - SPACEBOY AND KRAKEN

CLOSE ON TIME TICKING DOWN: 1:32...1:31...1:30... WIDEN TO:

SPACEBOY AND KRAKEN standing over the exposed terminaut, watching its reactor ticking down: 1:27...1:26...as above them the congregated Terminauts are all chanting in unison:

SURVIVING TERMINAUTS

HA...HA...HA...HA...HA...HA...HA...HA...

CONTINUED:

Kraken looks around at the completely devastated Pier and the city just beyond it - realizing it's all about to end.

KRAKEN

Maybe today is the day. Just like Number Five said.

ON SPACEBOY as his communicator crackles:

SÉANCE (O.S.)

Luther? How much time left until those nukes go off?

SPACEBOY

Less than a minute. Allison?

SÉANCE (O.S.)

Sorry, Space. She's gone someplace else.

EXT. STREET BEFORE THE PIER

Rumor is standing beside Séance, but she's staring out as if into an abyss, tears in her eyes.

RUMOR

(an agonized whisper)

Claire... I should be with her...

Feeling her pain, Séance reaches out and holds her hand for support...when his eyes go wide with a jolt. He gapes down at Rumor's hand in his, psychically reading her:

SÉANCE

Allison...? Allison, you were wrong!

(off her confusion)

It's still in you! I can feel it!

Your power - you thought you got rid of it, but it's still a part of you, whether you say so or not.

On Rumor as she suddenly grapples with this possibility.

RUMOR

I - I don't know...

SÉANCE

You've got to try!

EXT. THE PIER

Spaceboy and Kraken gaping at the reactor ticking down, less than 20 seconds remaining, the Terminauts hovering above, with their taunting drone: "HA...HA...HA...HA...HA..."

EXT. STREET BEFORE THE PIER

Séance still clutching Rumor by the hand as she closes her eyes, braces herself...and finally says aloud:

RUMOR

I heard a rumor...that the last rumor I
heard was a lie.

Séance makes a face at this awkward line, but continues gripping her hand, neither sure if this actually worked. Rumor lifts her eyes to the sky.

RUMOR

I heard a rumor there was a total eclipse
of the sun...

EXT. THE PIER

Spaceboy turns to Kraken, regretful, perhaps about to apologize for all their conflicts -- when the PIER IS DRAPED IN SHADOW. Space and Kraken both look up as THE SUN IS ECLIPSED BY THE MOON.

BACK TO SÉANCE AND RUMOR

Rumor peering up hard at what is now a NIGHT SKY.

RUMOR

...and that Terminauts ran on solar
power.

CUT TO THE TERMINAUTS HOVERING ABOVE SPACEBOY AND KRAKEN

TERMINAUTS IN UNISON

HA...HA...HA...H-

The terminauts abruptly stop in unison, hover a beat -

- then CRASH to the Pier, total deadweight as they all roll toward the Pier's edge and PLOP into the water, sinking deep below where sunlight can't penetrate.

Inside the remaining exposed Terminaut, the reactor countdown has stopped at 00:01, and there are solar panels where the reactor core used to be.

Spaceboy picks it up and hurls it for miles into the water.

ANGLE ON AN AMAZED SPACEBOY AND KRAKEN

as the eclipse passes, sunlight starting to return... as they see Rumor and Séance approaching through the wreckage.

CONTINUED:

SPACEBOY
(realizing)
Allison? Did you...?

Rumor nods - but there's no victory in it. The others are too relieved to notice, but she's wracked with guilt.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - INFIRMARY/LABORATORY

Pogo glued to the TV, showing news reports live from the aftermath of the Terminaut battle. The scroll: *"REALLY NOW: RE-FORMED UMBRELLA ACADEMY CLAIM CRISIS AVERTED?"*

PAN TO NUMBER FIVE, manually unhooking his IV drip.

THE BOY
Enough of this recuperating nonsense.
We've got to go.

Confused, Pogo turns to The Boy, who is buttoning his shirt.

THE BOY
The clock may have stopped on me, but
it's still ticking on the world.

POGO
You still believe global annihilation is
possible?

THE BOY
Not possible. Inevitable. Nuclear powered
or not, those Terminauts weren't capable
of what I saw in the future.

The Boy proceeds to adjust his necktie.

POGO
But we don't even know what to look for?

THE BOY
We'll start with the eye.

POGO
The "eye?"

THE BOY
Trust me, I'll know it when I see it.

MOM (O.S.)
Are you sure that's a good idea?

The Boy frowns at Mom, who we find standing by the door.

MOM
You need your strength, Number Five.

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

With all due respect, Mrs. Hargreeves, I am not only an actual human being, but a good thirty years older than anyone in this room. So I assure you I have no need for "mothering." May I suggest you busy yourself by straightening up, or perhaps baking a souffle.

(hard, to Pogo)

Let's go, Doctor. Whatever's coming, it's coming soon.

EXT. ICARUS THEATER - LATE DAY

The restless sounds of pre-concert audience murmurs...

INT. ICARUS THEATER - LATE DAY

...as we find 100 or so PEOPLE in the audience. The vast majority are elderly and snooty-looking. They grumble, confused and inconvenienced, wondering why they're here -

- when we hear a TAP TAP TAP on stage: the Conductor has arrived at his music stand. Behind him on stage sit the grim-faced Black Orchestra, still obscured by their black Carnivale masks, musical instruments laid across their laps.

THE CONDUCTOR

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the inaugural performance of the Black Orchestra! I confess, this is more of a 'dress rehearsal,' but a special one.

The audience members look to each other, still confused.

THE CONDUCTOR

Before we begin, I wish to invite my own esteemed guest, Professor Fouet, to join me up here. Maestro?

FOUET, a bitter-looking old man with bushy eyebrows fixed in a permanent grimace, dubiously mounts the stage.

THE CONDUCTOR

Each and every one of you was invited here today because of the crucial role you played in the lives of those of us on stage. Like my old maestro here...

(smiles crookedly at Fouet)

When I was a boy, he was my conservatory instructor. Year after year, he never failed to offer discouragement, humiliation, and merciless beatings.

Fouet just scoffs as if to say 'you deserved it.'

CONTINUED:

THE CONDUCTOR

Indeed, it was he who first inspired me
to compose my life's work! Of course, no
words can duly express my gratitude...

The Conductor raises his baton -

THE CONDUCTOR

So I will merely say - thank you!

- and on "thank" he thrusts his baton out, stabbing Fouet
straight through the chest! The old man's eyes gape in shock
as he dies, falling off the end of the bloodied baton.

The audience erupt in horrified gasps; panicked, they look
to the theater exits, only to find them chained and
locked... as ON STAGE the Orchestra members now rise in
unison, murderous grins on their faces...

SMASH TO:

EXT. THE PIER/ THE STREET

Spaceboy, Séance, Rumor and Kraken walking away from the
disaster area of the Pier. A fragile truce between Kraken
and Spaceboy in the wake of their perceived success.

SPACEBOY

Well, I'll say it if no one else will...
Dad would've been proud.

Séance has to chuckle at this. Kraken fumes - truce broken.

KRAKEN

You really are a piece of work.

SPACEBOY

Just because he adopted us doesn't make
him any less of a-

RUMOR

Yes it does.

Spaceboy turns to Rumor, stunned.

RUMOR

Just admit, Luther. He never loved us.

It hurts her to say it almost as much as it hurts Spaceboy
to hear it.

RUMOR

It's painful, but it's true. So he took
us in. What about the 36 other children
born that day? Did he even make an effort

CONTINUED:

RUMOR (CONT'D)

to find them?

(harder)

Kraken's right. We're not a family.

SPACEBOY

You don't mean that.

RUMOR

Yes, I do! I had a family. A real one. A daughter I love more than I ever thought possible.

(beat)

Face it. What we were was a collection of freaks. Nothing more.

SÉANCE

"Freaks" is a little strong...

RUMOR

Is it? Do you have any idea what it's like to live in a world that can bend at your whim? Where you can change the way people act - how they feel - with a few spoken words?

(beat)

In the divorce, Patrick said he came to question if he ever truly loved me...or if I just made him think he did.

KRAKEN

That's ridiculous.

RUMOR

The judge didn't think so. He ruled I was "chronically untrustworthy." Said I lacked the stability needed in a mother. That my "condition" could prove psychologically damaging to my child.

SPACEBOY

So that's why you made your vow.
But Allison-

RUMOR

But nothing! My powers cost me my daughter. I swore to myself I would never use them again. And today... I broke that promise.

Space can see how destroyed she is by what she's done.

SPACEBOY

Allison, I'm sorry... Who knows why we are the way we are. I mean look at me,

CONTINUED:

SPACEBOY (CONT'D)

I'm a monster. You don't think I would've liked to have had a daughter? A wife?

This isn't easy for him say. His cadence is awkward, tense.

SPACEBOY

You don't think I've wondered what might have been if The Monocle hadn't raised us? If we hadn't striven so hard for his approval, no matter what the cost?

Kraken can't believe he's hearing this from Spaceboy. Even Spaceboy is surprised by what he's just uttered.

SPACEBOY

Maybe you're right... maybe we are just some twisted egomaniac's menagerie. But does it really matter? "Dad" "family" - they're just words. They only mean what we want them to. You should know that better than anyone.

Rumor holds his gaze a beat, the potential truth of his words weighing heavily; she shakes her head, fighting tears.

RUMOR

I have to go...

SPACEBOY

Allison -

But Rumor's shaking her head as she rushes away.

TIGHT ON KRAKEN, silently affected by Spaceboy's speech. He abruptly walks off in the opposite direction.

SPACEBOY

Where are you going?

KRAKEN

To apologize to someone. What the hell's it your business? We saved the world.

SPACEBOY

Together.

KRAKEN

Whatever.

Spaceboy doesn't retort - instead just lets Kraken go, then turns to Séance, with whom he's been left alone.

SÉANCE

(drolly)

Good times.

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

The sun low in a dirty sky as we find Vanya wandering the city aimlessly, her violin case in hand. She pauses, realizing she's stepped beneath a jagged SHADOW. She peers up to find she's beneath the cracked marquee of the Icarus.

She hesitates, knows she should just keep walking -
- but is compelled to take just one more look inside...

CUT TO:

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - FOYER - DUSK

Spaceboy and Séance emerge from the "Ready Room," find the house deathly quiet.

SPACEBOY
Hello?... Dr. Pogo?

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - INFIRMARY/LABORATORY

The pair enter to find the lab. It's vacant.

MOM (O.S.)
They're gone. Number Five insisted.

They turn to find Mom with a tsk-tsk look on her face.

MOM
I told him he needed rest, but you know
how little boys are, always go go go...

SPACEBOY
(impatient)
Did they say where they went?

MOM
Only that they were searching for clues
to what might cause this mass destruction
Number Five's in such a tizzy about.

SPACEBOY
(confused)
Didn't they see the news? We stopped it!

MOM
Apparently your brother wasn't convinced.
(smiles)
I, on the other hand, am quite proud of
you all. Who's hungry?

They both awkwardly mumble that they are. Mom hurries off.

CONTINUED:

SÉANCE

Is it me or has the old girl put on a few?

SPACEBOY

Number Five must be paranoid. What are the odds of two cataclysmic events happening on the exact same day?

SÉANCE

Slim to none... Still, I keep thinking something wasn't quite right back there.

(beat)

During the fracas, I channeled Dr. Terminal's spirit. He wasn't in command.

SPACEBOY

What? But Terminal built those things - he's the only one who'd know how they work.

SÉANCE

My thoughts exactly. But someone else activated them.

SPACEBOY

For what reason? Unless... unless they were meant to throw us off? Distract us from whatever it is that's coming...

SÉANCE

It's conceivable.

SPACEBOY

There's only one way to find out.

SÉANCE

There is? Oh no, you don't mean -?

SPACEBOY

(starts for the door)

Oh yes I do.

INT. READY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Spaceboy and Séance step into the Televator. Both look tense as Spaceboy punches in a complicated secret code...

SPACEBOY

Any idea where Rumor went?

Séance closes his eyes, tries to focus, but has no luck.

SÉANCE

She's blocking me out.

EXT. THE CITY - STREET - DUSK

Rumor walking with her head low, lost in her troubled thoughts. Glancing up, she notices a crowd gathered before

AN APPLIANCE STORE where TV SETS are playing in the window.

ON THE TV NEWS: A REPORTER STANDS IN FRONT THE WHOLLY DESTROYED CITY PIER. See children crying behind her, people shaking their heads.

Rumor pauses inconspicuously on the periphery of the crowd to hear:

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)

Legitimate threat or crass publicity stunt? That's what many in our city are asking themselves after four members of The Umbrella Academy unexpectedly came out of retirement today, only to wreak havoc at much-beloved City Pier...

TV WATCHER 1

Of course it was a stunt!

TV WATCHER 2

Pathetic, that's what it is.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)

While eyewitness accounts have referenced an attack made by what appeared to be rogue components of a defunct ride, it hardly seems to justify the sort of destruction we're seeing behind us...

TV WATCHER 3

I never liked them, even when they were little. Bunch of spoiled prima donnas...

Rumor flinches at this, but is careful to stay unnoticed.

The TV news shows the old clip of Hargreeves famous press conference:

HARGREEVES (FROM CLIP)

To save the world, of course.

NEWS REPORTER (ON TV)

This "comeback" arrives on the heels of the death of Sir Reginald Hargreeves...

TV WATCHER 4

Save the world, yeah right. They were a nuisance then, and they're a menace now.

CONTINUED:

TV WATCHER 5

"Comeback." Who the hell needs them?!

Rumor's heard enough, turns to go - when a MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN beside her recognizes her:

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Hey, aren't you one of those Umbrella brats?

Rumor quickly ducks her head, hurrying off as others in the crowd gawk and point at her. We crane away, losing Rumor in the crowd as we

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CITY - DUSK

A SWEEPING AERIAL of the city as the last rays of day succumb to dusk. We float over sleazy neighborhoods, cheap tenements and strip clubs. Over junkies and prostitutes and stolen watch salesmen. Littered sidewalks. Smoky rooftops.

POGO (O.S.)

Just what exactly are we hoping to find?

REVERSE ON NUMBER FIVE AND POGO FLYING OVER THE CITY and we realize that aerial was their POV. Propelled by levitator belts, they fly over block after block, searching.

NUMBER FIVE

I told you, an eye. A large neon one, to be precise. From what I gathered, it seemed to be the epicenter of the destruction.

(beat)

Good thing these old levitator belts were lying around.

POGO

Yes, because there's nothing conspicuous about a ten-year-old boy flying around with a monkey.

NUMBER FIVE

Doctor - over there! In Radio Square...

Pogo looks to where Number Five is pointing... a pair of attached buildings in Radio Square (The City's version of Times Square); one is seven stories, the other is taller, and on its facade is mounted

A HUGE NEON EYE FRAMED BY AN UPSIDE DOWN TRIANGLE. We recognize it from the End of the World (only it was in rubble, its neon blown).

CONTINUED:

Tilt down to Pogo and The Boy arriving in the airspace just below its glow. Hovering, they scan the area in all directions. The Boy looks stymied; he'd obviously expected some sort of clue to present itself.

NUMBER FIVE

Just keep your eyes peeled...

POGO

For?

NUMBER FIVE

I don't know - weapons arsenals, seismic disruptions, the odd doomsday device - anything potentially apocalyptic.

Pogo just sighs, suspects this is a bust as he and The Boy peer out in mounting frustration at

RADIO SQUARE AND THE CITYSCAPE BELOW... in which we notice (they don't) the familiar ICARUS THEATER a few blocks away.

INT. ICARUS THEATER - FRONT LOBBY - DUSK

Vanya standing inside the theater's empty lobby, as creepy as we'd expect: peeling velvet walls, cracked glass of an empty ticket booth. She hesitates by the faded brass doors that lead to the auditorium. Opens them a crack...

INT. AUDITORIUM

Vanya peers through the doors - it's too dark to see very much. She slips in, silently proceeds toward the side aisle.

As she walks, she feels something squishy beneath her feet. Puzzled, she squints, trying to see in the dark -- her hand finds something on the wall: a light switch lever.

She debates whether or not to turn up the lights. The place is so utterly quiet, she must be alone. She slowly reaches for the lever, turns it... house lights fade up...

...to reveal a nearly full audience in the seats. Vanya gasps - only no one in the audience turns to notice, or even makes a sound? Baffled, Vanya inches toward the side aisle, stepping forward so that she can get a better look -

- and finds an audience of corpses, their once cruel, elderly faces twisted in expressions of permanent fear.

Vanya stumbles back in horror, turns to run -

- and comes face to face with the smiling Conductor.

CONTINUED:

CONDUCTOR

Dead audience. Oh well...

Vanya shrinks away, terrified - as on stage the entire Black Orchestra emerge from the wings, plastered smiles on their blood-flecked faces.

CONDUCTOR

Welcome back, Number Seven.

SMASH TO:

DING! OF AN OLD-FASHIONED ELEVATOR as the heavy doors open and Spaceboy and Kraken warily step out into...

INT. HOTEL OBLIVION - OUTSIDE OF TIME AND SPACE

The Hotel Oblivion - a purgatorial super-maximum security prison/ 2-star hotel that exists outside of time and space. Airless and in a state of permanent disrepair, there's a Barton Fink quality to the decor and the hotel staff.

Spaceboy and Séance guardedly make their way to the Concierge Desk, where a CONCIERGE in a fuchsia uniform looks up at them with weary, sunken eyes.

CONCIERGE

(flatly)

Welcome to the Hotel Oblivion. May I help you?

SPACEBOY

We're here to see a guest. Dr. Terminal.

The Concierge takes out a thick registry, rifles through it.

CONCIERGE

Terminal, Terminal... Here we are.

(glances up)

Sorry. Authorized Personnel only.

SPACEBOY

But we're the Umbrella Academy?

CONCIERGE

(looking them over)

Yes, I sort of pieced that together.

SPACEBOY

Then you must know we're the ones who put him here.

CONTINUED:

CONCIERGE

Right - just before you quit, correct?
I'm sorry, but hotel privileges don't
extend into retirement.

Infuriated, Spaceboy looks ready to crush this twit -

SÉANCE

Space, allow me.

Séance takes out a bill, concealing the denomination. He
slides the money across the counter.

SÉANCE

How about you just tell us what room he's
in and we'll show ourselves up?

The Concierge is dubious, reaches for the bill -

CONCIERGE

Depends on how badly you want to see him-

- when Séance grabs the man's hand. Holds it, *reading him...*

CONCIERGE

Hey - let go!

SÉANCE

Interesting... Someone's been getting it
on with a certain female poisoner in room
2063. I wouldn't have pegged you for a
"furry."

The shaken Concierge blanches. Séance releases his hand.

SÉANCE

Am I mistaken, or is fraternizing with
the guests against hotel policy?

The Concierge grimaces, then takes a heavy KEY off the rack.

CONCIERGE

He's on the 477th floor. Room 32750501.

Spaceboy takes the key, Séance right behind them as they
walk off, feet creaking on the cheap carpeting flooring.

RAPID CRANE AWAY as this image of them walking takes on a 2-
dimensional quality...until we realize the entire "Hotel"
exists on a stamp sized plane drifting in a distant galaxy.

VANYA (PRE-LAP)

W-What's happening?!

INT. ICARUS THEATER - BACKSTAGE - EVENING

TRACKING THROUGH DARKNESS in the back recesses of the ancient theater.

VANYA (O.S.)

What the hell are you doing to me?!

CONTINUE TRACKING toward a pale glow up ahead...

TIGHT ON VANYA'S BODY BENEATH A BARE BULB

She's on her back, strapped to a gurney, utterly terrified. Like Frankenstein's monster, she's shackled at the ankles, waist, wrists, neck and forehead. Unable to move a muscle.

VANYA

Let me go!! Please... I'll play your music... Whatever you want...

In the corner of her eye she can make out all sorts of eerie, bizarre quasi-medical machinery from which tubes and pumps run to various parts of her body. A massive Victrola horns stems from an amplifier-like machine just behind her.

CONDUCTOR (O.S.)

Shhhhh...

VANYA

Please -- don't -

CONDUCTOR

Try not to resist, Vanya. It'll only hurt more. We all must suffer for our art.

VANYA

W-What are you talking about?!

CONDUCTOR

The "Apocalypse Suite," of course. The music you were destined to play: the last sounds the world will ever hear.

He runs a gloved hand along the machinery.

CONDUCTOR

You just need tuning.

He leans over her, smiling right above her terrified face.

CONDUCTOR

I suspected as much when I saw you perform as a child...

CONTINUED:

FLASH ON: THE CONDUCTOR IN THE AUDIENCE DURING TEEN VANYA'S RECITAL AS THE WOODEN CHAIR-BACK IN FRONT OF HIM CRACKS THE INSTANT SHE PLAYS A SCREECHY NOTE -

BACK TO CONDUCTOR AND VANYA

CONDUCTOR

I started working on my music, assured
that somehow I would find a way to unlock
your full potential.

(a sinister smile)

And finally I have.

The Conductor turns, retrieves an old, leather ATTACHÉ CASE... we recognize it as the one Hargreeves used to carry! He opens it, removes a worn notebook with a faded label that reads simply: "00.07."

CONDUCTOR

I don't suppose you've ever seen this.
It's your father's old notes.

VANYA

What? How did you get that??

CONDUCTOR

Oh, I'd rather not say. What's important
is what's inside... You see, Hargreeves
may have led you to believe there was
nothing special about you. But in fact,
he knew the truth...

(beat)

That you're the most dangerous one.

The Conductor turns to the massively oversized Victrola horn, slides it into position over Vanya's head like an MRI.

CONDUCTOR

He'd even formulated the means by which
to unleash your power to the fullest...

(re: the machinery)

As you can see, I've followed his
instructions to the letter.

VANYA

(muffled by the horn)

S-stop! Please!

As the Conductor speaks, he turns knobs and dials as inside the Victrola horn we hear what sounds like the echoes of an orchestra tuning up.

CONTINUED:

CONDUCTOR

I need you, Vanya. My Orchestra will play their parts, but their souls are tainted. Doomed. Black.

The cacophony inside the Victrola horn growing louder and louder. Vanya writhes in pain and panic, the noise agonizing. A trickle of blood spills from her ear.

The Conductor steps back, his words growing fainter beneath the rising tide of sound...

CONDUCTOR

If the "Suite" is to succeed, it needs something pure...Something white.

The horn's frenetic music rising to a fever pitch of white noise (ala The Beatles "A Day in the Life"), louder and louder and louder, *like every known instrument playing every possible note at once* -

Vanya lets out an ear-piercing SCREAM -

EXT. CITY OUTSKIRTS (NEAR THE HOCKEY RINK) - EVENING

Still pacing the streets, Rumor looks up on hearing this awful scream that, even at a distance, is faintly audible -

EXT. THE CITY - DESOLATE PART OF TOWN - EVENING

Kraken too looks up on hearing the muted, horrific sound. But it soon fades, and with it Kraken's curiosity as he proceeds to the entrance of

AN OLD APARTMENT BUILDING

Kraken checks the worn-out buzzer plate, finds the name he's looking for: "**HARGREEVES, V.**" He presses the BUZZER. No answer. He BUZZES again, holding it longer. Again, nothing.

Kraken checks to see which apartment is hers: "**APT. 7**"

EXT. VANYA'S BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - MOMENTS LATER

Kraken bounding up the side of the building, arrives at a window. He peers in, sees a music stand. Kraken raps on the dusty window pane, calls in:

KRAKEN

Vanya?... Vanya, it's me. Open up.

CONTINUED:

Silence from inside. Kraken peers in closer. Realizes she's not home. He hesitates - then fishes out a knife and proceeds to jimmy the window open.

CUT TO:

DING! as an elevator door opens onto

INT. HOTEL OBLIVION - 477TH FLOOR - CORRIDOR

Spaceboy and Séance proceed down a long, narrow hallway. Bad lighting, faded floral pattern on the carpeting. They arrive at ROOM 32750501. A "DO NOT DISTURB" sign hangs on the knob.

Spaceboy silently looks at Séance. Séance slips the heavy key he was given into the door's keyhole. Ever-so-quietly turns the key, unlocking the door to

INT. HOTEL OBLIVION - DR. TERMINAL'S ROOM

They're both immediately struck by a stench as they enter. A narrow piece of hall leads to a bedroom. Shades are down, dark and depressing - cheap hotel furniture, ugly wallpaper.

Spaceboy draws his laser gun as he takes a step forward.

SPACEBOY

Terminal?

They can hear a faint wheezing coming from the bedroom.

DR. TERMINAL

(a cracked whisper)

I don't suppose that's room service?

Spaceboy nods to Séance, and they proceed into the room -

SPACEBOY

Not exactly.

- and find Dr. Terminal... or rather, what's become of him. Whereas he used to look like a cross between Iron Man and Michelin Man, his metallic body cast presently looks more like a crushed tin can, its former sheen now rusted.

Seated on the edge of his bed, Terminal raises his sunken helmet to look at them; his eyes look tired and jaundiced as they squint through the slot - then go wide in recognition:

DR. TERMINAL

(livid)

You!

Terminal rises, furious - Spaceboy aims his laser gun on instinct -

CONTINUED:

- only Terminal collapses back to sitting with a WHEEZING that reverberates off the inside of his dented iron lung.

SPACEBOY

Good to see you too, Doctor.

SÉANCE

Nice room they gave you. I don't suppose there's a mini-bar?

Terminal's voice is just shy of a death rattle:

DR. TERMINAL

Very funny, Number Four. I take it that was you poking around in my head earlier?

Séance returns a coy shrug. Terminal notices a COCKROACH crawling along the bed post. He grabs it, gobbles it up. Spaceboy and Séance look disgusted.

DR. TERMINAL

Were you looking for something in particular?

SÉANCE

Just trying to shut down your Terminauts.

DR. TERMINAL

(perks up)
...Oh?

Something occurs to Terminal, and he starts to CHUCKLE - the most irritating, pathetic, sinister chuckle imaginable.

DR. TERMINAL

Oh, oh, oh that's perfect. Truly perfect!

SPACEBOY

What are you talking about?

Terminal just continues to cough out his sickening, wheezing laughter.

SPACEBOY

We know it wasn't you who set them loose.
What we want to know is who did.

Terminal just keeps wheeze-laughing, savoring his knowledge. Spaceboy looks to Séance with growing worry...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CITY - COSTELLO'S DINER - EVENING

An old-fashioned city diner of the Edward Hopper variety. Lonely neon light blinks "OPEN" in the window.

INT. COSTELLO'S DINER

Only two customers tonight: Pogo and The Boy. They sit at the counter, looking worn out and rather dejected.

AGNES, your typical diner waitress - mid-50s, gum-chewing, beauty shop hairdo in a net - emerges from the kitchen. She glances up at The Boy and Pogo - frowns a beat, but isn't overly curious. She flips out her pad as she steps to the counter.

AGNES

What'll it be?

THE BOY

(grim)

Two cups black, my dear.

Agnes jots it down, heads for the coffee pot.

THE BOY

You were right, Doctor. That was pointless. We'd have better luck back at the house. Maybe there's something in Hargreeves' files we missed.

POGO

(carefully)

Number Five, in those fifty years that you were alone, cut off from any sort of human contact or contemporary reality, had it ever occurred to you that you might have become..."disconnected?"

THE BOY

You mean insane? Are you suggesting I imagined it all? That I was driven to madness in my search for a way home?

A JING JINNG from off-screen as the diner's door is opened.

THE BOY

I'll admit, the thought had occurred to me. Only-

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

(ominously distorted)

Who is the one called Number Five?

CONTINUED:

Agnes GASPS, frozen in her tracks, clutching her coffee pot. Alarmed, Pogo spins in his counter stool to see

A SMALL ARMY OF HUMANOID FIGURES (THE "TEMPS"). Red and black striped faces obscured by goggles and gas masks. Elongated bodies bearing black and yellow uniforms on which the word "TEMPS" is printed in stretched vertical letters. Clocks are embedded in their sternums; multiple watches run up their wrists. There's at least thirty of them.

The Boy, however, doesn't even bother turning around to look at them. He remains faced forward at the counter, scowling.

THE BOY

I am...

PUSH IN TIGHT ON THE BOY as he crosses his arms, eyes narrowed like a 10-year-old Dirty Harry.

THE BOY

Who wants to know?

BACK TO:

INT. HOTEL OBLIVION - DR. TERMINAL'S ROOM

Terminal on the edge of the bed, Spaceboy and Séance standing over him.

SPACEBOY

I'm asking you for the last time: who released The Terminauts? Tell me or-

DR. TERMINAL

Or you'll what? Kill me? You'd be doing me a favor, you know that. I'm stuck here suspended for eternity, subsisting on insects, mildew and carpet lint.

SÉANCE

Wait a minute...

Séance steals a look at Spaceboy.

SPACEBOY

Of course! I almost forgot.

Spaceboy reaches into a pocket of his pack, pulls out a cardboard box. Terminal's eyes nearly pop out of his helmet:

DR. TERMINAL

A-Are those... Girl Scout Cookies?

Spaceboy nods, takes out a cookie and eats it.

CONTINUED:

SPACEBOY

Mmm mmm good.

Dr. Terminal is panting ravenously...

SPACEBOY

Séance? Tag-a-long?

SÉANCE

(takes a cookie)

Don't mind if I do.

Terminal lunges for the box but Spaceboy holds it at bay.

SPACEBOY

Not until you talk.

DR. TERMINAL

I don't know his proper name... He calls himself "The Conductor."

SÉANCE

As in choo-choo trains?

DR. TERMINAL

As in music. I've never met him, but we correspond on occasion. He's positively obsessed with The Umbrella Academy. He's consumed by the lore, knows every detail of your pathetic history. He's particularly intrigued by your sister.

SPACEBOY

Rumor?

DR. TERMINAL

The other one... Number Seven. It seems he's developed certain theories about her, has it in his head she's some sort of diamond in the rough. He claims to have gotten his hands on some notes Hargreeves worked up on her.

Spaceboy frowns, doesn't like the sound of this.

SÉANCE

So this "Conductor" - you gave him the Terminaut activation codes?

DR. TERMINAL

He insisted he needed to keep you busy while he made certain arrangements.

SPACEBOY

What sort of "arrangements?"

CONTINUED:

Terminal just shrugs.

SPACEBOY
Answer me, Terminal!

Terminal holds out his metallic hands.

DR. TERMINAL
Cookie time.

Spaceboy hesitates, then tosses Terminal the Girl Scout Cookies box. Terminal attacks it with an awful gurgling/grumbling sound. The hole in his metal chest area glows and makes a low whir.

SPACEBOY
Go on.
(Terminal ignoring him)
Terminal!

Terminal glances up from his devouring.

DR. TERMINAL
That's all I know.

Spaceboy grabs Terminal and smashes him into the wall.

DR. TERMINAL
I mean it! I suspect The Conductor's plan involves Number Seven, but I have no idea how.

SÉANCE
(to Spaceboy, alarmed)
We've got to find Vanya. Now.

SPACEBOY
He's lying. He knows more.

SÉANCE
Maybe so, but we don't have time!

A sick, irritating chuckle escapes from Terminal again.

DR. TERMINAL
I suppose there is one more piece of the puzzle I possess, but it would take a lot more than cookies to persuade me.
A real girl scout, perhaps...?

SPACEBOY
(violently slams Terminal)
TELL US, YOU PSYCHO!

Terminal squeals with a perverted glee:

CONTINUED:

DR. TERMINAL

Do it! Kill me! Pleeeeease?!

Infuriated, Spaceboy tosses him aside. Raging.

SÉANCE

Luther, we have to go!

Spaceboy manages to control himself, grumbles to Séance:

SPACEBOY

Come on.

Spaceboy and Séance head for the door.

DR. TERMINAL

Just ask yourself this: if The Conductor really does have Hargreeves' notes... how on Earth did he get them?

SPACEBOY

Are you saying he killed Hargreeves?

DR. TERMINAL

Oh, I doubt that anyone could have. We all know Hargreeves was way too powerful.

SÉANCE

Luther -

Dr. Terminal starts laughing again, re-fueling Space's rage.

DR. TERMINAL

(to Séance)

Seems you're not the only one who can get in someone's head, eh Number Four?

SÉANCE

Luther, he's just baiting you! Luther!

Spaceboy forces himself to turn his back on Terminal. He follows Séance out the door, Terminal's grating laughter ringing in his ears...

DR. TERMINAL

Regards to the rest of your family!

Terminal still laughing wildly as Spaceboy SLAMS the door.

CUT TO:

WHITE.

The kind of white that's so bright you see colors in it. A swell of jumbled musical notes ebbs and flows like a tide of

CONTINUED:

white noise, washing over us. With the crash of each wave, the cacophony is progressively louder.

VANYA (V.O.)
W-What's happening to me...?

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)
Just relax. You're doing wonderfully.

Ebb... CRASH....Ebb... CRASH....

VANYA (V.O.)
That sound... Like thunder - or a car crash... I want to see the victims...

Ebbb... CRASH (louder)...Ebb... CRAASSSH (even louder)...

VANYA (V.O.)
(emotional)
I-I'm sorry...Tell them I'm sorry...

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)
Tell whom?

VANYA (V.O.)
My brothers... My sister...

Ebb... CRAAASHHHH!...Ebb....CRAASSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHH-

VANYA (V.O.)
Wait!

The noise abruptly stops, leaving only a solitary tone: a screech of a violin string suspended and held.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)
Yes, my dear?

The white we've seen begins to darken, as if cast in shadow.

VANYA (V.O.)
Sounds like...angels...suffocating...
I can hear it! I can SEE IT!

The shadow near total darkness - from which Vanya's eyes blink open, the irises black and glinting with a chilling, sinister glee.

VANYA
It's beautiful.

CUT TO:

INT. VANYA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Kraken poking around, examining Vanya's meager existence: her stacks of violin music; her unmade bed; the charred remainder copies of her book in the fireplace.

He feels guilty snooping, about to go - when he notices something beside her phone. A note pad. He finds the top page has been torn out, but on the next page there's a faint impression of handwriting.

Kraken tears out this page, presses it against the wall, then takes out a knife and carefully traces over the imprint. When he's done, he removes the page and reads what he's just carved into the wall: "**ICARUS. NOON.**"

CUT TO:

EXT. COSTELLO'S DINER - NIGHT

POLICE SIRENS SCREAMING as they screech to a halt before the diner. Sawhorse barricades and police tape already set up.

LUPO (V.O.)
What's your name, Ma'am?

AGNES (V.O.)
A-Agnes.

INT. COSTELLO'S DINER

TIGHT ON A CRACKED COFFEE MUG trembling in Agnes' hands.

LUPO (O.S.)
Okay, Agnes, I want you to relax and tell me what you told the officer over there.

TIGHT ON AGNES' FACE: a pale shell of herself, like she's just witnessed an atrocity of mind-blowing proportion.

AGNES
I...I was working my shift...and this little boy and a monkey, they come in and order some c-coffee. And just as I'm handing it to them...these men walk in...

TIGHT ON INSPECTOR LUPO: gnawing on a toothpick, his bushy eyebrows crinkled in a frown.

LUPO
And what did they look like, Agnes?

FLASH ON THE TEMPS: looming ominously as they come near -

CONTINUED:

AGNES (V.O.)

They were strange. Their faces - they
were like gas masks...

TIGHT ON AGNES: coffee mug trembling as she takes a sip.

AGNES

Said they were looking for some kind of
name that's a number. The little boy, he
just sits there all calm-like, and says
he's the one they're looking for -

*FLASH ON THE TEMPS: as they draw futuristic-looking weapons,
all trained directly on The Boy -*

LUPO

And then what happened?

TIGHT ON AGNES: a look of horror frozen on her face.

LUPO

Agnes?

AGNES

H-he killed them... Every one of them.

LUPO

Who killed them, Agnes?

AGNES

Th-the little boy!

*FLASH ON RAPID-FIRE IMAGES: more like blurs they come so
fast, just the suggestion of brutal violence to the army of
Temps -*

TIGHT ON AGNES: still wide-eyed in terror.

AGNES

When it was over, he dropped some money
on the counter, and he and the monkey
walked out. Just before he left, he
turned to me and spoke...

LUPO

(scribbling in his pad)
And what did he say, Agnes?... Agnes?

AGNES

He said..."Thank you for the coffee."

Agnes then breaks down weeping as we WIDEN TO REVEAL LUPO'S
OFFICERS combing a crime scene far crazier than we ever
would've imagined: shattered glass everywhere, smashed
crockery, shredded vinyl - and everything splattered with a

CONTINUED:

black blood-like liquid. The counter, booths, walls, windows, stools - every surface a Jackson Pollock.

CONDUCTOR (SOUND ADVANCE)
Ladies and gentlemen!

CUT TO:

EXT. ICARUS THEATER - NIGHT

The cracked marquee. The desolate neighborhood.

CONDUCTOR (V.O.)
For years mankind has dreamt of creating
the perfect instrument of extermination.

O.S. APPLAUSE swells then goes abruptly silent.

INT. ICARUS THEATER - NIGHT

The Conductor standing on stage, arms outstretched.

CONDUCTOR
Tonight, my friends, we make the dream a
reality!

IN THE AUDIENCE, stone-faced in their black Carnivale masks,
the Black Orchestra APPLAUDE in unison, then go quiet.

CONDUCTOR
Allow me to introduce to you a testament
to perseverance!
(APPLAUSE)
A wonder of modern science!
(APPLAUSE)
My friends, I give you *La Viole Blanche* -
or if you prefer...
(throws up his arms)
The White Violin!

The curtains behind him immediately draw open...

...revealing a pitch blackness. A beat of silence...And
then, from the blackness, we hear HALTING FOOTSTEPS as a
figure steps onto the stage.

CLOSE ON VANYA'S BARE FEET as they struggle to remember how
to walk, almost like Frankenstein's monster...

REVERSE ON THE BLACK ORCHESTRA IN THE AUDIENCE as they all
emit a collective GASP -

- as Vanya steps out from the darkness and to the center of
the stage. Only she is no longer Vanya as we knew her...

CONTINUED:

She is THE WHITE VIOLIN. Head to toe she is entirely white, her torso transformed into what appears to be a violin's neck, purfling, bridge and tailpiece (but feminine-sleek and sexy).

Her eyes peer out blankly, vacant - as if in a trance.

The Conductor is about to burst with anticipation as a masked CLARINETIST steps on stage carrying a white violin case. He opens the case, removes from it a white violin and a white bow.

THE CONDUCTOR

Your instrument, my dear.

The Clarinetist hands the white violin to The White Violin.

THE CONDUCTOR

Now...do what you were born to do.

Vanya lifts the violin to her chin. Raises the bow. Every movement slow. Remembered.

She ever-so-carefully lowers the bow to the white strings of the violin. Holds it there an intense, pregnant beat...

TIGHT ON VANYA'S WHITE FACE as just the hint of a grin curls the corners of her white lips -

The Orchestra watching eagerly -

- as with one stroke of Vanya's bow across the strings SHRRRRRRRRIPP! the Clarinetist's body is blasted apart by a single note - his insides splattered all over the front rows. All that's left of him on stage is a puddle of gore and the shredded tatters of his tuxedo and cape.

Vanya lowers her deadly instrument, looks down at the remains of The Clarinetist in blank-faced amazement.

CLAP... CLAP... CLAP... from the Conductor, beaming at his beautiful monster. Vanya manages a confused, nervous smile as scattered CLAPS from the audience join the Conductor's... more and more clapping as the Black Orchestra begin to rise in standing ovation, clapping harder and harder, the entire theater reverberating with their THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE.

Vanya starts to laugh nervously, almost in relief, but soon growing in confidence. It's a laugh we'd ever imagine coming from Vanya. It is the laugh of The White Violin.

CUT TO:

EXT. COSTELLO'S DINER - NIGHT

Inspector Lupo leaving the crime scene, headed for his car.

INT. LUPO'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Lupo driving fast and erratic through the city. He looks more shaken by what he saw in there than he let on. He fishes out a cigarette, brings it to his lips -

RASPY MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(from back seat)
Those things'll kill you.

LUPO
So will this -

Lupo whirls around and fires his gun, blowing out the rear windshield - missing Kraken in the back seat by inches. Kraken looks totally unphased, not a bit afraid.

LUPO
Jesus, Kraken, I could have smeared you
against the back seat.

Lupo resumes his erratic driving.

KRAKEN
Something go down at Costello's, Lupo?

Lupo frowns, debating whether to share his info or not.

LUPO
We're keeping it out of the papers.
Triple homicide. Apparently self-defense,
only the suspects took off. A chimpanzee
and a boy wearing a black school uniform.

Kraken tries to conceal any sort of reaction, but Lupo's caught one in his rear-view mirror.

LUPO
Know anything about it?

KRAKEN
I'll look into it.

LUPO
(re: his patch)
You know I've always meant to ask you,
what happened to your eye?

KRAKEN
Lost it in a training accident.
Hargreeves could've replaced it, but

CONTINUED:

KRAKEN (CONT'D)

he wanted to teach me a lesson.
I was eleven.

Lupo shakes his head - what a screwed-up family.

KRAKEN

Listen, Lupo - I need some help. Does the word "ICARUS" mean anything to you?

LUPUO

Icarus, huh?... Not much.

Kraken looks frustrated.

LUPUO

Only thing that comes to mind is that old concert hall.

KRAKEN

Concert hall?

LUPUO

Yeah, you know - the Icarus Theater? It's in the crap part of town, been abandoned for ages. Hell, it's probably condemned. Word has it back in the 70's it was the site of these creepy cult rituals. Why do you ask?... Kraken?

Lupo glances into the back seat - to find the window open and Kraken gone.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - FOYER - NIGHT

The Boy and Pogo entering. The Boy hangs up his coat, checks his gold stopwatch anxiously.

THE BOY

Not much time left. Wonder where the others are.

He proceeds upstairs, Pogo trailing him.

POGO

I take it you'd rather not talk about it.

THE BOY

About what? Oh - that.

POGO

Those men - what you did to them -

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

They're not "men." They're Temps. Agents of time. And I assure you, they got off easy.

POGO

Easy? You eviscerated them!

THE BOY

They were sent to kill me, Pogo. I told you, returning to the present was no cake walk. I had to do things I'm not proud of. Acquire skills to ensure my survival-
(abruptly halts)
Did you hear something?

Pogo strains to hear. Can make out a faint CREAKING?

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - NIGHT

CLOSE ON THE MANSION'S IRON GATES as their bars ever-so-slightly bend.

CLOSE ON THE TIP OF VANYA'S WHITE FINGER as it barely caresses the thinnest stretch of string at her violin's tuning peg. As her finger just barely rubs it -

- the iron gates warp - the Umbrella Academy symbol prying open - until the gates are bent completely apart. Through them steps

VANYA AND THE BLACK ORCHESTRA. All carrying instruments.

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - HARGREEVES' STUDY

The Boy and Pogo have their faces pressed to the windows, peering down at the bizarre sight of The White Violin and her army of a masked Orchestra.

THE BOY

Who are they?

POGO

I haven't the slightest...

BACK TO VANYA AND ORCHESTRA ON THE LAWN

as they come to a stop on the lawn right in front of the memorial statue of Number Six.

VANYA

Give me something in D-minor.

The Orchestra raise their instruments, and produce a low, rumbling D minor chord of ominous portent...

CONTINUED:

BACK TO THE BOY AND POGO AT THE WINDOWS

The Boy squints down, something occurring to him -

THE BOY

Wait a minute, is that-?

The Boy quickly fishes something from his pocket:
Hargreeves' Monocle. He brings it to his eye as he peers
down at The White Violin -

*SMASH INSERT MONOCLE VISION: RAPID-IMAGE SUCCESSION OF
VANYA'S LIFE. Hargreeves peering dubiously into a bassinet
marked "00.07"; child Vanya playing violin alone in her
room; teen Vanya at her recital, notices the Conductor in
back as she bows for no practically no one; Vanya looking
uncomfortable as she's interviewed about her book; Vanya
throwing her books into her fireplace; Vanya at Hargreeves'
funeral; Vanya being yelled at by Kraken at the Pier; Vanya
horrified as she's strapped down to the Conductor's slab -*

SMASH BACK TO THE BOY

Shaken, he lowers the monocle in astonishment.

THE BOY

It's Vanya...

Pogo can't believe it -

INT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - "READY ROOM"

A faint tremor as the Televator's DING heralds the return of
Spaceboy and Séance from the Hotel Oblivion.

They both step out of the televator when Spaceboy freezes -

SPACEBOY

Do you hear music?

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - FRONT LAWN

The Black Orchestra still holding that rumbling D minor
chord, Vanya out in front, the Conductor by her side as she
peers up at the mansion with a smile of glowing hatred -

She brings her violin to her chin, brings her finger to a
string, and PLUCKS a single high D -

SMAASSSSSH! All 497 windows of the mansion simultaneously
erupt like a bomb went off!

INSERT POGO AND THE BOY INSIDE

Arms over their heads as shards of glass rain down -

CONTINUED:

INSERT SPACEBOY AND SÉANCE IN THE "READY ROOM"

Windowless, but not sound-proof.

SÉANCE

What the hell was that??

Alarmed, Spaceboy lunges for the door, Séance behind him -

BACK TO VANYA AND THE ORCHESTRA ON THE LAWN

Vanya brings her bow to the strings, and begins to play a plaintive melody in D minor, the Orchestra backing her, the Conductor practically shuddering with delight -

- as the entire mansion begins to implode as if hit by a massive earthquake...

SMASH TO QUICK JARRING SHOTS OF VARIOUS ROOMS CRACKING APART: The Ready Room. The training areas and classrooms. The infirmary/ laboratory. The children's bedrooms.

MORE QUICK SHOTS: Framed Umbrella Academy articles fall from splintering walls. Awards and citations shatter under glass. Hargreeves' Nobel Prize topples from a mantle.

Everything falling and smashing and quaking - the mansion shuddering to its death like it's been dynamited.

INT. MANSION - MAIN FLOOR

Spaceboy and Séance bolting through the house as it crumbles and collapses around them - chandeliers crashing, artwork smashing, walls and ceilings fracturing in clouds of debris -

MOM (O.S.)

Boys?

Spaceboy turns to see Mom in the dining room, her robotic head cocked, looking at them with only mild confusion -

- when the entire ceiling collapses down on her.

SPACEBOY

Mom!

A beat, then we hear muffled from deep beneath the rubble:

MOM (O.S.)

(muted but chipper)

I'm okay!

THE BOY (O.S.)

(from another room)

Help!

CONTINUED:

Spaceboy's head whips up -

SPACEBOY
(shouts)
Number Five?! Where are you?!

INT. HARGREEVES' STUDY

Number Five is dangling over a gaping hole in the floor, hanging on by a stray floorboard -

- when above him he hears a CREAK... He raises his eyes to see Hargreeves' massive bookshelves about to topple over on him...

EXT. MANSION GROUNDS

Vanya savors the sight of the Umbrella Academy continuously collapsing in on itself piece by piece, note by note...

INT. HARGREEVES' STUDY

The Boy hanging on for his life in the hole in the floor, gaping up at the bookshelf as it finally tips over, CRASHING DOWN on top of him -

- when a big gorilla hand stops it at the last second! Spaceboy hurls the bookshelf out of the way -

- as the floorboard The Boy is clinging to begins to snap off and The Boy FALLS -

- and is GRABBED by Séance just before he plummets! Séance hefts him out.

SÉANCE
What the hell is happening?!

THE BOY
(breathless)
Vanya.

Séance turns to the blown out window, can see the Orchestra marching off the way they came, The White Violin leading them like a pied piper.

INSERT VANYA EXITING THE GROUNDS

She peers back at Hargreeves' mansion: 20,000 square feet and decades of history all but entirely demolished.

VANYA
I'm warmed up.

She steps forward, something CLINKS by her feet.

CONTINUED:

She peers down to find a broken half of the Umbrella Academy symbol from the iron gates. And she grins.

BACK TO SÉANCE AND THE BOY AT THE SMASHED WINDOW

Watching Vanya and her Orchestra march off victoriously.

SÉANCE

That's Vanya?

THE BOY

And she's got an orchestra of deranged psychopaths to help her.

SÉANCE

Help her?

THE BOY

To destroy everything else. Don't you get it? It was Vanya all along! She's the end of the world!

SPACEBOY

(shattered)

No... No....

Hearing the heartache in Space's voice, they both turn and are equally shocked -

- to find Spaceboy hefting a heavy column off the crushed body of Pogo. Spaceboy crouches beside Pogo, unable to believe it. Agonized.

SPACEBOY

I should've been here... I could've protected him...

It's The Horror all over again. Crouching beside Spaceboy, Séance reaches out and takes Pogo's limp hand tenderly in his own, feeling for Pogo's spirit...

THE BOY

Is he gone?

SÉANCE

Yes.

(a sorrowful half-smile)

But reachable.

CRRACKK! as the floor beneath them finally gives, the study quaking violently as the ceiling crumples down on them -

Spaceboy grabs The Boy and Séance and SMASHES through the wall just as the entire room caves in -

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - GROUNDS - NIGHT

- the three of them hitting the dark lawn as behind them the last of The Umbrella Academy collapses.

They stare back, astonished at the sight of this ever-looming presence from their childhood reduced to rubble. Mixed emotions to be sure, but they run deep.

SÉANCE

I never thought I'd see the day...
So much for renting it out.

ON SPACEBOY, gaping at something else: the shattered remains of what was The Horror's memorial statue.

THE BOY

This is a drop in the bucket compared to what's coming.

The pain in Space's eyes starts giving way to fury.

SPACEBOY

We have to stop Vanya. Anyone heard from Kraken?

The Boy just shakes his head.

SPACEBOY

What about Rumor?

INT. ICE HOCKEY ARENA - NIGHT

CRASH! Professional hockey players slam into each other in practice. [Note: this hockey is of the roughneck, old school variety - no helmets, retro pads, sweater uniforms.]

UP IN THE STANDS

7 year old Claire sits in the otherwise empty bleachers, drawing in a sketch book a picture of a horse. ASHLEY, a 20-ish blonde hottie, is beside her. She's sweet but vapid.

ASHLEY

Daddy's practice should be over soon. I'm gonna get something to eat. You hungry?

CLAIRE

No thank you.

ASHLEY

Okay. I'll be right back.

Ashley hurries down the bleacher aisle.

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON THE OPPOSITE BLEACHER AISLE to find Rumor quietly emerging, careful to stay unnoticed by those on the ice below as she climbs up the bleachers, her costume concealed beneath an overcoat. As she ascends, she eyes Claire with the same longing we'd seen at the playground -

- when she feels something at her waist. She peers down to see her communicator is flashing. Rumor quickly shuts the communicator off, tugs her overcoat tighter to ensure Claire won't see a hint of her costume.

ON CLAIRE, still focused on her horse drawing.

RUMOR

Claire...

Claire glances up, beams in surprise.

CLAIRE

Mommy!

The girl leaps into her mother's arms. Rumor hugs her tight, relishing the feel of her; she does her best not to cry.

CLAIRE

Is it your turn to visit?

RUMOR

No, sweetness. Not yet. I just - I needed to see you, that's all.

CLAIRE

You were on TV today! I told Daddy I wanted to watch, but he made me turn it off.

Rumor doesn't know how to respond, changes the subject:

RUMOR

That's a beautiful horse you drew.

CLAIRE

His name is Pancake. He belongs to Ashley, but she lets me ride him.

RUMOR

Was that Ashley I saw you sitting with?

CLAIRE

Uh huh. She's nice, I guess... You're not mad, are you?

CLAIRE

Of course not.

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE

Daddy says I need to be careful not to get you mad, or you could make something bad happen to me.

RUMOR

What? Claire, I would never do anything to hurt you. You know that, don't you?

Claire nods - not really understanding any of this.

CLAIRE

Were those people on TV your family? Daddy said they were.

RUMOR

Sort of. I don't know, it's... complicated.

CLAIRE

How come I never met them?

RUMOR

Your father didn't think it was a good idea.

CLAIRE

(puzzled)
Are they mean?

RUMOR

No! No, they're good. They're keeping the world safe. Right this very minute.

In the corner of her eye Rumor sees Ashley returning from the concessions area.

RUMOR

Listen, sweetheart, I have to go...

CLAIRE

To help them?

Rumor experiences an unexpected pang of guilt.

RUMOR

No. Not anymore.
(kisses her)
I love you, Claire. So much.

CLAIRE

I love you too, Mommy.
(a sudden idea)
Wait! Do you love them?

CONTINUED:

For a moment Rumor doesn't understand -

CLAIRE

The people who keep the world safe?

Rumor falters, forced to confront the question... She reluctantly nods. Claire looks pleased, like she's just solved a riddle.

CLAIRE

Then they must be your family, right?

ASHLEY (O.S.)

Claire? Who are you talking to?

ON ASHLEY climbing the bleacher aisle, eyeing Rumor uneasily. She quickly glances back down at the ice, debating whether to alert Patrick.

But Rumor's already gone, overcoat tugged tight as she makes for the nearest exit.

EXT. (REMAINS OF) HARGREEVES' MANSION - NIGHT

Spaceboy, Séance and The Boy as we left them. Spaceboy furiously trying his belt communicator to no avail.

SPACEBOY

Still no response from Rumor.

THE BOY

We can handle this ourselves. We just have to find Vanya.

SÉANCE

And how do you propose we do that?

THE BOY

Split up. Divide the city in three and hope to hell one of us-

SCREEECH! The Boy is interrupted by the glare of headlights and squealing tires as a car bounds to a halt at the bent iron gates. It's Lupo.

Lupo climbs out of his car, gapes at the state of the mansion in disbelief.

LUPO

What the hell happened here?

SPACEBOY

Our sister Vanya, that's what.

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

Only now she's The White Violin. Her mind was bled of all traces of her former self, save for a heretofore-sublimated desire for vengeance.

LUPO

(brow furrows)

Who's the runt?

SÉANCE

That would be our brother, Number Five.

LUPO

The runaway?

(then it hits; frowns)

Wait a minute. Any chance you were at Costello's earlier tonight?

THE BOY

I wouldn't know anything about it. Look, didn't you hear what I said about Vanya?

LUPO

I'll put out an APB.

(takes out his radio)

Where's Kraken? We were in the middle of a conversation when he split on me.

SPACEBOY

You were with Kraken?

LUPO

Just before. He was asking about the old Icarus concert hall.

SÉANCE

Did you say concert hall?

Séance, Spaceboy and The Boy instantly look to each other.

LUPO

You know, the one downtown.

(into radio)

Yeah, I need an all points bulletin on one Vanya Hargreeves, aka "The White Violin"... Current address?

Lupo glances back to see if they know - only to find all three are gone. Lupo grumbles angrily -

- when he hears a noise from the house rubble. He squints to find Mom finally emerging from a pile of debris, dusting herself off. She notices the sprawling wreckage around her, sighs like a 1950's housewife whose cake failed to rise.

CONTINUED:

MOM

Oh dear...

Lupo just shakes his head.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICARUS THEATER - NIGHT

Kraken arrives beneath the cracked marquee. Looks around - doesn't like the neighborhood. Heads inside.

INT. ICARUS THEATER - NIGHT

Kraken enters, squints into the dark. Notes the bloodstains on the walls and chairs. Frowns, guard up. He proceeds down the aisle, bothered by something he now hears as he paces forward: a faint but steady TICK..TACK..TICK..TACK...

Seems to be coming from the stage. He leaps up, discovers the source of the sound: A WOODEN METRONOME resting atop a conductor's stand. It's inverted pendulum weight continues to TICK..TACK..back and forth, keeping time...

Kraken picks up the metronome - and finds a piece of paper stuffed in back? He uncrumples it to find it's the title page from Vanya's book. Beneath "EXTRA ORDINARY, My Life as Numer Seven" the name Vanya Hargreeves has been *violently scratched out*, as if trying to erase her existence.

KRAKEN

What the...?

And then Kraken notices something else inside the metronome: the ends of two coiled wires poking from the gears. Kraken's head whips up with an "oh shit" realization -

INT. ICARUS THEATER - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

BANG! The doors fly open as Kraken barrels out of the auditorium just as BOOOOM! the metronome bomb detonates behind him in a MASSIVE EXPLOSION, DECIMATING THE ENTIRE AUDITORIUM IN A GIANT FIREBALL -

- the rapid expanse of flames practically singeing Kraken as he smashes through the front doors, hitting pavement as smoke and flames waft over his head and into the night sky.

TIGHT ON KRAKEN, a painful RINGING in his ears. He picks himself up, struggles to get his bearings... when that ringing gives way to another sound - very faint, but audible: the distant sound of an ORCHESTRA WARMING UP.

Kraken looks this way and that, trying to discern where this bizarre orchestral noise is coming from...

EXT. SIDE OF A BUILDING - NIGHT

TRAVELLING up the face of a seven-story building, we hear the same sound of the orchestra warm up, only it's audibly *much closer*. We move closer...closer... until we reach the top and peer over its lip to discover we are

EXT. RADIO SQUARE - "THE EYE" BUILDING

Surrounded on all sides by the looming buildings of the city itself, the neon Eye-in-the-upside-down-triangle looming over

THE BLACK ORCHESTRA warming up. Arranged in a circle on the rooftop below, their masked eyes all fixed on a podium in the center of the circle, on which The Conductor stands, tapping his baton.

ANGLE ON THE ROOFTOP LEDGE on which we find Kraken having just arrived (scaled the building side). Not sure what the hell he's witnessing here, but he doesn't like it...

BACK TO THE CONDUCTOR AND BLACK ORCHESTRA as they finish tuning up. The Conductor is ecstatic with anticipation.

THE CONDUCTOR

It's time. Prepare for the performance to
end all performances. Everyone ready?

Still beaming, The Conductor raises his baton to begin -
- when something white whips past his head behind him. The Conductor seems oblivious, just stands exactly as he was, big smile frozen on his face... when his head drops cleanly off his shoulders, rolls past the feet of the Orchestra and off the edge of the building.

VANYA (O.S.)

We are now.

The Orchestra Members all dutifully turn in unison back to the podium to find

VANYA/THE WHITE VIOLIN taking The Conductor's place. Her striking white figure practically glows in the moonlight as she flicks a single drop of blood from the tip of her bow.

ANGLE ON KRAKEN BY THE LEDGE

Keeping out of sight as he observes this spectacle in confusion and awe (recall, this is the first he's seen Vanya as the White Violin).

KRAKEN

(whispers to himself)

Vanya...?

CONTINUED:

Vanya taps her bow on the podium, signalling the Orchestra it's time to start. On every music stand is a black sheath of music paper: "The Apocalypse Suite."

The Kraken frowns in confusion as he witnesses Vanya bring her bow to her instrument, her eyes grinning maniacally as she and the Orchestra begin to play the first measures of the Suite -

- and all of Radio Square shudders violently as if seized by a massive earthquake.

*[A quick note about *The Apocalypse Suite*. Obviously it is impossible to adequately evoke a piece of music in script form, however the music itself is important to our finale. The idea is that in addition to being a supernaturally destructive force, the Suite will also function as diagetic soundtrack music to the set piece's action. As for what it will sound like, this is the purview of the director and composer. For script purposes, I'll merely speculate that it's something approaching an amalgam of Bernard Herrmann's scarier scores and the aggressively abrasive dissonance of Glenn Branca or Karlheinz Stockhausen.]

The massive jolt nearly knocks Kraken from the ledge - he clings on, climbing up so as not to fall...

...when Vanya instantly senses his presence. She turns and looks him dead in the eye with a flash of evil amusement.

VANYA

Diego! You always were the only one who came to see me perform!

KRAKEN

(horrified)

Vanya - what happened to you??

VANYA

Isn't it obvious? I'm extraordinary!

KRAKEN

(realizing)

You... You're what happens today.

Vanya just smirks as she turns her back and resumes playing, the tide of discordant music swelling...

INSERT AERIAL OF RADIO SQUARE/ SURROUNDINGS

...causing the streets surrounding Radio Square to fracture like earthquake fault-lines. The buildings rattle and crumble, on the verge of a domino-like collapse...

BACK TO VANYA AND THE ORCHESTRA ATOP THE "EYE" BUILDING

continuing their 'performance' - Vanya's back still to Kraken. Kraken abruptly charges at Vanya, knives out -

CONTINUED:

- when he's body-blocked by SIX ORCHESTRA MEMBERS, their faces betraying no emotion other than psychotic bloodblust. Three are VIOLINISTS - they remove the black necks of their violins to reveal that they double as bayonet-like blades! The other three clutch TRUMPETS, withdrawing trumpet valves to reveal sets of brass knuckles!

Kraken's freaked out, but doesn't flinch, prepared to filet each of them as he raises his arms to fling a pair of knives - only he's suddenly garroted around the neck by a thick metal wire wielded by a 6'6" HARPIST (the "wire" he's choking Kraken with in fact a harp string).

Kraken struggles to pry his fingers under the wire digging into his neck, but it only chokes tighter as he's lifted off his feet by the massive brute.

Kraken is turning blue as the Harpist maintains his murderous choke hold, Kraken's feet kicking frantically, bulging eyes finding

VANYA, leering at him. Merciless.

VANYA

Finish him! Harp only has another 6 bars' rest!

The Harpist nods, twists the wire tighter around Kraken's throat, Kraken seconds from certain death when -

SPACEBOY (O.S.)

(from loudspeaker)

*ATTENTION ALL CITY RESIDENTS! EVACUATE
YOUR HOMES AT ONCE AND GET AS FAR FROM
THE CITY AS YOU CAN!*

Surprised, the Harpist quickly looks up to find

THE MINERVA's WWII bomber silhouette soaring into view over the city! Its underside floodlights illuminate the endangered skyline...

Seizing the distraction, Kraken manages to twist just enough and OOMPH! a WINCE of pain flashes on the Harpist's face.

KRAKEN

(gasping)

Feel that? It's a blade penetrating a one millimeter peri-cardial space to reach your left main carotid artery. If cut, all blood supply to your heart instantly ceases, and you croak in about 4 seconds.

(coolly)

So if I were you, I would very carefully -

CONTINUED:

The Harpist quickly jerks the harp wire around Kraken's neck -- only to seize up in agony, then instantly drop dead.

KRAKEN

Or not.

INT. THE MINERVA - NIGHT

Spaceboy sets the bomber's controls to 'HOVER.' Turns to The Boy and Séance.

SPACEBOY

Let's go!

Séance frowns down at the tiny white figure of Vanya, his mind working over something...

SÉANCE

I'll meet you down there. I have an idea.

EXT. MINERVA/ BUILDING ROOFTOP

Spaceboy and The Boy emerge from the craft's underside to a rooftop a few buildings away from "The Eye" building, the music punishing their eardrums as they see -

THE EPICENTER OF DESTRUCTION BELOW: the first blocks of buildings surrounding Radio Square are all collapsed. Gas fires rage, streets cracked open to chasms as terrified CITIZENS run for their lives.

ANGLE ON THE PUBLIC LIBRARY as the marble columns crack and the whole structure caves in on itself to the music - *resembling just what it looked like in The Boy's visit to the end of the world.*

IN CITY PARK, greenery transforms into a withered wasteland. Trees go barren. The pond turns murky black...

EXT. RADIO SQUARE - "EYE" BUILDING ROOFTOP

The two trumpeters already lie dead at his feet as Kraken knife-fights with the two violinists, who swing at him mercilessly with their bayonets.

VANYA

Strings retreat! Percussion, you have a
14 measure break - stretch your legs!

The masked violinists back off as three PERCUSSIONISTS storm Kraken. One wields two oversize cymbals like shields while another hurls smaller cymbals like throwing stars; a third clutches razor sharp xylophone keys in each hand.

They press forward, Kraken forced to take the defensive -

CONTINUED:

SPACEBOY (O.S.)
Still determined to work solo?

Kraken glances back to find Spaceboy and Number Five beside him. Kraken can't help but look relieved at their arrival.

KRAKEN
It's Vanya, she-

THE BOY
We know. This is it.

The Boy regards the neon Eye looming above.

KRAKEN
They won't let me near her!

They look to the Orchestra, who have Vanya carefully protected in their center, like the Queen Bee.

EXT. THE CITY - NIGHT

As Vanya's MUSIC screams louder and more chaotic, we witness a SWEEPING AERIAL OF THE CIRCLE OF DESTRUCTION WIDENING: massive buildings collapsing into debris; we see the NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM from Number Five's tale succumb, whole facades smashing to the ground.

Street after street caving in, tons upon tons of metal, glass and stone smashing on top of each other in truly apocalyptic fashion, as if the city itself is caught in some Hellish, widening gyre...

EXT. RADIO SQUARE - "EYE" BUILDING ROOFTOP

Spaceboy and Kraken battling the woodwind section, Spaceboy knocking back swaths of psychotics in masks. Kraken hurling knives [again, the Orchestra's violent music accompanying all this as a soundtrack] -

- when they hear distant SCREAMS. Spaceboy's head whips up, focuses on a building in the distance, bottom floors already caved in, the rest of it about to collapse -

SPACEBOY
The hospital!

Space spins to Kraken - they've got to do something -

THE BOY
You two go!
(straightens his necktie)
I'll hold them off.

Space and Kraken look to each other like The Boy's insane -

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

I said GO!

EXT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

What were the first four floors now a pile of rubble as the fifth floor caves in, the remaining floors teetering wildly. The screams are still audible above.

SPACEBOY

It's coming from the top floor.

KRAKEN

That's the children's ward.

(beat; decided)

Meet me at the window.

SPACEBOY

What?

But Kraken's already running toward the hospital doors. Spaceboy looks around, finds a CONSTRUCTION SITE one building over, complete with a thousand-foot crane.

INT. HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

The doors bang open as Kraken enters, finds the place utterly engulfed in dust and smoke.

Kraken takes a BIG BREATH - then heads in.

INT. HOSPITAL - 12TH FLOOR CHILDREN'S WARD

Some 20 CHILDREN standing on beds, shrieking in fear...

INT. HOSPITAL - STAIRWELL

Kraken bolting up stairs, still holding his breath against the smoke and dust...

INT. HOSPITAL - 12TH FLOOR CHILDREN'S WARD

The children clutching each other as the building starts to lurch, debris crumbling down on their heads when

BANG! The ward doors fly open and Kraken bursts in, finally exhaling as he shouts:

KRAKEN

EVERYBODY, THIS WAY!

CUT TO:

EXT. RADIO SQUARE - "EYE" BUILDING ROOFTOP

The 10-year-old figure of The Boy standing by the edge of the rooftop... facing down 10 ORCHESTRA MEMBERS, all twice his size, all toting their chilling instrument-weapons. Surrounding him on all sides. Closing in. Scary as hell...

The Boy narrows his eyes, calmly rolls up the sleeves of his dress shirt. The men sneer, almost amused by the ridiculousness of a lone boy taking on ten murderous adults.

THE BOY

I take it you gentlemen consider this to be an unfair fight.

Mouths curl into bloodcurdling grins as the 10 Orchestra Members continue closing in on The Boy from all sides...

THE BOY

Well, you're right about that.

...their huddle now obscuring our view of The Boy -

- until the first of them is flipped upward and sails off the edge of the building - and we now get to finally witness

THE BOY IN ACTION! It is nothing short of insane as with micro-jumps through time The Boy proceeds to crack necks, break spines, crush legs and hurl bodies in a violent flurry of superhuman speed, astounding agility and awesome power, delivering a ferocious combination of exotic and highly-advanced martial arts, precision death-blows and uncanny dodges that render all ten dead in roughly 28 seconds.

Only The Boy remains standing, cool as ice as he readjusts a stray of lock of hair that had fallen into his eyes.

EXT. HOSPITAL

The building really starting to give, the first floor collapsing in a cloud of dust and debris -

INT. 12TH FLOOR CHILDREN'S WARD

The ground giving out beneath them in a FULL-STORY DROP!

Kids screaming - but Kraken in control as he ushers the children to the window, SMASHES it open and leans out -

EXT. HOSPITAL - 12TH FLOOR

- to find Spaceboy swinging over on the end of the 1000 foot crane! When his massive body finally reaches the window, Kraken hurries the children out one by one, each grabbing hold of Spaceboy's humongous primate frame.

CONTINUED:

The last of the children grab on to Spaceboy just as the entire hospital is about to go down -

- Kraken leaps from the sill to the crane arm, sending it rotating from the building as the entire hospital collapses in a crumbling pile in a cloud of dust smoke -

THE CRANE SWINGING OUT OF THE WAY

Over nearby building rooftops - a wild sight as 20 children cling to Spaceboy as he and Kraken soar through the sky -

- safely alighting atop a FIREHOUSE. Kraken helps the kids down as FIREFIGHTERS rush to help.

KRAKEN
(to the Firefighters)
Just get as far as you can!

Kraken then climbs back onto the crane.

SPACEBOY
Ready?

Kraken nods. Spaceboy kicks off the Firehouse roof and sends the crane sailing back toward Radio Square -

EXT. RADIO SQUARE - "EYE" BUILDING ROOFTOP

A slew of at least 10 Orchestra bodies sprawled around The Boy as he makes his way nearer to Vanya. Behind him the massive neon eye in the triangle finally BREAKS OFF from the taller building and comes CRASHING DOWN right behind The Boy in a huge spray of sparks.

Haloed by the explosion, The Boy doesn't even blink, just keeps marching forward, eyes narrowed on

VANYA'S PODIUM, where we discover about half the "Apocalypse Suite" sheet music has already been played.

TILT UP TO VANYA/ THE WHITE VIOLIN: she gestures with her bow to the brass section to deal with The Boy, then continues playing -

EXT. THE CITY - SWEEPING AERIAL

- as the destruction only continues to widen like an ever-spreading blast radius, levelling everything in its path...

EXT. THE PARK

A TUBA PLAYER's neck has been twisted inside the brass coils of his instrument as he hits the ground. TILT UP TO

CONTINUED:

THE BOY straightening his lapels, feeling the strain of taking on this many alone - when he feels someone approach behind him, quickly spins to find

RUMOR! Her costume is no longer concealed by her coat. She looks more like a super-heroine than we've ever seen her.

THE BOY
Well it's about time!

ANGLE ON VANYA AT THE PODIUM

as she glances behind her and discovers Rumor's presence.

BACK TO THE BOY AND RUMOR

THE BOY
Where the hell have you been?

RUMOR
Figuring some things out.

SPACEBOY (O.S.)
And?

She turns to find Spaceboy and Kraken. Rumor manages a smile as she reaches out and squeezes Spaceboy's oversized hand.

KRAKEN
Enough of the love-fest. Do your thing so we can move on to search and rescue.

Rumor nods, decides on the right phrasing - then:

RUMOR
I heard a rumor that-

SHHRIP! something white whizzes past Rumor's face -

VANYA (O.S.)
SHUT UP!

They all spin to find Vanya/The White Violin before them, her bow still in the air, blood staining the tip.

A WET, GASPING SOUND from Rumor as she falls to her knees, clutching her throat - as they/we discover that Vanya's violin bow just cut Rumor's throat.

SPACEBOY
NOOO!!!

Spaceboy dives to Rumor, taking her in his arms.

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

Kraken, now!

Kraken has a chance to strike at Vanya, but he's too stunned by what he's just seen Vanya do to her own sister -

THE BOY

Kraken!!

Kraken snaps out of it, spins on Vanya -- but he's too late. She's blocked by more of her Orchestra. Fueled by newfound fury, Kraken launches into the Orchestra, knives and fists flying...

ON VANYA

as she mounts the podium once more, flips to the next page of sheet music as she and the Orchestra keep playing...

EXT. THE CITY - STREETS

Destruction keeps spreading, the streets splintering...

EXT. RADIO SQUARE - "EYE" BUILDING ROOFTOP

Cradling Rumor in his oversized arms, Spaceboy watches anxiously as The Boy examines her injury.

Rumor looks up at them, tries to say something -

THE BOY

Don't!

The Boy glances fearfully at Spaceboy.

THE BOY

It's her larynx. It's almost entirely severed.

(beat; to Rumor)

If you even try to speak, you'll tear it completely. Best case scenario, you'll never talk again. But more than likely, you'll die.

Rumor blinks back tears. Spaceboy clutches her as she folds her wounded self into his embrace. Spaceboy looks decimated, his inner world collapsing at the same pace as the world around him...

ROBOTIC VOICE (V.O.)

(from transponder)

Number One... Emergency, Number One! This is Annihilation Control...

Spaceboy realizes it's Ben.

EXT. THE MOON

Ben peers out the viewing pane of Annihilation Control as the lunar surface quakes, Vanya's music so powerful its even audible here in space, albeit warped and echoing...

BEN (V.O.)
*Sonic vibrations emanating from Earth
 have caused a large section of lunar
 surface to break loose...*

ZOOM OUT IN BULLET TIME to find a large chunk of the moon is missing -

EXT. EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE

- and is hurtling to Earth as a massive, fiery meteorite the size of a small country.

BEN (V.O.)
*Impact with Earth is imminent.
 Damage assessment... total.
 (beat)
 I'm sorry, Spaceboy, sir.*

EXT. RADIO SQUARE - "EYE" BUILDING ROOFTOP (CONTINUOUS)

Rumor still in Spaceboy's arms, her eyes closed. Spaceboy's eyes, however, are fixed on the sky: he can already make out the tiny flaming dot growing larger by the second.

A look of utter hopelessness consumes him.

The Boy stands beside him, peering up with equal futility at the tiny dot above, its approach accompanied by the Orchestra's horrific crescendo...

THE BOY
 I'm a fool. I thought if I could just get
 back, I could stop it...

EXT. THE CITY - OUTSKIRTS

Huge crowds gathered at the water's edge, evacuation style, gaping at the sweeping cloud of dust and mountains of debris that once were the city skyline.

The outermost buildings are starting to come down. Parents clutch children, strangers cling to strangers - everyone aware it's only a matter of moments before the spreading destruction arrives where they stand.

In a building's cracked window, we glimpse a TV set:

CONTINUED:

TV REPORTER
(frantic)
-- LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO--fzzzt--SEEMS TO
HAVE ORIGINATED IN THE DOWNTOWN AREA--
fzzzt--SPREADING--fzzt--WARNING OF--fzzt--
SCIENTISTS DETECTING A VERY LARGE METEOR--
-fzzt--COLLIDE WITH EARTH IN A MATTER OF-

The TV finally fritzes out in a blast of static.

EXT. RADIO SQUARE

OVERHEAD ON VANYA AND THE ORCHESTRA. Still playing Earth to its death; we see the raging figure of Kraken trying like hell to get anywhere near Vanya, but his fists and knives are only getting him so far...

TIGHT ON VANYA

As she flips the sheet music on the podium to reveal they've nearly reached the end of The Suite. She plays furiously -

VANYA
It's working! IT'S WORKING!

INSERT CITY AERIAL: the destruction spreads wider and wider -

INSERT QUICK SHOTS AROUND THE WORLD:

TOKYO IS STARTING TO QUAKE. SO IS ROME. BERLIN. LIMA.
SYDNEY. KENYA. THE SPIRES IN BARCELONA ARE DISINTEGRATING.
THE MINARETS OF MOSCOW CAVING IN. A CRACK RUNS THE LENGTH OF
THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA...

BACK TO VANYA

An ecstatic/insane look on her white face, enraptured by her own power, laughing maniacally as she plays furiously, eyeing the fiery meteor above growing larger as it nears...

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
That's quite enough, young lady.

Vanya doesn't seem to hear, in thrall to the annihilation -

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
I said that's ENOUGH.

Vanya spins, her cold, harsh glare piercing through the Orchestra, to find standing just beyond them...

SIR REGINALD HARGREEVES.

Or at least that's what it seems at first glance. Only as we near do we realize it is, in fact, Séance, dressed in

CONTINUED:

Hargreeves' wardrobe, leaning on Hargreeves' umbrella. But he's conjured not only Hargreeves' voice but his haughty bearing with such precision that it is as if Hargreeves himself is actually present.

ON VANYA

Her white bow trembling in her hand, she can't help but be jolted by Hargreeves unexpected presence.

SÉANCE/HARGREEVES

That's right, Vanya. It's me. Father.

VANYA

Nice try, Séance, but it won't work. I'm not stopping now! Especially not for him!

ANGLE ON SPACEBOY, RUMOR AND THE BOY

Observing from some 50 yards away. Séance their only chance.

BACK TO SÉANCE/HARGREEVES AND VANYA

SÉANCE/HARGREEVES

I'm sensing some hostility.

VANYA

You lied to me! You said there was nothing special about me! Well look around you, Dad! I'm the most special one of all!

SÉANCE/HARGREEVES

You're right.

Vanya looks thrown by the admission, and the hint of sincere remorse in Hargreeves' tone:

SÉANCE/HARGREEVES

I knew what you were capable of all along. But don't you see, Vanya? I had to convince you that you possessed no talent, in order to protect you from it.

VANYA

(faltering)

You made me feel like I was nothing...

SÉANCE/HARGREEVES

And it broke my heart. You were my little girl.. To know I was the cause of your unhappiness was my life's deepest regret.

Vanya lowers her violin, hesitant - it's clear Hargreeves never spoke so tenderly to her in her life.

CONTINUED:

INSERT REACTIONS FROM SPACEBOY AND THE BOY: Equally amazed to hear such emotions from Hargreeves...

BACK TO SÉANCE/HARGREEVES AND VANYA

SÉANCE/HARGREEVES

But you need to know, I lied only to
spare you the burden of such power.
Vanya, what I did, I did out of love.

Vanya awash in confusion -

KRAKEN (O.S.)

What a load.

Vanya spins to find Kraken has finally managed to get within feet of her.

KRAKEN

Vanya, don't listen to this bastard.

SÉANCE/HARGREEVES

Number Two, stay out of this-

KRAKEN

No! You honestly expect her to buy that
crap about wanting to protect her? She
was a disappointment to you! We all were!
Hell, when Ben died, you barely noticed!

INSERT SPACEBOY: moved by Kraken's outburst.

BACK TO KRAKEN as he turns to address Vanya directly:

KRAKEN

Don't you see? He's the cause of all
this! He always said he adopted us to
"save the world." But he destroyed the
world today, because of what he did to
you!

Kraken regards the destruction all around. The racing meteor now the size of a marble above...

KRAKEN

(to Hargreeves)

This is YOUR FAULT! NOT HERS! YOURS!

Kraken shakes his head, as emotional as we've ever seen him.

KRAKEN

He screwed us all up, but you worst of
all. I'm sorry he never cared about you.
But before the world ends, you should
know that someone does.

CONTINUED:

Vanya just stares at Kraken a motionless beat - a blankness in her eyes as she then takes a clumsy step toward him, then another... as if the inner Vanya is trying to regain control from The White Violin...

ON KRAKEN: he looks at her, defenses down as Vanya/The White Violin parts the Orchestra, arriving before her brother.

She looks up at him as if she's just awoken from a dream.

VANYA

...Diego?

Kraken nods tenderly. Scared tears fill Vanya's eyes, her lip quivering.

ON SPACEBOY: astounded at the transformation...

ON SÉANCE: equally amazed at what Kraken's love has done...

ON THE BOY: less assured, he takes Hargreeves' monocle from his pocket, brings it to his eye -

ON VANYA (BOY'S POV), her tear-filled visage peering up at Kraken is briefly distorted by the monocle's glass as it comes to the boy's eye and (MONOCLE-VISION) we see her true nature: *The White Violin grins with pure evil* -

THE BOY

Kraken no!

At once:

-- Kraken spins to The Boy in confusion...

-- Vanya's "sincere" look is replaced by a vicious LAUGH...

-- Spaceboy looks alarmed...

-- Vanya's bow sails through the air, just about to slice Kraken's throat when

ZZZZAPP! Vanya buckles in a shriek as she's hit by a laser blast fired from Spaceboy's laser gun.

Widen from its muzzle to find it was The Boy, not Spaceboy, who fired.

Vanya lies still on the ground, alive but paralyzed.

Kraken looks to The Boy, stunned.

But The Boy is looking to the sky, dejected...

CONTINUED:

THE BOY

It's too late.

THE METEOR

Rocketing closer to earth with a deafening RUMBLE...

INSERT METEOR POV: the Earth rushes closer... closer...

ON SPACEBOY, the rumbling growing louder in his ears as he stares at the meteor crashing toward them.

SPACEBOY

Number Five's right. It's going to hit any minute now.

He looks from Rumor...to Kraken...to Séance...to The Boy...and finally to Vanya.

SÉANCE

I guess this really is the end.

Kraken gazes around, can't bring himself to believe it. In his last moments, he crouches to Vanya.

KRAKEN

(whispers)

I'm sorry.

The rumble is growing louder and louder, the meteor a dark, racing shape growing larger and larger, rushing at Earth...

ON SPACEBOY

The sound of the meteor raging in his ears as he cradles Rumor, eyes fixed on the meteor just about to hit...

ON RUMOR

Her eyes drift from Spaceboy to the meteor - and then her lips begin to part... struggling to open, fighting to form each word:

RUMOR

(breathless)

I... heard...

SMASH INTO METEOR POV: just about to crash down on The City -

REVERSE TO UMBRELLA ACADEMY POV: Séance, The Boy, Kraken and Spaceboy all gaping up at the racing meteor now less than 200 yards above them, obscuring the entire sky -

TIGHTER ON RUMOR

CONTINUED:

Forcing the words through her all-but-severed larynx:

RUMOR
(incredibly strained)
...a... rumor....

The sound of the meteor so intense it drowns out the rest of what she's saying even as her lips keep moving...

THE METEOR less than 100 yards from impact... milliseconds from world-ending collision when

POOOOOF! THE METEOR TURNS INTO ASH. Spontaneously falling like snow, blanketing The City.

AERIAL OVER THE DESTRUCTION: ash drifting gently over it all. Snowing down like some perfect Christmas morning.

ON RUMOR: as she shuts her eyes.

SPACEBOY
(realizing what she did)
Allison?

She struggles to look up at Spaceboy, who is gazing down at her, awed and incredulous. She tries to smile, opens her mouth to say something - but nothing comes. She gasps what sound like final breaths. Spaceboy is devastated, but puts on a brave face for her.

SPACEBOY
Shh...

Life seems to fade from Rumor's eyes as Spaceboy holds her tighter, moon ash gently snowing down on them...

...coating their brothers and their fallen sister.. the park and the City beyond it... everything in a downy white blanket.

Séance opens his umbrella, holds it up over his head.

All is still. Finally silent.

A beat, then:

POGO (V.O.)
And so it was that Hargreeves' prediction finally came to pass.

CUT TO:

A NEWSPAPER HEADLINE: **"UMBRELLA ACADEMY SAVES WORLD!"**

INT. HUXLEY GENERAL HOSPITAL - ROOM - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

We see an ORDERLY enter a hospital room; we don't see who's in the bed - just see the orderly pick up the garbage pail and go to empty it.

POGO (V.O.)
But not without a price.

As the orderly dumps the garbage out, he finds it's filled with crumpled sheets of paper. He opens one, reads "**I heard a rumor I could talk again.**" Picks up another, the same thing is written on it - and all the other crumpled sheets in the waste bin.

ANGLE ON THE BED to find Rumor, her eyes closed, bandages around her throat.

POGO (V.O.)
The doctors at Huxley General managed to save Rumor's life, but not her voice.

INT. ANOTHER HOSPITAL ROOM - MIDDLE OF NIGHT

SURGEONS work furiously over Vanya's White Violin body.

POGO (V.O.)
Vanya survived as well -

INT. RECOVERY ROOM - PRE-DAWN

Vanay lies in a comatose state. Nurses check her eyes, refusing to dilate.

POGO (V.O.)
- but it is unlikely she will ever play the violin again.

Through a glass door we find Kraken watching, heartbroken.

EXT. CITY POLICE HEADQUARTERS - PRE-DAWN

The surviving members of the Black Orchestra amassed in cuffs and shackles as they're delivered to Inspector Lupo. Still in their masks, they sneer, exhibiting no remorse.

POGO (V.O.)
The surviving members of The Orchestra were promptly arrested by Inspector Lupo. Some will be sent to Shinyview Hospital for the Criminally Insane.

Lupo peers around at the half-destroyed city around them, just shakes his head at the mess.

CONTINUED:

POGO (V.O.)
*Most of them will get what they wanted -
in the seat of an electric chair.*

EXT. THE MOON - (ALWAYS) NIGHT

Robot Ben peers out at a distant Earth, safe from harm despite the chunk missing from the moon's surface.

POGO (V.O.)
*Shortly after saving the world, Spaceboy
radio'd Ben to thank him for his service -*

BEN
You're welcome, Spaceboy, sir.

INT. HUXLEY GENERAL HOSPITAL - MORNING

Spaceboy carries a fistful of flowers as he is led by a NURSE down a stretch of hallway, garnering the occasional stare from patients and staff they pass.

POGO (V.O.)
*- then informed him of his decision to
remain Earthbound, at least for now.*

They arrive at a room. The Nurse gestures for Spaceboy to enter alone.

INT. RUMOR'S ROOM

Spaceboy enters - then halts, suddenly self-conscious.

Standing beside Rumor's bed is a 7 year old girl: Claire. Claire stares up wide-eyed at huge Spaceboy. Amazed at the enormous sight of him.

Spaceboy manages to smile, somewhat awkward.

CLAIRE
Hi.

SPACEBOY
(flustered)
Hi.

He catches sight of Rumor in bed. Still pale and battered, she musters a smile as she reaches her hand out and strokes his huge arm in welcome.

She then takes a pad from her bedside, scribbles something, hands it to Claire.

"Claire - this is your Uncle Luther."

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
(reads; surprised)
Really?

Claire hesitates, then gives her big lug of an uncle a hug. Spaceboy pats her gently on her little back, blushing, visibly overwhelmed by this simple contact.

Rumor smiles, deeply moved by the sight.

EXT. HUXLEY GENERAL HOSPITAL - LATE MORNING

Spaceboy exits to find Kraken, Séance and The Boy loitering out front with a pair of piano movers with a truck (the GOFFO BROTHERS).

SÉANCE
Need a lift?

INT. PIANO MOVERS' TRUCK - LATE MORNING

The truck bounds along the road. The Goffo brothers in front, Spaceboy, Kraken, Séance and The Boy crammed in back.

POGO (V.O.)
*Though it was all but destroyed, there
remained only one logical place to go.*

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - LATE MORNING

The truck skids around the road leading to the warped entrance gates of the Umbrella Academy.

INT. PIANO MOVERS' TRUCK

Séance is the first to notice something remarkable out the window -

SÉANCE
Talk about ironic...

REVERSE TO REVEAL whatever remained of the mansion is now buried under the twisted mass of the Eiffel Tower that must have fractured from the moon meteor and crash landed here.

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION WRECKAGE - MOMENTS LATER

The four climb out of the back of the truck, pace toward the mansion ruins. By daylight it's even more astounding.

THE BOY
(shrugs)
I've seen worse.

Spaceboy bends down and picks up the two broken halves of

CONTINUED:

the gate's Umbrella Academy logo. He fits them together as if to indicate the possibility of rebuilding.

POGO (V.O.)

The world had returned to normal.

EXT. HARGREEVES' MANSION - LAWN, BENEATH A TREE - DAY

In a shady spot, a MEMORIAL STATUE OF POGO marks a grave as we find Rumor first - recovered and out of the hospital - beside her is Spaceboy, Kraken, Séance, The Boy, Lupo and Mom paying their last respects to their fallen friend. In b.g. we find the mansion in the process of being rebuilt.

POGO (V.O.)

As for what the future held, that remained to be seen.

PUSH IN ON THE STONE FACE OF POGO as he concludes narration:

POGO (V.O.)

Nothing was set in stone.

Fade up on the Boy concluding the eulogy:

THE BOY

...Gone, perhaps, but never to be forgotten. Fare thee well, Doctor.

A beat. Kraken turns to Spaceboy:

KRAKEN

I'm sorry. I know he was your friend.

Spaceboy nods, looks back at the disastrous state of the estate and sighs sadly.

SPACEBOY

Looks like I've got my work cut out for me.

He turns away - and in doing so notices something in the distance that surprises him. He gestures to his siblings, all of them following his gaze to

THE GATES: where we find an enormous CROWD has gathered, not unlike the old days. And then something happens: someone opens an umbrella.

Then someone else does. Then another, and another, and another...

...until soon the entire crowd is holding up umbrellas in a show of respect and gratitude. Thousands of umbrellas of ever color, stretching back as far as we can see.

CONTINUED:

REVERSE ON RUMOR, SPACEBOY, KRAKEN, SÉANCE AND THE BOY, all astounded by the overwhelming sight...

BRIEF INSERT: VANYA'S HOSPITAL ROOM

ON VANYA as we hear monitors start to beep, her eyes blinking awake. She looks bewildered and scared: it's clear she's reawakened as her old self. And then she sees

A TV MOUNTED ABOVE on which live news footage is showing the same remarkable image of the mass of umbrellas fanning out from the Academy gates into the streets.

Stunned, Vanya gazes up at the image, visibly moved.

BACK TO THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY

Rumor, Spaceboy, Kraken, Seance and The Boy just as they were, peering out in amazement at the seemingly endless sea of umbrellas.

KRAKEN
(replying to Spaceboy)
We sure do.

Spaceboy smiles at Kraken; more than just a truce, it's now a partnership. Rumor leans on Spaceboy's huge forearm and we

WIDEN on this moving scene, the five siblings standing side by side together, their odd array of shapes and heights silhouetted by a setting sun as they gaze out on thousands upon thousands of umbrellas spilling from the Umbrella Academy gates all the way into the City...

END CREDITS roll as we

FADE OUT.

Until...

[POST-CREDITS CODA:]

EXT. THE UMBRELLA ACADEMY - LAWN - DAY

Same scene we just left - our heroes on the mansion lawn, the sea of umbrellas beyond the gates - only now we FAVOR MOM as she quietly walks away. As Mom continues toward the outskirts of the grounds, we find

A SOLITARY BLACK CAR waiting for her. Mom arrives at the black car, gets in the passenger seat and shuts the door behind her.

CONTINUED:

MOM
(to Driver)
Let's go...

The stoic DRIVER nods, shifts into gear as Mom twists her neck to address two people we only now discover seated in back: a YOUNG MAN and YOUNG WOMAN, both blonde, wearing red domino masks and dressed identically in adult versions of the U.A. schoolboy/ schoolgirl uniform - only instead of black and white theirs are red and white.

Mom smiles with an icy calm we'd have never expected.

MOM
...It's time for the world to meet The
Sparrow Academy.

The Young Man and Young Woman smile dutifully back at Mom with a hint of menace as the car drives away.

The End