

Supernova Blues
(Pilot Episode)

Written by

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FADE UP

EXT. EARLY MORNING SKY - DAYBREAK

A brilliant bright light shines quarter-sized of the moon, just above a visible tree line, in early morning twilight.

JIM (V.O.)

(Southern accent)

My name is Jim. I prefer Jimmy not Jim or James, but my last name is Dean. I grew up with kids joshin' me if they found out I shared a common handle with either frozen food or some dead actor. My parents are from Arkansas so I'm named after the famous singer actually, who yep, sold sausage as microwavable breakfast. But, never mind all that.

EXT. JIM'S HOUSE - DAYBREAK

It's a slow pan down, from the brilliant bright light, to a rundown two-story house in an East Portland neighborhood.

A font reads: "Portland, Oregon - Universe
13952934781165911.00987A (11.A) - Present Day."

JIM (V.O.)

With the state of current events,
Jim fits better. This is where I
live.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAYBREAK

Two hipster 20-somethings sit in separate furniture, totally engrossed in their cellphones.

JIM (V.O.)

These are my roommates. They're watching an event unfold that has never been seen, so vividly, in, welp, all of human history. I mean, there was the Christmas star, but no one really knows what that was.

INT. LIVING ROOM COUCH - DAYBREAK

Robby (27), big African American hair, sits scrolling his cellphone.

JIM (V.O.)

Robby Smith's parents are from New York City but go figure they were Goth fans. Robby's dad played off-stage synthesizers with an old rock band called Living Colour.

-Electronic static fuzzies the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. QUANTUM Q CORPPORATE OFFICES - DAY

Robby stares out of a high-rise window in his sleek office. He turns to the camera, takes off his glasses.

JIM (V.O.)

He is named after Robert Smith of The Cure.

INT. LIVING ROOM OLD RECLINER - DAYBREAK

Samira (26), woman of color, attractive, sits scrolling on her cellphone.

JIM (V.O.)

She's Samira. Her parents are Egyptian immigrants.

-Electronic static fuzzies the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. DATA ROOM AT CERN - DAY

Samira is staring at computer screens with other scientists. She looks back at the camera.

JIM (V.O.)

She's named after the famous Arabic singer Samira Sa-id.

INT. THE LIVING ROOM - DAYBREAK

Robby and Samira sit glued to their cellphones.

JIM (V.O.)
That's right. We are Gen-Z'ers
named after famous Boomer rock
stars. I reckon that's why we sorta
gravitated toward each other and
ended up sharing an old three-
bedroom house in Portland, Oregon.
We are all grad-school dropouts.

INT. LIVING ROOM OLD RECLINER - DAYBREAK

Robby scrolls his cellphone.

JIM (V.O.)
I mean we lived through A global
economic meltdown.

INT. LIVING ROOM COUCH - DAYBREAK

Samira implants earbuds, watches a cellphone video.

JIM (V.O.)
And, a world-wide pandemic.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - DAYBREAK

Robby and Samira sort of pause, look at each other, then
return to their phones.

JIM (V.O.)
But here we go again.

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAYBREAK

Jim, slacker-looking Caucasian, sleeps in a messy bedroom.

JIM (V.O.)
That's me. I'll be late for work.
But it won't matter today. I'm
enjoying my last normal dream.

-Electronic static fuzzies the screen.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLLEGE PHYSICS CLASS - DAY

Jim chalks an equation for his large college class. He stops,
turns to the camera.

EXT. SPACE - NIGHT

It's various stills of the Crab Nebula.

JIM (V.O.)

This ain't my dream, this is the Crab Nebula. Formed by something called, a supernova. A supernova happens when a dying star explodes. And this here Crab Nebula thing is, welp, basically visible by any joe-sixpack through telescopes now available at Sam's Club or Costco. It was first observed by Chinese astronomers in ten-fifty-four, WITH THEIR NEKED EYES, as what they called a guest star in our night sky.

EXT. EARLY MORNING SKY - DAYBREAK

It's a new supernova, brightly visible from earth. It shines brilliantly above Jim's house.

JIM (V.O.)

My point is, nothing in this story is, extraordinary, or even got-dang supernatural in our universe. But then again. Ain't no prize hog ever wondered why it's fed so good. I reckon every universe is in the eye of the beholder.

-Fuzzy synth sounds break into Jim's dialogue.

ROBBY (V.O)

The three of us must save the world!

CUT TO:

Series Open:

A tiny, centered singularity appears then explodes into a ball of gas and dust. The soupy-circle expands into a universe of galaxies. A star expands from one of the galaxies to fill most of the screen. The star explodes.

A font balloons up from infinity: "Supernova Blues." A font dissolves onto the screen, below the title: Episode One - Microwavable Sausage." The font explodes.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JIM'S BEDROOM - DAYBREAK

JIM DEAN (26), handsome with slacker hair, finally bolts out of bed.

JIM
Good mornin' Lord. You coulda woke
me up by now.

Jim finds his delivery uniform on the floor, dresses hurriedly, looks in a small mirror. He brushes his teeth with his fingers.

JIM (CONT'D)
I gotta pee.

INT. JIM'S LIVING ROOM - DAYBREAK

Jim enters the living room, headed to the front door, stops.

JIM
Are y'all still up? Or am I later
for work than usual?

ROBBY points his cellphone at Jim.

ROBBY
It's the end of the world bro.

SAMIRA throws a baby carrot across the room at Robby.

SAMIRA
The aliens haven't contacted us yet
we don't know that!

Jim is unfazed.

JIM
Y'all are obviously still partying
but I gotta go!

EXT. NASA HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Wide-shot of NASA Headquarters.

INT. A CUBICAL FLOOR AT NASA - DAY

It's a pan of NASA scientist and astrophysicists. All sit in cubicles, studying data. ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (69), dyed grey hair, suit and tie, enters the cubical floor. Everyone ceases all activity and turns toward him.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
I know we've identified the bright
light above earth as a type-two
supernova...

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE is excited.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE
We haven't officially classified it
yet sir, we're still measuring
hydrogen levels. But it's awesome!

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO shouts in glee.

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO
The greatest event any of us will
ever witness!

Everyone claps and throws paper in the air. Administrator
Burnside watches the celebration, then raises his arms.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
Now now. Calm down everyone. The
President asked me to assure The
White House, this supernova, poses
no threat to national security.

Astrophysicist One rises.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE
We've detected no threat so far,
sir. It is brighter than expected
but this star actually exploded
between five and seven-thousand
years ago!

Astrophysicist two rises from his cubical.

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO
All radiation levels are
negligible. No new traces of any
WIMP particles or otherwise.

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE rises from her cubical.

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE
It's so far away there is no way it
could harm us! It's a once in
multimillennial fireworks show
visible from earth!

Everyone in the room claps and shouts with joy. Administrator
Burnside watches and awaits the elation to subside until
there is silence.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
I was a United States Senator
before being appointed head of
NASA. Millennial events scare the
hell out of me. That awful band
from Bernie's state...

Administrator Burnside pauses, looks at his assistant,
HOWARD, standing next to him. Howard is holding a clipboard.

HOWARD
PHISH, sir.

Burnside continues.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
Appear with fish in Austin, Bernie
Sanders told me. Worst goddamn
Millennial music I ever heard.

HOWARD
Uh, PHISH is considered a
Generation X jam band sir, not
Millennial.

Burnside continues.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
Fish. And that southwest music
thing...

HOWARD
South by Southwest.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
Practically turned Austin into a
hippy mecca. These millennium
events may appear harmless but will
bite us in the ass. Please check,
recheck, and gogol plex your data!

Howard clears his throat.

HOWARD
Uh. It's actually pronounced goo-
ghul-pleks, sir.

Burnside acknowledges Howard.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
I'm not talking about those
Ukrainian jackasses we met with
Bernie, Howard...

HOWARD

That would be Gogol Bordello, sir.
(Sort of singing)
Start wearing purple, wearing
purple.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Are you finished?

HOWARD

I think goo-guhl-pleks is the term
you're searching for, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

That's? That number near infinity?

HOWARD

Uh? Well no sir infinity is...

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

I don't like Bernie Sanders,
Howard.

HOWARD

A googolplex certainly approaches
zeroes beyond human comprehension.

Administrator Burnside turns back toward the NASA scientists.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

I don't give a damn what any of you
people call geek math! Gogol plex
your data and re-submit it to my
office!

Burnside surveys the silent room, then approaches and looks
down at an astrophysicist who never celebrated during his
visit to the NASA cubical floor.

- The three lead scientists on the floor remain standing,
watching him.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

Who are you, young lady?

ROBERTA (46), African American woman, looks up at the head of
NASA. Photos of her two children tack the walls of her
cubicle.

ROBERTA

My name is Roberta Robinson, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

And why do you seem so solemn Miz Robinson? Your peers celebrate this spectacular event. Do you have data suggesting anything, other than celebration?

ROBERTA

No sir. All data suggests earth is outside the kill zone of this supernova.

Roberta looks at the photos in her cubical, then up at Burnside.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)

But I believe it is too early to draw any conclusions, sir.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE

No supernova so far away has ever threatened planet earth!

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO

It's impossible!

The room laughs. Administrator Burnside enters closer to Roberta and studies photos tacked on her cubical wall.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Handsome family, Miz Robinson.

ROBERTA

Thank you sir.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

I've shaken enough hands in my career to know you are concerned for the people in these photographs.

Roberta looks at her photos, then back up at Burnside.

ROBERTA

These are my babies, sir. I'm always concerned about them.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Should I, or the President of our United States, be concerned about your babies right now, Miz Robinson?

The three lead astrophysicists, glance at one another.

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO
Robinson is a new data entry
technician!

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE
She has no standing on this
supernova event, Director Burnside!

Burnside looks at his assistant. Howard shuffles papers on
his clipboard.

HOWARD
They're right. Robinson just moved
up here to this floor.

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE
She does make good coffee!

Everyone laughs. Burnside surveys the floor, sighs, then
peers back down at Roberta.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
Did you not have your coffee this
morning, Miz Robinson? I want to
know why you aren't celebrating.

Roberta takes a deep breath.

ROBERTA
I spent twenty-years at N-I-H...
before coming to NASA.

Burnside looks at his assistant.

HOWARD
National Institute of Health, Sir.
She studied the effects of space
travel on mental health. Before
being recruited to NASA.

Burnside untacks a photo of Roberta's children and stares at
it.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
You've got my attention, Miz
Robinson.

ROBERTA
Well, sir. It's not cosmic rays or
X-rays or measurable radiation that
concern me.

Burnside retacks the photo on her cubical wall.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
I'm listening, Miz Robinson.

ROBERTA
The last time a visible event like
this happened, God came to earth.
Or at least that's what we believe
in my church.

The floor erupts in laughter.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE
She's obviously spouting religious
nonsense Director Burnside!

Burnside acknowledges the interruption.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
I won the Harris County vote by ten
points in my last Senate run young
man.

Burnside returns to Roberta. The floor falls quiet.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)
Forgive me Miz Robinson for
assuming the location of your fine
place of worship.

ROBERTA
Houston, Texas, yes sir. But my
concerns aren't necessarily
religious. So to speak.

Roberta pauses, looks at her photos, then back up at
Burnside.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
Quantum effects of such an event
are currently unmeasurable, sir.
Even by our best standards.

The room erupts with laughter.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE
This is ridiculous!

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE
She doesn't belong up here!

Burnside backs out of Roberta's cubical. He surveys the room
again, then looks back down at Roberta.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
What are you saying Miz Robinson?

Roberta speaks above the laughter.

ROBERTA
Quantum theory dictates
entanglement!

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE
I'm not an astrophysicist Miz
Robinson. Make it plain, like I was
visiting your church.

ROBERTA
We are all entangled with space and
time, sir, according to quantum
theory. Cells or particles in our
bodies could be linked to that
exploded star out there.

Laughter in the room grows louder, Roberta raises her own
voice.

ROBERTA (CONT'D)
We don't know nor can we measure
the effects of that supernova, yet.
If not physiologically than
psychologically, on a planetary
scale.

Suddenly, STEWART (87-looking), but dapper, rises from his
cubicle.

STEWART
This Supernova is called Centurion
1A7B.

Laughter subsides. Burnside looks at Howard.

HOWARD
Mercury and Apollo program
scientist. Medal of Freedom
recipient. Now primarily honorary,
sir. But still a whip with data.

STEWART
The Centurion said, surely this was
the son of god.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE
Sit down Stew! This Centurian1A7B
gas giant went supernova between
five and seven thousand years ago.
(MORE)

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE (CONT'D)

Any quantum entanglement has more
to do with Stonehenge or ancient
Egypt, than us.

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE

Stewart was at Stonehenge, sir.

The room laughs. Stewart remains lucid.

STEWART

Yet. The photons, gravitational
waves and remaining quantum effects
contained in those photons are just
now reaching us.

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO

This is a ridiculous discussion of
theory, Director Burnside.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE

NASA can only deal in measurable,
empirical data sir. It's how NASA,
including Stewart, landed men on
the moon.

STEWART

We did that over fifty-five years
ago, with less technology than a
modern calculator, ya bastards.

Stewart sits back down in his cubical. The room explodes
again, in laughter. Roberta looks up at Burnside.

ROBERTA

Maybe my place is back at N-I-H,
sir.

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE

Send her back to the N-I-H!

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO

That's where she belongs!

The entire floor erupts with scientists murmuring and
shouting at each other. Burnside watches, looks down at
Roberta.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

I'd consider you running point for
me on this, supernova thing.

There is a gasp of disbelief on the floor as voices fall
silent.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE

I discovered exoplanet S-R-three-B-eighty-six! I am the lead astrophysicist on this floor!

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Miz Robinson what's your opinion of that exoplanet?

ROBERTA

Uh, a fiery exoplanet orbiting its star so closely it might be Mercury in hell?

ASTROPHYSICIST TWO

You can't do this! I discovered fluorocarbon elements on Mars!

Burnside acknowledges the interruption, then Roberta.

ROBERTA

Uh well, possible contamination by the actual drill bits used on our Mars rovers.

ASTROPHYSICIST THREE

I'm researching life on Europa!

Burnside acknowledges the scientist, but again peers down at Roberta.

ROBERTA

Um. It's remotely possible that Jupiter is a failed binary star. But, odds are even less that life could begin or evolve so distant from a source of photonic energy like our sun. Anything is possible in an impossible universe, sir.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

My sentiments exactly. Your new office is next to mine until we determine and rule out all threats of this newest supernova, thing.

Roberta looks around her cubical, eyeing photos of her family.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

Don't worry about your photos we'll have them framed for you.

ROBERTA

Uh, okay.

Burnside addresses the stunned room.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

British Intelligence says there is more danger to this supernova than our data is telling us. You people, besides Stew over there...

STEWART

Give me a calculator!

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

... Are uh, missing something in our report to The White House. You're doing a fine job Mister, uh...

Burnside looks at Howard.

HOWARD

Stewart.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

His name is Stewart Stewart?

HOWARD

Yes sir. He's a legend at NASA.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Well only Mister Stewart and Miz Robinson seem concerned enough about this supernova to think outside the box.

Burnside looks back down at Roberta.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

Miz Robinson do you like fish?

ROBERTA

Uh, I like fried catfish.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

Good answer.

Burnside berates the room.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

The Brits know something about this supernova that we don't know!

(MORE)

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

And I'm sure as hell not risking
another fish concert, out there in
whatever galaxy, turning our entire
planet into another Bernie Sanders'
hippy festival. Real Americans
don't eat sushi!

Howard clears his throat.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE (CONT'D)

What is it Howard?

HOWARD

The jam band is phonetically
pronounced PHISH. With a bilabial
fricative P-H-I sound.

ASTROPHYSICIST ONE

This is absurd! I hired Roberta!
But not for this nonsense! Robinson
you're fired!

Burnside points, one by one, at the three Astrophysicists
still standing in the room.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

No! You're fired, you're fired and
you're fired. Hell this entire
agency is fired unless you sit your
asses down and provide me a gogol
plex...

HOWARD

goo-guhl-pleks, sir.

Burnside glares at his assistant, back at the room. Every
NASA Astrophysicist is now hiding in their cubical.

ADMINISTRATOR BURNSIDE

I want better data! British
Intelligence says this supernova
threat is real people! Do your
jobs! Robinson come with me.

EXT. CHINA SPACE AGENCY - NIGHT

It's a wide shot of a Chinese government complex.

INT. ASTROPHYSICISTS COMPUTER WORKSPACE - NIGHT

A CHINESE GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL stands addressing a room full
of Astrophysicists, parked at rows of computers.

CHINESE GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL
(In Mandarin, subtitled)
British Intelligence suggest this
supernova poses a real threat to
earth! Find this data!

EXT. RUSSIA SPACE AGENCY - NIGHT

A wide shot of a Russian government building.

INT. ASTROPHYSICISTS COMPUTER WORKSPACE - NIGHT

A RUSSIAN GENERAL stands addressing a room full of
Astrophysicists, parked at rows of computers.

RUSSIAN GENERAL
(In Russian, subtitled)
British Intelligence suggest this
supernova poses a real threat to
earth! Find this data!

EXT. INDIA SPACE AGENCY - NIGHT

A wide shot of an Indian government building.

Music plays as a SPLIT SCREEN of an Indian General addressing
scientists at computers/African officials addressing
scientists at computers, appears.

The split screen becomes a FOUR BOX, then multiples, until
most every nationality on earth is represented inside the
multiple boxes. All small boxes show government officials
demanding answers from their nation's scientists.

EXT. 10 DOWNING STREET - DAY

It's a wide shot of 10 Downing Street.

INT. PRIME MINISTER'S OFFICE - DAY

Prime Minister SHERRY HALE (57), very attractive, sits behind
her desk, obviously bored. She sneaks views out her office
window as two advisors sit in-front of her desk.

SHERRY
Yes, yes Richard, gold and blue
curtains in that room, whatever you
say.

(MORE)

SHERRY (CONT'D)

Now both of you get out of my office so I can abscond my grandchildren and adore this wonderful supernova fate has afforded us.

Advisors RICHARD (50), and THEODORE (47), both white men in suits, stand.

RICHARD

About the supernova, Madam Prime Minister.

THEODORE

We wouldn't bring this up...

Sherry sits up in her chair.

SHERRY

I'll resign at this moment if our party of bent noses wants to deny me enjoying a supernova with my grandkids.

RICHARD

Oh no, the party would consider these great photo ops!

SHERRY

It's not about the photo ops Richard. It's about my grandchildren, and our memories together.

THEODORE

Oh no, yes ma'am. It's nothing concerning your grandchildren.

SHERRY

Then why bore me with details I've already been briefed about?

RICHARD

It's traffic from M-I-Six, ma'am. It seems the entire world believes British Intelligence has information this supernova is potentially...

SHERRY

Brilliant? Awesome and amazing?

Sherry looks back out her window.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

Oh I did find it lovely last evening. I so want to enjoy this moment with my family while the supernova remains so vivid in our night sky. Thank god for this clear weather.

Richard and Theodore look at each other.

THEODORE

Dangerous, Madam Prime Minister.
Potentially, dangerous.

Sherry stands and pounds her desk.

SHERRY

We've discussed decorum for over an hour and you save this tidbit of world importance on your way out the door!? I was informed this supernova is benign!

RICHARD

Oh, it is most certainly benign, Madam Prime Minister. But M-I-Six reports the entire world's spy apparatus believes British Intelligence has secret information suggesting otherwise.

SHERRY

Does M-I-Six have intelligence suggesting otherwise!? The lives of our grandchildren are at stake!

THEODORE

Oh, no ma'am. But, world spy agencies seem to think we have, some unknown information. Even unknown to us.

SHERRY

And why do world spy agencies think this? Do not lie to me!

RICHARD

That's a wee bit why we even hesitated to mention it, actually. It's fake news. Fake, fake news.

THEODORE

Beyond fake, fake news.

RICHARD
I said that.

THEODORE
You said, fake fake. Perhaps add
another fake. Like, fake, fake,
fake news...

SHERRY
Is the supernova benign gentlemen!?

THEODORE/RICHARD
Yes ma'am!

RICHARD (CONT'D)
Unequivocally, benign to planet
earth.

Sherry takes a deep breath, thinking about it.

SHERRY
Motives are obviously clear.

Richard and Theodore look at each other.

RICHARD
And what motives would those be
Madam Prime Minister?

SHERRY
Chaos you bureaucratic simpletons.
This benign supernova provides a
perfect opportunity for sinister
chaos.

THEODORE
Chaos, of course. Yes ma'am.

SHERRY
Find the source of this
disinformation!

RICHARD
Um. We think we know the source
Madam but you are not going to like
it.

THEODORE
Sinister chaos may not prove the
motive, on this one.

Richard and Theodore look at each other.

SHERRY

Do not say Sorenson or I'll explode
beyond that supernova out there!

THEODORE

Yes ma'am. It seems Doctor
Sorenson's book predicted...

SHERRY

I'm aware of what his book
predicted gentlemen it's why our
government fired him!

THEODORE

Yes Ma'am. Yet, right wing fake
news organizations still link
Sorenson to us.

RICHARD

Fake, fake, fake news
organizations. Even Elon Musk is
quoting Sorenson's book as...

SHERRY

Oh spare me eccentric billionaire
semantics Richard, it's sinister
chaos these Authoritarians desire
and we know it.

RICHARD

Yes, Ma'am.

Sherry sighs another deep breath.

SHERRY

The public must be reassured
Sorenson is no longer a trusted
British scientist. Arrange me an
interview with the B-B-C, promptly.

RICHARD

Yes, ma'am.

SHERRY

I despise this part of my job, but
ensure the press follows me and my
grandchildren, every step of the
way as we admire the supernova
together, this evening.

THEODORE

Yes, ma'am.

SHERRY

I want every leading British scientist and astrophysicist not named Sorenson, back in my office, come morning. I want to ensure for myself Sorenson's models are indeed lunacy, and that any supernova scare is the hoax of a madman.

RICHARD

Madam Prime Minister, these academics have already briefed you...

SHERRY

Come morning!

RICHARD

Yes ma'am.

SHERRY

Not two days hence of my absolute reassurance of all our safety, I will expect a nationally televised address to parliament. Begin working on this speech immediately.

THEODORE

Yes a speech to parliament. Fake, fake news, is rather nonsensical. We'll label fake, fake news as, nonsensical news.

Richard touches invisible dots in the air.

RICHARD

Although she could illustrate, fake, fake, fake, fake, point by point, utilizing hand gestors.

THEODORE

I do like that more demonstrative approach.

Sherry stands full-alpha, posture planted between both her fists pressed into the desk. She sighs, drops and shakes her head. She laughs.

SHERRY

I'm not Elaine Benes, you blessed-hearted dimwits!

Richard and Theodore look at each other.

RICHARD

Um, um, um, perhaps she is an
upcomer Astrophysicist from a
lesser school?

Sherry turns, still laughing, looks back out her office
window.

SHERRY

I'm simply calling it, flake news.

THEODORE

Flake news, I rather like that
term. We could do some polling
research on that term, ma'am.

SHERRY

Churchill had gin. Bring me gin!

EXT. EAST PORTLAND NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Jim parks his delivery van and flicks the GPS device on his
dashboard.

JIM

Come on.

He jumps out of the van with his barcode device and a small
package. He tries to engage the handheld barcode laser but it
doesn't scan the tiny package.

JIM (CONT'D)

This is my last delivery, Lord.
Make this scanner work and I'll
serve you forever.

He fiddles with it, then finally marches to a house and rings
the doorbell. An OLD LADY opens the door.

OLD LADY

Oh dear. I can't chew bubblegum.

JIM

I'm sorry to bug you ma'am, but did
you place an order with...

The old lady shuts the door. Jim looks at the box in his
hand. The door reopens.

JIM (CONT'D)

This is the address marked on this
box. I can't scan the barcode
ma'am, so I just need a signature.

The old lady shuts the door. Jim sighs, shakes his head.

JIM (CONT'D)
Looks like another night of
partying for me, Lord.

The door opens, again.

OLD LADY
Perhaps my granddaughter ordered
something from you. But that box is
so small. I can't chew bubblegum.

JIM
Is she home?

OLD LADY
Why no, but I do recall she ordered
something. That box is so small.

JIM
I'll help you ma'am.

LATER

The old lady examines several boxes, now lined up on the curb behind Jim's delivery van. A MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN arrives in an older black SUV, parks just behind them. She bullrushes out of her vehicle.

MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN
What the hell is going on!?

JIM
I have a delivery for this address
but she says the box is too small.
I can't scan the...

The middle-age woman grabs a hand-sized box laying on the sidewalk. It's the same tiny box Jim first presented to the old woman.

MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN
I ordered her new hearing aids you
idiot! She's eighty-seven-years
old! Our address is listed right
here on the box. Are you stoned or
just completely stupid?

JIM
I was tryin' to help her. My
barcode scanner...

The woman rushes to her SUV, opens the door, points a handgun at Jim.

MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN

Pack up all that crap and get the
hell out of here!

Jim freezes. He glances at several boxes, laying on the sidewalk.

MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Now!

The middle-age woman leads the old lady back toward the house, gun still pointed at Jim. He doesn't bother with the boxes, jumps in his truck and hurries away from the scene.

MIDDLE-AGE WOMAN (CONT'D)

Come on grandma let's get you back
inside.

OLD LADY

All those, boxes. I told him I
can't chew bubblegum.

INT. JIM'S DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

Jim drives furiously to escape the neighborhood, nearly causing a few accidents. He sideswipes a parked car, looks up in the air, as he races down the suburban street.

JIM

What the hell, Lord! See this is
why I don't try and improve my
life! Here I was trying to help
that old woman and that bitch,
sorry for cussing Lord, but she
pulled a gun on me!

Jim is finally out of the neighborhood and screeches to a halt. Boxes in the cargo area slam against the retaining wall, and a few fly through the cab walkway, hit the dash.

-He sits, breathing heavy, surrounded by tangled boxes in the cab area.

JIM (CONT'D)

A gun! What in thee dat-gum world
was that all about?

He gathers his composure, looks around the cab, then up in the air.

JIM (CONT'D)
Oh I'm partying tonight Lord! I
don't care if I work in the morning
'cause I'm quitting this here job.

He shakes his head.

JIM (CONT'D)
A gun!

INT. LOTUS BAR - NIGHT

Robby sits at a long wooden bar engrossed in his cellphone,
as Samira strums an acoustic guitar on a small stage.

INT. THE SMALL STAGE - NIGHT

Samira soulfully sings her final song of the night.

SAMIRA
(Singing)
Maybe I wasn't present / enough to
hear words you spoke softly / yet I
recall the essence / of cries your
heart rendered, passionately / of
how I wasn't there / baby neither
of us were there / at the right
time / in the right frame of mind /
And it's why I am now... your
ghost.

INT. LOTUS BAR - NIGHT

The small audience of young, Portland hipsters clap. Robby
turns toward her, still looking at his cellphone.

ROBBY
(Shouting)
Go Samira!

INT. THE SMALL STAGE - NIGHT

SAMIRA
That song was called Ghosting.
Thank you.

Samira unstraps, places her guitar on a small stand, and
walks off stage.

INT. LOTUS BAR - NIGHT

Jim enters and reaches the long bar, just as Samira reaches Robby.

SAMIRA
(To Jim)
You missed my set!

JIM
Another song about an old boyfriend
Samira, I've heard all your songs
and I need Jager shots now!

Jim turns toward the bartender, who is already pouring Jägermeister into two shot glasses.

JIM (CONT'D)
Y'all won't believe my day!

Robby is now more interested in shots than his cellphone.

ROBBY
One credit away from your master's
degree and you deliver cheap
electronics bro.

JIM
A woman pulled a gun on me today!
Right in front of an old lady!

The bartender MANUEL (37), finishes pouring shots and grabs a glass to pour cheap beer.

MANUEL
Plus two P-B-R's and a glass of
wine for lovely Samira.

ROBBY
Hold on the P-B-R's Manuel.

MANUEL
It's two-dollar-PBR night.

ROBBY
It's the end of the world. I'm
buying this round of beers. Pour us
some blondes you actually list on
the menu. Dealer's choice.

JIM
Did y'all hear me? A woman nearly
shot me today. In West Linn! Right
in front of an old lady!

MANUEL

Whole world's going crazy right now, Jim. You're lucky she didn't shoot you.

ROBBY

There was a shooting right down the street a few hours ago, bro. We had to walk all the way down thirtieth avenue just to go around all the cop cars. It's the end of the world.

SAMIRA

We don't know it's the end of the world. But I'll have a vodka cran instead of wine. And a Jager shot with my boys tonight, Manny.

JIM

Now I don't know why y'all are ignoring me here, but y'all have been acting weird since this morning. And I sort of expect shootings in our neighborhood, but in West Linn? In front of an old lady?

Manuel quickly fills another shot glass, hands a shot to each of the roommates.

SAMIRA

To the end of the world!

Jim sort of grimaces at Samira.

ROBBY

To Jimmy Dean!

SAMIRA

Jimmy Dean!

They down the shots, as Manuel pours and places new drinks on the bar.

MANUEL

Two Bend Brewery strawberry-blond ails and a cranberry vodka.

ROBBY

P-B-R's from now on, Manuel.

SAMIRA

Keep the vodka cranberries coming
for me. House vodka, of course.

Robby and Samira look at each other, chuckle.

ROBBY

Capitalism is so dysfunctional. Of
course we'd end the world on a
budget.

JIM

Are one of y'all moving out or
something? Two more Jager's Manuel.

SAMIRA

Make it three, Manny.

JIM

This is the weirdest day.

The trio settle into their usual spots at their corner dive
bar. Jim sits between Robby and Samira. He looks at Manuel,
busy serving their orders.

JIM (CONT'D)

But no weirder in Portland than
usual I reckon, right Manuel? A
woman pulled a gun on me today. In
front of an old lady.

MANUEL

Glad she didn't shoot you, pal.

Robby and Samira look around Jim, at each other.

SAMIRA

I spoke to my parents in L-A. They
don't think it is really the end of
the world. But my mom asked me to
start wearing a scarf.

ROBBY

My dad texted and told me to party.

SAMIRA

Like I'm supposed to suddenly
behave like some perfect Muslim
woman? Not one of my aunties ever
wore hijabs. Only with sunglasses,
as fashion not piety.

ROBBY

I'm like my dad. It's why I moved to Portland. It's New York but more depressing.

SAMIRA

Shaming me with all that guilt, like I don't realize my own Jadda is a good Muslim woman?

Jim finally slams his hands down on the bar.

JIM

What the hell are y'all talking about!?

ROBBY

The light bro. The supernova.

JIM

What supernova?

Robby and Samira whip out cellphones, scrolling photos in Jim's face.

ROBBY

You haven't seen this!? They say it's a red giant star gone supernova!

SAMIRA

Look at this Jimmy! It could be aliens or something!

ROBBY

It was nearly bright as the moon last night!

SAMIRA

Like, the brightest object besides the sun and moon in our sky.

ROBBY

It's a supernova!

SAMIRA

They say, it is a supernova. A bright light that just suddenly appeared out of nowhere? Now my family expects me to wear a hijab?

Robby and Samira frantically scroll images, until Jim finally pushes their cellphones out of his face.

JIM

I was delivering packages all day
and I didn't see no damn bright
light or no supernova! I only saw a
gun.

They back off, still scrolling images.

SAMIRA

Maybe you can't see it during the
daytime.

ROBBY

But it's right here, bro. Pictures
of it from all over the world!

JIM

Will y'all quit it! I see y'all's
cellphone photos, but did either of
you actually see this thing in the
sky? Cause I didn't.

ROBBY

The photos are undeniable bro.

SAMIRA

My mom asked me to start wearing a
scarf!

Manuel finishes pouring three more Jager shots.

MANUEL

I haven't seen it yet, either. But
my sister in Italy says she saw it.

JIM

So all of y'all are acting batshit
crazy about something y'all have
only seen on your cellphones?

SAMIRA

Maybe it's just not visible in
daylight.

Jim hands the shots to his friends.

JIM

Drink the damn shots. It's dark out
now, y'all need to show me this
supernova thing.

Robby and Samira nod at each other, downing shots.

EXT. LOTUS BAR - NIGHT

They stand inside a designated smoking area, fronting a narrow empty street. Samira pulls a pack of American Spirits from her pocket, hands a cigarette to Robby.

JIM
I thought y'all were vapers?

SAMIRA
Screw you, Jimmy Dean.

ROBBY
It is the end of the world or something, bro.

JIM
Then give me one too.

Samira lights their cigarettes and they each begin searching the blank night sky.

SAMIRA
Too much cloud cover.

ROBBY
Yeah. Looks like clouds moved in.

JIM
So, what did this supernova or whatever thing look like?

Robby and Samira both whip out their cellphones.

SAMIRA
A bright light!

ROBBY
I've got an app.

Robby moves his cellphone around the night sky.

ROBBY (CONT'D)
Yeah! There it is! Just on the horizon under those trees!

EXT. ROBBY'S CELLPHONE - NIGHT

They all move toward the image to find Robby's cellphone app, identifying a distant star. The register reads: "Centurion 1A7B- SUPERNOVA!"

ROBBY
We told you bro.

SAMIRA
Isn't it beautiful.

EXT. LOTUS BAR - NIGHT

JIM
So y'all spent y'all's entire day
looking at that damn supernova
thing on your cellphones?

ROBBY
Not the entire day.

SAMIRA
I had a set to prepare for tonight.

JIM
But neither of y'all actually went
outside to look at it. Before the
sun rose. Or the clouds moved into
Portland? A real supernova actually
visible from space?

Robby and Samira look at each other.

SAMIRA
Why?

Robby holds up his cellphone.

ROBBY
Yeah. We got it all right here.
Like, photos and live event
podcasts of it from around the
world.

JIM
Y'all have made this day even
weirder for me. Why didn't you tell
me about this so I coulda looked
for it this morning?

ROBBY
We did.

JIM
Y'all were talking about aliens or
something!

Samira extinguishes her smoke, then walks into the middle of the empty street. She looks up at the blank sky, begins to sing.

SAMIRA

(Singing)

I am me / I am free / I feel fresh
summer breeze touch my face, gently
/ my life-light is on / clouds are
gone / no one can place a veil over
anything I see / my voice is loud /
cause I am proud / my future shines
in every midnight sky as destiny /
I glow so bright / feeling oh so
right / no one can ever cover me /
because I'm free

(speaking)

Or at least, I want to be free.

Jim and Robby look at each other, back out at her.

JIM

Get out of the got-danged street
Sam there could be an ICE van
around here! They'd whip you into
the van before either of us could
do anything.

Samira approaches.

SAMIRA

That's a new one, Jimmy Dean.

ROBBY

I'm sorry they revoked your
birthright citizenship, Sam.

JIM

I like it Sam, but ya gotta start
being more careful out in public.

SAMIRA

It's the song I'll never write.

The trio sigh, sadly, as Jim and Robby extinguish their American Spirits.

JIM

Natural American Spirit. My
grandma's ass. Y'all want more
shots? I'm quitting my job tomorrow
so it's on me.

ROBBY
Jimmy Dean!

The trio head back into the bar.

EXT. AN OLD HOUSE - DAY

A font reads: "Devon, England - Universe
13952934781165911.00987T (11.T) - Present Day."

It's a rundown rural neighborhood. Three well-dressed young people, faces obscured, exit a black sedan. They step over cackling chickens and struggle with overgrown brush to reach a wooden front door.

- Doctor BRETT SORENSON (74), grey disheveled beard, loose professorial clothing, opens and appears in the doorway.

SORENSON
M-I-Six I presume.

Immaculately groomed versions of Jim, Robby, and Samira, look at each other.

SORENSON (CONT'D)
I've been expecting you.

FADE TO BLACK