



REASON FOR BEING
DARING TO CHALLENGE
OUR REASONS

Volume 1

BIRDMAN FROM IO

Sci-FY Graphic Mini-Series
Created, written & illustrated by
Bruce Edwin James Sinski

1 2 3 4 5 6



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Bruce Edwin James Sinski**

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PREMISE:

Birdman From Io offers an alternative cosmic window on Creation begging the question: "Why would a supernatural God-like being(s) create so much universe that we humans will never be able to comprehend, appreciate or understand?"

Birdman From Io is a compelling underlining love story surrounded by alien dreams and UFO anomalies. Adrian Rorvik through his dreams is our 'Bird'+ 'Man' flying perilously on the back of his virtual dream giant Merlin Falcon 'Horus' guardian god of the ancient Norsemen into the AfterWorld. There seems to be no end to where his dreams will take him...

Perhaps taking us to Whom may be behind the WHY for the creation of mankind.



Synopsis:

Adrian Rorvik a 35 year old discerning art director working for a prominent city advertising agency TDFY. He is constantly haunted by an on-going vivid alien ancestry dream; further complicated by his obsession in painting Merlin Falcons. He believes his Norwegian ancestry and Jupiter's moon Io hold the key. His 'not of this world' ancestral convictions has branded him as the "Birdman From Io".

His girlfriend Sarah Thompson is unexpectedly faced with an alien anomaly during a meteor shower under a full harvest moon. Sarah's unwavering belief in God and her love and affection for her father and twin boys is suddenly shattered in a New York Moment. In the following morning after she witnessed blue orbs within a meteor shower, her seven year old twin boys proudly show their mother drawings looking much like her alien light phenomena from the previous night.

Continuing visits by Sarah and Adrian to an unlikely UFO expert in an incredible surreal cosmic back-lit soundsaround office perpetrates not only insight and plausible evidence into alien visitation on earth; but cuts deep into the umbilical cord of Eastern and Western religions; begging the cathartic question "who is and where is God in our seemingly expanding universe".

The final scenes in Episode 3 find us well inside his latest dream on an unimaginable alien parallel universe much like Earth without given any explanation or reason why .

Tagline:

Birdman From Io is science fiction, written in screenplay format that will challenge our insignificance within our seemingly vast incomprehensible universe through alternative animated virtual alien dreamscapes countered by current on-going scientific/quantum theorem that just may lead us to Who or What is behind our reason for being, leading us to the Universal Truth.

Introducing the main characters



Adrian Rorvik 35, a discerning artist is haunted by a lifetime of virtual Io moon alien dreamscapes, flying perilously on the back of a giant Merlin Falcon “Horus”.



Adrian's Christian girlfriend Sarah Thompson 30, is coping for the first time with her own physical alien harvest phenomena and the effect these anomalies are precariously having on her 7 year old twin boys artwork from their nightly dreams.



Dr. A. Winslow Crater, 71 a retired astrophysicist offers celestial quantum theories from possible wormholes to what has been labelled in the cosmic community as Bubble Universe's running parallel to our own. He also investigates possible alien Mother-ships hovering in the Kuiper Asteroid Belt and in the vicinity of Jupiter's moon Io that are very much similar within Adrian's dreams.



Adrian's ancient great Norse grandfather Autgraf, guides Adrian through his dreams preparing him for his eventual battle against ANU, earth's arch enemy who enjoys creating *gaming illusions* deep within Adrian's dreams and soon within Sarah and her twin boys Jordan and Jason dreams.



BIRDMAN FROM IO

VOLUME 1

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***Written in movie script format.**

**Each episode's cover design created
by Bruce E.J. Sinski**



PILOT EDITION

EPISODE 001

They were only
supposed to be
just dreams

BIRDMAN
FROM IO

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EPISODE 001 - PILOT

1 CGI OPEN ANIMATION

The European Space Agency (ESA) satellite Galileo 20 plus years prior - maps the last section of Jupiter's "red eye" and moves towards Io its closest and third largest moon. Scanning 338 miles above the surface we observe a couple volcanic eruptions framing Io's northern horizon. Galileo continues scanning Io's toxic erupting volcanoes.

SCREEN RIGHT CG MANUAL TYPING BEGINS

ESA GALILEO PROBE SCAN:

Jovian Moon -IO-

Distance: 338 miles

September 23 2003

2:17 pm est

Concept notes:

Rendering of Galileo does not represent actual Satellite data due to ESA copyright. The Production office would need to pursue clearances.

NARRATOR VOICE OVER

Io is one of Jupiter's 4 Galilean moons. It is the youngest and one of only a few known terrestrial bodies in our solar system that could or did sustain intelligent living organisms either above or below its volatile hydrogen dense volcanic surface during the last ten millennium...



Perhaps witnessing the evolution of man. Today Io is being ripped apart, tormented by Jupiter's relentless gaseous magnetic pull drawing it closer and closer. Jupiter's intense magnetic force field on Io creates ionic charged cascading 'auroras' across its shrinking ionosphere.

FADE OUT OVER GALILEO SCANNING IO'S LOKI VOLCANO



2 EXT. CITY PARK BENCH - DAY

On a cloudless Indian Summer afternoon, ADRIAN RORVIK 35, is sporting a week of beard stubble under his shoulder length Norwegian wavy blonde hair. He is wearing an unusual speckled charcoal grey coloured feather-like vest draping over his six foot slender build. A black t-shirt tucks into his faded black jeans leading down to his Harley biker boots. Adrian is sketching alone on a city park bench, he is focused on the swans bathing in the inner city's pond. As we move in closer to his sketch pad his flamboyant left hand effortlessly contours the essence of the swans. He reaches inside his weathered black leather tote bag for a 4B pencil, just as...

A Mother and Son are walking through the city park.

10 YEAR OLD BOY

Mom look, it's that Jupiter-man I told you about, see he's real... Look he's wearing a feathered vest!



ADRIAN

Jupiter-man, not likely, Jupiter's atmosphere is too intense, winds howl at over 400 miles an hour with a mean temperature of 150 below zero on a summer's day. There is no oxygen to breath only stormy hydrogen. No one could ever survive on Jupiter - it's inhabitable! But Jupiter's moon Io like it's sister Europa may have teamed with life. Mind you this was a long, long time ago maybe 1,000 centuries ago, that is before Io's volcanoes decided to erupt all at once. A similar unfortunate fate happened to Europa's salty seas now buried deep under miles of frozen nitrogen ice. How's that for too much planetary overload... And remember kid nothing endures but change.

10 YEAR OLD BOY'S MOM

That's enough son, let's leave the man to his drawing. Grandma is waiting for us... overload is right.

Then from behind his park bench:

Jamaican born JIMMIE LEAKES 36, a lanky well groomed slick TDFY Agency executive accountant slides in next to Adrian sucking back a frankfurter overloaded with condiments. He displays a rather gay mannerism.

JIMMIE

I wish you would tone down your alien ancestry with the general public. Genealogy tells me uh, Adrian Rorvik has his roots somewhere in Scandinavia.

ADRIAN

Norway to be exact.

JIMMIE

The Vikings it is, but you know how our TDFY Agency is tiring of your lost world stories. As our agency art director you need to give us a little more reality. Make it up if you have to. This shouldn't be too difficult for a feathered-vested dressed imagination like yours.

Jimmie sneaks a peak at Adrian's sketch, looks back at the swans, gives a thumbs up, then at his watch.



JIMMIE

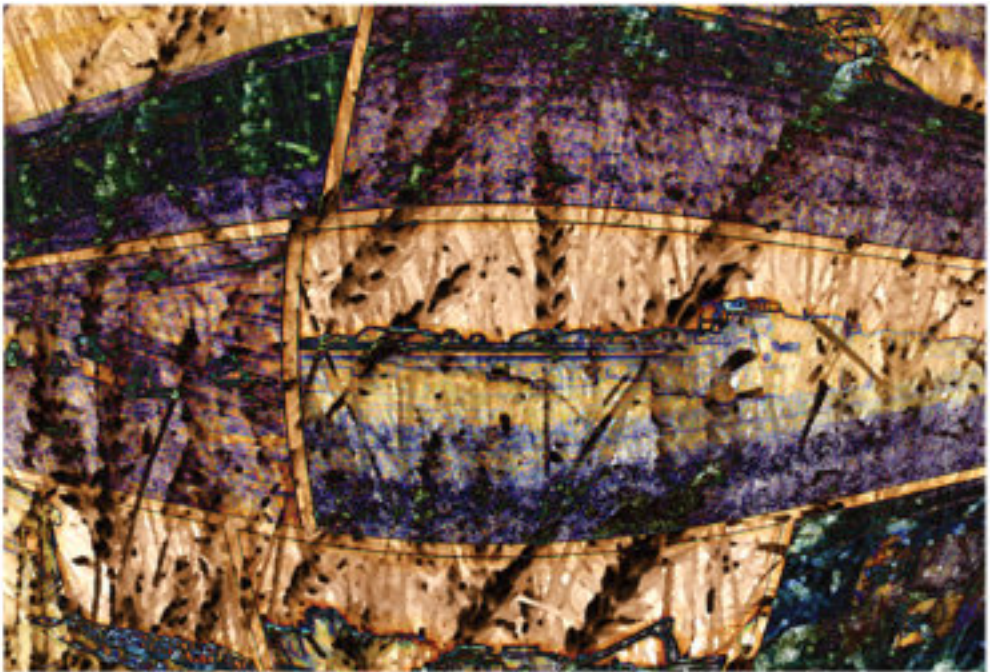
Time to make a few old ladies feel good about their natural rose petal ageless cream... Of course, this wouldn't be possible without your gorgeous storyboards making for a great backdrop against my seductive charm and savvy gentleman ways. I plan on leaving these ol' gals breathless begging for more... And I'm also counting on your newfound country girl giving you a good dose of reality, later... Oh, by the way would you uh, know anybody who uh, could illustrate me a snowboarder sliding down a mountain side I could insert into a 12 x 16 frame I just bought? You see this is uh, something I promised my 8 year old nephew Wayne for his upcoming birthday next month.



SLOWLY DISSOLVE TO:

3 EXT. PANORAMA THOMPSON WHEAT FIELD - DUSK

A wide harvest covering many square mile sections of land is well under way. We move in closer dissolving to various scenes of weathered farmers and their machinery. The harvest is a community affair - wives, sons, daughters, farmhands and neighbours working together, tirelessly under the unforgiving dry sun. Combines move through the wheat and barley fields as fast as they dare. Grain trucks move alongside the relentless combines, filling their bellies with the rewards of a bumper crop. There is a persona of urgency. Our time lapse photography gradually takes us to a hazy wheat-sheaf field consuming the sunset... Farmers and machinery continue well into the night under the spell of a harvest moon rising over the horizon.



BEAT:

Our camera slowly moves in over the THOMPSON FARM harvest. A large harvest moon crests the horizon.



4 INT. THOMPSON JOHN DEER COMBINE CAB - NIGHT

Muffled sounds of jazz fusion emanate from SARAH THOMPSON'S headset. Her tired fading eyes remain focused on the swathed Durham Wheat cantered under her front-end load bar. Her right hand steadily raises and lowers the pickup lever. Sarah Thompson is a tall lean 30 year old redhead. A piece of her long red hair has worked its way out from her pony tail and is digging deeper and deeper into her right nostril. She blows upward into her nostril making it only worse.

SARAH
Aaaaaa-chooooo!

The force of the sneeze snaps Sarah's head back.



SARAH'S POV - VFX

Her eyes follow a spectacular meteorite shower streaming on the horizon. One of the cascading meteorites suddenly changes direction and darts toward the south end of the wheat field hovering 100 feet above the ground, then changes into a beacon of BLUE LIGHT. Sarah brings her John Deere to a complete stop. She rubs her heavy eye lids in disbelief.

WHEN:

The BLUE METEORITE intensifies and moves closer in - towards her combine. Unnerved she takes off her headsets, jumps out of the cab and gives chase. On cue the BLUE LIGHT ANOMALY EXPLODES into hundreds of tinier BLUE ORBS. the BLUE ORBS teasingly stay just outside of her reach.



The BLUE LIGHT ANOMALIES seem to be aware of her presence and begin swirling around her faster and faster. Sarah moves cautiously through the wondrous light phenomenon. She gradually senses the BLUE ORBS mean her no harm. She attempts to catch one of the ORBS, but the BLUE ORBS continue to toy with here, staying just out of reach.

The BLUE LIGHT ANOMALIES aware of her presence begin swirling around her faster and faster. Then in unison they move back over her head and fuse back into a SINGLE LARGE BLUE ORB. The mysterious BLUE ORB jettisons back inside the meteor shower and disappears.

FADE TO:

5 INT. THOMPSON TWINS BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah's 7 year old twin boys Jason and Jordan are fast asleep. A single BLUE ORB enters through their second floor open window. Jordan's sensitive eyes open to a room filled with BLUE LIGHT. Unnerved he sits up in his single bed across from Jason's and begins talking to the BLUE ORB in a whispering unfamiliar tongue.

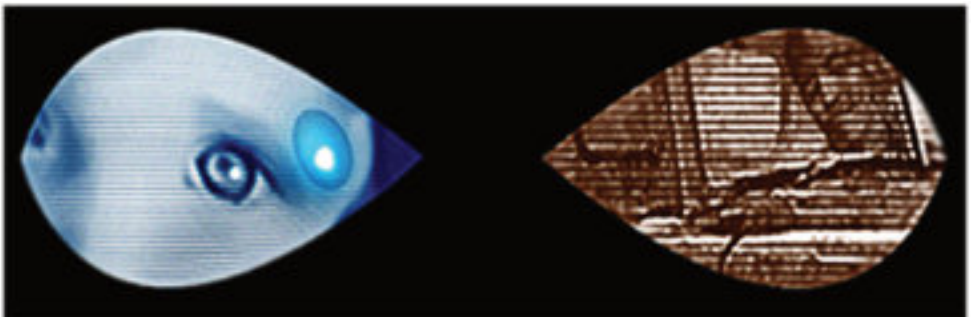
FADE TO:

6 INT. THOMPSON GRAIN TRUCK - NIGHT

The static short wave voice of a born again preacher is the only sound keeping WALT THOMPSON awake. His line creased face is tired, at age 58 he looks and feels 68. He leans forward over the steering wheel of his rebuilt 1958 GMC grain truck.

His body begins to give in to the lateness of the night's harvest. His drooping eyes catch the flickering light of Sarah's oncoming 9400 John Deere combine. It is not enough to keep him awake. His head drops back over the truck's bench seat. His transistor radio goes dead.

Post Production: Insert keyed-in image of alien eyes cut-out morphing in over Walt Thompson's closed eyes.



CUT TO:

Sarah steers her John Deer cab near where her father's grain truck has suddenly stopped, jumps out of her combine and runs towards her father's grain truck - yelling.

SARAH

Dad, dad what's happening out here! Did you see those blue lights hovering inside that meteor shower?

No response, She opens her dad's cab door releasing the weight of her sleeping father on top of her - taking them both hard on the wheat stubble ground.

SARAH

Dad, wake up, did you see those blue orbs coming out of the meteor shower in the north!

WALT

Uh? What's going on Sarah. Why are you not in the combine?

Sarah helps her father to his feet and then points Skyward looking for the meteorite shower.

WALT CONT'D

What are you talking about, blue orbs where? I don't see anything out of the ordinary. All I see are damn incoming rain clouds.



A BLUE SHOOTING STAR fades behind the sinking full moon - taking with it the meteor shower...



SARAH

There were these blue orbs...
I swear. We had an incredible
meteorite shower and you didn't
see anything did you pops. But
you got to believe me I am not
making this up. You do believe
me, don't you.

WALT

Well I wish I had seen them,
but dammit here comes the rain.
Just once I wish those bleep-in'
weather people could get it right
when they forecast partly cloudy
skies until early morning... Let's
empty this hopper before we get
caught in a deluge of heavy rain.
Besides my aching bones could uh,
use a break right about now, it's
been a long enough night. Come
morning leave Jason and Jordan
with me and go visit that uh,
Birdman of yours and see what he
has to say about your blue orbs.

Sarah concedes and walks slowly back to her
combine. Walt is not sure what Sarah saw, he
reaches inside his truck cab for his transistor

radio thinking maybe there is an updated weather bulletin. He thinks his transistor radio is still on and turns up the volume.

There is no sound... He then switches the radio knob ON and OFF several times... Nothing, the transistor is seemingly dead.

WALT

Dammit, just put in new uh, batteries this morning... When batteries go on sale there's a reason.



Disgusted he tosses his old transistor radio into the grain truck's tattered red bench seat.

THUNDER crackles across the sky, a downpour is only minutes away.

BEAT

Our camera moves in on the incoming ominous rain clouds and lightning bolts heading their way.

8 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT - NIGHT

The muffled sounds of Mozart's Symphony No. 41 in C Major - "Jupiter" is streaming throughout ADRIAN RORVIK's 1280 sq. ft. ARTIST STUDIO FLAT. Overhead a large skylight reveals the remains of the meteor shower. His furnishings are eclectic yet minimal. His studio walls are covered with mostly MERLIN FALCON paintings. His studio loft is located on the top floor of a renovated textile building still undergoing various studio loft renovations below.

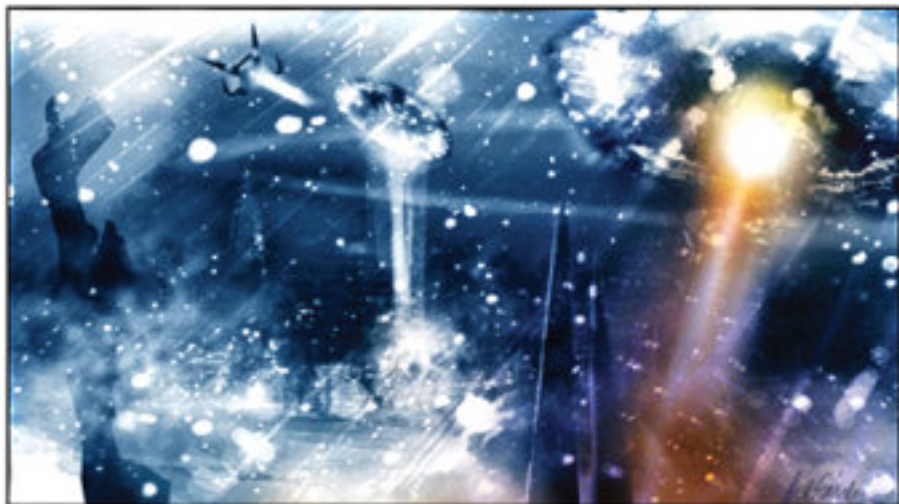
A camera wide shot reveals a silhouette of Adrian sitting at his computer workstation surrounded by his paintings. We sense he is in his realm, confident in his design skills.



We move in closer on Adrian's workstation where we see a number of storyboards next to his computer. On his screen we see a fashion cover design for Jimmie's upcoming agency fashion commercial. ADRIAN had been oblivious to the passing meteor shower overhead. Satisfied with the look for Jimmie's upcoming TDFY fashion storyboards he brings up another file.



He uploads an unfinished winter alien scene for another upcoming agency client book cover design. He zooms into the alien battle illustration.



ADRIAN

Maybe someday I will get to the bottom of these alien battles and a Merlin Falcon flying at will in my dreams. If not for me maybe at least for our authoring client.

WHEN his computer screen seems to have a mind of its own - creating an ALIEN IMAGE over his existing client's graphic.



Adrian looks at his computer screen in disbelief.

ADRIAN

What tha... this isn't one of my illustrations, what is going on? How is this even possible? ...Maybe I'm really somehow just dreaming, yet why do I feel so wide awake?

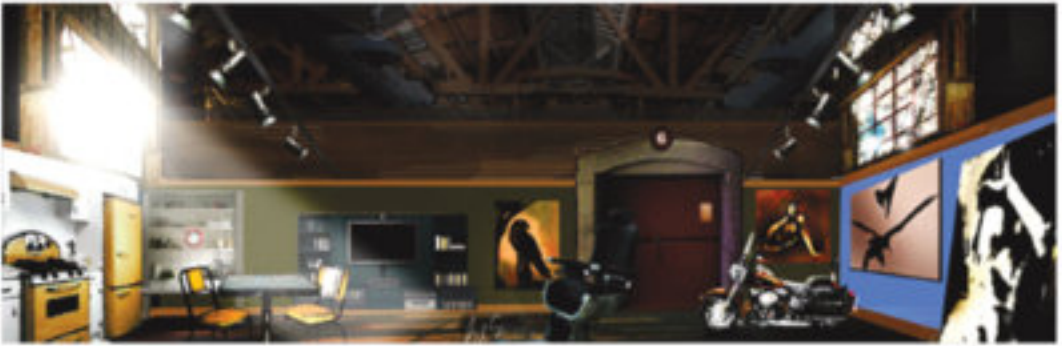
He tries in vain to delete the image but his screen is somehow locked, frozen in time on this image.

ADRIAN

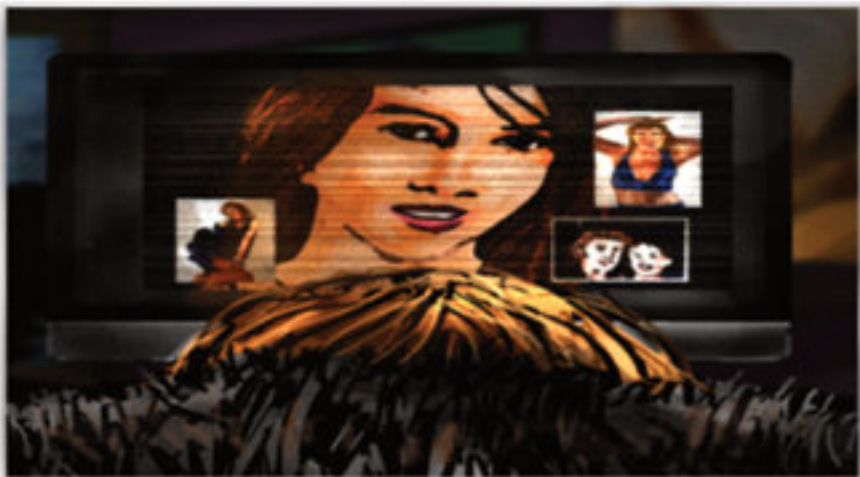
Time to open up that new bottle of 10 year old scotch.

9 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT - DAWN

The morning light casts long shadows throughout Adrian's kitchen. Adrian's snoring resonates throughout his studio loft. Pulling back in the morning daylight we see Adrian's cherished 2008 FLSTC Anniversary Heritage Harley Davidson Softail Classic in front of the cage freight elevator door. His vintage American barbershop chair stands proud in the middle of the room allowing great views for his falcon paintings and figurative study paintings.



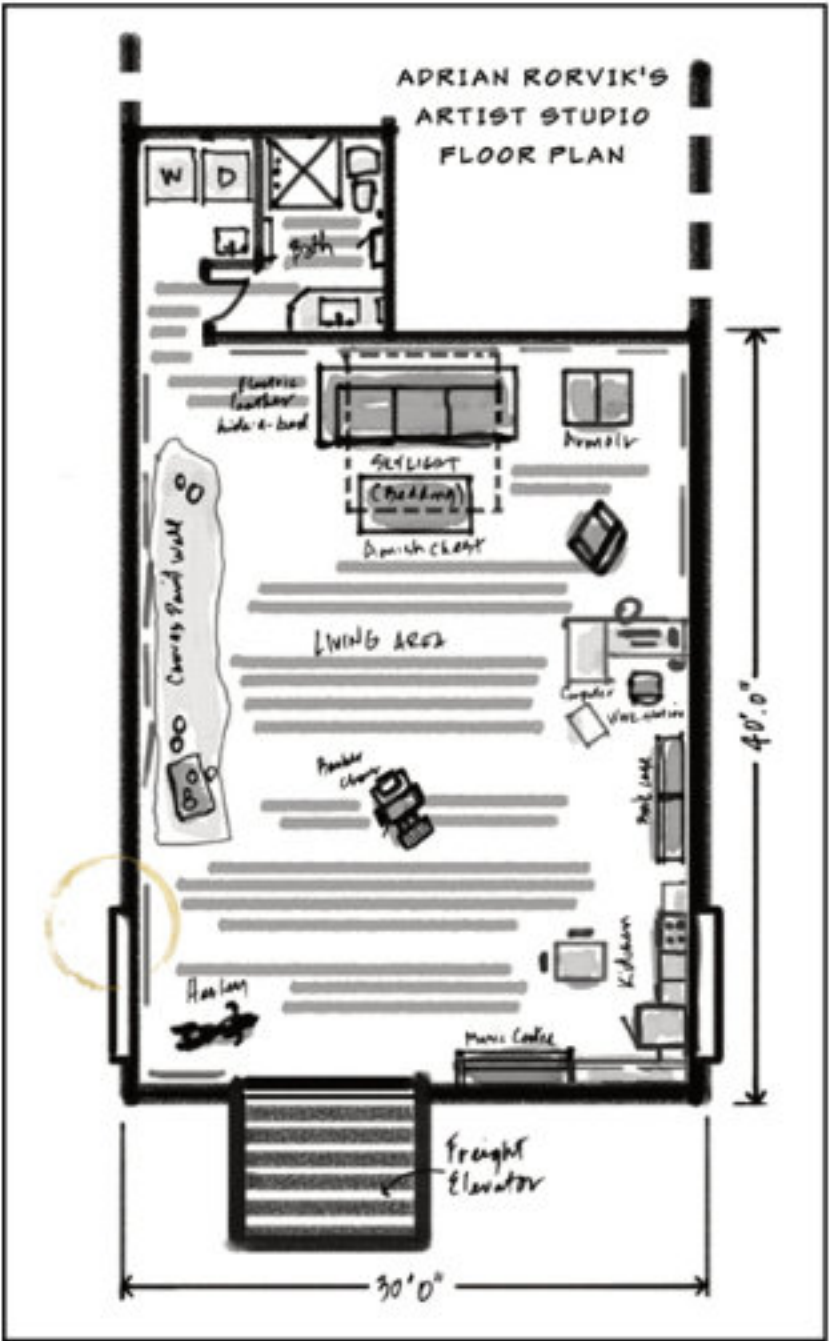
Our camera scans the loft looking for the source of Adrian's snoring. Gradually our cameras moves in on Adrian fast asleep at his workstation. His screen saver intermittently flashes images of Sarah and her twin boys - Jason and Jordan as well as a few of his favourite logo designs he has created for his TDFY Agency Partners and sales executive clients.



The following offers a concept floor plan into the layout of Adrian's warehouse Studio Loft..

PRODUCTION DESIGN LAYOUT:

1. ADRIAN'S STUDIO W/ FREIGHT ELEVATOR



Sarah gives her twin boys one last squeeze and then downloads kisses over them. Jordan races back into the house like he had forgotten something.

JASON

Mom do you have to go.

SARAH

Yes, you know mommy likes to spend a little time with Adrian. I promise to be back in just two sleeps, okay. Summer break is almost over and before you know it we will be back living in our old city apartment, so enjoy the outdoors while you can.

Walt escorts Sarah to her 2016 red Volvo S40.

WALT

Last night I may uh -

SARAH

Dad it's okay, You've been through a lot this year especially with the passing of mom last winter. This morning I don't know what to believe I can't make any sense out of it. Why me, maybe I should check myself into a nice padded loony cell.

WALT

Enough, no Thompson of mine is going to end up in a nuthouse!

He opens the driver's door for his daughter.

Ever since your mom uh, I find it very hard to believe in much these days, faith and I seem to be at odds with one another right now. And what ever faith remains in me belongs to

WALT CONT'D

you and my two grandsons. For uh,
the life of me, I don't know
what you saw last night. There
has to be a rational explanation,
if I could have only seen just
uh, one of those damn lights.

Rain turns from drizzle to a sudden down pour.

SARAH

Then you do um, believe me...
don't you dad?

Insert: Thompson Farmyard concept illustration



WALT

Well you saw something out of
the ordinary last night, just
don't ask me to believe in flying
saucers and little blue men from
Mars. Aren't they supposed to be
green? Now get in your car before
the rain undoes all the time you
spent fixing your hair for that
Birdman of yours. And give my
best to Adrian, I must admit he's
one strange bird.

We hear thunder rolling across the sky as Sarah
hurries into her Volvo.

BEAT:

Walt looks back towards his quonset where a few of his farmhands are moving the John Deere combine and grain trucks inside from the down pour.

WALT CONT'D

Better get going, give my best to Adrian. He is a strange one but I do like how he has been treating you like someone special. I can see the positive affect he has had not only on you but also on your boys. I sure hope it works out for you. You deserve someone who knows how to treat you right, even if he does uh, believe having relatives on a distance planet or from a moon named Io... Sure wish I could be there when you tell him what you saw last night.

SARAH

Me to, love you pops, love you Jason, where's Jordan?

Just as Sarah turns over the key Jordan bursts through the front screen door and runs over to his mom's car window holding something valuable under his windbreaker while her dad shelters Jordan the best he can from the rain.

JORDAN

Mom, wait I forgot to show you my new drawing... Oh no mommy it's getting all wet. It's about a dream I had last night, everything around me was turning blue. Then I saw these little blue lights, see!

Sarah can't believe her eyes.

SARAH

Oh, my, God... This can't be.

Our camera moves in tight on JORDAN'S WET DRAWING:

WALT

Looks like Jordan has done some
wild and crazy blue scribbles.

SARAH

These look a lot like *my* blue orbs!



11 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT - DAY

The sound of Sarah opening the elevator cage door
has no affect on Adrian's snoring. She moves softly
towards his computer workstation.

SARAH

Adrian, wake up, you're going
to be late for work. Wakie-wakie.

ADRIAN

Huh?, oh ya... I'm getting there.
What a night, almost was unable
to finish my workload - the power
went out. But in the end (chuckling)
my ancient Norwegian gods saved
the day once again.

He looks up at his computer workstation screen.
Click: his latest agency layout appears. click: his
storyboards come back to life.

ADRIAN CONT'D

These should dazzle Jimmie's
client. No doubt the director will
as always show little gratitude
in bringing her shot list to life.
Just when rumour has it my best
days may be found in my rear view
mirror. But then again I never uh,
look back - so.

SARAH

So don't, um, your ego will surely
not let let you down... What time
is your meeting with your sales um,
exec Jimmie this morning?

ADRIAN

Shit! In twenty minutes!

He shuffles through his drawings, retrieves his
smart phone and begins calling his office and
notices his phone's battery is dead... He begins
loading his files onto a memory stick, slides his
fashion drawings into his tote bag and gives Sarah
a hard kiss... His files are loaded. Then he slides
into his feather-like vest and proceeds to steer
his Harley Special motorcycle to the front of his
studio freight elevator door.

ADRIAN

Babe, you're the best thing that has ever happened to me. Make yourself at home. Should be back by five, no six - hopefully not any sooner?

SARAH

Somehow I very much doubt Jimmie or the agency are going to let you go for being late... Surely any tardiness you may have is not at all a reflection on your commitment to the agency. It's not like you're late all the time - right.

ADRIAN

Let's just say I have not yet uh, made it into a fine art.



Adrian moves his FLSTC Harley Classic bike into the freight elevator. Before he closes the open ribbed upper and lower cage doors he throws Sarah one final farewell kiss. He drops out - bottom frame.

SARAH

Say hi to Jimmie... love you.

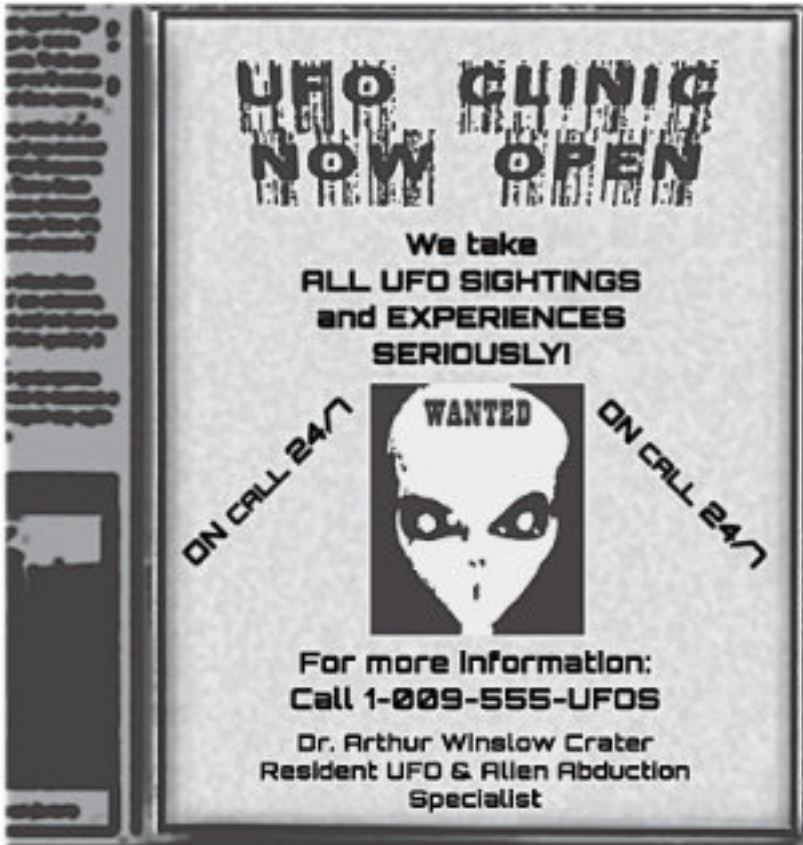
(under her breath)

When you get back I have something
to show you that will certainly
peak your alien psyche.

FADE TO:

12 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT - DAY

Sarah is sitting at the kitchen table reading the morning newspaper. She rapidly scans each page - she's looking for something very specific. As she turns to the next page the camera moves in over the newspaper panning down to SARAH'S FINGER pointing to a 1/4 page UFO AD.



SARAH

Perhaps this is a good place
to start. Maybe he can offer
some insight into what I saw in
the sky above our wheat fields.

She punches the number into her smart phone.

SARAH CONT'D

Hello um, is Dr. Crater in today?
Yes I'll hold...(under her breath)
Please don't be some kinda crazed
alien-psycho-path.

13 INT. UFO CLINIC HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah is staring at the door sign marked "Dr. Arthur Winslow Crater, UFO Specialist". She takes a deep breath and opens the door. Not sure if she is doing the right thing - but then again what harm could it possibly do.

14 INT. UFO CLINIC - DAY

Sarah is immediately overwhelmed, she can't believe her eyes. Expecting to walk into a little quaint office she has instead walked into a simulated replica of our Milky Way - this place is huge. In awe Sarah looks up in amazement at the curved supernova light ceiling that leads down the curved dome walls filled with hundreds of constellations and planets. It's like a Hubble or Webb telescope panorama of our solar system. She walks cautiously through the stellar light show in silhouette looking for the reception area. She is astounded by the sonic sounds echoing through the 5.1 soundsaround system. She continues walking across the back-lit stellar floor. Her sense of balance is confused as if suspended, floating in outer space.



SARAH

Hello, anybody here... It's awfully uh, dark in here.

Her sense of direction is failing, she turns and sees the light crack coming from the front entry door. Relieved she turns back towards the door and bumps into a short shadowy figure that wasn't there a minute ago. Sarah panics and screams. A gentle calming voice emits from the dark figure.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to frighten you dear.

DR. ARTHUR WINSLOW CRATER is an odd looking elderly fellow at age 72, wearing thick lens glasses and shouldering a long black smock over his frail body. He turns a dimmer switch upward ever so slightly maintaining the office's galactic ambience.



As Sarah's eyes adapt, she is completely taken aback by her surroundings. She can't help herself but marvel at the celestial splendour all around her - in every direction.

SARAH

This is amazing... wait till Adrian sees this, he is going to go ballistic... Oh my God.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

I'm glad you like it. I've always wanted to work in my very own galactic paradise. When there is no one here I like to turn down the lights and witness our universe in all its splendour.

He moves in behind a now recognizable reception counter and sleuths through the messy desktop folders and in-basket.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

Did we have an appointment? I wasn't aware that I had a prospectus just before lunch.

SARAH

Um, yes I think so. My name is Sarah Thompson I came across your ad in the morning newspaper and, and I thought maybe you may be able to help me figure out what I saw a couple nights ago. Only if you have time of course.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

Let me guess, the other night you think you experienced an

DR. CRATER CONT'D
alien like phenomena unfamiliar
to rational reason or explained
easily by natural causes or
events... Correct?

SARAH
Yes, I think so, I don't know.
I thought maybe you could help
me make sense out of what I am
about to tell you. I was helping
my father harvesting um, around
midnight, about five miles from the
city, when I noticed a meteor
shower acting very strange. There
were um, these blue orbs -

DR. WINSLOW CRATER
Blue orbs! You're sure about this.
Did they approach you?

SARAH
Um, yes, it was getting late but
I am pretty sure in what I saw.
These blue orbs came right at me.
They didn't seem to want to hurt
me. I tried to communicate with
them but they disappeared back
into what was left of the meteor
shower. I thought maybe there
might be an alien connection or
maybe you have heard about this
happening to others or just maybe
there is a rational explanation,
right?

DR. WINSLOW CRATER
Single-manned uh, operated alien
shuttles are known to disguise
themselves inside meteor showers.
As do contend my NASA confidants
who are not in the habit of
spreading alien falsehoods.

DR. CRATER CONT'D

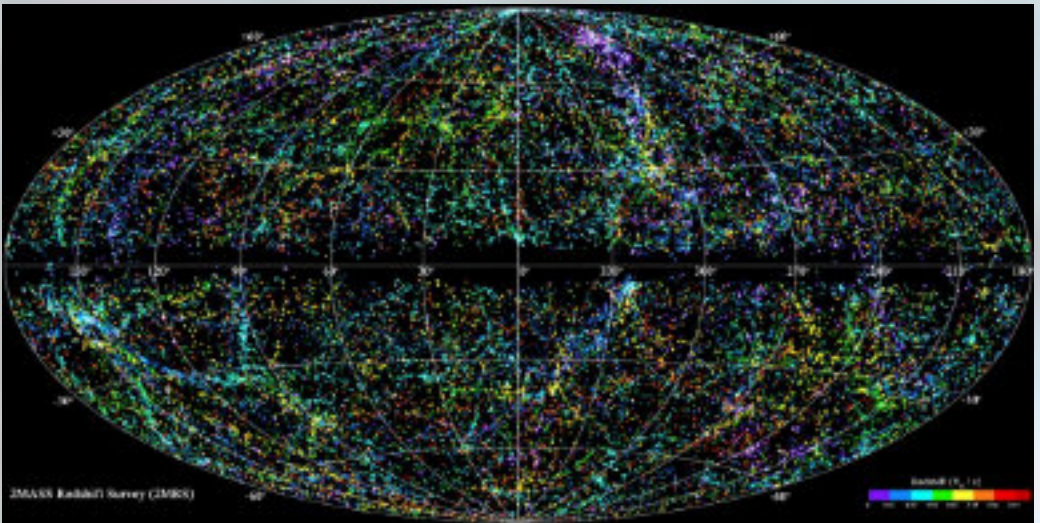
This or maybe these orbs were acting acting like a communication device, orbs of light scanning our makeup.

SARAH

You're joking right? You really believe aliens are among us.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

The universe is teeming with life everywhere! Contrary to uh, most Eastern, Western religious beliefs. Our observatory telescopes have proved that the earth is not the centre of our universe. We are uh, located two thirds out from the centre of our own galaxy. Our Milky Way consists of billions of stars some like our sun must have a planet or even moons that could give way to intelligent life. The universe is over 13 billion years old! To believe that the evolution of uh, intelligent life began first and only on earth is ludicrous! Take that to your church pulpit next Sunday!



Sarah is intrigued by Dr. Crater's belief whereby we are not alone in the universe. She sits deeper into his black leather guest couch pondering.



SARAH

So then God created these aliens before he created us. And what you are showing me on your screen certainly does lead um, one to believe we are not maybe even God's first intelligent life forms made in his image.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

This I can only conclude after scanning the vastness of our universe before me... Surely we can not possible be alone in our universe... Have you heard of uh, the Big Bang Creation Theory?

Dr. Winslow Crater moves from behind his reception desk and turns the guest 32" LCD flat computer screen in her direction. He begins keying in a directory file on project C.E.R.N.. Various images of the proton collider, animated smashing protons, and graphic proton charts pop up on the screen. Sarah leans forward taking a hard look at her monitor screen.



DR. WINSLOW CRATER

I believe *something* caused The Big Bang, creating mankind... CERN's Nuclear Research site in Switzerland, the world's largest proton collider tunnel on the planet are planning to fire one proton clockwise then another equal dense proton counter clock-wise close to the speed of light. After they collide we will have created our very own mini Big Bang universe. But physics being physics we need much more time to fine tune its uh, quantum colliding consequences.

He hits his keyboard enter key one more time.

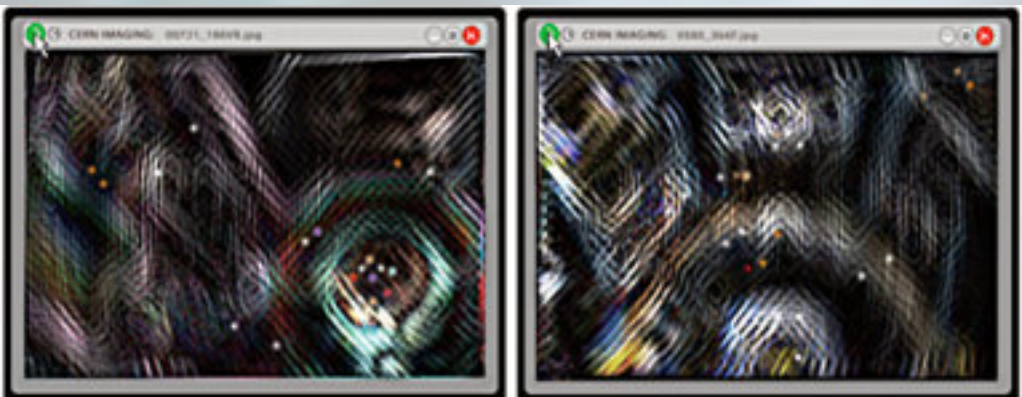
DR. WINSLOW CRATER

See uh, for yourself a simulation of smashing protons I was able to download from the CERN website.

He realizes he has not turned on his guest monitor. He quickly turns on the monitor facing Sarah from his workstation table top, thus allowing her to take a closer look at the CERN simulation...

Her secular understanding on creation is about to be challenged and perhaps changed forever.

Production Notes re: CGI playback CERN animation. Require permission/clearance to use actual copyrighted CERN logo and related simulations.



SARAH

So you think the proton smashing will give us the ultimate divine answer to creation, interesting. But in the meantime why has alien intelligent life been mysteriously hiding behind the Blue Book Project? Surely if aliens are out there and being more advanced than us they would know how to best um, present themselves in a none threatening calculated risk-free manner um, wouldn't you think.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

You know about Project Blue Book ?

SARAH

My boyfriend believes - likes to joke about bird-like people from Jupiter's moon Io and that they have been visiting our planet um, for many centuries. This Project Blue Book is one of his support references among many others.

Dr. Crater begins writing an email on his reception keyboard/monitor.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

Interesting, I may have something your boyfriend will find amusing. But first I need time to convince an old NASA colleague of mine to send me a few confidential images not yet ready for uh, public consumption. to the public. Because of their sensitive nature we will need to meet in my office after 6 pm. I'll tentatively book you and your boyfriend say uh, around 7 pm tomorrow night, this will give me sufficient time to upload these classified images.

Sarah turns and heads towards the door when HELEN CRATER, 75 - Dr. Crater's sister opens the door in her face.

HELEN

Oh, I'm sorry I forgot my brother had a late morning appointment. Here's your medication Winny, I see your doctor has increased your dosage by 25 milligrams. (turning to Sarah) was Dr. Crater able to help you?

SARAH

I think so. I'll get back to you Dr. Winslow if tomorrow night works for us.

Sarah is almost through the door.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

And yes we all are made in God's Image. The CERN project could lead us to Him.

Sarah enjoys his candour, Helen is left confused.

AWKWARD BEAT

Dr. Crater takes Sarah by the arm and gingerly escorts her to the cosmic camouflaged front office door to the outside hallway.

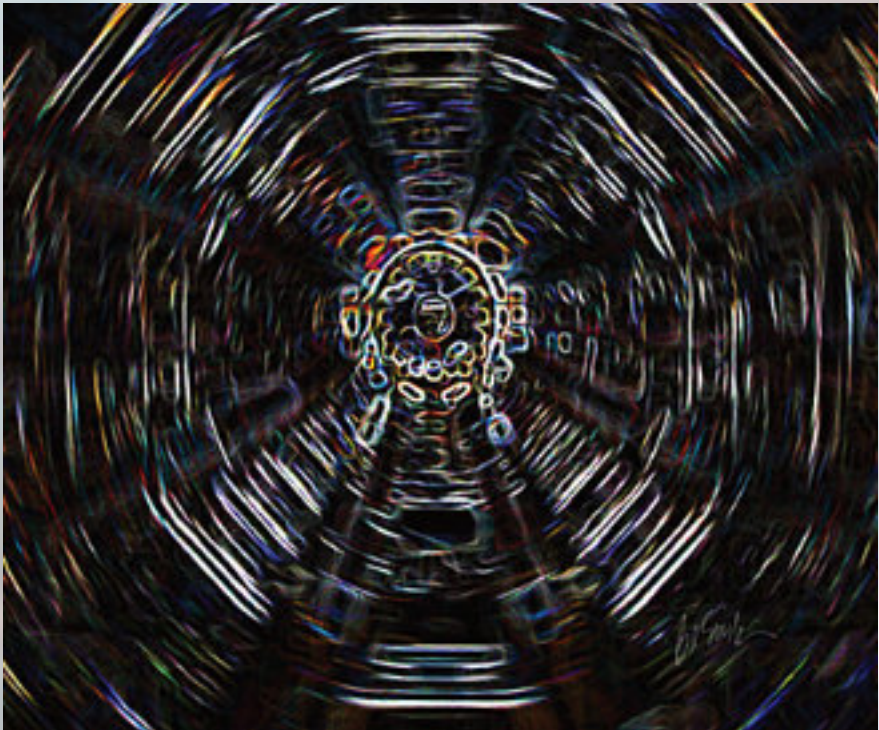
DR. WINSLOW CRATER

I will be looking forward in seeing you and meeting your boyfriend at 7 pm tomorrow night. In the meantime don't let these blue orbs worry you as they seldom make a return visit.

As soon as the door closes behind Sarah, Dr. Winslow Crater dims his UFO celestial office lights. He stares up at his domed celestial heavens.

Dr. Winslow Crater
If only I knew who you really
are. I have so many prime uh,
zeros and ones that have turned
into illogical conundrums...
(He looks up at his heavenly ceiling)
Your creation keeps me up well
past my prescribed bedtime.

FADE OUT OVER CERN'S INNER PARTICLE CHAMBER IN
ANIMATED ACTION



15 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT - NIGHT

A pizza box dangles over Adrian's Amish pine coffee table chest, two long stem Scandinavian wine glasses and a bottle of red wine stand empty on top of the Amish pine chest. Adrian has his head perched on Sarah's lap stretched out on his black leather hide-a-bed couch.

SARAH

Thank you for believing in me.
What I um, saw last night I
cannot explain. It happened so
fast, so unexpectedly, why me
me I wonder?

ADRIAN

Maybe these uh blue orb aliens
just wanted to inspect this uh,
incredibly hot sexy farmer's
daughter... And kudos on having
our pizza delivered...

She is not amused, she gets up causing Adrian's
head to drop on the firm leather cushion. She heads
for her tote bag hanging on the barbershop chair.

SARAH

Interesting, that is um, what
Dr. Crater thinks as well - the
blue orbs that is.

ADRIAN

Crater, who is Dr. Crater?

Sarah pulls out the infamous newspaper UFO ad she
clipped from the morning paper.

SARAH

I could not get these blue orbs
out of my head. Then I came
across this ad in the morning
paper, see for yourself. I know
it may sound like a hoax on
steroids but what I experienced
last night is going to be with
me for a long time... I need
answers, closure. So I booked
an appointment with this alien
specialist hoping he might offer
me insight into what these light
anomalies could be.

ADRIAN

(reading the ad)

Dr. Arthur Winslow Crater UFO
Specialist? You believe this crap,
come on Sarah I never thought or
expected you of all people to uh,
fall so easily into their delusional
idiot-ology trap. Are you turning
into my little red-headed alien uh,
sleuth slayer?... Wait a minute,
Dr. Winslow Crater now I get it.
Oh sweet Sarah, this is a scam,
don't you think it is a little too
ironic that his name would lead
us straight to the Berringer Crater
a few miles southwest from are you
ready - Winslow Arizona.

SARAH

Maybe this is just his um, alias,
actors seldom use their you know, real
Makavolowbenski names. He did say he
worked at NASA as an astrophysicist
before retiring. Maybe now that he is
retired he still has an interest in
space anomalies, I don't know.

ADRIAN

But I do babe, once a quack always a
quack, quack, quack.

SARAH

You're the one with an alien bird
fetish. Now just hear me out okay.
First you've got to see his office...
It is so surreal, it's like being um,
suspended in outer space. All his
walls, his ceiling even the floor are
back-lit with galaxies and planets in
various sizes and shapes. Truly an
amazing celestial um, astronomical
masterpiece!

ADRIAN

Hmm-mm it does sound like he has put a lot of effort into his scam. His office really looks like staring up into our galaxy.

SARAH

Yes, as you will see tomorrow night. He wants to see us both.

ADRIAN

Hold on Sarah, did I not just uh, explain to you over our de-lish 4 cheese pizza and fine red wine that Jimmie needs a full set of storyboards and a fashion cover layout by Tuesday morning; plus dealing with endless docketts at work always due yesterday. And if the rain forecast doesn't let up until late Monday I plan on taking full advantage of uh, Mother Nature starting and ending with you,

Then it hits him like a ton of bricks.

Hey wait a minute, *why* would this uh, Doc Crater want to see me?

BEAT:

Sarah senses the need to put a little distance between the two of them and moves over to Adrian's red barbershop chair.

SARAH

I told him you were heavy into um, UFO's and are up to speed on the still unresolved Blue Book Project phenomenons. I mean how could I not, knowing what you Are going through every night in your dreams... right.



SARAH CONT'D

And when I further mentioned that you believed there may be or once was life on Jupiter's moon Io - just like that he said he has proof! You could be right after all. Isn't this what you have been wanting to find out. Someone to back up your alien bird dreams, offering clout to your avant-garde Viking ancestry. Maybe Norse aliens did visit your Norwegian ancestral village fifteen hundred um, years ago just like your grandfather told you. I thought you would be excited with what Dr. Crater might have to offer. And *maybe* these aliens have secretly brought us together so we can find out together. Remember I am trying to understand why my guy thinks there is a family tree branch reaching far into outer space... Hey maybe my blue orbs and your alien birds are cousins or distant alien relative

There's a pause as Adrian ponders over her reason for him seeing this Dr. Winslow Crater.

ADRIAN

Alright then, if this means that much to you, and if it could maybe help me unravel why I am having so many ancestral dreams. And as long as I do not have to wear a suit and tie... So if this is really how you want to spend our last night together before you go back to uh, harvesting, then let's have Dr. Winslow Crater entertain us and see what he has up his sleeve... I must admit I am just a little curious why the alien doc penned himself after a crater... And just like what you insinuated to your father last night. I to feel at times the need to check into a cosy well-padded 6 by 8 cell after uh, having one of my intense Merlin Falcon slash Viking dreams. They uh, always seem so incredibly real. Just like your blue orbs coming out of the meteor shower last night.

Sarah slides out of the barbershop chair and back into Adrian's eager arms on the couch.

SARAH

Now this is the Birdman I have grown to love so easily. And by the way I didn't use the word cosy. I can still hear dad - "enough, no Thompson of mine is going to end up in a nuthouse!"

ADRIAN

He actual said that. Maybe that is why I like your father so much... We're two peas in a pod when it uh, comes to loving you.

Sarah pulls away from Adrian and strolls over to one of his recently painted Merlin Falcon landscapes.

SARAH

I think he felt the same way about about you. It would be um, Interesting to see how the two of you would have gotten along in the same pea pod... And I also appreciate how well you and my twin boys are getting along... Which reminds me, I have a little added proof that might help um, substantiate what I may have seen last night. Though in the eyes of the court my son Jordan's drawing and testimony would probably not hold much credibility.



She moves out of his arms and back over to her tote bag hanging over the arm of the barbershop chair. She retrieves a folded sheet of paper from the side Pocket and gently unfolds it.

SARAH CONT'D

Last night some of these blue orbs um, unfortunately and to my anguish must have entered my boy's room. This morning Jordan showed me this um, drawing.

ADRIAN

I'm always a little concerned when alien's or alien phenomena appear before children. You've already seen how it has affected my life.

SARAH

Great just what I wanted to hear.

ADRIAN

You did say you sensed they meant no harm. All I am saying is we do not know why or what these blue orbs mean. Or what affect if any they might have on your twins.

Sarah reaches into her pocket and retrieves her smart phone and hits a new memory code.

SARAH

Hello, Dr. Crater, I hope you don't mind me calling so late... Oh good, he sent you the images. Adrian I look forward in seeing these images. Just wanted to let you know we will definitely be at your office tomorrow night 7 pm sharp, goodnight and thank you Dr. Crater for your insight.

ADRIAN

And what images might these be?

SARAH

Uh, he has some insight about your dreams I think, he didn't go into any detail what that might be. You're just going to have to wait and see. We'll both find out I guess, tomorrow night.

Adrian has only one thing on his mind leaning next to his hot red-head looking Sarah.

ADRIAN

Maybe it's time now to make uh, a little over due love making don't you think. There's not much time left before you uh, head back to harvesting tomorrow.

Sarah agrees, it's been a long day for both of them. Adrian hits the leather hide-a-bed remote. Voila, the couch pulls out into a comfy bed. Sarah reaches into the Amish chest and pulls out a couple feather pillows and a quilt. Adrian and Sarah crawl into bed half-naked. Adrian hits the remote light switch on the outside arm of the leather couch. He takes a deep breath anticipating what dreams may lie ahead. But first, time for some re-engaging love making...



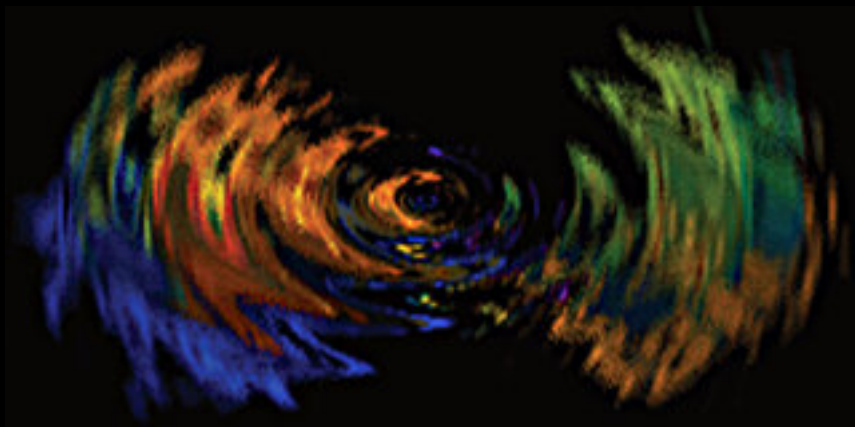
A SHOOTING STAR streaks across the sky high above Adrian's studio loft and through his skylight unnoticed by Adrian and Sarah's love making.



16 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT "THE DREAM" - NIGHT

VFX DREAM ANIMATION #1

We hear in the darkness Adrian's moans... an image begins fading in as we enter Adrian's alien dreamscape.

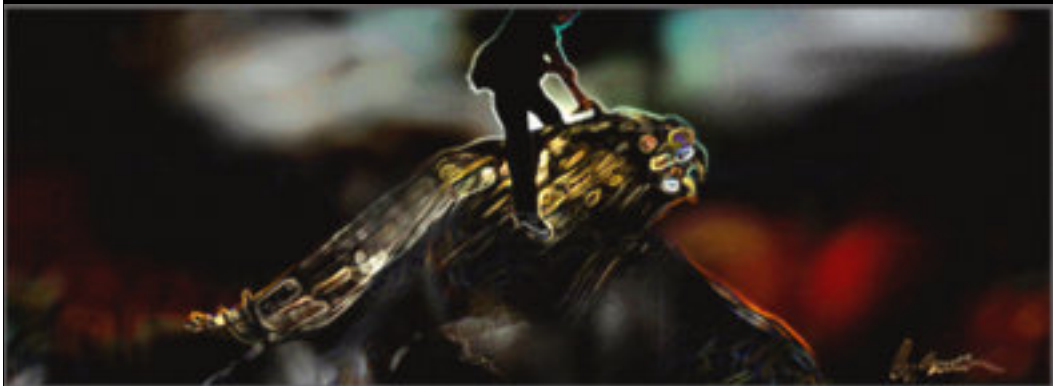


SUDDENLY A LARGE FAST MOVING MERLIN FALCON FLIES INTO OUR FRAME.



We move in closer and notice there seems to be a blurry figure riding high on the falcon's neck.

We push in to get a closer look... we see it is ADRIAN adjusting a firm hand grip of feathers while maintaining his balance on top of the MERLIN FALCON. They are flying blindly through dense cloud cover. But where? And why?



OUR CAMERA PUSHES IN ON ADRIAN AND HIS GIFTED MERLIN FALCON



As the Merlin Falcon and Adrian fly lower through the clouds we can hear and see the sizzling toxic alien surface exploding at will under an incredible magnetic electric storm over an unknown volcanic terrestrial surface.



An ALIEN WINGED CRAFT jettisons out from the dark clouds towards them. The MERLIN FALCON instinctively banks hard right - Adrian can barely hold on.

They continue perilously moving through the Io Moon volcanic charged atmosphere.

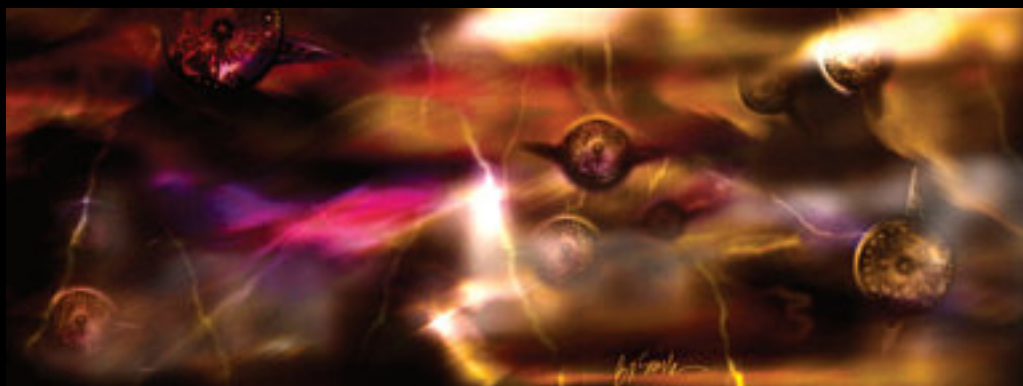


His Merlin Falcon continues taking Adrian deeper into the volcanic cloud cover, rocking back and forth, dodging oncoming ALIEN CRAFT...

The stormy atmosphere is also getting denser, it is getting harder to distinguish approaching ALIEN WINGED CRAFT!

Production Notes:

For the first episode and upcoming episodes the ALIEN SPHERE-WING CRAFT should have a simulated FEATHERED RESIN SCALE TEXTURE.



Adrian senses the ALIEN CRAFT moving in closer.



The clouds then separate long enough to see a LARGE SPHERE ALIEN CRAFT speeding towards them. There is no escape!

The alien spacecraft is headed right for them!



We are only milliseconds from disaster as the alien space craft is right over Adrian and showing no signs of ever slowing down!

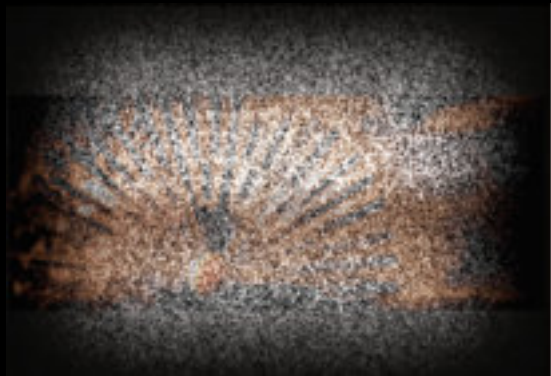


Adrian seems to be held in suspension, frozen unable to move or seemingly wake up.

WHEN he hears his grandfather's echoing voice

GREAT NORSE GRANDFATHER
Hope is for those not in control.
Take control Adrian you must take
control immediately. Do not try
and wake up - it will do you no
good. I will guide you.

OUR SCREEN FILLS WITH STATIC AND CUTS TO BLACK



ADRIAN

Hard left! No-o-o-o!...
Taka bakka sonder-paph!

Adrian jerks forward trying to catch his breath.

SARAH

It's okay baby, you were having
another one of your bad dreams.

His breathing slowly turns into calming deep
breaths.

ADRIAN

Wow, that was close, almost
died in this one. Always
the same, I keep seeing uh,
these alien sphere winged-
like craft coming right at
me while riding on top of a
familiar huge Merlin Falcon.
I seem to be flying against
on coming alien traffic. It's
like they're running for cover,
escaping the erupting volcanoes
below I think. I also keep
hearing my grandfather saying
the same thing "hope is for
those not in control."

SARAH

Sounds like you need a little
more *faith* in yourself. Do
you want a glass of water?

ADRIAN

No... I'll be alright, just give
me a minute or two.

He takes a couple deep breaths and gets back under
the comforter staring into his overhead skylight.

ADRIAN CONT'D

Sure wish I knew why or where these alien dreams are taking me. If only I could figure out how to decipher, better understand what is going on in my head... This was the first time I found myself inches away from colliding with a spacecraft. Is this somehow a forewarning of my inevitable uh, demise through these dreams?

SARAH

You have to learn to shut out these dreams. Maybe Dr. Crater can fill in the blanks within your dreams. By the way do you ever have any hot, juicy x-rated um, dreams about us?

ADRIAN

All the time, in fact I am about to have one right now.

Adrian begins nibbling on Sarah's ear lobe. That's all the foreplay Sarah needs - turning into the aggressor, making unbridled advances - playing right into Adrian's sexual inhibitions.



18 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT - DAWN

The morning sun crests throughout Adrian's studio flat. Sarah and Adrian are fast asleep. Sarah's smart phone vibrates, she instinctively leans over the bed fumbling through her jeans pocket. Sarah grabs her sweater top and moves into the Adrian's kitchen area.



SARAH

Hi Dad, oh great, he is doing fine. He says hi... the rain has stopped, how are my boys doing... Hi Jason I'll be home very soon, yes I am glad the rain stopped to - love you, put your brother on the phone please. Hi Jordan are you helping out grandpa. Have you done any more drawings for me. Great, can't wait to see them.

She looks over at Adrian - he appears to be fast asleep on the couch.

SARAH CONT'D

Put grandpa on the phone, please - love you, see you soon. Hi dad, I am about to make Adrian one of my famous omelettes then I will be

SARAH CONT'D

on my way home... Of course Adrian won't mind if I come back to the farm a little sooner. I just feel I need to come home, love you dad.

ADRIAN

(sitting up in bed)

There goes my dinner plans. Maybe someday you will find time to meet Jimmie's partner Jeremy and enjoy one of his famous deli sandwiches... And what about our meeting with Dr. Crater tonight.

(looking relieved)

Better give him a call to let him know we have to uh, unfortunately cancel.

SARAH

Not so fast Birdman. You can go it alone. I am sure the two of you will have a great alienating time. As no doubt there will be lots for the two of you to discuss. He did seem quite genuine uh, wanting to show you something from the planet Jupiter. And now I will know where and how you will be spending your evening without your sweet Sarah. You did agree to go, remember.

ADRIAN

I agreed to go with uh, you. You're the one who made the appointment with uh, Dr. UFO sweetie. He doesn't know me from a wind storm on Jupiter.

ADRIAN CONT'D

What am I to say? Hi, I'm that weirdo Sarah Thompson uh, told you about, now show me the orbs.

Sarah moves back into bed eager and willing as the sun rays beam in through the overhead skylight.

SARAH

That sounds like a very good start. I'll give him a call and let him know to expect only my loving understanding man - the love of my life. And now that we are both up and since we have still a few minutes before I make you one of my special ham omelettes. Why don't we pick-up where you know, we left off before your nightmare alien attack.

ADRIAN

You do have an aphrodisiac uh, way with words... and remember no bruising. The only way I will be able to keep up with your sexual prowess is by uh, eventually having you spend less time on the farm and more time under my silky comforter.

SARAH

(Looking skyward)

But first what are you going to do now that Mother Nature is about to bring us (sigh) an unexpected sunny weekend, besides of course spending time tonight with Dr. Crater. You're going to have to figure out what else you could do um, besides thinking about me.

ADRIAN

Well let's see... Jimmie wants me to create a snowboarder illustration for his nephew and I really would like to start a couple large acrylic canvases using a prairie theme that maybe your dad might hang on his living room wall.

SARAH

This I like and I know dad um, will too. He is for reasons unbeknown to me a big fan of your Merlin Falcon paintings. (taking a deliberate pause) The other morning coming down for breakfast there was dad in his rocking chair staring at the Merlin Falcon painting you gave him for his birthday.

ADRIAN

I am very sorry for your great loss. It can't be easy for your dad to start each day without the love of his life of 64 years.

SARAH

Knowing that you do, means a lot to both of us. Which reminds me, mom always made sure we had enough breakfast to start the day off on the right foot. It's now time for me to make you breakfast. I don't want to leave my man hungry. It looks like you will have lots left on your plate to keep you going over your now Sarah-less weekend.

Sarah jumps out of bed and heads for the kitchen.

ADRIAN

Hey how about first feeding
my undernourished libido?

SARAH

In a minute birdman, first your
omelettes need my undivided
attention. And by the way what
I plan on doing to you under
those satin sheets is illegal
in six provinces and I believe
thirty-four states - last count.

ADRIAN

Sounds like you have given this
a lot of thought, I'm ready any
time and all the time when it
Comes to you.

Sarah lowers her sweater seductively to the kitchen
floor making sure Adrian is watching her every move.
Satisfied she continues making breakfast.

Reluctantly Adrian heads over to his computer
workstation butt naked and opens a few prairie
image files for his upcoming paintings for her dad.

We push-in on the many Thompson farm asset photos
Sarah has taken previously with her SLR camera.
Adrian keeps going back to two in particular.

Adrian

Decisions, decisions, here's one.



Walt drops Sarah off near their parked 9400 John Deer combine. EARL 45 a scruffy beer-gut seasoned farmhand leans against his '49 blue Chevy farmhand pickup parked near the Thompson combine.

EARL

Mornin' miss Sarah. You'll never guess what I saw last night headin' for an evening walkabout... A shiny uh, blue alien spaceship landed, maybe a hundred yards uh, northeast from the quonset.

SARAH

Earl get in your truck and keep your sick damn humour to yourself. I am in no mood for your buffoonery.

EARL

There's more, I got out of the truck and was able to sneak up from behind this blue spaceship. As I approached it, low and uh, behold the spaceship's main hatch door opens and I find myself uh, face to face with this four foot long necked, 4 fingered hunch back three legged creature... He was communicating to me in uh, some weird alien dialect. But somehow I was able to communicate with the little blue critter.

SARAH

(jumps into her JD cabin)
Listen jerk-face I said get in your truck or off dad's farm, your choice bozo.

BEAT:

EARL

Okay you win, but here's the best part. The creature wanted to know if you were available. I couldn't hurt the little blue guy's feelings so I told him you couldn't wait to meet him, and for him to zoom back this way between eleven 'n midnight!

Sarah starts up her combine, ignoring Earl.

C'mon Sarah, what no comeback?
I'm still waiting, ha, ha, ha.

20 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT - MORNING

Adrian moves from his computer workstation with a couple printed images on prairie themes. He sets up his easel and moves his paint table into place. He taps his personal reference images onto the wall next to his easel. He opens his first selected acrylic jar and begins applying large brush strokes of umber to his 20" x 36" canvas. He continues applying the umber acrylic, then adding okra and burnt sienna to his prairie landscape.

He then moves over to and sits in his barbershop chair pondering over his colour scheme and land mass shapes. He moves back to his canvas and opens an acrylic jar of cadmium yellow, he adds a little sienna to the mix and brushes in the sky. Adrian moves back to his barbershop chair, he likes his painting's simplicity capturing a golden moment in the heat of harvest. He adds a combine below the wheat-sheaf filled skyline. He stands back, his first prairie canvas seems to be a success.

Adrian then turns his attention to one of his falcon paintings across from his paint work area.

ADRIAN

No falcons required in this prairie painting.

Through time-lapse photography, we watch Adrian's latest landscape painting come to life.



Adrian wipes his brow and looks at his kitchen clock, realizing he still has lots of time left. The sun beaming in from his skylight highlights his painting efforts.

ADRIAN

This was too easy, think I will try one more using uh, a more challenging theme as well as, and why not adding a couple uh, falcons hunting for gophers down below.

He eagerly paints in a deep blue sky adding incoming clouds... Then he begins painting in the foreground, simulating a quarter-section of a wheat field that lies barren after having been harvested.



BEAT:

Sarah has had enough of Earl's pathetic antics. She takes her combine out of gear, jumps out of the cab and heads straight for Earl's parked truck - just as her dad pulls up between the two of them.

SARAH

You're sick you know that,
sure the freaking alien wasn't
after one of your um, inflated
rubber dolls you keep behind
your truck's bench seat?

WALT

That's enough you two, Earl
you and I are going to revisit
a couple farmhand rules before
we sit down to dinner tonight.
Now get in your porn magazine
infested truck and wait for
Sarah by the east ridge. Let's
see if we can't finish picking
up this wheat before the rain
decides to come back. Now get
in your truck and turn over the
key, not another word - got it.

SARAH

I can hold my own dad, but thanks
for always having my back.

WALT

After we're done harvesting uh,
the barley, Earl's going to need
to find a new bunk house to call
home. In the meantime you'll need
to hold your temper... He could
turn on you when I'm not around.

SARAH

For you pops - this I can do.

Sarah gives her dad a heartfelt hug and heads over to her wheat chaff covered John Deer Combine.

Our camera follows Sarah all the way inside the JD combine cabin.



She puts the JD combine back into gear, lowers the front-end load bar and steers the John Deere through the middle of the swathed Durham Wheat. Walt slides back into his GMC red grain truck.

WHEN: Without any warning he is jolted by a short sharp pain in his chest. He drives off bent over the steering wheel.

WALT

Damn these chest pains, guess I need to cut back on my bacon and sausage intake, bur-r-rp.

As Walt's half ton drives out of frame, we can't help but notice that he is having a hard time staying within the wheat-field's tire tracks.

22 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT - MORNING

Sitting back in his barbershop chair Adrian feels good about the progress he has made with his new stormy prairie painting. He moves back to his almost completed canvas and squeezes a little okra onto his painting palette and begins stroking long Lines of okra in key areas across the bottom of his

prairie landscape painting. He is totally focused, now feverishly adding acrylic earth tones to the lower parts of his canvas, giving the empty cut wheat field more colour, more life... He then changes the skyline adding thunder and lightning.

Note: We now visualize time-lapse frames showing Adrian building up his canvas lastly adding the bolt of lightning across the ominous prairie sky.



Adrian begins yet another prairie landscape. He looks over at his newly finished Merlin Falcon painting against his paint wall. He can't help himself. He paints out any sign of a prairie landscape and fills his canvas with two large Merlin Falcons... He is painting at an abnormal fast tempo never dwelling on any Merlin Falcon feathered detail, having creating many.

Out of the corner of his right eye he catches a glimpse of the kitchen clock 6:37 pm.

ADRIAN

Shit! These falcons will have to wait before they can fly.

He drops his paint brush onto the canvas covered floor and heads for the kitchen sink washing off the acrylic paint stuck to his fingers. He leans over and takes one last look at his unfinished Merlin Falcon painting. He feels his latest Merlin Falcon is almost there.



Adrian

Guess it's time to do some of my own Winslow Crater investigation and find out what is really going on within my dreams. Perhaps doc Crater can uh, figure out who or what is behind my alien dreams. Especially when it comes to Sarah. She does not need to be hounded by these damn blue orbs uh, masking inside meteor showers.

FADE TO:

23 INT. UFO HALLWAY OFFICE DOOR - SUNSET

Adrian knocks on the door and notices it isn't locked and takes a sneak peek inside... The lights are dimmed much as they were when Sarah first arrived... He can't believe what his eyes are perceiving... He walks gingerly through the door unannounced.

He feels like he is entering into an alternate man-made universe. The unexpected galactic echo sounds emanating from multi-stereo speakers of our solar system is a welcoming and intriguing reverberation to Adrian's ears.

He can't help but to admire being suspended in an universe surrounded in such great detail and splendour. He feels perhaps after all Dr. Crater is anything but a quack, quack.

ADRIAN

Unbelievable, the creativity
that must have gone into all
of this... definitive universe.



He examines the galactic detail throughout the walls, ceiling and floor, utterly amazed and perplexed by its accuracy. It truly is like walking in virtual outer space. A small frail male silhouette cautiously walks towards him.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

Do you like it. I spent
months assembling detailed
cosmic charts into seamless
transparencies making sure
my critics would have a hard
time debunking my galactic
window into our solar system.
Designing the interior back
lighting system turned out to
be the most costly and time
consuming.

Production Notes:

The concept design for Dr. Winslow Crater's UFO Office and his CGI data screens is to create a surreal "cosmic wonder."

ADRIAN

You have uh, out done yourself Dr. Crater. Oh, uh, my name is Adrian Rorvik I believe Sarah told you that we, I would be arriving uh, at seven.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

She called minutes ago. She has high hopes for our meeting.

ADRIAN

No doubt. She really did want to be here, but as fate would have it the sun came out today and uh, she's now back helping her dad with their family harvest.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

She has personified herself as uh, a very curious and determined young woman - on a mission.

ADRIAN

That she is. I don't want to take up too much of your time. She said you had some images to show me regarding Jupiter and maybe its moon Io?

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

First you must swear you will not tell anybody where or uh, who showed you these highly sensitive never before released though unconfirmed secret NASA and ESA satellite images I am about to show you.

ADRIAN

Sure, why not, what do I have to lose. Show me the beef. You have my complete undivided attention.



Adrian stands in front of the 32" guest monitor screen. He is impressed by Dr. Winslow's personal custom designed interface screen. The images are of Jupiter and its moons coming to life on his screen.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

These images were taken by uh,
Pioneer 1... And these images
Were taken recently by Voyageur
2 and these as you will see...

BEAT

Our camera moves in full frame on Dr. Crater's screen revealing...



SCREEN CGI PLAYBACK:

NASA JUPITER IMAGES MG900-357-F PIONEER11-74

NASA JUPITER IMAGES LT551-830-N VOYAGER-79

NASA JUPITER IMAGES LW728-773-P VOYAGER-80

NASA JUPITER IMAGES SCY00961-ASTEROIDS GALILEO-9520

He moves his left hand mouse over a Voyager 2 satellite image from Jupiter showing its four Galilean moons. His right hand readies for the following image.

Our camera B moves in on the other screen and here we see a further close-up of the previous Voyager 2 screen image.

ADRIAN

Everything so far seems to be as it should be with Jupiter and its moons... including Io.



Dr. Crater hits the zoom plus key as we move in on the on his James Web like telescope focusing on and identifying the larger moons revolving around their mother planet Jupiter. Meanwhile, data from his graphic screen's outer perimeter keeps updating as he moves his cursor from each moon ending on Io.

Adrian is impressed by Dr. Crater's resources.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

During Pioneer One everything seemed to be as it should be. Then the following year Pioneer Two having on board even more sophisticated and powerful lenses took these images. Now take a closer look again at some of the smaller asteroids hovering around Io's erupting surface... there do you see it.

BEAT:

Look closely, that is no moon or asteroid. You are looking at a huge maybe 10 mile long Mother Spaceship camouflaging



itself as one of the Jovian smaller moons or asteroids near Io. And those two very bright lights lower right - I can't find these twin bright stars on any current Jupiter star map... So far our government and NASA remain silent when it comes to these Jovian alien anomalies.

ADRIAN

This is unbelievable! We are not God's only intelligentsia. Damn our Feds, they have known all along. And they have been keeping it from us, but why.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

More about that in a minute. Before the end of the 20th century ESA launched the uh, Galileo satellite. On board were lenses 1000 times more powerful than any previous satellite sent to study Jupiter and its moons...

Dr. Crater loads a closer image of the area.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

Here again is the Pioneer 2 image in this region and here is the same image from Galileo's high powered cameras. Now look very closely, Galileo lenses have uh, definitively captured an alien spaceship! And this is not the only documented alien craft known to hover in this uh, Jovian asteroid quadrant.

ADRIAN

What I am seeing sure seems to give validity and reason to why my dreams could be uh, taking place on Jupiter's moon Io... And if that is an alien spaceship, what is it doing hanging around Io? This is way beyond even my wildest dreams. What do you think is going in this part of our solar system?

Dr. Winslow Crater is so immersed in his Jupiter screens he doesn't have time to respond.

ON SCREEN: CGI

A definable alien craft fills Dr. Crater's screen.



Adrian almost puts his face through the guest monitor displaying an image that he never ever thought possible, a product of comic book science fiction - until now.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

It is quite possible what Sarah experienced were alien earth bound space shuttles or small communication devices decoying inside the meteor shower and this may just be one of their Mothership's in waiting.

ADRIAN

Incredible, any idea how long they have been stationed around this region, watching us.

DR WINSLOW CRATER

No idea nor do my NASA contacts.

ADRIAN

Drawing a scary blank doc...
Uh, would you happen to have
any close-ups of the moon Io.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

Io no, why?... you think because
of its volcanic properties maybe
these aliens have a home base
on Io? This moon's atmosphere
might have been able to support
life a couple ten millennia ago.
Today with all that hydrogen
and toxic sulphur suffocating
the dense magnetic atmosphere,
any intelligent life would uh,
have to live deep underground
protected from its uh, tectonic
plates playing havoc with its
inhabitable surface.

ADRIAN

Or above the toxic electro-
magnetic atmosphere in one of
these hovering Motherships!

Adrian sits back down on the couch, his thoughts
multiplying by the hundreds.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

You seem to know a lot about
Jupiter in particularly its
moons. Your interest in this
region of our solar system
to some like your Sarah may
appear curiously odd, would
you not agree.

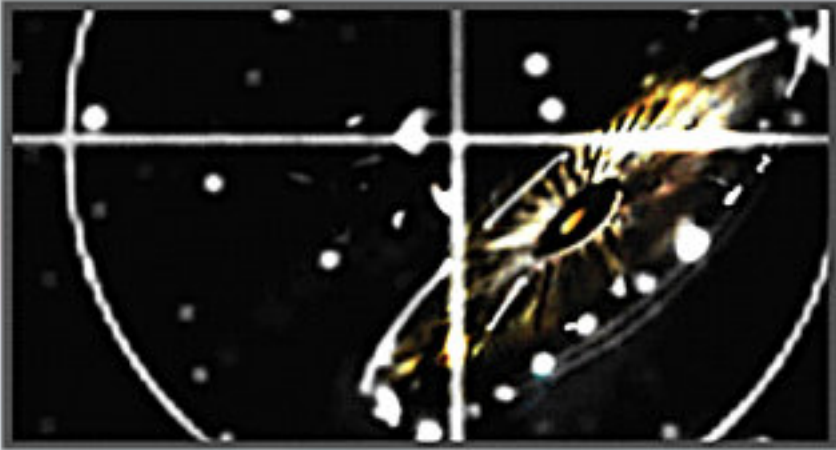
ADRIAN

Yes, I don't know, have always
had an interest in uh, Jupiter
especially Io ever since growing
up as a boy in Bergen Norway.

ADRIAN CONT'D

Shit look at the time, I have a backlog of work at home I need to finish before morning. After Sarah is through with harvesting we will be back -

Adrian stops in his tracks by what he sees
Now on his guest monitor screen.



ADRIAN CONT'D

This is going to go a long way in my understanding of the makeup of our vast universe. God's divine plan seems to have included more than just we humans. Our universe is too vast in having just we earthlings made only in His Image.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

How selfish for anyone to uh, ever think otherwise. Though many of our religious denomination would call these images the work of the devil, uh, trickery uh, blasphemy.

ADRIAN

Indeed... And do you maybe have insight into why the Feds and uh, NASA are covering up these 'we are not alone' alien sightings?

Dr. Crater moves from behind his reception desk and gazes up at his celestial dome ceiling.

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

The problem is not with NASA uh, but with our government and world leaders ever admitting to alien life. And the heavy hand of course of RELIGION is uh, at the core of this cover-up... Eastern and and Western religious leaders know that any proven uh, alien encounter would have cataclysmic consequences upon their faithful. It could be the end of religion. Every religious umbilical cord would be forever severed by this newfound universal TRUTH. Fear and chaos would consume uh, Wall Street and every other global market, all collapsing in its wake. Religious leaders from Christian, Hindu, to the Pope will declare aliens as Satan's abominations. Any government foolish enough to lead the charge for uh, alien contact would be met with severe ridicule and held in contempt. More importantly uh, these aliens are surely cognisant to our innate fears of the unknown and to the adverse effect it would have on mankind's biblical psyche. A risk they are not willing to take, at least not just yet... it is also believed they are working under the protection of our government.

ADRIAN

Your cognitive insight is hard to to argue uh, on all fronts. It is now much easier for me to believe when God created our uh, expanding

ADRIAN CONT'D

universe filled with billions of stars and galaxies which for the most part we cannot see or uh, comprehend. He or THEY did not create just us naïve Homo-sapiens. Uh, having also created thousands of other intelligent beings made in His or Their image. We are surely not the only one's made in His or Their image..

DR. WINSLOW CRATER

Indeed, and here is where my faith has led me... To an immeasurable Universal Creator or Creators.

ADRIAN

Count me in doc as one of those others... We have not yet even begun to understand our reason for being or who God IS.

FADE OUT:

The essence of my tagline:

Birdman From Io offers an alternative cosmic window into "How did we get here and why."



Sarah opens her bedroom door, she doesn't see her father coming down the unlit hallway. They bump into each other, Walt steadies her balance.

WALT

Gotcha, now we're even. Are you going to be alright - I mean uh, orbs and all?

SARAH

Yes, you know me always making a mountain out of a molehill. Maybe its best for me to just chalk up those blue orbs as just a freakish anomaly. But it is not going to be easy.

WALT

Your Scottish temperament is definitely something you uh, inherited from your mother. But at least I always knew where I stood with that red-headed tempest in a tea-cup.

SARAH

You and mom were so lucky to have um, found each other in high school.

WALT

High school, hell your mother lassoed me back in grade three. If your grandparent's hadn't moved away from here during the war uh, we would probably have spent our childhood together... I think about that sometimes. She may be gone, but I uh, feel mom still walks this hallway.

BEAT:

SARAH

Why is it when someone so good,
so loving like mom can be so
easily taken away from us. I
miss her so much.

WALT

TIME is going to have to be
our healer. Don't get me going
on why God seems to selfishly
take away our very best and so
damn early in life. You'd think
after all these centuries uh,
He would have more than enough
good people around Him. Maybe
what is missing in all this is
uh, God has a quota system for
each century or decade... Yet
Again there is so much we do not
know about God uh, regardless
of any religious denomination.

SARAH

Dad stop, you are um, coming
with me and your grandsons
to church this Sunday... And
I won't take no for an answer.
And with this year's harvest
almost behind us... Hopefully
this will also give me enough
time to figure out if I should
let Adrian more into my life.



WALT

I can't blame you for being careful especially after what that two-faced scumbag Hank did to you after sucking you into marrying him. Surely what comes around must go around.

SARAH

There you did it again dad, deliberately changing topics. You'd think I would be um, on to you by now. But you are right, so far I have not done a very good job with the men I have let into my life.

They have moved down to the hallway window. Sarah pulls back the sheer curtain and stares out into the starry night and Northern Lights.

SARAH CONT'D

Adrian I think is maybe somehow different. He is like no one else I have ever met in my life. He sure loves wearing his um, feathered vest. He um, insists on wearing it just about every Where he goes - even to work... He is so easy going, considerate, caring. I also like the way he makes me laugh, even at myself. His fascination with um, falcons took a little getting used to, but he really believes in himself. And this gives me um, the needed confidence in holding fast to my my beliefs... My boys need someone like Adrian who they can look up to, not some jerk who can't keep his pecker in his pants... Adrian could finally be the one I have been missing all my life.

WALT

I know it hasn't been easy for you since the desertion of that damn women-crazed adultery father of your boys. If Adrian is or isn't the right one, I'll remain the one watching your back. Just don't let your Scottish temper get in the way of a lifetime of happiness... I was once the uh, luckiest man on Earth... You never know when God is going to pull the rug right out from under your feet... Whata say we call it a night uh, don't you think... It has be a long day for both of us. By mid-morning we should be done with the Durham and can head on over and get a good start on the last of the barley... I have been silently praying and believing in that uh, Adrian has been sent to you from your mom above. And I still do believe in God... It's just that it takes me a little longer most days, uh, to believe in Him.

SARAH

That's okay dad, I completely understand, I um, wish mom was still here with us... I can only guess how lonely you must Be um, without mom, your one and only loving life partner.

WALT

I'm just grateful for the days uh, the many years we had... You and your boys give me hope uh, realizing not all is completely lost... And remind your Birdman uh, "love is a game that two can play and both can win."

Sarah

I can never thank you enough
dad for always, and um, I
do mean always been there
for me and for my twin boys.
You will always be one and
only Rock of Gibraltar...
Love you dad, goodnight.

WE SLOWLY ZOOM THROUGH THE SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY'S
OPEN SHEAR CURTAINS TO THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.



OUR CAMERA CONTINUES MOVING THROUGH TO THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS WHERE WE WITNESS YET
ANOTHER METEOR SHOWER CONTAINING BLUE ORBS.



FADE TO BLACK:

26 EXTERIOR CITY STREETS - NIGHT

Adrian leans to his right on his Harley cutting through traffic. He is in his element enjoying the freedom and throttling sound of his FLSTC Harley Anniversary Classic. He lets the night's air pass through his seemingly airborne feathered vest. He loves riding his bike through the city streets at night and it shows.

He pulls into a lane taking him to his 6th floor warehouse studio flat. He slides his helmet strap through the handle bars and rolls his bike into the back-lot freight elevator.



27 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT - NIGHT

After closing the freight elevator behind him, Adrian kick stands his Harley onto the rubber dry bike mat. He sheds his clothes, preferring to remain naked under his lofts dim lighting. He opens his lower kitchen counter liquor cabinet and pulls out a 12 year old bottle of scotch and fills his shot glass to the brim. He goes to the fridge and pulls out what's left of the 4 cheese pizza he and Sarah hardly touched the nigh before.

Now sitting at his kitchen nook table he inhales the pizza and gulps down his scotch. He walks over to his bookcase holding a second shot of scotch... He scans his book collection. His eye catches an old familiar brown leather hand tooled book. He pulls it out being careful not to damage the coloured gems tooled in a galactic shaped medallion that was moulded into its leather front cover.



Adrian hesitates opening the book, he takes a deep breath and decides not to undo the leather strap holding the ancient weary leather bound book. He puts it immediately back into the bookcase... He stares back at the bookcase doubting if he did the right thing by not opening his Ancient Viking Book given to him by his late grandfather that had been handed down to him from many, many previous Norse generations.

ADRIAN

Maybe tomorrow night grandpa,
we can revisit my viking ancestry.
It has been a long day full of
unbelievable mystery and alien
phenomena beyond my wildest
perceptions - cheers grandpa.

He moves over to his computer, checks his emails.
He opens a new email from Sarah - and reads it
out loud to himself.

ADRIAN'S SCREEN:

Hi Birdman how did things go
tonight with Dr. Crater? Can't
help but think you two have
a lot in common when it comes
to understanding the cosmos and
what also might be out there
like my blue orbs I witnessed.
Sleep tight and no visits to
Io tonight - promise.

luv u Sarah XO :)

Adrian sits at his computer desk and replies to
Sarah's email after first downing his scotch.

ADRIAN'S SCREEN CONT'D

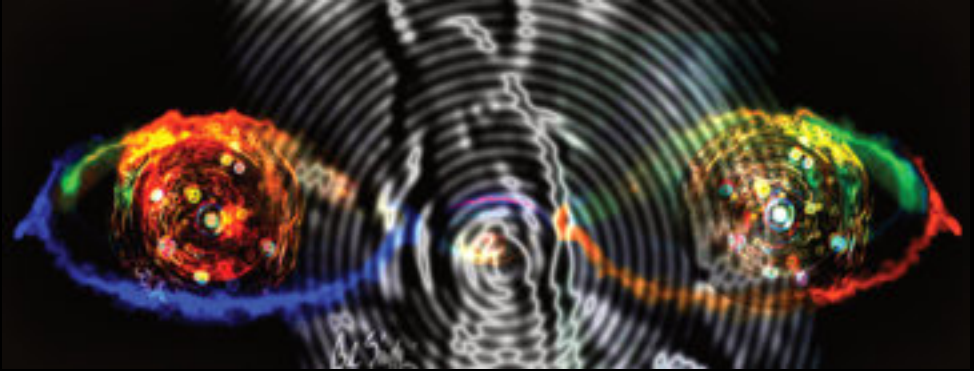
I am sitting here butt naked
thinking only about you. Your
Dr. Crater seems to know a lot
about what is really and truly
going on in our vast universe.
And by the way my dreams always
start with you and then for some
unknown reason are interrupted
by me riding on a Merlin Falcon
and then confronted by alien craft
above Io's erupting volcanoes.

Sweet dreams babe - luv you.
P.S. we're not alone!

28 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT - NIGHT

Adrian is mumbling in his sleep tossing his head from side to side. His eyes begin to flicker once again as his alien dreaming begins...

VFX DREAM ANIMATION #2



Adrian's over-sized MERLIN FALCON is once again taking him low over dense volcanic cloud. Overhead we hear the loud and deafening rumble of charged electromagnetic lightning and thunder.



Adrian is wearing a protective VIKING HELMET with a protruding bird-like beak shielding the ridge of his nose. It's like he is preparing for battle. His Dark coloured speckled feathered vest has been stretched to 3/4 length. A long double-edged sword fits firmly in its deer skin sheath.

OUR VFX ANIMATION/FRAMES MOVE IN ON ADRIAN FLYING
OVER THE EXPLODING ATMOSPHERE.



Right on schedule one of the unidentified alien winged sphere shuttle craft bursts through the dense volcanic cloud with increasing ash cover zeroing in on their blinded flight. The MERLIN FALCON immediately banks hard right dodging collisions.



As the MERLIN FALCON continues sweeping downward through the lower volcanic cloud cover and ash, we see for the first time erupting volcanoes spewing lava EVERYWHERE. Volcanic ash is also intensifying Further, impeding their ability to stay airborne. They must find shelter from the hot volcanic ash wreaking havoc within the magnetic electrical Storm. For surely the fiery volcanic ash will consume them both!

The thunderous sound of lightning cuts through the volcanic ash sky as Adrian's MERLIN FALCON continues to blindly navigate them downward through the volcanic storm.



Adrian and his Merlin Falcon continue flying, banking downward through the ash filled volcanic cloud cover. WHEN: a ridge leading to a cave comes into view. He sees an abandoned winged sphere shuttle craft at the entrance to the cave.



The alien spacecraft has definitely seen better days. Lightning is moving in fast catapulting all That is in its way. His MERLIN FALCON continues dodging, swerving around the atmosphere's lightning strikes as he continues navigating them towards the cave's protective cover.



The MERLIN FALCON is seconds from reaching the abandoned shuttle craft cliff edge. Plummetering ash begins charring the Merlin Falcon's wings, Adrian's bird vest is also beginning to simmer in molten ash. Suddenly a lightning bolt strikes the bird's right wing. Zzzzzzt! Ka-boom!



Adrian's dream imagery suddenly begins to scramble there is incoming interference from another image.

WHO or WHAT is interfering with his dream now?

WHY is Adrian's dream frame being hacked...

His dream is becomes completely scrambled!

BEAT:



Adrian's alien dream begins to unscramble...



Revealing a "familiar alien war scene."
2088 streams across the bottom of the frame.



The alien warring alien crafts cut out!

Returning us back to Adrian's disarming dream. His feathered friend lurches uncontrollably downward towards the cave, his feathers now flickering in flames, he's shrieks in pain. The MERLIN FALCON instinctively begins somersaulting over and over trying to distinguish the burning ash and flames - it's working as Adrian holds on for dear life!



Adrian can barely hold on - his head spinning uncontrollably. He has lost his sense of orientation... and so has his trusted over-sized feathered companion.



They continue spiralling out of control the alien winged sphere SHUTTLE CRAFT comes into view. They are milliseconds from the cave's ledge.

Everything is happening too fast - at blurring speeds! The MERLIN FALCON'S LEFT WING clips the alien winged sphere craft - SLASH!



SC 29 - NIGHT

ADRIAN'S DREAM-SCREEN SOMERSAULTS TO BLACK:

BEAT:

WE HEAR IN THE DARKNESS THE SOUNDS OF ADRIAN AND HIS FALCON CRASHING INTO THE ALIEN WINGED CRAFT
KLUNNK!-OOMP! KRAAK!... KLUMP! - SIZ-Z-Z-Z!

30 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT - NIGHT

Adrian sits up in a cold sweat as he tries desperately to catch his breath. He looks around trying to get his bearings, wondering if he is still in this dream or back in his own bed.

ADRIAN

Oh my God I just about died,
what the hell is going on uh,
inside my alien dreams. Why
me grandfather?

He tries to lay back down but his heavy breathing continues. He gets up and heads for the liquor cabinet. He once again fills his shot glass to the brim. He moves over to his red barbershop chair levering backwards 45 degrees and looks skyward.

ADRIAN CONT'D

Grandfather if you can hear
me I need your help... What
is going on with me, inside
my damn dreams?

He catches his breath and moves over to his computer workstation and brings up his email screen. He notices he has received a late night email from Dr. Crater.

COMPUTER SCREEN

Just received from a very
avid UFO watchdog a number
of extremely high resolution
photos taken during last week's
meteor shower in the northern
skies - unbelievable! I think
you and Sarah need to see these
alien anomalies. Have attached
one of these alien-like high
resolution images. We should
meet at your convenience or
sooner if possible!

We have lots to discuss over
the possible affects this will
have in the understanding of your
dreams and the affect it will
unfortunately have on Sarah's
blue orbs sighting.

CONT'D
Dr. Arthur Winslow Crater
Resident UFO Alien
and Abduction Specialist
1-999-555-UFOS
24/7

ADRIAN
Welcome to my club.

BEAT:

Adrian opens Dr. Winslow Crater's attached photo.



31 INT. ADRIAN'S STUDIO FLAT - NIGHT

Adrian slides back into his barbershop chair and stares up into his skylight.

ADRIAN
Am I going mad... or is the
world in for a rude awaking.

BEAT:

Adrian swings his barbershop chair towards his bookcase containing his grandfather's ancient ancestry book, hiding in the shadows. His eyes begin to flicker... drudgingly he falls back asleep.

32 EXT ADRIAN'S SKYLIGHT POV - NIGHT

We here the sounds of Adrian's snoring coming through his skylight as our camera slowly turns away focusing instead on the starry night sky.

33 INT THOMPSON KITCHEN - MORNING

Sarah and Walt are inhaling their pancakes, eggs, bacon and hot buttered croissants.

WALT

The bins may start germinating with all this rain, need to get some of our wheat to the grain elevator tomorrow. So if you don't mind I need you leading the charge. After that Earl and I can pick up what little there is left out in the barley quarter section.

SARAH

Dad I am not going anywhere until *I decide when it is* time to leave. I don't like leaving you alone like this, not now um after last night.

WALT

Alone, hell uh, I've got no time to think about being alone, there is too much uh, that needs to be done around here before winter. Besides I think your aunt and I are getting along just fine. And you gotta admit this breakfast she has prepared for us will go a long ways until lunch.

JASON and JORDAN come running into the kitchen waving their latest drawings in excitement.

JASON

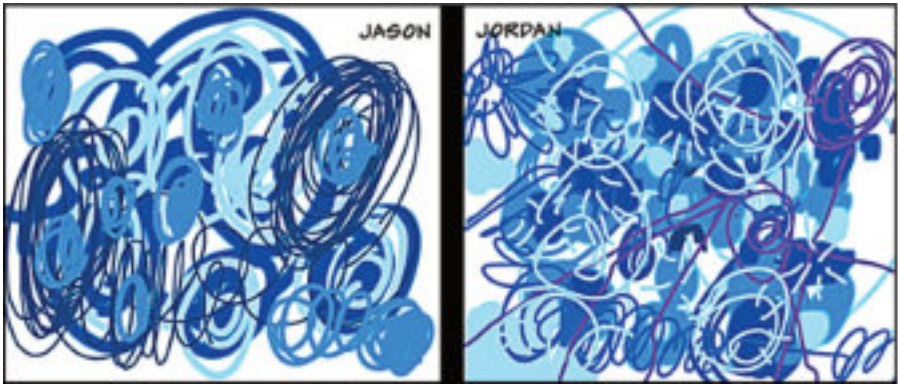
Me first, I'm older than you by
forty minutes!

JORDAN

No mommy wants to see my blue
lights first! See mommy they
cover the whole page!

JASON

Mommy my blue lights are bigger!



SARAH

Boys can you please tell me
why you both (sigh), keep um,
drawing these blue orbs? Though
they are both beautifully drawn.

34 EXT. CITY PARK BENCH - DAY

Adrian and Jimmie are enjoying their hot dogs
sitting on Adrian's favourite park bench overlooking
the city park pond. A few swans swim close to shore
where children are tossing bread crumbs at them.

JIMMIE

Sounds like you had quite the
Fantasia dream weekend. Man,
to be able to dream like you
would really be something.

ADRIAN

Really, you wouldn't mind letting your dreams take you crashing into alien objects or get tossed about by an over-sized falcon bird holding on for dear life... And then there are these other alien dreams that keep cutting in, aliens invading earth, I even know the year 2088!... Jimmie these dreams have become too real to ignore. "Dreams are supposed to be just dreams" uh, they are not uh, supposed to take on, have a life of their own.

JIMMIE

You need to somehow cut down on your alien content. Though I uh, wouldn't mind trading places with you for just one night. Maybe then I could come face to face with your falcon and fly over to the moon Io.

(he looks down at his watch)

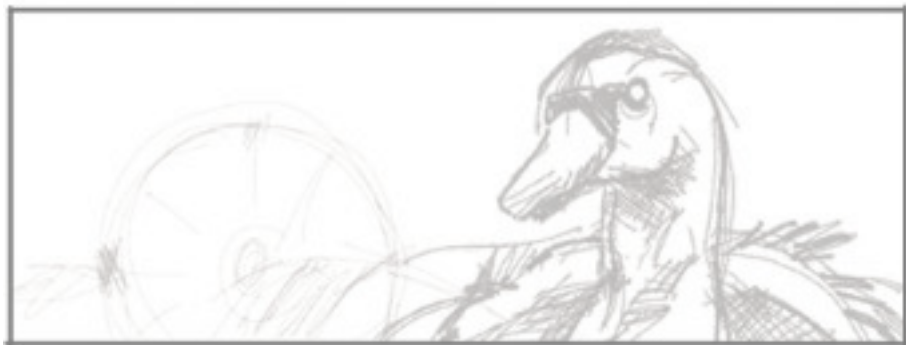
It looks like it's time for me to head back to our agency office. I need a little extra time to go over a few key notes for my 1:30 client meeting regarding the grand opening of their new store at the Park Royale Shopping Centre over on 20th Avenue and 11th Street... I'll leave you to your swans... They being perhaps distant cousins to your falcon uh, maybe they can help you figure out what is going on in your dreams. And uh, thanks for the Armageddon 2088 tip.

BEAT:

Adrian pulls out his sketch pad and a 2H pencil from his worn black leather tote bag and begins lightly

sketching on a new page a large outline of a swan's head. Next to the swan's head he uncontrollably begins another sketch.

CAMERA MOVES IN ON ADRIAN OUTLINING HIS DRAWING.



Instinctively he begins illustrating a crashed alien winged sphere spaceship with himself dressed in a feathered-like cape standing victorious on its crumbling top. It's as if he inadvertently knows the outcome of his recent dream crash ... He then reconfigures the swan's head into his familiar dream Merlin Falcon using the same 4B pencil he used drawing himself on top of the alien spacecraft.



He looks down at his drawing not knowing why or where his alien dreams will take him next.

ADRIAN

And on and on it goes, hoping
my dreams remain just dreams.

End of Episode 1 - Pilot Edition