

CHLOE'S DAD
Pilot Episode

Chloe's Dad vs. The Saucer Men from Outer Space

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SMASH IN FROM BLACK

A tactical boot SLAMS into desert sand... then another... and another... and another... and....!

WIDER TO REVEAL A TEAM OF BADASS ARMY HOMBRES

Kevlar. Night vision. AR-15 at the ready. As HUMVEES and TANKS roll to a stop and a chopper SCREAMS past to REVEAL:

A SPIKY AND MENACING ALIEN MOTHERSHIP

Obsidian skin. Brackish green glow. HOVERING above:

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EXT. A MASSIVE DUNE IN THE MOJAVE DESERT - NIGHT

1

The Hombres reach the front of an IMPOSING FORMATION OF TROOPS AND EQUIPMENT. Two MIA2-SAP tanks crouch at the fore.

BEFORE THE TANKS: TWO ARMY GENERALS (JOHNSON AND TAYLOR)

General Johnson talks into a Sat-Phone:

GENERAL JOHNSON

We have not made contact Mr.
President, but we're battle ready
and -

A SOUL SHAKING DRONE PUNISHES EVERY EARDRUM as A SLIT forms in the ship's skin, splitting open TO REVEAL a dripping, slimy ramp. Three HUMANOIDS in ENVIRONMENT SUITS move forward as a MICRPHONE rises in a pool of light at the ramp's end.

The lead humanoid stops at the microphone.

THE GENERALS LOOK AHEAD, THEN AT ONE ANOTHER - holy SHIT! And their men all share that exact same emotion as:

LEAD ALIEN

I am Praxala of Aoxomoxoa. Your Earth is now a fiefdom of the Aoxomoxoan Regency. We have come to accept your surrender. If you do not capitulate, the consequences will be dire.

GENERAL TAYLOR

Not on my watch. OPEN FIRE!

The tanks behind him RISE THEIR GUNS to aim at Praxala but -

Suddenly, A RAY OF TURBID GREEN LIGHT STREAKS FROM THE MOTHERSHIP! It hits the tanks - MELTING THEM!

Taylor and Johnson take this in with horrified amazement.

PRAXALA OF AOXOMOXOA
Your weapons are vastly inferior.
Surrender and we will show you
mercy, resist and you will be -

A ROAR PARTS THE CLOUDS ABOVE. All eyes go up to see:

A MAN IN A JETPACK, COMING IN FOR A LANDING.

And not just any jetpack: the exact same one worn by Sean Connery in *Thunderball*, down to the silver Bell helmet!

The man in the jetpack touches down in front of the generals and punches a button on one of the hand grips.

THE JETPACK FOLDS AND VANISHES

Giving a view of the man's strangely still very well-pressed Brioni suit. He removes the helmet and hands it to General Taylor, REVEALING the handsome face of...

Who are we kidding? Handsome doesn't begin to cover it: the guy's a beacon of charm and style. His name: **BLAKE BLACKSTAR**. Blake gives a mock salute, then takes the phone from Johnson:

BLAKE
I got this one.

PRAXALA AND HIS SUBALTERNs EXCHANGE PUZZLED GLANCES.

PRAXALA OF AOXOMOXOA
What is this? Who are -

BLAKE
Just hold a sec.
(into the Sat-Phone)
POTUS. Yeah, me! Ha-ha, yes, still on for poker Wednesday. No, no, don't worry about the aliens. I'll handle them.

This finally snaps Praxala back to the business at hand:

PRAXALA OF AOXOMOXOA
Handle us? I will take pleasure in watching you die.

BLAKE
(handing back the phone)
Riiight. What was your name again?

PRAXALA OF AOXOMOXOA
 I am Praxala - Prince of Aoxomoxoa,
 Governor of the Nexus of Sominus,
 Master of the Knights of -

BLAKE
 First name's plenty. So. Welcome to
 Earth. But you're not the first
 aliens we've had here. So we have
rules. So far so good?

PRAXALA OF AOXOMOXOA
 I -- I mean --

BLAKE (CONT'D)
 (not letting him)
 Rule number one: blend in,
 wear your skin suit,
 humanity's public is not
 ready to know you're here.
 Number two: no hunting people
 for sport, which I think is
 self-explanatory. And, number
 three: no impregnating us
 with your alien spawn. Scares
 the children. We good?

PRAXALA OF AOXOMOXOA (CONT'D)
 We do not intend on doing any one
 of those things.

BLAKE
 All righty then. Peace in our time.

PRAXALA OF AOXOMOXOA
 We intend on doing all of them
 simultaneously!

THE MOTHERSHIP'S GREEN GLOW TURNS ORANGE

As a terrifying POWERING UP TRILL emanates from within,
 General Johnson leans in over Blake's shoulder.

GENERAL TAYLOR
 That didn't go well.

Blake holds up one hand to shut him up as he reaches for a
 BLOBBY MODULE WITH A BUTTON from one of his jacket pockets.

BLAKE
 Hey! Newbie! Recognize this? Gift
 from our friends from Frolix 8. You
 do not want me to push this!

PRAXALA OF AOXOMOXOA
 You are bluffing!

BLAKE
Your funeral.

Blake PUSHES THE BUTTON... an ENERGY WAVE gathers around the module then ARCS TOWARD THE MOTHERSHIP, ENGULFING IT...

But then the energy wave fades and vanishes

GENERAL TAYLOR
That also didn't go well.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Wait for it...

With a horrible build, PRAXALA and his subalterns SCREAM a very distinctive scream, writhing in pain as THEIR CLEAR HELMETS FILL WITH A BROWN, SLIMY LIQUID and INFLATE.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
Makes them shit their brains out.
Literally. Watch.

THE AOXOMOXOANS EXPLODE! The excretia in their suits BURSTS out in every direction with a squishy BLAM! Aoxomoxoan screams fill the night as:

The spacecraft WOBBLES with an awful MALFUNCTION noise, as everyone inside suffers the same fate as their leaders... And PLOPS DOWN onto the dune with a clattering cacophony. The dust settles. The sound of explosive defecation dies.

THE HOMBRES AROUND BLAKE CHEER. Blake gets back on the phone.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
All done, POTUS, see you Weds.
Oh, and you're welcome.

Blake tosses the phone back as his Jetpack UNFURLS. He puts on his helmet. AND TAKES OFF! Off the Generals, astounded -

SMASH CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE - CHLOE'S DAD!

SMASH IN ON:

2

EXT. A LARGE INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX - NIGHT

2

An imposing tower with a large, Sputnik-like metal ball on top looms over clustered glass and concrete buildings... over this ESTABLISHING SHOT, a TMZ-LIKE WEBCAST:

WEBCAST (O.S.)
In his latest scientific triumph, Blake Blackstar has figured out a way to fertilize hundreds of acres of the Mojave desert -

3

INT. BLACKSTAR INDUSTRIES - FACTORY FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

3

A GUARD at a glass-walled station sits on a chair, watching the newscast on A LAPTOP, as a BANK OF SCREENS before him shows SECURITY FOOTAGE OF THE BUILDING, INSIDE AND OUT.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN - A TMZ-LIKE WEBPAGE

Showing STREAMING VIDEO of Blake Blackstar playing the bass on a small stage in what is clearly a pub or dive bar... and singing on the mic next to him... BONO.

WEBCAST

After that, Blake jetted to Belfast to play bass in a local pub with his new best friend - !

PUSH IN ON ONE OF THE SECURITY SCREENS

Showing a high-tech FACTORY FLOOR: down for the night. The PUSH comes out the other side to REVEAL THE CAMERA at:

4

INT. BLACKSTAR INDUSTRIES FACTORY - MAIN FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

4

An iPhone sits on a makeshift cradle mounted on the lens... the screen, facing the lens shows THE FACTORY FLOOR.

BENEATH THE CAMERA, CROUCH THREE SIXTEEN YEAR-OLDS

One of them - **MOLLY MARTINEZ**: Latinx, awkward but slowly growing out of it, dressed in a blue grease-monkey jumpsuit, a do-rag and matching checkered Vans - holds a tablet:

ON THE TABLET SCREEN: A WINDOW MIRRORS THE IPHONE CAMERA**MOLLY**

Thirty second loop captured...
Alright, camera's been spoofed.

The second of the three, **GARY FROM GLENDALE**, in full commando green and face paint - holds up his own phone:

GARY

Want me to start the livestream?

THE THIRD AND LAST STEPS BEFORE HIS PHONE CAMERA...

This is **CHLOE O'BRIEN**, whip smart in clashing olive green patterns clearly sourced from one of the city's finest thrift stores, a black Buster Keaton hat, and John Lennon glasses.

CHLOE

Okay, guys... this is what it takes to change the world... Light it up!

SMASH CUT TO A TIK-TOK-LIKE APP CALLED "WUMBI"

LETTERBOXED IN PORTRAIT - the words "**CAPITALISM KILLS!**" streak across the screen with UPBEAT AND REBELLIOUS MUSIC.

A graphic shows **FOLLOWERS LOGGING ON TO THE STREAM**, as well **LIKES** in the form of thumbs up and **EMOJIS FLOATING ONSCREEN**.

INTERCUT WITH MOLLY AND GARY

He streams as she runs a virtual VIDEO BOARD from her tablet:

CHLOE (CONT'D)

Hello SJWs - and I use that term in a reclaimed and empowered way! It's me, Chloe, and I'm on a super secret mission to expose the billionaire scumbag who wants to give us all brain cancer - That's right, Blake Blackstar -

OVER A MONTAGE OF UNFLATTERING IMAGES OF BLAKE BLACKSTAR:

CHLOE (CONT'D)

While he drinks Manhattans in his Jesus Yacht, he's also building towers all over the city.

RESUME ON CHLOE: Indicating eWave tower parts (recognizable from the establisher) under construction.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

He says they will transmit electricity wirelessly...

Gary and Molly keep working, unaware of:

ANOTHER GROUP OF TEENS SNEAKING IN BEHIND THEM

And as they set up their own RIVAL LIVESTREAM...

CHLOE (CONT'D)

... I say they cause brain cancer, and I can prove it. An anonymous whistle blower inside Blackstar Industries has told me there's evidence right here in this factory that proves the eWave towers are lethal and toxic - so we're going to find it together, right now! Tonight we expose Blake Blackstar as a murderer, and -

SMASH CUT TO:

A RIVAL STREAMING APP - THIS ONE IS CALLED ZIK-ZAK

A FAST-PACED MONTAGE introduces a stream: "BURN IT DOWN." On screen, another young SJW, **FALGUNI FREMONT** - 16, a tackier, less authentic version of Chloe - gives her own speech:

FALGUNI

It's time to BURN IT DOWN! The evil capitalists who are sucking the world dry work right here, so I brought the Burn-it-Down crew -

Falguni POINTS TO HER CREW, another young man and woman who also look like less authentic versions of Molly and Gary... her "Gary" opens a bag full of fireworks!

FALGUNI (CONT'D)

And enough fireworks to -

Falguni produces a Zippo lighter and strikes it:

FALGUNI AND HER FRIENDS

BURN IT DOWN!

RETURN TO CHLOE'S STREAM

As she sees Falguni and her crew, and STRIDES OVER, pissed.

INTERCUT BETWEEN REALITY, WUMBI, AND ZIK-ZAK:

CHLOE

Falguni! What are you doing?

FALGUNI

Dude, out of my shot! I'm trying to fight for social justice here!

Molly and Gary now ARGUE WITH THEIR COUNTERS.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You gotta get out of here and take your carnival with you - we got real work to do!

FALGUNI

You are such a stuck-up bitch! You think you're the only one who gets to fight for justice?

Gary and his counterpart start a SHOVING MATCH.

CHLOE

You burn it down and I lose my evidence! I can't lose the -

FALGUNI (CONT'D)

(Zippo still in hand)
Aren't you little-miss-I'm-the-most-important-person-in-the-world?

Gary's counterpart SHOVES HIM into Falguni - **AND THE ZIPPO FLIES INTO THE BAG FULL OF FIREWORKS** - LIGHTING a bunch of WICKS AND FUSES. The entire bag SPARKS!

GARY FROM GLENDALE
Oh... shit.

FALGUNI (CONT'D)
RUN!

CHLOE
I'll find an extinguisher! Go! Go!

MOLLY
But -

Molly and Gary hightail it outta there - Falguni and her squad bail, too - and Chloe RIPS an extinguisher from the wall, but by the time she turns back...

THE BAG BURNS - SMALL FIRECRACKERS POPOPOPOPOPOPOPOPOPOP! - OFF CHLOE, not liking what's gonna happen next...

6 **EXT. BLACKSTAR INDUSTRIES - FACTORY - NIGHT** 6

KA-BOOM! THE ROOF ERUPTS WITH COLORED LIGHT. SIRENS WAIL.

DOWN BELOW - MOMENTS LATER

Falguni and her gang RUN under the fence they cut in order to sneak in. Molly and Gary run behind them, all disappearing right as POLICE CARS and FIRETRUCKS PULL UP to the complex.

GARY AND MOLLY LOOK BACK OUT OF THE SHADOWS TO SEE...

Chloe - led out of the facility by SECURITY GUARDS who hand her over to the police. Her hands are zip tied.

RESUME ON GARY AND MOLLY, STRICKEN...

MOLLY
Not again.

7 **INT. MARTINEZ HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAWN** 7

Sunlight streams through beautiful windows into a homey yet tastefully designed kitchen. A coffee maker gurgles. A hand takes the pitcher to a breakfast table where Molly and Gary - still in infiltration clothes - sit, cowed.

The hand belongs to ERNESTO MARTINEZ (early 40s, Mexican-American) one of Molly's two dads. Ernesto is a dapper dan, always in shirt and bowtie, always in pastels, and always with a snarky comeback - he pours:

ERNESTO

We're not going all the way to the station to sit on ugly plastic chairs and wait.

Molly looks to her other dad, HUMBERTO, over by the fridge - same age, also Mexican-American, dresses like an office IT, always to Ernesto's embarrassment.

HUMBERTO

Your father's right. Not to mention we don't even know if we can bail her out yet... I mean, they hike it up every time they bring her in.

GARY

Got any heavy cream? I'm keto now.

Humberto head-shakes, hands over a carton from the fridge.

ERNESTO

When she makes the call, we go.

GARY

How about Agave? No? Okay then, why don't I take this unsweetened coffee, and, if you don't mind, I'd like to change so I can go home.

ERNESTO

Shame to ruin your make up.

GARY

You like it? Oh you're kid- okay...

Gary gets out of there. Humberto takes a deep breath, then:

HUMBERTO

Molly.

MOLLY

I know, I know - I need to stop following Chloe into these "damn fool idealistic crusades" and -

ERNESTO

Bitch, just tell her you love her already. We didn't raise you in the closet, we sure as chipotle don't want you living there.

Molly looks upward - this is not a new conversation:

MOLLY

Do you two read the news? Do you realize what it's like to be gay in Trump's America?

ERNESTO

As opposed to the paradise of unfettered freedom that was Reagan's America?

MOLLY

You were born in Bush's America, you came out in Clinton's America, you got married and had me in Obama's America, and you live in a liberal Echo Park bubble in the People's Republic of California.

ERNESTO

She's right. We know nothing.

HUMBERTO

You know Trump's not president anymore, right?

MOLLY

Dads. I have a plan. Chloe and I graduate. We room together at UCLA. We let nature take its course.

ERNESTO

You already live under the same roof, what do you want from nature, an Evite?

Molly's cellphone rings - ON SCREEN: CHLOE'S PICTURE. Molly gestures and picks it up, as she talks on the phone:

HUMBERTO

I hate it when you call our daughter "bitch".

ERNESTO

Bitch like a bitch you get called a bitch. She knows. She reads YA.

HUMBERTO

She has a point, we do have it relatively easy.

ERNESTO

What are you talking about? Half her class has no gender.

MOLLY
 (clicking off)
 That was Chloe. She's ready.

Gary enters, in a striped polo, slacks, loafers, a chain around his neck, and bracelets on his wrist.

GARY
 So, thank you for the safe space.
 Okay if I come again tomorrow to
 change into my school clothes?

HUMBERTO
 Why don't you just tell your
 parents that you don't want to
 dress like a conservative guy from
 Glendale?

Gary beams as if someone has finally seen him:

GARY
 You're... you're right. I'm gonna
 do that. I'm gonna go home and do
 that... right after I French kiss
 Mahatma Gandhi. Later!

ERNESTO
 Who'd we piss off to be the "cool
 dads?"

8

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

8

A visibly worried Chloe sits at a desk with a **POLICE CAPTAIN (HELEN JENKINS)** who talks to her like an old friend who just happens to be three times her age and wears a uniform:

CAPTAIN JENKINS
 All rightie, C - sign here, please.

CHLOE
 You know, we've done this enough
 times you could forge my signature.

The Captain stands, offering her candy from a dish:

CAPTAIN JENKINS
 You know that's not a good thing,
 right? Jellybean? No? OK. Your
 benefactors are here. Come on.

Chloe stands. They WALK AND TALK across the bullpen:

CHLOE
 This one's bad, isn't it?

CAPTAIN JENKINS

You almost burned down a factory in Burbank. Do the math.

CHLOE

I told the detectives. I didn't bring the fireworks. That was Falguni Freemont. You want me to write out her address for you?

CAPTAIN JENKINS

We have people on it.

CHLOE

Then how come I'm the one in here? The whole thing is on video. Come on, Cap. It's Blake Blackstar you should be after. He's giving us all brain cancer.

CAPTAIN JENKINS

Be that as it may, you're out of strikes, Chloe O'Brien. I like you. Everyone here likes you, which is already a red flag because we shouldn't even know you. You have spunk, your heart's in the right place, but it's been a year since your mother passed and Burbank PD can only be sympathetic to a fault.

CHLOE

I get it. I won't get caught again.

Jenkins looks at her like: way to *not* get the message, but Chloe looks ahead past a reception desk to see:

MOLLY

Chloe!

Chloe rushes past Jenkins to give Molly a hug as Ernesto and Humberto give each other knowing looks.

CHLOE

You OK?

MOLLY

There's a pantload of reporters outside waiting to talk to you!

CHLOE

The press? Here? That's new - and awesome! I need to talk to them!
(noticing the two dads)

(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

But not before I say thanks for
bailing me out, again.

ERNESTO

Honey. We just got here.

CHLOE

You didn't bail me out? So who did.

CAPTAIN JENKINS

Your hijinks caught the eye of some
folks in high places.

CHLOE

Like someone important saw the
stream? Amazing! I bet that's how
the reporters got here! Can I go?

HUMBERTO

Can we stop you?

9

EXT. POLICE STATION - FRONT STEPS - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

9

Chloe BURSTS out to see a small group of Reporters, including
a couple of ENG's with cameras, waiting for her. A UNIFORM
keeps the reporters at bay... until one of them sees her:

REPORTER#1

That's her, it's Chloe!

The reporters CLAMOR and move toward Chloe, who eats it up:

CHLOE

Hi everyone! Uh, hello, yes, it's
me, Chloe O'Brien - O'Brien with an
"e" - and before I take questions,
I'd like to make a statement...

From the door, Ernesto rolls eyes in an "oy vey" gesture.
Humberto elbows him to be cool. Molly watches, awestruck, as
Captain Jenkins brings up the rear.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

I'm getting out of jail no thanks
to certain other youthful activists
who don't have the courage to stand
for their own convictions... I'm
looking at you Falguni Freemont!
Anyway - Blake Blackstar is a
robber baron and a criminal threat
to all of our well being - uh, well
beings. Of all the billionaires
raping our land and exploiting our
workers, Blake Blackstar is -

BLAKE BLACKSTAR (O.C.)
The one who just bailed you out of
prison and dropped all the charges!

EVERYONE TURNS IN SHOCK TO SEE - BLAKE BLACKSTAR!

Buttoning his Tom Ford suit jacket as he SWAGGERS UP THE STEPS TO THE LANDING WHERE CHLOE AND THE REPORTERS STAND.

BEHIND BLAKE: A YELLOW LAMBORGHINI URUS SUV, next to which stands his less flashy brother **BARNABY BLACKSTAR** - same age but a different ethnicity. A retinue of BLACK-SUITED BODYGUARDS stand by a black-on-black SUV next to the Urus.

The reporters SWARM. A BEAT COP pushes through for an autograph. As Blake signs and glad-hands, smiling:

A TOTALLY FUCKSTRUCK CHLOE STANDS, ABANDONED BY HER AUDIENCE.

Molly and her dads, and Captain Jenkins walk up behind her, faces every bit as full of what-the-fuck as Chloe's.

ERNESTO
Is that really Blake Blackstar?

MOLLY
He bailed you out?

CAPTAIN JENKINS
I said "friends in high places."
And his check cleared.

HUMBERTO ERNESTO
Is that a Lamborghini Urus? Shut up, nerd.

BLAKE RAISES HIS HANDS AND SHUTS UP THE PRESS

BLAKE
Everybody calm down. I'm just a private citizen today. A guy like any other. Except for the bank account in the high ten figures, I put my pants on one leg at a time just like everyone else, and sometimes - like you do - I have to go to city jail, and pay bail, because the young lady who's gotten into trouble is my daughter.

TIGHT ON CHLOE, as her UNIVERSE CRASHES DOWN ON TOP OF HER.
The Martinezes exchange puzzled looks. The following exchange takes place in surreal silence:

MOLLY

Did I hear that right?

ERNESTO

Oh I'm here for this.

MOLLY (CONT'D)

This is insane - is it true?

HUMBERTO

How can he even prove that?

CAPTAIN JENKINS

He sent her birth certificate and a genome scan, plus his check, so...

CHLOE

Am I in hell?

SOUND POPS BACK IN as the reporters go CRAZY with questions.

BLAKE

Now, like an ordinary civilian, I'd like for you to make way so I can talk to my wayward child. I have no other comments at this time.

Blake sidesteps the press, but before they can follow him to Chloe, Barnaby steps up before them - the perfect handoff:

BARNABY

Mister Blackstar would appreciate your respecting his family's privacy at this sensitive moment, which is why he has authorized me to give every one of you VIP passes to the launch of our Athena Space Vehicle - right here in Burbank, in exchange for your cameras, voice recorders and telephones, which we will replace free of charge.

That gets all the reporters to back down, allowing Blake to get to the still very surprised Chloe.

CHLOE

Blake Blackstar. Blake. Blackstar.

BLAKE

She say anything else?

(off Chloe)

Take a deep breath, kiddo. Sometimes I stun even myself.

CHLOE

No - no way. I don't believe any of this.

(MORE)

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You - you are a liar, and a capitalist, and a horrible human being who -

BLAKE

Who *could* press charges that will put you in prison for decades.

CHLOE

Decades?

BLAKE

You're an arsonist. You've cost me millions in damage.

CHLOE

That was Falguni Freemont! Why won't anyone look at the video?

BLAKE

I don't care. All I want is that you let me give you a ride home so we can discuss this in private.

CHLOE

Are you drunk? Why would I ever get in a car with you?

BLAKE

Technically, I am your legal guardian. Also I'm asking in front of a gaggle of reporters and a police Captain, and I am me. If I wanted to hurt you, you'd be hurt already. So think how it'll boost your followers and climb on in.

Chloe looks back at Molly, her dads, and Captain Jenkins.

HUMBERTO

It is a nice car.

(then, to Blake, darkly)

But you touch a hair on that girl's head? I grew up in Norwalk. I'm not talking gang-related. I'm talking whacked out Mayans with no future.

Comprende?

Off Blake, for the first time not so confident, nodding:

10

INT. LAMBORGHINI URUS - DAY (MOMENTS LATER)

10

Chloe enters through the passenger side door, held by a Bodyguard. The Bodyguard offers a hand, she SWATS him away:

CHLOE
Hands off, henchie.

Chloe stink-eyes the bodyguard as he SHUTS THE DOOR:

BLAKE
Any music requests?

CHLOE
There is no way that my mother -
there is no way that you and her -
I mean - YOU ARE NOT MY FATHER!

BLAKE
Got the paper to prove it, Pistol.

CHLOE
Oh, no! You do not call me
"Pistol"! Only my mom knows that
name and only my mom gets... to
call... me... pistol. Oh. Shit.

"Oh. Shit." is right. Blake smiles and HITS THE ACCELERATOR:

BLAKE
When your mother Eleonore O'Brien -
O'Brien with an "e" - and me were
in the thick of it, and I mean talk
of wedding bells and king size
beds, we were gonna get a malamute
and call her "Pistol". Never got
the dog but the name stuck.

CHLOE
She named me after a dog?

BLAKE
A theoretical dog. Point is, Elle
was doing applied physics when I
dropped out to make my first
billion, and she did not want that
around you. I never got why she
hated success and money, but we
agreed to part. Now, I've heard you
hate me, and guess what? I'm not
thrilled about having a Patcheuli-
stinking commie thrifter for a
daughter. But the prototypes for my
eWave towers are under review with
the FCC, the FDA, and the ones who
stick the monkeys with vaccines -

CDC? CHLOE BLAKE (CONT'D)
 Man, they're a surly bunch. Anyway, I can't have anyone muddying the water during this delicate time. So I am going to make you an offer.

Chloe just looks at him, no idea where this is going...

BLAKE (CONT'D)
 You agree to drop your idealistic-but-uninformed crusade and sign an NDA, and I give you... anything. Name it. The great Blake Blackstar's over a barrel. There I said it. Oh god, oh god. How big do I make the check?

Chloe processes this: fifteen minutes ago she was in a cell, now she's here. With this guy. It fills her with resolve.

CHLOE
 One of your wage slaves saw my streams and contacted me. Me. They told me there's a report that proves your towers cause brain cancer. I'm going to find it and expose you - and nothing you say or do is gonna stop me.

BLAKE
 I appreciate your passion. But let's think this through. I didn't become me by murdering my clients. Do you really think if those towers caused brain cancer, I wouldn't know, wouldn't have fixed it? I'm billionaire genius Blake Blackstar.

CHLOE
 You are so conceited.

BLAKE
 The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, young lady - I have clips from your Instagram to prove it.

CHLOE
 So you're not just a deadbeat dad, you're a pervy stalker, too.

Blake stops the car, turns to her, his tone now steel:

BLAKE

For someone so righteous you sure love to hear yourself talk. You chose activism, I chose tech, but don't fool yourself about what you're really after.

CHLOE

I'm after truth -

BLAKE (CONT'D)

You're after *power*. That's not a bad thing - that's how you change the world - but don't fool yourself into thinking it's something else.

Chloe cracks her gull-wing door and exits, turning to Blake.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

You don't know me.

BLAKE

Uh huh. I know you're a trespasser and a vandal who's going to prison in twenty four hours, unless you take my offer. Think it through. I have everything. You have nothing.

Chloe takes this like a slap in the face. Doing her best to keep her cool, she looks to Molly's house, then at Blake:

CHLOE

I have more than you'll ever know.

Chloe SLAMS the door - awkwardly. She hates this... and as she walks to the Martinez house...

THE WHEELS ON THE URUS PIVOT INTO HOVERPADS

Chloe watches, stunned... as the Urus FLIES away, CRANE UP INTO AN AMBLIN-STYLE WONDER SHOT, as Chloe's eyeline follows the flying car on its trajectory UP, UP, AND AWAY...

12

EXT. BLACKSTAR MANSION - NIGHT

12

The Urus BEAUTY-PASSES over a modern home that makes the Getty Center look like a las Vegas strip mall tourist trap.

Finding a LANDING PAD atop one of the buildings, the Urus TOUCHES DOWN, wheels pivoting back to road configuration, as Barnaby strides out from a ROOF ACCESS HATCH to meet Blake.

BARNABY

That's not your victory face.

BLAKE

Don't start my obituary. It's gonna take a hot second, on account of her hating my guts.

BARNABY

Must have been intolerable.

BLAKE

When she looks that much like her mother? Yes.

BARNABY

She have her mommy's eyes?

BLAKE

More like her mommy's brain and mouth. Sitting there, having her tell me what's what. I had... emotions.

BARNABY

Sounds bad.

BLAKE

I gave her twenty-four hours. She'll take the money. She's too smart not to.

BARNABY

Good. I made the NDA she's going to sign so iron clad it will be like she never existed.

Blake nods. But then looks to his brother, serious.

BLAKE

Are we doing this for good reasons?

BARNABY

Why, you getting baby fever?

BLAKE

No. But she is my kid.

Barnaby looks back at his brother, equally serious.

BARNABY

We're shutting her down because she's coming at us at one of the rare times we're *vulnerable*.

(MORE)

BARNABY (CONT'D)

You were doing everything Elle asked you to, but then Little Greta "with-an-e" Thunberg decided to blow up a factory and denigrate our product, so now we do what we have to do.

(off his look)

There's no truth to what she's saying, right?

BLAKE

Bro. Brohim. Brosephus. Who am I, Elon Musk?

(then)

Still, if some wonk wrote a report I didn't get, I want to know it. Put some people on it.

BARNABY

Dang skippy. Break.

Barnaby BREAKS AWAY... and off Blake, pondering...

CUT TO:

A SERIES OF IMAGES OF A YOUNGER CHLOE WITH HER MOTHER

Selfies of the two at VARIOUS AGES, at the BEACH, at SCHOOL, GARDENING in a SWEET LITTLE BACKYARD, PICNIC-ING: all the signifiers of a beautiful mother/daughter relationship...

Chloe's hand SWIPES the images - on her phone in:

13

INT. MARTINEZ HOUSE - CHLOE'S ROOM - NIGHT

13

Chloe looks up to see Molly, standing at the doorway:

CHLOE

You're looking at me like I died.

MOLLY

Well. Your daddy is Satan.

Chloe pats the bed next to her. Molly steps over and sits - they're best friends, so it's easy but also a little nervy:

CHLOE

I've chosen to think of him as more "sperm donor" than "daddy."

MOLLY

Are you OK?

CHLOE
Tip-top. I mean, aside from being
bribed by Satan.

MOLLY
(nods, then...)
What if it isn't a bribe?

CHLOE
'Scuse?

MOLLY
He said he'd give you anything you
wanted, and he can, so... I mean
you could use his money to -

CHLOE
Don't do that.

MOLLY
Do what?

CHLOE
The "change the system from within"
crap. That's how they get you! One
day you take the check thinking
you're gonna start a foundation for
the victims, the next thing you
know you're firebombing brown
people from your private helicopter
for the greater good.

MOLLY
That escalated quickly.

CHLOE
I'm not selling out to that man.

MOLLY
You'd rather go to prison?

CHLOE
He wouldn't.

MOLLY
Really? The guy you think is giving
people brain cancer for money?
(off Chloe's doubt)
We have plans, Chloe, real life
plans - UCLA, me in engineering,
you in journalism, summer jobs,
going to Guatemala to chain
ourselves to that pipeline...

CHLOE

We're doing all that. I promise.

Molly looks up at Chloe - even if Chloe is too preoccupied to see it, Molly is clearly smitten with her, and also:

MOLLY

I'm scared.

CHLOE

Have I ever led you wrong?

MOLLY

How much bail do you owe my dads?

Chloe laughs. Molly follows. Chloe gathers her into the long, and warm embrace of someone confident she knows best:

CHLOE

It's going to be OK Molly. I love you. You're my best friend.

And as those last four words sink into Molly like a shiv -

14

EXT. MARTINEZ HOUSE - DAY

14

Molly and Chloe sit at the front stoop of the house, school books and brown bags in hand:

CHLOE

How long is it going to take him to change his clothes? We're gonna be late to class. Guy spends more time in front of the mirror than the two of us put together.

Before Molly can answer, the door opens and Gary exits, dressed like a Goth, down to the guyliner:

GARY

Ladies, let's go get an education.

MOLLY

You're a goth now?

GARY

I wear black on the outside because I feel black on the inside.

Gary keeps walking, as Chloe and Molly FOLLOW HIM DOWN THE STREET. As they do, INTERCUT with a view of the friends...

FROM THE INSIDE OF A VEHICLE PARKED SOME DISTANCE AWAY

GARY (CONT'D)

So... Chloe - are you like really rich now? You know, because you took the money from the guy who says he's your dad and now you're like really loaded?

AS THEY SPEAK, A BLACK VAN BEHIND THEM POWERS UP

And slowly, silently, approaches them on electric power:

CHLOE

I'm not taking the money.

GARY

When was the last time you had a CAT scan?

CHLOE

Dude. I have a one-way ticket for Blake Blackstar, and it goes all the way to cancellation-town. I'm getting in touch with the whistleblower, getting that report, and straight up putting his smug ass in prison.

Molly looks back, suspicion slowly creeping in:

MOLLY

Why's that ominous van so close?

THE VAN SPEEDS UP WITH A SCREECH, PASSES, AND CUTS THEM OFF!

Before they can speak, the doors BLAST open to REVEAL SIX MEN IN BLACK JUMPSUITS. THREE WHIP UP FUTURISTIC STUN GUNS and -

ZAPZAPZAP! CHLOE, MOLLY and GARY TAKE THE HITS. It's brutal as MOLLY and GARY DROP IN SHUDDERING PARALYSIS.

CHLOE DESPERATELY STRUGGLES TO MOVE, reaching out to SCRATCH THE MAN GRABBING HER ON THE FACE... **BUT PULLS OFF HIS SKIN - TO REVEAL SLIMY GREEN SKIN UNDERNEATH!** As HE HISSES IN FURY, we GO OFF CHLOE, SHOCKED and TERRIFIED.

15

INT. VAST AIRPLANE HANGAR - DAY

15

Blake and Barnaby walk the length of the hangar, flanked by a clipboard-carrying Frenchman in a natty suit: LOUIS.

Barnaby's eyes are straight ahead. Blake thumbs his phone.

LOUIS

Mister Blackstar, the jet airplane we are discussing is extremely expensive not just to buy but also to operate.

BLAKE
So you've said...

LOUIS (CONT'D)
(on a roll)
It is not a piece of equipment that's truly suitable for individual use -

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Heard that too.
(to Barnaby, re: phone)
You see this? In her post she calls me *feckless*.

BARNABY

Are we buying a plane or cyberstalking teenagers?

BLAKE

It's *Chloe*. She hasn't gotten back to us yet, she hasn't posted anything new... What if she's planning some other stunt? Were we too aggressive with her?

BARNABY

Too aggressive? What is this, a quilting circle?
(waving Louis away)
Too aggressive is how we do when we have to neutralize a problem.

BLAKE

She's my daughter.

BARNABY

Your daughter that you never acknowledged? Your daughter who's protesting your existence and calling you a murderer? We don't shut her up, you're on the Steve Jobs express to a PR disaster that could jeopardize our business.

BLAKE

She's in my head, Barn.

BARNABY

You know what's good for that? Shopping. Louis?

Barnaby motions back to Louis and the plane he's not selling.

IT'S THE FUCKING CONCORDE.

BLAKE

It is a sweet ride.

But then - CRASH! **A HANGAR WINDOW SHATTERS** as a JAVELIN-LIKE PROJECTILE ROCKETS INTO THE SPACE AND SLAMS INTO THE HANGAR WALL BETWEEN BLAKE AND BARNABY: THUDDDDD!

All the men pause and see A SMALL PACKAGE attached to the end of the futuristic projectile. It's labeled "BLAKE BLACKSTAR."

LOUIS

What in the world is that?

Barnaby tears the package open to find... A DVD?

BLAKE

Who the hell uses DVDs?

BARNABY

Do we have a way of watching it?

LOUIS

Well... the airplane was retrofitted with DVD players in the late nineties.

BLAKE

Might as well check out the seats.

SMASH CUT TO:

A VIDEO IMAGE SHOWING AN AOXOMOXOAN WEARING A SUIT

His slimy head oozing a dark green, vitriolic crud onto his jacket, tie, and collar. His name:

PRAXADOR OF AOXOMOXOA

Mister Blackstar. I am Praxador, King of Aoxomoxoa. You murdered my son some days ago and now I must enact my revenge. As you can see -

Praxador MOTIONS and his frame WIDENS TO REVEAL:

CHLOE, MOLLY, AND GARY

Floating in the air behind him, trapped in DARK FORCE FIELDS, THEIR FACES PARALYZED IN EXPRESSIONS OF ABJECT FEAR.

PRAXALA OF AOXOMOXOA
 I have your daughter and her
 friends, and I will kill them,
 slowly, painfully, and creatively,
 if you don't trade your life for
 theirs. A life for a life, Mister
 Blackstar. Such is our way. You
 have twenty-four hours.

THE VIDEO PAUSES - WIDER TO REVEAL BLAKE AND BARNABY

Sitting next to one another at:

16 **INT. CONCORDE - MAIN CABIN - DAY** 16

Blake shakes his head, pissed. Barnaby turns to him. A long
 pause as they each process this, then:

BARNABY
 You know, technically, this could
 solve several of our problems.

BLAKE
 Is this one of your little tests to
 see if I have empathy?

BARNABY
 (yes)
 No.

Blake looks to see Louis, on the aisle just out of earshot.

BLAKE
 We gotta cross the pond fast. Pay
 the man.

17 **EXT. THE SKIES ABOVE PARIS - DAY** 17

As Concorde BREAKS THE SOUND BARRIER, streaking past like a
 guided missile of purpose, PUSH IN ON THE COCKPIT...

TO REVEAL BLAKE AND BARNABY

Pilot and co-pilot, brothers, racing to the rescue.

18 **INT. SECURE ROOM - NIGHT** 18

CHLOE, MOLLY, and GARY float in their DARK FORCE FIELDS when
 a DOOR OPENS at the top of a set of stairs across the way.

PARAXADOR enters with TWO OF THE KIDS' ABDUCTORS, all of them
 suited and slimy-green-faced. Praxador reaches into his
 suitcoat, pulls out A REMOTE and aims it at the kids.

CLICK: FORCE FIELDS DISAPPEAR, the kids drop to the floor.

GARY

Ow.

Chloe orients herself, then pushes upright - just as Praxador's boots step up in front of her. He extends an oily green hand, holding HER CELL PHONE.

PRAXADOR

It is time you call your father.

CHLOE

What...?

PRAXADOR

Blake Blackstar.

Chloe glances to her friends. Molly is on her knees, staring at the aliens like a deer in headlights. Gary is in fetal position, *muttering "Wake up" in Armenian...*

CHLOE

I don't know who you think we are -

PRAXADOR

You are Chloe O'Brien, daughter of Blake Blackstar. That is Molly Martinez, your best friend. And that... is Gary. From Glendale.

GARY

Please don't tell my parents...

CHLOE

He's not gonna come here. I don't have his number and even if I did he wouldn't take my call.

PRAXADOR

But you are his daughter.

CHLOE

He abandoned me, now he's trying to bribe me.

Praxador frowns. More of his green goo glops onto the ground. He glances to his associates.

PRAXADOR

So dishonorable. Where we are from, family is all.

CHLOE

Awesome. And where exactly *is that*?

PRAXADOR

Aoxomoxoa. Twenty of your light years away. It is a verdant paradise of tradition and honor.

Molly glances to Chloe: *holyfuckingshit, these are aliens.*

CHLOE

That sounds... nice.

PRAXADOR

Not if we cannot solve the dread crisis that threatens our world... plastics.

GARY

"Plastics?"

PRAXADOR

Aoxomoxoa is the Galaxy's largest supplier of *polyethylene*, and now our environment is collapsing. In order to save our world we must move all our operations to Earth.

CHLOE

You people have starships and faster than light travel and you never figured out *recycling*?

Praxador scoffs and mutters the ALIEN WORD for "Recycling". The Subalterns CHUCKLE as Praxador turns back to Chloe.

PRAXADOR

Space is massive, and it is so much easier to throw it out...and, speaking of "throwing things out", if Blake Blackstar will not come for you, you are expendable.

Praxador lifts his remote, about to thumb a button - BUT CHLOE IMPULSIVELY LUNGES AT PRAXADOR AND GRABS THE REMOTE.

CHLOE

Make one move and I activate the building's self-destruct! Gary, Molly, get behind me.

Molly and Gary scramble to Chloe.

PRAXADOR
There is no self-destruct.

Just then, TWO SPIKE-LIKE HORNS SPROUT FROM PRAXADOR'S HEAD, and HE SMILES WITH TERRIFYING RAZOR-SHARP TEETH.

PRAXADOR (CONT'D)
Prepare to die.

Praxador motions for his Subalterns to attack - but Chloe aims the remote at Praxador and his associates and: CLICK!

LASERS CRISS-CROSS THE ROOM WITH A LOUD ZATT! Everyone ducks.

Scrambling, Chloe aims the remote again and: CLICK!

THE THREE DARK FORCEFIELDS RE-ENERGIZE and...!

PRAXADOR (CONT'D)
NO - !

THE FORCEFIELDS SUCK PRAXADOR AND HIS MINIONS INSIDE THEM!

Chloe quickly grabs her cellphone off the floor from where Praxador has dropped it and turns to her friends.

CHLOE
Let's go!

19

INT. UNIVERSAL PLASTICS - HALLWAY - NIGHT

19

Chloe, Molly and Gary hurry into a long corridor, dotted with INDUSTRIAL ROLLING CARTS. Chloe and the gang quickstep for A SET OF DOUBLE DOORS down the way.

MOLLY
What is this place?

GARY
Didn't you hear? It's a freakin' alien lair - for all we know we're inside their spaceship or under a volcano, or -

CHLOE
Hold up.

Coming to the double-doors, Chloe peers out to see:

20

INT. AN ENORMOUS PLASTICS FACTORY WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

20

Full of giant machines PUMPING OUT JUNKY PLASTIC CRAP: flying saucers, squirt guns, and 6-pack can carriers monogrammed with the phrase: "#1 Alien Dad."

MOLLY
That is a lot of plastic.

GARY
And a lot of aliens.

Chloe follows Gary's gaze toward:

A DOZEN HUMAN-LOOKING EMPLOYEES WORK AT MACHINES

MOLLY
We don't know they're aliens.

Gary shifts, unsure, accidentally bumping a rolling cart, causing it to CLATTER against the wall and -

ON THE FACTORY FLOOR - THE WORKERS STOP AND SIMULTANEOUSLY TURN AS SPIKE-LIKE HORNS EXTEND UP FROM THEIR HEADS.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Okay, they're aliens.

BACK ON THE FACTORY FLOOR

The Aoxomoxoans consider the seemingly empty doorway... and, satisfied, their horns retract and they return to work.

ON CHLOE, MOLLY, AND GARY, reconnoitering:

GARY
We're never going to get past them.

Chloe looks around the corridor they're in and spots an ALCOVE - WITH A SET OF STAIRS GOING UP.

CHLOE
We don't have to.

21

EXT. UNIVERSAL PLASTICS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

21

A SERVICE DOOR OPENS and Chloe, Molly and Gary scramble out of the stairwell onto the roof! The San Fernando Valley glows around them like that scene from *E.T.*

MOLLY
Now what?

CHLOE
There's gotta be someone around here we can signal -

The kids scramble to the edge of the rooftop. Four stories down, they can see the street where...

A LONE CAR DRIVES PAST, LEAVING NOTHING BUT EMPTINESS.

GARY

Great. You could draw a chalk outline around this place.

MOLLY

Uh, guys...

Chloe and Gary follow her line of sight to see THE LIGHT OF:

BLAKE'S FLYING LAMBORGHINI URUS!

GARY

It's him - him, in a flying car!

CHLOE

Really?

The Urus LANDS, the gull-wing doors OPEN TO REVEAL BLAKE:

BLAKE

Don't worry, kids -- the grownups are here!

CHLOE

Oh, brother.

GARY

(rushing up)
Guys! You are not gonna believe this, but there's *aliens* here!

BARNABY

Oh, we believe it.

MOLLY

They have *future* weapons.

BLAKE

You don't say.

BARNABY

(checks watch)
Thermal satellite scan says they're about a minute away. Everyone in the car.

CHLOE

How did you find us?

BLAKE

I put a tracker on you.

CHLOE

That's illegal.

BLAKE

So's arson.

CHLOE
That was Falguni and you invaded my
privacy!

BLAKE
I just flew in from *France*!

CHLOE
Oh, so now you're Dadsplaining - ?

BLAKE
"Dadsplaining?" I'm saving
your entitled Gen-Z neck -

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Don't you think it's sad that
even when you're being a
hero, you can't help but be
an assho - !

WHAM! THE ROOFTOP DOOR SMASHES OPEN

Revealing A SQUAD OF GREENFACED ALIENS, HORNS UP, TEETH
BARED, brandishing ENERGY WEAPONS.

Simultaneously, Barnaby WHIPS UP An alien weapon OF HIS OWN
and lays down COVER FIRE: WOMP! WOMP! WOMP!

BARNABY
BLAKE, COME ON!

ENERGY BLASTS STREAK as Blake grabs Chloe and hustles her
into the Urus.

Barnaby continues COUNTER-FIRING as the gull-wings close -
until the last second and Barnaby slips inside.

The UNDERJETS FIRE. The URUS TAKES OFF into the night!

22

INT. URUS - FLYING - NIGHT

22

Blake pilots the car. Barnaby rides shotgun, eyeing the
DASHBOARD'S DIGITAL MONITOR. In back, Chloe, Molly and Gary
stare out the windows wide-eyed.

GARY
I know this goes without saying but
I don't wanna die!

BOLTS OF LETHAL ENERGY STREAK BY THEM FROM BEHIND

MOLLY
We may not have a choice - !

In the back seat, the kids look out the window and see:

FOUR AOXOMOXOAN HOVERBIKES FLYING BEHIND THEM!

BLAKE
Roast 'em, Barn!

BARNABY
Remember the last time we used
alien plasma weapons in public? The
fires? The devastation? The bribes?

BLAKE
Be that way. I'll move us somewhere
deserted, be ready to fire!

Blake throws the Urus into a dive as Barnaby rapid-fires keys
on A MONITOR SCREEN, bringing up a TARGETING SYSTEM and -

23

EXT. A DESERTED INDUSTRIAL STREET - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS) 23

WHAM! The URUS swoops down, HITTING the street full speed,
converting to street mode, as it ACCELERATES DOWN THE ROAD.

A SLEEK LASER CANNON UNFOLDS ON THE VEHICLE'S ROOF

Blasting as the Aoxomoxoan hoverbikes turn into street bikes!

ONE OF THE MOTORCYCLES takes a hit and EXPLODES, taking us

INSIDE THE URUS -

Blake drives. Barney works the targeting system. Molly and
Gary are FREAKING OUT.

MOLLY
You straight up murdered them!

BARNABY
This your first gunfight?

MOLLY
YES!

GARY
Molly will you please let the nice
man fight the space aliens?!

Chloe leans up between Barnaby and Blake, pissed.

CHLOE
What is happening? Why are there
aliens here? Why do you have alien
stuff?

WOMPWOMPWOMP! LASER FIRE SLAMS INTO THE BACK OF THE URUS.

BLAKE

Now? We're a little busy, kid!

Chloe looks between the men - and gives a **HIGH-PITCH SCREAM!**
Blake almost loses control of the car.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Jesus!

BARNABY

What the fu --

CHLOE

If we're dying for late stage
capitalism, I'm wanna know why!

BLAKE

Fine!

Pissed, Blake gets the Urus and his temper under control.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

After the Recession of '08, the
government realized it couldn't
combat certain threats to the
planet by itself. So now we do it.

CHLOE

Great. You're a military
contractor, too.

BLAKE

I save the world habitually!

WOMPWOMPWOMP! More energy bolts as Barnaby sets a shot and...

BOOM! BOOM! Scratch two more Aoxomoxoans!

INSIDE THE URUS

GARY

Woo! Murder is *right*!

MOLLY

Who do you save the world from,
these aliens?

BLAKE

And many, many others. Also
vampires, and mutants, and -

BARNABY

Don't forget the Mole people.

BLAKE

Oh, them, yeah, how could I forget!

MOLLY
Mole people?

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(ignoring her)
Anything Uncle Sam can't
handle, we pick up the slack.
In exchange, we get to keep
the tech.

CHLOE
So you can't even save the world
without lining your pockets.

WOMPWOMP! BARNABY TAKES OUT THE LAST REMAINING MOTORCYCLE.

GARY
Eat hot plasma, bitches! That was
cool!

Chloe gives Gary a withering look. Blake catches it:

BLAKE
You know what? It is cool. I made a
deal that's good for everyone, not
just my pockets. Old Sammy didn't
want to do it at first - if you
think I've got an ego, try a 250-
year old superpower - but after I
agreed to keep everything on the
downlow, they saw the light. It's
how I got the car.

GARY
So awesome!

CHLOE
(done with this)
Shut it, mancrush!

BLAKE
Thank you, Gary - *it is* awesome how
I retrofit alien technology into
things that help humanity - like
the eWave towers.

CHLOE
Do they cause cancer on *their*
planets, too?

BLAKE
I already told you, the towers
don't cause cancer.

CHLOE
Not according to your
internal report -

BLAKE (CONT'D)
(not this again)
There is no internal report - *

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Says the *plutocrat narciccisit* - !

BLAKE BARNABY
 Where did you see this BLAKE - !
 report? When? How? You can't
 answer because it doesn't
exist!

A PICKUP TRUCK COMES OUT OF NOWHERE

And SLAMS into the Urus!

24

EXT. E-WAVE FACTORY - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS/INTERCUT)

24

THE URUS FLIES TO A T-BONED STOP IN THE SHADOW OF THE TOWER.

It sits there MOTIONLESS and SMOKING as...

INSIDE THE URUS

Blakes shakes off the cobwebs and looks around.

BLAKE
 Everyone alright? Chloe?

CHLOE
 (fucking far from it)
 Fine.

BLAKE
 Alright. These mofos wanna get it
 on? Power up the hyper cannons.

BARNABY
 No can do. We're tapped out.

BLAKE
 We can still take 'em.

Just then, THE SOUND OF THE PICKUP'S CLOSING DOORS AND THE
 APPROACHING MOTORCYCLE.

Blake frowns and pulls A PLASMA GUN out from under the dash.
 Barnaby nods and pulls TWO PLASMA WEAPONS of his own.

Blake hits a switch, OPENING THE URUS's gull-wing doors, and
 glances back to the kids.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
 Ready to get saved by late-stage
 capitalism?

MOLLY
 Yes.

GARY
 Thank you --

CHLOE
No. We're gonna save ourselves.

BLAKE
 Sure. Just let me do this one
 eensy-weensy thing first.
 (to Barnaby)
 Three, two, one: GO!

Blake LEAPS OUT his door, Barnaby out the other, GUNS UP AND
 OUT as:

**TWO AOXOMOXOAN GUNMEN (FROM THE MOTORCYCLE) AND ANOTHER
 GUNMAN (FROM THE TRUCK) STAND WITH GUNS UP, TOO:**

BLAKE (CONT'D)
 Drop 'em!

IT'S THREE GUNS ON THREE AS THE MEN FACE OFF... BUT THEN -

PRAXADOR (O.C.)
 But why would we do that?

BLAKE TURNS TO SEE PRAXADOR HAS SLIPPED BEHIND THEM

And has his laser gun pointing at Molly, Gary and Chloe.
 Chloe regards Blake, bitter.

CHLOE
 So much for capitalism.

BLAKE
Still with the snark. If my eWave
 towers were up, this'd be over -

CHLOE
 'Cause we'd be dead from *cancer!*

PRAXADOR
 ENOUGH!

Blake turns to Praxador, composing himself, and smiles.

BLAKE
 Of course. Apologies. King, right?
 Seems we've come to a crossroads.
 You have guns on us, we have guns
 on you. But I bet there's still a
 way to get past the impasse.

PRAXADOR
 You know the terms, Mr. Blackstar.
 Her life... for yours.

BLAKE

Ha. You were serious about that?

Praxador nods and Blake looks to Chloe, who instinctively looks back to him.

But then something unexpected happens.

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT, CHLOE AND HER DAD... CONNECT.

TIME SEEMS TO WIND DOWN AS BLAKE'S FACE SHIFTS and he's not a billionaire, trying to save the world anymore - he's a father just looking at his daughter...

AND CHLOE'S FACE SHIFTS, TOO - she's not an activist trying to change the world, she's a daughter looking at her Dad...

AND BOTH REALIZE THAT THEY'RE IN THE SAME AWFUL SITUATION... with only one way out of it.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

(looks to Praxador)

All right.

CHLOE

What?

BARNABY

What?!

Blake slowly SETS HIS GUN ON THE GROUND AND RAISES HIS HANDS.

BLAKE

Just do me a favor and don't shoot me in front of the kids. It'll spoil the image.

BARNABY

What are we doing here, Blake - ?

BLAKE

The right thing.

PRAXADOR nods, then motions to his men. TWO MINIONS grab Blake, holding him tight, HORNS UP and TEETH BARED.

PRAXADOR

Your associates have ten seconds before I liquify them. Ten, nine -

BLAKE

(to Barnaby)

Guess we gotta activate the clone.

PRAXADOR (CONT'D)

Seven, six -

BARNABY
 (fingers on triggers)
 I'm not activating anything!

PRAXADOR (CONT'D)
 Five, four -

MOLLY
 (to Gary)
 Is he serious - ?

GARY
 He *looks* serious -

*

PRAXADOR
 Three, two -

BLAKE
 (sincere)
 So long, Pistol.

That's it. Praxador glances to Blake, readies his weapon:

CHLOE PICKS UP BLAKE'S GUN and BLOWS PRAXADOR'S HEAD OFF!

ALIEN GOO SPLATTERS ALL OVER THE MINIONS as BARNABY WHIPS UP HIS GUNS AND BLASTS TWO MORE AOXOMOXOANS!

THE FINAL AOXOMOXOAN WHIPS UP A GUN, BUT BLAKE GRABS PRAXADOR'S WEAPON AND PUTS IT RIGHT IN THE ALIEN'S FACE!

BLAKE (CONT'D)
 Go back to that bunghole you call your home world and tell whoever's left to run things that Blake Blackstar...
 (looks back at Chloe)
 And his daughter just killed your King and if any of you slimeheads wants to come for me, they'd better be ready to die because this planet will be defended. You've got three seconds. Three, two -

The Aoxomoxoan drops his weapon, leaps onto his motorcycle and HAULS OUTTA THERE before Blake has time to finish.

Blake turns back to Chloe, Molly and Gary.

GARY has his face spattered with alien goo... MOLLY is on her knees in shock... And CHLOE, looking stricken, sees Blake coming for her and DROPS the weapon like a poisoned chalice.

BLAKE (CONT'D)
 I did not see that coming. You okay?
 (off her silence)
 (MORE)

BLAKE (CONT'D)

You know, I think we kinda had a moment there - like a father-daughter *mind meld*. Do you need a, um...?

Blake carefully-but-awkwardly gives her an uncomfortable hug.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Like this? There, there...

Chloe takes the hug with a mixture of relief and horror... and then it's too much and she VOMITS ALL OVER BLAKE'S BACK.

BLAKE (CONT'D)

Right.

A beat as Blake takes this in. But he doesn't let go.

25

EXT. E-WAVE FACTORY - NIGHT (MINUTES LATER)

25

Soapy chemicals WASH AWAY alien blood. A DOZEN PEOPLE IN HAZMAT GEAR labeled "**IMAGINARY TUXEDO**" clean up. REVEAL Gary and Molly, stunned as Barnaby bosses the hazmat team:

GARY

Aliens, cyborgs, mole men... My brothers are gonna freak so hard.

BARNABY

No, they are not. This is top secret. You signed an NDA.

MOLLY

We didn't sign any NDA.

BARNABY

Once you got in the Urus, you gave up your rights - there's writing to that effect on the upholstery. You can take it to court, but you'll lose. The Urus is a marvel of technology *and* contract law.

MOLLY

What if we break the NDA?

BARNABY

What if I launch you into orbit?

GARY

Yeah, right.

(then)

Right?

Barney's eyes betray nothing. Gary gulps, looks to Molly as:

ACROSS THE WAY

CHLOE stares at the "IMAGINARY TUXEDO" CREW. BLAKE approaches, motioning to his fresh shirt and jacket.

BLAKE

One of the advantages to running a billion dollar company is I'm never out of fresh gear. Tom Ford.

(nothing from Chloe)

I mean my shirt and jacket. Because you puked on my old ones.

CHLOE

Yeah, I got that.

BLAKE

Anyway. I want to tell you that I think you handled yourself pretty well with the Aoxomoxoans. My team's gonna log them into the system in case they come back but they probably won't so... I was thinking that my buy-off offer doesn't make sense now, and sending you to prison would be a waste so, instead... what if you and me, you know... team up?

Chloe blinks. This is the last thing she thought he'd say.

CHLOE

"Team up"?

BLAKE

Work with me. Give you a chance to try out the family business. I get we don't know each other too well -

CHLOE

That's an understatement -

BLAKE (CONT'D)

(pitching for his life)
But I can tell you are smart and fearless, and passionate about saving the world. You don't get to save the world more often than in this job.

Chloe looks back at Blake, trying to make sense of this man.

CHLOE (CONT'D)

So now you want to be involved in my life...

BLAKE

Look, the reason I stayed away from you is 'cause your mom asked me.

CHLOE

You're saying it's *Mom's* fault - ?

BLAKE

The reason your mom asked me to stay away from you is because she thought I'd make an awful Dad. But now I think we can all agree... I'm demonstrably not awful.

CHLOE

You got me and my friends abducted. You made me commit actual murder.

BLAKE

Technically, it's not murder if it's a hostile species.

(off her look, concedes)

But I see your point.

CHLOE

You don't want to work with me. You don't care about me, you just want to *look like you care* -

BLAKE

Just because I want to look like I care doesn't mean I don't *actually* care. I do.

(off her silence)

Look - you think my ego's too big. I think you're too self-promoting to see anything else. But that's why a fresh start would do us *both* good. You don't want a full time job? How about a summer internship? It'd let us get to know each other. I mean, maybe this is what it takes to change the world - and wouldn't your mom like that?

A beat as Chloe takes this in, then:

CHLOE

It's funny how you bring up Mom. She and I used to live just a few blocks away from here. We watched the main tower of your factory go up by our porch.

BLAKE

There you have it. I have been in your life all along.

CHLOE

(bows her head)

Do you know how my mom died?

BLAKE

Airplane accident. I had my people look into it...

CHLOE

The plane crash sped things up. She was already dying. Of brain cancer.

Blake takes this in like he's been hit with an emotional wrecking ball. Now he sees why she hates him: she blames him.

BLAKE

Chloe... I'm sorry.

CHLOE

No, you're not. You're a bad man. So I'm not joining you. I'm spending the rest of my life figuring out how to take you down.

BLAKE

You don't mean that. If you take me down, you take yourself down, too - I'm your Dad.

CHLOE

Not for long.

But Chloe doesn't answer, she just turns and walks away.

Blake watches her go - when ANOTHER, *UNDAMAGED* FLYING LAMBORGHINI URUS TOUCHES DOWN IN FRONT OF HIM.

The gull-wing opens and A MAN WHO LOOKS LIKE BLAKE PEERS OUT.

BLAKE LOOK-ALIKE

Am I late?

BLAKE

(defeated)

Nah, Deuce. I am.

INT. MARTINEZ HOUSE - NIGHT

Ernesto and Humberto sit at their kitchen table. Both look like they've been up all night. Humberto drinks water. Ernesto drinks white wine.

Across the way, Chloe, Molly and Gary sit, having just downloaded Molly's Dads on everything.

HUMBERTO

He threatened to *launch you into orbit* - ?

ERNESTO

Guy does have his own space program.

HUMBERTO

No one's launching anyone anywhere.

ERNESTO

You don't know that. Blake Blackstar has more money than J-Lo has catsuits.

HUMBERTO

That's not helpful.
(then, to kids)
And you need to decide what you want to do with this.

GARY

We're doing exactly what they told us. We signed an NDA.

MOLLY

Still, it's gonna be weird, knowing all of this but not being able to say anything about it.

HUMBERTO

(to Chloe)
You sure you don't want to at least try working for him?

CHLOE

Absolutely not -

GARY

Why not? He's a billionaire with a cool job and car that flies -

CHLOE

He's the Archenemy of Humanity. If I work with him, I don't think my mom would be able to look at me.

Chloe rises and heads off to her room. Everyone looks after her, concerned. But Ernesto tuts and shakes his head.

ERNESTO

I think she's right.
(off the looks, pointed)
And we haven't even talked about the mole people.

27 **EXT. BLACKSTAR MANION - DAY** 27

It's a new day in America, as we do ANOTHER BEAUTY PASS ON THE BLACKSTAR COMPOUND, where -

CHLOE (O.S.)

It's been a big week, followers...

28 **EXT. BLACKSTAR MANSION - KITCHEN - DAY** 28

Imagine NASA mission control as designed by Nancy Meyers: every piece of equipment is shiny and aspirational, a bank of windows casts bright morning light into the place.

Blake eats cereal, while watching a...

WUMBI FEED OF CHLOE WALKING TOWARD THE VAN NUYS COURTHOUSE

CHLOE (ON WUMBI)

Less than 72 hours ago, I learned that Blake Blackstar is my Dad. Mercifully, I realized that that doesn't have to be a life sentence.

BLAKE

Seriously? Who's the media whore now --

CHLOE (ON WUMBI) (CONT'D)

I have always believed the arc of history bends toward justice. Now, I live that history, myself. By getting myself legally emancipated here at the courthouse.

Barnaby enters in a suit and clocks what Blake is doing.

BARNABY

You need to stop obsessing.

BLAKE

I'm not - I mean, just seeing who's trying to tear us down this week.

BARNABY

Don't worry. I have an army of Filipino hackers working on Chloe's accounts as we speak. Paid them out of the black bag so it can't be traced to us. In less than a year, she'll be lucky to be taken seriously on OnlyFans.

BLAKE

Dude. Too much club.

BARNABY

What are you, soft?

BLAKE

If railing against me is what she wants to do, let her. Who knows, maybe she'll get it out of her system and come round to liking me.

BARNABY

You really believe that?

Blake puts his cereal bowl down on the kitchen island... next to a box of cereal that CLEARLY sports Blake's face...

BLAKE

If I didn't, I wouldn't be about to finish this bowl of Blake-Oh's... then go to the courthouse and make an appeal to her.

Barnaby shakes his head, sighs. He was expecting this.

BARNABY

Car's idling out front.

BLAKE

Best. Brother. Ever.

HOLD ON BARNABY AS BLAKE EXITS

And hold... We HEAR THE URUS TAKE OFF... But still we hold... And just when everyone is wondering if we are going to cut out of this... Barnaby checks his watch as:

BEHIND HIM, JUST OUT OF FOCUS

A window OPENS and Chloe, Molly and Gary - TUMBLE in:

GARY

This is a kitchen? It looks like mission control in here!

CHLOE
Keep it down, Gary!

BARNABY
Right on time, guys.

Everyone stops in their tracks: caught.

CHLOE
You're supposed to be at the
courthouse.

BARNABY
No, Blake went to the courthouse -
because you know how big his ego is
and how he can't stand to lose -
and because you did exactly what
the whistleblower told you in his
email... make a fake video baiting
him to go there... by the way, nice
green screen work, Molly...

MOLLY
Really?

BARNABY
No.
(back to Chloe)
And then you used the security
codes he sent you to break into
Blake's house to find the report...
(as Chloe reels)
Gary. Molly. The media room is
through that door. Blake's butler
is waiting for you. His name is
Brigitte, and he'll play any movie
you want to watch. Chloe and I have
business to discuss.

Chloe motions for them to go, as they do:

GARY
The butler's name is "Brigitte"?

Chloe steps to Barnaby, busted but trying to go toe-to-toe:

CHLOE
You're the whistleblower.

BARNABY
Yup.

CHLOE
You wrote those emails.

BARNABY (CONT'D)
(nodding)
Personally.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Is there a report?

BARNABY (CONT'D)
(not missing a beat)
Nope.

CHLOE (CONT'D)
Do the towers cause cancer?

BARNABY
Not that I've found. And, believe me, I've looked.
(off Chloe)
Your father may be a narcissistic teenager with a receding hairline, but he's still the most brilliant man in the world - not to mention its staunchest defender.

Chloe shakes her head, completely lost at sea:

CHLOE
So... why... why any of this?

BARNABY
Because this is what it takes to change the world. Your father is a great man... but he has a hard time with empathy and restraint.

CHLOE
Yeah, 'cause he's a sociopathic robber baron.

BARNABY
No. Because he was thrown in a dumpster by his mother when he was an infant, because he grew up in a foster care system where he was horribly abused, and because he spent his childhood focused only on himself, learning how build an empire. But now he needs something more. He needs his daughter.

Chloe rolls eyes at the idea that this falls on her:

CHLOE
I am not some remedial empathy teacher for a stunted man -

BARNABY
 THAT IS NOT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT!

The outburst takes Chloe off guard. Barnaby composes himself, then looks to Chloe with complete sincerity.

BARNABY (CONT'D)
 Without your influence, Blake will grow bitter and isolated. Within a decade, he'll come to believe that humanity is too sick to police itself. He'll create an army of robot protectors to bring peace... but they will become sentient and decide the only way to save the Earth is to end humanity.

CHLOE
 How could you possibly know this?

Barnaby shakes his head... sighs... and then...

HE STICKS BOTH HANDS INTO HIS MOUTH, UNHINGES HIS OWN JAW and YANKS THE SKIN BACK TO REVEAL HE IS A METALLIC CYBORG: RIGHT DOWN TO THE GLOWING EYES! HOLY FUCK!

Shocked and terrified, Chloe stumbles back against the island, trying to catch her breath as Barnaby **PULLS UP HIS SHIRT** to reveal a SHIMMERING POWER UNIT.

BARNABY
 A few of us came to see the evil in what we were doing. I was secretly sent back in time to befriend Blake in foster care, to become his brother -

Chloe is utterly fuckstruck, her world is ROCKED:

CHLOE
 Time travel? That's a thing?

BARNABY
 One way ticket.
 (indicating his chest)
 But I only have a year's worth of power left in my crystollic fusion module. I'll be dead soon, and Blake Blackstar must not be left to his own devices.

Barnaby gives an inhuman SHUDDER, then YANKS HIS FACE BACK ON, tucks his shirt back in, and returns back to "normal". Chloe can only gape in horror.

BARNABY (CONT'D)

So, hate him all you want... but
the two of you... you must heal
your relationship. The fate of the
entire human race depends on it.

(beat)

Will you do it?

Chloe swallows hard, completely lost when:

THE KITCHEN DOOR OPENS TO REVEAL BLAKE

BLAKE

Barnaby! She wasn't at the
courthouse! Clerk on the phone said
she didn't even file papers, so I
have no idea what's - Chloe?

Chloe turns to Blake, still processing. What will she do?

CHLOE

Hey.

Blake is oblivious. He walks toward her, tentatively:

BLAKE

Are you... Are you *taking my deal*?

Chloe looks at Blake, then at Barnaby, then back at Blake -
it's a gigantic decision to make. She swallows then...

CHLOE

Yes.

Blake brightens - finally, a win! - and he impulsively rushes
up to her, embracing her a hug. Chloe takes it... only
slightly less awkwardly than the time she threw up on him.

BLAKE

You and I are going to have the
best time - Blake and Chloe! Dad
and daughter! This is gonna be
great!

OFF Blake smiling, and Chloe, who looks extremely conflicted,
as she locks eyes with Barnaby, and we...

SMASH TO BLACK

END OF PILOT