

I C A R U S

Ep 1-01: "I Believe The Children Are Our Future"

ACT ONE

CAMCORDER'S POV:

The inside of a lens cap.

ALLISON (V.O.)

Whoops.

The lens cap POPS off. ALLISON VARLEY stares into camera. She's 15 years old. Chubby. Freckled. Frizzy hair falls in her eyes over a huge pair of safety goggles.

ALLISON

(to her camcorder)

Okay. Uh, take two. Impressionable youngsters of tomorrow. I am recording this September 16th...

(checks watch)

4:45 in the AM. That date probably sounds familiar because it's going to be all over your textbooks. Possibly you'll have the day off school. Why? Because I'm done recalibrations. In a few minutes...
I'm turning it on.

She spins the camera.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ALLISON'S BEDROOM/LABORATORY - NIGHT

Thick physics books are piled all over the cluttered room. Scribbled equations criss-cross a chalkboard.

ALLISON

(to her camera)

Remember that feedback resonance problem that kept messing us up?

She circles an equation on the board.

ALLISON (CONT'D)

Fixed it. That means it won't explode so much this time. Theoretically.

INT. ALLISON'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

EXTENSION CORDS snake from every room. Allison hops over them. Follows them down the hall into:

INT. ALLISON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Allison swings the camera around to reveal: THE PROTOTYPE. A huge, bizarre machine built on the cheap from scrap. Takes up most of the room. Lightning CRACKLES between its FOUR HUGE ELECTRODES. Totally mad scientist.

Allison grabs a lever on its side. Throws it!

Huh. Nothing happens.

She looks The Prototype over. Kicks it.

The lights FLICKER. An ELECTRIC HUM splits the air.

ALLISON
(cursing in German under
her breath)
Ach, scheisse.

TONGUES OF LIGHTNING spill from The Prototype's electrodes. Reality around the living room WARPS and BENDS.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
(to her camcorder)
Um, about that feedback problem.

At the center of The Prototype... with an ear-rending CRACK... a BLACK HOLE, a GASH IN REALITY, opens up... starts SUCKING EVERYTHING IN THE LIVING ROOM TOWARD IT.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
Possibly I forgot to carry a one.

CAMCORDER'S POV:

It's SUCKED from Allison's hands -- SWALLOWED BY THE BLACK HOLE. The lens SHATTERS, the image GLITCHING to BLACK.

Allison backs away, looking around frantically.

ALLISON (CONT'D)
C'mon c'mon c'mon.

ALLISON'S POV:

As Allison SCANS the room, TRAJECTORY ARCS and EQUATIONS appear in the air, scrawled in her messy handwriting.

Her eyes follow the extension cords to one that's plugged into a nearby outlet. BINGO!

She goes for it. TRIPS! Hits the ground hard. The black hole sucks her toward it.

She CLAWS at the cords to anchor herself. CLIMBS, pulling herself from one cord to the next.

She TUGS the extension cord from the wall in a SHOWER OF SPARKS. As everything goes BLACK... SLAM TO:

MAIN TITLE