

Heat Vision and
Jack
"Episode 14: The Eyes of
Paragon"

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"Pitching"
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FADE IN:

SPACE

We float in the inky vacuum. The NARRATOR'S voice is a flawless likeness of TED KNIGHT'S, a la 1970s *Super Friends* cartoons.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Space: The black, empty void.
Timeless. Endless. Remorseless.

Our POV pans to a NEBULA.

A GREEN BALL slingshots from it. As it passes us, we hear menacing curses, uttered in a GARBLED ALIEN LANGUAGE.

TED KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Given this infinite curtain of night,
it would be foolish to assume that
other species did not exist.

The GREEN BALL HITS a small satellite, hanging in the Earth's orbit, enveloping it in a green GLOW.

TED KNIGHT (CONT'D)

It would also be foolish to assume
they were not evil.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - KITCHEN

FRANK, 45, round, unshaven, stands in a greasy spoon's tiny kitchen. He finishes labeling a ziploc bag "LARD 9/28" and seals it up.

WEIRD STATIC comes over the old radio next to him. It quickly becomes the ALIEN VOICE, cursing in the nonsense language. Frank looks at it.

The radio GLOWS GREEN.

Alarmed, Frank picks up his metal spatula and SMACKS at the radio with it.

The radio throws a SPARK. Frank SHAKES. The GREEN GLOW shoots through the spatula and into his body. Frank flies backward out of frame.

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DINING ROOM

It's closing time. PATRICE, middle-aged waitress, places the last chair on one of the tables.

(CONTINUED)

CREDIT SEQUENCE

Rapid fire images, to a special version of The Firm's *I'm Radioactive*, sung by Jack Black:

- A rising sun over a flat desert horizon.
- A leather gloved fist revving a motorcycle's engine.
- JACK PEELING off on an orange Harley, ZOOMING into the distance at mach speeds. TITLE: HEAT VISION AND JACK
- Jack throwing a scientist against the wall of an army barracks
- Jack sword-fighting with the Devil
- The sleek, customized, bright ORANGE motorcycle, from front to back. TITLE: OWEN WILSON as the voice of HEAT VISION
- Jack passionately kissing a beautiful woman
- Jack, side saddle on the orange bike. He's looking at us, smiling as if we just thanked him for saving our marriage. TITLE: JACK BLACK as JACK AUSTIN
- Jack typing on a computer keyboard in a dark office. The screen says "ACCESSING MAINFRAME"
- Jack punching a werewolf across the face
- Jack ducking a low flying UFO
- A metal door with the NASA logo on it. The logo and door SPLIT down the middle, revealing Ron Silver. He marches forward as if he's going to kill us. TITLE: RON SILVER as HIMSELF
- Jack, tied to a chair, back to back with George Plimpton, who is dressed as a magician.
- Jack, naked, next to a GIGANTIC PENCIL. Realizing he's been shrunken down, he looks at the pencil and SCREAMS.
- Jack riding Heat Vision down an empty highway, lip syncing *I'm Radioactive* without looking at the camera. He disappears into the sunset.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

JACK speeds down the dark, open road. He's wearing a red NASA jumpsuit, shades hooked over the front zipper.

We stay on him as the Ted Knight voice-over comes in:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Armed only with his superior intellect and orange, talking motorcycle, Jack Austin, former astronaut, speeds through America's sandy, sandy desert. His destination unknown, his journey will be difficult. His arrival... impossible.

Whenever HEAT VISION, the motorcycle, speaks, his headlight BLINKS.

HEAT VISION

Jack, we can't ride like this forever. I'm starving.

Jack looks down to the FUEL GAUGE. It's on E.

HEAT VISION (cont'd)

Hey, remember when I was human, and we ran out of gas in Tijuana and you had too much to drink and you woke up with that 72 year old woman?

Jack squints ahead to a DISTANT ROAD SIGN. It's strobed, due to Heat Vision's excited speech.

HEAT VISION (cont'd)

And she followed us to the border and the police wouldn't let you back into America until you kissed her in front of everybody-

JACK

-Be quiet. I can't see when you talk.

Heat Vision stops talking. The headlight stays on, illuminating a cheap billboard for FRANK'S DINER. "1 Mile."

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - NIGHT

There's an unleaded gas pump in the parking lot. The lights inside are out, but the sign says "OPEN." Jack and Heat pull in.

The cycle's engine shuts off by itself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

5.

JACK (cont'd)
Now we can both fill up, uh?
(beat)
I'll buy a waffle and a few gallons of
premium, how's that sound?

Long pause.

JACK (cont'D)
Heat Vision?

HEAT VISION
I was asked to be quiet.

Jack gets off the bike, exasperated.

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - DINING ROOM

Jack walks into Frank's. Dark. Empty. Looking around,
his eyebrow shoots halfway up his forehead. Something's
amiss.

The jukebox is skipping: "Daydream believer and a;
Daydream believer and a; Daydream believer and a..."

Heat Vision is ranting outside, too muffled to make out.
Jack walks to the jukebox and unplugs it.

JACK
(calling out)
Hello?

Heat Vision rolls to the diner's door and pushes halfway
through with his front tire.

HEAT VISION
You weren't even listening to me.

Jack walks over to Heat.

JACK
Sure I was. You were complaining,
right?

He grabs HEAT VISION'S handlebars and SHINES the
headlight around the diner.

The place is trashed. Chairs have been thrown every
which way. The walls are covered with red and yellow
writing: "I AM PARAGON", "KNEEL BEFORE ME", "YOUR MASTER
HAS ARRIVED" and subtle variations.

Heat Vision moves out of Jack's grip, rolling the rest of
the way into the dining room.

(CONTINUED)

HEAT VISION

My God, what the (BLEEP) happened here? Is that *blood* on the walls?

JACK

(dismissive)

The blood of tomatoes.

Jack crouches by a small pile of ASH. He examines a pinch of it, sifting the powder through his fingers and smelling it.

A waitress' check pad and pen are laying nearby. He picks up the pen.

JACK (cont'd)

We've just wandered into the scene of a very unusual crime.

HEAT VISION

We tend to do that, don't we?

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - KITCHEN

Jack enters through the swinging door. He looks quickly around the small room.

The grill is still hot. The spatula is fused to the smoldering radio.

~~SHERIFF (O.S.)~~

FREEZE!

A SHERIFF, a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN in her thirties, has a revolver leveled on Jack from the kitchen's open back door. Jack smiles, raising his hands.

JACK

You shouldn't point those things at people. They're dangerous.

SHERIFF

Only if I pull the trigger.

JACK

I wasn't talking about the gun.

SHERIFF

Neither was I.

They stand there a moment, confused by their own wit.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

A HOOKER knocks on a door. FRANK opens it from the inside. He's still wearing his apron and sunglasses.

HOOKER
You called for a date?

FRANK
Yes. Paragon will date you.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The hooker steps inside, looking around, chewing her gum.

HOOKER
Hey, what gives?

There are several piles of ash on the floor.

HOOKER (cont'd)
You really into ashes or somethin'?
Cuz I don't do no kinky stuff.

Closing the door behind her, Frank lowers his shades, revealing his glowing green eyes.

FRANK
You'll do whatever Paragon desires.
You Earthling monkey tramps are all
alike.

She turns, sees his eyes, and screams. Enveloped in rippling, green light, she dissolves into yet another pile of ash.

Frank laughs for a long, long time. Then, he sighs.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Sheriff closes the door on a jail cell. Jack is inside.

JACK
I'm not a criminal.

SHERIFF
Tell me your name.

JACK
I can't do that.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF
Spoken like a criminal.
(beat)
Tell you what. Let's just place a
call to your employers.

She crosses her tiny office to the phone.

JACK
Who?

She indicates his jumpsuit.

SHERIFF
NASA.

Jack FREAKS OUT.

JACK
WAIT! PLEASE.

Sensing his urgency, She looks up. He's gripping the
bars of his cell, white knuckled. His voice drips with
need.

JACK (cont'd)
NASA is a sinister council of doom.
Don't call them. You'll put us both
in grave danger.

SHERIFF
Then talk to me.

She hangs up the phone.

JACK
Okay. Here we go again.
(sigh)
My name is Jack Austin. I was an
astronaut for NASA.

FLASH CUT TO:

SPACE - STOCK FOOTAGE

Of any spacecraft soaring through the cosmos.

A closer shot reveals JACK looking out a window, smiling
pleasantly.

JACK (V.O.)
On my last mission, an orbital mix-up
brought my craft too close to the sun.

Jack looks in a different direction. His smile breaks
into a look of shock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

9.

We see stock footage of the SUN.

Cutting back to Jack, we see him clutching his head, screaming in agony.

CUT TO:

INT. NASA LAB

Jack, wide eyed, is seated on the edge of a metal table. Dozens of scientists are arguing with each other over drawings and charts.

JACK (V.O.)

When I got back, they tested me for injuries and found that my brain had expanded.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Sheriff balks at this.

SHERIFF

Expanded?

JACK

Apparently, the mind is not unlike cookie dough. Human evolution is a result of thermal energy, baking the mind, expanding its cognitive capacity. I had gotten just enough sun to evolve me. Now I'm up to three times smarter than the smartest man in the world.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

We're looking through a doorway into a smoke-filled room.

A menacing group of older men look back at us from around a large table.

JACK (V.O.)

Too smart for NASA. I figured out they were going to kill me and remove my brain for further study.

The door to the smoky room is SLAMMED in our faces.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HALL

Jack is talking to someone on a red, wall mounted phone.

JACK (V.O.)
Always one step ahead, I called my
roommate, Doug, and asked if he'd come
pick me up.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Sheriff is seated on her desk, staring at Jack.

JACK
I got away.
(remorseful)
Doug didn't. That's why you can't
call NASA. They'll stop at nothing to
get my brain. There's a man tracking
me down as we speak. A very, very
dangerous man. NASA's ultimate
weapon.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. NASA HEADQUARTERS

A metal door, bearing the NASA logo, splits open. Ron
Silver marches toward us, threateningly. His eyes
dismiss us as meat.

JACK (V.O.)
His name is Ron Silver. He's a former
astronaut, like me, but he's also a
gifted actor...and a cold blooded
killer.

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Sheriff smiles and nods, mulling this over. Jack
gestures to her skeptical face as if to say, "See?
Nobody ever believes me."

The phone rings. She walks to it and picks it up.

SHERIFF (cont'd)
Sheriff's office.
(beat)
Uh, huh.
(beat)
I'll be right there.

(CONTINUED)

She hangs up and starts putting on her coat.

SHERIFF (cont'd)
This could be your big break.
Somebody just trashed a motel room on
highway eight. It was registered to a
Mr. Bob Paragon.

JACK
Be careful with this, Sheriff. This
"Paragon" isn't a vandal, he's a
murderer.

SHERIFF
You know him?

JACK
No, but I saw what you saw at the
diner. That pile of ash on the floor?
It was flesh and bone. Somebody
removed the energy and moisture from a
human body. If you find more ash at
that motel, you'll know you're in over
your head.

SHERIFF
Then I'll come get you, right?

JACK
I won't be here.
(off her look)
At sunrise, I'll be so intelligent, no
cell will be able to hold me.

SHERIFF
(smile)
Careful on your way out. I hardly
ever feed Gary.

She nods to an unleashed German shepherd, laying in the
corner. Sensing that it's being looked at, Gary looks up
and growls.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - FRONT - NIGHT

The Sheriff pulls out of her parking spot and heads
quickly down the road, flashing the red and blue lights.

We pan to one side, where HEAT VISION is parked behind a
bush, facing the station. His headlight comes on and
flickers a bit as he whistles a nervous tune.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - REAR - NIGHT

Unmanned, Heat Vision drives around a back corner of the building to a barred window. The front tire rolls UP the wall as Heat pops a wheelie, leaning forward against the building.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Jack is moping, seated on his bunk. He twirls the ballpoint pen he found at the diner.

HEAT VISION (O.S.)
Psst! PSST!

Jack looks to his cell's window, where Heat Vision's headlight can be seen, peeking in and blinking as the bike whispers.

HEAT VISION (cont'd)
What's up?

Jack stands and walks to the window.

JACK
Heat Vision. There's a killer on the loose. You've got to get me out of here.

HEAT VISION
What do you want me to do?

Jack thinks about this. He turns and takes in the elements of the small office. Gary the German shepherd growls at him.

There is a set of keys on a wall mounted hook.

Jack turns back to the window.

JACK
There's keys on the wall.

HEAT VISION
I can't get in there, man.

JACK
Are you sure?

HEAT VISION
Dude. Look at me. I can't even wave to people, how I'm gonna be masterminding prison breaks?

(CONTINUED)

Jack looks away, disappointed. Then, he looks to the horizon.

The sky is showing streaks of orange.

JACK
Come on, you big ball of gas, light my darkest hour.

HEAT VISION
Okay.

JACK
Not you.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Completely trashed, ash everywhere. "KNEEL BEFORE PARAGON" is written on the mirror in lipstick.

The Sheriff is waiting for a DOCTOR to finish examining something under a microscope. He has a portable forensic station set up on the dresser.

DOCTOR
This is very, very strange. These ashes are dehydrated flesh and bone.

SHERIFF
As if someone removed the moisture from a human body?

The doctor turns to look at her, impressed.

DOCTOR
That would do it, yes.
(bemused)
If that technology existed outside of comic books and rap music.

RON SILVER (O.S.)
Hi, there.

Both of them look to see RON SILVER, a friendly looking suit clad man, standing in the doorway.

RON SILVER (cont'd)
My room is just down the hall, and I saw the squad car-

SHERIFF
-There's no need to be alarmed, sir.

Ron holds out a NASA ID.

(CONTINUED)

RON SILVER (cont'd)
If there was, I'd know before you.
(chuckle)
Just kidding. I need to ask a few
questions. My name is Ron Silver.

The Sheriff is shocked. The Doctor snaps three times and points at Ron.

DOCTOR
I just rented *Timecop*. You were the
bad guy in *Timecop*.

Ron gives the Doctor a warm smile and nod.

RON SILVER
Acting is one of my more enjoyable
diversions.
(severe)
However, right now, what I'd really
like to do is find a man named Jack
Austin.

He holds up a photo of Jack (Jack Black's headshot) and smiles at the Sheriff. There is something about his smile this time. It's too sustained. Too perfect.

SHERIFF
I...How exactly do you know Mr.
Austin?

Ron seems unprepared for this question- for a fraction of a second. Then:

RON SILVER
He's a test subject. Nasa has been
researching the effects of zero
gravity on stark raving lunatics.

The Sheriff is relieved, but then concerned:

SHERIFF
The effect is that you've inspired his
delusions.

RON SILVER
(thankful)
Ah. Then the experiment is over.
(fighting impatience)
I'd like to thank him, and give him a
ride to a place where the government
says he'll be less dangerous to
babies. Do you know where I might
find him?

CUT TO:

EXT. HORIZON

The SUN SLOWLY RISES.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The galaxy is filled with stars, but none are so important as our closest, the sun. It helps us all to grow food and keep from freezing to death.

INT. POLICE STATION

Jack is standing in the middle of his cell, facing the window. He holds his arms out at his sides, waiting.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But for the renegade astronaut who once journeyed far too close to its hypnotic heat, each morning brings an additional gift.

A ray of sunlight shoots between the bars, terminating at Jack's feet.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Solar energy turns Jack Austin into the world's most intelligent man.

The sun ray moves up to his feet, knees, crotch, chest, and

We ZOOM into Jack's eye as his face is washed with the dawn's mighty kiss.

CUT TO:

TRADEMARK "SUPER INTELLIGENCE" SEQUENCE

Made up of affordable computer graphics: Physics diagrams, brain X-rays, Rodin's *The Thinker*, a globe, a human eye, but mostly "E=mc²." Jack's distant inner voice can be heard, shouting: "I KNOW EVERYTHING!"

BACK TO:

INT. POLICE STATION

A diabolical smile spreads across Jack's face.

He turns and looks at Gary the German shepherd through the bars. The dog growls. Jack pulls the ballpoint pen from his pocket and twists it apart.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)
German shepherd. Breed perfected in
Germany, 1900. Distinguishing trait:
obedience.

Jack holds half of the disassembled pen to his lips and carefully blows a high, precise note.

As if mechanically activated, the shepherd bolts upright, ears perked.

Jack blows another note. The dog wags its tail.

Jack blows two different notes. The dog starts licking itself. Jack seems satisfied.

JACK (cont'd)
Listen carefully, Gary. I need you to-
(blows into pen)
-and then-
(blows a succession of notes)
Thanks.

Gary goes to the wall, stands on his hind legs and grabs the keys with his mouth. He brings the keys to Jack, who uses them to unlock the cell.

Gary growls at Jack. Jack blows a harsh note into the pen. Gary starts walking in a tight circle and doesn't stop.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Heat Vision is revving himself, waiting outside the door. Jack runs out and leaps on.

HEAT VISION
Where to?

JACK
Back to the diner, where I got
arrested.

HEAT VISION
That makes sense.

The bike roars to life and peels into the distance.

Shortly after, the Sheriff's squad car comes from the opposite direction, pulls into the lot and parks.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

The Sheriff walks in with Ron Silver. She's laughing.

RON SILVER
One more. How do Klingons board their
spaceship?

SHERIFF
How?

She stops laughing, looking around.

RON SILVER
They Klingon. What's wrong?

The empty cell's door hangs open, keys in the lock.
Gary the German shepherd is still spinning in circles.

SHERIFF (cont'd)
Gary?

Gary stops spinning, then lays on his back, moaning.

SHERIFF (cont'd)
He escaped.

Ron walks into the station, looking around. The pleasant
smile melts from his face.

RON SILVER
~~Did he give you any indication which~~
way he'd be heading? East? West?
(yelling)
NORTH? SOUTH? HUH? ARAGH!

He KICKS her desk ACROSS the room. The Sheriff becomes
alarmed.

SHERIFF
Ron, take it easy-

He whirls and points at her.

RON SILVER
No, YOU take it easy, MA'AM. Honey.
You just sicked a very dangerous man
on the world.

He heads for the door. She grabs his arm.

SHERIFF
Mr. Silver, I still have quite a few
questions.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RON SILVER
You have questions?

He GRABS her by the throat. He LIFTS her from the floor with one hand.

RON SILVER
-Keep them. Stick them. Where the sun doesn't shine.

He tosses her back a few feet. She stumbles to the floor. He turns his back on her, again heading out.

She draws her gun and cocks the hammer. He stops walking, but doesn't turn around.

RON SILVER (cont'd)
If I feel so much as one bullet hit me, I'll come over there, and I'll pull your lungs through your nostrils.

He walks out.

The Sheriff just lays there on the floor of her empty office, next to her dizzy dog, holding a gun in a trembling hand. Her whole world has just peeled open.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT I

CUT TO:

FREEZE FRAME

Of the *HEAT VISION* and *JACK* title from the opening sequence. A voice-over- different from the Narrator of the show:

VOICEOVER
Heat Vision and Jack is brought to you by...

A NESTLE logo is superimposed over the freeze frame.

VOICEOVER (cont'd)
Nestle chocolate candy bars. The best (beeeeeeep) candy bars in the (beep)ing world.

FADE IN:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - MORNING

Sectioned off with yellow police ribbon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Heat Vision is parked at the gas pump. The nozzle is tucked into his tank, the trigger on auto.

HEAT VISION

Ah. Mmmmm. Yeah. Oh yeah.

The Ted Knight narrator:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Outside the diner, Heat Vision satiates an understandable appetite for gasoline, -

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - KITCHEN

Jack is staring at the burnt out radio and spatula. He takes a thoughtful bite of a sandwich.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

While inside, Jack Austin, the smartest human being ever, sinks his deductive teeth into a large clue sandwich, a sandwich prepared with extra mystery, in a kitchen.

He finishes an INCREDIBLY COMPLEX diagram on a yellow legal pad. It is filled from edge to edge with cryptic formulas and phrases, but mainly features a satellite, radio, spatula, chef, and human eye.

Satisfied, he circles something.

The Sheriff enters through the same back door as before.

SHERIFF

I thought I'd find you here.

Seeing her, Jack raises his hands in surrender.

JACK

Before you arrest me, Let me just say one thing.

(beat)

The chef and the waitress are both missing. In lieu of the waitress, we have a pile of ash. In lieu of the chef? Thin air. He left this kitchen alive. He also left in a hurry, but he never came to you. The grill was left on, and a bag of lard left on the counter. The chef had just finished labeling it. Look at the handwriting.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)

The "R" in lard is what's called a "lateral R," drawn from the top, then down, then up again. The "R"s in Paragon are "simple circuit," drawn from the bottom up. The fingerprints in the ketchup are an exact match to the fingerprints on the marker and the tuner of this radio. Which, by the way, generated a charge strong enough to spot weld a spatula. Our chef walked away from that dynamo with different penmanship and a kooky name? How strange. For a human.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - MORNING

Heat Vision makes a final, refreshed sound and pulls away from the gas pump. The nozzle and hose fall to the ground.

HEAT VISION

That's better.

Heat "strolls around" the parking lot, humming a tune. He suddenly stops, seeing something.

FRANK is walking down the highway toward the diner, still wearing his apron and sunglasses.

HEAT VISION (cont'd)

Hey...

Heat starts toward Frank. Frank, seeing the vehicle heading his way, TURNS stiffly and walks in the opposite direction.

HEAT VISION (cont'd)

HEY! Hey you! Do you work here?

Heat takes off after the marching chef. He catches up quickly, following closely behind. Frank just keeps walking swiftly up the road, ignoring the bike.

HEAT VISION (cont'd)

Hey, I'm talking to you. Dude.

Frank stops, turns and HISSES at Heat Vision, raising his sunglasses, revealing his glowing green eyes.

HEAT VISION (cont'd)

Whoa. What's up with you?

Frank keeps death-staring at the motorcycle, with no effect.

(CONTINUED)

HEAT VISION (cont'd)
 You're the guy, aren't you? Did you
 kill that waitress?

Frank turns and RUNS robotically down the highway.

HEAT VISION (cont'd)
 Hey, wait, um...Freeze! Stop!

CUT TO:

INT. FRANK'S DINER - KITCHEN

Jack is finishing his Angela Lansbury rant.

JACK
 I think an alien life form must have
 converted itself into a broadcastable
 signal, then beamed through the
 diner's radio and into the body of the
 chef. Now the chef is out there,
 somewhere, acting on the will of a
 hateful being.

He looks at her. She's trying to take this all in.

JACK (cont'd)
 I know you don't believe me-

SHERIFF
 -I don't know what to believe.
 (beat)

Jack. Ron Silver came to see me, he's
 looking for you.

Hearing the name "Ron Silver," Jack's face twists into a
 hideous mask of pure, child-like terror.

HEAT VISION (O.S.)
 Jack! JACK! JACK!

Jack snaps out of it.

JACK
 Heat Vision!

He runs through the kitchen's swinging door. The Sheriff
 runs after, concerned.

EXT. FRANK'S DINER - MORNING

Jack runs out the front door, through the web of yellow
 police ribbon. The Sheriff is close behind.

Heat Vision speeds into the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

HEAT VISION

That fat guy tried to zap me with his
freaky eyes!

The Sheriff looks at the talking motorcycle, bug eyed.

Jack looks down the highway and sees the fat, aproned man
running away. The Sheriff looks 'to see what he sees.

SHERIFF

I think that's Frank. The chef!

Jack, determined, leaps onto Heat Vision.

HEAT VISION

Let's go!

Heat peels out of the parking lot. The Sheriff runs
after, then stops and heads around the back of the diner,
where she parked.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Frank is still running down the middle of the road like a
robot. Over his shoulder, we see Heat Vision and Jack
speeding toward him.

Frank runs off the road into a FOREST.

Jack and Heat ride after him.

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Frank continues running, over dead logs, under low-
hanging branches.

Heat Vision is having difficulty getting through the
woods.

Jack leaps off his bike.

JACK

Go around, we'll box him in!

Jack runs away. Heat Vision stops and turns his
handlebars this way and that.

HEAT VISION

Go around where? What? Go around the
forest?

Frank has not slowed down one bit. He's disappearing in
the distance.

(CONTINUED)

JACK
STOP!

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Jack runs into a forest clearing. Frank is nowhere in sight.

There is a crude campsite here. A small fire pit, a log bench...and a newspaper.

Jack examines it. It's a free porno newspaper, filled with ads for strip clubs and escort services. It's open to the middle. Examining the page, Jack sees a circled ad for the TREASURED CHEST, a strip bar. It boasts NAUGHTY WOMEN WHO ENJOY FLAUNTING THEMSELVES.

Frank appears from out of frame and SLAMS INTO Jack, knocking him to the ground.

Jack rolls and gets to his feet, combat ready. Frank stands, hands at his sides.

FRANK
Pathetic humans. When you were still eating bugs with your feet, Paragon became pure energy, an omnipotent collective, capable of bending space and time.

JACK
JACK ATTACK!

Jack makes a very serious martial arts gesture and runs toward Frank.

Frank whips off his glasses, revealing his deadly, glowing eyes.

Jack cringes and begins to shake. He screams in pain and GLOWS GREEN.

HEAT VISION ROARS into the clearing, distracting Frank.

Frank runs, leaving Jack to fall to his knees, screaming. The green glow fades.

Frank disappears into the woods, Heat Vision at his heels.

Jack is curled in the fetal position, shaking on the ground, when the Sheriff runs to him, gun drawn.

(CONTINUED)

SHERIFF
Jack! Are you okay?

JACK
I'm okay...I'm okay...

HEAT VISION (O.S.)
Help! JACK! HELP ME!

JACK
HEAT VISION?!

HEAT VISION (O.S.)
JACK!

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Jack, still trembling, aided by the Sheriff, forces his way through the woods.

JACK
HEAT VISION?!

HEAT VISION (O.S.)
JACK!

Heat Vision is laying on his side.

HEAT VISION (cont'd)
He pushed me over. I can't get up!

Jack grabs Heat Vision's handlebars and lifts him upright.

SHERIFF
He got away?

HEAT VISION (cont'd)
(embarrassed)
He pushed me over.

SHERIFF
Did you see which way he went?

HEAT VISION
(defensive)
He pushed me over.

JACK
Okay, buddy. Okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - DAY

Heat Vision is parked in the Sheriff's driveway, next to the squad car. Neighborhood children have gathered around it, giggling.

Heat Vision makes a fart sound.

The kids giggle and back up, then step toward him again.

Heat Vision makes a fart sound.

The kids giggle and back up.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - DAY

Frank and the Sheriff are having coffee at her kitchen table. The Sheriff is watching the bike through the window.

SHERIFF

He acts so human. It's hard to believe he's just a computer.

JACK

He's not. He's human. Well. Half human, half Harley.

SHERIFF

I don't understand.

JACK

Remember I told you how I got away from NASA?

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. WHITE HALL

Jack is talking to someone on a red, wall mounted phone.

SHERIFF (V.O.)

Yeah, you said you called someone. Your roommate. Doug, right?

EXT. NASA HEADQUARTERS - PARKING LOT

Jack's roommate, DOUG, is seated on Heat Vision, smoking a cigarette. He has his back to us.

JACK (V.O.)

During the escape, Doug was shot with an interfusion ray and merged with his motorcycle.

(CONTINUED)

Jack bursts through a door, running for his life. Behind him, a group of scientists in white coats gives chase, toting various horrible looking weapons.

One of the scientists points a particularly large ray gun at Jack's back.

Doug points in slo-mo. Jack ducks as a blue ray shoots from the scientist's gun, striking Doug and Heat Vision in a blinding FLASH (we never see Doug's face).

BACK TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - DAY

Jack stands up and takes their coffee cups to the Sheriff's sink.

JACK
Doug died that day, and Heat Vision was born.

SHERIFF
He seems okay with it.

JACK
How long can you go on whining when you're running for your life? If fate makes you a motorcycle, you suck it up. You become a motorcycle.

She stands up.

SHERIFF
Does the same go for you?

JACK
I'm not a motorcycle.

She walks to behind him.

SHERIFF
So you never get tired of running?
You never have to stop for gas?

He turns and looks at her.

JACK
Sometimes I do.

He strokes her cheek.

(CONTINUED)

JACK (cont'd)
But the gas always lives to regret it.
There's a spark, an explosion, then I
move forward, and the gas is consumed.
Exhausted.

SHERIFF
Do you promise?

They kiss passionately.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - BEDROOM

The Sheriff is sleeping soundly, naked beneath the covers. She rolls, draping her arm over the empty space next to her.

Laughter from the next room wakes her up. She looks around.

She hears more chuckling.

CUT TO:

INT. SHERIFF'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM

Jack is seated on her couch in his boxer shorts, laughing at the television. He's also eating a bag of microwave popcorn and tinkering with various gutted appliances. The Sheriff's boombox is wired and duct taped to a spatula, as well as her DSS mini-satellite dish.

He's watching PBS, on which Stephen Hawking is describing the nature of time and matter. Jack shakes his head and laughs again.

JACK
Yeah, right. Keep talkin', Steve.

The Sheriff enters from the bedroom, her blankets wrapped around her.

SHERIFF
Hey.

He looks up from the coffee table covered with her household's ruined electronics.

JACK
Oh, hi. I'm sorry, I hope you don't mind, I made a bag of popcorn.

SHERIFF
Aren't you tired?

(CONTINUED)

JACK
I can't sleep.

SHERIFF
It has been a crazy day.

JACK
No, I mean I can't sleep. Ever.
(beat)
Come here. I want to show you
something.

She sits next to him on the couch. He points at the Jerry-rigged device and shoves a handful of popcorn into his mouth.

JACK (cont'd)
Paragon is a broadcast frequency, and the chef's body is an antenna. He eats by subverting the optic nerves, both of his host and the victim. That's why he couldn't turn Heat Vision into ashes. Heat got no eyes. Now. The next time we find the guy, I'm gonna get crazy on him, hard style, because I owe him. Once I knock his glasses off, all you have to do is tap him with this.

He holds up the spatula.

SHERIFF
Then what?

JACK
Then the alien goes into the boombox, and the dish zaps him right back into space.

SHERIFF
Won't he be able to turn around and come back?

Jack thinks about the answer to this question for a long time.

JACK (cont'd)
I'm hoping no. Any other questions?

SHERIFF
How do we find him?

JACK
I have a lead.

CUT TO:

INT. TREASURE CHEST RESTAURANT - DAY

Your average highway-side seafood restaurant. A teenage CASHIER in a sailor hat is filling the toothpick dispenser.

Jack and the Sheriff walk up to the counter.

SHERIFF

Excuse me, have you seen a man in an apron and sunglasses?

CASHIER

You mean the one standing right behind you?

JACK

Don't look!

Jack spins and DECKS an elderly, blind busboy, who drops to the floor with a pile of dishes.

Seeing what he's done, Jack grimaces. The Sheriff crouches, trying to revive the old man. The cashier bursts into tears.

CASHIER

Please don't hurt him. I know he's got a lot of gambling debts, but that's why he took this job and sold his eyes to science.

JACK

No no no. That was a mistake. We're..I think we're at the wrong place, it seems like there should be more naked women here, less...lobster.

CASHIER

(realizing)

Oh. You're thinking of the Treasured Chest, Treasured with a D. It's a strip club on highway seven.

The Sheriff stands up, propping the unconscious man against the counter.

JACK

Highway seven. Sorry.

CASHIER

That's okay, it happens all the time. Actually, someone asked about that place, not five minutes ago. Heavysset guy, wearing an apron and sunglasses. Called me a whore-in-training.

(CONTINUED)

Jack and the Sheriff look at each other. The old man falls to the floor.

CUT TO:

INT. TREASURED CHEST STRIP BAR

It's lunch time at this seedy, remote club- a couple of guys shooting pool, a few regular drunks hunched over the bar, and a few introverts seated around the runway.

Techno music blares from the large sound system, manned by a bald, bearded DJ doing a crossword puzzle.

FRANK is standing at the end of the runway, glaring at the dancing stripper. He doesn't like it here, but he's got a job to do.

FRANK

Paragon will absorb all monkey whores.

Another stripper approaches Frank from the side and runs a hand across his chest.

STRIPPER 1

You want a lap dance?

Frank looks at her.

FRANK

WHAT?

STRIPPER 1

Do you want a lap dance?

FRANK

Yes. You will dance on Paragon's lap.

She leads him out of frame.

CUT TO:

INT. TREASURED CHEST STRIP BAR - MOMENTS LATER

The two POOL PLAYERS are alarmed to hear a scream from O.S. They look to see-

-Frank, standing up from a seat in a dark corner, a pile of ashes sifting off his lap.

FRANK

All monkey tramps dance on Paragon's lap.

POOL PLAYER 1

Hey, that guy disintegrated Jasmine!

(CONTINUED)

The pool player runs at Frank with his cue. Frank lowers his glasses and DISINTEGRATES him mid-stride.

POOL PLAYER 2
HEY!

The second pool player grabs a billiard ball from the table and THROWS it.

Frank ducks, then lowers his glasses and ZAPS him, too.

The stripper on the runway screams.

Frank turns and looks up at her.

FRANK
I'll teach you inferior women to
reject PARAGON.

He reaches for his glasses.

HEAT VISION CRASHES through the bar's Styrofoam wall. Jack is riding him, with the Sheriff on the back. They both leap off the bike.

The Sheriff is holding Jack's cosmic boombox device. Jack instructs her.

JACK
Wait til his glasses are off.
(to everyone)
Nobody look at this man!

Frank is upset to see Jack again.

FRANK
Paragon will DESTROY you.

Jack reaches O.S. and yanks the stripper's top off. He ties it around his eyes like a ninja's blindfold.

They run at each other and clash in a flurry of mutually blocked Jackie Chan swipes.

Frank ends the exchange by SHOVING Jack backward.

They go at it again, grappling each other in a Star Trek style battle.

HEAT VISION
Come on, Jack! Take him out, buddy!

A DRUNK at the bar chimes in.

DRUNK 1
Go, Paragon!

The DRUNK next to him shouts out:

DRUNK 2
Get 'im, Jack!

The customers in the bar all begin shouting out one name or the other.

Unseen to anyone else, RON SILVER walks through the hole left in the wall by Heat Vision. Seeing Jack, he walks briskly across the bar, a determined look on his face.

Frank punches Jack across the jaw. Jack punches Frank across the jaw, then the gut.

Then, with a devastating hook, KNOCKS FRANK'S GLASSES off.

Wasting no time, Jack, still blindfolded, gets behind Frank and holds his arms.

JACK
Now!

The Sheriff prepares to move in with the boom box device when she sees RON SILVER walk past her. He's heading for Jack, drawing a HUMONGOUS SPACE GUN from a shoulder holster.

With no time to think, the Sheriff SMASHES the boom box over Ron Silver's head. Stunned, Ron squeezes off a shot with the hand cannon.

An EXPLOSIVE round flies into the top of the stripper pole, detaching it from the ceiling in a cascade of sparks.

Ron falls to the floor, knocked out. The boom box falls next to him, shattered into useless pieces.

Jack, blindfolded, is confused.

JACK (cont'd)
What's going on?

Eyes glowing, Frank RIPS away from Jack in a burst of anger.

He grabs Jack and THROWS him across the bar.

Jack hits the bottom of the stripper pole, knocking it out of the runway.

The DJ cowers as one end of the pole SPEARS his sound system in another shower of sparks.

(CONTINUED)

Jack hits the runway and slides to a stop on his back. Dazed, he pulls down his bra blindfold.

Frank steps onto the runway, smiling, eyes glowing.

The Sheriff runs at Frank. Jack calls out to her.

JACK (cont'd)
DON'T LOOK AT HIM!

Frank looks at the Sheriff. She closes her eyes. He shoves her easily out of the way.

He starts heading for Jack.

Jack looks at the stripper pole. One end is at his feet. The other is anchored in the sparking sound system.

Without looking, Jack KICKS the other end of the pole toward the approaching Frank. Frank catches it.

Jack looks at the freaked out DJ.

JACK (cont'd)
PRESS RECORD!

The DJ hits RECORD on the tape deck.

Frank's eyes glow bright.

He starts shaking. He glows green.

FRANK'S ENTIRE BODY DISINTEGRATES, then SHOOTs through the pole into the tape deck in a massive, affordable finale.

All is quiet again.

The DJ ejects the smoking tape from the deck and holds it up, looking at Jack.

DJ
Do you want me to label this?

CUT TO:

EXT. TREASURED CHEST STRIP BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Two strippers are sitting on Heat Vision while a friend takes a picture. They bounce up and down, giggling.

HEAT VISION
(chuckling)
Ooooookay. You have no idea what you're doing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jack and the Sheriff walk toward the bike. Jack hands her the tape.

JACK
I trust you know what to do with this.

SHERIFF
Oh, I think so.
(beat)
Where will you go now, Jack Austin?

The strippers get off of Heat Vision.

JACK
Somewhere. Everywhere. Anywhere but here.

SHERIFF
I handcuffed Ron Silver to the bar. I can arrest him, expose NASA, you'll be safe.

He scoffs at the notion.

JACK
You know, I've been doing this for a while, now. In the past, I've tried to tell my story to journalists, I've tried to make friends, I've tried to open up to women.

(cracking)
They've died. All of them.
(swallowing)

After a while, I figured out that if I stopped caring and started moving, I could be saving lives instead of snuffing them. Let Ron go. Let him follow me. You can't beat him with the system, he is the system.

SHERIFF
But you haven't done anything wrong. It doesn't make sense.

JACK
Remember. I'm a lot smarter than you. And it makes sense to me.

He kisses her and climbs onto his bike.

HEAT VISION
You again.

JACK
Let's go, Heat Vision. We're burning daylight.

(CONTINUED)

Heat revs his engine. Jack looks at the Sheriff while he puts on his shades.

JACK (cont'd)
So long, Sheriff.

SHERIFF
So long, Jack.

Heat Vision zooms away.

The Sheriff watches him disappear. She smiles, shakes her head and looks at the tape.

SHERIFF (cont'd)
Case closed.

She throws the tape into a public garbage can.

As she heads back into the stripper bar, a homeless man starts digging through the can.

CUT TO:

INT. TREASURED CHEST STRIP BAR

She draws her gun as she enters the trashed bar.

SHERIFF
Alright, Silver, now you're go-

Her handcuffs are dangling from the metal pole that runs the length of the bar. Silver is gone. She looks around the club, worried.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Ron Silver speeds down the road in a black sedan, talking on a cell phone.

RON SILVER
No, sir. Yes sir. I'm right behind him, as we speak. No, I can't see him, I just mean I'm one step behind him. Yes, sir, I will. You can count on it.

He hangs up the phone.

RON SILVER (cont'd)
You can count on it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Jack ZOOMS down the desert road, wind in his hair, regret in his eyes. The Firm's *I'm Radioactive* begins anew.

We are treated to several moody shots of Jack riding across North America as the Ted Knight guy takes us out:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Having vanquished another strange and entertaining opponent, our hero continues on toward his own horizon. Unfortunately, due to our planet's spherical shape, his horizon will never get closer. Perhaps just by standing still, we travel farther than the heroes we observe. However, I don't see any of us fighting evil aliens, so let's all tune in next week for another exciting episode of Heat Vision and Jack.

FADE TO BLACK.

END