

**The Fifth Element by Luc Besson**

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Billy is looking for the grappa in the Professor's bag. He comes upon a machine pistol. When the muffled SOUND suddenly grabs his attention. He leans toward the corridor and sees part of a spaceship appear. Billy is paralyzed.

INT. TEMPLE ROOM - DAY

The Professor keeps reading over the inscription.

PROFESSOR

"..this perfect person.. this perfect being.." I do not understand this.. perfect?

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Where is that boy? Billy!

INT. TUNNEL - DAY

Billy presses himself against the wall, in the shadows, terrified, but sketching away like mad, as large shadowed figures lumber past him. He begins to blink, feeling the effects of the Priest's potion..

INT. TEMPLE ROOM - DAY

The Professor reads the wall.

PROFESSOR

And this divine Light they talk about.. what is Divine light?

At that moment, the reflection from Aziz's mirror drops again. The light fails.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

(without turning)

Aziz light!

The room is flooded with light all of the sudden.

PROFESSOR (CONT'D)

Better.. this is the most unbelievable thing I have ever seen..

The Professor turns around, and is stunned speechless to find himself face to face with two MONDOSHAWANS. A dozen others fill the hall manning the source of the light, large luminous globes. Aziz is fast asleep.

**The Matrix by Larry and Andy Wachowski**

EXT. HEART O' THE CITY HOTEL - NIGHT

The Lieutenant laughs.

LIEUTENANT

I think we can handle one little girl.

Agent Smith nods to Agent Brown as they start toward the hotel.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

I sent two units. They're bringing her down now.

AGENT SMITH

No, Lieutenant, your men are already dead.

INT. HEART O' THE CITY HOTEL

The Big Cop flicks out his cuffs, the other cops holding a bead. They've done this a hundred times, they know they've got her, until the Big Cop reaches with the cuffs and Trinity moves --

It almost doesn't register, so smooth and fast, inhumanly fast.

The eye blinks and Trinity's palm snaps up and the nose explodes, blood erupting. Her leg kicks with the force of a wrecking ball and he flies back, a two-hundred-fifty pound sack of limp meat and bone that slams into the cop farthest from her.

Trinity moves again, BULLETS RAKING the walls, flashlights sweeping with panic as the remaining cops try to stop a leather-clad ghost.

A GUN still in the cop's hand is snatched, twisted, and FIRED. There is a final violent exchange of GUNFIRE and when it's over, Trinity is the only one standing.

A flashlight rocks slowly to a stop.

TRINITY

Shit.

INT. CONSTRUCT

Racks of weapons appear and they begin to arm themselves.

TRINITY

No one has ever done anything like  
this.

NEO

Yeah?

He snap-cocks an Uzi.

NEO (CONT'D)

That's why it's going to work.

### **Minority Report rewrite by Jon Cohen**

EXT. THE HOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

Johnny stands on the front porch, scratching. He walks down his front walk, and bends over to pick up the newspaper. Carol stands in the doorway, watching him.

A SHADOW slides over Johnny, cast from above. The air fills with the piercing WHINE of an engine. Johnny looks up, alarmed.

In the sky above him, just beyond the tips of the suburban trees, is a black PRECRIME POLICE HOVERCRAFT.

The children, the mothers, Carol in the doorway -- everyone freezes in place, as Johnny is cast into an inexplicable drama.

Racing SOUNDLESSLY down the street toward him, are SLEEK TECHNOLOGICAL MARVELS, lethal and efficient looking -- they seem to be cars -- but they are so different from the fat Fords and Chevies in the driveways that it is hard for us to process them.

Helmeted police with mirrored visors erupt out of the cars. More police drop from the hovercraft in harnesses. Their uniforms are black, seem actually to absorb light. Their left hands are bare, their right hands are encased in some sort of complicated glove.

CLOSE ON - A GLOVE

The glove is a weapon of some kind, the elongated index finger ending in an open barrel.

Clearly, this is not, as it first seemed, the past -- not America in the 1950's. It is the neo-past, the retro world of America 2040, where the familiar of yesterday is intermeshed with hypertechnology.

And all of that hypertechnology is focused on JOHNNY, as he makes a run for the house, sheets of newspaper scattering behind him. He bursts up the front porch, shoving Carol out of the way.

Eight Precrime police officers assemble in the yard. From a backpack, one of them quickly removes an instrument with a handle grip and an ovoid screen. It is a holographic scanner.

He activates it, scans the OFFICER in front of him, and an IDENTICAL POLICE OFFICER takes three-dimensional form.

The two real officers circle the house, repeating the maneuver a dozen times.

In less than a minute, a decoy force of men -- three dimensional, standing in place, but shifting and turning like living beings -- has been created. An overwhelming police deterrent presence has been established.

## **I, Robot by Hillary Seitz**

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - MORNING

...steps outside. Into the flow of COMMUTERS heading for the elevated trains. Elbow to elbow. A river of humanity.

Spooner moves along, like everyone else. Suddenly. His shoulders tense. That feeling at the back of his neck. He turns and sees...

A *ROBOT*. Just behind him. Humanoid in design, but still obviously a machine. Metal and synthetic casings covering hydraulic muscles. The thing senses his stare. Looks up with a muted WHIR...

ROBOT  
(metallic voice)  
Good day, sir...

Spooner. Speeds up his pace. Weaving through the crowd to lose the robot.

We now realise this is THE FUTURE. Towering apartment buildings block the sun. The street packed with traffic. PEDESTRIANS wearing their computers like form-fitting portable offices. Spooner throws a look at his surroundings:

Up high an INDUSTRIAL ROBOT rolls down the side of a building cleaning windows.

A WORK CREW of oddly-shaped RUBE GOLDBERG ROBOTS efficiently repairs the street. No human supervision.

A ROBOTIC CLEAN-UP CREW. Lumbering along the sidewalk. Scrubbing, sweeping. Emptying trash...

Humanoid ROBOTS dotting the crowd. Following their owners. Walking slowly, deliberately. Carrying boxes. Groceries. Briefcases.

Stamped on all the ROBOTS' SIDES, a LOGO: III LAWS SAFE.

### **Forest Gump by Eric Roth**

EXT. A SAVANNAH STREET - DAY (1981)

A feather floats through the air. The falling feather.

A city, Savannah, is revealed in the background. The feather floats down toward the city below. The feather drops down toward the street below, as people walk past and cars drive by, and nearly lands on a man's shoulder.

He walks across the street, causing the feather to be whisked back on its journey. The feather floats above a stopped car.

The car drives off right as the feather floats down toward the street.

The feather floats under a passing car, then is sent flying back up in the air. A MAN sits on a bus bench. The feather floats above the ground and finally lands on the man's mudsoaked shoe.

The man reached down and picks up the feather. His name is FORREST GUMP. He looks at the feather oddly, moves aside a box of chocolates from an old suitcase, then opens the case.

BLACK AND WHITE FOOTAGE - President Kennedy shakes hands with the All-American football players.

The player walks away. Forrest steps up to the President.

The President shakes his hand.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
 Congratulations. How do you feel?

FORREST  
 I gotta pee.

President Kennedy turns and smiles.

PRESIDENT KENNEDY  
 I believe he said he had to go pee.

**Back to the Future by Robert Zemeckis & Bob Gale**

EXT. MALL, DELOREAN - NIGHT

The speedometer hits 85... 86... 87... 88...

The automobile is suddenly engulfed by a BLINDING WHITE GLOW - then, BLAM! It\*s gone, a TRAIL OF FIRE left in its wake.

Brown and Marty are hit by a sharp blast of air. Marty blinks in disbelief: it\*s as if the car never existed. Only the LICENSE PLATE is left behind - a vanity plate: "NO TIME."

**Alien by Dan O'Bannon**

INTERIOR - MULTI-PURPOSE ROOM

Suddenly, unexpectedly, BROUSSARD GRIMACES AND GROANS.

STANDARD

What's wrong?

BROUSSARD

(his voice straining)

I don't know... I'm getting these  
CRAMPS!

The others stare at him in alarm. Another GROAN is torn from his lips. He clutches the edge of the table with his hands, his knuckles whitening.

STANDARD

Breathe deeply.

BROUSSARD

(screaming)

OH GOD IT HURTS SO BAD!

ROBY

What Dell -- what?

Broussard's face is screwed up into a mask of agony, and he is trembling violently from head to foot.

BROUSSARD

(incoherent shriek)

OhmygooaaaAAHHHHH!!!

A RED SMEAR OF BLOOD BLOSSOMS ON THE CHEST OF BROUSSARD'S TUNIC.

THEIR EYES ARE ALL RIVETTED TO BROUSSARD'S CHEST AS THE FABRIC OF HIS TUNIC IS RIPPED OPEN, AND A HORRIBLE NASTY LITTLE HEAD THE SIZE OF A MAN'S FIST PUSHES OUT.

Everybody SCREAMS and leaps back from the table. The cat spits and bolts.

The disgusting little head lunges, comes spurting out of Broussard's chest trailing a thick, wormlike tail -- splattering fluids and blood -- lands in the middle of the dishes and food on the table -- and scurries away while the men are stampeding for safe ground.

When they finally regain control of themselves, it has escaped. Broussard lies slumped in his chair, a huge hole in his chest, spouting blood. The dishes are scattered and the food is covered with blood and slime.

HUNTER

Oh, no. Oh, no.

FAUST

What was that? What the Christ was that?

MELKONIS

It was growing in him the whole time and he didn't even know it!

Slowly, they gather around Broussard's gutted corpse.

### **Aliens by James Cameron**

RIPLEY

No...noooo!

They try to restrain her as she thrashes, knocking over equipment. Her EKG races like mad. Jones, under a cabinet, hisses wide-eyed.

DOCTOR

Hold her...Get me an airway, stat!  
And fifteen cc's of...Jesus!

AN EXPLOSION OF BLOOD beneath the sheet covering her chest! Ripley stares at the SHAPE RISING UNDER THE SHEET. Tearing itself out of her.

HER P.O.V. as the sheet rises. A GLIMPSE OF the CHITTERING HORROR...IT SCREECHES.

**The Abyss by James Cameron**

INT. SUB BAY

Hippy puts his tools away, finished with the modifications to Big Geek.

HIPPY

All set, big guy. Hey, I told you  
to wipe that grin off your face.

He yawns as he shambles across the chamber to the corridor door. Switches off the lights. Goes out.

Quiet lapping of water in the moonpool. A beat. Then...

A cold luminosity suffuses the water beneath the moonpool opening, sending shadows shifting across the top of the chamber. The surface begins to pulsate.

Suddenly, the water itself rises, forming itself into a shifting, shimmering pseudopod as big around as a man's body. The transparent form pulses... an amoebic mass shivering in the air.

It stretches, becoming a more refined form. Like a blindly probing glass python, it elongates and weaves across the room. It extends and extends, stretching out from the moonpool, a shimmering tentacle. The 'head' or tip, a featureless liquid bulb, seems somehow to be scanning as it moves forward, as if it can see where it's going.

**Independence Day by Dean Devlin & Roland Emmerich**

EXT. ROOFTOP - LOS ANGELES - SAME

As the light amplifies, the believers chant, louder and louder. Suddenly the white light DISAPPEARS. The believers are stunned. In a brief moment it is replaced with a BLAST.

A DESTRUCTION BEAM BLASTS down onto the rooftop, splintering everything there, Police helicopter included, into a billion tiny particles.

Tiffany is the epicenter, from here the WALL OF DESTRUCTION GROWS outwardly, destroying everything in its path.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - SAME

Just as the BLAST HITS, the historic building is DECIMATED.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE LAWN - SAME

Alex shuts the door on a helicopter. As he steps back the white light VANISHES. He looks up as the BLAST replaces the beam.

ANGLE - WHITE HOUSE

Just as one of the helicopters pass us, the White House SPLINTERS BEFORE OUR EYES.

EXT. ANDREWS - RUNWAY - AIR FORCE ONE - SAME

Air Force One quickly taxis down the runway toward us. Behind them in the distance we can SEE the DESTRUCTIVE beam GROWING OUTWARDLY from the epicenter.

THE CAPITOL BUILDING

The WALL OF DESTRUCTION reaches the Capitol Building, fragmenting into a trillion particles.

THE PENTAGON

Washed under the WALL OF DESTRUCTION, the Pentagon, too, is blown to smithereens.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - SAME

Thick with tension. Everyone is white-knuckled, anxious for take off as they taxi quickly down the runway.

EXT. ANDREWS - RUNWAY - AIR FORCE ONE

Air Force one, full throttle. It LIFTS OFF just in time to miss the WALL OF DESTRUCTION as it rips apart the airport behind them, dangerously close.

WIDE ANGLES - WASHINGTON, D.C.

We SEE the WAVE OF DESTRUCTION growing outwardly from the epicenter, ENGULFING ALL OF WASHINGTON.