

KEEP THE LIGHT ON

Written by

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Based on the true story from the autobiography
An Invented Life: The Smoking Gun by Alan Amron

An idealistic Brooklyn inventor gives his revolutionary ideas to
the world, only to spend the next 51 years fighting corporate
giants to secure his name and reclaim his legacy.

Biographical Drama

VISUAL STORYBOARD: <https://heartfelt-eclair-2c89c6.netlify.app/>

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FADE IN:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT (1956)

A narrow cobblestone street lined with red brick tenements and cars parked along the curb stretches into darkness. A mix of old ornate and new modern style street lamps cast pools of light every thirty yards. Wind RATTLES fire escapes with metallic percussion. One lamp FLICKERS stubbornly - on, off, on again - refusing to surrender to the darkness that wants to claim it.

SUPERIMPOSE: Brooklyn, New York 1956

ALAN AMRON (8) crouches in a shadowed doorway of a corner butcher shop, his small frame pressed against the cold brick for warmth. His worn wool peacoat flaps in the wind.

In his hands: a dog-eared spiraled notepad, its pages filled with crude sketches of radios, mysterious machines, impossible gadgets. He shields it like precious treasure from the elements.

A stubby pencil, worn down to almost nothing, scratches determinedly across the paper. His latest drawing: an improved radio antenna design with mathematical precision.

ALAN

(Brooklyn accent,
muttering with fierce
determination)

There hasta be a way to make the
signal clearer...Everything's got a
frequency, right?

The young boy studies his sketch with the intensity of a master engineer. Alan looks up again at the flickering streetlamp above. The light pulses with irregular rhythm - on, off, on, off.

ALAN (V.O.)

Everything's got a solution.

EXTREME CLOSE-UP of Alan's crystal blue eyes, moving with each pencil stroke, ideas shoot rapid fire from his brain, radiating out through his small fingertips, onto his notepad.

ALAN (V.O.)

You just gotta find it and make it
stick.

As if responding to his words, the stubborn old streetlamp suddenly stops flickering and glows steady and strong, casting warm light over the small inventor in the doorway. A voice yells from up above.

HY (O.S.)
Alan, dinner! It's late. Get up
here.

Alan slams his notepad closed. He runs into the building, up the interior stairwell, no longer visible. PAN UP the side of the building to reveal the "IVALS KOSHER BUTCHER" sign above the doorway Alan once stood. Continue camera PAN UP the exterior side of the building to the second floor, stopping on a window with a view into the Amron Family kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Seated at the kitchen table is Alan's Father, HY AMRON (40s), Alan's older brother IVAN AMRON (11), baby sister SUSIE AMRON (4), and mother GLO AMRON (40s). Glo looks over at Alan's empty seat, food now cold.

Camera zooms through the kitchen, past the living room, into the foyer as the front door flies open. Alan busts in, throws his hat and coat on a hook and runs straight into his bedroom. Door SLAM.

Back in the Kitchen, dinner is almost over. Glo gives Hy a look.

HY
I'll go check on him.

Hy gets up, leaves for Alan's bedroom.

INT. ALAN'S CHILDHOOD BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A cramped bedroom in a working-class Brooklyn tenement. Faded floral wallpaper peels at the corners, and the single window looks out onto a narrow airshaft between buildings.

Alan sits cross-legged on threadbare carpet, surrounded by scattered components of a transistor radio: vacuum tubes, coils of copper wire, and tiny resistors arranged in neat rows.

Hy, neighborhood butcher, appears in the doorway. His work clothes still carrying the faint smell of the shop. His hands, permanently stained despite scrubbing.

HY

Alan, it's almost eight o'clock.
Dinner's been on the table.

(realizes he's being
ignored)

Your mother's worried you're going
to electrocute yourself with all
those radio parts.

ALAN

(absorbed, still not
looking up)

Almost got it, Dad. The speaker's
blown, but if I can reverse the
polarity on this circuit and bridge
these contacts...

His small fingers, steady with concentration, twist two thin
wires together. A spark jumps, making him flinch but not
stopping his work.

Suddenly, MUSIC crackles to life - FRANK SINATRA's "Young At
Heart" bursts from the speaker.

"Fairytale can come true / It can happen to you / If you're
young at heart / For it's hard, you will find / To be narrow
of mind / If you're young at heart..."

Hy's eight-year-old son has just resurrected technology that
trained adults had declared dead.

HY

How'd you know how to do that?

ALAN

I just listened to what it was
tryin' to tell me. The static was
comin' from the wrong place, so I
traced it backward.

Glo now appears behind Hy. She wears a simple housedress and
slippers, her dark hair pinned up after a long day of keeping
their small world running.

GLO

Hy, look at this mess--

HY

G, he fixed it.

GLO

Radio parts everywhere--

Glo, too distracted by wires, electrical parts and makeshift tools strewn about, stops mid-sentence as FRANK SINATRA begins to play again beautifully through the resurrected speaker.

"You can go to extremes with impossible schemes / You can laugh when your dreams fall apart at the seams / And life gets more exciting with each passing day"

GLO (CONT'D)
How did you...?

Alan stares proudly at his progress.

HY
I think it's time for a proper tool set.

ALAN
Can I have a soldering iron?

GLO
Absolutely not. You're eight years old.

ALAN
But I could fix so many more things...

Hy and Glo exchange a look. Their son is different.

The seed is planted. In a cluttered Brooklyn bedroom, surrounded by the debris of childhood curiosity, the future begins to take shape. The young inventor in his very first workshop. Slowly zoom into a CLOSE UP of Alan's determined, crystal blue eyes and transition seamlessly to--

INT. ALAN'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT (1985)

SUPERIMPOSE: 1985

SUPERIMPOSE: 29 years later

Those same fierce, crystal blue eyes now belong to a 37-year-old man's face, marked by countless late nights and impossible dreams.

Alan's calloused hands building a module, now mastering his soldering iron. Steam rises as he fixes the electrical board, creating small clouds in the cold garage air.

On the cluttered workbench: decades of prototypes in various stages of completion.

Center stage sits the PRESS-ON MEMO - small yellow squares with an invisible adhesive that defies conventional chemistry.

ALAN (V.O.)
 (Brooklyn voice, older but retaining street-smart edge)

Inventors have this curse. We look at the world and see problems nobody else even notices. Solutions hiding right under their noses, waiting for someone crazy enough to make them real.

The workshop reveals the organized chaos of a brilliant mind: papers scattered with mathematical precision, patent applications in neat stacks, rubber stamps reading "PATENT PENDING" scattered across multiple workstations.

In the corner, a white candle burns low, its wax pooled from countless nights of stubborn persistence. The flame dances but never dies.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY (PRESENT DAY)

Those same hands, now 77 years old and marked by decades of battles, clutch a manila folder containing legal documents that could change everything.

EXTREME CLOSE UP: on manila folder revealing the present day date, "September 29, 2025"

Alan, silver-haired but unbowed in his only good suit, stares at the documents with that same childhood intensity that once fixed broken radios and dreamed of better worlds.

ALAN (V.O.)
 Truth? After fifty years of fighting giants who thought they could steal dreams and rewrite history...Well, let's just say the light's still burning. And it ain't going out without one hell of a fight.

BEGIN OPENING TITLES: "KEEP THE LIGHT ON"

ALAN AMRON'S 40 PATENTS - Renderings of ideas, all shockingly familiar to the audience.

PAN around and ANIMATE text to reveal OPENING CREDITS for film. LAST PATENT PENDING for REGEN CANDLE. Into outline rendering of a sprawling legal war room that looks like mission control for taking down corporate giants. Evidence boxes line every wall, each meticulously labeled by decade: "1973-1980 3M PRESS-ON MEMO POST-IT THEFT," "1985-1998 FIRST LITIGATION," "2011-2025 MLB and TICKETMASTER/LIVE NATION BARCODE CASES," "2002-2022 LASER LINE NFL OFFICIATING CASE" LAW ROOM begins to take full form, no longer outline rendering. Now full picture of MARK VAN SEGAL's Law Office. Day turns to night in the ongoing war room. Camera moves towards the window, pushes through the glass, and onto the street. That same Brooklyn streetlamp, still flickering but never surrendering, as if it's been waiting fifty years for this story to be told.

END TITLES.

EXT. IVALS KOSHER BUTCHER SHOP - BROOKLYN STREET - DAY (1952)

SUPERIMPOSE: Brooklyn, New York 1952

A modest storefront on a busy Brooklyn street. Hy stands proudly as WORKERS remove the old "IVAL KOSHER BUTCHER" sign and replace with the new, "IVALS KOSHER BUTCHER" sign. Glo holds newborn baby Susie while Ivan (7) and Alan (4) watch in amazement. The final letter "S" is added to complete, "IVALS".

ALAN (V.O.)

My father named his business after his children: **Ivan**, **Alan** and **Sue**. **IVALS**. Dad taught me that family comes above all else - a lesson that would sustain me through fifty years of corporate warfare.

Glo watches her husband's pride as neighbors gather to congratulate them on the new business name.

HY

(to Alan)

See that, son? We put the family name up there for everyone to see. Names matter. They tell people who you are, what you built, and what you stand for.

Young Alan looks up at his Dad, sunlight obstructing some of Hy's faces as he speaks. Alan absorbs the lesson that will define his life.

INT. IVALS KOSHER BUTCHER SHOP - DAY (1956)

The floor of the small family shop is covered in sawdust. The white tiled walls are immaculate, showing a business owner who takes great pride in his work. The fresh meats are beautifully displayed. The distinct aroma of smoked and cured meats mixed with a faint metallic iron-like smell fills the air. Alan (8) sits on a green leather stool near the front door. Jotting in his notepad, he looks up occasionally to watch his father work.

ALAN (V.O.)

We lived above my Dad's Butcher Shop, so even as a kid I was aware of how the shop operated. I understood the day-to-day, deliveries, pick ups, the regulars.

The MEAT DELIVERY MAN and his dolly full of goods enters the shop. Hy shakes his hand and begins to walk the delivery man to the back. Door BELL swings open. Local regular MRS. GOLDSTEIN (50s) arrives looking to pick up her usual. Hy grabs her order from the front case, rings her up, and continues on to the back refrigeration room with the delivery man. Alan follows his father.

ALAN (V.O.)

But on days where I saw my Dad stressed, I always wanted to figure out ways to pitch in and help out.

INT. IVALS KOSHER BUTCHER SHOP - REFRIGERATION ROOM
CONTINUOUS

Alan enters as his father discovers thousands of dollars worth of meat spoiled due to refrigeration failure. Despite the terrible timing, the delivery man begins to unload.

HY

Two days. Two days the system was down and I didn't know. This could destroy us.

Alan studies the broken refrigeration system.

ALAN

Dad, what if there was a way for the refrigerator to call you when something goes wrong?

HY
 (half joking, half
 serious)
 Sure, Alan. Go build it.

Hy pauses a moment from the meat debacle and smiles, watching Alan run off to get to work.

INT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - DAY (1954)

SUPERIMPOSE: The Boy Who Fixed Everything

Alan (6) works on a crude but functional device: a light bulb attached to a battery system mounted on wood.

ALAN (V.O.)
 I was six when I invented my first thing: a light gun. A board with a bulb attached to batteries that looked like bullet chambers, with a switch mounted underneath. When I pulled that trigger, the light would fire.

Alan demonstrates for Hy and Glo who are visibly amazed.

INT. PS 192 ELEMENTARY - 4TH GRADE CLASSROOM - DAY (1958)

Alan (10) hunches over a broken PA system like a miniature engineer. His tools - clearly borrowed from the school's janitor's closet - spread around him in organized chaos. The speaker housing lies open, revealing its electronic innards.

MRS. KOWALSKI (50s), a teacher who still believes in the magic of young minds, watches nervously as PRINCIPAL MARTINEZ (40s) enters with the weight of morning announcements on his shoulders.

ALAN (V.O.)
 By 10, I had been reading any manual I could get my hands on. I wanted to know why things did what they did and what components were integral in diagnosing and fixing electrical problems. Not the most popular hobby for a kid, but I wanted to understand it all. You can imagine, it wasn't always met with praise...initially.

PRINCIPAL MARTINEZ

Mrs. Kowalski, the morning announcements are in twenty minutes. That PA system's been broken for weeks. What's-

MRS. KOWALSKI

Alan thinks he can fix it, Mr. Martinez. He's been studying the wiring diagrams during recess.

Other STUDENTS begin to gather in a loose semicircle, their whispers mixing curiosity with skepticism.

CLASSMATE #1

My dad says those things cost hundreds of dollars to fix. No way a kid can do it.

CLASSMATE #2

Yeah, he's just gonna break it worse.

Alan ignores their voices, his entire focus consumed by the maze of loose wires and what appears to be a blown fuse. His small fingers work with confidence.

ALAN

Just gotta listen to what it's trying to tell ya, you know? Everything talks if you know how to hear it. This little guy here...
(taps a component)
He's been working too hard. Needs a rest and a new friend.

His fingers twist wires with surgical precision. A small SPARK jumps between connections. Suddenly - STATIC crackles to life, harsh and loud, then gradually clears to perfect, crystal-clear sound.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(grinning, speaking into the microphone)
Testing, testing...Good morning, PS 192! This is your friendly neighborhood fix-it guy reporting that the impossible just became possible.

Alan's voice ECHOES through the hallways with perfect clarity. Principal Martinez's jaw drops in genuine amazement.

PRINCIPAL MARTINEZ

How in the world did you know to do that?

ALAN

You gotta listen to what it's trying to tell you. Everything has a voice if you're quiet enough to hear it.

Mrs. Kowalski sees something in this moment that the others miss - the birth of an inventor.

INT. PS 192 ELEMENTARY - CLASSROOM - LATER (1958)

After class, the other students have filed out. Mrs. Kowalski approaches as Alan packs his makeshift tools with the care of a master craftsman.

MRS. KOWALSKI

Alan, the world needs people who think differently, who see solutions where others see only problems.

She hands Alans a well-worn library book: "THOMAS EDISON: BOY INVENTOR."

MRS. KOWALSKI (CONT'D)

People said electric lights would never replace gas lamps. They said the phonograph was a parlor trick. They said moving pictures were just a fad. Real inventors don't let their hearts break - they let their work prove the doubters wrong.

ALAN

And people remembered his name?

MRS. KOWALSKI

Forever and always, Alan. Forever and always.

Alan fans through the book and lands on a page with big text and an illustration of an electric utility system.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - SUMMER BLACKOUT (1960)

The entire block sits in sweltering darkness.

EXT. AMRON FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

FOUR NEIGHBORS come knocking on the Amron Family apartment front door. Mrs. Goldstein leading the troop. Glo opens.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN
We have to assume that Alan had something to do with this?

All of the neighbors nod in agreement. Before Glo has a chance to respond--

INT. AMRON FAMILY KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Alan (12) overhears and emerges from behind a disassembled refrigerator holding his father's small penlight flashlight. He quickly pops back behind and reconnects some of the wires. CLICK. The lights go back on.

EXT. AMRON FAMILY HOME - CONTINUOUS

Blackout is over. Lights are all back on.

GLO
Alan's fixin' again.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN
(playful)
We thought he might be.

Mrs. Goldstein now yells past Glo in attempt to reach Alan's ears.

MRS. GOLDSTEIN (CONT'D)
Hey Alan! We've got some things need fixin' around our house. Come over when you're finished here.

ALAN (V.O.)
I always fixed things around the house. That is, first I'd break them, then fix them. And then I would invent something new.

Mrs. Goldstein winks at Glo and the neighbors walk off. Glo smiles, appreciative of the local support of her son's extraordinary talents.

TITLE CARD: The Making of An Inventor

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY (1962)

Alan (14) moves from apartment to apartment, fixing radios, television sets, and small appliances. His reputation spreads through the neighborhood grapevine.

ALAN (V.O.)

Over the years word was spreading fast that I enjoyed the challenge of makin' the broken work even better than they were meant to. The city summer heat was coming in hot and I wanted to find a gig that kept me cool. Sprinklers seemed like the right fit.

EXT. - BROOKLYN SUBURB LAWNS - DAY (1964)

SUPERIMPOSE: Summer of '64

CLOSE-UP on a lawn sprinkler head spraying around and around. The "CHICK CHICK CHICK CHICK" at full volume.

ALAN (V.O.)

I decided to start my own business installing custom sprinkler systems in the nicer suburbs of Brooklyn. I was 16 years old with 2 trucks and 10 men working for me.

Alan (16) in front of two beat-up pick up trucks, slides one of the truck doors shut revealing hand-painted logo: "AMRON SPRINKLER SYSTEMS - NO YARD TOO SMALL, NO PROBLEM TOO BIG." Hustling, handing out business cards donning the same logo. Handshakes and business deals being made. Ten MEN (20s-50s) nurse coffees, size up their teenage boss.

Alan holds a thick ledger, clipboards, and a cardboard route board mapped in string and pushpins.

ALAN

Okay, listen up—two crews, five each. Truck One: Bensonhurst loop—three installs, two service calls. Truck Two: Bay Ridge—one trench, two heads—only swaps, then Prospect. If you finish early, you swing to Dyker Heights and help finish the trench so we all get home before dark.

He slaps color-coded job tickets onto each clipboard.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Tape your tickets to the dash when you're done. I'll pick'em up and bill tonight.

MURMURS—this kid is organized.

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET — LATER

TRUCK ONE backs into a driveway. A CUSTOMER (40s) watches, wary.

CUSTOMER

You the owner's son?

ALAN

I'm the owner.

A beat. Alan smiles, wins him over.

Alan chalks a layout: valve box, mains, head spacing. He hands a WORKER a string line.

EXT. BROOKLYN PAYPHONE CLUSTER — DAY (1965)

CU of Alans hand as he sketches new ideas inside that same dog-eared notebook, reading technical manuals, learning, leaning on the steering wheel inside the truck. Seasons changing.

ALAN (V.O.)

When the summer heat cooled down, it was all about winterizing the systems and blowing them out for the season. With some free time, I kept curious, kept creating and decided to move onto another venture: payphones.

Alan exits the truck, which now reads "AMRON ENTERPRISES" on the side, and walks over to a payphone booth in front of a Brooklyn supermarket.

Alan collects coins from a series of payphones he maintains under contract.

ALAN (V.O.)

Spent my whole childhood fixing things other people gave up on. Made them better, made them last longer, made them work when everyone said they were dead.

(MORE)

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Not everyone understood my obsession, but from PA systems to payphones, I learned the most important lesson of all: you need day jobs to chase dreams, but you never let the day job kill the dream.

Alan hops back into the truck and drives over to IVALS to check the mailbox at home. He sees a letter from Memphis State University in the stack of mail.

INT. AMRON FAMILY KITCHEN - NIGHT (1966)

Alan shows Hy and Glo the Memphis State University acceptance letter. They are overcome with excitement.

ALAN (V.O.)

After high school, I was accepted to Memphis State University and recruited as a walk-on for the football team. It was hard work, and I gave it my all.

EXT. MEMPHIS STATE PRACTICE FIELD - DAY (1967)

Alan (19) runs a crossing pattern attempting to make a first down. As he runs towards the line, he looks back, blind-sighted, a DEFENDER hits him hard. Alan goes down clutching his shoulder.

COACH looks down and shakes his head in disappointment.

INT. MEMPHIS STATE UNIVERSITY TEAM DOCTOR'S OFFICE - LATER

The TEAM DOCTOR examines x-rays, showing Alan the point of injury.

TEAM DOCTOR

You have a dislocated shoulder. I'm sorry to tell you, Alan, you are medically unfit to continue the season. Recovery after surgery can take anywhere from 3 to 6 months, or longer.

Alan stares at the x-rays, his football dreams shattered.

ALAN (V.O.)

One injury ended my football career before it even started.

(MORE)

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Looking away from the field to find
 the First Down Marker. A moment
 that would spark one of my greatest
 ideas in years to come.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

Instant replay of the moment right before Alan's injury. A
 lime green flicker of a First Down Laser line, lighting up on
 the college field.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. NAVAL RESERVE STATION - BROOKLYN - DAY (1968)

Alan (20) dressed in his Naval Air Reserve uniform, works on
 sophisticated aviation electronics, his natural technical
 ability evident.

ALAN (V.O.)
 When the Vietnam War broke out, I
 enlisted in the United States Naval
 Air Reserve as an alternative to
 the front lines. I worked as an
 aviation electrician at the
 Brooklyn Naval Base. That job
 taught me precision - the kind of
 life-or-death accuracy I'd later
 bring to every idea and every
 invention I touched.

2 NAVAL OFFICERS watches Alan work on complex wiring from a
 far.

NAVAL OFFICER #1
 (to colleague)
 Amron's got some of the best
 diagnostic instincts I've seen in
 twenty years. Kid can hear what the
 broken systems are trying to tell
 him.

Alan continues to work.

FADE TO:

INT. BROOKLYN DINER - NIGHT (1971)

TITLE CARD: "WHERE LOVE AND INVENTION MEET"

A classic all-night diner that's seen better decades. Red vinyl booths patched with electrical tape, black-and-white checkerboard floor worn smooth by countless footsteps, neon Coca-Cola signs casting pink and blue light over late-night dreamers. Jukebox plays low: "GET READY" by RARE EARTH.

The dinner rush has long passed, leaving only the diehards: cab drivers, hospital workers getting off shift, and young lovers planning futures they hope to build together.

Alan (23) sits across from SARAH (22), a nursing student whose textbooks compete for table space with Alan's ever-present invention sketches. Her stethoscope hangs around her neck like a badge of honor.

ALEX (55), Greek diner owner, refills their coffee mugs.

ALEX

(to Alan)

Still working on those crazy inventions?

ALAN

They're not crazy if they work, Alex.

ALEX

Fair enough. Just don't blow up my diner with any experiments.

Alex heads back behind the counter.

SARAH

(to Alan)

So what's next after you finish the refrigeration alarm system for your Dad?

ALAN

(pulling out sketches)

I'm expanding it. Blood banks, hospitals, supermarkets - anyone who can't afford to lose temperature control. King Kullen Supermarkets are already interested and the New York City Blood Bank wants a demonstration.

He shows her technical drawings with professional precision.

SARAH

These look like real engineering blueprints.

ALAN
(looking up from his
drawings)
Yeah, it's gonna be good. Really
good.

Alan smiles, shuffles his papers and puts them aside.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Okay. And, you? What's the plan
after nursing school?

SARAH
Hospital work, hopefully.
Pediatrics maybe. You know, normal
goals that normal people can kinda
sort of actually achieve without
going completely crazy.

Sarah gestures to all the books, overwhelming and covered
with notes to herself. Alan starts to point at pages and
clips haphazardly hanging out. His brain already moving onto
a fix.

ALAN
You've always got these handwritten
notes falling out of your books.
Doesn't that drive you nuts?
Paperclips tearin' pages, bulky
binder clips hanging' out, scotch
tape rippin' things - and isn't it
just really heavy to carry around?

SARAH
(laughing, charmed by his
singular focus)
Out of everything we could be
talking about - our future, our
dreams, whether you're ever gonna
ask me to marry you - that's what
you're thinking about? My study
methods?

ALAN
(idea clearly forming,
excitement building like
electricity)
What if there was paper that could
stick to anything, then come off
clean when you wanted it to? No
damage, no residue, no torn pages?

SARAH

Now you're inventing magical sticky paper? What's next, invisible ink?

ALAN

(leaning forward, mind racing with possibilities)

Think about it, Sarah. Maybe the problem isn't making adhesive stronger. Maybe it's about designing the right kind of weakness - bonds that fail exactly when and how you want them to.

Sarah leans closer, drawn into his vision despite herself.

SARAH

You see solutions everywhere, don't you? Even in my messy study habits.

ALAN

Sometimes I think I see too much, you know? Like I've been dropped down here from another planet. I've seen it all before. What if I'm just...what if I'm crazy? What if all these ideas in my head are just...

SARAH

(taking his hand across the table)

Then we'll be crazy together. But you're not crazy, you're just early. The rest of the world needs time to catch up to where your mind already is.

She leans across the table and kisses him softly, sealing a partnership that will endure fifty plus years of impossible battles.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(pulling back, smiling with love and determination)

Besides, somebody's gotta keep track of all you have filed away in your invention notebooks too.

Alex watches from behind the counter, smiling at young love.

ALEX

You two gonna eat something, or
just drink coffee and plan to
change the world all night?

ALAN

We'll take two pieces of pie, Alex.
We're celebrating.

SARAH

Celebrating what?

ALAN

(pulling a small ring box
from his pocket)
The fact that I finally found
someone crazy enough to believe in
impossible dreams.

Sarah's eyes widen as he opens the box. It's a modest ring,
but the love behind it is immeasurable.

SARAH

(tears in her eyes)
Alan Amron, are you proposing to me
right now? At the diner?

ALAN

Sarah Bloom, will you marry an
inventor who can't promise you
wealth or security, but can promise
you'll never be bored?

SARAH

(laughing and crying at
the same time)
Yes, you crazy genius. Yes.

Alan moves to sit next to Sarah on her side of the booth and
they kiss. The few other patrons in the diner applaud
spontaneously. Alex comes over with pie and champagne glasses
filled with ginger ale.

ALEX

On the house. To the future Mr. and
Mrs. Inventor.

In all the excitement, Sarah's books almost fall on the
ground. Alan lunges down on one knee to catch them before her
notes fly out everywhere. Noticing gum stuck under the table,
he smiles directly up at Sarah. She knows exactly what this
means. The next obsession and invention was born.

MONTAGE START:

- CU of Alan's hands reaching into a workbench drawer for a stick of Bazooka gum.
- CU Alan chewing gum.
- CU Alan taking gum out of mouth and feeling tackiness between two fingers. Too tacky.
- CU rolling gum on ground and corner of workbench to pick up some dust and debris. Alan retests stickiness of gum with pointer finger and thumb.
- CU on eyes, Alan realizes: it now releases much better.
- Alan rips a piece of paper off of a yellow legal pad.
- Alan sticks tacky gum to back of the paper and presses the document to the wall. Then takes document off wall.
- CU of hand "wiping" over sticky area. No residue. Alan pops a cap off a marker, writes on the paper, and re-adheres the paper to the top of his work bench.
- CU of the document reads: ATTEMP #1 - NOVEMBER 20, 1971

MONTAGE END

INT. ALAN'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - NIGHT (1973)

TITLE CARD: "BROOKLYN - MARCH 15, 1973 - 2:47 AM - THE BREAKTHROUGH"

TITLE CARD: 1 Years 4 months later...

The garage has been transformed into an organized mad scientist's laboratory. Failed prototypes line makeshift shelves - each one carefully labeled with dates and failure analysis: "ATTEMPT #1 - TOO STICKY," "ATTEMPT #23 - NO STICK," "ATTEMPT #47 - STUCK PERMANENT."

A digital clock on the workbench glows red: 2:47 AM.

CLOSE-UP: Alan's hands, steadier now with experience, measure polymer solution #48 with the precision of a master chemist. Every measurement has been calculated and recalculated, failure after failure teaching him what doesn't work.

The workbench is covered with notebooks filled with chemical formulas, sketches, and observations. This is the work of someone who documents everything.

He applies the solution to a small yellow square - cut from legal pad paper - and presses it gently to the garage wall then sits back and waits.

ALAN

One...two...three...four...five...
six...seven...eight...nine...ten...

Slowly, carefully, he peels back the corner. The paper releases cleanly, leaving no residue, no damage to the paint.

He presses it back to the wall. Perfect adhesion.

Peels it off again. Clean release.

Back on. Perfect stick.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(whisper, hardly daring to
believe)

Sarah...Sarah, wake up. I think...
I think I got it.

FOOTSTEPS on the wooden stairs leading down from the kitchen. Sarah appears in her bathrobe, hair disheveled, but alert to the excitement in his voice.

SARAH

Alan, it's almost three in the
morning. What's so important that-

ALAN

Look at this. Just...just look at
this.

He demonstrates the process: stick, peel clean, stick again. Each repetition is perfect, defying everything understood about adhesive chemistry.

SARAH

It actually works. It works exactly
like you said it would.

ALAN

For months I thought I was chasing
something impossible. Everyone -
every expert, every chemistry
professor I talked to - they all
said controlled-failure bonding
violated basic chemical principles.

They embrace, surrounded by the debris of creation - the forty-seven failures that led to this one perfect success.

SARAH

So what happens now?

ALAN

Now? Now we change how the entire world talks to itself. Every office, every school, every home. This little yellow square is gonna revolutionize human communication.

He writes carefully on the prototype with a fine-tip pen:
"PRESS-ON MEMO - A. AMRON - MARCH 15, 1973 - 2:47 AM"

ALAN (V.O.)

People think invention is about the eureka moment, that magical instant when lightning strikes. BOOM. But it's not. It's months and months of failing in new and creative ways, each failure teaching you what doesn't work, so when the solution finally appears, you recognize it for what it is.

He places the prototype in a clear protective sleeve, jots down some last notes in his notebook, then picks up a Polaroid camera.

ALAN

Gotta document everything. Need all of it - proof of chain of custody for patent and intellectual property protection.

SARAH

(amused)

So much paperwork for a little piece of sticky paper?

ALAN

People photograph the birth of their children, right?

He raises the camera and snaps a picture. The FLASH illuminates the garage like lightning.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(grinning)

So do we.

He immediately makes a second prototype and places it in another sleeve.

ALAN (V.O.)

Always make two. One for testing,
one for safekeeping. Trust me on
this.

Two identical prototypes sit next to each other in separate sleeves. A white candle on Alan's workbench burns steadily, a silent witness to the moment when the impossible became inevitable.

INT. AMRON KITCHEN - MORNING (1973)

Sarah makes breakfast while Alan sits at the table, now carefully writing in a laboratory notebook. The two successful prototypes sit in sleeves beside his coffee cup.

SARAH

You've been writing for an hour.
What are you documenting?

ALAN

Everything. Temperature, humidity,
atmospheric pressure, exact
chemical composition, molecular
weight ratios. If this becomes
something big, we need proof of
exactly when and how it happened.

Sarah looks over his shoulder at the detailed notes.

SARAH

You really think this could be
something big?

ALAN

(looking up at her)
Sarah, every office in America uses
some kind of temporary marking
system. Paperclips, staples, rubber
bands, tape. This is better than
all of that! Doesn't damage
documents. Holds 'em, exactly where
you want them, until you don't.

SARAH

And this little yellow square could
do all that?

ALAN

(demonstrating again all
over the room)
Watch. Stick it to the page.
(presses note to cookbook)
(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

Mark your place. Jot something down. Remove it cleanly. Re-stick it somewhere else. On the refrigerator, got to remember to get eggs! Now move it to your purse. What to get at the supermarket. It's like having a reminder you can re-stick on any surface.

SARAH

What do you call it again?

ALAN

Press-On Memo sticky notes. Simple, descriptive, memorable.

Alan stares at the prototypes in his hands.

ALAN (V.O.)

This was it, I was sure of it. But I had a few other projects I was working on at the same time.

MONTAGE START - THE RASCO SUCCESS (1973-1974)

SUPERIMPOSE: "BUILDING THE FOUNDATION"

- Series showing Alan's growing Refrigeration Alarm System Company success:

INT. BROOKLYN METHODIST HOSPITAL - BLOOD BANK - DAY

Alan installs his RASCO temperature monitoring system with a DOCTOR and ADMINISTRATOR watching. Sarah is seated at nurse station, reviewing her patient's chart, but peaking up every so often watching proudly.

DOCTOR

We lose thousands of dollars worth of blood every year due to equipment failure. If your system works like you say it does, you could save lives.

ALAN

(installing the final sensor)
It'll work.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

If the refrigerator or freezer goes outside the safe temperature range, an alarm will go off in your office, at the nursing station, and at the security desk. You'll know about problems before they become disasters.

A newspaper clipping FREEZES on screen: "INVENTOR SAVES BLOOD BANK WITH COOLING INNOVATION"

ALAN (V.O.)

I created a new system that monitored cold-storage temperatures and automatically called you at home if refrigeration failed using Honeywell thermometers, electronic timing modules for defrost cycles, and telephone dialers from security supply stores. I called it RASCO: Refrigeration Alarm System Company.

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

- King Kullen Supermarket: Alan shaking hands with the MANAGER
- Dan's Supreme Market: Installing alarm systems, Alan fearlessly jumping off the top of a refrigeration case.
- Key Foods Market: Testing temperature sensors
- New York City Blood Bank: Successful installation ceremony
- IVALS BUTCHER SHOP: Alan installs system as Hy watches proudly
- Local newspaper features: "YOUNG INVENTOR TRANSFORMS FOOD SAFETY"

ALAN (V.O.)

Soon I was helping neighbors, local supermarkets, blood banks, and hospitals by implementing the system in their storage freezers. Every installation prevented critical temperature failures in the first six months.

- Alan's business cards growing in a box
- Checks arriving for successful installations

ALAN (V.O.)

With all the stability and financial success from RASCO, I was able to hire a printer to produce sample Press-On Memos.

MONTAGE CONTINUES - PREPARING FOR THE TRADE SHOW

SUPERIMPOSE: "PREPARATION FOR REVOLUTION - DECEMBER 1973 TO MARCH 1974"

INT. PRINTING COMPANY - DAY (1973)

Alan stands beside massive printing machines as THOUSANDS of Press-On Memo samples shoot out in perfect yellow squares. The PRINTER OPERATOR watches with professional interest.

PRINTER OPERATOR

Never seen anything quite like this adhesive before. How many sample pads you need?

ALAN

(excited about the scale)
Five thousand pads, plus advertising brochures for mass mailing. This is going to change everything.

INT. GRAPHIC ARTIST'S STUDIO - DAY (1973)

Graphic artist, STEVE GROSSMAN works on colorful brochure layouts.

ALAN (V.O.)

I also managed to connect with an artist for Press-On Memo advertising brochures. Over the phone he said he was too busy with another project-

Promotional materials for Rocky Aoki's Benihana restaurant are scattered and visible on Grossman's drafting table. Alan comes into frame. He hands the artist samples, sticks one memo to Grossman's wall, and explains his vision.

ALAN (V.O.)

I knew he needed to see it to change his mind.

Grossman holds samples, now fully convinced and excited to work on Alan's project.

STEVE GROSSMAN

This is revolutionary, Mr. Amron. Rocky Aoki keeps me busy with his restaurant empire, but this...this could be bigger than fucking Benihana!

ALAN

Every office, every student, every household will use these. We need marketing materials that show the endless possibilities.

The artist begins sketching vibrant brochures featuring office workers, students, and families using the sticky notes in various applications.

EXT. MASS MAILING COMPANY - LONG ISLAND - DAY (1973)

Alan arrives with his pickup truck loaded with boxes. He begins unloading with help from MAILING COMPANY WORKERS.

MAILING COMPANY SUPERVISOR

Almost 300 pounds of material, Mr. Amron. That's a serious marketing campaign.

ALAN

Five thousand brochures, sample pads, and business reply cards. Aiming to put our Press-On Memo sticky notes in front of as many businesses as possible. This product could change everything!

INT. MAILING COMPANY - ASSEMBLY LINE - DAY (1973)

WORKERS stuff envelopes with Alan's materials: brochures, sample pads, business cards. The assembly line moves with industrial precision.

ALAN (V.O.)

I dropped everything off at the mass mailing company. They stuffed the envelopes with names, addresses, and postage. Everything was mailed, and my fingers were crossed.

EXT. ROCKVILLE CENTER POST OFFICE - LONG ISLAND - DAY (JULY 22, 1974)

Alan opens a P.O. Box. The postal clerk hands him the key.

POSTAL CLERK

Box 302 is yours. Good luck with
your new business.

ALAN

Thank you.

Alan excited, like a 16-year-old kid being handed the keys to his first corvette.

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY (JULY 24, 1974)

Alan signs incorporation papers. The LAWYER stamps the documents officially.

LAWYER

Congratulations, Mr. Amron. Press-On Memo Company is now officially incorporated in the State of New York. You can legally sell your combination sticky note pads.

ALAN

(relieved and excited)

Four months of preparation. Now we see if the market is ready for revolutionary office supplies.

INT. ALAN'S GARAGE WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Alan works tirelessly in poor ventilation, hand-spraying papers with his adhesive formula, assembling them into pads by hand. His dedication is evident despite the difficult conditions.

ALAN (V.O.)

I made each page by hand-spraying paper with my sticky adhesive in my garage without great ventilation, then assembling them into pads by hand-aligning the paper one on top of another.

Sarah brings him coffee, worried about his health.

SARAH

Alan, you've been working sixteen-hour days. The fumes in here can't be good for you.

ALAN

(determined, but ready to make a glue joke)
I feel surprisingly...okay.

Sarah laughs, but knows it's not funny.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Look, I know that for this to work as a viable product, it needs mass production by machinery. Either licensing to a company with resources, or building the machines myself. That's the goal here.

He continues working, sweat on his brow, completely focused.

ALAN (CONT'D)

The trade show is our chance to find that partner.

INT. AMRON HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Alan sits exhausted at the kitchen table, surrounded by business correspondence. Jeffrey Brown's investment check sits prominently displayed.

ALAN (V.O.)

I met Jeffrey Brown, who financially invested in the startup. His investment paid for marketing and an exhibitor's booth at the New York Invention Expo.

Sarah enters wearing scrubs, holding the morning mail.

SARAH

Three more responses to your mailing campaign. Office supply stores in Connecticut want samples.

ALAN

The sticky spray adhesive is taking off too. Rite-Off in Plainview wants to become my supplier.

He shows her cans labeled "STICKEM UP" with four-color labels.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Art supply stores, stationery stores, even supermarkets are interested. We're limited to New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut though because you can't ship pressurized cans through the Post Office - I'm learning.

SARAH

So you've got two successful products before the trade show even happens.

ALAN

But the trade show...that's where we find a partner who can take Press-On Memo sticky notes to every office in America.

The phone rings. Alan answers eagerly.

ALAN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Press-On Memo Company...Yes, we have samples available... Absolutely, I can demonstrate the technology...

He covers the receiver, whispers to Sarah:

ALAN (CONT'D)

Office supply distributor in Manhattan. Wants to see the product in person.

Alan hops back on the phone. Sarah smiles, kisses his head, and pours him more coffee before she heads off to work.

EXT. SHERATON HOTEL - NYC - DAY (MARCH 1974)

SUPERIMPOSE: "NEW YORK INVENTION EXPO - MARCH 1974"

Alan and JEFFREY BROWN arrive with boxes of materials, display boards, and demonstration supplies. The hotel buzzes with inventors, investors, and corporate representatives.

JEFFREY BROWN

(surveying the competition)

Lot of inventors here, Alan. You sure Press-On Memo will stand out?

ALAN

Jeffrey, we're not just showing an invention. We're demonstrating the future of human communication.

Jeffrey feeds off Alan's energy. They enter the bustling hotel, ready to change the world.

INT. SHERATON HOTEL - GRAND BALLROOM - LATER (1974)

The grand ballroom has been transformed into a showcase of American ingenuity. Hundreds of booths display everything from kitchen gadgets to industrial innovations. The air BUZZES with the electric energy of entrepreneurs, inventors, and dreamers all hoping to change the world.

Alan demonstrates his Press-On Memo sticky notes at a modest 10x10 foot booth, sharing cramped space with Jeffrey Brown, a cautious man who believes in Alan's vision but worries about his trusting nature.

The booth display is professional but not expensive: hand-lettered signs, organized product samples, and detailed technical specifications. Alan is a natural showman.

ALAN

(addressing a small but growing crowd)

Ladies and gentlemen, what you're about to see will fundamentally change how you think about office communication, organization, and information management with these Press-On Memo sticky notes and Stickem Up spray tacky adhesive.

He demonstrates the re-sticking capability to murmurs of amazement from the crowd.

SPECTATOR #1

How many times can you re-stick it?

ALAN

We've tested up to fifty applications without degradation of adhesive properties.

SPECTATOR #2

What about different surfaces?

ALAN
 (pulling out sample board)
 Paper, glass, metal, plastic, wood.
 Clean removal from all of them.

A BUSINESSMAN in the crowd steps forward.

BUSINESSMAN
 What's your manufacturing capacity?

ALAN
 Currently hand-assembled in my
 garage workshop. For mass
 production, we're seeking a
 licensing partner with
 manufacturing resources.

JEFFREY BROWN
 We are evaluating partnership
 opportunities with established
 manufacturers.

From the back of the crowd, two men in dark, expensive suits approach with the confident stride of corporate predators: CHRIS TURNER and MAX WALSH from 3M Corporation.

ALAN (V.O.)
 I was impressed by how they carried
 themselves - overly friendly,
 dressed in fine suits. Their
 business cards were printed in
 color, which was unusual back then.

CHRIS TURNER
 (extending a manicured
 hand holding a business
 card)
 Impressive demonstration, Mr.
 Amron. Chris Turner, 3M
 Corporation, Research and
 Development Division.

Alan's face lights up like a child on Christmas morning. 3M - The Holy Grail for any adhesive inventor, the company that made Scotch Tape a household name.

MAX WALSH
 Max Walsh, also with 3M. We
 specialize in adhesive innovations
 and office productivity solutions.

CHRIS TURNER
 Your adhesive technology is
 intriguing, Mr. Amron.
 (MORE)

CHRIS TURNER (CONT'D)

How exactly does your formulation maintain sufficient tackiness without leaving residue? From a technical standpoint, that seems like a considerable challenge.

JEFFREY BROWN

(subtle warning to Alan)
Alan, maybe just provide some basic information-

ALAN

(diving enthusiastically into explanation)
It's all about proprietary polymer formulation, Mr. Turner. See, most people try to make adhesive stronger, but I designed molecular chains that fail at predictable stress points - before substrate damage occurs.

He demonstrates with growing excitement, completely missing the predatory looks being exchanged between the 3M executives.

MAX WALSH

(moving in for the kill)
Remarkable innovation. Truly remarkable. Would it be possible for us to take comprehensive samples back to our laboratories for detailed evaluation?

Jeffrey reaches for a clipboard on the other side of the booth but loses focus trying to get Alan's attention.

JEFFREY BROWN

(to Alan, more urgent warning)
Alan, let's discuss terms and conditions before providing-

ALAN

(ignoring Jeffrey completely, eager to please)
Absolutely! Here's everything you need - samples, complete technical specifications, manufacturing processes, cost analysis. This technology could revolutionize your entire product line and create entirely new market segments!

Alan hands over not just samples, but detailed formulations, manufacturing processes, and years of research - everything a competitor would need to steal his life's work. Including several cans of his secret Stickem Up spray formulas.

CHRIS TURNER
(smoothly pocketing all
the materials)
This is truly revolutionary work.

Jeffrey, frozen, watches trying to process the fastest ping pong match he can barely keep up with.

MAX WALSH
What's your timeline for bringing
this to market?

ALAN
We're looking for the right partner
with distribution capabilities and
manufacturing resources.

CHRIS TURNER
Leave that to us. We'll evaluate
everything thoroughly and get back
to you with a comprehensive
proposal.

ALAN
That's fantastic.
(gesturing to the goods in
Walsh's hands)
You have my contact information
there as well.

CHRIS TURNER
We'll be in touch.

Turner and Walsh flash confident smiles at Alan and Jeffrey before they turn their backs and walk away. Alan pauses in awe, watching the 3M executives backs leave the booth and float off into the crowd.

INSERT - THE CLIPBOARD Jeffrey tried to reach for at the beginning of the 3M conversation. CLOSE ON - UNSIGNED NDA.

JEFFREY BROWN (O.S.)
(deeply concerned)
Alan, do you really think they're
going to make a legitimate
licensing offer?

ALAN

Are you serious? This is 3M we're talkin' about! A partnership opportunity with a company like this is what I've been dreaming about my entire life. This technology is going to change everything, and they have the resources to bring it to the world. We're going to be rich beyond our wildest dreams.

JEFFREY BROWN

(gestures to the clipboard)

But Alan, we didn't sign any agreements. We don't have any legal protection. I didn't want to interject and ruin your pitch but-

ALAN

Jeffrey, this is a Fortune 500 company. They're not going to steal from individual inventors. That would be corporate suicide.

More convention attendees stop at the booth. On a high, Alan continues to demonstrate the products with even more excitement and energy than earlier.

ALAN (V.O.)

NDAs, handshake deals, building and running a business from the ground up - there's a lot of moving parts, and I was still learning all the ins and outs. There was the creative side, the business side and everything in between to manage and pay for. I never filed patents for Press-On Memo. One, I didn't know how, and two I couldn't afford the fees on top of everything else. But that day, at that trade-show, I trusted 3M with my trade secrets believing in their words. Anyone young and hungry will tell ya, when a door opens you have to seize the moment. Naive? Sure, maybe. But what if they just did the right thing...right?

INT. SHERATON HOTEL BAR - LATER

Bar is filled with people coming and going, wearing badges from the Expo. BARTENDER sets two drinks down in front of Alan and Jeffrey who begin to celebrate what they believe to be their breakthrough moment.

ALAN

To Press-On Memo sticky notes and
the future of office communication!

CU on Alan's big naive smile, hopeful eyes, and tight grip on his glass raised.

INTERCUT START:

MAX WALSH (V.O.)

(to Chris, quietly but
confidently)

The technology is completely
viable. Amron's pathetically
trusting. He just handed us years
of research and development without
even requesting a non-disclosure
agreement.

EXT. SHERATON HOTEL - NYC STREET - SAME TIME

Chris Turner and Max Walsh fly out of the hotel entrance doors and hustle towards a private black car waiting on the busy street corner.

CHRIS TURNER

What's our development timeline?

MAX WALSH

Get our team started immediately.
File comprehensive patents before
Amron realizes what's happening. By
the time he figures out we're not
calling back, we'll own his
technology completely.

CHRS TURNER

What if he tries to fight us?

Max reaches the car, stops, and looks at Chris over the roof as he answers.

MAX WALSH

Individual inventor against 3M? He
doesn't have the resources for a
legal battle.

(MORE)

MAX WALSH (CONT'D)
 Even if he tries, we'll bury him in
 motions and appeals until he gives
 up.

They enter the car. Doors SLAM. Car drives away, carrying
 Alan's future in their briefcases.

INTERCUT END

INT. SHERATON HOTEL BAR - SAME TIME

Alan and Jeffrey conversation continues.

JEFFREY BROWN
 (reluctantly raising his
 glass)
 I hope you're right, Alan. I really
 hope you're right.

FADE TO:

INT. 3M CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - BOARDROOM - DAY (1975)

TITLE CARD: 3M HEADQUARTERS - ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA - SPRING
 1975

A polished corporate war room with a mahogany conference
 table designed to seat twenty executives. Floor-to-ceiling
 windows overlook the Twin Cities skyline, symbols of
 corporate power and American capitalism.

Chris Turner and Max Walsh are seated near 3M CEO, ROBERT
 MALLOY (45), a man with sharp features who has come to define
 corporate predation. Malloy, positioned at the head of the
 table, addresses a room full of lawyers, executives, and
 development team leaders.

Alan's samples and research are spread across the table like
 spoils of war, each document representing years of stolen
 innovation.

ROBERT MALLOY
 What you see in front of you is our
 future.

Hands from everyone in the meeting grab for samples and
 brochures regarding Amron's work. Chris and Max exchange a
 smile, minions performing silent high five for a job well
 done.

INTERCUT START:

3M Employee, DANIEL DASSOW, watches glass boardroom uncomfortably from his desk as internal memos about Alan's technology circulate to 3M employees for testing.

ROBERT MALLOY (V.O.)

Thanks to Chris and Max's findings;
We'll develop our version of
Amron's concept using his research
as our foundation, but his name
never appears anywhere in our
corporate records, understood?

INTERCUT END.

VANESSA SMITH (40s), an uncomfortable 3M VP who still has a functioning conscience, shifts nervously in her chair.

VANESSA SMITH

Mr. Malloy, why don't we simply
license his technology and
establish a fair profit-sharing
arrangement?

MALLOY

Because the office supply market is
worth eighteen billion annually,
Ms. Smith. This product alone could
generate over two billion in
revenue in the first decade. We're
not sharing billion-dollar profits
with some Brooklyn inventor who got
lucky.

Malloy darts a look over to the MARKETING TEAM on the opposite side of the room as Vanessa.

MALLOY (CONT'D)

Marketing, how are we coming along
on a name?

From across the table, a MARKETING EXECUTIVE (30's) interrupts with barely contained excitement. He pulls up onto the table a giant presentation board showing polished "POST-IT NOTES" branding, complete with marketing slogans and profit projections - Alan's concept completely rebranded.

3M MARKETING EXECUTIVE

Allow me to introduce you to: "Post-
it Notes".

A beat of silence from around the room.

3M MARKETING EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)
 (pointing to pitch board)
 Amron had Press-On Memo. We quickly
 trademarked the similar sounding,
 Press n' Peel. Now, numbers from
 focus groups on Press n' Peel were
 good. But, we then decided to try
 another name that tested 40%
 better: "Post-it Notes"

The 3M Marketing Executive looks up from the board, elated by
 the project.

3M MARKETING EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)
 Simply, Post-It: anywhere you like.

The room is left speechless.

3M EXECUTIVE #2
 This could be our biggest product
 launch since Scotch Tape.

MALLOY
 We built this company on innovation
 and market dominance. We can't let
 individual inventors think they can
 waltz in here and claim credit for
 technology that's going to define
 our next fifty years of growth.

VANESSA SMITH
 And this makes what we're planning
 to do morally defensible?

MALLOY
 Ms. Smith, this makes it
 profitable. That's our primary
 responsibility to shareholders.
 Ethics are a luxury companies can't
 afford when breakthrough technology
 is at stake.

He pauses and looks around the room.

MALLOY (CONT'D)
 Fifty years from now, nobody will
 remember some Brooklyn nobody named
 Alan Amron. But everyone will
 remember 3M Post-it Notes.

3M ATTORNEY

As your in house council, I must ask what 3M is prepared to do if Amron decides to fight this in court?

MALLOY

(practiced corporate warfare strategy, this is his legacy at stake as well)

We make the fight cost him everything he has and everything he'll ever have. His house, his marriage, his sanity, his children's future. We drag it out for decades if necessary. Eventually, he'll be grateful for whatever settlement we're willing to offer.

Vanessa looks away in disgust, but says nothing. Corporate loyalty trumps conscience. Vanessa locks eyes with Chris, who seems to be the only other person in the room now considering her take.

MONTAGE START

SUPERIMPOSE: "FIVE YEARS OF WAITING"

- Bills piling higher while Alan maintains his vigil by the phone
- 3M executives in corporate meetings, reverse-engineering Alan's concepts
- 3M employees Vanessa Smith and Chris Turner being phased off Post-It project, reassigned to "Pollution Prevention Pays" program - the 3M conscience now removed from the equation
- Sarah working brutal double shifts at the hospital, falling asleep over patient charts
- Alan calling 3M repeatedly, getting transferred from department to department, always told "someone will get back to you"

ALAN (V.O.)

The bills were coming in, piling high. Sarah was working double shifts to help.

(MORE)

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was so consumed with the possible deal that I began sketching ideas to present to 3M in the event they couldn't see how to use their current products to make this new one a reality.

INSERT: Alan sketches pitch to use 3M lined paper pads plus 3M masking tape combined with his glue to produce the product. Continues to call 3M and is repeatedly denied to speak with anyone.

ALAN (V.O.)

The impression I got was that 3M felt it was theoretically impossible to do. The company that prides itself on innovation and the ability to think outside the box simply wasn't interested. I thought the product was dead for 3M. Until--

TITLE CARD: 1978

- Alan stands at workbench. Reading trade magazine headline: "3M DEVELOPS REVOLUTIONARY REPOSITIONABLE ADHESIVE TECHNOLOGY" featuring photo of 3M CEO Robert Malloy

- Alan's coffee mug SHATTERS against the workshop floor as he reads the article

- Sarah's POV of workshop through kitchen doorframe. Phone rings, she answers holding newborn daughter, STELLA. Jeffrey Brown calls. Sarah looks towards Alan, but he's too distraught to answer.

SARAH

Hi Jeffrey. No, he didn't make a deal. We saw the trades too. He'll give you a call back later.

Sarah hangs up the phone. Camera stays on her POV of Alan through the doorframe. He remains frozen.

INT - ALAN'S WORKSHOP - SAME TIME

CU of trade paper in Alan's hands. Article text goes in and out of focus, highlighting words that devastate Alan.

ALAN (V.O.)

My combination sticky note had been publicly displayed, used, and put into commerce in over two-thousand-piece professional national stationery industry mailers and was seen by the world at the New York City National Invention Show. So legally, the clock had started. My one year window to apply for a patent had now passed so my idea became public domain. See, patent law is quite clear: from the moment you publicly display or offer to sell your "better mousetrap", you have one year to file a patent for it. Once the deadline passes, anyone on Earth can build your "better mousetrap", and there isn't a damn thing you can do about it. But trade secrets, see those are different. I failed to patent my invention within the year, but no one else could patent it either. Not even 3M could have, without notifying the patent office about me, and my prior art invention, first.

INT. 3M CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS - LOBBY - DAY (1978)

Alan sits on a bench near the swinging glass entrance doors of the lobby. Waiting. Watching everyone who enters, swiping their corporate badges to gain entry towards the elevator banks. Robert Malloy enters at a brisk pace. Alan recognizes him immediately from the article. Malloy passes Alan.

ALAN

Mr. Malloy.

Malloy turns to Alan.

ROBERT MALLOY

Do I know you?

Alan holds up the article from the trades.

ALAN

Why are you doing this to me?

Malloy, coming to the realization of who this man is, responds swiftly as to not cause a scene.

ROBERT MALLOY
It's not personal.

ALAN
Of course it is.

Malloy nods continues to walk, scans his badge and rides the elevator up. Alan stands in the lobby, speechless. The room moves fast around him. Music begins to creep in from next scene, almost like a fever dream.

INT. STUDIO 54 - NIGHT (1979)

Alan and Sarah dancing SLO MO surrounded by many well known late 70's celebrities. Disco music plays. Cameras flash. Decadent and exciting. Actress KRISTY MCNICHOL (15) blows out candles on a large birthday cake.

Complete mood shift from previous scene. Candle lights out, mirroring Alan's internal light diffusing, spreading on now to a different path - at least for a moment.

ALAN (V.O.)
To be honest, as a kid, I never saw inventing as a real future. In fact, my dream was to one day be a part of Hollywood. I could walk into any room, walk up to any one, and start a conversation. I think that's what excited people about me. I was just being me. 3M was always in the back of my mind but, before I knew it, I was managing some of the biggest celebrities at the time and my rolodex was growing.

INT. DICK CLARK'S OFFICE - DAY (1979)

SUPERIMPOSE: AMERICAN BANDSTAND OFFICES - LOS ANGELES - 1979

From behind his famous desk, legendary DICK CLARK (50s) examines a Press-On Memo stuck on top of Kristy and Jimmy McNichol's album. Gold records and memorabilia surround them.

MUSIC CUE: "He's a Dancer" by Kristy & Jimmy McNichol

DICK CLARK
(reading the Press-On Memo note)
"Dear Mr. Clark, thank you for a groovy show! - Kristy and Jimmy"

ALAN

They wanted to attach a personal note, but didn't want to ruin the artwork.

Dick peels of the note, shows Alan, looks and checks - no damage.

DICK CLARK

This is clever. Really clever. Is this your idea?

ALAN

Yeah, it is.

DICK CLARK

(Intrigued)

Alan, in this business, you get one sentence to sell an idea. What's yours?

ALAN

Press-On Memo: write it, press it, move it.

Dick looks directly into Alan's eyes to impart one lasting bit of knowledge.

DICK CLARK

Perfect. Tells the whole story. Now protect it like your life depends on it - because it does.

Dick sticks the Press-On Memo back on the album and sets it on his desk.

ALAN (V.O.)

Dick understood something I was learning the hard way - in America, having the idea isn't enough. You have to fight to keep it. It had been several years since I had given up on pursuing 3M and the Press-on Memos when in 1980, I came across an ad on TV.

SMASH CUT TO:

STOCK FOOTAGE: FIRST 3M POST-IT NOTE COMMERCIAL AIRED ON TV:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jf8_uAkq69M

- PULL OUT to reveal Alan watching television when the first 3M Post-it commercial comes on.

- REVERSE ON Alan with the TV light cast upon his face. Only the upbeat audio of the commercial continues to play. His exact invention, his breakthrough technology, with their branding and no mention of his name.

- Alan standing in LOCAL STAPLES' office supply store ENDCAP of aisle, staring at featured Post-it Note displays - his exact invention with their corporate logo. No mention of Amron.

ALAN (V.O.)

Betrayal isn't rage at first. It's complete, overwhelming confusion. You keep thinking there's got to be some terrible mistake, some misunderstanding that will clear itself up. But deep down, in the part of your soul you don't want to acknowledge, you know the truth: they never intended to call.

INT. CARNEGIE HALL - FRANK SINATRA CONCERT - NIGHT (1980)

SUPERIMPOSE: CARNEGIE HALL - NEW YORK - FRANK SINATRA CONCERT 1980

The legendary backstage area buzzes with post-concert energy. FRANK SINATRA (64), still commanding despite his age, sits in his dressing room surrounded by flowers and well-wishers. Camera stays on Frank, like a voyeur getting to see something only a select few do.

ALAN (V.O.)

Throughout my life, chance circumstances, led me to unfathomable encounters. Meeting Frank Sinatra at this moment in my fight was not by chance, that was a gift.

FLASHBACK START:

INT. - JERRY WEINTRAUB'S OFFICE - DAY (1978)

JERRY WEINTRAUB, a well-known American film producer and talent manager; ROBERT FINKELSTEIN, attorney and co-chairman of Frank Sinatra Enterprises; and TINA SINATRA, producer, talent agent, actress, and author, sit across from Alan in Weintraub's Beverly Hills office. All aimed at Alan.

JERRY WEINTRAUB

(to Alan)

Have you ever heard of J.D. Salinger?

ALAN

(quick to respond, but clearly clueless)

Yeah...I...I've heard of him.

JERRY WEINTRAUB

He wrote *The Catcher in the Rye*. We want to make it into a movie, but we need the rights.

ALAN

Okay...So, just call his agent and make a deal.

Jerry, Robert and Tina fall silent for a moment.

JERRY WEINTRAUB

His agent wont return calls and Salinger is a bit of a recluse. No one knows where he is or where to find him.

ROBERT FINKELSTEIN

Alan, I know you're track record. Guy from Brooklyn comes in out of nowhere and starts stirring things up. Managers, agents, talent are all talking.

TINA SINATRA

We know you can do anything.

JERRY WEINTRAUB

Offer him anything he want and we'll make sure the deal goes through. You interested?

ALAN

So, you want me to just show up at this guy's house and make a movie deal for his book?

Jerry, Robert and Tina all nod.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Look, if the guy's alive, I'll find him.

CU of handshake.

INT. - BOOK SOUP BOOKSTORE - SUNSET STRIP - LATER

Alan grabs *The Catcher in the Rye* cliff notes off a shelf and opens up the front of book to reveal the "About The Author" page.

CLOSE UP on text: "J.D. Salinger lived in Cornish, New Hampshire."

ALAN (V.O.)
I booked a ticket to New Hampshire
and read the notes on the way.

INT. - NEW HAMPSHIRE AIRPORT - THE NEXT DAY

Alan grabs the phonebook from the payphone, finger draws down "S" page looking for "Salinger, J.D." Nothing.

ALAN (V.O.)
Was worth a shot.

INT. - CAB - LATER

Alan hops in cab, hands CAB DRIVER a crumpled \$100 bill.

ALAN
J.D. Salinger's house, please.

CAB DRIVER
(sizing Alan up through
rearview mirror)
Can't do that, Sir. He likes to be
left alone and keeps to himself.
You a friend of his?

ALAN
I'm from Hollywood and I'm here to
give him a million dollars for his
book.

Alan pulls out an official 'looking' check with the amount right on it.

ALAN (V.O.)
Of course, the driver didn't know I
had just printed the check from a
machine in my RASCO office.

Alan smiles behind the check at the driver.

ALAN (V.O.)

I didn't have that kind of money. I was lucky to be holding a few hundred bucks in my account. If Salinger bought the deal, Weintraub and Sinatra would have to rush to put the money in the account so the check would clear.

The driver now halfway convinced.

ALAN

Get me to Salinger's and there's another \$100 bill waiting for you.

Car goes. Countryside into deeper countryside.

EXT. J.D. SALINGER'S HOME - LATER

The taxi jumps over dirt roads until it stops in front of a home, quite simplistic and small in stature. A two-story, rectangular structure that had paint peeling off from some corners. Far from impressive. No gate or fence. No lawn. Very uninviting. Alan begins to open the cab door but two dogs charge straight for him and CRASH. Alan closes the door fast.

From the balcony emerges a lanky old tall man with graying hair, J.D. SALINGER. Alan cracks the taxi window open slightly as the dogs jump at the door.

J.D. SALINGER

(yelling at the taxi)

Get off my property! Get off my property!

ALAN

(yelling back through the window crack)

I came all the way from California to meet you, Mr. Salinger. My bosses want me to offer you a million dollars for the rights to *Catcher in the Rye*. They're hoping to make it into a feature-length film.

Alan presses the check up against the interior taxi window for Salinger to see. The dogs are relentless, still rubbing their sloppy snouts and wildly probing into the opening of the glass. The drool almost lands on the check.

J.D. SALINGER

(pacing)

Get off my property! Get off my property!

ALAN

Are you Mr. Salinger?

The driver starts to laugh, much to Alan's chagrin.

J.D. SALINGER

Get off my property! Get off my property!

Salinger stalks about the balcony like a crazy captain, fighting against the sea for his sinking ship, walking on the helm.

ALAN

Please talk to me. This is a serious offer.

J.D. SALINGER

Hollywood ruins every book they touch! They're all whores! Every last one of them!

ALAN (V.O.)

This back and forth went on for a while. I realized, I wasn't getting anywhere.

ALAN

Look, my bosses are going to need some proof that I was here. Could you at least call your agent and have him contact Management Three so they know I saw you?

J.D. SALINGER

I'm not doing anything! You tell your stuck-up bosses that they can't have it! And if they don't believe you, it ain't my problem, it's yours! I will never give anyone permission to make my book into a movie. Ever! Now get the hell off my property before I call the cops!

INT. - AIRPORT - PHONEBOOTH - LATER

Same phone booth where Alan previously grabbed the white pages. Alan dials the phone. Barely a ring before Jerry answers.

JERRY WEINTRAUB (V.O.)
I can't believe you did it!

ALAN
Did what? I didn't get the rights.

JERRY WEINTRAUB (V.O.)
But you did get to see him.

ALAN
How'd...How do you know I did?
Yeah, I mean I saw him. I spoke
with him - but why would you
actually believe me? I could be
making all this up for all you
know.

Tina and Robert, two other voices now audible on the line, laughing.

JERRY WEINTRAUB (V.O.)
We just got a call from J.D.
Salinger's agent telling us you
were there, and they never want
Hollywood to make a movie. But we
can't believe you got to him to do
that. Alan, no one has seen or
heard from the man in twenty years.
You ought to be doing college tours
telling people you met J.D.
Salinger face to face.

Alan hangs up the pay phone. Confused, but smiles, walks towards his departing plane terminal.

FLASHBACK END.

INT. CARNEGIE HALL - FRANK SINATRA CONCERT - NIGHT (1980)

Back to Frank Sinatra in his chair. Tina Sinatra introduces Alan to her father.

TINA SINATRA
Dad, this is Alan Amron, the
inventor I was telling you about.
(MORE)

TINA SINATRA (CONT'D)

He's working on a new idea now
you'd love - a condominium airline
that flies to New York and Los
Angeles, called Bi-Coastal Airline.

FRANK SINATRA

(examining Alan with sharp
blue eyes)

So you're the guy. Tina tells me
you can do almost anything.

ALAN

(honored but humble)

I just try to solve problems, Mr.
Sinatra.

FRANK SINATRA

She says you tracked down that
writer - what's his name? The guy
who wrote that book about the kid
with the baseball mitt?

ALAN

J.D. Salinger. *The Catcher in the
Rye*. I wanted to discuss film
rights.

FRANK SINATRA

(leaning forward with
interest)

And did you get 'em?

ALAN

(grinning)

Let's just say his dogs were more
welcoming than he was.

Frank laughs - a genuine, hearty sound that fills the small
room.

FRANK SINATRA

Kid, in my business, you meet a lot
of people who talk big but deliver
small. But Tina says you actually
do the impossible things. That's
rare.

ALAN

Mr. Sinatra, I've been a fan since
I was eight years old, listening to
your records on a radio I fixed in
my bedroom.

FRANK SINATRA

(patting Alan's shoulder)

Keep doing the impossible, kid. The world needs people who won't take no for an answer. Just remember, in this business, document everything and trust nobody until the ink is dry.

TINA SINATRA

Dad's right. The stories we could tell about handshake deals gone wrong...

FRANK SINATRA

Alan, you ever need doors opened in this town, you call Tina. Anyone crazy enough to knock on Salinger's door deserves respect.

Frank gives Alan one last blue-eyed glinting look.

FRANK SINATRA (CONT'D)

And let's think about adding an awning to those jets, would be nice not to get wet when I'm entering my limo.

He smiles and turns back around in his chair.

ALAN (V.O.)

Sinatra understood something about persistence. He'd fought his own battles against the industry, came back from career death more than once. His advice would prove prophetic in ways I couldn't imagine.

INT. SMALL LAW OFFICE - DAY (1981)

SUPERIMPOSE: THE FIRST BATTLE BEGINS, 1981

Alan stands in a cramped legal office with mismatched furniture. JAMES MOORE (20's), a hungry attorney fresh out of law school, reviews Alan's meticulously documented evidence for Press-On Memo: photographs, notebooks, correspondence, and witness statements.

JAMES MOORE

Mr. Amron, you have incredibly strong documentation here.

(MORE)

JAMES MOORE (CONT'D)
 Working prototypes, proof of
 commerce, correspondence with 3M,
 photographic evidence. Did you
 patent the invention?

ALAN
 No. At the time, I didn't know how
 and I couldn't afford it. But I
 gave 3M my trade secrets. That's
 what they stole. This is all proof
 that 3M had knowledge of my Press-
 On Memo existing before the filing
 date of their patent application
 that directly relates to my
 invention.

Alan handling all of the documentation again, looks up at
 Moore.

ALAN (CONT'D)
 So we can stop them, right? We can
 prevent them from stealing my
 invention?

JAMES MOORE
 (brutal honesty, the
 reality of David vs.
 Goliath)
 We can try, Mr. Amron. But under
 Section 112, they'll attack
 enablement and written description.
 We'll build our case with your
 notebooks and third-party
 corroboration.

INSERT: RETAINER AGREEMENT slides across the desk: \$7,000 -
 more money than Alan clearly has.

JAMES MOORE (CONT'D)
 This could take years, Mr. Amron.
 Possibly decades to fight.

ALAN
 (staring at the contract,
 voice quiet)
 I trusted them completely. I
 thought 3M was going to help me
 bring my innovation to the world.
 If I don't fight then they win by
 default.

JAMES MOORE
 And if you fight and lose
 everything in the process?

ALAN

(signing the retainer
without hesitation)

Then at least I fought for what was right. At least there's a record somewhere that Alan Amron existed and created something meaningful that made the world a little bit better.

David picks up his stones to face Goliath, knowing the odds but unwilling to surrender his soul.

FADE TO:

INT. AMRON HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT (1984)

A modest kitchen that has seen better days. Alan and Sarah sit at dinner with Stella (6) and JACK (1). The tension is thick despite their attempts to maintain normal family life.

SARAH

Stella's teacher asked me today why she brings those yellow sticky notes to school but calls them something else.

ALAN

(to Stella)

What did you tell her?

STELLA

I told her my Daddy invented them first, but then the big mean company stole them and put their name on them instead of Daddy's name.

Silence falls over the kitchen like a heavy blanket, broken only by the sound of Jack playing with his food.

SARAH

(quietly fierce, a mother
protecting her family)

Alan, you're fighting for your dreams, but what is it costing our family? Stella and Jack need their father present in their lives, not consumed by a war that might never end.

ALAN

So what's the alternative here,
Sarah? I just give up? Let them
win? Pretend it never happened?
Teach my children that when someone
steals from you, you just roll over
and take it?

STELLA

Daddy, why are you angry all the
time now?

JACK

(mimicking his sister)
Dadadadada.

Alan kneels down to their eye level, searching for words to explain the unexplainable.

ALAN

Sometimes, Stell, when people
create something good, like really
good, other people want to say it
was their idea instead. Even when
that's not true.

STELLA

But Daddy, that's lying. And lying
is wrong.

ALAN

Yes. That's exactly what lying
looks like. And that's exactly why
we never stop fighting against it.

The moral stakes crystallize around the kitchen table, where the next generation learns about right and wrong.

INT. - BLUE BOX TOYS HEADQUARTERS - DAY (1984)

Alan walks through huge glass doors, into toy company headquarters. He is greeted at the reception desk and walked towards the boardroom. Illustrations of popular toys line the hallway.

ALAN (V.O.)

While the battle continued, I kept
doing what I do best because an
Inventor's brain doesn't stop. I
kept creating. Kept thinking ahead
of the curve and kept meeting new
and interesting people along the
way.

INT. - BLUE BOX TOYS BOARDROOM - DAY (1984) CONTINUOUS

Alan stands in front of a long boardroom table, pulls out a prototype for a battery operated water gun from a violin case. 3 EXECUTIVES watch laughing and listening, eagerly awaiting Alan's pitch.

MUSIC CUE: BOOKER T. & the M.G.'s "GREEN ONIONS"

ALAN (V.O.)

United States Patent # 4,022,350 -
BATTERY OPERATED WATER GUN. This
was my next big one. I could feel
it.

ALAN

(pitching)

30 feet range is like nothing else
on the market. No down time.
Battery operated motor inside the
water gun pumps 250 rapid-fire
squirts per minute.

Everyone in the room can't help but feed off Alan's energy and excitement.

ALAN (CONT'D)

No down time for reloading. And
makes that satisfying rat-a-tat-tat
sound.

The room erupts.

ALAN (V.O.)

Meeting after meeting, they all
went the same way. Larami, LJN
Entertech, Tyco, Mattel, Buddy L,
Coleco, Playtime and Blue Box toys
were all fired up and agreed to
license my patent.

INT. JERRY DUNNE'S LAW OFFICE - DAY (1984)

A prestigious Manhattan law office. JERRY DUNNE (40s), a respected patent attorney reviews Alan's battery-operated water toy patents with expert precision.

ALAN

I read about you in the New York
Times, Mr. Dunne. How you protected
the Cabbage Patch doll creators.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

I need someone who knows how to defend inventors against corporate theft.

JERRY DUNNE

Mr. Amron, your US Patent for a battery-operated toy water gun is absolutely bulletproof. I've identified seven toy companies using your patented technology without authorization. We're sending comprehensive cease and desist letters to each one.

Alan smiles, nods.

MONTAGE START - JERRY DUNNE SUCCESS

- Jerry Dunne's team sending legal notices to major toy manufacturers

JERRY DUNNE (V.O.)

Fair royalty licensing. This is how intellectual property protection is supposed to work when everyone acts honorably.

- Corporate executives reviewing Alan's patents, realizing infringement

- Check payments arriving: \$25,000, \$35,000, \$40,000

- Alan's face lighting up as yearly sales reach over \$250,000

ALAN (V.O.)

(grateful but cautious)

After 3M, I wasn't sure if justice existed anymore for individual inventors.

- Alan and Jerry shake hands in his law office

JERRY DUNNE

It exists when you have proper legal counsel from the beginning. You learned an expensive lesson with 3M, but you'll never make that mistake again.

Water gun aims water right into camera. Splash cut to:

EXT. - NEW AMRON FAMILY HOME- LONG ISLAND, NY - BACKYARD -
1985 DAY

Beautiful backyard, lush green grass, swimming pool and tennis court: The American Dream. Sarah holds Jack (2) as Stella (7) chases Alan with a water gun in a playful water-filled fight. People Magazine photographer SUSAN AIMEE WEINIK snaps iconic photo and a JOURNALIST follows the chase, interviewing Alan for feature article.

PEOPLE MAGAZINE JOURNALIST

Alan, your battery operated water guns can't stay on the shelves. The toy's success has led to a number of competitors attempts at knock offs. What do you have to say about that?

ALAN

(direct)

I have the sole patent on the gun and I will sue anyone who infringes.

PEOPLE MAGAZINE JOURNALIST

One more question, how do you feel about your own children playing with a toy modeled on a weapon?

ALAN

The original toys were modeled to look like Uzi's.

Reporter laughs, shocked.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I know. They were so realistic looking, we ending up having to put orange tips on the nozzles so no one was robbing banks with them. Ya know, because of the war in Vietnam, nobody was buying toy guns. But you've got Stallone out there. Now, Rambo and Bambo, suddenly it's okay. Look, I don't like guns either, but I've never known anything that could make money this fast.

INT - TOYS"R"US - DAY (SUMMER 1986)

Fluorescent aisles. Alan pushes a squeaky cart with Stella (8) and Jack (3) riding in the front.

They turn a corner, revealing wall of bright orange WATER GUNS.

MUSIC CUE: THE SURFARIS "WIPEOUT"

ALAN
 (yelling like Brando, in
 "A Streetcar Named
 Desire")
 STELLA! JACKY!
 (Low to himself but loud
 enough to hear)
 Holy shit.

JACK
 Daddy said a bad word!

Alan picks up a box off the shelf, a kid runs by fast, grabs one and runs back to his Mom's cart in another aisle. Alan continues to flip the box over. CLOSE UP of his pointer finger as it moves down to the text at the bottom of the box. Stella starts to read out loud.

STELLA
 (spelling, smiling)
 A-M-R-O-N. That's us.

ALAN
 On every box.

Alan stops. He runs a thumb across the word like it's embossed in gold.

JACK
 Daddy, you made all of these?

ALAN
 Yeah son, I made 'em. I came up
 with an idea no one ever thought
 about doing before and then I wrote
 it down.

STELLA
 (still mesmerized)
 Do all of these have our name on
 them?

Stella walks down the aisle to see if every box says the family name. STORE CLERK (20's) overhears.

STORE CLERK
 (passing, friendly)
 Those fly off the shelves. Good
 stuff, man.

ALAN
 (simple, proud)
 Thanks.

ALAN (V.O.)
 Just like my Dad put our names on
 his shop.

FLASHBACK START

Alan (6), looking up at his Dad, proudly looking up at the
 "S" being installed on "IVALS BUTCHER SHOP" sign.

ALAN (V.O.)
 Family above all else. This was
 part of our legacy, my family's
 story.

FLASHBACK END

Alan kneels so he's eye-to-eye with both kids.

ALAN
 If you ever make something, put
 your name on it. And share the fun.

Alan lifts a couple boxes into the cart. Then readjusts the
 shelf to fill holes so product line isn't broken.

JACK
 (looking at the boxes)
 For research?

A phrase clearly Jack heard his father use.

ALAN
 (smiling, pretending to be
 serious)
 Extensive research.

Stella presses her palm gently over AMRON PATENT on the box.

STELLA
 That's us.

ALAN
 (soft)
 That's us.

Alan smiles quietly, with earned pride, then pushes the cart on. The kids beam beside him. CAMERA PANS OUT to reveal massive wall of Amron's toys. Amron family is no longer in aisle. Stay here to watch other customers stopping to buy for a minute...or two.

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

In the 80's there were only a few independent inventors, not working for a larger company, who could get meetings around town. My reputation was known, and my ideas, patents and trademarks were being licensed and used. There were a few stars that needed to align for a win: Come up with a unique idea, protect it for the right market, and then the readiness of the market for the new concept. Finally, and some might argue the most important element is luck. Luck is important because as easy as things can go right, they can easily go very wrong...quickly.

INT. - LARAMI BOARDROOM - 1986 - DAY

Alan stands in front of a long boardroom table pulling out a prototype for an air pressurized water gun. Alan holds up a prototype that looks very similar to what the world NOW knows as the Super Soaker. 2 EXECUTIVES listen, eagerly awaiting Alan's pitch.

ALAN

I call it, the Rad Soaker. The air pressurized water gun allows water to come out in a constant stream.

FREEZE FRAME:

ALAN (V.O.)

Sound familiar?

CUT AWAY: STOCK FOOTAGE: JOHNNY CARSON SHOW, SUPER SOAKER SEGMENT

ALAN (V.O.)

The success of the Super Soaker pressurized water gun skyrocketed after appearing on *The Johnny Carson Show*, and sales were soaring and projected to rise from approximately three million dollars a year to anywhere from \$200 million and \$900 million.

CUT TO: U.S. Patent No. 4,239,129 DIAGRAM and DETAILS

ALAN (V.O.)

I held the patent for the air pressurized water gun that comes out in a constant stream, having acquired it in partnership with a guy named Gary Esposito. This is what Larami had been making and sold over a billion dollars of. But, instead of paying me my royalty percentage, they decided to sue me for declaratory judgment, which was them asking a judge if the product they were manufacturing was actually infringing on my patent and if they had to pay me.

CUTAWAY TO ANIMATED SKETCH OF SUPER SOAKER WATER GUN, inside the gun operating as stated in "ESPOSITO PATENT".

ALAN (V.O.)

The patent covers a water gun that operates by pressurizing water housed in a tank with an air pump.

THEN ADD IN LIGHTS and SOUND to the nozzle of the animated illustration.

ALAN (V.O.)

The judge saw light and sound and said "Super Soaker has no light or sound" and declared they didn't infringe. But that's not how patent litigation works. The core of the patent is an air pump pressurized water gun. The Judge was wrong. Larami won and the patent was never licensed to anyone, never made a dime.

CUT AWAY TO CORNELL LAW TEXTBOOK:

ALAN (V.O.)

Cornell Law School now teaches patent law in their course, focusing on what to do and what not to do, summarizing my Soaker case in one paragraph. Their case studies show that this guy had a legitimate claim to a patent, and he hired the wrong attorney, who caused his client to lose \$10 million in a judgment and the rights to his patent. Fucked up, right? Not only that, the judgment cost me ten years of my life, tested my marriage - it wasn't until 2007 when Hasbro bought out Larami that the defamation suit was finally settled and I was back on track, assigning two of my quick-connect air-pressurized water-gun patents to Hasbro.

CUT AWAY to the profitable HASBRO guns licensing Alan's patent.

ALAN (V.O.)

Those 10 years taught me so much...but when you're in it, it's easy to get lost in the darkness, losing sight of the light...

INT. SARAH'S HOSPITAL - BREAK ROOM - NIGHT (1992)

SUPERIMPOSE: 1992

Sarah sits alone during her break, exhausted from another double shift. Fellow nurse ELENA sits beside her, concerned about her friend's obvious exhaustion.

ELENA SANTOS

Sarah, honey, you look like you haven't slept in weeks. What's going on?

SARAH

Alan's legal cases are consuming everything we have and everything we are. The bills, the stress, the constant uncertainty...

ELENA SANTOS

How long has this been going on now?

SARAH

Years. I've lost count. Fighting 3M, fighting Larami, with lawyers we can barely afford, losing the house-

ELENA SANTOS

Sweetie, what would happen if you just...stopped fighting? If you just let it go?

SARAH

We'd have our lives back. Stella and Jack would have their father present instead of consumed. We could get back to enjoying life, buy a house we can afford, take vacations, and just live...

She looks up at a family photograph posted on the wall of her station - Alan at his workbench with young Stella and Jack watching him work, their faces filled with admiration for their inventor father.

SARAH (CONT'D)

But I'd lose the man I fell in love with. The inventor who sees solutions everywhere, who believes impossible things can become possible. Fighting for what's right isn't just what Alan does - it's who Alan is.

The photo acts as a reminder. Her decision now made.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Some things are worth sticking to, no matter what they cost.

INT. - FISHER-PRICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY (1993)

Alan walks through huge glass doors, into toy company headquarters. He is known at reception desk and walked towards the boardroom. Illustrations of popular toys line the hallway.

RECEPTIONIST

Good morning, Mr Amron. Right this way.

INT. - FISHER-PRICE BOARDROOM - DAY (1993) CONTINUOUS

Alan walks into the boardroom stands in front of a long boardroom table, pulls out a crude prototype for a bubble sprinkler, later to be known as "Silly Willy". 3 EXECUTIVES listen, eagerly awaiting Alan's pitch.

FISHER-PRICE EXECUTIVE
 Good to see you again, Mr. Amron.
 What do you have for us today?

ALAN (V.O.)
 United States Patent #5,297,979...

ALAN
 Hello everyone.
 (takes a moment to look
 around the room, some new
 faces, one old)
 My kids love bubbles. They love
 water. And who doesn't love
 sprinklers.
 (smiles, presses the power
 button ON to demonstrate)
 The bubble solution delivery system
 and integrated water sprinkler
 create dual play value.

The 3 Executives laugh like kids in a toy store. Bubbles and water float and whirl around the room.

FISHER-PRICE EXECUTIVE
 Alan, we love it. You own the
 patent for this?

Alan smiles.

INT. STELLA'S HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY (1993)

CAREER DAY. A class of bored TENTH GRADERS sit at their desks. Alan begins to setup. One by one, the teenagers start to perk up, curious to see what this guy is up to. Stella (15), bright-eyed and proud, sits at the desk closest to the speaker.

Alan sets up clear tubs of water, two palm-size BATTERY-OPERATED WATER GUNS, a small BUBBLE MAKER, and the FISHER-PRICE WATER-AND-BUBBLES SPRINKLER PROTOTYPE. A clear demo tube shows an IMPELLER and an O-RING.

MS. KELLY (late 20s) a bright and enthusiastic young teacher, introduces Alan.

MS. KELLY

Class, this is Stella's dad, Mr. Amron. He's an inventor.

Alan, friendly, lifts up two water shooters like a cowboy.

ALAN

Who here likes science and toys?

Hands SHOOT UP. Alan dips the nozzle into a tub, clicks the trigger – a SOFT HUM, then a gentle arc of water across the tray. GIGGLES.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Inside is a tiny pump. The battery spins the impeller; the impeller pushes water. That's an invention: make one thing move another – safely.

He tilts the clear tube so teenagers can see the little propeller.

ALAN (CONT'D)

See the O-ring? It keeps water out of the motor.

He then flicks ON the FISHER-PRICE WATER-AND-BUBBLES SPRINKLER. A WHIRR, and a plume of bubbles float while low fountains of water pulse. OOHS from the students. Stella watches, in awe of her Dad.

Alan CLICKS everything OFF; the room settles, buzzing.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Here's the real secret. When something's "too leaky," "too loud," or "uses batteries too fast," you write it down, draw it, date it, then try again.

He shows a pocket notebook – quick sketches, dates, margins: "FIX SEAL / SLOWER SPIN."

ALAN (CONT'D)

Every try teaches you something. That's called iterating.

A MALE STUDENT raises a hand.

MALE STUDENT

Can inventors be wrong?

ALAN

All the time. That's how we get to right.

He walks the toy prototype over to let two students press the ON buttons, testing streams, watching bubbles output like tiny engineers.

MS. KELLY

Gentle hands, scientists.

ALAN

I create lots of prototypes to get my ideas out of my head and into the world.

Alan pulls out a green army helmet with his well-known orange "DRENCHER" battery operated water gun cut in half and affixed to it. The front of the water gun (nozzle) is hot glued to the front and the back end of the water gun (handle and trigger) is glued to the back. A metal bar with a microphone is attached to the right temple, hanging below where a mouth would be if the helmet was worn. CONFUSED LAUGHTER.

ALAN (CONT'D)

In my workshop, I build a works-like and looks-like model because it requires less imagination to understand. Almost any company that buys an idea will usually redesign your product. But it's fun to see a working model of something you dreamt up, come to life.

STELLA

(Shouts and points to the clunky prototype)

Yeah, you made me run around with that one on my head. It was crazy heavy.

Everyone laughs, including Alan.

ALAN

Yes, Stella and her little brother gave me very helpful notes on this one before I went in to meetings. And now, this large, heavy prototype, will turn into this next summer.

Eyes of everyone in the room light up. Alan pulls out a first release of his newest toy, fresh from TOY FAIR.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I present to you, SHOUT N SHOOT.
 You can soak your friends by
 yelling into the mouthpiece, "FIRE!
 FIRE! FIRE!" Who wants one?

More hands shoot up. Stella watches her Dad, absorbing it all.

MS. KELLY

Wow, awesome. Okay. Let's thank Mr.
 Amron for speaking with us today.

APPLAUSE. Alan hands out the SHOUT N SHOOT toys and begins to gather his things. Up next is DR. HILL. Dr. Hill holds a stuffed horse with giant teeth in his left hand and a giant toothbrush in his right. He looks directly at Alan.

DR. HILL.

(low to Alan)

That's like going on after The
 Beatles.

Alan laughs, Dr. Hill continues to walk into the speaker spot.

MS. KELLY

Class, please say hello to Jason's
 Dad, Dr. Hill. He's going to share
 with you all there is to know about
 being a Dentist!

Student are still reeling from this new, "not yet on the market" toy they just received from, what feels like, the North Pole.

EXT. STELLA'S HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - LATER (1993)

Alan walks to his 1991 ISUZU RODEO holding a cardboard box filled with his Career Day "Show & Tell" items. He looks down to check his watch. Quickly puts the box in his trunk, next to his giant toolbox and RASCO refrigeration work bag filled with wires, pliers, paperclips and beyond. SLAMS trunk closed. Runs to enter car and drives off.

INT. MARRIAGE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY (1993)

Alan and Sarah sit with DR. CHEN, a family therapist who specializes in couples dealing with extraordinary stress. A calming glass candle glows softly on the side table.

DR. CHEN

You've been dealing with litigation after litigation for 12 years now. How has it affected your marriage?

ALAN

These cases are about much more than money. It's about truth, justice, the principle that individual inventors have rights in America.

SARAH

I've supported Alan every single step of this journey. But somewhere along the way, the fight became more important than what we were fighting for.

DR. CHEN

Sarah, what would help you feel more supported in this process?

SARAH

(taking a deep breath,
revealing a secret she's
carried for months)

Six months ago, I received a job offer. Head nurse position in Seattle. Executive salary, full benefits, signing bonus.

Alan sits up, fully present for the first time in months.

SARAH (CONT'D)

The salary alone would solve our financial problems overnight. Pay off legal bills, secure college funds for the kids, give us the kind of security we haven't had in over a decade.

DR. CHEN

That sounds like an incredible opportunity.

SARAH

But accepting it would mean leaving New York, moving across the country. Alan would have to abandon his legal cases completely.

The silence in the room is deafening.

DR. CHEN

What did you decide to do?

SARAH

I stayed. Not for patents or legal cases or principles. I stayed for us. Real families don't abandon each other when the fighting gets hardest.

ALAN

(understanding the magnitude of her sacrifice)

Sarah, I never asked you to sacrifice your career for my war...

SARAH

You didn't have to ask. But I need you to see me, really see me, and understand what this obsession is consuming. This war is eating everything we built together.

DR. CHEN

Alan, what do you hear Sarah telling you?

ALAN

That I'm losing my family while trying to save my legacy.

There are no easy answers for choices this complex.

INT. 1991 ISUZU RODEO - OYSTER BAY - (1993) LATER

Alan sits in his parked car, staring out at the boats floating in the Long Island Sound. The sunset bleeds bright over the water. Vibrant reds, fiery oranges, soft pinks and purples light up the current and sky. Alan looks down at his Motorola car phone positioned next to his Dunkin' Donuts coffee cup.

ALAN (V.O.)

I had reached a level of success I never envisioned - the big house, tennis court, pool, incredible wife, 2 beautiful kids and 1 crazy dog - but it was all starting to fall away from me. I was risking losing everything...I always believed that every problem had an answer if you just listened.

(MORE)

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But my head was too underwater to
hear anything this time.

Alan dials a number on the phone. It rings a few times until
someone on the other end picks up.

ALAN
(into the phone)
I need your business advice on
something-

Before Alan can finish, an older Brooklyn man's voice
interrupts.

HY (V.O.)
Alan, you've gone so far beyond
anything I ever dreamed was
possible, I wouldn't know how to
guide you anymore. You're in
territory I can't even imagine.

Hy's voice cracks on the that last word. Alan's eyes begin to
well.

ALAN
I love you, Dad. Give Ma a hug and
kiss from me.

INT - LIVING ROOM - HY AND GLO'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

Hy (70's) sits in his chair, the warmth of the crystal lamp
next to him illuminates his face.

HY
Love you, son.

Hy hangs up the phone. He folds up the newspaper he had been
reading and stares off into the distance, getting emotional
himself. Keeping it together, he taps the rolled up newspaper
to his knee for a beat, and proceeds to get up and leave the
room. The light from the lamp now only illuminates the empty
chair as Hy slowly walks out of focus into another room.

ALAN (V.O.)
The man who taught me to trace
problems backward, who bought me my
first real toolset, who believed in
the eight-year-old fixing radios on
the bedroom floor - was telling me
I'd outgrown his wisdom.

Alan wipes tears from his eyes and shifts the car into drive.

ALAN (V.O.)

What I heard wasn't defeat. It was awe. Pure, unfiltered pride from a man who gave his son all the tools he needed to rewire the world. That moment hit harder than any patent approval or courtroom victory ever could.

EXT. 1991 ISUZU RODEO - OYSTER BAY - CONTINUOUS

Alan's car turns out of the parking lot continuing on his path forward.

INT. LAW OFFICE'S OF KUNSTLER & KUBY - DAY (1995)

Alan enters a small cramped law office. Room is filled with past case memorabilia and personal touches, giving a complete "anti-establishment" vibe. Alan extends his hand. CLOSE UP on handshake directly above a brass nameplate that reads: WILLIAM. M. KUNSTLER.

WILLIAM KUNSTLER (76), a prominent American civil rights attorney and activist, stares expressionless at Alan from across his desk. His infamous large glasses perched on top of his head.

WILLIAM KUNSTLER

Mr. Amron, I only defend those whose goals I share. I'm not a lawyer for hire.

Alan interjects, in an attempt to persuade.

ALAN

Look, I'm not fighting for the money. I'm fighting for fairness - for recognition that people like me matter. Corporations have unfairly profited from my ideas - you should be drawn to my case as a matter of principle! This is for every person who's ever had their ideas stolen because they didn't have a legal department rallying behind them. We need to expose the truth and change how the system treats other inventors. Especially those innovators who have created some of the most profitable and well-known products of our time, like me.

Alan stops, almost out of breathe, and glances at the Post-It notes dispenser on Kunstler's desk.

WILLIAM KUNSTLER
If you allow me to finish.

Alan, a bit embarrassed.

WILLIAM KUNSTLER (CONT'D)
I only defend those whose cause I believe in. I like your energy. I think you have been misrepresented in the past and I think it's time we expose the inequities in how big companies treat inventors in the future. I will take on both your 3M case and the Larami declaration judgment case.

ALAN
(relieved)
Thank you.

Kunstler pushes over an engagement letter.

WILLIAM KUNSTLER
There is a \$10,000 retainer fee.

Alan looks over the letter, knows this might be his last shot at redemption and jumps on the opportunity before Kunstler changes his mind. Alan signs the document, grabs his checkbook. Fills out the check. Tears check. Lands it on top of the signed agreement. Pen down, Alan pushes off the desk and back into his chair.

ALAN
I have documentation of absolutely everything. Just tell me how and when you wanna begin.

Kunstler rises and begins to walk Alan out of the room.

WILLIAM KUNSTLER
You're in good hands here. Let's start at the beginning and work our way to the now. Jenny, out front, will setup our next meeting and we can go from there.
(extending his hand at the door)
Looking forward to working with you, Mr. Amron.

ALAN
You too, thank you.

Alan walks over to JENNY, the secretary, as Kunstler shuts the frosted glass door, making his shape now barely visible as he walks away.

INT. 7 ELEVEN - SYOSSET (DAY - SEPTEMBER 5, 1995)

CLOSE UP on Slurpee machine. Jack (12) grips cup with lid on, filling with Coke Slurpee to the brim. Alan stands at the checkout, grabbing a NEW YORK STATE LOTTO QUICK PICK, waiting for Jack to finish.

ALAN
(to cashier)
One Quick Pick and a medium
Slurpee.

Cashier begins to print lotto ticket and ring up the sale.

ALAN (V.O.)
I was on a high. With Kunstler as
my attorney, the publicity alone
might put enough pressure on 3M and
Larami to finally do the right
thing. Justice might finally be--
oh-

ALAN
Fuck.

Alan notices today's NEWSDAY newspaper to his LEFT. CLOSE UP on NEWSDAY article featuring image of William Kunstler with the headline: "William Kunstler, Fierce Defender Of Radical Causes, Dies at Age 76"

MUSIC CUE: MICHAEL JACKSON & JANET JACKSON "SCREAM"

Alan grabs a copy of the newspaper and whistles to Jack.

ALAN (CONT'D)
Yo, Jack. Time to go.

They both run out to the car. Alan turns to the article as fast as he can. Resting the paper against his steering wheel, he begins to read. Jack drinks his Slurpee, turns up Z100 on the radio, MUSIC CONTINUES.

"...You keep changin' the rules while I, I keep playin' the game / I can't take it much longer / I think I might go insane"

ALAN (V.O.)

When I received the news that Kunstler died, I reached out to the law office immediately. Ron Kuby, Kunstler's associate, answered wanting to take over my cases. I said no - he was just a kid starting out. This was my life at stake here. They didn't care. Kunstler's family and firm refused to give me my money back...and I left it at that.

Alan's head lowers to steering wheel. Eyes shut. Lights out.

INT. 3M SETTLEMENT ROOM - DAY (1998)

TITLE CARD: THE SOUL-CRUSHING DEFEAT - SEVENTEEN YEARS LATER

The same sterile conference room where Alan's destruction was first planned. Now 50-years-old, visibly worn by seventeen years of legal warfare, Alan sits with his experienced attorney, ELLIOT RASKIN.

ALAN (V.O.)

It had come to this. 3M was acknowledging they didn't invent the sticky memos or notepads but claimed there was a similar patent granted in Switzerland in 1968 so perhaps neither side should be allowed to claim ownership. I was exhausted by the fight. They made me question everything to the point that covering legal fees I had accrued was all I could think about.

Across the mahogany table: an army of 3M lawyers led by Robert Malloy (now in his 60s), a silver-haired corporate predator at the peak of his power.

3M LEAD COUNSEL

Mr. Amron, we are prepared to offer a one-time payment in exchange for your immediate execution of a comprehensive settlement agreement to conclude this matter permanently.

3M lead counsel slides a document across the desk. The specific amount is not visible to the audience, but Alan's facial expression reveals it's not the vindication he dreamed of - just enough to make surrender financially rational.

Alan pushes the paper back without letting his attorney see it. This decision must be his alone.

ALAN
(voice hollow)
What are the terms?

3M LEAD COUNSEL
(shuffling papers,
unprepared for Alan's
readiness to capitulate)
The conditions are very specific.
No admission of wrongdoing by 3M
Corporation. No public statements
regarding this matter. And you
agree never to claim credit for
Post-it Note development again.

ALAN
You want to buy my silence about
the truth.

ROBERT MALLOY
(interjects)
We want to purchase final closure
on this distraction. Should you
decline this offer, the company is
fully prepared to pursue all
available legal remedies without
limitation. Your reputation, Mr.
Amron, is also at stake.

ALAN
Your company can never claim
ownership either, correct?

ROBERT MALLOY
Correct.

ALAN
And what about truth? My
contribution? What about historical
record?

ROBERT MALLOY
Truth is whatever history writes,
Mr. Amron. And history is written
by the winners.

ALAN

What if I refuse your offer?

ROBERT MALLOY

Then we appeal. And appeal the appeal. And continue appealing until you have nothing left. You're already mortgaged beyond your ability to pay. How much more legal debt can your family absorb?

The mention of family hits Alan like a physical blow. Then comes the final condition that will crush his soul:

3M LEAD COUNSEL

One additional requirement. We'll need the original prototype for our corporate archives. Complete documentation of our innovation timeline.

Alan freezes. His eyes dart to his briefcase containing the original Press-On Memo: "A. AMRON - MARCH 15, 1973 - 2:47 AM."

ELLIOT RASKIN

(whispering urgently)

Alan, it's just paper. The money is real. Your family's future is real.

Alan's fingers tremble as he opens his briefcase. He lifts the evidence sleeve reverently, unable to look directly at his life's work. He places the sleeve on the conference table. The 3M lawyer immediately retrieves it, sealing it in a gray archival box labeled: "3M CORPORATE ARCHIVES - CONFIDENTIAL."

The soft CLICK of the box closing echoes like a coffin lid.

ALAN

(barely a whisper)

Twenty-five years of my life...

He signs the settlement agreement with a shaking hand, surrendering his identity to corporate power.

EXT. 3M HEADQUARTERS - LATER (1998)

Alan stumbles out of the building like a man leaving his own funeral. He opens his empty briefcase and stares at the vacant space where his proof once rested.

He has sold his name to save his family.

INT. CURRENT AMRON HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT (1998)

Alan returns home, but not to the lavish one from the People Magazine article and the profitable water gun years. Over the course of the legal battles, Alan and his family had moved into a smaller more modest home. A cozy space filled with immense love, adorned with family photos from all incredible moments of the Amron Family's history and life. Large scale furniture and artwork overwhelm the smaller rooms, in a way that tells a story of their past and the present.

Alan enters from the garage door carrying a settlement check that barely covers seventeen years of legal expenses. A furry white Maltese, MURPHY, slides and almost runs into the wall to greet him. Sarah, Stella (20), and Jack (15) wait around the kitchen table.

SARAH

How do you feel?

ALAN

Sick to my stomach. Completely hollowed out.

STELLA

Dad, you fought seventeen years against impossible odds. That proves something important.

JACK

(clueless about the financial reality)

At least now college is covered, right?

ALAN

Did I prove anything? Or did I just demonstrate that corporations can outlast individual inventors if they're patient enough and cruel enough?

SARAH

I think it's time to just move on and get back to enjoying life.

ALAN

What if I'm constitutionally incapable of ignoring problems, Sarah? What if I can't stop seeing solutions everywhere I look?

He looks around the table at the family who supported his obsession through two decades of warfare.

ALAN (CONT'D)

I'm going to keep inventing. And if someone tries to steal from me again, I'll be ready this time.

MONTAGE START - THE WILDERNESS YEARS (1998-2005)

TITLE CARD: THE WILDERNESS YEARS - REBUILDING FROM ASHES

A series showing Alan rebuilding his life and reputation:

- Alan staring at his empty workbench. Different than the previous workshop seen in his first home with Sarah, all the same tools but a slightly larger collection and more organized. The 3M settlement check sits on his workbench revealing only partial text: "Twelve Thou-" (letting the audience infer the modest amount).

- Stella's law school graduation. CLOSE UP: on her diploma reading "INTELLECTUAL PROPERTY LAW"

- Jack's MBA graduation, handshake with the dean

- Sarah finally reducing her hospital hours, home for family dinners

- Alan back at the workbench, excitedly sketching new idea: "DIGITAL PHOTO WALLET"

MONTAGE END

INT. MUHAMMAD ALI'S CHICAGO HOME - DAY (2000)

TITLE CARD: CHICAGO, 2000

Lavish home, memorabilia everywhere. MUHAMMAD ALI (58), showing effects of Parkinson's but still commanding presence, welcomes Alan at the front door.

ALI

Been a long time.

Ali greets Alan with a firm handshake and a friendly shoulder tap.

ALAN

(smiling, nostalgic)
Since The Beatles years.

AUDIO DROPS OUT as Ali and Alan do small talk catch up.

ALAN (V.O.)

Ali and I went way back to The Beatles reunion project in the '70s. He thought I was capable of impossible things...like getting John and Paul back together. I had a simple idea really: I thought if every kid worldwide mailed in a dollar donation, the fans could fund the event. Unfortunately, that dream came to an end in 1980 when tragically, Lennon was shot and killed. From then on, Ali and I remained great friends. He almost convinced me to manage him because he believed I could make anything happen.

All smiles, AUDIO COMES BACK IN on the two as they sit down casually on Ali's porch:

ALI

Man, I still can't believe we almost got them back together. One dollar? Kids from all over were banding together.

ALAN

It really was somethin' wonderful.

ALI

What the world can do when we come together.

They both look off and smile.

ALI (CONT'D)

Speaking of, what do I owe the pleasure?

Alan shows Ali his latest invention for the Digital Photo Wallet.

CLOSE ON: Device as Ali presses button to move forward through digital photos displaying iconic snapshots of Ali and Alan from their shared years past.

ALI (CONT'D)

So this little thing gonna change how people see pictures?

ALAN

If I can protect it from being stolen, yeah.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

Big companies have ways of taking ideas without paying for them.

Ali puts the device down gently in order to use his hands to convey a point.

ALI

(shadow boxing
reflexively)

In the ring, when somebody tries to steal your moves, you don't cry about it. You slip their punches, then you hit back harder.

ALAN

What if they're bigger than you? What if they have more money, more lawyers?

ALI

(that famous grin)

Son, I beat Sonny Liston, Joe Frazier, and George Foreman. Being bigger just means they fall harder when you land the right punch.

(serious now, leaning
forward)

But you gotta have the heart for it. Most people fold when the fight gets ugly. You ready for ugly?

ALAN

I've been training for ugly my whole life.

ALI

Then you gonna win. But remember, fighting's not about destroying your opponent. It's about proving you belong in the ring.

Ali nods, recognizing a fellow fighter.

ALI (CONT'D)

How many more fights you got in you?

ALAN

As many as it takes.

ALI

Good. 'Cause they ain't gonna stop coming.

INT. NIKON — HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND — DAY (1999)

TITLE CARD: NIKON USA — HUNTINGTON, LONG ISLAND — 1999

A glass-walled conference room. On the table: Alan's compact DIGITAL PHOTO WALLET prototype, a printed spec sheet, and an NDA already countersigned.

ENGINEERS (30s-50s) pass the device hand-to-hand, toggling through images. A PRODUCT MANAGER, a FINANCE EXECUTIVE, and NIKON COUNSEL observe.

ENGINEER #1

Battery life in this form factor?

ALAN

Four hours active view, days on standby. First production run improves both.

ENGINEER #2

Storage?

ALAN

Five hundred images in the prototype. Thousands in production — so consumers can carry their lives in a pocket.

PRODUCT MANAGER

UI is immediate. No boot lag. That's critical for adoption.

NIKON COUNSEL

Mr. Amron, your Photo Wallet is exactly what the market needs as we transition from film to digital photography. Let's discuss licensing scope.

ALAN

Field of use: consumer digital-imaging accessories. You manufacture and distribute. I supply core IP and continuing updates.

FINANCE EXECUTIVE

We'd propose an upfront advance against royalties, quarterly statements, audit rights, and standard indemnities.

ALAN

Minimum annual guarantee to keep the line active. Milestones: integration by Q2, pilot by Q4, retail by holiday.

ENGINEER #3

Display's solid indoors. We can improve outdoor contrast.

ALAN

Fine, as long as we protect the core: image management, portable display workflow, and file-transfer method. That's my IP.

The door opens. BILL GIARDANO (50s), Nikon USA executive, enters with a thin TERM SHEET.

BILL GIARDANO

We've reviewed engineering feedback and market sizing. Nikon would like to license your Digital Photo Wallet technology.

(offers the document)

Upfront advance, running royalty on wholesale sales, performance milestones, and co-branding as discussed.

Alan reads, steady.

ALAN

Add an audit clause with a cure period, and explicit language on continuation patents and improvements - my filings attach automatically.

NIKON COUNSEL

Agreed. We'll append an Improvements & Continuations rider.

BILL GIARDANO

And marketing will include "Powered by Amron Innovations" on packaging and sell-in materials. Kodak and Nikon's first digital cameras aren't even released yet. We want your Photo Wallet presented with our first-ever Nikon digital camera.

ALAN (V.O.)

That was an honor since Nikon was the gold standard in the camera world then.

ALAN

Then we have a deal.

They shake. A CORPORATE PHOTOGRAPHER snaps a quick shot – hands clasped over the prototype.

MONTAGE START – “LAUNCH PREP”

- Engineers integrating the photo wallet UI with packaging comps.
- Production samples on a light table; QC stickers.
- Sell-in deck: “Nikon Digital Photo Wallet – Holiday 2000.”
- Contract binder labeled: “LICENSE AGREEMENT – AMRON / NIKON (Giordano)” with tabbed schedules.

ALAN (V.O.)

When partners honor their agreements, everyone wins. This time we did it right – NDA before demo, scope tight, milestones clear, and best part: my name on the box.

- PRESS and MEDIA for PHOTO WALLET.

ALAN (V.O.)

Ya gotta remember, when digital cameras came out, they only had a small 1" square screen to view the images. The Photo Wallet I created was a 4" diagonal – big enough to view all digital images in greater detail. Professional photographers were clamoring to get their hands on 'em. It was like seeing a backlit transparency of the actual shot you just took. The Academy Awards used it on air during their international worldwide broadcast.

- STOCK FOOTAGE: Back page of 2000 HOLLYWOOD REPORTER ARTICLE coming to life with Amron's Nikon DIGITAL PHOTO WALLET being used at the Academy Awards.

- Bill Gates and Will Poole at Microsoft offices opening The Photo Wallet and putting it inside a gorgeous lucite locked case in Microsoft's lobby.

ALAN (V.O.)

Bill Gates and Microsoft's number three guy, Will Poole bought my Photo Wallet to display promotional images in their corporate lobby. Poole even wrote a particular operating program for me, at no cost, to share with the rest of my Photo Wallet and Nikon customers. That's how much he was impressed with my breakthrough invention.

- STOCK FOOTAGE: 2002 CES Consumers Electronics Show in Las Vegas, CNN broadcast.

ALAN (V.O.)

Out of all the electronics shown at the 2002 CES Consumers Electronics Show in Las Vegas, CNN chose my invention to highlight on the morning newscast.

- Alan back in workshop, building VIDEO CHIP and VIDEO PAGE prototype with parts from local electronic store.

ALAN (V.O.)

I didn't want to be tied to static images. So Video Chip and Video Page players was born. At first, it was aimed to enhance video testimonies in court documents. Flat battery operated, no moving parts video page that was to be inserted into a legal brief that narrated the specific incident and visually showed you real video from like, a car accident. But then I realized, it could be used for so much more.

INT. ALAN'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT 1999

Alan shows Video Page to Stella (21) and Jack (16), playing BRITNEY SPEARS, "Baby One More Time". Thick page, with 3 ring holes, in a binder. The kids are smiling watching in amazement.

STELLA

Dad, this is incredible. I can learn her dance moves now so much easier!

JACK

I can watch anything on here?

ALAN

(smiling, excited, holding up digital chips)
Yes, I have *DuckTales* and a few *Friends* episodes, but the idea is any video, TV show or movie - anything.

STELLA

I don't get it, how?

They all laugh in amazement.

ALAN (V.O.)

The internet was still at the nascent stage then, and the fast streaming we rely on now was still a decade away back then. My invention was revolutionary in 1999.

INT. SOCIÉTÉ GÉNÉRALE OFFICE - BOARDROOM - DAY 1999

In a big beautiful boardroom, Alan stands in front of twelve well-dressed INVESTMENT BANKERS (late 20s to early 30s) showing his Video Page and Video Chip technologies.

ALAN (V.O.)

I was invited to demonstrate my latest creation to a group of 12 young investment bankers at Société Générale in New York City. This was a French derivative investment firm, so the meeting held great importance to me.

ALAN

(gestures to prototype)
Thin 8 x 10 LCD flat-screen battery operated with no wires, no moving parts, with a slot for my DVC Digital Video Chip. Videos and movies have always been played with moving parts, drums, and motors. This here, no moving parts.

Alan presses the "PLAY" button. Clear video and audio begin on screen for the "MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE II" movie trailer:
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hSPtsCQq52k>

The room erupts.

INVESTOR #1

Alan, we're blown away. This seems like sorcery, this doesn't make sense. If I wasn't seeing moving video and audio playing on a ceramic chip with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it.

INVESTOR #2

Alan, I feel like we just got a glimpse into the future.

Investors exchange a look.

INVESTOR #1

I have to be honest, we didn't know what to expect from this meeting, but I can assure you it wasn't this. We are prepared to invest 3.1 Million dollars in your invention.

ALAN (V.O.)

You can imagine what they must have thought in 1999 when they were looking at the future iPhone and iPad prototype, which didn't come to market until 2007 and 2010. It's no wonder they invested so quickly.

ALAN

With an offer like that, how could I refuse.

Everyone smiles and shakes Alan's hand. Still marveling at the products in front of them.

MONTAGE START: illustrating Alan's V.O. of what happened next...

ALAN (V.O.)

I agreed to the generous offer. To my complete disappointment, they ended up hiring the worst managers to oversee the project, which caused a series of unfortunate events for the production and supply of DVC Players and DVC chips.

(MORE)

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I later found out, they never paid for or bothered to file any of our patents. Moreover, they never paid for manufacturing parts, but instead the CEO Derek Wilkes apparently built a family home in Northern California with most of the funds raised for the company. The rest of the big chunks of the funds were squandered on office rentals in Silicon Valley and several brand-new computers they had never bothered to open or take out of the boxes. I learned many lessons from this disastrous experience. I was now looking to pair up with a company with no blind spots and a name for itself.

MONDAY NIGHT FOOTBALL PROMO MUSIC STARTS...

EXT. NFL GIANTS STADIUM - DAY(STOCK 2002)

NEW YORK GIANTS play PHILADELPHIA EAGLES in Week 8 NFL game. Giants Quarterback, KERRY COLLINS scrambles for, what looks like on TV, a possible first down on third down.

INT. ALAN'S BEDROOM - SAME TIME

Alan watches the game from his bed. Sarah sits propped up next to him, reading a magazine.

ALAN

Did you see that?

SARAH

See what?

ALAN

We can clearly see from here that he was a yard short, but on the field it wasn't obvious to the players.

SARAH

Okay, and?

ALAN

And?! The Giants hurried to the line, thinking they might have it. Coach hesitated on whether to challenge the spot.

(MORE)

ALAN (CONT'D)

The result was a rushed fourth-down play that failed.

SARAH

Alan, I love you. I'm lost. Get to it.

ALAN

If the players and sideline staff had been able to see that virtual yellow first-down marker, they'd have known instantly they were short and could have planned accordingly – either with a better fourth-down play call or by punting instead of scrambling in confusion.

Alan smiles, turns his head to look right at Sarah.

ALAN (CONT'D)

What do you think of the color, lime green?

INT. ALAN'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT (2002)

TITLE CARD: THE NEXT REVOLUTION - AHEAD OF HIS TIME AGAIN

A sophisticated workshop that reflects decades of experience. Alan (57) works on his latest idea.

A small TV in a corner of the workshop plays an NFL game with controversial chain measurement causing a heated debate.

ALAN (V.O.)

By 2002, I had learned the most crucial lesson of my entire career: don't just invent the product - invent the legal protection that comes with it.

Sarah enters with coffee, enjoying her husband's new found excitement. She stands at the workbench, listening to Alan explain his latest creation. He holds up a sketch and prototype for a precision laser measurement system.

ALAN

(watching disputed TV call)

If we can measure football fields to millimeter precision... No more human error. Mathematical truth visible to millions of viewers and everyone on the field.

Alan takes a moment and reflects on his own past sport's injury.

ALAN (CONT'D)

It will also protect the players,
giving them more on-field
awareness.

SARAH

(with loving concern born
of experience)

I like it. And lovin' the lime
green-

ALAN

Right?!

SARAH

Yes. But, who's going to protect
you from more decades of legal
battles here?

ALAN

Fifty years of experience,
systematic documentation, and
Stella's legal expertise. This
time, we're ready for anything they
throw at us.

EXT. NFL HEADQUARTERS - DAY (2003)

SUPERIMPOSE: NFL HEADQUARTERS - NEW YORK CITY - 2003

A pristine corporate facility representing the pinnacle of American sports business. Alan demonstrates his FIRST DOWN LASER technologies to NFL EXECUTIVES, NFL Commissioner ROGER GOODELL, and legendary broadcaster PAT SUMMERALL.

PAT SUMMERALL

Four decades calling games, Mr.
Amron, and I still see disputed
measurements every single Sunday.
Costs teams games, costs fans faith
in the sport.

Alan demonstrates the laser FIRST-DOWN TRACKING array.

ALAN

The laser grid resolves to sub-
millimeter accuracy. The chain is
nineteenth-century technology; this
is present tense.

PAT SUMMERALL
That's dreaming pretty big, even
for an inventor.

ALAN
(activating his
demonstration system)
Let me show you all exactly what
the future looks like.

A brilliant LIME GREEN LASER LINE appears across the
demonstration field.

ALAN (CONT'D)
(demonstrating with
theatrical flair)
Laser precision accurate to
millimeters across a hundred yards.
No more chains, no more arguments,
no more controversies.

ROGER GOODELL
(seeing massive revenue
potential)
How accurate are we talking
exactly?

ALAN
Sub-inch precision across the
entire field length. Mathematical
certainty visible to worldwide
television audiences.

PAT SUMMERALL
In my entire career, I've never
seen measurement technology this
clear and definitive. This could
fundamentally transform sports
broadcasting.

ROGER GOODELL
The NFL is interested in looking
into your First Down Laser Line in
greater detail. I'd suggest using
this system in European National
Football League games next year.

Pat Summerall shakes Alan's hand with genuine respect.

PAT SUMMERALL
Alan, I'd like to be a dedicated
partner in your First Down Laser
system until it lights up on every
field, everywhere.

(MORE)

PAT SUMMERALL (CONT'D)

You're not just solving a technical problem - you're preserving the integrity of the game.

Alan smiles, shaking Pat's hand. This was the start of an incredible bond.

ALAN (V.O.)

Pat Summerall wasn't just the voice of the NFL - he was a leader. An incredible man with endless dynamic qualities. To see him have faith in my invention, and in me? That forever brings a smile to my face.

ROGER GOODELL

We'll need considerable time to study these technologies thoroughly. Our counsel will be in touch.

Alan clocks the word "study" - a corporate "maybe" that often means "never."

ALAN

Take all the time you need for evaluation, Mr. Goodell. But we'll need to discuss comprehensive licensing terms before I share detailed proprietary specifications.

INT. PETER LUGER STEAK HOUSE - GREAT NECK, NY (2006)

Old school steakhouse during lunch hour filled with local Long Island businessmen dressed in collared shirts and sports coats. Alan and Dan's Supreme Supermarket President, RICHARD GROBMAN (50s) sit at a corner table. Grey haired WAITER (70s) twists open a glass bottle of Diet Coke and pours it over ice into a glass next to Alan. Richard reaches for the bread basket.

ALAN (V.O.)

I had known Richard Grobman since the early days of my refrigeration alarm business. He was the President of Dan's Supreme Supermarkets - a large chain on Long Island. He enjoyed being the first to hear of my new ideas and would sometimes invest if he thought it was a knockout.

RICHARD GROBMAN
Pat Summerall? Alan, this is
incredible.

ALAN
I know.

RICHARD GROBMAN
NFL needs this line. As a fan, I
need this. I'm in.

ALAN (V.O.)
From college campuses to
professional sport arenas and
stadiums, we were traveling all
over the country to test and
display our technologies. Keeping
track of all the credentials and
tickets was driving me nuts, but
the positive response we received
from anyone who saw that lime green
laser line pop up on a field was
absolutely amazing.

INT. ALAN'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT (2011)

TITLE CARD: THE FATHER-DAUGHTER LEGAL TEAM

Alan works closely with Stella (33), now a specialized patent
attorney who has dedicated her career to protecting
individual inventors from corporate theft.

Jack (28), MBA in venture capital, reviews complex business
projections on multiple monitors.

The workshop walls display over 30 patents now - evidence of
a lifetime spent systematically solving problems.

STELLA
(spreading comprehensive
legal documents)
5 bulletproof patents filed and
approved for projecting a visible
line on an athletic field, Dad.
Every possible variation, every
potential corporate workaround they
might attempt.

ALAN
(reviewing with hard-
earned wisdom)
Great. Maximum legal protection
across all markets.

JACK

Combined market analysis shows potential for hundreds of millions in annual revenue across multiple sectors. Factor in the time saved by the unnecessary chains-

ALAN

Approximately three and a half minutes per game.

JACK

Great, right. And the possible advertising that can be integrated into the projected laser line.

ALAN

Budweiser. Gatorade. Cars. Fast Food. Technology. You name it.

As soon as Stella and Jack think they're safe to take a breather, Alan continues on...

ALAN (CONT'D)

Okay, and one more...

Computer screen on a table next to Alan's workbench displays: "eCHANGING BARCODE - UNHACKABLE DIGITAL TICKETS"

CLOSE-UP: A smartphone prototype displays a PERIODICALLY ROTATING BARCODE, each iteration completely different from the last.

STELLA

Dad, I can't. Another one?

ALAN

(he lays out the next obsession ready to explain)

Problems keep presenting themselves everywhere I look, Stell. I'm constitutionally incapable of ignoring solutions when I can see them so clearly.

STELLA

(curious but playful, gesturing to the piles of legal paperwork and prototypes)

Okay look, I love all the business.

(MORE)

STELLA (CONT'D)

You're my number one client,
always...But I gotta ask, after
everything you've been through, is
all this still worth it?

A similar conversation he once had to kneel down to have.
Alan looks at both of his children, now older with more
understanding of his pain and fight.

ALAN

(thoughtful, genuine, but
with singular focus)
When I die, Stell, I want my
obituary to list specific
inventions that improved people's
lives. Not settlement amounts, not
legal victories, not money. The
actual things I created that made
the world work a little bit better.

STELLA

Even if fighting to protect them
costs everything personally?

ALAN

Especially then. That's exactly
when you know the work truly
mattered to the world.

Back to it. Alan holds up the barcode.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Now look. If tickets change every
thirty seconds, screenshots become
worthless. We could eliminate
scalpers and counterfeiters
overnight.

Jack and Stella's minds are blown, yet again.

JACK

Holy shit, Dad.

STELLA

(joking to herself)
Okay! Filing two insanely world-
changing breakthroughs at the same
time? Sure, why not. Okay, yeah.
(laughing, spreading
documents like a military
battle plan)
(MORE)

STELLA (CONT'D)

Let me teach you everything that's changed about modern patent law and intellectual property protection, Father. We're going to make sure the truth sticks in court this time, for both these babies.

MONTAGE START:

INT. NFL HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (2011)

Walls of dashboards and real-time stats. NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE EXECUTIVE TEAM faces Alan, Stella, and Jack.

ALAN

(activating his demonstration systems)
My eChanging Barcode makes screenshots of tickets worthless. Counterfeiters are done.

NFL TECH EXEC

Latency concerns? NFL Stadium Wi-Fi's unreliable.

ALAN

Device-side rendering. The code changes on the phone, not in the cloud. No connectivity required.

INT. NBA HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (2011)

NATIONAL BASKETBALL ASSOCIATION EXECUTIVE TEAM faces Alan, Stella, and Jack.

NBA COO

If this works at scale, secondary market fraud collapses overnight for the NBA.

STELLA

Licensing terms are here. Filed patents, chain of custody, NDAs already executed.

INT. TICKETMASTER HEADQUARTERS CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY (2011)

TICKETMASTER EXECUTIVE TEAM faces Alan, Stella, and Jack.

JACK

Revenue model: per-ticket
verification fee plus anti-fraud
insurance rebate calculations.

TICKETMASTER COUNSEL

We'll circulate internally here at
Ticketmaster and be in touch.

The Amron family exchanges a look - they did it right this
time.

MONTAGE END.

INT. FBI QUANTICO - DEMONSTRATION ROOM - DAY (2011)

Retired FBI agent MICHAEL T. BURNS arranges a demonstration.

ALAN (V.O.)

Mike was an FBI agent who wrote
scripts for Hollywood. He was also
Pat Summerall's brother-in-law. We
became fast friends and, as luck
would have it, he was interested
and allowed us to test the
eChanging technologies at Quantico.

MICHAEL T. BURNS

We'll issue twenty digital badges.
Try to spoof your way in using
every trick in our considerable
playbook.

MONTAGE START:

- FBI agents attempting to counterfeit the eChanging system.
Every attempt fails.

MICHAEL T. BURNS (CONT'D)

Not one counterfeit passed. ePass
works.

- APP being added to very early APP STORES.

ALAN (V.O.)

I developed a fully operational
back-end and front-end app, listed
on Apple and Android stores. We
demonstrated to Commissioner
Goodell and NBA owner, Mark Cuban.
Both passed, saying:

- MARK CUBAN seated at THE PALM RESTAURANT in NYC looking into Camera as if delivering line to Alan:

MARK CUBAN

Not every ticket is digital and not everyone has a smartphone.

Cuban takes one last sip of his coffee. WAITER drops check. Cuban signs to pay bill.

ALAN (V.O.)

This was 2011-2012, and their assessment was accurate...Then. But I knew technology adoption curves. What seemed impossible today would be inevitable tomorrow.

MONTAGE CONTINUOUS

FAST FORWARD ticketing technology from paper to digital 2011 to 2023, INCLUDING AMRON PATENTS granted during this time period as well.

- Paper tickets purchased at box offices and ticket booths, physical ticket handed to customer. Printed barcodes and phone reservations

- Computerized systems with automated ticket sales for remote purchases over the phone or online

- Ticketmaster providing the convenience to sell all tickets in one spot as events grow larger. People receiving static barcode in email to show or print.

- Customers sharing digital images of tickets on social media accounts, excited for event. Media and press warning people to not do this.

- Bootleggers selling counterfeit tickets online and outside stadiums

- Excitement mounting for Alan's two breakthrough ideas...

- STOCK FOOTAGE: Pat Summerall on MARKET WIRED NEWS discussing First Down Laser Line (MARCH, 13, 2012)
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=tBVjXs7dP0A>

PAT SUMMERALL (V.O.)

How many times have you watched a football game on TV, seen the yellow line and wondered, why can't everybody see it?

(MORE)

PAT SUMMERALL (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I'm Pat Summerall and I've teamed up with Alan Amron and First Down Laser Systems to tell you about the very first visible laser line to be projected onto the football field. This green line will be easily seen by all the players, coaches, and fans in the stadium, and at home.

- STOCK FOOTAGE: Demo video of eChanging Barcode App (MARCH, 2, 2012) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1sZ6XlCoov8>

- APRIL 2012 - Apple iTunes store and Android app store updated version of eChanging Barcode App.

PAT SUMMERALL

(close up on hand,
navigating app)

Now let's talk tickets. Here's a screenshot of the ticket I purchased. When the picture is scanned, it will not be verified because it is outdated. Inside the app, you now see the barcode has changed. It can only be scanned and verified from right here. Let's bring this exciting new technology to America's stadiums and catapult these great events into the 21st century.

- STOCK FOOTAGE: Co-Founder of Thought Development, Richard Grobman, speaks with journalist PIMM FOX on Bloomberg Television's "Taking Stock" to discuss the First Down Laser technology (DECEMBER 3, 2013) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IZV22SNU--I>

RICHARD GROBMAN

We used the First Down Laser technology at the NCAA championships a few months ago and it worked terrifically. The fans in the stadium were able to see where the line was and the athletes competing were able to see the line they had to try and beat.

PIMM FOX

You getting any pushback or is this being embraced?

RICHARD GROBMAN

Anytime there's new technology, companies that you're presenting to have to go through their due diligence. We've had conversations with various entities, we've taken their suggestions and we're refining our product so that when they're ready, we'll be ready.

MONTAGE CONTINUOUS

INT. SUPER BOWL XLVII MEDIA CENTER - DAY (JANUARY 31, 2013)

Standing in the audience, Alan wears active eChanging app on mobile phone lanyard around his neck. ANASTASIA DANIAS, Vice President of legal affairs for the NFL, holds samples of legitimate tickets at a news conference discussing counterfeit Super Bowl tickets for upcoming game in New Orleans. NFL Super Bowl Giants quarterback ELI MANNING stands next to Alan, noticing live ticket around his neck.

ELI MANNING

Can I ask, is that a new type of credential?

ALAN

First ever ePass.

CBS SPORTS JOURNALIST next to Alan can't help but comment.

CBS SPORTS JOURNALIST

I was going to ask the same thing. Wow, that's the future!

ELI MANNING

(flashes a smile)

Where can I get one? Gotta grab that gadget before Peyton does, otherwise he'll gloat for weeks he found it first. I'm not giving him that win.

Both Alan and the journalist laugh.

ALAN

We'll make sure you get one first. Congratulations to your father, Archie on receiving the Pat Summerall Legends for Charity Award.

ELI MANNING

Thank you. Seeing my Dad
acknowledged like this is really
special. I'm really proud of him.

Alan smiles, appreciating Eli's incredible respect for his father. They continue to watch the discussion on counterfeit tickets...

- PRESS for eChanging Barcode and First Down Laser now bombard the screen...
- 2015 AMRON PATENT GRANTED for eCHANGING BARCODE
- 2022 AMRON PATENT GRANTED for LASER-ACCURATE OFFICIATING SYSTEM
- MLB Ballpark app showing dynamic, rotating barcodes on mobile phones
- MLB, NBA, NFL, NCAA plus hundreds of venue and stadium turnstile scanners CHIRP as barcodes morph
- Social media clips brag: "No more fake tickets"
- Tech blog headline: "League's New Rotating Code Ends Counterfeits"

MONTAGE ENDS.

INT. AMRON LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (2023)

Alan (75) cracks open a box of Entenmann's chocolate donuts and lays out a paper towel sheet on the coffee table. The evening news plays. Seated in his leather chair, he watches as a segment on exploding digital ticketing revenues takes over the screen.

A TV REPORTER discusses Major League Baseball's revolutionary new digital ticket security system.

TV REPORTER

Major League Baseball's
revolutionary digital tickets use
dynamic barcodes that change every
thirty seconds, completely
eliminating counterfeiting and
fraud. This breakthrough technology
represents...

Alan stops mid donut bite. His cell phone RINGS. Alan picks up.

SPLIT SCREEN - AMRON LIVING ROOM / JACK'S LIVING ROOM /
STELLA'S OFFICE

All watching the same TV show in real time.

STELLA
You seeing this?

Alan stares at the screen, this time not frozen at the betrayal, but alert to all the information the reporter presents. Silent preparation for his next battle.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Dad, it's your exact technology.
Every single detail. And they
didn't license it.

JACK
Implementation across all thirty
stadiums nationwide.

Alan's mind processing the magnitude of this.

JACK (CONT'D)
We're talking hundreds of millions
in revenue using your patented
technology...We ready?

ALAN
(steady, with hard-earned
wisdom)
We're not ten years too early
anymore.

STELLA
(typing rapidly)
Screenshots, technical
descriptions, implementation dates,
public statements about their
supposed "innovation." I'm
gathering it all. Evidence they
can't make disappear or bury in
corporate archives like 3M.
Drafting the Complaint and then we
file.

ALAN
Time to make the truth stick,
again.

Camera PULLS OUT TO WIDE SHOT. Revealing Sarah on loveseat
next to Alan.

SARAH
(squeezing Alan's hand)
This time, we're all in, together.

The war begins again, but this time the weapons have changed.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - WAR ROOM - DAY (2024)

TITLE CARD: 3M - THE FINAL WAR BEGINS

A legal war room filled with massive evidence archives pertaining to the 3M case, still ongoing - dozens of boxes organized by decade, showing fifty-one years of obsessive documentation.

Stella sits beside Alan, now a seasoned IP attorney built for exactly this moment.

Jack coordinates strategy and media relations from multiple laptops.

MARK VAN SEGAL (40s), lead trial attorney with a national reputation for taking down corporate giants.

Camera pans over all of the evidence. Every truth, every lie, every moment exposed to allow the truth to shine through.

ALAN (V.O.)
In 2011, I started hearing rumors that Art Fry and Spencer Silver, who worked for 3M and were executives by that time, had gotten together to invent the combination sticky note and notepad in 1974. You would understand how I felt hearing about it in the press and the news considering in 1998, 3M admitted to me, moments before they had me sign a false agreement, that they did not invent the sticky note. Why were they coming out stating the exact opposite years later? Let me just clarify here - Most people don't understand that I don't own the sticky note invention. Nobody owns the sticky note. The sticky note belongs to the world. Because I invented it in 1973 and never filed for a patent, after a year, it became prior art, and so it's in the public domain. Prior. Art.

(MORE)

ALAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Don't you just love that? It was, prior Art. Prior Art Fry and his church hymn bookmark. Prior to Spencer Silver and whatever glue they pretended he was working on. I continue this fight because I was the first to conceive, first to put into commerce, first one to show this idea to 3M at a trade show and then, 3M tried to silence me with a bogus agreement that, with years of patent law experience, I now know to be untrue. That Swiss patent they used as a decoy had nothing to do with the sticky note concept. It was a ghost, a manipulation, and I will absolutely continue this fight.

MARK VAN SEGAL

The chronological timeline is absolutely irrefutable. March 1973 prototype with photographic evidence, 3M's March 1974 contact, their 1980 product launch without attribution or compensation.

ALAN

They documented their own systematic theft every step of the way. Every meeting, every stolen specification, every lie is in the corporate record.

STELLA

They'll argue independent parallel development across multiple decades. Corporate lawyers always claim impossible coincidences.

JACK

I've documented their revenue streams comprehensively. Billions in profits using Dad's trade secrets without permission or payment.

ALAN

Then we bury them in fifty-one years of meticulously documented evidence that tells an undeniable story.

He opens a special protective sleeve containing the original Press-On Memo, the second one he had made that very same night in 1973.

ALAN (CONT'D)

This single yellow square is where everything started fifty-one years ago. One simple idea that changed how the entire world communicates.

The final battle strategy takes shape around the table. Jack hands Alan a 3 MUSKETEERS CANDY BAR. Stella sees and smiles.

JACK

All for one.

STELLA

(chimes in)

One for all.

Alan gestures towards his kids with the bar and pockets it.

ALAN

For luck.

JACK

Fuck yeah.

STELLA

Let's do this.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - PACKED COURTROOM - DAY (2025)

3M Case continued. Same packed courthouse where story began. Soaring ceilings, marble columns, and oak panels reflect the faces of REPORTERS, TECH EXECUTIVES, and PATENT ATTORNEYS packed beyond the official capacity.

JUDGE REED presides as Mark Van Segal projects the original prototype sleeve, the second one Alan created that breakthrough morning: "PRESS-ON MEMO - A. AMRON 3/15/1973 - 2:47AM"

MARK VAN SEGAL

You will hear 3M claim they were first. You will see, in their own internal emails, they knew otherwise - and buried the man who told the truth.

An INTERNAL 3M EMAIL appears on an IPAD screen, Alan's concept of courtroom Video Page assistance coming true: "Expedite our filing. External party already has working sample."

On the stand, Daniel Dassow, former 3M Marketing and Research Employee.

MARK VAN SEGAL (CONT'D)

Please state your full name for the record and your occupation.

DANIEL DASSOW

My name is Daniel Dassow. I'm a former 3M employee in the Marketing and Research department for 28 years, from 1968-1996 retired.

MARK VAN SEGAL

Are you familiar with Alan Amron's name or the 1974 PRESS-ON MEMO product?

DANIEL DASSOW

Yes. In 1974, I was a 3M employee when Chris Turner and Max Walsh, both senior VPs in the new products development department, brought in several Press-on Memo Sticky Notes and adhesive samples for our marketing and research department to evaluate and report back to them on. So we did just that and absolutely loved them and recommended we make Press-On Sticky Notes at 3M.

3M lead counsel, DIEGO MARTIN (50s, expensive suit, predatory confidence) rises.

DIEGO MARTIN

Mr. Dassow, you testified that you "absolutely loved" Mr. Amron's samples. Yet you remained employed at 3M for another 22 years after this supposed theft occurred. Correct?

DANIEL DASSOW

(defensive)

Yes, but I didn't know-

DIEGO MARTIN
 (cutting him off)
 You didn't know that 3M was
 developing Post-it Notes? Despite
 working in 3M's Marketing and
 Research department?

DANIEL DASSOW
 I knew we were developing them. I
 didn't know we hadn't compensated-

DIEGO MARTIN
 And isn't it true you filed a
 workplace grievance in 1994
 claiming you were passed over for
 promotion unfairly?

MARK VAN SEGAL
 Objection. Relevance.

JUDGE REED
 I'll allow it. The witness's
 potential bias is relevant.

DANIEL DASSOW
 (angry)
 I'm here because what happened was
 wrong!

DIEGO MARTIN
 But you have an axe to grind with
 3M, don't you? A company that
 employed you for nearly three
 decades but didn't promote you the
 way you felt you deserved?

DANIEL DASSOW
 That's not why I'm here.

DIEGO MARTIN
 No further questions.

Stella leans over to Alan, whispers urgently:

STELLA
 They just made him look like he has
 a vendetta.

ALAN
 (watching Dassow step
 down, shaken)
 He's telling the truth.

STELLA

The jury doesn't know that. They just think he sounds bitter.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Next up...Jeffrey Brown.

JEFFREY BROWN

I'm Jeffrey Brown. I partnered and invested with Alan Amron in 1973 on his Press-On Memo Sticky Notes and adhesive invention. I invested in this with Alan because it looked like it would be a great new stationery item, and it certainly is! Alan did a mass mailing to all manufacturers and stationery industry companies in the US. Then in 1974, we paid for a 10-foot by 10-foot presenters booth at an invention trade show at the New York Manhattan Sheridan hotel ballroom, we met two individuals, Chris Turner and Max Walsh, who, after trying our sticky note samples, introduced themselves to us as 3M executives. Then they asked, in confidence, for Alan's trade secrets and the adhesive he developed especially for it. Then they asked for several samples to take back to the 3M Marketing department for a possible license agreement.

MARK VAN SEGAL

Did you ever hear from them again?

JEFFREY BROWN

No. Never.

3M cross-examination...

DIEGO MARTIN

Mr. Brown, you describe this 1974 meeting as taking place "in confidence." But despite bringing a blank NDA to that trade show booth, you didn't have Mr. Amron sign a non-disclosure agreement with 3M, did you?

JEFFREY BROWN

No, but Mr. Amron was excited. He-

DIEGO MARTIN

So despite being Mr. Amron's business partner and investor, you failed to protect his intellectual property with even the most basic legal safeguard. Is that correct?

JEFFREY BROWN

(defeated)

We didn't get them to sign, no.

DIEGO MARTIN

And after 3M never called back, you never filed a complaint with the Better Business Bureau, never contacted a lawyer, never sent a cease-and-desist letter. Nothing. For six years. Until 1980 when Post-it Notes launched and suddenly became valuable. Correct?

JEFFREY BROWN

We were...Alan believed they would do the right thing.

DIEGO MARTIN

Yes. He "believed." But belief isn't a legal contract, is it, Mr. Brown?

JEFFREY BROWN

No.

Stella grips Alan's arm under the table - this is going worse than expected...

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Next up...Michael Solomon.

MICHAEL SOLOMON

I'm Michael Solomon, Esq. a sitting New York Judge on Long Island, in 1973. I did all the legal work for Alan Amron of his Press-on Memo Sticky Notes company and corporate books. I wrote the description of the company's business, filed with the State of New York.

(MORE)

MICHAEL SOLOMON (CONT'D)

The company invented, created, sold, offered for sale, and/or licensed a Sticky Note and a Sticky Note Adhesive as a new, novel, and unique stationery item.

MARK VAN SEGAL

Did you see the product and understand it's value?

MICHAEL SOLOMON

See it? As soon as I got samples, I couldn't stop using them! Just incredible.

3M lead counsel chooses not to cross-examine, knowing this witness is bulletproof.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Next up...Nathan Wilcox.

NATHAN WILCOX

I'm Nathan Wilcox, an inventor who won a \$280 million settlement in a court-ordered trial from my Wilcox vs. 3M Federal Court case in 2010.

MARK VAN SEGAL

You have settled your case. Why come forward now?

NATHAN WILCOX

I couldn't sit silent. When I heard of Alan's story I knew it was real, because I lived it. No one understands the financial and emotional stress this can cause a person. I am here today as an example. 3M has, clearly, over the last 40 years, been falsely claiming to have invented things they did not invent. I am here hoping for justice on behalf of all inventors who have been taken advantage of by corporate giants.

3M cross-examination...

DIEGO MARTIN

Mr. Wilcox, the terms of your 2010 settlement with 3M are confidential, are they not?

NATHAN WILCOX

Yes.

DIEGO MARTIN

So you can't tell this jury what the actual findings were in your case?

NATHAN WILCOX

I'm not allowed to discuss--

DIEGO MARTIN

And you signed that confidentiality agreement voluntarily, didn't you? For a substantial sum of money?

NATHAN WILCOX

(uncomfortable)

Yes.

DIEGO MARTIN

So you took 3M's money, signed an agreement promising not to disparage the company, and now you're here testifying against 3M. Interesting definition of keeping your word, Mr. Wilcox.

MARK VAN SEGAL

Objection! Counsel.

DIEGO MARTIN

Withdrawn. No further questions.

Jury looks conflicted. Wilcox's credibility is now questioned.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Mark Van Segal's closing statement.

MARK VAN SEGAL

It is undeniable that Mr. Amron invented, produced, manufactured mass mailed, and sold a product that never existed before.

(MORE)

MARK VAN SEGAL (CONT'D)

These testimonies today provide proof that 3M had not been working on anything like this prior to meeting Amron at an Invention Convention in 1974 and, therefore, Amron's Press-On Memo created in 1973, later put on the market and publicly known in 1974 is prior art. That being the case, 3M should have never been granted a patent in 1998. Because Amron failed to patent his invention within the 1 year grace period, no one else could patent it either, making it public domain. Not even 3M could have, without notifying the patent office about Mr. Amron and his prior art invention beforehand. No notification, instead they went ahead and filed for this patent issued in 1998 anyway. Processes and machines to make the product could have be patented, sure. But not the repositionable, reusable combination sticky note product itself. That patent should have been revoked, however in 1998 when Amron found out, 3M paid him a small sum of money to sign a false agreement, which 3M never upheld. The agreement stated that they could never claim they were the original inventor, yet they continue to further the narrative of Arthur Fry and Spencer Silver. When that is clearly not the case. As their story goes, Mr. Fry invented a sticky bookmark for his church hymns in 1974, not a repositionable notepad full of sticky notes. And 3M employee, Spencer Silver created a glue that was not intended for notepads, and wasn't initially the correct adhesive needed. Amron has asked that both Fry and Silver take the stand today, to ask them both to their faces, what they were working on in 1973?

The courtroom laughs, because at this point we all know Alan, and we can only imagine him calling, messaging Fry and Silver, to try and talk with them personally.

MARK VAN SEGAL (CONT'D)

Fry and Silver have not answered our calls. In closing, I ask the jury to please think about this iconic idea. I don't think there's anybody in the whole world you can ask about Post-it Notes who wouldn't know about it - that is, after 1974. In 1973, it was just one brilliant man's idea, that stuck. And that was Alan Amron.

3M lead counsel rises, buttoning jacket with calculated precision.

DIEGO MARTIN

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, Mr. Van Segal has portrayed a compelling picture. A lone inventor, betrayed by a corporate giant. David versus Goliath. It's a story we all want to believe because it confirms our suspicions about big business.

He pauses, lets that sink in.

DIEGO MARTIN (CONT'D)

But this case isn't about what we want to believe. It's about what the evidence proves. And the evidence proves that Mr. Amron, through his own actions - distributing 5,000 samples, demonstrating at public trade shows, mailing brochures nationwide - placed his invention into the public domain. He had 365 days to file a patent. He didn't. That's not 3M's fault. That's Mr. Amron's choice.

He walks toward jury box.

DIEGO MARTIN (CONT'D)

You heard Mr. Brown testify that he brought a non-disclosure agreement to that 1974 trade show. He knew it was important. But when 3M showed interest, what did Mr. Amron do? He handed over everything - formulas, samples, specifications - without any legal protection whatsoever. That's not theft.

(MORE)

DIEGO MARTIN (CONT'D)

That's a business transaction that Mr. Amron now regrets. The truth is, parallel invention happens. Two people can have similar ideas independently. The Wright Brothers and Samuel Langley both invented flying machines. Edison and Tesla both worked on electric power. That doesn't make one a thief. It makes them both innovators working on the same problem.

He walks back to center.

DIEGO MARTIN (CONT'D)

Lastly, let's talk about that 1998 settlement. Mr. Amron's attorney wants you to believe it was coerced, that we somehow tricked him. But Mr. Amron was represented by counsel. He voluntarily signed an agreement, took our money, and then, seventeen years later when that money ran out, decided it wasn't fair anymore. This isn't a story about corporate theft. This is a cautionary tale about an inventor who failed to protect his invention, made poor business decisions, and now wants someone else to pay for those mistakes. 3M doesn't owe Mr. Amron an apology. And based on the evidence, we don't owe him a dime.

He sits down.

CLOSE-UP SHOTS building unbearable tension:

- Malloy at the ready to speed-dial his appeals specialist beneath the defendant's table
- Alan's weathered hands gripping the evidence sleeve
- Stella's face, genuine fear they might lose
- Alan and Malloy's eyes meet across the courtroom's marble divide - fifty years of warfare balanced on silence.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - DAY (SEPT 29, 2025)

3M case continued...Courtroom sits quiet as Judge Reed delivers her decision.

JUDGE REED
(dismissing with
prejudice)

Well, let me say this, Mr. Amron, I do hope you appreciate, and you don't seem to be unrealistic or unaware that your complaint is facing a bit of an uphill battle because of the history and the dated nature of these claims.

Stella grips her seat in suspense.

JUDGE REED (CONT'D)
All who spoke today, paint a very clear picture of your innovation, your integrity and your attachment to the creation of the Sticky Note. However, we are here to discuss the validity of the 1998 agreement. In summary again, 3M paid Amron \$12,000 in 1998 where both parties entered into an agreement that included mutual release language. However, Clause 9's confidentiality obligations now appear to have been one-sided. After the fraudulent concealment, defamation of Amron's name and a breach of the contract itself, 3M continued to publicly credit employees Art Fry and Spencer Silver as Post-it Notes inventors. I now have a much better understanding of the 1998 settlement, which I now believe to be unconscionable and illusory, therefore I am dismissing this case for not raising those arguments in 2016.

CLOSE on Alan's face – not crushed, but calculating.

ALAN (V.O.)
The numbers rang in my ears. 1998: The settlement that forced my silence. 2016: replacing rumors with fact in attempt to reclaim my name on my innovation. And now in 2025, to expose the false nature of the agreement all to be dismissed.

Alan looks towards Judge Reed as she gathers her things to leave the bench. Before her exit, she smiles and nods in his direction.

ALAN (V.O.)

(message received)

The most important battles are the ones they think you've already lost, until someone shines a light on the detail you needed to win.

Alan, Stella, Jack, and Mark Van Segal pore over the dismissal order.

STELLA

She gave you the words herself – “illusory,” “unconscionable.” You couldn't have known that in 2016! It wasn't until 2023 that 3M counsel admitted to it in writing.

ALAN

That's newly discovered evidence.

MARK VAN SEGAL

And res judicata doesn't bar claims based on facts you only learned later. Judge Reed was showing you the court's errors of the past, and providing a guiding light to the future.

EXT. COURTHOUSE STEPS – DAY (OCT 1, 2025)

Alan files his Notice of Appeal. Reporters swarm.

REPORTER

Mr. Amron, why not accept the loss?

ALAN

(re-energized)

The Judge ruled that I should have known in the 2016 litigation that the 1998 3M contract I signed was “unconscionable” and “illusory”. The issue here is plain and simple: How could I have known about something that was intentionally concealed from me for all of these years? It wasn't until this last case, in 2023, where 3M admitted in writing to the one-sided agreement. The United States Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit will see the absurdity in that!

STELLA

(to press)

This presents a circuit split opportunity on whether res judicata bars unconscionable claims when the legal framework for articulating them was provided by the court post-judgment in prior litigation.

Reporters look puzzled.

STELLA (CONT'D)

(realizing she got too legal)

My father invented the Post-it sticky Note in 1973. This dismissal and the appeal prove that. We must continue the fight with the latest information.

Alan sticks a yellow note on the courthouse door: "APPEAL FILED - 10/1/25."

INT. ALAN'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

Alan sketches a new idea for a regenerative candle. His appellate brief for the 3M case lays visible, beside him.

ALAN (V.O.)

They think dismissal ends the story. But inventors know: the breakthrough comes right after everyone says it's impossible.

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - PACKED COURTROOM - A FEW MONTHS LATER DAY (2025)

TITLE CARD: MLB - ANOTHER WAR CONTINUES

ANIMATION: CROSS OUT "MLB" and replace with "TICKETMASTER and LIVE NATION"

TICKETMASTER/LIVE NATION case: Different court room than previous 3M case. Mark Van Segal composed, seated next to Alan (77) dressed again in his best suit. TWELVE DIVERSE JURORS rise as one.

ALAN (V.O.)

After two years of successful litigation in Federal court, we made a strategic decision to withdraw the case against MLB and focus entirely on Ticketmaster, the supplier of the MLB Safetix ticketing system. Rather than pursue one small user of the periodically changing barcode technology, we concentrated our legal efforts on the primary source supplying the entire live entertainment industry—before the same judge who had already ruled in my favor on several key issues.

JUDGE HENDERSON (60's) adjusts her reading glasses with the gravity appropriate for a moment that could reshape corporate accountability in America.

JUDGE HENDERSON

Madam Foreperson, has the jury reached a verdict in the matter of eChanging Barcode LLC versus TICKETMASTER LLC, and LIVE NATION ENTERTAINMENT, INC.?

The FOREPERSON (50s), a kindergarten teacher who has spent two weeks managing evidence that could reshape corporate America, grips the folded verdict.

FOREPERSON

We have, Your Honor.

PLAINTIFF'S TABLE: Alan sits with the stillness of someone who has learned patience through decades of disappointment and betrayal.

His hands rest beside a smartphone displaying a periodically rotating barcode - his anti-fraud technology in action.

GALLERY FRONT ROW: Sarah (75), silver hair in a simple bun that speaks of dignity earned through fifty years of supporting impossible dreams. Her wedding ring, twisted from nervous fidgeting during depositions, catches courtroom light as she squeezes Stella's (47) hand. JACK (42) sits next to Stella, eyes fixed on his father.

A few rows behind them: Mike Burns seated next to CHERI SUMMERALL, Pat Summerall's wife, in support of Alan.

ACROSS THE AISLE: A phalanx of MLB ATTORNEYS in identical suits exchange confident smiles, their phones glowing with pre-drafted appeals.

Behind them: CORPORATE EXECUTIVES with Mont Blanc pens tapping against legal pads.

The Foreperson steadies the verdict paper. The CRINKLE of official court paper echoes like distant thunder.

JUDGE REED

Please read your verdict to the court.

FOREPERSON

On the claim of patent infringement regarding eChanging Barcode technology used in Ticketmaster and Live Nation's digital ticket verification system...

Fifty years of legal warfare balanced on this single moment.

MATCH CUT TO
ALAN'S MIND

FANTASY SEQUENCE START - ALAN'S BIG DREAM OF JUSTICE

Same courtroom, but seen through the lens of Alan's deepest hopes:

FOREPERSON

(in Alan's imagination)
We find in favor of the Plaintiff,
Alan Amron.

SILENCE. Complete and total vindication.

CLOSE-UP: Alan's weathered face, crystal blue eyes. No words. Just the weight of fifty years - every stolen meeting, every buried document, every systematic attempt to erase Alan's name from his invention's history.

FOREPERSON (CONT'D)

(in the fantasy)
Compensatory damages in the amount of fifty million dollars. Punitive damages in the amount of twenty-five million dollars.

STELLA

(low to herself, voice
breaking with emotion)
(MORE)

STELLA (CONT'D)
 Dad...you actually did it. You
 actually won.

Alan turns, hugs his family tight. The courtroom erupts in celebration. Reporters rush to phones. Justice has been served.

FANTASY CONTINUES:

Montage of Alan's complete vindication:

- Smithsonian Institution exhibition: "American Inventors Who Changed the World". Display case: "PRESS-ON MEMO - INVENTED BY ALAN AMRON (1973)" and "eCHANGING BARCODE - INVENTED BY ALAN AMRON (2011).

- Congressional hearing on corporate theft of individual inventors' work

- Alan testifying before the Senate Judiciary Committee

- Alan's children and grandchildren visiting the museum exhibit with pride

FANTASY SEQUENCE END.

-- CUT BACK TO REALITY --

INT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE - PACKED COURTROOM - CONTINUED (2025)

The crisp voice of Judge Henderson pierces through. Alan's daydream comes to a sharp halt.

JUDGE HENDERSON
 Please read your verdict to the
 court.

Foreperson looks down at the real verdict in her hands.

FOREPERSON
 On the claim of patent infringement
 regarding eChanging Barcode
 technology used in Ticketmaster and
 Live Nation's digital ticket
 verification system...

Alan's eyes scan the courtroom one final time. He sees:

- Smartphone displaying his periodically rotating barcode on the evidence table

- Sarah's strength and supportive gaze after fifty years of battles
- Stella's strategic brilliance and comprehensive legal documents
- Jack's exceptional business projections showing the scope of the theft
- His life's work spread before twelve strangers who heard his truth and now hold his legacy in their hands

A small, knowing smile crosses his weathered face. Regardless of what the verdict says, he has already won something more valuable than money or vindication.

FOREPERSON (CONT'D)

We the jury find-

AUDIO CUTS OUT, stay CU on Alan's face.

His expression is peaceful, resolved, complete. The verdict is never delivered to the audience.

FADE TO BLACK.

The courtroom sound fades to silence, leaving only the echo of possibility.

EXT. FEDERAL COURTHOUSE STEPS - LATER (2025)

Media frenzy surrounds the courthouse steps. Microphones and cameras create a forest of modern technology, but we can't hear the questions clearly - just ambient noise suggesting chaos and uncertainty.

ALAN

(to reporters)

I've waited fifty-one years for justice. We fight for what's fair because ideas have value in America, and inventors must never stop defending that principle.

REPORTER

(barely audible over the crowd)

What would you say to other inventors watching?

ALAN
(with a slight smile)
Keep records. Keep faith. Keep the
light on.

FADE TO:

INT. ALAN'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT (2025)

Alan sits quietly in his workshop. Above the workbench "filed away" on shelves are a few methodically placed sticky notes, water gun prototypes, the Photo Wallet along with other "work in progress".

Amron's 40 framed US Patent certificates adorn the walls. His workbench is organized but alive - laser rigs, barcode prototypes, sit next to his latest innovation, a regenerative candle burning steady, automatically regenerates itself. The lucky 3 Musketeers candy bar sits next to his cup of pens, untouched.

3M appellate brief sits visible next to his latest obsession.

CLOSE-UP on appellate document: "Alan Amron, Plaintiff-Appellant, v. 3M Company, Defendant-Appellee. 2025"

PAN DOWN on document highlighting text: "newly discovered evidence emerged in 2024 demonstrating 3M's one-sided interpretation of Clause 9."

Alan continues to work while iPhone on desk plays TICKET NEWS PODCAST audio. DAVID CLARK, tech journalist reports.

DAVID CLARK
If EChanging Barcode's patent claim succeeds, the implications could stretch beyond damages or licensing fees - potentially threatening Ticketmaster's ability to operate its core digital entry system, now standard across most major venues in North America. Live Nation and Ticketmaster have not yet publicly commented on the new filing. In light of this case, we'll be keeping our eye on the precedent this might set.

MUSIC plays low: THE WHISPERS "THE BEAT GOES ON"

"Still moving strong, on and on / Don't stop for nobody / This time I'll keep my feet on solid ground / Now I understand myself when I'm down / Like the sweet sound of hip music / There'll always be something new / To keep the tables turning / Hey this super song / There'll never be an ending..."

ALAN

(yells to other room)
Guys, get in here.

Sarah, Stella, Jack, his 5 young grandchildren and Murphy run in to watch as Alan demonstrates the candle system - it flickers, appears to go out, then recycles on its own.

ALAN (CONT'D)

So. It began with waste.

Alan gestures to a pile of wax in an old glass candle jar to his left.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Now, it ends in renewal.

Alan lights the flame of his latest creation. His family huddles around in a circle, the warm glow cast upon their fascinated faces.

ALAN (CONT'D)

It collects the wax and re-forms it into a new candle, automatically. The mass market version has no buttons. No batteries. Just smart design and thermal engineering.

STELLA

(with the same child-like wonder she's always had watching her Dad's prototypes)
I don't get it, how?

ALAN

(demonstrates)
Every drop of wax is funneled through a heat-guided channel into a lower chamber. There, a pre-threaded wick rises into position, and the wax hardens around it. A twist-release mechanism lets the user remove the new candle, place it on top, and begin again.

Alan looks up at his family, the people who supported his impossible quest through five decades of warfare.

ALAN (CONT'D)

Every flame that burns in a ReGen system is a flame that never truly goes out - it simply transforms, regenerates, and burns again. Just as innovation should.

STELLA

(smiling)
And the patent?

ALAN

Filed and pending.

JACK

(pointing to his Dad)
This guy, man. Let me guess-

ALAN

Meetings with Yankee Candle, NEST, Diptyque and Bath & Body works next week.

Sarah, Stella and Jack laugh while the grandkids remain entranced by the magic their grandfather created with his bare hands.

JACK

(smiling)
Of course you do.

SARAH

Alright alright, Team Amron. Before we start with the next strategy meeting here, dinners on the table. Let's go.

Sarah kisses Alan's head, as she always has, and ushers the kids out of the workshop. Alan, now the last one in the room, grabs a yellow sticky note, jots something down and sticks it next to the others on the workbench wall above the candle. Alan exits the room to rejoin his family but the camera stays in the space, moving up to reveal the handwritten note: "Never stop inventing - Keep the lights on."

FADE TO BLACK, but the light from only the candle remains and morphs into Brooklyn sunset.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - SUNSET (2025)

The same narrow street where eight-year-old Alan first sketched his impossible dreams. Children still play between the red brick tenements, but everything has changed while remaining fundamentally the same.

A TEENAGER at the corner bodega uses a periodically changing barcode on his smartphone to buy groceries - Alan's anti-fraud technology protecting millions of daily transactions worldwide.

Through an apartment window, an NFL playoff game shows perfect laser measurement lines determining crucial first downs with mathematical precision - another Amron innovation in the wild.

Television set changes station to a YANKEE GAME. Zoom into Television set onto actual field. Camera moves through stadium, zooms past CONSUMERS at concession stands scanning barcode on phone to buy merchandise. Camera moves to exterior of stadium where a FAN smoothly enters stadium, phone showing the echanging barcode, SECURITY GUARD nodding fan through. Another Amron innovation.

Camera zooms back into Brooklyn street, KIDS playing with battery operated water guns.

Camera zooms into hospital, Labor and Delivery floor. MOM and DAD (30's) are holding NEWBORN. NURSE enters to grab CORD BLOOD REGISTRY KIT. Nurse exits hospital room, takes the kit down the hall, hands it off to BLOOD BANK DELIVERY TEAM MEMBER who exits hospital and puts it onto truck to deliver to CORD BLOOD BANK FACILITY. Arrive at Massive Stem Cell Research Blood Bank facility where same kit is being housed along with thousands of others. CLOSE UP: Refrigeration Alarm System lighting up in area of bank. Amron's RASCO innovation allowing for future endeavors like these.

A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER on NYC street movie set, reviewing photos and video on an iPhone and iPad. An Amron innovation, now understood and utilized by all with real purpose.

A WORKING MOTHER uses Post-it Notes to leave family messages on her kitchen refrigerator - the simple invention that started everything, now an integral part of daily American life.

Alan returns to the streets that inspired him as a kid and will always feel like home. He walks slowly past the everyday miracles of innovation, his life's work surrounding him in forms he never could have imagined as a curious child with a notepad and stubby pencil.

He turns the familiar corner into amber sunset light, walking toward tomorrow with the persistent sense of purpose that belongs to someone who still sees problems requiring solutions everywhere he looks.

ALAN (V.O.)

(Brooklyn accent, older
but unbroken by fifty
years of warfare)

Inventors don't retire, our brains don't just stop. I refuse to accept the world as it is, I will always do things unconventionally and I can't help but see the change. My Dad used to tell people, my son could put his finger in a glass of water, and it would turn into Seltzer." My Dad saw it best. To innovate is to believe, to believe is to begin, and to begin is to leave the ordinary sparkling - like Seltzer.

The camera RISES steadily, revealing the sprawling city filled with infinite possibility - lights flickering in thousands of windows, workshops humming with activity, garages and basements where the next world-changing breakthrough might be taking shape at this very moment.

FADE TO BLACK over the sound of a city igniting with infinite possibility.

TITLE CARDS appear over complete silence:

"In 2025, Alan Amron holds over 40 U.S. patents. Now 77, he continues to find ways to break things, fix them, and invent something new."

"Alan's fight for inventors' rights against systematic corporate theft carries on as multiple lawsuits regarding his stolen inventions remain active in federal court today."

"Inspired by true events. A reminder for every inventor to keep vigilant, keep creating, keep the light on."

FINAL FADE TO BLACK.