

*The Chambers Bubble*

*Story-line (Screenplay)*

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Chambers Jackson is due to speak today at U of V. He's been a person of interest by the NSA since 2001. The topic more provocative than all of the climate change position papers to date.

He's quite used to the suspicious hounding: The phone calls from anonymous marketers just to see if he's still around. Still alive. Not one legit. Always hanging up just as he says hello. The occasional tail that follows him those days he flies to London or Moscow. It's too coincidental that the same person has business in the same country, the same city, same part of town as Chambers, and oddly glances off when eye contacted is attempted to be made. They're shadows, spooks –all of them. Hoping to glean the next intel and subvert his message through a too hungry press before the next public appearance.

"Chambers," his name called out by a middle-aged, silver winged black haired man twice his senior who shoves and scuttles through the unruly crowd reaching for Chambers extended hand.

He pulls himself close-in to gain an earshot. "Got it. It's confirmed. Forty-three instances in mainland China and India jus this past month."

"How many dead?"

"Only a few hundred total but the bubbles are growing in size and taking on pooling attributes. Just like mercury. Just like you said they would."

Chambers pulled hard on Hanks extended arm trolling him in closer, extricating him from the crowd. A few managed to swipe at his head with clenched fists while Foundation members kept the more aggressive demonstrators who were wielding nunchaku sticks at bay.

Through the thin framed door sifted in the muffled all too familiar hate epitaphs, "Frauds", "Charlatans", "Doomsayers", and as always, "Faggots". It was no secret to the Foundation, Chamber's brother Jake and family and closest friends ...and the entire Foundation for that matter, that Chambers and Hank were more than just collegial astrophysicists but long term spouses going on 23 years. They met while AU was a professor emeritus at Hopkins and Chambers "a sharper than all get out" post-grad. It wasn't

your typical older-man attracted to younger-man or visa versa hook-up –often the case. Rather, they met as peers working on what has now become a mutual obsession to expose a new found scientific fact and with that a passion as co-committed, protective guardians of each other’s body and soul.

It was an elemental leap of logic that led Jackson and Silverstein, et al. to further investigate once stubborn ozone holes that floated near the north and south poles were harbingers for something more dire and detrimental than the tons of UV transmission that have left people and sheep with cataracts and destroying millions of dollars in crops. The holes in the ozone layers were only measured on how much radiation penetrated the earth surface and its detrimental effects. What wasn’t measured was what Jackson’s team discovered. We weren’t just letting in radiation, but letting out oxygen, and in its place were hollows, or environment bubbles – spaces of air void of breathable oxygen. *Envibubbles* drift undetected through the biosphere until encountered by organisms that depend on oxygen and nitrogen to survive. The sight is uncanny. Seemingly for no visible reason humans, animals, birds, amphibians –all that breath, are left choking in their wake. A stationary bubble too long in one spot, suffocates the organism depriving it of that one essential element we cannot live without.