

EXT. EARTH-SPACE

A black and murky yet star filled galaxy stretches like an endless void, it's only details a faded milky phosphorescence that runs the length of its two hundred billion plus blinking stars each wink and breathes across vast distances. A soft electronic noise is heard followed by a faint buzz followed by a carrier signal cuts off. When it returns voices are more clearly made out first Russian, English then Mandarin Chinese is heard as they transmit from a large metallic framework with lumbering cross sections fitted with solar panels, it's mass floats into immediate view. The international space station fills the screen the view tilts down to bask in the sun glare. Earth rises into view under the space stations' apex. The earth encircles the sun as the countries light grid' is drowned out by first light.

INT.TOWN HOME BEDROOM-DAY

An alarm clock sounds. 6:00 AM. A hand reaches up and dismisses it. The closet door is opened, the light inside is turned on, a man inside quietly dresses as someone sleeps in bed. A half closed bathroom door reveals the man who finishes brushing his teeth then pans to see the bedroom window the street lights turn off as a mute indigo sky shows outside. The woman at the bed stirs and sits up. RACHEL a youthful and educated mid thirties wife and mother blinks twice, rubs at her eyes, looks to the clock then offers up her arms and a half conscious smile to the man who appears from the restroom. JAMES a confident husband and father dawns a sharp yet modest suit and tie. He leans over and takes the embrace with tender sentiment.

RACHEL

I wish you would have nudged me
when you woke up so I could make
you breakfast.

JAMES smiles and lowers his arms one hand is left at her chin.

JAMES

Just wish me luck.

RACHEL

Good luck!.

He smiles once more this time accompanied with a laugh. He stands and mouths.

JAMES

(silent)

I love you.

RACHEL returns the silent gesture.

RACHEL

I love you.

With a final wave her head returns to the pillow. JAMES turns and walks out the bedroom.

INT.TOWNHOME-DAY

Downstairs in the foyer a briefcase is lifted from view as JAMES exits the house.

EXT. TOWN HOME STREET-DAY

The sun low it's visibly dark when JAMES pushes the button on his key less remote before he steps into his newly leased Lincoln Town Car. The vehicle pulls off and down the road as a bus passes by, on its side is an advertisement of *True Vision Eye Wear*. The last group of light poles in the distance shut off. Above the spring sky is a mix of long thin and spotted clouds bathed from behind in orange and ruby hues of light.

EXT. HART SENATE OFFICE BUILDING-DAY

7:49AM.

JAMES arrives at the humble all white larger then life government building, he pulls into a parking garage past a large billboard with *True Vision* printed on it followed by *Coming Soon*.

INT.HART SENATE OFFICE BUILDING

Inside JAMES passes through the large high ceiling multi-floored foyer. JAMES checks in at security and is handed a badge before he continues on through a two long. hallways to a set of elevators then navigates his way to corner offices where at last he finds the correct one. Beside it's large wood framed door is a plaque with the name Senator Martin Verum inscribed upon it. JAMES looks at his wrist watch takes a breath pushes the door open and walks in.

INT. SENATOR VERUM'S OFFICE-DAY

An older woman officious yet feisty takes a seat at her desk as the computers screen awakes.

SECRETARY

Good morning. You'll have to pardon me, your the first visitor this morning and I've only just opened up for business.

JAMES

No problem, please. I'm early.

SECRETARY

Awe, then you must be the new Legislative Assistant. I'm his Executive Assistant and scheduler Francis. Punctual, good for you. So many important *tasks* to do here.

JAMES

I'm sure.

JAMES looks around as the woman stands about then walks over to the television on the wall and lifts the remote. She pushes a button and the television comes on C-SPAN takes up the majority of the screen though in a smaller square with in the picture another channel with the news is also on its usual rotation.

FRANCIS

He's not here. Often it's off to the Capital building or where ever the days first meetings, panels or

briefings are to be held.

JAMES stands up and looks around the office, a picture on the wall gets his attention. It's of the Senator next to President Barack Obama where he received a 2nd Golden Gavel for hours served on Senate Sub Committee Hearings.

FRANCIS

Most of the time he's here till late working with a hand full of assistants or even a couple of our favorite senators or representatives grace us time to time, often until the wee hours of the night or morning for that matter.

JAMES nods his head smiles and forces his eye brows to attention.

FRANCIS

I know, I'm sure your looking forward to plenty of those.

JAMES

Uh hum. Indubitably.

FRANCIS

All in due time, today will mostly be orientation. Clearance procedures a little catch up then we'll jump right into current committee panel reviews. In the meanwhile take a seat let me get some coffee started and I'll get you situated just as soon as I can.

JAMES

Sounds good.

FRANCIS

Looks like they are setting up too. I'm sure we'll see him take his seat and begin the hearing shortly.

INT.RUSSELL SENATE BUILDING-DAY

10:08 A.M.

The Senator sits front and center of a senate sub committee hearing. A committee is convened as the Senator lifts his gavel and calls the session to order.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

This Panel reconvenes on behalf of the investigation into the misappropriations of the annual Defense Departments budget. Yesterday we heard testimony from the Office of the Inspector General who reports a YTD unaccounted for or total miss appropriations to the tune of a whopping 6.5 trillion dollars in tax payer revenue.

A number of individuals continue to enter in the room and take seats, two of which sit directly across from the senator.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Today we have with us and ask to approach, the Assistant Secretary to the Office of the Army. Financial Management and Comptroller.

The man and his silent partner approach the table and are seated.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Hello Senator.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Hello. Right, I'd like to get right to it if we may. Please share with us. How it is that your office can have such deplorable standards and practices for spending? Can we assume that you are here to furnish

this panel with at least a current register for the missing third quarter budget spending receipts?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Sir, to date the data used to prepare the FY 2015 AGF third quarter and year end financial statements were unreliable and lacked an adequate audit trail.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

We are aware of that and as the result of such have both convened this panel and sequestered you here today.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Furthermore until the army and DFAS correct these deficiencies, there is continued risk that financial statements will not achieve readiness mandated by the congressional deadline sir.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Are you saying sir that you are here to only repeat what this panel already is aware of and to top that you are telling us that your office will not be furnishing the requested documents.

INT. SENATOR VERUM'S OFFICE-DAY

The T.V. plays above where the senators can still be seen.

JAMES

(Ahem.)

He is quick isn't he.

SECRETARY

He is and he expects you to be as well. My guess is you are or you wouldn't be here. He is fantastic at vetting new hires. Everyone

usually goes on to prestigious and or strategic positions, for their benefit as well. I'm sure you know that or you might not be here spinning your wheels as it were.

A nervous smile JAMES lifts his head and retorts.

JAMES

I'm here because I'd like to be in this very same building some day. Maybe even fighting the real fight just like the Senator.

SECRETARY

Hah! Even the senator has found quite the modesty in that. Though I admire your integrity. That is something that is lacking around here. Most would rather line their trousers over representing their real constituents.

INT. RUSSELL SENATE BUILDING-DAY

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

I'm simply stating sir. That at the request of this panel I am here to inform, any whom it may concern that the army has found the following "army general funds and adjustments" were not adequately documented or supported and as such triggered system deficiencies that concluded in adjustment errors".

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

That part assistant secretary we understand and is the underlying reason why we are all here today. Am I to understand you are only going to repeat those earlier statements made by all our offices and not address the problem nor offer a solution?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Sir?

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

It is this panels official statement thus far that a system need be in place that will monitor and verify those deficiencies and adjustments. If the Army cant do so with in a proper allocated time.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Yes sir, I will take that recommendation back to my office.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

You will, you'll have to forgive me if that sounds like more rhetoric. Is that what all this is son, just routine rhetoric.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

No sir.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

This fashion of rhetoric and rebuttals is and has become routine for your office, sir. It is in that vein that we therefore additionally request that the FM&C provide additional comments to this report by the close of this panel inquiry and the date above furnished.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Yes sir.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

I have a hard time believing that will be achieved given this fiasco, its blatant history and the continued masquerade that is this office's reply to our inquiry.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Yes sir.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Please stop and remove your self.
At this point you sound like a
broken record

When the man begins to say something into the mic as he
stands the Senator waves him off.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Awe, enough already.

INT.TOWN HOME-NIGHT

The door closes behind James as he takes off his jacket

RACHEL

Is that daddy! How was your first
day dear.

James looks up smiles and crosses from the foyer and living
room into the kitchen and dining room where Rachel makes
dinner and their son Kyle three years old plucky and happy
plays with a fire truck near the television.

JAMES

I tell you one thing I felt silly
carrying my briefcase around all
day. It pretty much remained empty
at my side and did nothing. It was
like some kind of enormous wallet.

RACHEL

(tries to hold it)
Hah heh.

JAMES

Only every one could see it, good
thing they couldn't see inside.

RACHEL

Hah heh. Aren't you a funny guy.
So?

JAMES

Seriously it was nothing. I didn't even get to meet the guy yet.

James approaches Kyle they smile at each other as he reaches down and picks him up and holds him in his arms.

RACHEL

Wait, What?

JAMES

Yea, no. He's just super busy with meetings and briefings and all. Today was this incredible congressional panel. Uh, he was on television where he um basically grilled this assistant accountant for the army or something. You should have heard him baby he sounded amazing.

RACHEL

I'm sure he'll be as stoked as you when he realizes he has a real fan and a dedicated idealist on staff. Although "assistant accountant for the army or something?" Someone really needs to do their homework.

JAMES

I know, I know. I have plenty! And I wouldn't say I'm exactly an idealist.

RACHEL

You are for now. Come on guys dinner's ready.

RACHEL walks to the table with the entree and sets it down. They all gather around the table and happily sit down to diner.

INT.SENATOR VERUMS OFFICE-DAY 

Early morning, the offices and hallways are mostly quite. A cramped corner meeting room with an over sized single glass

window inside seats a lone person surrounded by several dockets and his briefcase. Pages are read then flipped, looked at then flipped back to the previous again. The binder of paperwork is slipped into a docket and another is opened where in another binder is removed and opened. JAMES seated alone at the table packet open reaches for his coffee sips it then makes a face.

JAMES

Bleh.

JAMES pushes the mug back peers up at the door then around the office returns his eyes to the volume of dockets that surround him when he decides to continue on. The sun shifts behind him as the next few hours pass by, each of the dockets switch places are opened with binders splayed out on the table then set to the opposite side including one large box full. JAMES turns his head as FRANCIS steps into the room with a warm cup of coffee in hand and extends it. His eyes raise from the coffee to FRANCIS.

JAMES

Thank you.

FRANCIS

I thought you would have excused yourself to lunch by now. Most do.

JAMES

Oh well, you weren't lying when you said a little catch up.

They both look at the many items around the table when a soft grin shows on FRANCIS.

FRANCIS

Good. I thought you were different.

James raises his head curious.

FRANCIS

Anyhow, since your working so diligently I think you have earned an early look into the current case files.

JAMES

The budget?

FRANCIS

Indeed. It's a peculiar one. Let's see if you can make heads or tails of it.

JAMES

Alright then.

FRANCIS

Plus it will allow you a chance to get on his good side, he'd be impressed if you were already up to speed.

James nods his head in agreement. Francis turns and disappears around the corner. Within a few seconds she returns with another 2 dolly fulls of 8 boxes.

FRANCIS

Don't let it intimidate you too much. It is a massive undertaking though. That was only four or five boxes until they pulled it all apart.

James nods this time less confident though he forces a smile.

FRANCIS

A good deal of the prep has been done. The left side is broken into original inventory and original statements the right is allocated funds and adjustments. Though you'll find as we have so far that there are still a good deal of holes and shall we say, "questionable" accounting.

JAMES lifts his head pulls a box from the left side opens it and pulls out an official docket sets it aside then pulls his chair up to the table. FRANCIS walks out as JAMES lifts his mug takes a large sip and opens the docket.

INT. SENATOR VERUM'S OFFICE-NIGHT

JAMES stares at the pages in front of him when his eyes blur he rubs at them. A number of lights turn off in the background as a head or two exits the office James barely takes notice the sunsets. After a short time more Francis shuts off her computer and approaches the door of the room and knocks at it.

FRANCIS

Still at it, huh? Okay.

James lifts his head feigns another smile takes a deep breath and scoots his chair back.

FRANCIS

Probably about that time what you say? Besides if they keep today's antics' up you'll have plenty of time to catch up on that stuff.

James shakes his head looks down at the pages of line items in the inventory of the two identical binders open in front of him save one marked *Adjusted*. Wherein the same items were marked with an arrow down indicating adjustments and the price resulting in. A more reality based figure compared to the original which was almost 3 times the actual cost of the line item, the particular line being a Bradley Fighting Vehicle an entire program of them @ half a billion with two orders on the adjusted side only 1 program fulfilled yet 2 programs were paid for. James crooks his head scratches it stacks the two binders then stands up and pushes in his chair.

JAMES

Some real peculiar pricing and the adjustments as well.

They step around the corner together James puts his jacket on and they approach the door when Senator Verum enters with one other person in tow both appear fatigued.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Awe Francis, good evening! Is it that time already?

FRANCIS

Yes indeed it is sir. But this is good you two can do a proper introduction as we head out. So I don't have to do an awkward one in the morning or be held accountable while I'm out doing some other errand.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

All right now FRANCIS, so introduce the young man.

FRANCIS

Alright don't rush me now. Well this is JAMES NADA and impressively he has been in here all day playing catch up.

The senator nods to JAMES who modestly nods in return.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Not to much playing I hope.

JAMES

Uh, No sir.

James rubs at his face and the senator gives him a once over.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Awe yes. The look almost as if a Mack Truck has run over you.

FRANCIS

Also he progressed into the DOD missing appropriations case files as well. Pretty diligent I'd say. He got a good ways in.

Senator Verum smiles and nods again at JAMES.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

I heard you might be from my Alma Mater, George Town.

JAMES
Indeed. Yes sir.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
We might have to have a chat about
her sometime though I'm sure a lot
has changed.

JAMES shakes his head.

JAMES
I don't maybe just the things that
count. Many of the great professors
the legends, aren't there any more.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
You'd be surprised kid. It doesn't
take much to become a legend, you
just gotta care enough.

The senator smiles lifts both hands palm's up FRANCIS shakes
her head.

FRANCIS
Alright now, lovely first
conversation. I think we're on our
way out but as I told JAMES earlier
I'm certain there will be many more
chances at late nights!

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
Don't you know it. Well then nice
to finally meet you and I look
forward to grilling you on those
case files later.

JAMES
Yes sir. Indeed. Good night then.

JAMES turns and follows FRANCIS towards the front door the
Senator continues in his direction.

INT.TOWN HOME-NIGHT

James walks into the house, the family seated at the couch
watches T.V.

KIDS

Daddy!

RACHEL

Hey, there he is!

JAMES

Hey guys. Hi baby. What are you
guys still doing up?

Rachel smiles faces James she leads with a kiss.

RACHEL

Well, we knew it was a long day on
the new job. So we thought we might
stay up a bit till you got home, so
the children could say good night.

James approaches the children from behind the couch leans
over them then pulls them into a big hug.

JAMES

Awe, you guys didn't have to do
that! but I'm glad you did.

KIDS

We missed you daddy! How was your
day?

JAMES

It was definitely long, you go that
part right.

RACHEL

Come on kiddo's lets make it too
bed, daddy can tell you all about
his day when it's not so late.

KIDS

Awe mom, do we have too.

RACHEL

Jaylin, Grace you know what time it
is.

JAYLIN

Okay mom.

GRACE

Daddy will you tuck us in, please!

JAMES

Of course. But lets get it moving.
Did you guys already brush your
teeth.

They all get up and begin to head towards the hallway.

GRACE

Yes momma had us do it before T.V.

JAMES

Well then we're all set my little
munchkins.

INT.CHILDREN ROOM-NIGHT

James leans over and hugs Jaylin. He then steps to Grace's bed and pulls her covers up snug to her chin, smiles at her then kisses her on the forehead.

JAMES

Good night love bug.

GRACE

Good night big bug. Heh ha heh

JAMES

That's daddy big bug to you!

KIDS

(giggle)

Ha Heh.

RACHEL watches from the door. JAMES stands up and crosses over to her.

RACHEL

Good night babies.

KIDS

Good night mama.

JAMES

Love you kiddos. Thanks for waiting
up for me.

KIDS

Love you daddy.

James begins to pull the door stops looks back in smiles at
them then pulls it just ajar.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

James sits down at the bed and exhales a deep breath.

RACHEL

That kind of day, huh.

JAMES

Just a lot to process, that's all.

RACHEL

You ready for bed?

JAMES

I should probably do just a bit
more.

RACHEL

Alright but not too much. You look
like you might need your rest!

JAMES

Oh, thanks.

RACHEL

(chuckles)

She leans over kisses him on the cheek then turns to her
bedside lamp and twists it off. James pulls his glasses and
a tablet from his bedside nightstand and begins to read.

INT. SENATOR VERUM'S OFFICE-DAY

JAMES is the first to walk in through the dimly lit office. He heads for his small cubicle across from the secretary's when he hears voices and notices a light on. The same meeting room he was previously in, he hears it when he recognizes the Senator and a two others.

SENATOR

This is an ancient and ongoing affair I aim to survive. However I am still with you if the opportunity arises.

CONGRESSWOMAN

If we can disclose or even verify, I will. As for *True Vision* that's a big move and and an even bigger ask.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

There might not ever be a better time.

Solemn, they all nod. Senator Verum lifts his head notices JAMES and stares at him a long beat. The others in the room follow his gaze when they break circle and begin to shuffle out towards him.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Well James, Guys. I'd like you to 📄 meet my newest staff member James. Apparently my most dedicated as well.

JAMES

Um, er hello.

The two give a mixture of looks to Senator Verum over James shoulder.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

James this is SENATOR SHORE and CONGRESSWOMAN HUDGINS.

JAMES

The honor is all mine, I'm sure.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

JAMES is already proven to be a promising contributor to the team and has an ambitious drive to be in our very position if I'm not mistaking?

JAMES lifts his head smiles at the Senator then nods to each of the others in return.

SENATOR SHORE

The future, one might say.

CONGRESSWOMAN HUDGINS

Indeed.

JAMES

Very kind of you.

They all pause while James stands alone, not quite in on this joke. They both force a smile the two officials follow suit and exit the office. SENATOR VERUM waves them off before he turns back to JAMES.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Lets cease the day now, shall we!

He turns and walks into his office. JAMES is left by himself. He steps to his desk and barely sits down when more staff arrive. First Francis then the majority of the other staff straggle in. Behind him the sun rises through the office windows. James reads Federal Codes, Statutes and Legislature Revised volume 17 2013-2018. A number of windows on his computer are open, from the Senators updated schedule to the Congressional Hearings Calendar as well as the library of Congress Linked Data Services System. Case after case, hearing after hearing James pours over the files. The staff packs up and begins to shuffle out as the sun sets night overtakes and the office and the street lights come on.

INT. SENATOR VERUM'S OFFICE-NIGHT

James looks up, Senator Verum stands behind him when a broad yet modest smile crosses his face.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Why don't you join us in the meeting room.

James stands up and begins to follow.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Hang with the few of us left, have a bite. You've earned it.

They stop at the door way.

JAMES

Oh uh. I don't want to intrude.

SENATOR

Non sense. Besides I'm pretty sure this is where you enter. Please come in.

The Senator smiles and lifts his hand as he ushers the way. James walks in.

INT.SENATORS VERUMS MEETING ROOM-NIGHT

JAMES

Evening everyone.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

I'd like to formally introduce our newest member to the office, he's been catching himself up as our new Legislative Assistant and I think he's about there. Everyone this is James Nada.

James faces each as they introduce themselves briefly.

1ST MAN

MIKE EASIL, Chief of Staff.

2ND WOMAN

LISA SHARP, Press and
Communications Director.

3RD MAN

THOMAS YOUNG, Executive Assistant.

JAMES

Really nice to meet you all.
Anything I can do, please don't
hesitate.

They all cordially smile before each returns to their own assignment. Thomas extends his hand and further ushers JAMES to the empty seat at the table.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

In the time we have until our
sustenance arrives, lets bring
JAMES up to speed shall we.

The senator looks to Thomas who slowly stands up and anxiously tucks his tie.

THOMAS YOUNG

Alright, where to begin. Well,
while we are currently in hearings
for miss-allocations of the DOD
budget up for congressional revue,
it's also not the first time.

Each person glances up from their documents or notes at JAMES. He takes notice and adjusts himself attentively.

THOMAS YOUNG

It would appear that approximately
every 3 years or so the
congressional panels in charge of
any and all hearings shift to
accommodate the rotation of a
designated sub committee. In this
case that method is very
beneficial.

James looks from each person to the next and finally from the Senator back to Thomas.

JAMES

Your saying this is a preexisting case. I thought it was only a revue hearing for lack of accountability and an obvious error of allocations and adjustments.

THOMAS YOUNG

That might be true and it's certainly made to look like a simple matter of mismanagement. The likes of which would certainly correct themselves in time and need no further contingent.

JAMES

I'm not sure I follow.

THOMAS YOUNG

At closer examination, by the end the accounting adjusts it's self. Except for the allocations, while the numbers more accurately display the purchases and final payment however the original misallocations still exist and extraordinarily so. Last year alone it was to the tune of \$48 billion. To take it one further this has been ongoing for over forty years. Donald Rumsfeld was quoted as saying while he was investigating the very same "discrepancies" in 2001, that he had found the data showed to date a total miss appropriation of funds to be 2.3 trillion dollars.

Everyone in the room noticeably responds to the last statement.

LISA SHARP

Furthermore by the time anyone publishes the findings or brings the case to review those very same allocations have adjusted and appear accurate. Making us look as if we are the one's who cant audit properly.

JAMES

So what does this all mean? It's got to be for the so called "black ops" programs, right.

THOMAS YOUNG

Those already have allocations listed under classified operations, etc.

James flips through his documents and finds the appropriate line item which he confirms with a nod of his head.

JAMES

Then what! I mean, is there reason to be concerned?

MIKE EASIL

That's just it. Why all this unnecessary rigmarole? Why all the run around. Until one looks at the total missing appropriation versus the yearly missing budget. If one runs a cross against any and all submissions for military spending that was either denied, delayed or in this case never adopted.

Everyone falls silent, James looks around when no one answer's the Senator stands and slowly reaches for the water pitcher.

JAMES

What did you find

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Your not going to believe this.
Hell, you probably won't even want
to know. Most don't.

The Senator places a glass in front of James fills it up
then pours his own and crosses back to his seat. Once there
he takes a sip and continues.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Since the inception of this
country, though we called ourselves
colonists- the creation of the very
first "American" companies were
created. Fast forward to almost 300
years later and all the various
companies necessary over time have
consolidated, once more for a
global initiative as modernization
takes hold.

James cocks his head in a dry curiousness.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

At the core of those consolidations
is the incorporated modern American
government. After World War 2 a
slew of new insights led a few to
an inevitable and undeniable
foresight. One of which was over
population, another resource
management, lastly and surely the
behemoth of them all the soon to
manifest "Space Race".

James blinks and sits back in his seat while he tries to
take in the connections. Each assistant glances at James in
turn.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

The seat of the Space race was
surely seen as a public interest
especially being governed by NASA a
civilian space agency, I assure you
though it was anything but. The Air
Force joint with the Department of

Defense was to helm the project with non disclosure agreements for all. While the public sector was eventually shown a trip to the moon, continued research and even international space treaties and shared habitats over the ensuing 40 years, another more secure and alternate initiative was underway.

Nods from assistants heads each concur as the mood in the office becomes hush.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

The first Army documents and submissions were as early as 1957 uh, Mike?

MIKE EASIL

Yes Um, Project Horizon.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Requesting the appropriations of \$10 million dollars to begin in earnest. While these infamous submissions were denied by congress NASA was green lit for a mission to the moon. Over time it was ultimately agreed that the military should have control over Space.

LISA SHARP

Many historians and even some within the intelligence community say the cold war was just a cover for the true mission..

JAMES

A "secret" space program?

MIKE EASIL

Precisely.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

They correctly assumed then in what's known as the "Bilderberger Conference", the problems we would no doubt face today. Especially at the hands of the global military industrial complex.

JAMES

Wait. Your talking about the speech General Eisenhower gave as his outgoing address.

THOMAS YOUNG

Presidential farewell Address. Yes.

Each appear relieved that he is in the very least historically aware.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

If anyone then looks for those allocations to reappear, they do. In 1965 the army shows signs of the first miss appropriations of funds that with in 7 years total the original request in tandem with the army's submitted 3 phase moon program or Project Horizon. Again in 1972 the year that Werner Von Braugn retired as head of NASA. From that point forward every year annually the same financial methods are seen in some shape or form and are rarely brought up for review. If they are, they're expedited through its congressional process.

James looks around and removes his hand from his mouth.

JAMES

How high does this go, I mean.

LISA SHARP

That's just it. No body knows! By the looks of all who help cover its tracks, it's pretty wide spread if

not seated in every facet of our modern industries.

THOMAS YOUNG

Another reason for all the corporate consolidations the world over. A select few know and run the entire show with everyone else just hoping to be "allowed on board".

They each scoff or laugh at the thought.

MIKE EASIL

It would seem this is both ongoing and embedded at every level of industry.

LISA SHARP

A point that makes this all the more dangerous!

JAMES

So let me get this straight. You all believe that there is an international multi-conglomerate of sorts entangled within the American military and space programs. That does what? Work together or against the betterment of mankind? Specifically for their own interests or self preservation?

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Against or for whom, is to be determined.

LISA SHARP

Definitely for self preservation.

THOMAS YOUNG

If not good old global domination!

MIKE EASIL

It appears with their knowledge of resources and infrastructure they foresaw that to continue with

global market control as we steer into a space bound 21st century society, that whoever controls space and the right to it- not only governs earth with a supreme line of sight but also strategic military and space satellite command as well. Thus enabling total control for decades to come.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

That's just the surface. There's more.

From around the corner Francis is seen making her way ahead of a delivery person. They all perk up as James stands to help Francis. She pays the delivery person who exits as they pass the food around when the Senator hands a box to James, he sits and the Senator turns to Francis.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Won't you join us Francis.

FRANCIS

Why you know that that wont be necessary. I have a perfectly edible meal waiting for me at home. Besides I'm most likely not cleared to over hear anything you fine folks may or may not be speaking of at this very moment prior to my entry.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Touche' Francis, Touche'.

FRANCIS

In that very same context, if you all wont be needing anything else? I'll be headed out now.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

No, that will be all Francis. Thank you very much.

She leaves and they are all left alone to stiocly dig in. James opens his food peers in then grabs his chop sticks and looks around at the group.

JAMES

You mentioned that this just scratches the surface?

They all look up as if to get in at least a bite before they push on. The Senator notices James curiosity takes a bite then clears his throat.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

We had just recognized some of the "discrepancies" and began to dig deeper when a communique was sent to us. It was the original army submission for the 3 phase moon base. Another week later more and more government documents were leaked to us.

LISA SHARP

Many were at least partially or completely declassified by the Freedom of Information Act.

MIKE EASIL

There was Project Paper Clip, followed by Project Sign then Sigma, the Eisenhower briefing and finally the big one Project Serpo. Known specifically via an infamous debriefing of President Reagan.

JAMES

Infamous debriefing?

They all look around at each other then to the Senator.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

It would appear space command is only part of the issue. There is something much larger at hand here.

They all devour their food, a couple get up and discard

their waste in the basket beside the wall and appear to pause for a breath. James takes notice doesn't rush yet waits for his chance to press further while he dumps his own box. When he sits down he peers around as Mike postures in his chair, the others still stand about.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

I gather this brings you, give or take to where we are now. You'll have to gather the documents we spoke of and brief yourself.

JAMES

I will.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

There does seem to be something darker and more lurid beneath the surface. It's hard to explain you'll have to see for yourself, if you can.

THOMAS YOUNG

Though things are in the works to combat that too.

MIKE EASIL

Ehem!

Thomas looks from everyone especially Mike to the Senator who appears patient yet stolid then back to James. James observes in curious fashion.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

One thing at a time, one day at a time.

THOMAS YOUNG

Indeed. Sorry sir.

JAMES

I take it, a good deal of time more.

THOMAS YOUNG

No doubt.

MIKE EASIL

We wanted to catch you up, see how you took it.

LISA SHARP

We know it's a lot to take in at once. We discovered it together with a bit of help and deciphered what we could over time.

THOMAS YOUNG

Unfortunately, you'll have to catch up a bit more quickly if you can. That is, if you want to be part of the team on this one?

JAMES

I think so. I mean how can one even go back to just being blind to the truth after all that?

MIKE EASIL

Usually because it's too much. People want to be blissfully ignorant.

LISA SHARP

Pretty sure that's why we have politicians in the first place. No offense sir.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

None taken. And I'm pretty sure your correct about that last one dear.

Lisa humbly smiles then turns back to her notes as she packs them away.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Most of these guys have been on this case alone with me for over two months. I'd like to ask if you

can come on full time as of tomorrow, so they can get a little rest.

JAMES

Yes sir I'd be humbled too.

THOMAS YOUNG

You sure will. We all have been by this one.

Each nods an affirmative to the statement stands begins to grab their things and shuffle towards the door.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

There will be many a long nights and I'm not even sure if we can do much about this particular facet of the case. However it has led to some new and just as potent leads.

MIKE EASIL

One might even say it takes prerogative.

James nods and scans each then looks to the Senator.

JAMES

Okay, Of course.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

In the meanwhile everyone stay in regular contact. I have my meeting tonight, in fact I better get out of here before I make myself late. If anything happens, you each know what to do.


They all peer to the Senator concerned then glance to James he stares back aloof as to the full context of it all.

INT.TOWN HOME-DAY

James walks in to the house. Everyone is asleep, still and quiet. He hangs his trench in the closet by the front door. The microwave counts down from 5, 4, 3, 2, 1. James eats a

plate of reheated dinner quietly alone at the table. Teeth are brushed thoroughly when the toothbrush slows JAMES looks back at himself in the mirror. James climbs into bed next to Rachel. He moves to kiss her but pauses he repositions his pillow lays beside her then stares into the space above.

FADE TO BLACK

INT.TOWN HOME-DAY 

The sun shines through the morning window with a warm and pure radiance. JAMES walks down the hallway, yawns and stretches as he reaches its end. He walks out into the living room to see his wife and children in complete silence and disarray as they huddle around the couch and watch an official news report of the death of SENATOR VERUM. The kids look back and forth from the television to RACHEL who appears distraught. She starts to turn her head and with out looking opens her mouth to speak.

RACHEL

JAMES!

Startled the two of them jump.

JAMES

Whoa! I'm right here.

James smiles takes heed of the apparent state of RACHEL and the kids then looks to the television.

JAMES

Whats going on?

EXT.INTERSTATE UNDERPASS-DAY

V.O.

Investigators say it was dark, wet and foggy when the Senators Town Car was driving home late last night. Approximately 9:30PM is when police say the SENATORS car lost control went up and over that concrete shoulder above plummeting over thirty feet into the ravine you see behind me here. Emergency

and Rescue only just pulled the vehicle out at first light and identified the body soon there after.

INT.TOWN HOME-DAY

The television's audio is turned down. RACHEL'S arm extended the children follow the teary eyed look of their mother who now turns to JAMES.

RACHEL

What just happened?

JAMES stares back at her his mouth hangs opened in a silent reply. He's stunned for a minute before he blinks as a number of thoughts race through his mind.

JAMES

No.

RACHEL

I can't believe this.

JAMES

It can't be.

RACHEL

What cant be?

JAMES

He was supposed to be going to a meeting. He said though "that if anything happened"..

RACHEL

If anything happened? What? What's that mean? He knew something was going to happen?

JAMES

I, I don't know. I'm not sure I mean they were onto something, possibly big not possibly. Bigger then anything, **ever!**

RACHEL

What are you not telling me JAMES?
What's going on?

JAMES

I'm not sure. I mean, I don't know
babe.

RACHEL

What do you mean you don't know!

JAMES

I mean I 'm not sure what I know
and if I do know something, look
what happened you really want me to
pass this onto you and the
children.

RACHEL settles down for a moment but still shows stubborn
determination.

JAMES

Just let me think.

James lowers his head and postures in thought. Rachel Stands
and holds the children.

CHILDREN

Is daddy's boss going to be okay
momma?

RACHEL

It's alright. It's going to be
okay.

Rachel peers up at JAMES she consoles the kids when the
doorbell rings. He looks to his watch then walks to the door
and glances out the peephole.

MESSENGER

Messenger Service.

James opens the door while it is still locked by the chain.

JAMES

Uh, yes?

MESSENGER

Yes sir. I have a message for a Mr.
James Nada.

JAMES

That's me.

MESSENGER

Great sir. Will you sign for it
please?

JAMES

Sure.

James pushes the door closed undoes the chain then opens it back. They exchange for a small manila envelope before JAMES signs an electronic receipt and closes the door.

RACHEL

What is it?

James holds up the envelope as he turns around slowly. When he steps near Rachel he has the envelope turned over and shows her the return sender. Anonymous. Time stamped 8:45Pm

JAMES

Look at the time stamp.

RACHEL

Last night! Just before the
Senator, you don't think this is a
message from **him**?

James lifts one eye brow in reply. He opens the sealed end of the small envelope and pulls the card from the inside where in printed upon it is. Capitol Campus. Summerhouse. Hurry!

INT.RUSSEL SENATE BUILDING-DAY

James steps out of a taxi on the corner of constitution and New Jersey Avenue when he peers into the park. Still early there are only a few people that walk about when James high

steps it across the corner of the park to northwest drive and further to smaller trails. In the distance he spots the Summerhouse and slows as he does with a cautious second gaze around he approaches. James circles the small red brick property and faces the front with another glance around he steps up to the still locked all black barred entry gate. James scans around and sees nothing. He takes a step closer to the gate and looks in past the rot iron bars to the fountain in the middle, shakes his head then begins to back up. On the brick hand rail beside the gate is a red box that blends with the surrounding facade save a silver and white True Vision logo. With an obvious double glance to the side James stuffs the box into his inside jacket pocket then walks away with haste.

INT. SENATOR VERUMS OFFICE-DAY

James walks through the front doors of the office unnoticed at first. He reaches the first row of desks near his when across FRANCIS surrounded by a number of interns and office staff looks up to see him. She appears distraught with tearful eyes where for a long beat she just stares at him before a long stream of tears fall from her eye.

FRANCIS

Oh, James.

She shakes her head then drops her chin as if ashamed.

FRANCIS

(mouth's)

I'm so sorry.

JAMES says nothing only holds her gaze, fights back tears himself then peers around the office. Only FRANCIS, interns and administrative aids are present. JAMES scratches his head, blinks twice then takes a deep breath. He walks into the meeting room and peers around at empty tables and chairs then walks out. He steps into Mike's office, immaculate. Everything neatly in it's place including a few boxes in the corner, the top box open with files that jut out from the box. James crosses over to them looks around then peers in, he thumbs a few then sighs glances around then to his desk then exits. The office of THOMAS YOUNG'S door is open, no files or boxes are stacked anywhere. Two computer screens and a large in box/ outbox folder full of mail resides on

his desk. James thumbs the mail before he quickly gives up with a squeamish look of panic.

JAMES

Ugh! I don't even know what I'm looking for.

Next he moves to Lisa Sharp's office but the door is closed, he lifts the handle but it doesn't budge. James takes another step and faces the Senator's office when he stops and glares at it a long beat, he seems to float there the longer he stares at the letters that make out the Senators name on the door. He furrows his brows and clears his throat then reaches for the door knob and lifts. It makes a noise as if its going to give when Francis circles the corner.

FRANCIS

James.

James looks up stunned but not startled as he slowly lifts his eyes to meet hers.

JAMES

Yes.

FRANCIS

Are you alright?

James shakes his head and again fights back tears.

JAMES

Where are my manors though? Are you alright Francis?

FRANCIS

Oh, I worry an awful about Jules, the SENATOR'S wife. Other then that I'll be okay. I've been here for 25 years, the entire time right here beside SENATOR VERUM. Oh, I know they'll try to find me another desk alongside someone good, I'm sure. But my heart's just not in it anymore. I guess, it's just about high time I retire anyway.

JAMES flinches at that remark and can't help fight the tears that well up in his eyes.

JAMES

Francis.

It takes a second for her to break focus but she does and finds JAMES sincere eyes waiting for her.

JAMES

Where is um, Lisa, Thomas and Mike?

FRANCIS peers around the corner then back to JAMES.

FRANCIS

I don't know. There was so much horrible news I guess I didn't even notice the three of them haven't come in.

JAMES looks around then to the clock. 9:45AM.

FRANCIS

JAMES you don't think it has anything to do with?

JAMES stares back at the Senators name on the door.

EXT.HEART SENATE OFFICE BUILDING-DAY

Across the street a tall man dressed in all black trench coat and fedora suspiciously follows parallel. James looks up as he stops at the corner in time to spot a taxi. Hails it, gets in and leaves all in a few beats.

INT.TAXI-DAY

TAXI DRIVER

Where to my man?

JAMES peers around looks down at the hard shape in his jacket then up to the driver and out the front window.

RADIO V.O.
Another tragedy in Senator Martin
Verum's office today.

JAMES
Uh hey, hey! Can you turn that up
please.

The driver peers back at JAMES startled, yet turns up the
radio then turns back to do a double take of JAMES.

TAXI DRIVER
Look your going to have to tell me
where your going. You can t just
listen for free here buddy.

RADIO V.O.
Long time Chief of Staff, Mike
Easil apparently took his own
life..

JAMES
No.

The taxi driver looks up in the mirror at James.

JAMES
That's my office.

The driver puts his hands up glares back.

JAMES
I mean that's actually, my office.

RADIO V.O.
..witness say, "He jumped in front
of an oncoming train" presumably
while in commute to work early this
morning. As yet no motive or
suicide note has been found.

JAMES
What? When did this happen?

TAXI DRIVER

Early this morning, I think.

JAMES now returns the glare.

TAXI DRIVER

Yea man, yeash. Uh, I'm really
sorry, that bites ya' know. I guess
that just proves, you never know
when your time is gonna' be up.

JAMES shakes his head then lowers it.

JAMES

I cant believe this.

TAXI DRIVER

Hey uh, do you know where you want
to go here?

JAMES nervous rubs the sweat at his brow points forward then
rests his hand to his chin.

JAMES

Home. Lets go home.

TAXI DRIVER

Sounds good to me, where's home?

JAMES reaches into his jacket pocket produces the red box
with the insignia emblazoned on its side.

EXT.TOWN HOME-DAY

The sun sets over the neighborhood as JAMES steps out the
taxi and quickly makes for the front door.

INT.TOWN HOME-DAY

JAMES

Rachel. Rachel honey are you home?

James walks from the foyer to the living room, he smells
smoke becomes frantic when he notices Rachel in the kitchen
with an unlit cigarette in her hand.

JAMES

Rachel. Are you alright? Come on now I thought you gave those up in college.

RACHEL

What's going on James? You said when we moved here we'd settle down, start our careers, create our future.

JAMES shakes his head when he peers to the television it's volume low, the two deaths side by side in a current news feed. He steps closer, watches for a beat then turns to RACHEL.

JAMES

I don't know anything yet. I do think it might have something to do with these.

He removes the red box from his jacket and extends it in front of him towards her.

RACHEL

What is that? They just look like a glasses case.

JAMES

(clears throat)
Really. You think?

RACHEL

You haven't opened them yet?

James glances around in such a way that Rachel in reaction does the same then squints her eyes at him.

JAMES

What? No! I mean I just got them. I haven't even really had a safe chance to inspect what's inside yet.

RACHEL

Well. Go ahead what are you waiting for.

JAMES looks down at the rectangular box which now appears to be about the same color as the counter top.

JAMES

That's funny, the box was red earlier.

RACHEL

What?

JAMES

The case.

He holds the case in front of him and lifts the lid as it evens up with his eyes. When he opens the case a very modest pair of glasses rest in the box.

RACHEL

I told you.

JAMES raises one brow then lifts the glasses when he spots a business card and returns them to their contoured position in the box. The business card reads, *Spencer Williams. Supervisor Prototype and Design, Exxotica. James looks up to Rachel.*

RACHEL

Maybe that's from the Senator?
Telling you who to take them to, if anything happened to him?

JAMES

Ye, a but why me? There are others in the office who know more than me. To entrust me with this sort of thing!

They both peer at the television screen a beat.

RACHEL

Maybe not.

She turns to face James as a tear run downs her cheek.

JAMES

What do you think?

RACHEL

Lets look him up, see if he has an
office here. That's a start.

She reaches for the tablet from a top the counter. RACHEL
types in the name on the card and the company name. The
results show a picture alongside his executive profile along
with multiple social media links. At the top is a brand new
article.

JAMES

That's him right?

RACHEL

Yea, it looks to be and the
headline includes True Vision.

They click the link and wait when the article pops up on
screen.

JAMES

Exxotica Corp. Supervisor of
Prototype and Design, Spencer
Williams announces the scrapping of
the much anticipated True Vision
fashion line..

JAMES trails and quiets in thought.

RACHEL

It says here, "Logistical and
delivery issues have proven fatal
to its launch, slated for Friday of
this week"!

JAMES looks down for himself.

JAMES

Those things were supposed to come out this week?

RACHEL

That's what it say's here.

They both stare at the box.

JAMES

Do you really think this is the logistical issue?

Rachel shrugs her shoulders and appears anxious.

JAMES

I think I should at least try.

Rachel looks back down to the tablet and further types before she returns her eyes to James.

RACHEL

Says his offices are in New York.

JAMES

I guess, I better get going then.

RACHEL

But he'll be out of his office by the time you arrive!

JAMES

Then I'll see him first thing in the morning.

RACHEL

Are you sure you have to go? Cant you just send it?

JAMES

I think this has to be done. I have to see what's going on and make sure they really do belong to him.

RACHEL

What else could it be?

JAMES

I don't know.

TRANSITION

INT.TOWN CAR-NIGHT

The glasses sit on the dash of the town car as JAMES looks from them back to the road. He pulls onto the interstate and speeds up, he passes under a large green highway marker New York 221 miles. Mile Markers, street signs, junctions and bridges dot the dark sodium vapor lit night highway. At last JAMES crosses from the 95 onto a junction and down into the Lincoln Tunnel. For over a mile the only light is the dim green of the digital meters on the dash and the light through the windows from the tunnel. After a street light passes by JAMES notices in his peripherals the True Vision case on the dash appears to shift its hue. When he looks up to it nothing. James glances back to the street then back to the case in time to catch it pulse and shimmer.

JAMES

What the?

He continues to watch the case as it turns from its previous color to one that more resembles the town car's interior then another flash as a light whizzes past again a high resolution reflection is emitted by the object before it appears to fade into place with the dash almost invisible.

JAMES

That's new.

When JAMES next lifts his head he is arriving into mid town from out of the tunnel. He passes by a number of tall buildings and the like with signs for hotels before he turns onto Madison Avenue just after the Empire State Building. The cities bright lights and tall buildings throw reflections and shadows across his vehicles windshield as he navigates his way through the swath of night time streets. JAMES pulls into a commuter complex and parks before he peers over at the case a long beat then reaches for them and exits the car.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK-NIGHT

JAMES crosses 59th street to the park. He walks a short distance before he stops and finds a seat. JAMES peers around then thinks to him self before he produces the case which pulses when the light hits it. He shakes his head then opens them with haste. JAMES turns the pair over in his hand an ordinary pair of fashion sunglasses, at which he cocks his head and makes a curious expression. He puts them on his face delicately then peers from side to side. Nothing, he promptly removes them and scoffs when he returns them to the case and into his jacket before he stands up.

JAME

What am I doing here?

A taxi honks as it passes. A top of it a True Vision advertisement. JAMES sighs and walks off.

EXT.NEW YORK CITY-DAY

The mid town streets of Manhattan brighten and come to life. The traffic becomes busier, across bridges, in cars, buses and streets.

INT.TOWN CAR-DAY

A horn honks when James awakes in the front seat his car. James opens the door crosses the street to a vendor and buys coffee. He crosses to a hotel and goes inside. In the bathroom he brushes his teeth. He then approaches a tall building, tightens his tie pulls at the lapels of his jacket peers up then enters.

INT.EXXOTICA CORP OFFICES-DAY

JAMES walks off the elevators and immediately into the posh and fashionably designed lobby of Exxotica Corporate offices. He approaches the front desk where a sharp dressed man just returns with a coffee and sits down.

SECRETARY

May I help you?

JAMES removes the card and hands it to the man. The man stares back at James flustered.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, do you have an appointment or?

James shakes his head momentarily puzzled before he returns a confident look.

JAMES

If you could. Please, inform him I'm with Senator Verum's Office.

SECRETARY

Okay, um.

The man picks up the phone then returns his eyes to James.

SECRETARY

Would you kindly mind taking a seat. I'll inform you if he's available.

JAMES nods in agreement and turns to walk towards the seats.

JAMES

Thank you.

As fast as JAMES sits he is bid by the male secretary at the front desk.

SECRETARY

Um sir. Mr Williams can see you now.

JAMES stands up and walks toward the front desk when the secretary points toward the all white glass double doors beyond.

SECRETARY

Someone will meet you on the other side and show you the rest of the way.

JAMES

Thanks again.

When JAMES pushes past the doors they open onto an even more large 2 story foyer where a staircase curves up and to the executive offices. A young sharply dressed woman greets James.

WOMAN

Hello I'm Margret. I'm Mr. Williams personal assistant. I'd be happy to show you the rest of the way.

JAMES

Very kind of you, thank you.

They step to an elevator behind the staircase and step in. when it opens again they step out and she ushers JAMES down an elegant hallway lined scarcely with large plush offices.

MARGRET

Well this us. Please, after you.

Once inside the office Margret sits down at her desk as a man in a charcoal gray suit emerges from the executive office with just as large doors.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Hello. I have to admit I wasn't expecting anyone from the Senators Office. I'm Spencer Williams

JAMES nods and extends a hand which SPENCER Williams reluctantly shakes.

JAMES

Hello I'm James Nada.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Please. If we may? Let's continue in my office.

INT.SPENCER WILLIAMS OFFICE-DAY

JAMES again steps into the office of a man who is an apparent engineer and fashion enthusiasts. The high walls

boast a history lesson of sorts. Years of eye wear from around the world, fashionable glasses new and old alongside a few sleek injections of large works of Art Nouveau. James takes a seat.

JAMES

Thank you for seeing me.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Of course, I'm sorry to hear of the passing of Senator Verum. What may I help you with?

JAMES nods then peers around the office before he returns to lock eyes with SPENCER WILLIAMS. next his eyes lower to his inside jacket pocket when he slowly reaches in. SPENCER WILLIAMS sits back uneasy as JAMES pulls out the case. SPENCER stares at the box uneasy then turns to James.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Is that?

SPENCER WILLIAMS pauses.

JAMES

I was hoping you could tell me.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

I'm not sure I can.

SPENCER Williams stands and makes his way towards the case slowly he reaches for them.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

May I?

JAMES nods. SPENCER WILLIAMS opens the case as a shimmer of light flashes over it. He lifts them into view gives them a once over then as he crosses to the window places them over his eyes. JAMES watches as he does. SPENCER WILLIAMS falls silent as he stands at the window after a long pause he finally speaks.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Incredible.

JAMES cocks his head and begins to stand up.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

He told me it would let you see the truth but I had no idea.

JAMES

Wait, what?

JAMES steps closer to SPENCER WILLIAMS and the window. SPENCER WILLIAMS quickly removes the glasses.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

I'm sorry. I can no longer be apart of this. There's nothing I can do now. It's out of my hands.

SPENCER WILLIAM'S extends his arm glasses in hand to JAMES, who takes them and just as quickly lifts them to his head and puts them on. He Peers out the large window. Outside the world is different. The bright LED billboards and their normal pictures are replaced with stark single words. CONSUME, another says PROCREATE before it flashes to OBEY. More subliminal advertisements line the streets one by one in plain view. At eye level to JAMES and the height of tall sky scrapers are a variety of flying vehicle's that buzz about from small drone to large mother ship type flying saucer shaped vehicles that hover high above the city or just over the clouds. JAMES reels takes off the glasses then scans the view in front of him. He blinks a couple times puts the glasses to his head then removes them again and turns around to face Spencer Williams.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Things have changed. Well, I don't need to tell you. I hope that you can understand the gravity of the situation. Ha. Well, I think you can see for your self.

JAMES

What, exactly?

SPENCER WILLIAMS

That this is too big for one group
or entity. Hell a whole number of
groups or entities can't bring this
thing down. It's bigger then us. We
humans might not even be able
imagine how big it is.

James takes a step closer and cocks his head slowly as he
hears Spencer Williams a callous look crosses his face.

JAMES

What about the Senator. He died so
this can come about your just going
to pull out.

Spencer walks over to a cabinet at the wall pops it open
removes a crystal glass of Cognac' and pours it into another
small glass.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

That's exactly why.
(swallows)
He was a good man.

Spencer pours a single glass lifts it and takes a half sip.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

The arrangement we had was prior to
him being martyred for the cause
and unknowingly by the way I might
add. If we 'ehem, were to try to do
anything to dispel that, they **will**
hone in on us like the prey that we
are to them.

James measures Spencer glances at the material obejcts and
achievements about his office then turns to leave.

JAMES

I assume you wont be of any further
help to me then will you?

SPENCER WILLIAMS

I will tell you this little tid
bit.

James stops and turns around with slow reproach he listens.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Those perscriptions were late by 2
weeks. With that much time alone I
would have delivered over 50,000
pairs at each of my regional hubs
by launch this friday.

JAMES

And what's stopping you right now
really.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

I cannot. What you ask of me now.
It is too risky.

James turns again to leave.

JAMES

By the way you didn't tell me
anything. You just explained to me
why your running away during a
fight.

James doesnt look back only exits via the door.

EXT.NEW YORK CITY-DAY

James steps outside the building and glances around before he dips into his pocket pulls out the case and removes the glasses. He stops before he returns them to his eyes with no further hesitation he dawns them. James then continues down the street as he looks from face to face not many notice him nor does he notice anything suspicious until he comes to a newspaper and magazine kiosk. A number of people gather around and pick up everything from gossip rags to newspapers. James nears and lowers his glasses to confirm what he see's as he reaches out to adjust each item for his eyes. Every book or magazine shows a single picture with advertisement yet when he dawns the glass more stark single subliminal words leap out like Consume, Breed and Ignorance

is Bliss and more. James gulps and looks at all the people and the vendor as they go about their day when a man in a business suit and trench coat arrives in a Bently steps out and approaches the kiosk. He promptly removes a single bill hands it to the vendor then turns and walks past James as he leaves. Above his glasses an eye brow raises as he stares at the man in the suit who doesn't look up until he has bumped shoulders with James in passing and knocking James half over.

BUSINESS MAN

Do you have a problem?

James peers over his glasses at everyone else then to the Business Man and shakes his head. The Business Man continues to stare at him as he walks away. James turns to walk away him self when he pauses lifts the glasses and rubs at his eyes then his temples. He holds the glasses in front of him and analyzes the pair then returns them to his head and continues down the sidewalk.

EXT.TIME SQUARE, MANHATTEN-DAY

James peers from right to left as he passes people out and about or walking their dogs. One owner of which an older woman passes by in over dressed attire her face like the man before is completely alien and obviously so as James barely holds back a disgusted look. Another few feet and he approaches a giant electronics retailer wherein the front windows a large multi-screen display showed local news on rotation on which several humans were considering current political affairs when it cuts to the politician in question he too is alien. James shakes his head raises and lowers glasses and reels backwards and almost falls over fellow pedestrians

MAN

Hey, watch yourself!

LADY

Oh my god. What the hell is wrong with you?

As he tries to gain balance the man pulls away and he falls backward over boxes and items being loaded into a truck at the curb. He removes the glasses from his face in terror

immediately he is over come with a headache. James runs past the screens that show the current president take the podium he too is alien.

EXT.NEW YORK ALLEY-DAY

James finds the closest wall one arm extended he all but collapses on it. Somehow able to manage still standing he looks over his shoulder with noticeable tears building in his eyes then ducks back and begins to vomit from the single burst of pure adrenaline and panic. He wipes his mouth on one arm gains composure dusts himself off and turns around.

HOMELESS MAN

Awe, you see now. It's not easy at first. You'll get used to it then theirs no going back!

JAMES

I'm sorry about that.

HOMELESS MAN

me too.

JAMES

Wait why are you?

HOMELESS MAN

Because I took a leak there jus' this morning.

James turns and glances to the spot where he just was and winces.

JAMES

(moans)

Ugh.

A deep breath later and James returns to his normal self stands tall and removes his cell phone, pulls up the internet and searches Columbia University's Post Doctorate research programs in science and engineering.

HOMELESS MAN

Hey!

He peers back over his shoulder at the Homeless Man.

HOMELESS MAN

Watch your step. It only get's
deeper.

James nods his head .

JAMES

Thank you.

Another click and he pulls up a map of the school campus and
highlights a building.

INT.COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY SCIENCE BUILDING-DAY

James waits alone as the sun sets through the large glass
windows of the foyer in an aged brick and blue trim
corridor. A beat longer and a gorgeous woman in a skirt suit
under a lab coat approaches.

WOMAN

James? It is you. I almost didn't
believe it.

JAMES

Hey Jen. I know, it's been such a
very long time.

They walk closer and anxiously lean in to finish with a hug.

JAMES

I know this is really out the blue.
Uh, do you have somewhere we can
talk.

Jen separates from the hug and presumably nervous scans
James once over.

JAMES

It's nothing like that I just have
something heavy on my plate & I
didn't know who else to turn to.

Jen winces before she smiles then tucks her hair behind her ear and bids James to follow with a nod and they walk down the corridor.

INT.COLUMBIA PLASMA DYNAMICS LABORATORY-DAY

JEN

This is as good of place as any and all the assistants have left already. On my way down I noticed everyone had gone home except me plus it's cramped in my office on the fourth floor.

JAMES

No this is fine and again thanks for seeing me. I know you stay busy, case in point.

JEN

Heh ha.

JAMES

What?

JEN

You, speaking in lawyer I remember you before all that.

Jen looks away shy reflects to herself then brightens back up and returns her eyes to James who tries to remain focused.

JEN

What can I help you with?

JAMES

Heh, well I'm hoping you will talk science with me or at least I'm hoping you can help me with something.

JEN

I 'll do what I can, shoot.

JAMES

Um, where did you bring me too
anyway this place is huge.

They both back up to take in the enormity of the laboratory. A variety of machines take up the majority of the space some fixed with computer terminals others independent completely wrapped in fiber optic wires, copper coil and tubes.

JEN

This is our central Plasma Research Laboratory. Your surrounded by more then 20 million in technology in this room alone. We have plasma dynamic actuator test stations, liquid nitrogen cooled superconductors, ion electrodes, as well as vacuum observation and analysis tubes and so much more!

JAMES

Ha, I'd love to ask but what does all that mean?

Jen walks closer to a shiny stainless steel table at the center of the room and switches on a row of power and phase conductors.

JEN

Everything we know is changing or better stated what we know is growing infinitely more so as we look ever closer. I submitted for post doctorate research when I caught wind of an advanced research project at the University of Miami having successfully engineered and began testing a prototype of the worlds first electro magnetic vehicle, remotely controlled I might add. It has no moving parts and was completely electric powered. I immediately got to work on the many exotic aspects of the propulsion yet to be fully researched and developed within my

proposal.

JAMES

What wait what are you saying is that we currently have means of advanced propulsion beside rockets?

Jen leans over flicks a switch, picks up a stainless steel ball and drops it over a circular shaped panel on a table it immediately begins to hover in the air and rotate slowly.

JEN

What I'm saying is, it's still early however they are already light years beyond this with the new WEAV prototype now we will soon have the means to transport mankind at near light speed through out the cosmos.

JAMES

How is this possible?

JEN

We're still trying to understand the Inertia factor or lack there of? However it appears every time physicist's take a more finite glimpse say at the atomic level, an entirely new set of phenomena or rules preside. In this case Gravity and magnetism seem to compliment each other. In other words we are able to ionize the space around objects to institute essentially an anti gravity capacity.

JAMES

And this works in space?

JEN

In fact it does! It seems that while on earth our atmosphere is positively charged by free floating electrons, so too does ionization happen in the vacuum of space.

Though still largely undefined
exactly how, we're fairly certain
its related to weak or strong
force.

James rubs at the temples on the bridge of his nose and eyes
shakes his head then lowers his hand and opens his eyes.

JAMES

Heh ha. What?

JEN

Sorry it's all um, very exciting
stuff!

JAMES

Unbelievable. How do you all ready
know about all this cutting edge
science. I mean didn't you just get
your Doctorate two years ago.

JEN

Five actually, I had done my
masters in particle physics then I
happened across the publishing of
the wingless electric air vehicle,
I knew what my doctorate thesis
it's self would be about. So I dug
up what I could find on the subject
along side my theory and almost
immediately the Defense Advanced
Research Project awarded me the
grant here.

JAMES

Wow, Jen. I'm impressed, I mean not
that you need to impress me, um.
I'm, Ehem. That's incredible.

James nods his head and attempts to exude confidence while
obviously blush. Jen remains mute then relaxes into a grin
and nods in return.

JEN

Come on. My other office is down here. Tell me. What is it then?

James follows her the short distance further to the first larger of two small offices at the rear of the laboratory.

JAMES

I'm not sure you would believe me even if I told you it all.

INT.JEN'S OFFICE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY-NIGHT

Jen walks in first, flicks on the light and walks toward her side of a desk and motions for James to sit. She then sits down herself closes a file on her desk and sets it along with a half dozen other in a spot on her desk before she looks up with a smile.

JEN

Well then lets start with the problem.

JAMES

More of a Conundrum really.

James moves to pull the true Vision glasses from his pocket when Jen takes notice and squints in keen interest. James opens the box.

JEN

Really. And what may I ask is so special about those?

JAMES

That's just it. I don't know! What I do know is every time I put them on I see the world in a whole new light, one might say and I get a splitting headache in the process.

James rubs at his left temple again. Jen identifies and once over's James overall state.

JEN

Um, Well I suppose we could theoretically put it in the spectrum analyzer and scan for its chemical makeup. That would probably be the quickest way.

JAMES

So, do you need to cut it up into little tiny pieces or something to do that or just?

JEN

(laughs)

Don't be silly. This isn't biology!

She calms oddly fast then glances at the glasses in fascination when she reaches for them James move to defend them.

JEN

We probably would have to remove one of the pair of lenses from its frame though.

JAMES

(smiles)

Uh huh! See I knew it.

James holds on to the glasses a beat and with a final glance and an exhale he passes them over. Jen excepts them with care examines them gently pops the lens from the frame then turns to sit at a computer assisted spectroscope, which she awakens with a press of a key. She opens a semi sized compartment slips the lens inside and closes it. With a number of commands the computer begins its sequence.

JEN

This will only take a few moments, usually. Its going to scan the lens then render an overall analysis.

The machine and spectroscope do a nervous hiccup then a quick triple pass before the upbeat terminal quiets and the computer attempts to render. The screen loads a series of highlighted columns with anomaly next to them continuously

through out the data flow.

JEN

Huh? This is curious.

JAMES

What's that?

Jen stares ahead at the monitor a good minute scratches her head then looks to James. She lifts the mouse and taps a button when a printer buzzes to life and she pulls out a copied single page of the analysis.

JEN

Where did you say you got these?

JAMES

Why?

JEN

Um, because this is new to me.
There are multiple layers to the lens with what appear to be plasma components through which likely react to incoming stimuli. Are they some sort of Spectrum Enhancing Technology?

JAMES

(dry laugh)

You can say that.

Jen looks down to the glasses as she removes the lens and lifts it into view

JEN

Is this some sort of military prototype?

JAMES

Look I don't know, exactly. I just started at Senator Verum's office last week, next thing I know!

JEN

Wait! You said your working in the
Senator's office? The Senator
Martin Verum!

JAMES

Yes, all though I don't, didn't
know what he was up too or involved
in.

She quickly hands the lens back to James.

JEN

Your telling me this is all
connected! James, **where did you get
these?**

James carefully pops the lens back into their frame returns
them to the case and closes it when it phases with a soft
flash in hue then color. Jen's looks to James he raises one
eyebrow.

JAMES

The Senator. Well he left them for
me uh, just before he was killed.

Jen looks startled then saddened and finally baffled.

JEN

Why? What are you supposed to do
with them?

James takes a deep breath and finally exhales through it
all.

JAMES

That's just it. It's too late. Now
I don't know what to do.

Jen shakes her head.

JEN

I don't understand.

JAMES

There was a business card, a contact that was with this. After he saw the Senators death on television he knew they were trying to stop them from being released. At least that's what we think, so he pulled out from the deal. These were going to go to be the next trend in fashion till it was too late to stop the awakening. I think?

JEN

Okay you've got me convinced. I've got to try these out, So I can see for myself!

JAMES

Go ahead. Though last night when I put them on I didn't see much. Maybe it was just night time or shit, did I even look up?

JEN

(chuckles)

Heh ha. Well then, I'll be sure to look up. come on!

James caulks his head and scans Jen.

JAMES

Do I sense a skeptic? Are you making fun of me because your the one that called it "spectrum enhancing..

JEN

Technology, yes. Well, we'll see won't we.

They both walk toward the exit.

EXT.COLOMBIA UNIVERSITY-NIGHT

The two walk through large double glass doors and into a university open air.



JEN

It's been awhile since I felt like this.

JAMES

Like what?

JEN

Anxious.

JAMES

The novelty wears off fast, trust me. That's if you even see anything.

They both come to a slow and look around.

JEN

Well then. Shall we?

James shakes his head takes a deep breath and exhales before he removes the glasses from their case.

JAMES

(mumbles to self)

Please, let this work.

Jen extends her hand and accepts the pair. A smile crosses her face as she pauses before she slips them on. Jen steps forward and peers at the open campus around her. In quiet observation She stares side to side then up to the sky before she returns her gaze to James takes a deep breath and lifts the glasses above her eyes.

JEN

Heh. You almost had me convinced.

JAMES

Huh?

JEN

There's nothing there James. Like you said the novelty wears off fast. Maybe it's that night theory of yours.

Overhead the skies are mostly clear save a cloud or two and a small just rising crescent moon. A glint of light in the upper atmosphere above them followed by another larger quick series of flashes lead way to a loud boom that reverberates throughout the atmosphere then the city below and finally past and through James and Jen when they both reach out and hold each other with a look of peaked curiosity.

JAMES

What the hell is that?

JEN

I don't know. Upper atmospheric shifts in the jet stream, um. It was almost like a sonic boom.

Jen pauses and looks up as another distant rumble sounds akin to an aftershock yet still continues invisible overhead. Jen looks to James then slowly to the glasses and lifts her hands to lower them from her head back to her eyes. She looks directly into the vicinity of the noise and almost immediately her mouth opens jaw dropped in a gaze of unfathomable proportions she lingers in dead silence.

JAMES

There is something there! Isn't there?

Slowly Jen lowers head to face James when she forms a half nod of affirmation. James extends his hand to her slowly.

JAMES

May I?

Jen attempts another nod but manages to remove the glasses and return them to his hands almost missing. She then rubs at her eyes. James takes them and quickly looks up to the sky to see a massive bright object descending diagonally across the far sky with a excessive plum trailing, behind it a wormhole closes in its diameter until it vanishes. James

lifts the glasses and nothing, only the sound of a distant crackle in the sky. He returns them to Jen who puts them on her head and continues to stare at the sky until the object falls from view.

JEN

Where is it going?

JAMES

Now that is a great question.

Around them a number of people have stopped or gathered as they converse and stare skyward in an attempt to source the noise. Most begin to disband puzzled when a door opens from a nearby building and an obvious professor steps out curious and feigns and awkward fear.

PROFESSOR

What the hell is going on out here?

He looks up spots the object then peers down at his wrist watch and touches a dial. James observes the mans gestures and squints to see the details of his watch when Jen lowers her gaze and turns to see the professor.

JEN

Agh!

James catches her as she reels in startled fear at the sight of the professor.

JEN

James! What is he?

James attempts to calm her with a hand on her shoulder they back up as he scans the professor with his naked eyes who returns the gaze and again taps at the watch then lifts it to his mouth. James caulks his head and turns Jen around as they hastily walk away.

JAMES

I'm not sure but I've seen them
too.

The professor watches them for a long minute before he ducks back into the building

JAMES

They seem to be all amongst us and apparently hold the most coveted positions because you wouldn't believe who I saw was one.

They stop beside an outside amphitheater built into the courtyard and a grassy hill.

JEN

One what. What are you saying! That these things, there are more of them and they possibly run our world?

James peers side to side a couple not far from them stops to listen.

JAMES

Shh. You've got to keep it down, I know it's crazy and I'm not saying lets not do something about it please, if you've got an idea. But I've already seen it cost lives. That's why I left home till I figure out what to do with this and I'm not willing to let you get you hurt either!

Jen slows down and turns to face James when she sympathizes with him and removes the glasses.

JEN

Wait! What if.

JAMES

What?

Jen looks up at James.

JEN

This is a big what if, but what if we follow the, the craft. This could be the opportunity of a life time. We could get to the bottom of this. Last we saw it was heading in

a north- easterly direction. Lets jump on the highway and follow that plus any reports of odd sounds along the way. If we're lucky, we'll get a tail on it.

JAMES

Okay, lets do it.

JEN

I'm not parked far from here, this way.

TRANSITION

EXT.COLOMBIA UNIVERSITY PARKING LOT-NIGHT

James follows Jen to the parking lot.

JAMES

Hold onto the glasses. You navigate, I'll drive

Jen slips the pair back onto her head as they cross into the parking lot when a campus police squad car pulls up beside them.

POLICE OFFICER #1

Excuse me. You two hold it right there.

JEN

We were just about to leave.

The squad car comes to a stop and the passenger side door opens as a 2nd officer steps out. Jen slips the pair back over her eyes.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Two persons fitting your description were reported loitering and suspicious as well as casing university property.

JEN

(whispers)

Oh my god James, he's one of them!

(speaks up)

What? I work here!

Police officer #1 steps from the vehicle and curiously stares at the glasses on Jens face. Two younger women walk in the distance stop to watch.

POLICE OFFICER #1

The glasses she has on, she can see us.

POLICE OFFICER #2

We're going to have to detain you until a sergeant can confirm your identity.

Jen and James exchange glances.

JAMES

For what!

The officers move closer, the first officer pulls his handcuffs from his belt while the second extends his hands to the wrists of Jen and begins to twist an arm behind her back.

JAMES

Hey I asked you a question! What legal right do you have to arrest her or detain either of us?

POLICE OFFICER #2

Look buddy, you better step back and not resist or your going to regret it!

James watches their hand movements as the first officer latches a handcuff over Jen's right wrist James becomes frustrated and moves to block the following handcuff

POLICE OFFICER #1

You heard him get back, right now!

JAMES

I work for the Senators Office and
your not operating with in the
confines of the law.

The second officer draws his firearm and levels it at James face, Jen's instincts kick in as she throws herself at his arm. The gun goes off. In the opening James punches the first officer who falls on top of Jens wrist still in cuffs who topples atop the first officer. The second his pistol still drawn sounds a second time as they all collapse on top of each other. This time it finds a target with the first officer holding his gut the second looks up as James. He takes control of the gun and points it at the officers all while he helps Jen up he warily checks for a wound.

JAMES

We're going to our car and your not
going to stop us.

SECOND OFFICER

You've shot a cop your not going
anywhere.

JEN

You a cop, Hah. I don't think so!

POLICE OFFICER #1

That's not what the world is going
to believe. We run everything. We
say what ever we want them to
think, see, hear.

While the first officer speaks the second officer taps at his watch at lifts it to his mouth and begins to mutter into it.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Two suspects, 1 male, 1 female. Mid
Thirties.

Boom! James levels the firearm at the second officer as he speaks into his watch blowing it to pieces along with his

wrist and hand. The first officer moves to pull his sidearm.

JEN

James!

James lifts the pistol just in time. Bang! The officer slumps and James begins to quiver with adrenaline.

JAMES

What have I done?

A hand pushes the pair of glasses towards his face when he reaches up and holds them in place over his eyes. Both a ghastly sight their faces a misshapen and mangled mess their eyes large sunk in their skull their features oddly protrude. James swallows then exhales and nods his head when Jen lowers the glasses. James stands up pushes the glasses at Jen then slowly approaches the bodies.

JEN

We should go fast. We should get out of here, don't you think?

James nears the first officer when he looms over the dead alien before he ducks down and reaches to his watch the two younger women balk from a distance. A long beat and James finagles the watch from the officers wrist, behind him Jen quietly takes the other officers gun and slips it into her small clutch. James turns to the women one of which speaks into her watch then when she is spotted pushes two buttons simultaneously and disappears. James stunned looks to Jen who misses it all as they retreat and disappear into the lot.

INT.BMW-NIGHT

JEN

What just happened back there? Why did they come after us?

James shakes his head and adjusts the rear view mirror inspecting the road behind them as he does.

JAMES

I don't know. The Professor that stuck his head out of that building back there he had one of these. He spoke into it, at least it looked like he did.

JEN

What is it? Looks like just a watch?

James holds the watch up and analyzes it.

JAMES

Yea. I've never seen one like this though.

A number of raised buttons on the sides and a digital interface cover the watch.

JEN

I heard that officer, alien, thing talk into that too. I don't get it this technology is around us how have I not noticed it before!

James is perplexed as he stares at the watch then back in the mirror when he hears a siren. With in seconds two units whiz past from the opposite direction towards the university campus! Jen freezes and watches in her side view mirror, James instinctively lowers in his seat back eyes still on the rear view.

INT.JEN'S CAR-NIGHT

The radio wraps a song when the DJ returns with a traffic report.

D.J.

Folks it's 8:49 and still a busy one out there today with something new on us as you tune in for another traffic report. You can essentially say that every street that's normally busy is right now. Then folks you can say that today

is like no other. There have been and still are incredible reports across the eastern seaboard of some unknown high altitude atmospheric sounds. The reports started over 2 hours ago in the far North with a number of coastal cities then south towards most all the 5 borough's. The first reports came in from the Bronx and Long Island to Manhattan and Queens. Just a moment ago a call came in from Staten Isle. People are calling in saying, "What are all the frightening noises in the skies overhead"? Well folks this one is new on me too, reports range from everything in the likes of sonic booms to high pitched screams to rumbling. While this is a first for New York this has apparently been a world wide phenomena at least for around the last decade.

Jen turns down the radio and faces James her eye brows peaked. She then looks down at her phone and pushes at the screen taps at it then pinches until she looks up again.

JEN

Brighton Beach! I think that's the best we're going to get.

JAMES

Alright, Coney Island here we come.

Their car continues on the 9A Highway.

EXT.LOWER NEW YORK-NIGHT

The city unaware moves into the night. A dogs walks itself down a busy city street. Cars and people scurry about on various streets even this late, taxi's are in their peak hour. They cross a large bridge when Jen looks at the view puts on the glasses drops silent then turns to James.

JEN

There it is, James.

JAMES

Redhook or Brooklyn Heights? what a pair, huh.

JEN

No, James!

She takes the pair of True Vision off and pushes them towards him. In the sky above the gigantic craft returns to sight and appears to be slowing down. As it drifts to a halt the clouds and sky around it deform and altar by its massive ionized presence. James lowers his glasses and looks at the empty but ominous sky over the upper bay before he hands the glasses back.

INT.JENS CAR-NIGHT

They cross the 478 into Red Hook when the tumultuous sound soft at first then all the sudden harsh and loathsome returns to their ears.

JAMES

Oh wow, I forgot how terrifying that sound was.

Jen squints and tries to lean at James while she stares ahead.

JEN

Its going right over the island,
lets keep straight on Ocean Parkway
for the beach I think we'll get the
best view, maybe even catch up with
it.

James rubs at his ears.

JAMES

What?

Jen motions forward then points above at the leftmost freeway marker to which James nods as they stay in the left lane which merges into the city and veers towards the coast.

EXT.OCEAN PARKWAY, BEACH SIDE-NIGHT

JAMES

Oh, I dont know about this.

JEN

It's stopped right over the Lower Bay.

JAMES

It is so quiet out here. It's like everyone is hiding indoors.

Jen looks over at James then clears her throat to speak.

JEN

Lets park near the boardwalk that will be our best viewpoint, I think!

James looks back to the road ahead shaking his head as he does.

EXT.CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK-NIGHT

James parks the car they both spring out close doors and head for the shore led by Jen. An ominous and eerie sound akin to a low rumble accompanying some ancient horn is heard from overhead and every where at once

JEN

Do you hear that?

A small swath of people appear to flee and dodge for the cover of their cars or near buildings.

JAMES

Everyone is running away. We're the only one's headed towards the sounds.

JEN

Come on this way!

Jen takes his hand and they run towards the far sidewalk as the sound draws closer and more defined. They jog along

together Jen in stride James looks up between rooftops of small vendors and stands as they come across the full sky and the pier when Jen comes to a quick stop. She peers up and mouths words as James looks to her curious then back to the sky.

JEN

OH MY GOD.

JAMES

I don't think so, then I'm not the one holding the glasses.

Jen does a double take at the sky before she looks to James with a smirk, she removes the glasses. The sound now deafening seems to tremble like a train that slams on its brakes. A number of inquisitive people push towards the pier James lifts the glasses to his eyes and slips them on when he spies the inconceivably sized craft without markings or aesthetic design which hovers to a full stop surrounded by a ionized aura that phases from orange to white. When it stops bay doors from its underbelly briefly open as varying size craft appear. First six small craft emerge to encircle the larger craft as the horn sounds again shift to a ghoulish hum followed by 2 varying sized craft that also emerge. They Hoover to the center of the bay remain there then both dip one after the other right into the water. Less than a minute later two other craft emerge from with its depths as original 2 craft reappear from across the horizon.

JEN

That is horrendous!

The Mother ship remains still another beat when the sound shifts in a baritone manner that seems to announce departure when its aura phases to an orange-red. James' mouth hangs open as he steps further from cover and walks onto the pier. The sound again seems to shift intensity as another layer commences like that of two trains about to collide on a single track with their brakes full throttle.

JEN

Whats happening?

Jen noticeably shaken follows a half step behind James in a crouch and puts her hand on his shoulder. High in the sky

above the craft a completely different shaped craft flickers in and out of view even through the glasses. James puts his hand to his eyes as if to block a glare when the ship pulls to a stop almost on top of the other. Within seconds a volley of sounds are heard as what appear to be collisions with the smaller craft and weapons discharged. The second craft also enormous in mass is more misshaped almost dragonfly like. Another sizzle then a volley of thunderous claps and a grand finale of a horn as the original ship slowly makes for the sky.

JEN

What in god's name is going on
James! Did something just happen?
Something just happened didn't it!

A crashed ship splashes only three hundred yards out in front of them.

JEN

Should we even be here.?

James attempts to pull the glasses from his face yet misses eventually he achieves it when Jen reaches up and grasps them from him. James stares above at an empty sky and shakes his head. The earth around them shakes the water splashes about shiftlessly the last remaining people have left the pier.

JEN

Oh my God! Oh my god, James.

JAMES

Don't ask me. I don't know!

James blinks and scans across the horizon almost like he can still see he squints at the noise and looks up to where the original craft should be.

JEN

Whoa!

JAMES

What?

JEN

More craft just joined up with the
larger one leaving.

James scratches his head then rubs at his temples he finally
looks to the shops and dock then back to Jen and over his
shoulder to the sky. James reaches out for and grabs her
arm.

JAMES

Let's go.

EXT.CONEY ISLAND SHOPS-NIGHT

JEN

What do you have in mind?

JAMES

That print out you have of the
analysis of the true vision
glasses.

JEN

Yea?

JAMES

We just need to get them to someone
else who can help us manufacture
them and continue the Senator's
mission.

JEN

James. All this does is tell us the
make up not the sequence with which
to make a pair.

James squints as they slow down. He again rubs at his
temples.

JAMES

Well then. All we need to do is get
them to a sympathizer of some sort.
If not one of his close
congressional buddies then a
general or somebody!

JEN

James, you cant just go around
setting appointments with brass and
officials. You don't even know who
to trust.

He stops and does a circle in frustration.

JAMES

I know!

JEN

That's probably why the Senator got
you in this mess in the first
place!

JAMES

I know.

James turns around and continues to walk when they step in
front of a closed shop with glass windows and a television
that plays the news on it. James and Jen's face appear in
the top left while live feed of Columbia's campus from a
helicopter above remain front and center.

JAMES

Shit!

JEN

What are we going to do now James?
I can't be involved in this!

JAMES

You think I can. you think I want
to leave my family and run around
here with you!

A long silence as Jen looks to James sad and disappointed.

JAMES

I, I didn't mean it like that. Um

JEN

No, don't mention it.

Jen turns to walk away when James reaches for her arm.

JAMES

I'm sorry. Really.

Jen loosens up then nods at the television behind him.

JEN

What now?

EXT. PARKING LOT-NIGHT

Jen and James step to their vehicle get in, turn over the engine and drive off. Over head a drone sits idle a beat then follows in pursuit.

EXT. LONG ISLAND-NIGHT

Several streets away the sound of a helicopter becomes obvious. Jen drives in the passenger seat James head in his hands looks up and they exchange glances.

JAMES

What now?

Jen takes a brief glance out the window.

JEN

That's what I'm saying.

James looks back over worried then slowly scans the side door before he finds his window switch. He looks to the side view mirror then leans forward with his seat belt still on hangs out and spots a helicopter close in on them.

JEN

Oh, please tell me that's not for us!

JAMES

Um, it's not 100 percent that yet.

They pass the next street when a number of cruisers flank from the side streets, sirens whir their lights a blur of red and blue. James returns inside the window and rolls it up.

JAMES

Okay. That's for us.

JEN

Should I pull over?

James face makes a stunned and surprised look before he forms his mouth in a "no" and shakes his head.

JAMES

There, here! We'll pull into Redhook.

They make a turn into the dense borough of buildings and side streets.

JAMES

Maybe we can loose them around here. I spent some time here back in college. Don't ask, don't tell.

JEN

No, I believe it.

James looks at her as she stays focused ahead then adjusts her rear view mirror.

JEN

This is going to get intense any minute now. I hope you have some idea of what your going to do.

JAMES

Just another couple blocks.. or is it a few? Things all look the same around here. It has been a few years.

JEN

So?

JAMES

Here we go, it's coming up after this street. Hang left then make a hard.

Jen steps on the accelerator of her vehicle the gas pushes them forward with ease. She cuts right as they drift around the corner in a fierce move that leaves most of the police cruisers behind or in collisions with each other or the corner. Only one immediately makes it through the fray.

JAMES

Oh Wow!

JEN

Yea, I had a phase in college too.

James smiles and nods when he looks out the window.

JAMES

Here! Turn here!

They just make another small inlet that forces Jen to slow down drastically before it curves around a row of buildings while the original street continues up and onto a bridge. They park for a beat behind the building and Jen cuts off her lights.

JEN

Okay we need a plan!

James wracks his brain and looks behind them and all around when the helicopter finds them and shows up with its light from above as it does more sirens near. They flick on their headlights Jen pull's off under the bridge as the cruisers follow. When Jen and James reappear they are in a long alley between industrial lots cops close in on all sides and from above as the first units appear to tail them. They fly past business after business that encloses them on either side with wire fences until they near what looks like the end.

JEN

James!

James holds up his wrist and stares at the watch a beat.

JAMES

Alright I guess this will have to be it!

The alley draws into the backside of a long red brick

industrial building as Jen pulls the car to a screeching sideways stop. All the squad cars pull up to a screaming halt on the opposite side. Their passenger side door bursts open when James and Jen burst out to face about 8 feet before a high brick wall. The police quickly draw down from their vehicles one with a loud speaker on the helicopter hovers over head.

POLICE LOUD SPEAKER

Step out with your hands over your head!

JEN

What do you have in mind?

JAMES

I'm hoping I have at least one trick up my sleeve!

James pushes a variety of buttons on the watch when a projection of light emits and scans the ground.

WATCH VOICE

Analysis complete. Rendering

Another second and a plasma ejects over the same vicinity then opens in front of them.

WATCH VOICE

you have 8 seconds of stability.

JAMES

Whoa! Okay.

JEN

What is that?

JAMES

I don't know but we're about to find out!

Gunfire bursts out as Jen followed by James leaps into the hole of light.

INT.UNDERGROUND NETWORK-NIGHT

James falls beside Jen. The air knocked out of him he takes a moment to gather himself while Jen rolls over and sits up.

JEN

Where are we?

JAMES

I don't know.

They both look around, the corridor is large straight plain concrete that continues into the distance.

JAMES

It's some kind of subterranean base
or deep tunnel system.

Jen slowly turns back to face James.

JEN

Do you think it's where those
things were coming and going from
under the bay.

James takes another long look around then back to Jen.

JAMES

I'd hate to think so but it sure
seems like it. How else do those
things traverse so easily.

JEN

Look over there.

They spot a sign on the wall. A few arrows point back to an access point for Long Island. Another arrow points forward to Manhattan with a 3rd that reads New York Mag Lev.

JEN

Mag Lev? As in high speed Magnetic
Levitation trains?

JAMES

As far as I know none exist in New
York, right?

They peer at the sign then to each other and nod in silence
before they turn and walk in that direction.

INT.DEEP UNDERGROUND BASE-NIGHT

James and Jen slow in their approach as they spot a number
of signs. One in dark yellow cautions of loading docks for
the MagLev another reads New York D.U.M.B. Network Caverns,
a third at the head of a long corridor plainly states Star
Gate -ENY03.

JEN

That can't possibly mean what I
think it means.

JAMES

Don't look at me, I just live here.

Jen shakes her head a smirk grows on her face. The list goes
on with Meeting Rooms, Executive Halls as well as
Administrative and Technical Support Terminals.

JEN

This is unbelievable.

This time it's James with the smirk on his face.

JEN

I've got to see this.

JAMES

Don't you think we should find a
way out of here and maybe more
weapons on the way.

Jen walks down the long corridor with James trailing behind
her.

INT.STAR GATE -ENY03

JAMES

I don't think we can just walk in there.

Jen circles the corner then up a small incline of steps into another good sized cavern hewn out of the rock via a square arch way. Jen stops at the entry way when the elevator across from her opens and a person in a suit gets off and crosses over to a platform where he is greeted by the gate keeper in uniform who checks his credentials and destination then proceeds to a terminal beside the Star Gate. Where he punches in the data as the entire station glows and buzzes to life. The gate is a large circle the edges of which are 2 separate rings where 12 stars on each spin in opposite directions as they roar to life a vortex opens with in its circumference.

JAMES

What in gods name is that?

JEN

It's beautiful. My god James.
They've done it!

Jen in absolute awe, is as oblivious as the gate keeper is to their duties while busy with the number of humans and species who appear to line up to use the off world device. from back offices two more gate keepers in uniform arrive to usher the refugees along when James grabs Jen's shoulder.

JAMES

I know this is the epitome of
scientific achievement here but we
really should get going.

Jen spots the uniforms so doesn't resist when she's pulled at to descend the steps and venture back down the hallway. The gate keepers appear to become aware with a gesture as one steps away from their post.

INT.UNDERGROUND NETWORK-NIGHT

When they again join the halls they make it no more then ten feet when there is someone on their heels. James and Jen

stiffen her hand reaches for the small of her back as they spot a shadow approach. To James surprise Spencer Williams appears from around the corner.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

James, that is you!

Spencer once overs James with a quick glance.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Watch and everything, hell. How'd you pull that off? Gorgeous girl and all by your side. It's like they gave you everything a man can ask for, a bit of a walking cliché for me and all. No matter. Anyhow funny I find you hear.

James attempts to keep up.

JAMES

Yea, funny. Um, what are you doing here Spencer?

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Well I'm hear because they need me I'm a key engineer involved in making their Stargate. My company helped with materials used in the lensing process. But besides that I'm late for an important meeting.

JEN

Yea?

Spencer Williams smiles at Jen. She stays quiet yet passively gives a vexed look. He lifts his own glasses and puts them on and looks her over.

JEN

I'm no alien.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

I had to double check. Never know, these days!

Jen shakes her head as they follow Spencer who now takes lead in an awkward shuffle.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Well anyway. You must know if your here and all. Oh I get it. They're having you step in for the Senator huh? A young new trusting face to fill his position. With them backing you'll be a shoe in.

James looks to Jen curious and back to Spencer in time to give him a collected and cool reply.

JAMES

Yea. Of course I've been given uh, access. This is my secretary.

Jen elbows James.

JEN

Ehem.

JAMES

Uh, er Science advisor.

Jen nods to the affirmative before she shakes her head at him one last time.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Awe.

Spencer watches her then looks to his watch as they approach a Grand hall with a familiar crest over its doors. That of large wings draped around a sun. A sentry guard is posted at its entry beside a scanner. Spencer leans towards the scanner and extends the badge around his neck as the doors open they give a soft hiss.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

It's alright. They're with me.

The sentry doesn't move he just remains stiff at his post.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Well then since you already know
lets get in here, we're late.

They walk through the single vault like door then through a large glass double glass doors that are etched with the same symbol of the winged sun.

INT.GRAND HALL-NIGHT

They walk in from a lower side, across from them is another large door. The opposite walls of the room rise several rows high from the center where it is presided over. Everyone is ushered in by an odd fellow that looks rather vitamin D deficient. Jen lifts her glasses to her head and spots aliens both at the center stage and in its audience. Spencer moves his hand to hers and nods for her to remove them with a shake of his head.

CENTER SPEAKER

Ladies and gentleman. We wanted to
Thank you for being here today! We
are happy to re acquaint ourselves
with you in the light of the next
step in our affair. The moving
forward of our plans to collaborate
with the engineers.

The gathering erupts into cheer and applause.

CENTER SPEAKER

A quarter of a billion years ago
they seeded this fair planet and
began their research. They finished
that project and wiped the slate
clean then foresaw a new era! One
where mankind would play its part.
Today we finalize that effort as
the planet moves into Aquarius. Its
poles seek re alignment, the change
comes to propel us forward into the
next millennium.

The room cheers again.

CENTER SPEAKER

Our engineers continue to happily
hold their guard at the Visual
Reasoning Complex and Array
on the moon. Regardless of any
claims of disclosure or sounds
heard around the world or such
phenomenon. We shall remain in
total control of the world's
population via our Array

The crowd smiles and cheers others applaud with zeal.

CENTER SPEAKER

Madam Speaker.

MADAM SPEAKER

We have worked very long and toiled
very hard for the engineers. It
appears that the genetics
hybridization programs move forward
and ahead of schedule. Also we near
the first surrogates trials! Where
our first generation of trans-
humanists will emerge.

The gathering begins to cheer and applause even louder when
it settles, a lone woman speaks out.

WOMAN FROM GATHERING

What of the rebellion? They say the
grays are not to be trusted. They
say that once we accept these
clones our soul leaves and we are
stuck in those surrogates or in
their network forever.

The assembled crowd whispers and raises their voices.

MADAM SPEAKER

calm down. Please. I assure you.

Madam Speaker raises an arm and extends her fingers.

MADAM SPEAKER

Let me assure you, Your spirit will remain intact as will our species elite remain intact and once more **alive.**

Clapping ensues from the assembly of people at both sides. A few look on with mistrust.

MADAM SPEAKER

Let me assure you once more that while there are and have been a number of experiments in progress. It is for the prime reason above all that the Grays seek hybridization, to update their bodies with sexual organs necessary to procreate thus replenishing their own ranks. SO you see it's all about souls, no need to worry at all.

Another from the crowd, this time a man steps forward.

MAN FROM THE ASSEMBLED

What of those of us who are workers here? The engineers, the operatives, the astronauts? Which is it, are we to be sold off as clones to the network or sent to work long shifts for years on the Moon or Mars for that matter?

MADAM SPEAKER

No, no.

MAN FROM THE ASSEMBLED

We were promised equal standing and opportunity. Instead this place is broke into another obvious class system. The wealthy and the workers.

MADAM SPEAKER

As you can see, we're all gathered here today. The engineers and the "exutives" together as one.

The people are either defensive and balk or become enraged and confrontational as the station's military unit rushes in for crowd control. Jen and James stand near the doors when they back out the way they came in. Spencer Williams is shuffled about and caught in between the influx of movement.

INT.D.U.M.B. NEW YORK NETWORK CAVERNS-NIGHT

Two large doors open with a hiss as Jen and James walk through a release of hydraulic steam. The interior opens into a large eclectic cavern, its depths host what appears to be swaths of mid sized sky scrapers and administrative buildings with vast sections of apartments both in tall structures and in its cavernous shell. Glass elevators, moving walkways and small trains scurry about busy with humans and aliens alike. A row of apartments above them fixed with an attached walkway shows a number of faces that peer down at them through the mostly dark or steamy overhead. Jen nervously removes the glasses from her face as they make their way through small crowds of pedestrians.

JEN

How do we get out of here?

JAMES

There has got to be a way back to the surface.

They both peer at the perpetually exotic landscape that continues all around them?

JAMES

Right?

JEN

If there is, I'm not sure we're going to like it.

Jen stares back to the path that develops ahead of them it changes from short blocks of squat brick buildings and apartments behind them into sprawling ceiling high scrapers

that tower over lush gardens rife with layers of outgrowth from vines that shoot up pillars and sides of buildings creeping plants, bushes, trees, and ponds with phosphorescent fish that swim and dart. Its here that the lighting changes in obvious respect instead of sparse dimmed HID lighting there is a pulsating glow emanating from the ceiling that seems to change colors slowly from violet to blue to white, mostly in the ultra violet spectrum.

JEN

This place is huge. I mean
incredibly, ridiculously so. I
can't believe my eyes.

James only shakes his head as his eyes scan his surroundings. The area is tasked with a population in suits or guards or a mix of engineers all who appear as if they belong or are en route to somewhere specific.

JAMES

I don't like this. We should
probably keep looking for signs for
a way out of here.

They veer off at the first chance to leave this section of the city for an adjacent neighborhood. They near a short bridge as they spot another couple walk past with a curious look they obviously dawn electronic badges firmly on their bicep's.

JEN

Yea! I'm with you on that one.

The two turn onto the bridge when a soft but shrill tone sounds and monitors on the gates over the bridge and elsewhere around the cavern all at once. Images of James and Jen show with a red band over their face stating- Wanted. They immediately take notice then continue on with their heads low hands clasped. A row of guards near from behind when one recognizes them.

GUARD #2

Their they are. That's them!

Jen turns half way around, James doesn't even look back when he hears them and pulls her with him into full stride. They venture into the next suburb when the streets split off in 3 directions. The first Wet Works Avenue, next Admin Blvd and lastly Mag Lev lane a short jaunt that bypasses the neighborhoods center through a small park to an outcrop in the cavern's interior where a row of open steel doors reside.

JAMES

I sure hope this is the way!

JEN

The way to what?

JAMES

That's the part I'm not sure about.

Jen wears a worried look on her face when she turns to James he only looks to the landscape ahead.

JAMES

I think we're close. We'll keep our eyes open for something, anything!

They near the outcrop where the rock seems to naturally crest from the row of steel doors and almost knock over an alien couple with a human guide.

GUIDE

How rude!

Jen peers back over her shoulder then forward at the single choice that nears.

JEN

This should be interesting.

They approach the row of open doors inside 4 escalators up and 4 beside that going down.

JAMES

Any other thoughts, now would be a good time.

Jen looks around. In pursuit armed security approaches from behind and the only other direction simultaneously.

JEN

Like you said, lets keep our eyes open.

They cautiously slow as they enter.

INT.BOARDING STATION-NIGHT

Down the escalator until it opens into a large modern stainless steel platform to rival any at Penn Station. Two high speed trains work one above and one below. LED signs read out the next major stops in each direction, at the top of the South West list is Area 51 with Interstellar Launch Pad #01 and #02, followed by White Sands proving #04 under that Dulce laboratories. In the North is Interstellar storage Structure #05 at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

JAMES

Is it just me or does that sound like another way to say parking garage.

The list catches Jens eye as she leans in to read it.

JEN

I have to admit, it sure does.

They both nod and move to get on as a crowd of folks at the top of the escalator are knocked around by the security staff. The security groups make it to the boarding ramp to find no one as they scatter from corner to corner.

SECURITY AGENT

They could be either of them!

INT.MAG LEV TRAIN-NIGHT

James leads Jen onto a MagLev Car as they find a seat and sit close enough to hide each others obviously missing arm badges. The Mag Lev blinks white then red interior lights accompanied by 2 soft tones before the doors slide tightly shut. Seated across from them are a couple human engineers who peer back curiously, an alien of a different race and lastly a tall humanoid with shaggy hair, an odd size head and a dark trench coat.

JEN

(Mouths)

What are we going to do?

James stares straight ahead and feigns a smile.

JAMES

Pray.

Jen looks to him slowly then forward as the train accelerates. A digital display on the wall of the car shows the proximity to the next stop Portsmouth, NH-LP. The Next stop blinks in it's rotation. The passengers of the car exchange looks as each takes notice that the other neither quite belongs nor is more alien then the previous. The train registers max speed on the arch of the ceiling for no longer then a minute later it begins to slow. The train comes to a stop and the doors open with a hiss. James and Jen nervously stand and exit the train close behind them the shaggy hair tall man in a trench follows.

INT.LAUNCH PAD #04 FOYER -NIGHT

JEN

Do you suppose he's following us?

James barely peers over his shoulder.

JAMES

I don't think so. We didn't pull the chord to stop. Maybe he did and he's on his way out of here.

Jen looks to James and nods. The platform descends through a similar square arch way and into another corridor only 10 meters long before it opens into a foyer. The two stop and peer at the abundance of activity, a large swath of humanoid creatures come and go between what look to be a various sizes of launch pads each sealed and extending into the caverns beyond. One corner of the foyer naturally supports a small trickling waterfall that flows from the ceiling with a smaller phosphorescent glow of light where vines grow upward from the depths of a small pool below. They both stop in awe as they take in the grandeur of the location and functionality.

JAMES

Whoa.

JEN

James that person or thing.

James barely takes notice until he is right behind them. The man in the trench continues past with an audible sigh as he shrugs his sack over his shoulder and beelines for a row of escalators on the left that rise up towards another corridor of personal bays. In the center a large multi-story launch bay and on the right two medium sized bays stacked upon each other with access via stainless steel escalators and freight elevators. Jen slows her breathing and returns her gaze to James innocently.

JEN

What?

JAMES

That was racist.

Jen scoffs then turns and watches the odd fellow in the black trench coat stand alone as he rides the escalator to the top bay and out of sight. James rolls his eyes shakes his head before he moves closer and peers about.

JAMES

This is definitely a way out.

JEN

I know your not thinking of flying
one of those things.

James continues to stare ahead at the large bay, inside an incredible sized black triangle craft with TR-3B written beside hieroglyphs on one angle. James turns toward Jen when a smile crosses his face. James nods his head and walks off to the left escalators. They both get on for no less then a minute and near the top when a low but wretched tone sounds and red vicinity lights flash overhead in short sequence.

JEN

What now?

As they ride up the escalator to the second floor they spot a wall of monitors that display their face and warn in multiple languages of their hostile intent.

JEN

See that's not even fair! Or true
for that matter. Hostile, come on!

JAMES

You sure about that.

James throws a witty smirk at her then down to her back where the gun rests, Jen stiffens then relaxes when he steps away. The shaggy man shows his credentials at a line to the left then crosses to his bay where he taps a code in the pad at the wall when through transparent rear walls and steel floors the back ground beyond is seen. A large garage behind the bays adjust their mechanical make up and roll over or tumble a number of storage supports that seems to hand over a craft into two large claws that deliver the personal ship directly into the bay.

JAMES

Did you just see that?

Jen approaches from behind.

JEN

See what? The Shaggy weird guy,
yea. What about him?

SECURITY#4

Halt!

Less then ten yards away another set of guards approach when James leans at Jen grabs her hand and they run directly into right bay bypassing the two person gate security. The shaggy man extends his arm when a light emits form his hand and a door extends from his ship. James bee lines for the open craft door by the time the man is aware James is on top of him with his arms extended palms up.

JAMES

Please, We need your help!

Jen watches curious as her hand reaches slowly to her back. the man peers over their shoulder at the guards in pursuit then to them both he nods before he waves them onto the small craft.

SECURITY #4

I said halt!

The security team is joined by another group when they all draw down into ready positions and take aim, the closest guard fires his gun. The man in the trench and Jen draw their weapons and fire back each take cover at opposite sides of the door way. The shaggy man fires twice more then waves Jen enter and follows her in when the door slides shut.

INT.PERSONAL SPACE CRAFT-NIGHT

James is first into a cargo hold where Two Cryo-Chambers line the walls as the craft is surrounded by security teams. The craft begins to lift and hover when Jen and the shaggy man holding his stomach enter and pass James to the control room.

INT. PSC CONTROL ROOM-NIGHT

The man takes a hard seat when the small object still in hand, he holds up when it unfolds into a thin oval open in the middle which he gently sets over his head. Jen is followed by James they stand in the archway behind their now pilot who extends a single bloody hand to the panel in front of him waves over it before the ship hums to life. A bio

signature readout of pilot and ship as well as other variables from altitude and navigation to a multi layered plasma screen appear above the panel in a heads up display. Another gesture and the panel separates into two and join the edge of his seat where his hands meet to complete the circuit. The screen remains and expands in front of them as Jens sits in awe of each action when the ship accelerates from the launch pad and instantly through the closing bay doors on the far side. The craft pushes through the ocean effortlessly as Jen and James peer out the hull at the view when they burst from the depths and into the air. James pulls a hanker chief from his pocket and moves to put it to the pilots stomach who grunts when he does. Jen lowers herself to see when the pilot peers into her eyes. She returns a guarded look when he turns to James and peers into his eyes. James worried returns the gaze.

JAMES

What can I do for you? I'm so
sorry. I didn't mean for this to
happen.

The shaggy pilots face relaxes and he taps at the panel on the right then once on the left before he returns his eyes to James. After a beat his eyes flutter as his strength wanes he removes the oval device from his head and passes it to James. The craft blinks green then blue before the bio matrix changes and the readouts as well transition to English. The shaggy pilot nods to James and moves to escape the seat when he passes from this life. He slumps in his seat what remains is an empty body. The craft now silently hovers over the city of Boston where droplets of rain run across the front windshield as James and Jen mourn the curious man who helped them escape. They set his body to rest in the cargo hold James takes the only seat at the controls as they drift over Providence, Rhode Island.

JAMES

Well, here it goes.

James attempts to rest his hands on the panel beside him when they glow and the expanded holographic projection in front of him adjust to a translucent plasma complete with altitude and a retina focused directional optic readout. The ship begins to steady then slow when James caulks his head and smiles the craft accelerates. In seconds they approach

the furthest foreseeable distance as they zip across the eastern seaboard towards Long Island.

EXT.NEY YORK-NIGHT

James keeps a cool five thousand feet altitude as he banks over Montauk. His eyes lead the way as whatever his eye stares at without movement from his hands or arms the vehicle adjust its velocity and direction instantly.

JAMES

Aha ha ha!

JEN

I'm glad your having fun but a, I think we have a tail!

James looks to Jen astonished at what she could mean.

JAMES

What?

When he spies past her shoulder to what she nods at two jets pitch from the high rear with after burners at full throttle.

JAMES

Well then. Heh aha ha. Let's see what this thing can do, huh?

JEN

What, what was that? I don't don't think I want to see what this thing can do.

James looks left and down as the craft begins to nose dive down and at the water.

JEN

James. James! DO you really know what your doing?

The jets start a descent when with the flair of James nostrils the small craft increases speed across the face of the water causing wakes across its surface. Before they know it they cross over Pelham Park and into the Bronx with the

jets no where in sight. Over the Bronx zoo and into Harlem when the jets make a reappearance high above their engines in a roar.

JEN

Um.

JAMES

I see them, I see them.

James takes the craft closer still as they drop in over 5th street the jets close in when he pitches it hard. The invisible air around the flying vehicle appears to glow and then shift colors as they make a hard turn between parallel streets each time they do parked cars skid or flip over in consequence, one on the road is just missed by feet it drifts as James and Jen skirt overhead. It's driver a short sweet white haired senior woman barely keeps control. The jets are heard but not seen as James whizzes past sky high condominiums and business towers of mid town Manhattan.

JEN

We've got to get out of here. What if they shoot at us or worse hit others or we do.

JAMES

I'm trying they're chasing us remember. I'm just hoping this wakes up a few.

Jen shakes her head when a jet does a close fly by overhead in the opposite direction then swoops up and to the left to join the rest of his squadron now 4 deep. James leans left as the craft does a double flip and in seconds is 2 streets over and headed out of lower Manhattan.

JAMES

Holy Shit!

JEN

Please! Do not do that again.

James passes over already busy highways as the morning sun approaches from the left down Broadway and past Wall Street as they rise over the Upper Bay. Two jets join behind them

and another 2 fly high in opposite directions when James again naturally spirals the craft in a roll down toward the water and then rides it right then left to shake the jets on his tail.

JEN

Whoa!

JAMES

I can't shake 'em there too good at this.

JEN

What about up or that high speed thing you did? This is a space ship right?

JAMES

I sure hope so.

James nods and peers out at the view before he cranes his neck and leans forward in his seat. The next second James and Jen's craft appears to become nothing more than a blur of light as they propel forward at high speeds under the Varrazano Bridge then pull up over the Lower Bay. They immediately loose the first pair of jets when they ascend the other two jets follow in roundabout pursuit James makes a grimace as they rise high into the atmosphere as if to split the night from day. The two jets pursue for less than a minute when James and Jen see the layers of sky thin as they reach the stratosphere and the darkness of space opens in front of them.

INT.SPACE CRAFT-SPACE

The moon and a the more familiar stars are most apparent when all at once the milky way lends a phosphorescent glow as it highlights the cosmos that surround them.

JAMES

Where is it?

JEN

Where's what?

JAMES

The Moon.

JEN

To our right, shoot uh.

She looks back and over her shoulder.

JEN

Almost under us um, 5 o clock. 📅

James pupils dart right as the ship veers then locks onto the moon and in the next instant turns a bright white and fires across the vast space between earth and the moon.

JAMES

The more we get out here the further it seems like this thing is super far away.

JEN

Its the lens effect of our atmosphere. It makes the moon appear closer then it really is. Especially if we are talking a full moon when its in its apogee.

James turns and gives a head lowered blank stare.

JEN

The closest point with in its orbit.

James nods his head and smiles.

JAMES

Why didn't you just say that. The moon is further away then it looks.

James taps at the screen in front of him its display reads navigation.

JAMES

Analyze for distance to object.

A dial on the screen in front of him enhances its placement

and adapts a drop shadow of intense contrast.

JAMES

Assume high speed for 80% the
duration of travel.

JEN

Uh, what are you doing? You might
want to take into consideration any
debris in your path.

James raises his brow.

JAMES

That's a good idea! Scan for space
debris.

Another readout pops up with empty figures and a symbol that
blinks less than two beats later a second color appears
across the screen in purple from hazy to thick spots.

JAMES

Okay that makes things tough to
see. Prioritize optics to largest
object recognition profiles and
increase any shields this thing may
have.

As they shoot across the sky a blueish hue emerges within
the crafts aerofoil. James stares forward at the moon and
smiles.

JAMES

Accelerate.

EXT.LIGHT SIDE OF THE MOON-DAY

The moon approaches more full in size with every second
that passes. James nears incredibly close when the
navigation sounds a warning noise. Jen looks over to James
concerned he leans as the craft cuts its main thrusters the
exterior glow shifts and replaces the thick blue envelope
that surrounds it for a soft milky white glow. The craft
veers then pulls up to skim the surface of the moon the
altimeter outputs an apparent 26,000 feet.

JEN

You look like you know where your going. Do you know where your going?

JAMES

I mean I'm no pro, obviously my experience is limited but I happen to have had a girlfriend who was quite the astronomy.. Geek?

JEN

Not geek, no.

JAMES

We'll say buff!

JEN

Heh ha. Yea let's put it that way for your sake.

James raises his brow and lowers his head before he breaks into a smile. Jen joins him with a chuckle before they both laugh together.

JAMES

Anyhow she was very passionate about **everything** above and was more then happy to share that passion with anyone who would listen.

JEN

Heh ha. Don't say it like that!

JAMES

Like what?

JEN

When you say it like that. It sounds like innuendo'.

JAMES

Okay, I can see that. I'm sorry I just meant that I always listened and learned so much. Little did you know, when I was younger I wanted

to be an astronaut and maybe that's
one of the many reasons I was, so..
smitten with.

Jen peers back at James a smile across her face, she lowers
her chin a second later she returns an adamant and stolid
glare.

JAMES
Your sense of adventure?

Jen widens her eyes and lets a smirk cross her face as they
both look to the screen. James taps a button when the window
in front of them opens up even larger as the moon passes
splays in front of them.

JAMES
This young man wants more then
anything to see where history was
made..

The craft does a subtle lean as the terrain shifts from
sandy shapeless wide open spaces of larger craters to a busy
onslaught of various shapes and sizes of craters and
bombardments.

JAMES
If I'm correct.

James peers to the computers readout's then down at the
corner of the newly expanded front window.

JAMES
We just passed Copernicus' crater
with Mare Imbrium now on our left.

James eyes follow to the opposite side of the front window
and smiles a large yet humble grin.

JAMES
That means that the Sea of Serenity
should be

JEN

Just ahead of us where we would to
our look right to see the Sea of
Tranquility.

Jen smiles then looks up from the glass to James she nods
and peers at him.

JEN

How do you know all this?

The craft begins to descend in proximity to the surface the
aerofoil shines a bright iridescent white.

JAMES

I had the poster on the ceiling
above my bed.

They both drop silent as the fly just over the large Sea of
Serenity and dip even closer as the craft leans into its
right turn and approaches yet another shadowy surface
change. The Sea of Tranquility.

JAMES

There it is.

James points as they near eight thousand feet in the
vastness of the glow from the ground below and its many
small imperfections rest a shiny colorful blip in its
topography. An American flag stands erect beside a lone left
behind rover.

JEN

Wow!

JAMES

Now that's something. Though I
always wanted to see whats beyond.
What's on the other side?

Jen turns to face James this time her brow raises she
appears to give him a once over.

JEN

What do you mean?

JAMES

I read an article that said the Japanese found a thermal vent apparently from an old lava tube created soon after the formation of the moon, they assumed. Anyhow beside looking for traffic in general I've already figured I can mind meld with this thing on my head in such a way as to task it with scanning for, bases?

JEN

For what?

JAMES

I mean that's what we're here for isn't it? To find that Array, that complex and turn it off. I mean why else did we happen onto a space ship.

JEN

Do you really think we're going to just stumble across a base?

JAMES

I was already looking for one of the proposed possible spots as we flew past mare Insularem.

JEN

Why there?

JAMES

Project Horizon.

JEN

Project what?

JAMES

Horizon. The armies proposed Lunar base to congress back in the late fifties under General Trudeau. While it was turned down some say they just privatized it. Either way the missing revenue streams we investigated from our office could well have covered that costs over time.

Silence falls from Jen as she stares at James as if he was speaking in a foreign language.

JAMES

(sigh)

The documents listed 3 potential locations, we flew over them but its easily possible that we missed 'em at our altitude and I had just figured out how to the scan after I slowed our approach.

JEN

So what? We orbit with our scanners on and visually look for signs of military, corporate, or **alien** bases?

Jen looks sarcastic as she pronounces the last words then quiets at the apparent irony.

JAMES

Sounds good to me doc.

Jen snaps her vision back to the window ahead of them and takes a deep breath. The craft takes a wide swing around and into the dark side of the moon as the brightness is immediately held hostage over by a vast cold shadow. They cross a distance of a third of the moon in a cool cruise and in silence when Jen begins to shake her head.

JEN

I just don't think we're going to find this one. James

Stubbornly attentive James pilots the craft at a perfect twenty one thousand feet as his eyes twitch with the sheer volume and grandeur of it all.

JEN

We're surrounded by completely natural, well natural to space anyway.

Jen trails off as the scanner lights up James dips down five thousand feet instantly leaving Jen feeling it as she looks up to the window she grips tight..

JAMES

There.

JEN

Spires?

On the ridge of a crater is two tall spires of absolute peculiar shape, size and placement their silhouettes are breathtaking until at closer look they appear a dull silver or gray. As the craft breaks over the ridge and into the adjacent inner crater a long bridge stretches across. On one side a spaceport of sorts and the other a number of sky scrapers in a line. James began his descent when Jen starts to appear fidgety and anxious.

JEN

Maybe we should look for something a little more familiar.

JAMES

What do you mean?

JEN

I wouldn't just drop in all uninvited. They might have defenses.

The craft closes distance to the far side of the arch when the few sky scrapers now resemble a small city or outpost whether alien or human is unknown. The computer sounds an alarm when James looks to it reads a system scan being done by the city as a large glowing plasma door on one of the sky scrapers opens and 2 craft ascend from within.

JAMES

Okay, that's my cue. You ever get the feeling like you weren't invited or no one wants you there?

JEN

No, Not usually.

Jen stares to James who looks over the computer then up as the craft glows brighter and they ascend their selves ten thousand feet in the blink of an eye and continue across the backside of the moon. She holds her hand over her mouth then her eyes lastly her temples when James lets go of the computer and leans to stare back out the windows side.

JAMES

Did you see that!

JEN

James. What are we going to do?

James turns and takes notice of Jen's state and returns to his chair and looks to her, behind them small individual bases lay scattered below.

JAMES

Whatever I must do, Jen. In the very least, whatever I can.

Jen stares at James a long beat as a soft glow from the moonlight begins to brighten Jen's face, she extends her arm forefinger in the lead. They fly over another outpost this one shimmers. Barely the size of a small city the buildings gather like a conglomerate of cylindrical or cigar shaped outposts each with runways centered around one large hexagonal complex.

JAMES

That's where we should be going.

Jen looks out the window alongside James as they both watch in silence the lunar city passes then fades as the light washes over them they reappear on the bright side of the moon.

JEN

It make's since, if one needed to have a directly linked in command of an array of satellites, you would need line of sight. The base has to be on this side of the moon for constant access and communication.

James nods his head.

JAMES

But where, we got lucky spotting those bases you were right.

Jen bites her lip takes a breath and looks to James.

JEN

You said you might not have flown close enough last time.

JAMES

I mean, yea but.

JEN

Fly closer.

James looks back to Jen who looks from him to straight ahead. He glances over his controls and then back to the screen as they watch the large satellite draw more near by the second.

JEN

We're over Mare Humorum now. Turn hard up there, we need to head towards Copernicus again.

JAMES

awe, thank you. Ahem'.

They continue to descend as the digital altimeter reads two thousand feet when the ground below rises up at them. A splendid length of bright powdery phosphorescent white, at its center a fantastic crater large in size, sharp with detail and wonder. The craft automatically slows as it passes by, just as fast the craters inside falls away and

they enter the next Valley vastly larger then the last.

JAMES

I'm so glad you convinced me to
descend closer, this is amazing!

JEN

(pause)

Your telling me.

JAMES

This is Mare Imbrium, right! Two of
the possible three, so I guess
let's do a perimeter check huh?

When James glances back Jen nods in agreement. He looks back to the window and down to the sides for any signs when Jen swallows and her brows furrow her eyes gloss over. They adjust their altitude as James cruises in a constant tilt over a quarter of the large uneven surface when they spot a 4 pack of tumulus in an offshoot of the north east corner of the Mare.

JAMES

There! What's that?

James points at the screen as he looks down to identify his own monitor in front of him which replies with a radar scan and a small thermal signature.

JEN

No. That's not quite what we're
looking for.

The craft's computer switches in the next instant from a soft radar scan recognition tone to a hard alert when they both turn right to see out the window. A craft in pursuit comes from the same direction and drops over the same crater.

JAMES

Um, apparently we have been
identified and locked onto?

James peers around anxiously before he leans left as the craft zips up the side of the mare when they pop up and out

of Imbrium.

JEN

There! That's more like it.

On the lower left side approaching fast is another crater deep yet smaller and self contained just off the Mare's north face. Tucked inside the crater is complex group of various sizes of satellite dishes all in a geometric proximity of each other attached to a solar power plant. The craft banks towards a single runway with a small connected multi floored building, its face a transparent glass like facade.

JAMES

Holy Shit! Either way, it'll have to do.

The craft drops down into a sharp half crescent descent finding the landing strip they approach as close as possible to the front of the building. Off two sides of the entry way are airlocks for craft to dock with.

INT.SATELLITE COMPLEX-MOON

The outer air lock doors close behind them with a hiss of steam as they step into a long corridor of the complex. A quiet still surrounds them they peer around, the over sized hallway complete with large windows in the walls and ceiling surround the airlocks.

JAMES

Where is everyone?

JEN

Maybe it's remotely operated.

They both look to each other a beat.

JAMES

You think?

Jen shrugs before they continue down the corridor in silence. when they get to the end, a sign on the wall directs Left to control Right for access. James looks to Jen rolls his eyes when they run to the right.

INT.SATELLITE NETWORK ACCESS-MOON

A large set of double glass doors automatically close behind them in silence as they step into an incredible sized dark room. Above the sky shows through a number of sky lights in the ceiling. Around them banks of neon LED's blink as fans hum. The lights in the facility come to life when they enter, rows upon rows of servers line the walls and center space to the brink. Jen looks to James.

JEN

What are you thinking?

JAMES

I don't know what I was thinking. I guess I was hoping for some kind of obvious shut off switch. At least I thought that might be easier then trying to hack an entire computer network.

Jen returns a blank stare back at James. They both take a second look around.

JAMES

Lets split up see if we can find something.

Jen nods and begins to turn away when James does the same and walks off in the opposite direction. Jen stops and watches after James then takes a deep breath and follows after him. James walks past row after row of servers over bundles of wire shaking his head as he nears the back of the room. At last he finds the end of the rows of servers and happens across a raised platform in the back corners. James finds a hand rail and two short sets of steps up. With a quick glance to both sides he ascends the few steps to the top of a small raised platform. He can now see above the servers to which he glances for Jen then to the wall where a large computer control terminal resides adjacent to a hi tech custom translucent housed transformer, its high and low voltage bushings rise above it and outside the facility like antenna's. James glances around.

JAMES

Jen. Jen!

He shakes his head then peers to the terminal and transformer behind him. James looks to the floor and behind the computer for something, anything! After a scan of the space James appears at a loss when he spots an impression on the wall between the transformer and the terminal. He moves closer and finds a seam where at its left middle is an indented button. He presses it, a click before the opposite end pops up. James pulls on the lifted tab and a latch releases the panel in the wall where inside lies the guts of the two intersecting stations of power to master terminal that continues onto the rest of the network under the floor. No master switch exists though a plethora of cable is exposed, some bundled and protected others less so with only minimal insulation.

JAMES

Jen. Hey, wherever you are keep an
eye out

James stands upright looks around the room full of servers behind him, fans hum and whir yet it's relatively quiet.

JAMES

(speaks to self)

..for some tools or gloves or
something.

When he peers back to the panel he takes a closer look and notices the configuration of wires inside run the power in a direct series circuit to the main terminal beside it then bundle in a parallel circuit to the rest of the servers out the bottom of the panel. James leans in and examines the series circuit which is composed of a handful of red and green wires of semi thick cable that appear to run smack into single row of receiving screws. He places his hand on them makes a frown and pauses as he tightens his grip around the power supply and cringes with anticipation.

JEN

Step away from the box James!

James opens his eyes and slowly turns his head to see Jen with her arms extended and the officers stainless steel gun

in hand pointed directly at him.

JAMES

Jen, What's going on?

JEN

I can't let you do that James.

JAMES

As long as no one can see the truth they're like our overlords Jen. We can't let that continue.

JEN

James, they've always been our overlords. Besides many already know and can't do anything about it. The rest, they don't even want to have a clue! They just want to go on with their blissful existence as usual. They don't want to worry about the environment, or politics, or the economy.

JAMES

That's not true. You saw it down there. everything is an illusion, everything subliminal programing, making them fall in line, disillusioned by materialism. We can change all that, we can wake them up! We can inspire them when they see the truth.

JEN

The truth! The truth is relative James. Nothing is objective anymore its all fake news. You see how they've cornered the market on reality. They can literally deny anything.

JAMES

Then what! To what end?

Jen stares back at James her eyes glossed over.

JEN

That's the billion dollar question isn't it. Our planet is changing maybe dying, our resources dried up, the others want it. Hell they already owned it! We're just waking up to that truth.

JAMES

I don't get it, what's next?

JEN

The only option left is, evacuation.

Her hands begin to get shaky.

JAMES

No! Don't you know there's still time, with a little imagination and some unity there's no end to what mankind can do.

Jen manages a smirk.

JEN

I'm a scientist James, I leave imagination up to the artists.

James shakes his head.

JAMES

Not me. I am the future.

James turns to pull the wires when the gun sounds. His vision instantly blurs as he is propelled forward to the panel. He looks down at the blood before him both on the inside of the panel and wires and on his stomach and hands. Somehow he manages to still kneel James looks up to see his bloody hand remains on the wires. He pauses with a smile then pulls at them with all his might. Jen stares at him gun still pointed and shaking heavily, a large tear in one eye that streaks down her cheek. James falls to the ground in a slump. She stands by for a beat before she breaks down and falls to his side. The main terminal next to them is out as the panel sparks from inside. The servers begin to shut off

and on, each large station hundreds of stacks hums intermittently then falls into a deep slumber.

EXT.NEW YORK CITY-DAY

A high rise in the middle of Manhattan, top floor, executive offices. An assistant walks in for the morning to her boss who stands before the window and peers out dressed in an incredible designer custom fit suit.

ASSISTANT

Just checking in and here to remind
you have of your first appointment
at 9:30am.

He turns around and is a humanoid reptilian man.

SUIT.

I told you Sharon I don't like any
meetings before breakfast and I
don't eat breakfast until nine,
sometimes ten.

A scream and the fall of a morning coffee when the suit looks up the assistant stares back stuck another beat before she turns and runs out of the office screaming.

INT.WASHINGTON D.C, WHITE HOUSE -DAY

The president walks out to a dreary gray morning to speak in front of the press. The man in his seventies with an obvious 'toupee' atop his reptilian face approaches the podium, the press fall silent in astonishment. The repulsive thing stares back at them aloof. Gasps are heard in the crowd one woman screams

PRESIDENT REPTILIAN TRUMP

What?

INT.LIVING ROOM FLORIDA BAYOU-DAY

A father dawns his Red Make America Great Again hat as he sits alongside his children they eat dinner at the couch in front of the television. The mother walks in with a tray for herself and sits.

MOTHER

Hon, who is that on the tele?

FATHER

What the Fuck!

The man presses at his remote.

TRANSITION

EXT.BRAZIL-NIGHT

The President of Brazil speaks in front of a large gathering in front of the National Congress.

PRIME MINISTER

My brother's and sisters. It is a great patience we have given thus far to our Arab neighbors but I say enough is enough!

Only a few in the audience still don't notice his change yet before their eyes no longer linger a man with salt and pepper hair, now a reptilian alien stands in front of the crowd. Many begin to speak loudly in protest others in the front pick up objects and hurl them across the stage. The President turns and sees himself plain as day on the screen behind him as he's ushered off stage.

INT.MOSCOW, RUSSIA GRAND KREMLIN PALACE-DAY

The President of Russia appears from the opened door of a back room and onto a stage behind a podium with the crest of the Kremlin to face the crowd of reporters. Hushed or bemused mumbling begins before the should be president of the peoples of Russia stops and returns a curious gaze through alien features. It takes only another beat before the media stands and his secret police rush the stage and him off to safety. The camera man turns to look at a fellow journalist who shrugs and puts up his hands with eye brows raised.

JOURNALIST

Did you get that?

CAMERA MAN

What did we just see?

EXT. PHILIPPINES-DAY

A long stretch of women and humble Philippine civilians hold up signs and toss stones at a motorcade. At its rear a plain black limo without markings or flags receives the brunt of the chaos complete with fists and 2x4's that pound against its side as the people close in around it. The man inside grins as he waves back through the soft tinted windows when the motorcade slows as it approaches an old all white state building. Police barricade the entrance when the limo door opens, a short man in a suit with a hideous reptilian face and short brown hair steps out with a staff member a female aid and head towards the building. The people immediately spot him as the crowd falls silent for a long beat including the police the nearest of whom reel in reaction before the crowd turns into a mob. Stones and people erupt into violence as one mob that rushes past and falls upon the alien creature.

FADE TO BLACK

