

THEY LIVE
REMAKE

Written by

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Based on,
They Live (1984)
By
John Carpenter

EXT.EARTH-SPACE

A DARK, STAR FILLED GALAXY STRETCHES IN AN ENDLESS BAND.

A MILKY PHOSPHORESCENCE CO-MINGLES ALONGSIDE TWO HUNDRED BILLION BLINKING STARS, EACH WINK AND BREATHE ACROSS VAST DISTANCES.

A soft electronic noise is heard followed by a faint buzz, followed by a carrier signal that cuts off.

Voices are fuzzy then Russian, English then Mandarin are heard.

A LARGE FRAMEWORK WITH LUMBERING CROSS SECTIONS, FIT WITH SOLAR PANELS, FLOATS INTO IMMEDIATE VIEW.

THE INTERNATIONAL SPACE STATION FILLS THE SCREEN, THE VIEW TILTS DOWN AND BASK IN THE SUN'S GLARE.

Earth rises into view under the space stations' apex.

THE EARTH ROTATES ON ITS AXIS TO REVEAL NORTH AMERICA'S LIGHT GRID REPLACED BY THE SUNS FIRST LIGHT.

INT.TOWN HOME BEDROOM-DAY

An alarm clock sounds.

6:00 AM.

A hand reaches up and dismisses it.

THE CLOSET DOOR AJAR, A LIGHT INSIDE IS TURNED ON, A MAN INSIDE QUIETLY DRESSES, SOMEONE SLEEPS IN THE BED.

A HALF CLOSED BATHROOM DOOR REVEALS A MAN WHO QUICKLY BRUSHES HIS TEETH.

THE STREET LAMPS OUTSIDE CLICK OFF AND LEAVE AN INDIGO-HORIZON THROUGH THE WINDOW FRAME.

A WOMAN AT THE BED STIRS AND SITS UP.

RACHEL, a youthful, groggy, mid-thirties wife and mother blinks twice, rubs her eyes then offers her arms and a half smile.

JAMES Nada shy yet charismatic husband and father appears from the bathroom in a sharp but modest suit and tie.

He leans in and receives the embrace with a thankful sentiment.

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

JAMES smiles and leaves one hand at her cheek.

JAMES
Just wish me luck, okay.

RACHEL
Good luck!

James chuckles

JAMES

Thank you.

He stands and mouths.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(whispers)

I love you.

RACHEL returns the intimate gesture.

RACHEL
I love you.

A final wave and her head returns to the pillow.

JAMES turns and walks out the bedroom.

INT.TOWNHOME-DAY
In the foyer, a briefcase is lifted
from view as JAMES exits the house.

EXT. TOWN HOME STREET-DAY

IT'S VISIBLY A DARK BLUE, THE SUN NOT YET IN SIGHT WHEN JAMES
PUSHES THE BUTTON ON HIS FAB OF HIS NEWLY LEASED LINCOLN TOWN
CAR.

The vehicle pulls away and down the street, a bus passes by
on its side is an advertisement for True Vision Eye Wear.

THE SKY A MUTE HORIZON, A THIN VEIL OF CLOUD LAYERS DARKER
HUES ATOP THE FIRST OF THE SUNS ORANGE AND RUBY RAYS.

EXT. HART SENATE OFFICE BUILDING-DAY
7:49AM.

JAMES ARRIVES AT A MODEST, ALL WHITE, SIZABLE GOVERNMENT BUILDING AND PULLS INTO THE PARKING GARAGE.

Overhead is a large billboard with True Vision printed on it followed by Coming Soon.

INT.HART SENATE OFFICE BUILDING

JAMES PASSES THROUGH THE OVER-SIZED, HIGH CEILING, MULTI-STORIED FOYER.

JAMES checks in at security and is handed a badge.

He passes through two corridors that arrive at a set of elevators.

JAMES NAVIGATES HIS WAY TO CORNER OFFICES WHERE AT LAST ARRIVES THE CORRECT ONE.

On the wall outside the framed door is an inscribed name plate.

-SENATOR MARTIN VERUM-

JAMES looks at his watch, takes a breath, pushes the door open and walks in.

INT. SENATOR VERUM'S OFFICE-DAY

A SENIOR MEMBER OF THE SENATORS STAFF STANDS BY.

SECRETARY
Good morning.

She briskly takes a seat at her desk and turns her computer on.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
You'll have to pardon me. You're the first visitor this morning.

JAMES
No problem, please. I'm early.

SECRETARY
Awe, then you must be the new Legislative Assistant. I'm the Executive Assistant, Francis.

She motions for James to a seat.

Punctual, good for you.

JAMES

Yes, um.

JAMES looks around as the woman stands about then walks over to the television on the wall and lifts the remote.

THE TELEVISION COMES ONTO C-SPAN.

Another button and picture in picture pops up in the corner with news on its usual rotation.

FRANCIS

He's not here.

Francis nods to no one in particular.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Often he's off to the Capital building or where ever the days first meetings, panels or briefings are to be held.

JAMES glances around the office, a picture on the wall pulls his attention.

THE SENATOR POSES WITH PRESIDENT OBAMA, HE RECEIVES A GOLDEN GAVEL FOR HOURS SERVED ON SENATE SUB COMMITTEE HEARINGS.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Afternoon and evenings here till late. He works with the usual couple assistants. Sometimes a handful of our favorite Senators or Representatives grace us time to time.

JAMES nods.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Last night he was here til early morning.

This time James eye brows raise, he appears to feign a smile.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

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

JAMES

hah, um. Indeed.

FRANCIS

All in due time, today will mostly be orientation and Clearance procedures. Then we'll play a little catch up and jump right into current sub committee reviews.

Francis taps at her computer, motions to the seat and starts toward the back before she pauses.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

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 nods to the T.V.

FRANCIS

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

INT.RUSSELL SENATE BUILDING-DAY
10:08 A.M.

THE SENATOR SITS FRONT AND CENTER OF A SENATE SUB COMMITTEE HEARING.

The committee convenes, the Senator lifts his gavel and calls the session to order.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

This Panel reconvenes on the matter of misappropriations of the Defense Departments Annual Budget.

EVERYONE IN THE CHAMBER, QUIETS AND TAKES A SEAT.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)

Yesterday we heard testimony from the Inspector General, his office reports a YTD miss-appropriations of 6.5 Trillion in tax payer revenue.

A number of individuals continue to enter the room, two approach then sit in the front row.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)

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

THE MAN AND HIS SILENT PARTNER STAND, APPROACH A CENTER TABLE AND ARE SEATED.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Hello Senator.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Hello. Well, I'd like to get right to it if we may. Please share with us?

Senator Verum thumbs through a number of papers in his file.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)

How it is that your office can have such deplorable standards and practices for spending?

The senator eyes both gentleman then continues.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)

Can we assume that you are here to furnish this panel with a more accurate register for the current YTD budget?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Sir, to date the data used to prepare the FY 2025 as well as 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
Sir, are you here only to repeat
what this panel is already aware
of? To top that you're telling us
that your office will not be
furnishing the requested documents?

CUT TO:

INT. SENATOR VERUM'S OFFICE-DAY

THE T.V. HIGH MOUNT APPEARS TO BOAST THE SENATORS POSITION.

JAMES

Ahem.

He is quick isn't he.

James nods in agreement.

FRANCIS

He is and expects you to be as
well. My guess is you are or you
wouldn't be here.

James straightens his tie.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

He is quite adept at vetting new
hires.

FRANCIS THUMBS OVER HER SHOULDER AT THE WALL FULL PHOTOS OF
PROFESSIONALS AND SENATORS.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Every single person has gone on to
achieve their own prestigious
positions.

A diplomatic collage, military brass and past assistants
turned Washingtons *finest* decorate the doors side wall.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

I'm sure you know that or you
wouldn't be here spinning your
wheels here, as it were.

An anxious smile JAMES lifts his head and retorts.

JAMES

I admit I'd like to pursue a future
in this building. Possibly in the
same role as the Senator some day.

SECRETARY

Hmm, I think even the Senator has found some modesty in that regard as of late.

James slowly tilts his head.

Francis glances at James.

FRANCIS

I admire your honesty though.

James blushes.

FRANCIS RETURNS TO HER COMPUTER, PASSES OVER THE DAYS SCHEDULE THEN STOPS AND BRISKLY TYPES A TEXT.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

That is something lacking around here. Most would rather line their trousers over representing their real constituents.

James nods then turns back at the T.V.

ON THE SCREEN, THE SUB COMMITTEE SESSION DISBANDS, THE SENATOR PEERS DOWN AT HIS PHONE THEN UP AT THE CAMERA.

James notices and returns his attention to the office and turns to Francis.

FRANCIS OBSERVES JAMES AS SHE FINISHES HER TASK.

TRANSITION:

INT. RUSSELL SENATE BUILDING-DAY

ASSISTANT SECRETARY

I'm simply stating sir, as I am here at the request of this panel.

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY PEERS DOWN AT THE SINGLE PAGE IN FRONT OF HIM.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY (CONT'D)

I am here to inform any, *It May Concern*, the Army has found the following "General Funds and Adjustments" were not adequately documented. Therefore this triggered system deficiencies that concluded in Adjustment Errors".

The Senator appears at his wits end as he takes a solemn breath.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
That part Assistant Secretary, we understand and is the underlying purpose this committee was convened.

HE GLANCES AROUND THEN BACK AT THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)
Am I to understand you are only going to repeat the same statements made by our sub-committee, address the problem nor suggest a solution?

ASSISTANT SECRETARY
Sir?

Senator Verum glances around at his associates as he closes his files

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
It is this panels "Official Position", a system *need be* put in place to monitor and verify those deficiencies and adjustments. If the Army cant do so within the proper allocated time.

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

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
You'll have to forgive me, that sounds like more rhetoric. Is that what all this is son, just routine rhetoric.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY
No sir.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
Uh huh. It is in that vein that this committee formally requests the Army FM&C provide additional statements for this report by the close of this panels inquiry.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY
Yes sir.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
I have a hard time believing such a
feat will be achieved given this
blatant history.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY
Yes sir.

The Senator dismisses his case paperwork, sternly peers at
the FM&C Assistant Secretary.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
Please, stop. At this point you
sound like a broken record

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY BEGINS TO SAY SOMETHING, THE SENATOR
WAVES HIM OFF.

TRANSITION:

INT.TOWNHOME-NIGHT

JAMES CLOSSES THE DOOR, SETS DOWN HIS BRIEFCASE, TAKES OFF HIS
SUIT JACKET AND LOOSENS HIS TIE.

RACHEL
(half shouts)
Is that daddy!

James smiles then glances down at his briefcase.

He smirks at his briefcase, lifts it and crosses through the
living room into the kitchen and dining room.

RACHEL PREPS DINNER, SHE ALSO PUTS THE LAST GROCERIES AWAY.

Kyle, a plucky, 5 year old plays with a fire truck on the
floor.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
How was your first day?

JAMES SETS THE BRIEFCASE IN FRONT OF KYLE'S FIRE TRUCK IN
MOTION.

JAMES
Hah.

Kyle runs his fire truck into the briefcase.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I felt a little silly carrying this
around all day.

Rachel baulks.

RACHEL
You mean that brand new, snazzy
briefcase I bought you when you
passed the bar.

James stumbles and attempts to recover.

JAMES
Oh ah.

RACHEL
That you never use, by the way!

JAMES
I just mean, Ehem. That it remained
empty and by my side. Like some
kind of giant wallet.

RACHEL
(attempts to hold laugh)
Ha heh. Ohh!

JAMES
I'm just glad no one could see
inside.

RACHEL
Aren't you a funny guy.

JAMES
It's just a little ironic. I nor my
briefcase did much of anything
today.

Rachel appears sympathetic, still s giggle escapes.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I didn't even meet the Senator.

JAMES DROPS TO A KNEE NEAR KYLE.

RACHEL
Really.

James and Kyle exchange smiles before James reaches down,
picks him up and lifts him into his arms.

JAMES
I saw him on C-Span like everyone
else.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

He grilled the Assistant Accountant for the Army or *something*. You should have heard him, he was tough.

RACHEL OBSERVES THE JAMES ZEAL.

RACHEL

(laughs)

Tough and CSpan are two subjects, I've never heard used in a sentence together.

James leans back then sets Kyle down.

JAMES

Oh, your still getting 'em in. Huh?

James blushes then leans into Rachel.

RACHEL

I'm sure the Senator will be stoked to learn he has a real fan on staff. Although "Assistant Accountant for the army or something?" Someone needs to do their homework.

JAMES

Ha Hah, I know. I do.

THEY LEAN IN TOGETHER, SHARE A BRIEF BUT TENDER KISS, RACHEL RUBS THEN PATS JAMES CHEST BEFORE SHE STEPS AWAY.

RACHEL

Hmm, okay then.

Rachel peers down at Kyle with smile.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

My two gentlemen, shall we eat?

Kyle grins as he nods.

RACHEL walks to the table with a salad and sets it down.

James follows with a small, rotisserie chicken and places it on the table.

RACHEL HELPS KYLE INTO HIS SEAT AND THEY BOTH SIT BESIDE HIM, HOLD HANDS, BLESS THEIR MEAL.

TRANSITION:

INT.SENATOR VERUMS OFFICE-DAY

IT'S EARLY, THE OFFICES AND HALLWAYS ARE QUITE.

In a cramped, meeting room is a single person surrounded by dockets, files and his briefcase.

PAGES ARE READ, FLIPPED, AND LOOKED AT THEN THUMBED BACK THROUGH AGAIN.

One file folder lays open for reference when another one is pulled, opened and stacked on top.

JAMES, alone at the table, packet open reaches for his coffee sips it then makes a face.

JAMES

Bleh.

JAMES PUSHES THE MUG BACK.

He peers at the open door and quiet hall before he returns his eyes to the volume of dockets that surround.

James grabs the coffee anyway and continues on.

THE SUN SHIFTS BEHIND HIM AS THE NEXT FEW HOURS PASS BY, EACH OF THE DOCKETS ARE OPENED, BINDERS SPLAYED ON THE TABLE THEN SET TO THE SIDE.

JAMES turns his head as FRANCIS steps into the room, a new hot coffee in hand and extends it.

HIS EYES RAISE FROM THE EMPTY MUG TO FRANCIS.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Oh, thank you.

FRANCIS

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

JAMES

Yea, well you weren't kidding when you said, "catch me up".

James and Francis glance to the dockets of case files on the table, FRANCIS holds back a grin.

JAMES TAKES A SIP THEN STRETCHES FOR THE NEXT IN THE DOCKET.

FRANCIS

Good, good.

James raises his head.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Since your working so diligently, I think you have earned a peek at the current mis-appropriations case.

JAMES

The budget?

FRANCIS

Surely, It's quite a doozy. Let's see if you can make anything of it.

JAMES

Alright.

FRANCIS

He'd be impressed if you were already up to speed.

James nods.

Francis leaves and disappears around the corner.

A LONG BEAT AND SHE RETURNS WITH A FIRST THEN A SECOND DOLLY FULL OF BOXES.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

Don't let it intimidate you. They pulled it all apart.

James less confident feigns a smile.

JAMES

Hah, uh huh.

FRANCIS

A good deal of the prep work is done.

FRANCIS POINTS TO THE TOP LEFT BOX OF THE TWO STACKS.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

The left side is broken into original inventory and correlating statements.

She next points to the adjacent, right stack of boxes.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)

The right is Orders, allocated funds and adjustments.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 You'll find as we have, that there
 are a good deal of *potholes*. Over
 pricing, multi-purchases,
 duplicitous services and job
 descriptions.

JAMES curious, pulls open the box from the left side.

HE LIFTS AN OFFICIAL ARMY FM&C DOCKET AND SETS IT DOWN AND
 MOVES EVERYTHING ELSE ASIDE.

FRANCIS WALKS OUT.

JAMES lifts his fresh mug, takes a big sip and opens the new
 docket.

INT.SENATOR VERUM'S OFFICE-NIGHT

JAMES WORKS AT THE FILES IN FRONT OF HIM TILL HIS EYES BLUR.

He rubs at them as number of lights go dark, one after
 another exits the offices.

JAMES DOESN'T TAKES NOTICE THE SUNSETS OVER THIS SHOULDER.

A short time more Francis shuts off her computer and
 approaches the door frame of the room.

FRANCIS
 Still at it, huh? Okay.

JAMES LIFTS HIS HEAD FEIGNS ANOTHER SMILE TAKES A DEEP BREATH
 AND SCOOTs HIS CHAIR BACK.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 Probably that time, what do you
 say?

James shakes his head.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
 Besides, if they keep up today's
 antics. You'll have plenty more
 nights to catch up.

HE GLANCES AT THE PAGES OF LINE ITEMS IN THE INVENTORY AND
 RUNS HIS FINGER ACROSS ONE ITEM.

Two binders are open in front of him, one marked Adjusted.

FRANCIS GROWS IMPATIENT, SHE WAITS.

ITEM #2 ARE # ORDERS OF BRADLEY FIGHTING VEHICLE(S) FOR HALF A BILLION. HALF THE ORDER APPEARS ON THE ADJUSTED SIDE.

JAMES

Fourth Quarter states Fulfilled. 2 orders, Paid in Full.

James crooks his head, scratches it.

HE highlights and circles the line item then takes a breath stands and pushes in his chair.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Hmm.

James puts his jacket, him and Francis turn as they hear someone approach.

SENATOR VERUM ENTERS WITH SOMEONE IN TOW, BOTH APPEAR FATIGUED.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Francis, good evening! Is it that time already?

FRANCIS

Indeed it is sir. But this is good, you two can be properly introduced.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Awe, right.

FRANCIS

This is JAMES NADA. Impressively he has been in here all day, playing catch up.

The Senator nods to JAMES, modest he nods in return.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Very admirable James.

JAMES

Ehem, no problem sir.

James rubs at his face, the Senator gives him a once over.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Well I'd say you earned it, get some rest then. Huh.

He pats James on the shoulder.

FRANCIS

Also, he did get as far as the DOD
Mis- Appropriations case files.
Quite diligent, if I say so myself.

SENATOR VERUM STOPS AGAIN AND NODS TO FRANCIS THEN TURNS BACK
TO JAMES.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

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

JAMES

Yes sir.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

We'll have to have a chat about her
sometime. Though I'm sure, a lot
has changed.

JAMES shakes his head.

JAMES

Some. Some not so much.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Hah. Of course.

The Senator smiles.

FRANCIS

Alright, well. We're on our way out
I told JAMES, I'm certain their
will be many more chances at late
nights.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

You know it. Nice to meet you
James.

This time the Senator extends his hand.

James takes it with a proud hand shake.

JAMES

Yes sir Nice to meet you. Good
night.

JAMES TURNS AND FOLLOWS FRANCIS, THE SENATOR CONTINUES IN THE
OPPOSITE.

INT.TOWN HOME-NIGHT

James walks into the house, Rachel and Kyle sit at the couch and watch T.V.

KYLE

Daddy!

RACHEL

Hey, there he is.

JAMES

Hey buddy! Hi baby.

Rachel smiles and leans into James for a kiss.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Still up, eh?

RACHEL

Well, we knew it was a long day on the new job.

She motions to Kyle.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

He thought we should wait up. So we could say good night.

James approaches his son, leans over and gives him for a warm hug.

JAMES

Awe, you guys didn't have too but I'm glad you did.

KIDS

We missed you daddy! How was your day?

JAMES

It was long, you got that part right.

RACHEL

Alright then. Let's make it too bed.

KYLE

Awe mom, already.

RACHEL

You know what time it is.

KYLE
It's late.

RACHEL
Daddy can tell you all about his
day, when it's not so late.

KYLE
Okay, mom.

Kyle turns to his father.

KYLE (CONT'D)
Daddy will you tuck me in, please!

JAMES
Of course. Did you already brush
your teeth?

They begin to head down the hallway.

GRACE
Yes momma had me do it before T.V.

James nods in appreciation at both Kyle and Rachel.

JAMES
Then you're all set. I might even
have some time to read to you.

Kyle runs to be first to his room.

KYLE
Yes!

INT.CHILDREN ROOM-NIGHT

James leans into Kyle.

JAMES
Good night love bug.

KYLE
Good night big bug. Heh ha heh.

JAMES
That's daddy bug to you!

JAMES LENDS A GENTLE NUGGIE TO THE TOP OF KYLES HEAD.

KYLE
(giggle)
Ha Heh.

RACHEL WATCHES FROM THE DOOR.

JAMES stands and crosses to her.

RACHEL
Good night buddy.

KYLE
Good night.

JAMES
Love you Kyle. Thanks for waiting
up for me.

KYLE
Love you too. Love you Mama.

RACHEL
I love you.

JAMES PULLS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM THEN STOPS, LOOKS BACK IN AND
SMILES AT KYLE.

He walks away and leaves the door ajar.

INT.MASTER BEDROOM-NIGHT

JAMES SITS AT THE BEDSIDE, REMOVES HIS TIE AND EXHALES.

RACHEL
That kind of day, already.

JAMES
No. Just a table and endless files.

RACHEL
You ready for bed?

James frowns.

JAMES
I should probably do a bit more.

RACHEL
Alright not too much more. You need
your rest too !

JAMES
Thanks.

RACHEL
(chuckles)
Love you.

JAMES

Love you.

She leans in, kisses him on the cheek then turns off the bedside lamp.

JAMES PULLS HIS GLASSES AND A TABLET FROM HIS BEDSIDE NIGHTSTAND AND BEGINS TO READ.

TRANSITION

INT.SENATOR VERUM'S OFFICE-DAY

A single, quiet, security type dawns dark, *True Vision* Sun Glasses in the foyer.

ITS QUIET IN THE HALLS AS JAMES TIGHTENS HIS TIE, ONE OF THE FIRST IN.

James heads for the small meeting room, he spots a light already on.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

This is a long standing drama, one
I aim to survive.

THE SENATOR HESITATES IN A DOWNWARD STARE THEN BACK AT HIS TWO GUESTS.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)

That being said, I am still with
you. If and when the opportunity
arises.

JAMES SLOWS AS HE NEARS THE MEETING ROOM.

CONGRESSWOMAN

If they can experience it this way,
that would mean full disclosure for
everyone.

She looks both men firmly in the eyes.

James leans ever so closer to see and hear.

CONGRESSWOMAN (CONT'D)

We have to risk it.

INSIDE THE ROOM IS THE SENATOR WITH TWO OTHERS, A CONGRESSWOMAN AND A SHARP-DRESSED, CEO TYPE.

TRUEVISION CEO

As for True Vision, this is a big
move and an even bigger ask.
Believe me, I know.

Senator Verum moves to take a step, he too wears a sleek,
dark pair of True Vision Glasses.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

As I understand it, we might not
get another chance.

Solemn, they all nod.

SENATOR VERUM PEERS PAST HIS ACQUAINTANCES TOO SPOT JAMES,
THEY LOCK EYES.

The others in the room follow his gaze then break circle and
begin to shuffle out of the room.

SENATOR VERUM TAKES THE GLASSES FROM HIS HEAD, RETURNS THEM
TO A CASE THEN TO THE CEO HIMSELF.

They all pause in the hallway.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)

James. Everyone I'd like you to
meet, my most dedicated staff
member.

JAMES

Um, hah. Uh, Hello.

The two return a mix of vague expressions and the Senator.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

James this is True Vision Creator
and CEO and CONGRESSWOMAN HUDGINS.

JAMES

Hah. No worries, the honor I'm sure
is mine.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

JAMES is already proven to be a
promising contributor to the team.
Even aspires to be of service in
this very institution some day.

JAMES lifts his head then nods to each.

SENATOR SHORE

The future, one might say.

They pause and stare back at him.

CONGRESSWOMAN HUDGINS

Indeed.

James fidgets.

JAMES

Kind of you sir.

They force a smile then break on Senator Verums lead.

The guests follow the Senator until they the office door.

SENATOR VERUM bids them farewell before he walks back to JAMES.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Cease the day now, shall we.

The Senator nods in earnest then walks away.

JAMES RETURNS TO HIS FILES AT THE TABLE IN THE LITTLE MEETING ROOM.

Behind him the sun rises through the office windows.

FIRST FRANCIS THEN THE REST OF THE STAFF ARRIVE.

James reads Federal Codes, Statutes and Legislature Revised volume #23, 2016-2024.

A NUMBER OF WINDOWS ON HIS COMPUTER ARE OPEN, THE SENATORS SCHEDULE, CONGRESSIONAL HEARINGS CALENDAR AND THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS' LINKED DATA SERVICES SYSTEM.

Francis brings todays fresh coffee, James accepts it place of lunch.

Case after case, past hearings, James pours over the files.

THE MAJORITY OF OFFICE STAFF SHUFFLE OUT AS THE SUN SETS.

Outside parking and street lights come on.

James peers up, Senator Verum stands behind him with a broad, modest smile.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)

You should join us in the meeting room.

JAMES STANDS UP, YAWNS AND FOLLOWS.

EXT.SENATOR VERUM'S OFFICE-NIGHT

James follows in approach of the Senators Office.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
Come in and have a bite. You've
earned it.

They stop at the door way.

JAMES
I don't want to intrude.

SENATOR
Non-sense. Besides we're all
curious to hear if you've found
anything.

THE SENATOR SMILES AND LIFTS HIS HAND AS HE USHERS THE WAY.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
Please, come in.

James walks in.

INT.SENATORS VERUMS MEETING ROOM-NIGHT

JAMES
Evening everyone.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
I'd like to formally introduce
everyone. This is James Nada, our
new Legislative Assistant.

JAMES TURNS TO EACH AS THEY INTRODUCE THEMSELVES.

1ST MAN
MIKE EASIL, Chief of Staff.

Cordially each smiles.

2ND WOMAN
LISA SHARP, Press and
Communications Director.

3RD MAN
THOMAS YOUNG, Executive Assistant.

JAMES
It's great to meet you all. Anyway
I can, please don't hesitate.

THE SENATOR EXTENDS HIS HAND AND FURTHER USHERS JAMES TO AN EMPTY SEAT.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
Let's see if we can bring JAMES up
to speed, shall we?

The Senator leers at Thomas, he begrudgingly stands flattens his tie and exhales.

THOMAS YOUNG
Hmm, alright. Where to start?

Thomas leans in and squints at James.

THOMAS YOUNG (CONT'D)
Yes well. While this might be a
hearing for miss-appropriations.
It's not the first time for the
DOD.

Each person glances up from their notes or documents.

JAMES TAKES NOTICE, MAKES HIMSELF ATTENTIVE AND PULLS HIS PEN AND PAD.

THOMAS YOUNG (CONT'D)
It would appear *once in a while* the
congressional oversight shifts to
accommodate the rotation, of the
newly designated sub-committee.

James nods his head, the others in the room appear to await his reply.

THOMAS
In this case that method is quite
beneficial.

JAMES LOOKS FROM ONE PERSON TO THE NEXT, FROM THE SENATOR BACK TO THOMAS.

JAMES
I thought this was an
accountability hearing for mis-
allocations.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
It's certainly passed off like a
simple matter of mismanagement.

THOMAS YOUNG

One that should be caught,
corrected and adjusted in due
process with no need for further
contingencies.

JAMES

I'm not sure I follow.

THOMAS YOUNG

Did you notice anything, out of
place?

JAMES

Sure, after some cost analysis and
line item reductions.

James glances up.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Um, upon a closer look.. Purchase
orders, item counts, costs,
allocations.. Just about anything
could be off.

James shakes his head.

JAMES (CONT'D)

By the fourth quarter, receipts and
accounting adjusts.

Thomas glances at the Senator.

THE SENATOR LIFTS ONE BROW.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Except for the YTD allocations. The
expenditures reflect the initial
inflated budget.

James looks up from his notes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

The original mis-allocations still
exist and extraordinarily at that.

THOMAS GRINS AT JAMES THEN GLANCES TO SPOT THE SENATOR NOD,
EVEN MIKE APPEARS IMPRESSED.

THOMAS YOUNG

Last year alone, it was to the tune
of \$48 billion.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
Let's put this in perspective,
shall we.

THE SENATOR STANDS STRAIGHTENS HIS TIE.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)
Rumsfeild was quoted when
investigating the same
"discrepancies" in 2001.. A total
Miss- appropriation of funds to
date to be 2.3 Trillion Dollars.

James watches as sighs and scoffs are shared all around.

THOMAS YOUNG
By the time we or anyone publishes
the findings or brings the case to
review, those very same allocations
have adjusted and appear accurate.

LISA SHARP
Making us look we're the one's who
can't do our jobs.

JAMES
So what's it all going too? Black
ops or..?

THOMAS YOUNG
Those already have allocations
listed under Classified Operations,
Special Access Programs, etc.

JAMES FLIPS THROUGH HIS DOCUMENTS AND FINDS THE APPROPRIATE
LINE ITEMS AND NODS HIS HEAD.

JAMES
Then what?

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
When we examined the total missing
appropriations versus the annual
budget.

The Senator thumbs over the dockets in front of James.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)
Nearly half the Annual Budget is
mis-allocated.

THOMAS YOUNG
Almost every years annual budget is
bloated.

MIKE EASIL

Some funds are allocated for
Special Access Programs, we don't
know how or from where? I won't
even touch deliverables.

Silence.

THE SENATOR REACHES FOR HIS CUP OF WATER AND GLANCES TO HIS
SENIOR ASSISTANTS FOR FEEDBACK.

Thomas nods, so does Lisa.

James peers at each.

JAMES

What did you find?

Mike feels eyes asses him, he lends a cynical shrug.

MIKE EASIL

Your not going to believe this. In
fact, I challange you try.

Lisa leans in.

LISA SHARP

Most don't or won't.

Mike rubs his temples and sighs.

MIKE EASIL

Hell, I'm not sure I still want
too.

THE SENATOR FILLS A GLASS WITH WATER, PLACES IT IN FRONT OF
JAMES.

He pours his own then crosses to a chair.

ONCE THERE HE TAKES A SIP, SETS IT DOWN AND REMAINS STANDING
BEHIND THE SEAT.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Back when we called ourselves
colonists, the creation of the
first American "companies" birthed
an ideal.

MIKE EASIL

Fast forward 300 years and all the
companies still necessary have,
consolidated.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
A global initiative to maintain and
enable modernization.

James scratches his head with a wry curiosity.

THOMAS YOUNG
At the core of those consolidations
is the modern incorporated,
American Government.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
After World War 2, a slew of new
insights led a few, to an
inevitable and undeniable
foresight.

THOMAS YOUNG
One of which was the baby boom,
leading to over population.

MIKE EASIL
The other is the military
industrial complex.

THE SENATOR AGREES YET HOLDS ONE HAND AND FOREFINGER AT MIKE.

LISA SHARP
Sheesh, even god should be worried.

MIKE EASIL
All that and the emerging "Space
Race".

JAMES BLINKS AND SITS BACK IN HIS SEAT IN AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE
THE CONNECTIONS.

Each assistant in turn faces James.

MIKE EASIL (CONT'D)
The seat of the Space race was
surely seen as a public campaign
governed by NASA, "a civilian space
agency"?

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
I assure you, it was anything but.

The Senator takes a long sip of water.

LISA SHARP
NASA is a joint venture between the
Air Force, Department of Defense
and congress.

LISA STEPS TO THE WHITE BOARD, EVERYONE WATCHES AS SHE GRABS THE BLUE AND RED MARKER AND DRAWS THE NASA LOGO.

LISA SHARP (CONT'D)
Shoring up public interest, the Pentagon was able to create immediate funding for the project.

Lisa splashes some dots for stars to wrap up the illustration.

THOMAS YOUNG
Meanwhile, Standard Operating Procedure is "NDA's" for every Officer on the shuttle.

The Senator allows each to make their point.

MIKE EASIL
Compartmentalization and Unofficial briefs are the M.O. for all NASA employees and staff, astronauts or otherwise.

THOMAS YOUNG
The public sector was shown a trip to the moon, such a strong start yet a sad fate awaited our civilian space agency.

Lisa attempts optimism.

LISA SHARP
At least it sparked international treaties, continued research and shared space habitats.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
We also found an alternate and likely initiative was underway.

NODS FROM ASSISTANTS SHOW THE MAJORITY CONCUR, THE MOOD IN THE OFFICE BECOMES HUSH.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)
The first Army documents and submissions were as early as 1957 right, Mike?

Mike thumbs through his notes.

MIKE EASIL

Yes, Um Project Horizon..Requests a budget grant of \$10 million dollars.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

While these infamous submissions were denied by congress, ultimately NASA was green lit. One further with an adamant mission to the moon.

THOMAS YOUNG

Over time it was ultimately agreed that the military should have control over Space.

MIKE EASIL

Many within the intelligence community say the Cold War was a cover for the true mission.

MIKE RAISES HIS EYE BROWS IN AN IMPOSING AND RHETORICAL MANNER.

JAMES

A space program?

They push forward since James appears to keep up.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

Precisely.

MIKE EASIL

A two-for.

LISA SHARP

1 face, two clearly separate missions, with multi appendages, equals endless funding of this multi faceted organization.

James covers his mouth, still he lets out a gasp.

MIKE EASIL

Some have even called it a "secret" space program.

JAMES REVEALS A DOUBTFUL EXPRESSION TO MIKE, HE GLANCES TO THE SENATOR WHO LENDS A CREDIBLE NOD.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
If one audits those allocations,
something much larger begins to
emerge.

THOMAS YOUNG
In 1965 the army shows the first
signs of miss-appropriations.

MIKE EASIL
Only a few short years later, the
original request along with the
army's originally submitted "3-
phase moon program - Project
Horizon" total budget is achieved
via mis allocations.

THOMAS YOUNG
In 1972 the year Werner Von Braun
retired from head of NASA; From
that year forward the same methods
are used and rarely reviewed.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
one can only assume, oversight
was.. "expedited".

James looks around and centers a hand under his chin.

JAMES
How, high does this go?

LISA SHARP
That's just it. Nobody knows!

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
By the looks of all who help cover
its tracks, it goes pretty high.

LISA SHARP
It's deep seated in every facet of
modern industry.

THOMAS YOUNG
Another reason for all the
corporate consolidations?

MIKE EASIL
A select few run the show, everyone
else just hopes to be "allowed" on
board.

Thomas scoffs and Lisa shivers.

LISA SHARP

Ugh, another reason to be all the more cautious.

JAMES

So, let me get this straight.

JAMES TURNS AND FACES EACH.

JAMES (CONT'D)

You all think there is a national, multi-conglomerate "secret space program" woven into the American Defense and Aerospace Programs.

Mike interjects.

MIKE EASIL

International, any governments could be in on it?

Mike glances from the Senator to Thomas.

THE SENATOR CROSSES HIS ARMS.

THOMAS YOUNG

Likely anyone with an Aerospace program.

Thomas and Mike look to Lisa.

LISA SHARP

Everyone with nuclear power is likely on the list.

JAMES STARES BACK, THE GROUP RETURN HIS ATTENTION.

THOMAS YOUNG

Us, Canada, UK, France, Russia, China, India, Japan..

JAMES

To what end?

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM

That, remains to be seen.

MIKE EASIL

Power, greed, money, control. Take your pick.

LISA SHARP
Definitely control.

THOMAS YOUNG
And good ole' global domination!

Mike snickers in approval.

MIKE EASIL
As we steer closer to the 21st
century, whoever controls space-
controls Earth.

The Senator lets up from his only bite and paces the area
around him.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
Hmmm, and we're just scratching at
the surface of this.

JAMES SQUINTS AT THE SENATOR.

LISA SHARP
There's more.

MIKE EASIL
There's always more.

FRANCIS ROUNDS THE CORNER WITH TAKE OUT.

They each perk up, James stands to help Francis.

Francis and James bring in several boxes.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
Won't you join us Francis?

FRANCIS
Thank you, I'm happy to be headed
home for the evening. Thats if you
won't be needing me anymore?

THE SENATOR IS HANDED A BOX, HE OPENS AND IS DELIGHTED.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Besides I'm likely not cleared to
over hear anything you all may or
may not be talking about.

The Senator moves to ask, when he spots his silver ware
inside the box and removes it as he sits.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
Touche' Francis, Touche'.

FRANCIS
On that note.

Francis turns and walks away.

LISA SHARP
Thank You Francis.

THOMAS YOUNG
Thanks

MIKE EASIL
Yes, thank You Francis.

JAMES CROSSES WITH FOOD WITH NAPKIN, YET HOLDS TIGHT WHILE
THE OTHERS DIVE IN.

JAMES
You said, this just scratches the
surface?

Each glance up, in hopes the other answers.

THE SENATOR TAKES A BITE AND NOTICES JAMES INABILITY TO EAT
THEN CLEARS HIS THROAT.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
We recognized some of the
"discrepancies" and began to dig
deeper when a communique was sent
to us.

The Senator takes a sip of water.

THOMAS YOUNG
It was the original army submission
for "Project Horizon" and it's "3
phase moon base".

MIKE EASIL
A week later more government
documents were leaked to us.

LISA SHARP
Most were declassified by the
Freedom of Information Act. Special
Access Programs and their Budgets.

MIKE EASIL
There was Project Paper Clip,
followed by Project Sign then
Sigma, the Eisenhower Briefing and
Project Serpo.

LISA SHARP
The last named specifically after
the infamous Reagan debriefing
memos.

JAMES
Infamous?

MIKE BITES HIS LIP WHEN HIM AND THOMAS GLANCE TO THE SENATOR.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
It would appear a "Secret Space
Program" is only half of the issue.
There is something much darker at
play.

The office staff each devour their food.

Mike and Thomas get up and discard their waste in the basket
beside the wall.

James settles in and awaits for his chance to press on.

MIKE POSTURES IN HIS CHAIR, THE SENATOR TAKES A SINGLE BITE
THEN WIPES HIS HANDS.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)
All that brings you too where we
are now.

JAMES
okay, it's a lot.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
As I said there is something more
lurid, beneath the surface.

MIKE EASIL
It's.. a little odd to explain.

THOMAS YOUNG
That's in the works too.

MIKE EASIL
Ehem!

THOMAS CATCHES HIMSELF, GLANCES AT MIKE THEN THE SENATOR, HE
APPEARS STOIC.

James follow their cues.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
One thing at a time, one day at a
time.

THOMAS YOUNG
Of course. Sorry sir.

THE SENATOR SHAKES IT OFF AND CONTINUES.

They all return their attention to James.

MIKE EASIL
So we wanted to catch you up more
over see how you take it all
honestly.

James tilts his head and clears his throat..

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
We know it's a lot to take in at
once.

LISA SHARP
We found out together with a bit of
help and figured out the rest over
time.

MIKE EASIL
Unfortunately you have still more
to catch you up all the way, if you
can?

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
That is, if you want to be part of
the team on this one?

JAMES
Uh, yeah.

JAMES BLINKS MORE THAN ONCE AS HE MULLS OVER THE IRONY AND
RAMIFICATIONS.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I mean I can't imagine not after
all that?

Mike and the Senator exchange soft chuckles, the others add
their two cents.

MIKE EASIL
Believe me when I tell you kid, you
haven't seen nothing yet!

James perks his eye brows, Lisa giggles in the foreground.

THOMAS YOUNG
Usually, it's too much.

MIKE EASIL
Most People just want to remain,
blissfully unaware?

LISA SHARP
Pretty sure, that's why we have
politicians in the first place.

Lisa forms an apologetic expression after the fact and turns to the Senator.

LISA SHARP (CONT'D)
No offense sir.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
None taken. I'm afraid your correct
about that last one too dear.

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

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)
Everyone here has been on this case
with me for over two months.

THE SENATOR ADDS A THANKFUL GESTURE TO HIS STAFF.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)
I'm hoping you'll join us full time
as of tomorrow, so they can get in
a little rest.

JAME GLANCES TO EACH THEN TO THE SENATOR.

JAMES
I'd be humbled too.

THOMAS YOUNG
You sure will.

LISA SHARP
We all have been, by this one.

EACH NODS AN AFFIRMATIVE, STANDS, GRABS THEIR THINGS AND
SHUFFLE TOWARDS THE DOOR.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
Honestly I'm not sure we can do
much about this particular aspect-
none the less, we'll use it.

James closely regards the Senators demeanor.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)
 Tomorrow we'll pick up with the
 next barrage of insight.

MIKE EASIL
 One would definitely say, it takes
 prerogative.

Thomas and Lisa nod in agreement.

James scans each helpless looks to the Senator.

JAMES
 Okay.

James lends an anxious chuckle.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM
 In the meanwhile, everyone stay in
 regular contact. I'm off to my
 meeting.

The senator takes his 3rd and final bite, closes his box and
 glances to his wrist watch.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)
 In fact I better get out of here
 before I make myself late. If
 anything..

THE SENATOR PAUSES BRIEFLY AND HOLDS MIKE, LISA AND THOMAS IN
 A GAZE.

SENATOR MARTIN VERUM (CONT'D)
 You know what to do.

THEY ALL PEER TO THE SENATOR CONCERNED.

James returns a dazed and curious gaze.

INT.TOWN HOME-DAY

JAMES WALKS IN TO THE HOUSE.

Everyone is asleep, still and quiet.

He hangs his coat 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 and pauses, repositions his pillow, lays beside her then stares into space.

FADE TO BLACK

Int.Townhome, Master Bedroom-Night

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 crosses into the living room to see his wife and child distraught in front of the television.

JAMES JOINS THEM AT THE COUCH AS A "BREAKING NEWS" REPORTS ON THE DEATH OF SENATOR VERUM.

Kyle glares from the television to his parents.

Mouth open Rachel turns to James as he attempts to process the Breaking News.

RACHEL

JAMES?

They face each other.

JAMES

I..Cant believe.?

James puts a hand on RACHEL's shoulder and another on Kyle, he shakes his head, eyes glued on the television.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Whats going on?

TRANSITION

EXT.INTERSTATE UNDERPASS-DAY

NEWS V.O.

Investigators say it was dark, wet
and foggy when the Senators Town
Car was driving home late last
night.

THE NEWS CASTER WALKS A COUPLE FEET AND MOTIONS TO THE RIVER
IN THE BACKGROUND.

NEWS V.O. (CONT'D)

At approximately 9:30PM police say,
"The SENATORS car lost control,
went up and over that concrete
shoulder above and plummeted over
forty feet into the ravine" you see
behind me.

The camera widens out to spot the vehicle being lifted out.

NEWS V.O. (CONT'D)

Emergency Search and Rescue pulled
the vehicle from the water and have
identified the body.

CUT TO:

INT.TOWN HOME-DAY

THE TELEVISION'S AUDIO TURNS DOWN.

RACHEL'S arm out, remote in hand she turns to JAMES.

KYLE GUARDS HIS MOTHER CLOSELY, A FRIGHTFUL EXPRESSION AND
TEARS GROW IN HER EYES.

RACHEL

What just happened?

JAMES stalls in his own grasp.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I don't understand.. How can this
happen?

James comes up with the only doubt in his mind.

JAMES

It couldn't be.

RACHEL
What, James? You're scaring me.
What can't be?

Rachel awaits James for a clue.

JAMES
He was supposed to be going to a meeting. He said, "If anything happened"..

RACHEL
Wait, what's that mean? *Something* happened.

JAMES
I, I don't know. I'm not sure. They were onto something, I was going to find out today.

JAMES REACHES FOR RACHEL COFFEE OFF AN END TABLE AND TAKES A LONG SIP.

RACHEL
What? What do you mean find out?
What aren't you telling me?

James considers his options.

JAMES
I've got to go into the office.
Maybe there I can learn more.

RACHEL STOPS, FRUSTRATED HER EYE BROWS RAISE AT HIM.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Just let me think.

James hands her coffee back, lowers his head and postures in thought.

Rachel moves to hold Kyle.

KYLE
Is daddy's boss going to be okay
momma?

RACHEL
Uh hmm. Everything is going to be okay baby.

The doorbell rings.

RACHEL PEERS UP AT JAMES WHILE SHE CONSOLES KYLE.

He looks to his watch then walks to the door and glances out the peephole.

A UNIFORMED DRIVER STANDS ON THE DOOR FRONT PORCH.

MESSENGER
Messenger Service.

James opens the door, still locked by the chain.

JAMES
Um, yes?

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

JAMES
That's me.

MESSENGER
Very good. May I ask you to sign
for it, please?

JAMES
Sure.

JAMES PUSHES THE DOOR CLOSED, UNDOES THE LATCH AND OPENS THE DOOR A FOOT- HE STOPS IT THERE WITH HIS TOE.

James signs on a digital pad in exchange for a small, manila envelope then closes the door.

RACHEL
What is it?

James holds up the envelope as he turns around slowly.

HE STEPS TO RACHEL HE HAS TURNS THE ENVELOPE OVER AND REVEAL THE RETURN ADDRESS.

ANONYMOUS.

STAMPED 8:45PM

JAMES
Look at the time stamp.

RACHEL
Last night! You don't think..?

James sighs.

He opens the sealed end of the envelope and pulls a card from inside.

Printed upon it is.

CAPITOL CAMPUS.

SUMMERHOUSE.

HURRY!

TRANSITION

INT.RUSSEL SENATE BUILDING-DAY

JAMES STEPS OUT OF A TAXI ON THE CORNER OF CONSTITUTION AND NEW JERSEY AVENUE, HE PEERS AROUND THEN INTO THE PARK.

A few people walk about, James jogs through the park to Northwest Drive then on still to smaller trails.

James spots the Summerhouse and slows as he nears, he does a cautious second glance around.

JAMES CIRCLES THE LITTLE, RED, BRICKED PROPERTY, ONE MORE GLANCE HE APPROACHES THE LOCKED AND BARRED ENTRY GATE.

James searches to find nothing.

Frustrated James shakes his head and takes a step back.

ON THE BRICK WALL, UNDER THE HAND RAIL IS A RED BOX WITH *TRUE VISION* LOGO.

James does an obvious look around before he stuffs the case in his jacket pocket and anxiously hurries off.

INT.SENATOR VERUMS OFFICE-DAY

James walks through the front doors of the office.

FRANCIS IS SURROUNDED BY A NUMBER OF INTERNS AND OFFICE STAFF THAT LOOK UP AS HE ENTERS.

She stares at James.

JAMES
(mouths)
I'm so sorry.

Francis fights but is unable to hold back, her eyes loose a quiet trail of tears.

FRANCIS

Oh, James.

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

JAMES HOLDS BACK HIS OWN, HE GLANCES AROUND THE OFFICE.

FRANCIS, interns and administrative aids are present.

JAMES blinks twice, takes a breath and pats Francis on the shoulder.

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 in it's place including the neatly stacked file few cabinets in the corner.

THE DOOR OF THOMAS YOUNG'S OFFICE IS OPEN, NO FILES OR BOXES ARE STACKED ANYWHERE.

Two computer screens and a large Inbox/ Outbox folder full of mail resides on his desk.

James thumbs the mail, he quickly gives up.

JAMES

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

HE PUSHES FORWARD TO LISA SHARP'S OFFICE, HE FINDS THE DOOR CLOSED, HE LIFTS THE HANDLE BUT IT DOESN'T BUDGE.

Another few steps and he faces the Senator's office.

HE FLOATS IN PLACE, THE LONGER HE STARES AT THE LETTERS THAT MAKE OUT THE SENATORS NAME..

James furrows his brows, clears his throat, reaches for the door and turns the knob.

IT MAKES A NOISE AS IF ITS GOING TO GIVE WHEN FRANCIS CIRCLES THE CORNER.

FRANCIS

James.

Francis eye meet his.

JAMES

Yes.

FRANCIS
Are you alright?

James shakes his head and again fights back tears.

JAMES
Where are my manors? Francis, are
you alright?

James reaches out to console Francis.

Francis fidgets in an attempt to shift the focus from
herself.

FRANCIS
I worry an awful lot about Jules,
the SENATOR'S wife. Otherwise I'll
be okay.

FRANCIS PEERS ROUND THE OFFICE.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
I've been here for 25 years, the
entire time right beside the
SENATOR.

Francis shifts her weight to walk away then pauses.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
Oh, I know they'll try to find me a
desk alongside someone else.

James gives Francis his full attention.

FRANCIS (CONT'D)
My heart's just not in it anymore.
I think, it will be about time to
retire.

JAMES FLINCHES AND CAN'T HOLD THE TEAR.

JAMES
Francis.

It takes a second for her to hear him, when she does JAMES
wait for her.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Where are Lisa, Thomas and Mike?

FRANCIS glances around then back to JAMES.

FRANCIS

The news was so horrible. I guess,
I didn't even notice if they came
in or not.

JAMES glances at the clock.

9:45AM.

EXT.HEART SENATE OFFICE BUILDING-DAY

ACROSS THE STREET, A MAN IN BLACK TRENCH COAT AND FEDORA
PARALLELS HIM.

James glances across as he spots a taxi.

HE HAILS IT, GETS IN AND LEAVES.

INT.TAXI-DAY

TAXI DRIVER

Where to my man?

JAMES GET IN, FEELS AT THE HARD SHAPE IN HIS JACKET THEN
LEANS INTO HEAR THE RADIO.

RADIO V.O.

Another tragedy in Senator Martin
Verum's office today.

JAMES

Hey! Can you turn that up, please.

THE TAXI DRIVER GLARES BACK AT JAMES, TURNS UP THE RADIO THEN
ADJUSTS THE REAR VIEW.

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.

Chief of Staff, Mike Easil apparently took his own life..

JAMES

(whimpers)

No.

JAMES puts a hand to his mouth.

The Taxi Driver stares angrily in the mirror at James.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(whispers)
No.

THE DRIVER PUTS HIS HANDS UP AND GLARES IN THE MIRROR.

JAMES (CONT'D)
How?

RADIO V.O.
..Witness say, "He jumped in front
of an oncoming train".

JAMES
I don't.. understand?

RADIO V.O.
"No motive or suicide note has been
found."

JAMES
When?

TAXI DRIVER
Early, this morning I think.

The Taxi Driver nods at James.

JAMES
Can we go now?

JAMES turns to return the glare.

TAXI DRIVER
Okay, Sheesh. I guess I have to
give you time to heal now too, eh!

JAMES shakes his head.

TAXI DRIVER (CONT'D)
Do you know where you want to go
now?

JAMES ANXIOUS RUBS THE SWEAT THAT FORMS AT HIS BROW.

JAMES
Home. Lets go home.

TAXI DRIVER
Alright, good. Where's home?

JAMES reaches into his jacket pocket and produces the Red Box
with the True Vision insignia emblazoned upon it.

EXT.TOWN HOME-DAY

THE SUN SETS OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD AS JAMES STEPS FROM THE TAXI.

INT.TOWN HOME-DAY

JAMES
Rachel? Honey!

JAMES WALKS THROUGH THE FOYER INTO THE LIVING ROOM AND SMELLS SMOKE.

He becomes frantic when he spots Rachel pace the kitchen with an half-smoked cigarette in hand.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Are you alright? I thought you gave those up after college.

RACHEL
What's happening James? You said we were going to settle down here, start careers, that **our** future was here!

JAMES shakes his head.

He peers sideways to the television, the volume low.

THE DEATHS RUN CONCURRENT IN THE NEWS FEED.

He steps closer, watches for a beat then turns to RACHEL.

JAMES
I don't know what's going on.

JAMES takes a slow step toward her.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I think it might have something to do with this.

HE REMOVES THE RED BOX FROM HIS JACKET AND REVELS IT TO HER.

RACHEL
What is that? It looks like a glasses case.

JAMES
(clears throat)
You, think so?

Rachel is clearly taken aback

RACHEL
You haven't opened it yet?

James glances around as such that forces Rachel to react in the same before she squints at him.

JAMES
What? I mean, no. I just got them.

Rachel raises her eye brows at him.

RACHEL
What if it wasn't safe to bring home?

JAMES FLASHES AN ALOOF EXPRESSION AS HE STARES DOWN AT THE CASE.

JAMES
You *really* think so?

RACHEL
I don't know, what do you think it is?

JAMES
I haven't really had a safe moment to think about It yet.

RACHEL
Well then. What are you waiting for.

JAMES pauses, peers down at the rectangular box which now appears to be the same color as the counter top.

JAMES
That's funny, the box was red earlier.

They stare at it together.

RACHEL
What?

The *True Vision* Case flashes as he reaches for it.

JAMES
The case.

He lifts it into view, he lifts the lid as it evens up with his eyes.

He opens the case, a modest pair of fashionable Sun Glasses.

RACHEL
Huh, told you.

JAMES returns a brow then lifts the glasses.

He spots the edge of a business card jut from under the glasses contoured position in the box.

The plush contour raises and gives access to the business card.

SPENCER WILLIAMS.

SUPERVISOR PROTOTYPE AND DESIGN, EXXOTICA.

James glances up at Rachel.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Maybe it's from the Senator?
Telling you who to take them too,
if anything happened?

JAMES
Yea but why me? There are others in
the office that have been there
longer. Why entrust me with this
sort of thing!

RACHEL
I don't know babe ..I'd like too.

SHE TURNS TO FACE JAMES, RESILIENT EYES IMPLORE HIS.

JAMES
Yea?

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

She reaches for the tablet from the counter top.

RACHEL types in the name from the card and the company.

The results show, a picture and his executive profile along with multiple social media links.

At the top, a recent article.

JAMES
That's him, right?

RACHEL
It appears so? The headline does
include True Vision.

THEY CLICK THE LINK, THE ARTICLE POPULATES THE SCREEN.

JAMES
Exxotica Corp. Supervisor of
Prototype and Design, Spencer
Williams. Announces the scrapping
of the much anticipated True Vision
Fashion Line..

JAMES trails 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 and then at the glasses in front of them.

JAMES
Those things were supposed to come
out this week?

RACHEL
That's what it say's here.

They both stare at the now matching color box.

JAMES
Do you really think this has a
logistical issue?

Rachel shrugs her shoulders and appears anxious.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Should I at least try them on?

Rachel glares at them, reads on and further types then peers
up at James.

RACHEL
Says his offices are in New York!

James exhales then makes the decision.

JAMES
I guess, I better get going then.

RACHEL

Im sure he'll be out of his office
by 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 have to see what's going on. If
these really do belong to him maybe
he can offer some insight.

RACHEL

What else could it be?

JAMES

I don't know. I need to find out
something, anything.

TRANSITION

INT.TOWN CAR-NIGHT

THE TRUE VISION CASE SIT ON THE DASH OF THE TOWN CAR, JAMES
LOOKS FROM THEM BACK TO THE ROAD.

HE PULLS ONTO THE INTERSTATE AND ACCELERATES, A GREEN
SIGNPOST STATES- NEW YORK 221 MILES.

STREET SIGNS, JUNCTIONS AND BRIDGES DOT THE DARK, NIGHT
SODIUM VAPOR LIT HIGHWAY.

JAMES CROSSES INTO THE LINCOLN TUNNEL.

The only light the dim green of the digital meters on the
dash and the light through the car windows from the tunnel.

A STREET LIGHT FLASHES OVER THE INTERIOR, JAMES NOTICES THE
TRUE VISION CASE ON THE DASH SHIFT ITS HUE.

James glances back to the street then back to the case in
time to catch it shimmer.

JAMES

What the?

THE CASE TURNS FROM ITS PREVIOUS COLOR TO THE SAME AS THE TOWN CAR'S INTERIOR.

A second street lamp passes and a pulse emits from the True Vision Case then returns to the color of the interior.

JAMES (CONT'D)
That's different.

JAMES lifts his head he emerges from the tunnel into Mid-Town.

A NUMBER OF TALL BUILDINGS, SIGNS FOR HOTELS AND OVER SIZED CITY CONFRONT HIM AS HE TURNS ONTO MADISON AVENUE.

The cities bright lights and tall buildings reflect across his vehicles windshield.

JAMES PULLS INTO A COMMUTER COMPLEX AND PARKS BEFORE HE PEERS OVER AT THE CASE, REACHES FOR THEM AND EXIT'S THE CAR.

EXT.CENTRAL PARK-NIGHT

JAMES CROSSES 59TH TO THE PARK.

He walks the short distance before he spots a bench.

JAMES PEERS AROUND THEN PRODUCES THE CASE, IT FLASHES WHEN LIGHT HITS IT.

He caulks his head then opens them.

JAMES TURNS THEM OVER IN HIS HAND, AN ORDINARY PAIR OF SUNGLASSES.

He places them on his face and glances about.

HE REMOVES THEM, SCOFFS THEN RETURNS THEM TO THE CASE AND TO HIS JACKET.

JAME
What am I doing here?

A taxi honks as it passes.

Atop it is a True Vision advertisement.

JAMES SIGHS, STANDS AND WALKS AWAY.

TRANSITION

EXT.NEW YORK CITY-DAY

MID TOWN STREETS OF MANHATTAN BRIGHTEN AND RETURN TO LIFE.

The traffic busies, cars fill bridges, pedestrians and buses straddle the streets.

INT.TOWN CAR-DAY

A VEHICLE HONKS AND AWAKENS JAMES ASLEEP AT THE FRONT SEAT.

James opens the door, crosses the street to a vendor and buys coffee.

Ext.Manhattan-Day

James brushes his teeth in his vehicle, opens the door and spits.

HE APPROACHES A TALL BUILDING PEERS UP, TIGHTENS HIS TIE AND ENTERS.

INT.EXXOTICA CORP OFFICES-DAY

JAMES WALKS OFF THE ELEVATORS AND IMMEDIATELY INTO THE MARBLE LOBBY OF CORPORATE OFFICES.

He approaches the front desk, a suit clad Security returns with a coffee and sits down.

SECURITY
May I help you?

JAMES REMOVES THE CARD AND HANDS IT TO THE MAN, THE SUIT STARES BACK AT JAMES.

SECURITY (CONT'D)
Do you have an appointment?

JAMES RETURNS A CONFIDENT EXPRESSION OF HIS OWN.

JAMES
Please, inform him I'm with Senator Verum's Office.

SECURITY
Um, okay.

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

SECURITY (CONT'D)
Would you mind taking a seat. I'll let you know, if he's available.

JAMES nods and turns toward the seats.

JAMES

Thank you.

As fast as JAMES sits he is approached by the Suit clad Security.

SECRETARY

Sir. Mr Williams will see you now.

JAMES stands up, the Secretary points toward the elevator.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Someone will meet you and show you the rest of the way.

James forces a smile.

JAMES

Thanks again.

JAMES STEPS ONTO THE ELEVATOR, THE DOORS CLOSE.

INT.EXECUTIVE SUITES-DAY

JAMES STEPS OUT, THE SPACE OPENS ONTO AN LARGE 2 STORY FOYER WHERE A STAIRCASE CURVES UP AND TO EXECUTIVE OFFICES.

A young, sharp dressed woman greets James.

WOMAN

Hello I'm Margret. I'm Mr. Williams personal assistant.

James scans in the posh interior.

MARGRET

Is there anything I can get you?

JAMES

No, thank you.

THEY CROSS TO A QUANT ELEVATOR BEHIND THE STAIRCASE AND STEP IN.

IT OPENS, THEY STEP OUT AND MARGRET USHERS JAMES THROUGH A SHORT, ELEGANT HALLWAY LINED WITH 3 LARGE OFFICES.

MARGRET

Last one at the end. Please, after you.

Margret sits down at a marble desk.

A MAN IN A DAPPER, BLUE SUIT DESCENDS FROM A CURVED STAIRCASE FROM AN EXECUTIVE OFFICE WITH LARGE DOUBLE DOORS.

SPENCER WILLIAMS
Hello. I'm Spencer Williams

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

JAMES
Hello I'm James Nada.

SPENCER WILLIAMS
I wasn't expecting anyone from the Senators Office.

James nods.

JAMES
Thank you for seeing me in such short notice.

SPENCER WILLIAMS
Please, if it doesn't bother you? Let's step into my office.

JAMES FOLLOWS UP THE STEPS AND INTO AN EXQUISITE OFFICE.

INT.SPENCER WILLIAMS OFFICE-DAY

HIGH CEILINGS AND WALLS BOAST A HISTORY OF SUNGLASSES AND STYLES.

Eye wear from around the world are encased and set upon marble columns, on the walls large works of Art Nouveau.

James takes a seat.

JAMES
Thanks again for seeing me.

SPENCER WILLIAMS
Of course. I'm devastated to hear of the passing of Senator Verum.

MR. WILLIAMS SCANS JAMES FROM HEAD TO TOE.

Please, how may I help you?

JAMES nods, peers around the office before he catches eyes with SPENCER WILLIAMS.

GRADUALLY HE LOWERS ONE HAND TO HIS INSIDE JACKET POCKET.

SPENCER WILLIAMS leans back uneasy as JAMES reveals the True Vision Case.

SPENCER ANALYZES THE BOX BEFORE HE RETURNS HIS EYES TO JAMES.

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
How..? Ehem.

Mr. Williams reproaches with prudence.

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
Are you aware of what, those are?

Mr. WILLIAMS pauses.

JAMES
I was hoping you could or would
tell me.

SPENCER WILLIAMS
I'm ..not sure I can.

MR. WILLIAMS STANDS AND MOVES TOWARDS THE CASE, HE NODS AS HE EXTENDS HIS HAND.

James hesitates.

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
May I?

JAMES cautious, extends the True Vision Case.

MR. WILLIAMS OPENS THEM, A SHIMMER FLASHES OVER THE CASE.

HE LIFTS THEM, GIVES THEM A ONCE OVER, CROSSES TO THE WINDOW AND PLACES THEM OVER HIS EYES.

JAMES watches as he does.

Mr. WILLIAMS grows silent as he stands at the window, with finality he exhales.

SPENCER WILLIAMS
Incredible.

JAMES cocks his head, stands and steps closer.

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
He told me it would let you see the
truth, till now I had no idea.

JAMES
Wait, what?

JAMES nears Mr. WILLIAMS at the window.

MR. WILLIAMS REMOVES THE GLASSES.

SPENCER WILLIAMS
I can no longer be apart of this.

James stares at the sunglasses then up at Mr. Williams

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
It's out of my hands.

Mr. WILLIAM'S extends his arm and returns the glasses to JAMES.

JAMES
I dont..

JAMES ACCEPTS THEM AND LIFTS THEM TO HIS HEAD.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Understand.

He steps too then gazes out at the view.

James gasps, the world strikingly askew.

LED billboards and their routine advertisements, replaced with single, bold print words.

CONSUME ON ONE, A SKY SCRAPER FRONT LED STATES PROCREATE BEFORE IT FLASHES TO OBEY.

Subliminal messages line the streets below, one after another in plain sight.

SMALL DRONES BUZZ ABOUT, FLAT, SAUCER SHAPED VEHICLES SILENTLY WHIZZ BY, HIGH ABOVE THE CITY HALF ENCASED IN CLOUDS A LARGE MOTHER SHIP HOVERS.

JAMES reels, removes the glasses then scans the view in front of him.

He blinks hard, puts the glasses to his head then removes them again before he turns to face Mr. Williams.

SPENCER WILLIAMS
I don't think I need to tell you, things have changed.

JAMES
What, are these?

SPENCER WILLIAMS
I hope that you can understand the
gravity of the situation.

James gulps.

JAMES
I don't.

SPENCER WILLIAMS
(exhales)
Exactly. This is too big for one
group or person. I can see that
now, no one can stop them.

JAMES COCKS HIS HEAD AS HE LISTENS TO MR. WILLIAMS, A
FRUSTRATED EXPRESSION GROWS.

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
We humans, might not even be able
to imagine how big this really is.

JAMES
What about the Senator.

SPENCER WALKS OVER TO A CABINET AT THE WALL AND PRESSES IT.

JAMES (CONT'D)
He died and you're just going to
pull out.

Mr. Williams removes a crystal decanter and pours it into a
glass.

SPENCER WILLIAMS
That's precisely why.
(swallows)
He was a good man.

Mr. Williams lifts it and takes it in one gulp.

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
The arrangement we had was prior to
him being martyred. If we try
anything else they will hone in on
us like the prey that we are.

JAMES MEASURES MR. WILLIAMS AGAINST THE BACKDROP OF MATERIAL
OBJECTS AND ACHIEVEMENTS ABOUT HIS OFFICE.

James turns to leave.

JAMES

Then you're not of any help to
anyone are you?

SPENCER WILLIAMS

I will tell you this.

JAMES STOPS YET DOESN'T TURN TO FACE MR. WILLIAMS.

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

The deliverables were late by 2
weeks. That time cost us everything
or I would have delivered 50,000
pairs at each of my regional hubs
in time for launch this friday.

JAMES

What's stopping you now?

SPENCER WILLIAMS

It's too risky.

James turns again to leave.

JAMES

You didn't tell me anything. You
just explained why your side.

Without another glance James exits the office.

EXT.MANHATTEN-DAY

James steps outside and peers around.

He pulls the case, half out his pocket and removes the
glasses.

James shy's then with no further hesitation dons them.

James continues down 7th Avenue, he scans from face to face.

Most don't notice him nor him anything immediately suspicious
until he comes upon a newspaper and magazine kiosk.

Folks gather and pick through gossip rags and newspapers.
James nears and lowers his glasses as he reaches out to
adjust each item.

Every book, magazine and newspaper appears like proper
material until he looks again with the True Vision glasses.

More stark, subliminal words leap out.

Stay Asleep, No Thought, Marry and Reproduce, Submit and more.

James gulps, glares at fellow customers then the vendor.

A Bentley pulls up, out steps a business man and approaches the kiosk.

He promptly accepts a newspaper from the vendor then turns and walks past James.

The man in the suit bumps shoulders with James.

BUSINESS MAN

Do you have a problem?

James peers through his glasses at everyone else seemingly normal then back to the Business Man.

The Business Mana appears normal yet disgustingly alien with the True Vision Glasses.

The Business Man continues to stare at James as he walks away.

James stumbles away, pauses lifts the glasses and rubs at his temples.

He holds the glasses in front of him, analyzes them then returns them to his head as he 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 totally Alien, James fights to hold back a disgusted expression.

James approaches an electronics retailer, the front windows an electronic display shows local news on rotation.

Current political affairs are being debated, when it cuts to the politician in question she too is alien.

James stops, raises and lowers the glasses and shakes his head almost falls over pedestrians.

MAN

Hey, watch yourself!

James attempts to gain balance, pulls away and falls backward over boxes and items being loaded into a truck at the curb.

LADY

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

He removes the glasses from his face, immediately he's overcome with a headache.

The screens 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 catches it just in time.

Unable to stomach the reality shifts James vomits on the wall of an alley.

He attempts to regain composure.

A homeless man half hides in a box shanty.

James wipes at his mouth.

HOMELESS MAN

You'll get used to it.

James takes a beat.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

But then theirs no going back.

The Homeless Man sits back into his shanty.

JAMES

I'm sorry.

HOMELESS MAN

me too.

JAMES

Huh, why?

HOMELESS MAN

Because I took a leak right there
this morning.

James turns and glances down and winces.

JAMES

moans

Ugh.

James turns around and back onto 7th street and pulls out his cell.

He searches for Columbia University, Post Doctorate Research Programs in engineering.

HOMELESS MAN

Hey!

He peers back over his shoulder at the Homeless Man.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Watch your step. It only get's deeper.

James nods his head.

JAMES

Thank you.

Another search and a map of the school campus highlights a building.

INT.COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY SCIENCE BUILDING-DAY

James waits, the sun sets through the large glass windows of the foyer in an aged brick and blue trim corridor.

A woman in a skirt suit and lab coat approach.

WOMAN

James? Wow, I almost didn't believe it.

JAMES

Hey Jen. It has been a very, long time.

They close the distance and lean in to hug.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I know this is really out the blue.

Jen separates from the hug.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Um, do you have somewhere we can talk?

Jen steps back and visually asses James.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I didn't know who else to turn too.

Jen winces.

She smiles, tucks her hair behind her ear then bids James to follow and they walk down the hall.

INT.COLUMBIA, Applied science LABORATORY-DAY

JEN

It's still busy in the offices.

Jen closes the door behind her as they idle at the entrance to an Applied Sciences Laboratory.

JAMES (CONT'D)
This is fine. Again, thanks.

JEN
Hah, uh huh.

JAMES
What?

Jen exhales and responds patient yet to the point.

JEN
What can I help you with?

JAMES
Heh, I'm hoping you will talk shop
with me

JAMES (CONT'D)
Or at least help me discern
Something..

Jen shoots a curious glare at James.

jen

Something?

JAMES (CONT'D)
Our current technology, hah. I know
this will sound.. but even Our
Reality?

Jen offers a warm smile.

JEN
I 'll do what I can. Please?

JAMES
Um, Where did you bring me too
anyway, this place is something.

Jen steps back and nods in pride of her laboratory.

JEN
This is our central Plasma Research
Laboratory. You're surrounded by
over \$10 million in technology in
this room alone.

She leads James.

jen

We have plasma dynamic actuator test stations, liquid-nitrogen cooled super conductors, ionizing electrodes, as well as vacuum space observation, analysis and more.

JAMES
I'm sorry I even have to ask, what
does all that mean?

Jen steps to a stainless steel table with a panel beside it, she flips on a row of power switches and phase conductors.

JEN
Everything we know is changing,
growing infinitely more complex
each time we take a closer look.

James glances around then back to Jen.

Jen

I submitted my post doctorate after I caught wind of a DARPA project successfully engineered out of U of M.

Jen opens a drawer in the hi-powered work desk and removes a Metallic Sphere.

JEN (CONT'D)
They modeled then tested a
prototype wingless electro magnetic
vehicle. Only 15 inches in size,
electric and no moving parts.

She turns on a spectroscopic sensor, waits for a computer to finish booting then opens an application window.

Jen

I was inspired by the exotic aspects of the technology.

Jen leans over to flick a switch, moves the stainless steel sphere to and drops it over a nitrogen cooled super-conductor on the table.

JAMES

Are you saying that we currently have means of advanced propulsion?

JEN (CONT'D)

It's still early for us however
they're already light years beyond.

Jen flicks a switch and catches the Sphere in her other hand.

Jen

Soon, we'll have the means to transport mankind at near light speed through out the cosmos.

Jen gestures with sphere in hand that it would cross vast distances

JAMES

How?

JEN

We're still trying to understand
the Inertia facto.

JAMES

This technology works in space?

JEN

On earth our atmosphere is
positively charged with electrons,
its the same same in space. Though
largely still undefined exactly
How? We're fairly certain its all
related to weak and strong force.

James rubs his temples and shakes his head then lowers his hand and opens his eyes.

JAMES

Heh ha. Okay?

JEN

Sorry it's all, very exciting!

JAMES

This is cutting edge. Didn't you just get your Doctorate.

JEN

I had done my masters in particle physics when I happened across the article on the WEAV project.

I dug up what I could find on the subject, outlined my thesis and immediately the DOD and DARPA awarded me the grant here.

JAMES

Wow, Jen. All of this ..is incredible.

James exorcises admiration in the face of such intellect.

Jen reexamines James then relaxes, grins and nods.

JEN

My office is this way. Why don't you tell me, what's on your mind?

James follows her.

JAMES

I'm not sure you'll believe me when I

tell you.

INT.JEN'S OFFICE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY-NIGHT

Jen leads, flicks the lights on, walks toward a work station and motions to James.

She approaches then sits with a smile.

JEN

Well then let's start with the issue, shall we.

JAMES

Okay.

James pulls the True Vision case from his pocket

jen

Hmm, okay.

Jen spots them and squints.

JEN
What may I ask, is so special about
them?

James opens the case, inset is the pair of True Vision
Sunglasses.

JAMES
Hah, thats just it.

James

All I know know is every time I put them on.. Everything
changes.

James rubs at his left temple.

JEN
You alright?

Jen observes him and scans James overall state.

JAMES
They seem to leave one hell of a
headache.

A skeptical expression flashes over Jen.

JEN
I suppose we could put it in the
spectrum analyzer or scan its
chemical makeup.

James appears impressed.

JAMES
Will you have to cut it into little
pieces to do that or?

JEN
laughs

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

James holds on to the glasses a beat, exhales then hands them
over.

JEN (CONT'D)
We might have to remove one of the
lenses from its frame though.

JAMES
smiles

Uh huh, see.

Jen is examines them, gently she pops the lens from the frame.

She turns and sits at a computer assisted spectroscope.

She opens a small compartment, slips the lens inside and closes it.

With a tap the computer she begins it's sequence.

JEN

This will only take a few moments.
It's going to scan the lens then
render an analysis.

James stands by, the spectroscope does a stutter start before a fast double pass by the laser, the upbeat terminal quiets and the computer processes.

The screen loads a series of columns, several are highlighted, anomaly is stated through out the data flow.

JEN (CONT'D)

Huh? This is curious.

Jen stares at the monitor, scratches her head.

JAMES

What's that?

She taps a button, a nearby printer buzzes, a second later she pulls a single page printout.

JEN

Where did you say you got these?

James starts to answer and slows.

JAMES

Why?

Jen glances at the pair, a sleek, semi-translucent True Vision logo flashes across the left temple and upper right rim.

JEN

Huh. They appear to be a multi
layer polymer, crystalline in
nature that contains..

Jen runs down the lines.

Jen

Silicon, Silica, Quartz and Litium Flouride. These are all present in a modern day x ray machine. Are they some sort of Spectrum Enhancing Technology?

James rubs beneath his eyes to the bridge of his nose.

JAMES

dry laugh

Hah, Thats one way to put it.

Jen removes the lens from the scanner, lifts the glasses into view and returns the lease to its frame.

JEN

Is this some sort of military prototype?

James exhales.

JAMES

I don't know, exactly.

Jen squints at James.

JEN

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

JAMES

Yes, all though I didn't know what he was involved in.

She quickly hands the glasses back to James.

JEN

Is this at all connected to his death? James, where did you get these?

James returns them to the case and closes it, it phases with a soft flash in hue.

Jen takes notice and stares back at him.

JAMES

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

Jen looks startled then saddened.

JEN

Why? What are you supposed to do with them?

James takes a deep breath then shakes his head.

JAMES

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

Jen attempts empathy.

JEN

I don't understand.

JAMES

There was a business card, I tried him. After the Senators death, he pulled out. These were going to go to be the next trend in fashion, maybe change everything for everyone?

JEN

Okay, Im convinced. I've got to see

for myself!

James.

JAMES

Go ahead. Though I put them on at night and didn't see anything.

James thinks to himself.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Maybe it was night time or did I even look up?

JEN

chuckles

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

James raises a brow and with some hope he follows.

They both walk toward the exit.

transition

EXT.COLOMBIA UNIVERSITY-NIGHT

The two walk through double glass doors and out to the university campus.

James glances around, Jen observes him then does the same.

JEN

Shall we?

James exhales, peers down glasses in hand he extends the pair of True Vision to Jen.

Jen extends a hand and accepts them.

She flashes a smirk as she puts them on.

Jen steps forward and peers around the open campus.

She stares side to side then up to the sky.

Jen returns her gaze to James and lifts the glasses.

JEN (CONT'D)

Heh. You had me convinced.

JAMES

Huh?

JEN

Is this a joke?

A glint of light in the upper atmosphere catches James peripheral.

Jen follows James eyes in time to see.

a quick series of flashes leads to a loud boom that reverberates through the atmosphere.

James and Jen both wince.

JAMES

What the hell was that?

JEN

Reentry in the Upper atmosphere? It sounded like a sonic boom.

A second passes, a soft rumble like an aftershock thunders around them.

Jen looks to James then then remembers the glasses.

Jen

Oh.

JAMES

Hah, yea!

Jen lowers them off her head to her eyes.

They peer up, immediately Jen falls silent as she gazes.

JAMES (CONT'D)

There's something there? Isn't there.

Jen slowly nods an affirmation.

James waits as long as he can.

JAMES (CONT'D)

May I?

Jens nod turns into a side to side shake of disbelief, she manages to remove the glasses and pass them to James.

She rubs at her eyes and continues to stare into the sky mystified.

James dawns them and peers to the sky to spot a massive, bright object mid-descent across the horizon.

Behind it a wormhole closes until it vanishes.

James lifts the glasses- Nothing, only the sound of a crackle in the sky.

A number of people stop and gather, most stare skyward in an attempt to source the noise.

James returns the True Vision to Jen, she happily returns them to her eyes and gawks.

JEN

Where is it going?

JAMES

That's a great question.

The passerby's disband puzzled, a door opens from a nearby building and a professor steps out.

He glances up then spots James and Jen do the same.

PROFESSOR

What are you two looking at?

The Professor glances down at his wrist watch and taps a button.

James observes the Professors gestures and squints to see.

Jen at last lowers her gaze upon him and is caught off guard.

JEN

Ahh!

James nods to Jen as she reels at the sight of the Professor.

JEN (CONT'D)

What is that?

James places a hand on her shoulder and they back up.

Jen scans the Professor up and down with her glasses then the naked eye.

The Professor returns the stare, taps at his watch and lifts it to his mouth.

James caulks his head and turns Jen about as they hastily retreat.

JAMES

Was it one of those Alien things.

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

Jen

You know about these things?

JAMES (CONT'D)

They seem to be amongst us.. And
you wouldn't believe who I saw was
one!

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

JEN

What? What are you saying?

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

JAMES

Shh. Keep it down, I know it's
crazy. please, if you've have any
ideas?

Jen lowers the glasses from her eyes as they walk.

JEN

What if.

JAMES

What?

Jen peers back at James and rubs her temples.

JEN

This is a big what if, but what if
we follow the craft.

James scratches the back of his head.

JAMES

Uh.

jen

Last we saw it was headed a north- easterly direction. We'll
hop on the highway and follow that til we get a lead on it.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Okay.

James downplays his surprise.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Okay.

TRANSITION

EXT.COLOMBIA UNIVERSITY PARKING LOT-NIGHT

JAMES FOLLOWS JEN TO THE PARKING LOT.

JEN

Take the glasses. You navigate,
I'll drive

James slips the pair on his head, caught off guard they are
intercepted by a campus police.

POLICE OFFICER #1

You two, hold it right there.

The squad stops, the passenger door opens and the 2nd Officer steps out.

JEN
Can I help you?

James slips the pair over her eyes.

POLICE OFFICER #2
Persons fitting your description
were reported as loitering and
suspicious.

JEN
(speaks up)
Um, I work here.

James taps Jens elbow and leans into her.

JAMES
(whispers)
They're not human!

POLICE OFFICER #1 STEPS FROM THE VEHICLE AND STARES AT JAMES.

Two college watch from a safe distance.

POLICE OFFICER #2
We're going to have to detain you
until we ascertain your identity.

A concerned expression grows on Jens face.

James hands the glasses to Jen.

JEN
For what reason?

The officers move closer, the second pulls his handcuffs.

JEN (CONT'D)
I have an I.D. I work here.

Jen scoffs at their appearance and aggressive tactics.

POLICE OFFICER #1
They can see us.

The second extends his hands towards Jen on approach.

JAMES
Is any of this necessary?

He catches her hand and begins to twist an arm behind her back.

POLICE OFFICER #2
Step back or your going to regret
it!

James watches the hands of the first officer move to latch the handcuff, frustrated he moves to block the officer.

POLICE OFFICER #1
Get back!

The second officer draws his firearm and levels it at James.

JEN THROWS HERSELF AT THE OFFICER.

A gun rapport is heard.

The student onlookers run and disperse.

JAMES PUNCHES THE FIRST OFFICER WHO FALLS ON TOP OF JEN IN CUFFS, SHE TOPPLES ATOP THE SECOND OFFICER.

The second Officer drops his gun as they collapse.

Both officers glare up at James.

JAMES GRAB THE GUN AND POINTS IT AT THE OFFICERS WHILE HE HELPS JEN UP.

JAMES
We're leaving and your not going to
stop us.

SECOND OFFICER
Your not going anywhere.

JEN
Says who? You're not even human.

POLICE OFFICER #1
We run everything. And you're kind
believe what ever we want them too.

Officer #1 speaks louder, the Second Officer taps at his watch, lifts it to his mouth and mutters into it.

POLICE OFFICER #2

Two suspects. One male, one female. Early-mid Thirties.

Boom!

JAMES FIRES AT THE SECOND OFFICER AS HE SPEAKS INTO HIS WATCH.

It blows to pieces then sends the Second Officer behind it tumbling.

THE FIRST MOVES TO PULL HIS SIDEARM.

JEN

James!

James lifts the pistol in time.

Bang!

THE SECOND OFFICER FALLS.

JAMES SHAKES WITH ADRENALINE.

JAMES

What ..have I done?

A hand pushes the pair of True Vision Glasses over his eyes.

A GHASTLY SIGHT AND MANGLED MESS OF ALIEN FEATURES LAY SLUMPED ON THE GROUND.

James approaches.

JEN

We should go!

JAMES REACHES DOWN AND WORKS TO REMOVE THE WATCH FROM THE SECOND OFFICERS WRIST.

Jen finds an ankle gun on the second Officer and slips it into her clutch.

JEN (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

James at last finagles the watch from the officers wrist.

JAMES STANDS, JEN GLANCES AT THE WATCH, CLASPS HIS HAND AND LEADS.

INT.BMW-NIGHT

JEN

Why did they come after us?

JAMES SHAKES HIS HEAD AND PEERS OVER HIS SHOULDER AT THE ROAD BEHIND.

JAMES
I don't know.

James lifts then examines the watch.

JAMES (CONT'D)
That Professor had one of these. He spoke into it. At least, it looked like he did.

JEN
It just looks like a smart watch?

James holds up the watch and analyzes it.

JAMES
I haven't seen one like this.

JAMES TURNS OVER THE ADVANCED WRIST WARE, RAISED BUTTONS AND A DIGITAL INTERFACE BLINK AT HIM.

JEN
I heard that Officer or *whatever* they are **talk** into it.

James stares at the watch, he hears a siren then turns to his side view mirror.

TWO UNITS WHIZ PAST, TOWARDS THE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS.

Jen freezes and watches in her rear view mirror, James lowers in his seat and stares at the side view.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT.BMW-NIGHT

A SONG ON THE RADIO WRAPS, THE STATION RETURNS WITH A TRAFFIC REPORT.

D.J.
Folks it's 8:49 Stay tuned for your Traffic Report. First, Calls are coming in across the Eastern Seaboard of "Unknown High Altitude or Atmospheric Sounds?" Reports started just over 2 hours ago in the North, a number of coastal cities follow. From Bronx and Long Island to Manhattan and Queens.
(MORE)

D.J. (CONT'D)

Just a moment ago, a call came in from Staten Isle. People are asking, "What are the frightening noises in the skies?" Folks, this is new one too me. Authorities say, "It could be anything from sonic booms to atmospheric pressure." This maybe a first for New York, apparently its been a world wide phenomena for at least the last decade.

Jen turns down the radio and faces James her eye brows peaked.

She looks at her phone, taps at the screen, pinches at it then peers up.

JEN

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

JAMES

Alright, Coney Island here we come.

THEIR CAR CONTINUES ONTO HIGHWAY 9A.

EXT.LOWER NEW YORK-NIGHT

THE CITY BLISSFULLY TURNS INTO NIGHT.

A stray dogs walks a city street.

Cars and people hurry about, taxi's are in their peak hour.

THEY CROSS A BRIDGE OVER THE WATER.

James takes in the view, lowers the glasses and drops silent then turns to James.

JAMES

There it is Jen.

JEN

Redhook or Brooklyn Heights?

JEN (CONT'D)

Um, James!

He takes the pair of True Vision off and pushes them at her.

IN THE SKY THE GIGANTIC CRAFT RETURNS TO SIGHT AND APPEARS TO BE SLOW.

The clouds and sky around it curl and glow from its ionized presence.

JEN LOWERS THE GLASSES AND PEERS AT THE EMPTY SKY OVER THE UPPER BAY BEFORE THEN HANDS THEM BACK.

INT.JENS CAR-NIGHT

They cross into Red Hook, a tumultuous sound that crescendo's to harsh and loathsome blares.

JAMES

Whoa, what the hell is that?

JAMES LEANS FORWARD TO KEEP WATCH ON THE CRAFT.

JAMES (CONT'D)

It's headed over the island.

JEN

We'll take Ocean Parkway.

The odd sound tapers off.

JAMES

Okay.

THEY MOVE INTO THE LEFT LANE AND MERGE INTO THE CITY AND TOWARDS THE COAST.

EXT.CONEY ISLAND, BOARDWALK-NIGHT

JEN PARKS THE CAR, THEY SPRING OUT, CLOSE DOORS AND JAMES HANDS JEN THE GLASSES.

An ominous, low rumble and eerie horn thunder overhead.

Jen glances up then to James, he takes in the state of everyone around them at the edge of the boardwalk.

JEN

Wow!

JAMES

Yeah.

A number of people exit others duck for the cover.

JAMES (CONT'D)

We're the only one's headed toward
the sound.

JEN

I know, this way.

James concurs then reveals otherwise.

JEN TAKES HIS HAND AND THEY SPRINT TOWARDS THE END OF THE
BOARDWALK, THE SOUND BELLOWS AS THEY NEAR.

They jog together, Jen in stride James glances up between
rooftops and retreating vendors.

THEY APPROACH OPEN FULL SKY AT THE END OF THE PIER, JEN REARS
TO A FULL STOP.

She peers up at to the sky.

JEN (CONT'D)

(mouthes)

OH MY GOD.

She doesn't look away.

JEN (CONT'D)

Can you believe this?

The horn now deafening transitions into a tremble, like a
train hard on its brakes.

JAMES

I'm not the one holding the
glasses.

JEN DOES A DOUBLE TAKE AT THE SKY, TURNS TO JAMES WITH A
SMIRK THEN REMOVES THE GLASSES.

An inquisitive individual or fisherman remain at the end of
the pier beside them.

James lifts the glasses to his eyes and slips them.

AN MASSIVE, SYMMETRICAL CRAFT WITH NO MARKINGS HOVERS
SURROUNDED IN AN IONIZED AURA OF ORANGE TO WHITE.

Bay doors open, glowing orb like crafts descend from within.

SIX CRAFT ENCIRCLE THE ORIGINAL MASSIVE SHIP.

The metallic horn shifts into a ghoulish thrum, 2 larger
craft emerge.

THEY HOVER TO THE CENTER OF THE BAY REMAIN THERE THEN BOTH DIVE ONE THEN THE OTHER INTO THE BAY BELOW.

A LONG BEAT AND THE TWO OTHER CRAFT EMERGE FROM WITH ITS DEPTHS AS ORIGINAL 2 CRAFT REAPPEAR FROM ACROSS THE HORIZON.

JEN

That is horrendous!

THE MENACING MOTHER SHIP FLOATS, THE BARITONE SOUND SHIFTS AS IF TO ANNOUNCE DEPARTURE.

Its Ion Aura phases to an orange-red.

James' mouth hangs open as he steps forward from cover and walks out onto the pier.

The sound shifts like two trains about to collide on a track, their brakes full throttle.

JEN (CONT'D)

Whats happening?

Jen follows behind James in a half crouch, one above her head.

ON THE HORIZON A NEW AND COMPLETELY DIFFERENT SHAPED CRAFT FLICKERS IN AND OUT OF VIEW.

James puts his hand to his eyes as if to block a glare.

IN A FLASH THE NEW SHIP PULLS TO A STOP ALMOST ON TOP OF THE OTHER.

A volley of sounds are heard as collisions, exploding craft and weapons are discharged.

The second craft, more elegant yet austere efficiently handles a multi throng attack and intercept.

A SIZZLE, A VOLLEY OF THUNDEROUS CLAPS THEN A GRAND FINALE FROM THE HORN AND THE MOTHER SHIP ASCENDS IN THE SKY.

JEN (CONT'D)

What in god's name is going on
James! Something big is happening
isn't It?

A CRASHED SHIP SPLASHES ONLY THREE HUNDRED YARDS OUT FROM OF THEM.

JEN (CONT'D)

Oh shit. Should we even be here.?

James attempts to pull the glasses from his face .

Jen reaches up and grasps them from him.

James stares above at an empty sky and shakes his head.

THE EARTH AROUND THEM SHAKES, WATER SPLASHES ABOUT THE PIER
THE LAST REMAINING PEOPLE FLEE THE PIER.

JEN (CONT'D)

Oh my God! Oh my god, James.

JAMES

I know! I don't know?

James blinks then scans across the horizon.

The headache fades, in its place he squints at the noise and
peers up at to the original craft.

JEN

Whoa!

JAMES

What?

JAMES IS ABLE TO STILL SEE A LARGE FAINT FORM.

JEN

All the little craft have joined up
with the larger one and are
leaving.

James rubs at his temples and at last glances around, to the
shops and dock then back to Jen and the sky.

JAMES REACHES OUT AND GRABS HER ARM.

JAMES

Let's go.

EXT.CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK, STREETSIDE-NIGHT

JEN

What do you have in mind?

JAMES

That analysis of the *True Vision*
Glasses.

JAMES AND JEN SLOW AS THEY REACH THE END OF THE BOARDWALK.

JEN

Yea?

JAMES

Theoretically speaking, can We get someone to manufacture them?

Jen smirks at theoretical.

JEN

Well, while it does tell us the make up. It doesn't quite give us the sequence to make a pair.

James slows to think then lowers his head.

JAMES

Hmm. We need to get them to a sympathizer of sorts.

He returns his right hand to gently work his temples.

JAMES (CONT'D)

If not one of the Senators close congressional types, whatever then maybe a General or someone.

JEN

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

James continues to glance back at the sky.

JAMES

I know.

JEN

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

James returns are a hard glare.

THEY START THEN STOP IN FRONT OF AN CANDY SHOP, INSIDE LARGE GLASS WINDOWS A TELEVISION SHOWS THE NEWS.

James and Jen's face are top left over a "Live" feed of Columbia's campus shot from a helicopter.

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 be on the
run with you.

James puts both hands up then runs his hands through his hair.

A long silence as Jen glares at James.

JAMES (CONT'D)

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

JEN

No, don't mention it.

Jen turns to walk away.

JAMES

I'm sorry. Really.

Jen slows but doesn't turn to face him.

JEN

What now?

EXT. PARKING LOT-NIGHT

Jen and James step to their vehicle, get in, turn over the engine and pull away.

Over head, a drone idles then follows.

EXT. LONG ISLAND-NIGHT

Several streets away the sound of a helicopter grows.

JEN DRIVES, IN THE PASSENGER SEAT JAMES SLOWLY TURNS TO HER.

JAMES

Oh, that cant be good.

Jen assess as best she can.

JEN

That's what I'm worried about.

James peers over his shoulder, nothing. He then finds his window switch.

HE GLANCES ONCE MORE AT THE SIDE VIEW THEN LEANS OUT AND SPOTS A HELICOPTER CLOSE IN FROM ABOVE.

JEN (CONT'D)

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

James returns and rolls the window up.

JAMES

Um..

THEY PASS THE NEXT STREET AND A NUMBER OF POLICE SQUAD CARS FLANK TO THEIR THE SIDE.

Sirens whirl the lights a blur of red and blue.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Okay. That's for us.

Together they state the obvious.

JEN

Yea, thats for us.

James shies and ducks his head.

JEN (CONT'D)

Should I pull over?

James is stunned and surprised.

JAMES

There. Here! We'll pull into Redhook.

THEY MAKE A TURN INTO THE DENSE BOROUGHES AND SIDE STREETS.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Maybe we can loose them. I spent some time here in college.

She glances at him then yanks the wheel.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Don't ask, don't tell.

JEN
Yea, no. I believe you.

James barely glimpses at her as she steps on the accelerator and adjusts her rear view.

JEN (CONT'D)
This is all going to change any minute now. I hope you have some idea of where we're going?

JAMES
Just a couple more blocks.. Or is it three? Things all look the same around here. It's been a few years.

Jen second guess everything.

JEN
So?

JAMES
After this street. Hang left then make a hard.

Jen stomps on the accelerator her BMW pushes with ease.

THEY DRIFT AROUND THE CORNER IN A MOVE THAT LEAVES MOST OF IN COLLISIONS OR JAMMED ON THE CORNER.

One makes it through the fray of Squad Cars.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Oh Wow!

JEN
Yea, I had a phase before you in college too.

James forms a wry smile and nods.

JAMES
Here. Turn here!

THEY JUST MAKE A SMALL INLET THAT FORCES JEN TO GEAR DOWN DRASTICALLY BEFORE IT CURVES BEHIND A ROW OF BUILDINGS.

The original street continues up and onto a bridge, the squad car ascends alone.

THEY PARK BEHIND A BUILDING AND THE OVERPASS, JEN CUTS HER ENGINE.

JEN
Okay we need a plan!

JAMES WRACKS HIS BRAIN AND PEERS ALL AROUND WHEN THE HELICOPTER FINDS THEM WITH ITS LIGHT AND THE SIRENS RETURN.

JEN TURNS THE KEY, PUNCHES IT AND THE BMW PEELS OUT AS THE CRUISERS FOLLOW.

Jen and James reappear in a long alley behind industrial lots.

Police units close in on all sides.

THEY FLY PAST BUSINESS, THE ROAD TIGHTER ON EACH SIDE UNTIL IT NARROWS TO AN END AT AN ALLEY.

JEN SWERVES TO A HALT SIDEWAYS TO THE ALLEY.

JEN (CONT'D)
James!

James holds up his wrist and works at the watch.

JAMES
I guess this will have to do it.

THE ALLEY BARELY RUNS 200 FEET INTO THE BACKSIDE OF TWO RED BRICK INDUSTRIAL BUILDINGS.

Jen and James slide there way to the passenger side.

THE SQUAD CARS PULL TO A SCREAMING HALT ON THE DRIVERS SIDE.

THE BMW PASSENGER SIDE DOOR BURSTS OPEN AS JAMES AND JEN STUMBLE OUT.

THE POLICE QUICKLY DRAW DOWN FROM THEIR PERIMETER OF VEHICLES, A LOUD SPEAKER FROM THE HELICOPTER BELLOWS.

POLICE LOUD SPEAKER
Step out with your hands over your head!

JEN
Any more ideas?

JAMES
I sure hope so!

James pushes a variety of buttons on the watch, a projection of light emits and scans the ground that reveals a tunnel system below.

WATCH AI VOICE
Analysis complete. Rendering

A QUICK BEAT, THE WATCH APPLIES A PLASMA IMPRINT OVER THE GROUND THAT PRODUCES A TEMPORAL VORTEX IN FRONT OF THEM.

WATCH AI VOICE (CONT'D)
You have eight seconds of
stability.

JAMES
Whoa! Okay.

JEN
What is that?

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

GUNFIRE REIGNS OUT AS JEN FOLLOWS JAMES AND THEY LEAP INTO THE HOLE OF LIGHT.

INT.UNDERGROUND NETWORK-NIGHT

James lands hard next to Jen.

THE AIR KNOCKED OUT OF HIM HE TAKES A MOMENT TO GATHER HIMSELF, JEN APPEARS TO WAIT FOR HIM TO GET UP.

JEN
Where are we?

They give each other a mutual hand up.

JAMES
I don't know.

THEY BOTH LOOK AROUND, THE CORRIDOR IS LARGE STRAIGHT PLAIN CONCRETE THAT CONTINUES INTO THE DISTANCE.

WATCH AI VOICE
Emergency Portal System Closure in
T - 5, 4 , 3, 2, 1.

Pschzk!

JEN REMINDED OF THEIR ACCESS VIA PORTAL STARES UP THEN SLOWLY
TURNS TO FACE JAMES, THEY BOTH PEER DOWN AT THE WATCH.

JEN
Uh, What, how?

James takes another look around.

JEN (CONT'D)
Look over there.

They spot a sign on the wall.
-Mag. Lev. Transit System-

-A Blue Arrow points back to an Long Island.

-A Green arrow points forward to Manhattan, -Red Arrow, New
York.

JEN (CONT'D)
Mag. Lev? As in high speed,
Magnetic Levitating trains?

JAMES
As far as I know, none exist.

JEN
Let alone in New York, right?

They peer at the sign then to each other and in silence
continue in that direction.

INT.DEEP UNDERGROUND BASE, ROTUNDA -NIGHT

James and Jen slow in their approach as they enter a rotunda
with a variety of directions and 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.

A SIGN ABOVE THE OPPOSITE HALLWAY STATES

-CONFERENCE ROOMS/ EXECUTIVE HALLS, SECURITY AND TECHNICAL
SUPPORT TERMINALS.

JEN
This is unbelievable.

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

JEN (CONT'D)
I've got to see this.

JAMES
Don't you think we should find a
way out of here.

JAMES WALKS DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR WITH JEN TRAILING BEHIND
HER.

INT.STAR GATE-ENY03

JEN
I'm not sure we can just walk in..

JEN CIRCLES THE CORNER TO A A SMALL INCLINE INTO A LARGE
CAVERN VIA A SQUARE ARCH WAY.

Jen stops at the arch way.

ACROSS FROM THEM AN ELEVATOR ACCESS OPENS, A PERSON IN A SUIT
GETS OFF AND CROSSES TO A PLATFORM WHERE HE IS GREETED BY THE
GATE KEEPER.

The Gate Keeper checks his credentials and destination then
leads the suit to a terminal beside the Star Gate.

HE PUNCHES IN THE DATA POINTS, THE ENTIRE STATION GLOWS A
GOLD THEN RED WARNING AND BUZZES TO LIFE.

The Star Gate is a large circle, the edges, 2 separate rings
where various stars on each spin in opposite directions -

IT ROARS TO LIFE AND A VORTEX OPENS WITH IN ITS
CIRCUMFERENCE.

JAMES
What in gods name is that?

JEN
My god James, they've actually done
it!

Jen is in awe.

The Gate Keeper busies with their duties and the number of humans or other species in line up to use the off world device.

TWO MORE GATE KEEPERS IN UNIFORM ARRIVE TO USHER REFUGEES ALONG WHEN JAMES GRABS JEN'S SHOULDER.

JAMES

I know this is the epitome of
scientific achievement and all..
Maybe we should get going!

JEN SPOTS THE GATE KEEPERS NOTICE HER PRESENCE- SHE DOESN'T RESIST WHEN PULLED AT TO LEAVE.

One Gate Keepers steps away from their post.

INT.UNDERGROUND NETWORK-NIGHT

When they step back into the halls they make it no more then ten feet when they hear someone heels to floor.

James stiffens, Jen's hand reaches for the small of her back as they see a persons shadow approach.

To James surprise Spencer Williams appears from around the corner.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

James, is that you?

Spencer once overs James with a quick glance.

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Gorgeous girl, watch. How'd you
pull that off?

Spencer Williams shoots a coy expression at James

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Look's like they gave you
everything a man can ask for! Good
for you. Hah come to think, it's
funny to bump into you here.

James attempts to keep up.

JAMES

Yea, funny. Tell me Spencer, what
are you doing here?

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Well, I'm hear because they need me. I'm a key in helping with their Stargate. My company provides the meta materials used in the lensing process. Oh, I'm late for an important meeting.

JEN

Yea?

SPENCER WILLIAMS SMILES AT JEN.

She remains quiet yet passively gives a vexed look.

HE LIFTS HIS OWN GLASSES AND PUTS THEM ON AND LOOKS HER OVER.

JEN (CONT'D)

I'm not an alien.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

One can never be too safe these days.

Spencer turns and hustles for his appointment.

JEN SHAKES HER HEAD AS THEY FOLLOW SPENCER WHO NOW TAKES LEAD IN AN AWKWARD SHUFFLE.

Jen pulls out the pair of True Vision slips them on and squints at Spencer Williams then lifts them to her head with a smirk.

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Well anyway. You must know if your here and all. Oh I get it.

This time Spencer gives James the once over.

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

They're having you step in for the Senator, huh? A fresh new face and protege' to stir the demographics. 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, approval. This is my secretary.

Jen elbows James.

JEN

Ehem.

JAMES

Uh, er rather my Science Advisor.

Jen nods to the affirmative.

SPENCER WILLIAMS

Awe.

SPENCER OBSERVES HER THEN LOOKS TO HIS WATCH AS THEY APPROACH THE GRAND HALL, A *FAMILIAR* INSIGNIA IS INSCRIBED OVER ITS DOORS.

The Wings Disk.

A sentry guard is posted 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 (CONT'D)

It's alright. They're with me.

The sentry doesn't move.

SPENCER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Well then lets not be late, shall we.

SPENCER USHERS THEM THROUGH THE LARGE DOUBLE GLASS DOORS ETCHED WITH THE SAME SYMBOL OF THE WINGED DISK.

INT.GRAND HALL-NIGHT

THEY ENTER INTO A SYMMETRICAL AUDITORIUM FROM BELOW.

Several rows rise from the front and center to the rear upper seats.

THE MEETING IS CALLED TO BY AN ODD FELLOW THAT APPEARS VITAMIN D DEFICIENT.

Jen lowers her glasses from her head.

A NUMBER OF ALIENS ARE NOW VISIBLE BOTH AT CENTER STAGE AND IN THE AUDIENCE.

Spencer moves his hand to hers and bids her remove them with a subtle shake of his head.

SPEAKER

Welcome Ladies and Gentleman. We
want to thank You for being here.
In light of Your contributions to
our organization, we're moving
forward with our plans.

The gathering lends a modest applause.

THE ROOM DIMS AS A HEADS UP DISPLAY IS INITIATED IN FRONT OF
THE SPEAKER.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

A quarter of a billion years ago We
seeded this fair planet and began
Our Research.

The HUD shows *their* version evolution of life on Earth.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

We finished that project and wiped
the slate clean as we foresaw a new
era! One where mankind would play
its part.

James and Jen share looks of anger, denial, confusion.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Today as we move into Aquarius, we
finally begin to realize that
vision. As the Earths poles seek to
realign, the coming changes will
catapult us into the next
millennium.

The room cheers.

The heads up display changes from modern world into a New
Age.

DEFORESTATION AND RUNAWAY ICE MELT ISSUES FORTH COASTAL
FLOODS THAT CAUSE WORLD WIDE SUPERSTORMS.

THE STORMS REACH THE UPPER ATMOSPHERE AND FREEZE EVERYTHING
IN THEIR WAKE USHERING IN A POLE SHIFT, EFFECTIVELY CRIPPLING
MANKIND.

ANTARCTICA AWAKENS AS AN ANCIENT STRONGHOLD RETURNS.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Together We co create a new world.
Tomorrow the stars.

The crowd cheers, others applaud calmly.

A lone woman speaks deep in the crowd.

WOMAN

What of the rebellion? They say the
Gray's are not to be trusted.

An Elite scientist stands behind the speaker highly decorated
steps forward.

MADAM SPEAKER

People, Please.

MAN

What bout medical and engineers? Us
astronauts? Are we to become clones
in your network or sent to work and
forgot on the Moon or Mars for that
matter?

MADAM SPEAKER

No, no.

THE SPEAKER RETURNS TO THE PODIUM WITH STOIC MEASURE.

SPEAKER

Regardless of any claims of
Rebellion or "Disclosure".. We
shall remain in control of the
Earth's via Our VRC Array.

The crowd whispers, some voices of dissent become emboldened.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

And Together we will maintain our
stronghold at the Visual Reasoning
Complex and Array.

THE FEMALE SCIENTIST NOW STANDS.

WOMAN

They say once we upload we're *stuck*
in the Network forever?

The Speaker frustrated pauses looks over the crowd at the
Human Elites, to Madam Speaker then he hovers over the mic.

SPEAKER

I'll let Madam Speaker have the
floor.

MADAM SPEAKER, A HUMAN WOMAN APPROACHES THE MIC- ON HER SHOULDER A DOUBLE HELIX AND STAFF WITH WINGS.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Madam Speaker.

MADAM SPEAKER

Let me assure you, You will remain intact and once more alive.

MADAM SPEAKER RAISES BOTH HANDS TO THE HUMANS IN THE AUDIENCE.

MADAM SPEAKER (CONT'D)

We have toiled very long for and with the Engineers. It appears that the Hybridization Programs move ahead of schedule. As we near the end of the Surrogate Trials, soon the first generation of Trans-Humans will emerge.

Clapping ensues though it's tense from all sides.

MADAM SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Let me assure you once more that there have been a number of tests. The Grays seek hybridization, to update their bodies as necessary. So you see, it's all about life. No need to worry.

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

MAN

We were promised equal footing and opportunity. Instead this place is just another class system. The Controllers and the workers.

MADAM SPEAKER

As you can see, we're all gathered here today. The Engineers, the "Executives" and the technicians working together in a peaceful co-existence.

THE PEOPLE BALK AND BECOME ENRAGED.

THE ELITE HUMANS AND A NUMBER OF ALIENS START TO SLIP OUT AS A MILITARY UNIT MOVES INTO PLACE FOR CROWD CONTROL.

JEN AND JAMES STAND NEAR THE DOORS WHEN THEY BACK OUT THE WAY THEY CAME IN.

Spencer Williams is caught in the influx of movement.

INT.D.U.B. NEW YORK-NIGHT

TWO LARGE DOORS OPEN WITH A HISS, JEN AND JAMES WALK THROUGH SMALL BLASTS OF HYDRAULIC STEAM.

The interior opens into a large cavern; its depths host a dense cluster of half sized sky scrapers and vast variety of apartments and homes in rows along its cavernous shell.

GLASS ELEVATORS, MOVING WALKWAYS AND SMALL TRAINS BUSY ABOUT WITH HUMANS AND ALIENS THAT WORK AND LIVE TOGETHER.

A row of apartments with attached walkway line the cavern ceiling, a number of faces peer down through industrial railing and steam.

JEN REMOVES THE GLASSES FROM HER FACE AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH GROUPS OF PEDESTRIANS.

JEN

What is this place?

James shakes his head, they both try hard to not react.

Jen bumps into a couple in mechanical engineers uniforms with badges.

JEN (CONT'D)

Uh, I'm so sorry.

A human and alien walk together attempt to spot a badge on Jen and James.

JAMES

Excuse us.

James steps forward, smiles and continues to push Jen along.

JEN

Uh James, How do we get out of here!

JAMES

There's got to be a way back to the surface.

They gaze at the exotic landscape around them?

JAMES (CONT'D)

Right?

JEN

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

Jen stares back to the path ahead of them.

SHORT BLOCKS OF SQUAT BRICK BUILDINGS AND APARTMENTS
TRANSITION INTO UNDERGROUND SKY SCRAPERS. LUSH GARDENS AND
VINES WITH FLOWERS CRAWL UP PILLARS AND BUILDINGS, BUSHES,
TREES, AND PONDS WITH PHOSPHORESCENT FISH THAT SWIM AND DART.

The lighting changes from sparse industrial and fluorescent
to dim ambient LED's.

A PULSATING GLOW EMANATES FROM THE CEILING THAT CHANGES
COLORS FROM VIOLET, TO BLUE, TO WHITE.

Jen and James gaze about in awe as they walk.

JEN (CONT'D)

This place is huge.

James shakes his head as he scan his surroundings.

JAMES

I can't believe my eyes.

The area is tasked with a population in suits and uniforms,
guards and engineers all en route to somewhere important.

JAMES (CONT'D)

We should probably keep looking for
an exit out of here.

They near a short bridge a group descends then walks past,
each dawns electronic badge firmly on their chest.

JEN

Yea! I'm with you on that one.

JAMES AND JEN EXCHANGE AWKWARD GLANCES THEN TURN ONTO THE
BRIDGE WHEN A SHRILL TONE SOUNDS EVERYWHERE AT ONCE.

Images of James and Jen appear with a red lower third affixed
that states "Terrorist".

Immediately they duck their heads, hands hiding their faces.

A ROW OF GUARDS APPROACH WHEN ONE RECOGNIZES THEM.

GUARD #2

That's them!

JEN TURNS TO SEE, JAMES DOESN'T EVEN LOOK BACK AS HE PULLS JEN INTO FULL STRIDE.

They venture into the next suburb when the streets split in 3 directions.

THE FIRST, WET WORKS AVENUE THEN ADMIN. COURT AND LASTLY MAG. LEV. LANE.

THEY BYPASSES THE CITY CENTER THROUGH A POCKET PARK AT ITS EDGE, TO AN INDUSTRIAL OUTCROP IN THE CAVERN NEARBY.

JAMES

I sure hope this is a way!

JEN

To what?

James shakes his head.

JAMES

Out?

Jen wears a concerned look when she turns to James.

They near the outcrop, a row of aluminum doors and bump into an alien couple with a human guide that enters the cavern.

HUMAN GUIDE

Um, excuse you!

Jen peers back over her shoulder then forward at the Only choice.

JAMES

Sorry!

HUMAN GUIDE

Hey, are you supposed to be here!

INT. DEEP UNDERGROUND, ACCESS WAY-NIGHT

INSIDE IS AN INDUSTRIAL ACCESS WAY, TWO CHOICES ONE ESCALATOR UP AND ONE DOWN.

JEN

Any thoughts?

Jen and James glance at the two.

A GRAY SIGN ON THE WALL STATES: UP- WET WORKS,
DOWN- BOARDING STATION.

Armed security can be heard approaching.

JAMES
Boarding Station?

JEN
Boarding Station.

They attempt to walk normal as they hastily enter.

INT. BOARDING STATION-NIGHT

JAMES & JEN PAUSE HOLD TO ASSESS AS THEIR ESCALATORS OPEN
INTO A LARGE WHITE STONE AND STAINLESS STEEL BOARDING
STATION.

JAMES
Okay.

They reach the ground level to the space-age equivalent of
Penn Station.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Now there's something you don't see
everyday

JEN
This whole place is like some kind
of parallel reality.

HIGH SPEED MAGNETIC LEVITATION TRAINS ENTER AND EXIT THROUGH
MULTIPLE LARGE TUBES.

JAMES
Yeah.

A NUMBER OF LARGE HEADS UP DISPLAYS, PLACED PRAGMATIC ABOUT
THE STATION SHUFFLE THROUGH ALL MAJOR STOPS AND DEPARTURE/
ARRIVAL TIMES.

The rolling list catches Jen's eye.

SECURITY LEVEL-REQUIRED

West Coast:

VI, CA #00 Dept- 0500Hours, Vandenberg _Launch #01 Dept-
0500Hour(s)., Catalina_Port #02 Dept -0430Hours

South West:

Area 52-Interstellar Launch, #03 Arrival 0430 and #04
Dept_0500 , White Sands Proving #05 Dept-0530, Dulce
laboratories #06 Dept- 0400.

NorthWest:

Portsmouth, New Hampshire Interstellar Storage Structure #07,
Maine #08, New New York #09

Gulf Port:

Puerto Rico Port #10...

JEN

Thats **quite** a list.

James peers out, more aliens and humans alike come and go
..passengers line up in front of each portal.

JAMES

Is it me or does Storage Structure
sound like another way to say
Parking Garage?

JEN

I have to admit, it does.

James nods, Jen glares back at him.

A CROWD OF PEOPLE AT THE TOP OF THE ESCALATOR ARE KNOCKED TO
THE SIDE BY SECURITY.

A THRONG OF SECURITY MAKES IT TO THE BOARDING RAMP, FINDS NO
ONE AND SCATTERS.

SECURITY AGENT

Teams of Two- Spread Out.

INT.MAG LEV TRAIN-NIGHT

JAMES LEADS JEN AS THEY CUT IN BEHIND 2 OTHERS AND ONTO A
MAGLEV CAR.

They find a seat and sit shoulder to shoulder.

The Mag Lev Interior Lights blink White then Red, accompanied
by 2 audio tones before the doors shut.

Seated around them are human engineers, a Tall White Humanoid Alien and lastly an odd humanoid with shaggy hair, an odd size head and old trench coat.

JEN
(Mouths)
What do we do?

James stares ahead and feigns a smile.

JAMES
Pray.

Jen raises both brows at him then turns forward as the train accelerates.

A DISPLAY ON THE INTERIOR OF THE CAR SHOWS THE PROXIMITY TO THE NEXT STOP #07 PORTSMOUTH, NH-SS.

The Next stop blinks on the screen.

THE PASSENGERS IN THE CAR EXCHANGE GLANCES WITH JAMES AND JEN, NONE RECOGNIZE THAT THE OTHER BELONGS NOR IS ANY MORE ALIEN THEN THE NEXT.

The Car registers max speed on the Display and holds for only a minute before it begins to decelerate.

THE MAG. LEV. CAR COMES TO A SMOOTH STOP BEFORE THE DOORS OPEN WITH A HISS.

James and Jen anxiously exit the train, close behind the Odd Humanoid with Shaggy Hair and Trench Coat follows.

INT. #07 LAUNCH PAD, PORTSMOUTH NH-NIGHT

JEN
Do you suppose he's following us?

James uses his peripherals to glance over his shoulder.

JAMES
I don't think so. Maybe he's on his way out too.

Jen gives James a curious look then catches on.

THE PLATFORM DESCENDS THE CUSTOMARY SQUARE ARCH WAY AND INTO A CORRIDOR 10 METERS LONG BEFORE IT TURNS INTO A SEPARATE ROTUNDA.

The two falter at the abundance of activity, a large swath of humanoid aliens come and go to various launch pads each built into and extending through out the caverns.

ONE CORNER OF THE ROTUNDA HAS A NATURAL TRICKLING WATERFALL THAT FLOWS FROM THE CEILING, UV LIGHT SHINES ON VINES THAT GROW FROM A SMALL POOL BELOW THAT TEEMS WITH BIOLUMINESCENT FISH.

James and Jen gasp at the grandeur of the location and its functionality.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Whoa.

JEN

James that ..Guy.

James nods as they attempt to subtly follow them.

THE ODD MAN IN THE TRENCH WALKS PAST WITH AND SLINGS HIS SACK OVER HIS SHOULDER AS HE BEELINES FOR A SET OF ESCALATORS THAT ACCESS SEPARATE BAYS.

In the center a multi-story launch and storage facility, the corridor opens on one side to two bays stacked upon each other with access via stainless steel escalators or freight elevators.

JEN SLOWS HER BREATHING AS SHE RETURNS HER GAZE TO JAMES.

JEN (CONT'D)

What are you gonna do now?

JAMES

Its not obvious.

Jen shakes her head.

JEN

No.

JAMES TURNS TO WATCH THEN TIP TOES OFF AFTER THE ODD MAN IN THE TRENCH AS RIDES THE ESCALATOR TO THE TOP BAY.

JAMES

This has to be a way out.

Jen rolls her eyes then further shakes her head before she to falls in behind James.

JEN
I know you don't think you can fly
one of those things.

JAMES STOPS IN FRONT OF THE SIZABLE BAY, INSIDE AN DARK
METALLIC BLACK CRAFT WITH HIEROGLYPHS ON ITS SIDE HOVERS IN
WAIT.

James turns toward Jen when a smile crosses his face.

James nods his head and walks through the bay doors.

THEY BOTH NEAR WHEN A LOW, WRETCHED TONE SOUNDS AND RED
LIGHTS FLASH OVERHEAD.

JEN (CONT'D)
What now?

They spot a wall of monitors that display their face and warn
in multiple languages of their hostile intent.

JEN (CONT'D)
See that's not fair! Or even true
for that matter.

JAMES
Well explain later!

James nods at her then rides his hand to her back where the
gun rests, Jen stiffens.

THE ODD MAN SCANS HIS CREDENTIALS AT A KEY PAD THEN WHEN
MAGNETIC SHIELDING LOWERS ITS HOLD ON THE CRAFT AND IT BEGINS
TO HOVER FREELY.

A large garage door behind them shutters as its heavy
mechanical motor clinks open.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I think we better make this happen.

Jen approaches from behind.

JEN
What? Wait, What do you mean?

SECURITY#4
Halt!

GUARDS APPROACH FROM BELOW AS JAMES GRABS JEN GRABS HAND AND
THEY RUN DIRECTLY INTO BAY.

The Odd Man extends his arm, a light emits and a door extends
from his ship.

James and Jen hands up rush behind him onto the craft.

JAMES

Please, We need your help!

THE ODD MAN GIVES AN QUEER EXPRESSION BECKONS THEM BOTH AND NODS THEM ONTO THE SMALL CRAFT.

SECURITY #4

I said halt!

THE SECURITY TEAM IS JOINED BY ANOTHER GROUP AS THEY ALL RUSH UP THE ESCALATOR THEN DRAW DOWN INTO READY POSITIONS AND TAKE AIM, THE CLOSEST GUARD FIRES HIS GUN.

THE ODD MAN IN THE TRENCH PUNCHES A BUTTON AND THE DOOR SLIDES SHUT.

INT.PERSONAL SPACE CRAFT-NIGHT

James is first into a cargo hold where Two Cryogenic Chambers are affixed to the walls.

JEN

James help.

THE CRAFT BEGINS TO LIFT AND FLY TOWARDS THE EXIT.

Jen braces the Odd Man, he clutches his stomach as he stumbles into the control room.

INT. PERSONAL SPACE CRAFT CONTROL ROOM-NIGHT

THE MAN FALLS INTO HIS SEAT, A SHAKY, BLOODY HAND REVEALS A SMALL COMPONENT.

He lifts it and it unfolds into a U shaped device that he gently places upon his head.

JEN AND JAMES EXCHANGE GLANCES AS THE ODD MAN NOW PILOTS WITH A SINGLE HAND HE PLACES ON THE PANEL IN FRONT OF HIM TO COMPLETE THE CIRCUIT.

THE SHIP THRUMS TO LIFE.

An spiking bio signature of the pilot as well as altitude, navigation and more appear in front of them via a heads up display.

THE ODD MAN NOW RESTS BOTH HANDS ON THE CONTROL SURFACE, THE PANEL SEPARATES INTO TWO FOR FLIGHT MODE.

A holographic display expands as Jens finds a seat in awe, the ship accelerates then blasts out the launch pad and safely beyond the bay doors.

THE CRAFT PUSHES THROUGH OCEAN WATER EFFORTLESSLY, JEN AND JAMES PEER OUT AT THE VIEW WHEN THE CRAFT BURSTS INTO THE AIR.

Jen searches the Pilots eyes.

He peers back then looks away to James, He returns the pilots gaze.

JAMES
What can I do for you?

The Odd Man stares at James with a pained look.

JAMES (CONT'D)
I'm so sorry! I didn't mean for
this to happen.

The Odd Mans relaxes, nods then taps a sequence at the panel.

THE ODD MANS STRENGTH WANES, HIS EYES FLUTTER THEN HE REMOVES THE U-SHAPED COMPONENT FROM HIS HEAD AND PASSES IT TO JAMES.

The craft blinks green then blue before the bio matrix change and the heads up display transition to English.

THE ODD MAN SMIRKS AT JAMES BEFORE HE SLUMPS IN HIS SEAT AND PASSES FROM THIS LIFE.

JEN
(sobs)
James.

The craft slows to a hover over Boston, droplets of rain run down the windshield.

TRANSITION

INT.SPACECRAFT-NIGHT

JAMES AND JEN MOURN *THE MAN* WHO HELPED THEM.

They lay his body to rest in the cargo hold.

JAMES TAKES THE SINGLE SEAT AT THE CONTROLS AS THEY DRIFT.

JAMES
Okay, here it goes.

He attempts to rest his hands on the panels in front of him,
The screens and HUD's glow adjusts altitude and position.

THE SHIP STEADIES, JAMES CAULKES AND THE CRAFT ACCELERATES.

James smiles.

THEY ZIP OVER PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND AND THE FURTHEST
FORESEEABLE DISTANCE AS THEY ZOOM SOUTH OVER THE EASTERN
SEABOARD.

EXT. NEW YORK-NIGHT

JAMES KEEPS THE SPACECRAFT AT FIVE THOUSAND FEET AS HE BANKS
RIGHT OVER MONTAUK.

His eyes lead the way, little to no movement is required by
his hands as the vehicle adjust its velocity and direction
instantly.

JAMES
Ahh ha ha!

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

James looks to Jen confounded.

JAMES
What?

SHE NODS AT TWO JETS FROM THE REAR- AFTER BURNERS AT FULL
THROTTLE.

JAMES (CONT'D)
(chuckles)
Well then. Let's see what this
thing can do? Huh.

JEN
What? Oh, Im not entirely sure
thats a good idea.

James glances left then down, the craft begins to nose dive
at the water.

JEN (CONT'D)

James. James!

THE JETS BANK AND DESCEND IN CHASE.

JAMES SQUINTS TO SEE INTO THE DISTANCE, THE SMALL CRAFT ACCELERATES OVER THE SURFACE OF THE WATER THAT LEAVES A WAKE.

JAMES

Whoa.

James has to pull up as they approach then cross over Pelham Bay and the Bronx- the Jets no where in sight.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Hey, its Yankee Stadium.

JAMES SLOWS AS HE PASSES THE FAMILIAR LANDMARK WHEN THE JETS REAPPEAR BEHIND AND ABOVE.

JEN

Um.

JAMES

I see them, I see them.

THE JETS CLOSE IN, JAMES PUSHES THE CRAFT LOWER AS THEY DROP IN ABOVE 5TH STREET.

The air around the space craft ionizes then shifts colors as they hard turn between streets.

THE SPACE CRAFT BANKS HARD, IT CAUSES PARKED CARS TO SKID AND A TAXI IN TO FLIP OVER IN THE AIR.

JEN

Oh Shit!

James lowers himself then shouts out the cockpit.

JAMES

My bad.

The Jets are heard not seen..

JAMES LEANS FORWARD, HIS EYES FOCUS ON THE MANY STORIED STRUCTURES AND SKY SCRAPERS OF MANHATTAN.

JEN

We've got to get out of here!

JAMES

I'm trying they're chasing us remember.

Jen shakes her head when another two Jets flies overhead in the opposite direction.

JAMES LEANS LEFT, THE CRAFT FLIPS ITS SELF LEFT, IN SECONDS ITS THE NEXT STREET OVER.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Holy Shit!

Jen almost looses her self then glares at James.

JEN

Please! Don't do that again!

James leans back and peers up, the Craft ascends at rapid speed above the bay.

Two jets fall in behind them, 2 more join from flanking positions.

JEN (CONT'D)

Whoa!

JAMES

They're good at this.

James then Jen glance at the peripherals of the H.U.D., a sensor tracks the Jets position(s) with distance, speed and an infrared index.

JEN

This is a space ship right?

James scans the sky in front of him and spots the moon.

JAMES

I sure hope so.

James cranes his neck and leans forward in his seat.

James and Jen's craft appears becomes an ionized blur of light as they propel forward and up into the sky.

EXT.ATMOSPHERE-DAY

James and Jen both grimace as they shoot through the Stratosphere, the sun rises on east coast horizon.

All Jets in pursuit are left long behind as the Craft passes through the Exosphere and approaches the edge of space.

INT.SPACE CRAFT-SPACE

THE MOON CLEARLY VISIBLE, THE STARS LESS SO- ALL AT ONCE THE MILKY WAY BURSTS TO LIFE IN A PHOSPHORESCENT BRILLIANCE.

Instantly the Cosmos surrounds them.

JAMES MOUTH HANGS OPEN.

JAMES

Wow..

Jen takes it in with a curiously breath.

JEN

Yeah.

James returns from a trancelike state to glance about in search of.

JEN (CONT'D)

Watch Out!

JEN POINTS TO THEIR SIDE AS A GROUP OF SPACE DEBRIS DRAWS NEAR AT HIGH SPEEDS.

JAMES

What the fuck!

James eyes glance at the into the space in front and past the space junk.

IN AN INCREDIBLE FEAT OF AGILITY THE CRAFT DOES A SWOOP, BANK AND FLIP BEYOND THE DEBRIS.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I lost it?

JEN

What?

JAMES

The Moon.

Jen glances down and to her side.

JEN

To our right, uh.

She peers back.

JEN (CONT'D)

Under us now. Our 5 O' Clock.

James leans and the ship veers.

He finds then locks his eyes on the moon.

The Craft radiates a bright white then fires its self at the Moon.

JAMES

The further out we get the further
the distance between seems.

JEN

It's an effect of our atmosphere.
It makes the moon appear closer
then it really is.

James turns and raises his brows.

JEN (CONT'D)

At this speed, it may take awhile.

James nods his head and smiles.

JAMES

Okay. Lets see what you really got.

JAMES TAPS AT THE NAVIGATION H.U.D.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Analyze for distance to object.

The screen in front of him enhances and highlights an approach vector; two meters issue information- one the current speed in percentage to engine capability, the other its potential to light speed.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Accelerate.

THEY SHOOT ACROSS THE DISTANCE BETWEEN EARTH AND THE MOON, A BLUEISH HUE GLOWS AROUND THE CRAFTS AEROFOIL.

EXT.LIGHT SIDE OF THE MOON-DAY

THE MOON GROWS IN SIZE WITH EVERY SECOND.

James stares at the moon in an intense focus.

Navigation sounds a warning noise.

JEN LOOKS OVER TO JAMES CONCERNED.

JEN

James.

JAMES LEANS BACK, THE CRAFT SHIFTS IN COLOR FROM BLUE AND RETURNS TO A SOFT, MILKY WHITE AS IT SLOWS.

THE CRAFT VEERS AROUND TO SKIM THE SURFACE OF THE MOON, THE ALTIMETER OUTPUTS AN 20,000 FEET.

JEN (CONT'D)

Do you.. Know where your going?

JAMES

Me, No. I happen to have had a girlfriend back in college, who was quite the astronomy.. Nerd?

JEN

Nerd? Astrophile maybe.

They share a laugh.

JAMES

Hah ha.

JEN

Heh ha.

JAMES

Fair enough.

James breaks into a smile.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I remember, she was so passionate she would share her knowledge with anyone that would listen.

JEN

Heh ha. I wouldn't say all that.

JAMES

What?

JEN

You make me sound, desperate.

JAMES SHIES AND BLUSHES.

JAMES

I'm sorry, I meant I always learned something.

Jen peers up at James, she blushes.

(MORE)

JAMES (CONT'D)

I always wanted to be an astronaut.
That's one of the reasons when I
met you, I was so.

JEN GLARES AT JAMES, HE CLEARS HIS THROAT AND STOPS MID
SENTENCE.

Jen widens her eyes and lets a smirk cross her face when they
both turn to the screen.

JAMES (CONT'D)

I saw something earlier, ah.

JAMES TAPS A BUTTON, THE FORWARD WINDOW DISPLAY EXPANDS
AROUND THEM AS THE MOON TAKES UP FRONT AND CENTER.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Lets see if together we can find
where history was made..

The craft leans as the terrain shifts from mountainous wide
open spaces with a single large crater, to reveal a sea of
endless craters.

JAMES (CONT'D)

If I'm correct.

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

JAMES (CONT'D)

We just passed Copernicus'.

James eyes go from the front window as he peers to out and
down around them with a sheepish grin.

JAMES (CONT'D)

That means that Tycho should be.

JEN

Ehem. We just passed over Tycho. If
we continue North, We should come
to Copernicus on our left.

Jen smiles then looks left.

JEN (CONT'D)

While Apollo Mission sites are all
around us..

James cranes his neck all around.

JEN (CONT'D)
On our right is the first crewed
Lunar landing and walk on the moon,
Apollo 11.

THE CRAFT DESCENDS IN PROXIMITY TO THE SURFACE, THE AEROFOIL
GLOWS BRIGHT WHITE.

JEN (CONT'D)
Over there, In Mare
Tranquillitatis.

JAMES SCANS THEN FINDS AN AMERICAN FLAG FADED, DIRTY AND WITH
A LEAN STILL STANDS NOT FAR FROM A LONE LUNAR ROVER.

JEN (CONT'D)
Wow!

James smiles and takes them once around.

JAMES
Yeah. That's a piece of history I
never thought I'd get a chance to
see.

James squints at Jen then groans with a noticeable exhale.

JEN
What?

JAMES
I mean there is one more thing?

JEN
Huh, what?

JAMES
I always wanted to know.

JEN
Know what?

JAMES
Uhm, whats on the far side of the
moon.

JEN
Huh?

JAMES
I mean that's got to be why we're
here isn't it? If we can find that
Array, they were talking about and
turn it off.

JEN

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

JAMES

I tasked the navigation with
possible locations as we flew past
mare Insulare.

JEN

Why there?

JAMES

Project Horizon.

JEN

Project what?

JAMES

The US Army proposed Lunar Base
back in the fifties. Eisenhower
rejected it for NASA. The
misappropriations we investigated
could well have covered the cost's.
However Congress did approve 6.4
Billion over JFK's proposed budget
only 2 years later.

Silence falls from Jen, she returns an odd stare at James.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(sigh)

We flew over 2 of the proposed
positions. It's possible we missed
'em, except I figured out how to
scan on a approach.

JEN

Hah, okay. So what next? We orbit
with scanners on and visually look
for signs of military or alien
bases?

Jen looks sarcastic yet the last words sting with irony.

JAMES

Sounds good to me.

Jen slowly returns her view to the main display and takes a
breath.

THE CRAFT DOES A LONG ARCH AROUND AND INTO THE DARK SIDE OF
THE MOON.

THEY CROSS A THIRD OF THE MOON IN A COOL CRUISE AND IN SILENCE OVER THE MANY SHADES OF SILVER AND GRAY..

JEN

Hah, I don't know about this one.
James

Stubbornly attentive, James pilots the craft.

AT 15,000 THOUSAND FEET HIS DART ABOUT AND TWITCH FROM THE SHEER VOLUME AND GRANDEUR.

The navigation lights up as James drops to ten thousand feet.

JAMES

There.

SHADOW AND DARKNESS GROW OVER THE FAR SIDE OF THE MOON.

JEN

Where?

INSIDE A HIGH WALL, COMPACT CRATER STAND TWO SPIRES OF PECULIAR, DULL METALLIC MAKE AND PLACEMENT.

The craft breaks over the ridge and into the crater, a long bridge stretches over odd buildings below.

The alien spaceport fills in the crater.

JAMES STARTS HIS DESCENT WHEN JEN APPEAR ANXIOUS.

JEN (CONT'D)

Maybe we shouldn't be so hasty.

JAMES

Okay?

JEN

I'm just saying, they might have defenses.

THE CRAFT CLOSES DISTANCE AND PASSES OVER THE BRIDGE.

The computer sounds an alarm, James looks and spots a scan of the buildings below that highlights one.

FROM WITHIN TWO CRAFT APPROACH.

JAMES

Okay, Maybe you're right.

JEN
You I usually enjoy those words a
lot more.

James glances at the Navigation then peers out and above them.

THE CRAFT GLOWS BRIGHT THEN ASCENDS TEN THOUSAND FEET IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE, ACROSS THE DARK SIDE OF THE MOON.

Jen emits a sound as she leans back in her seat.

JEN (CONT'D)
Ahhhh! Not again..

James looks over his shoulder and takes note of Jen then out at the dark side of the moon, lights from small individual bases are scattered about.

JAMES
Look at all those..

Jen stares out then back at James.

They fly over an outpost tucked deep inside a crater this one shimmers with activity and buildings.

THE BUILDINGS RANGE FROM CYLINDRICAL, TO SPIRES, TO SKY SCRAPERS OF GLASS; A RUNWAY IS SEATED ON THE FRONT OF A HEXAGONAL COMPLEX WITH A LARGE SATELLITE ARRAY.

JEN
James?

JAMES
That's where we should be going.

JEN PEERS AT THE MAIN DISPLAY ALONGSIDE JAMES, THEY STARE IN SILENCE AT THE LUNAR CITY.

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

JEN
Let's take a closer look at that
Array.

James glances at Jen, He returns his gaze upon the screen as they draw near three large satellites and encircle them.

They descend several thousand feet in an arch around the array.

THE CRATER AROUND THEM RISES IN TOO EXTRAORDINARY HEIGHT AND IS A BRIGHT POWDERY SILVER.

James glances about for any signs of life, Jen swallows and her brows furrow her eyes gloss over.

THEY ADJUST THEIR ALTITUDE AS JAMES CRUISES IN A TILT AROUND THEN NEAR THE FRONT OF THE COMPLEX FOR A LANDING

JAMES
There! What's that?

James points out.

THE CRAFT BANKS TOWARD A SHORT RUNWAY CONNECTED VIA A MULTI FLOORED BUILDING WITH A FRONT SIDE GLASS FACADE.

THE CRAFT LANDS AT THE END OF THE STRIP, ON CIRCLES WITH AN X AND AIRLOCKS FOR CRAFT TO DOCK WITH.

INT.SATELLITE COMPLEX-MOON

THE OUTER AIR LOCK DOORS CLOSE BEHIND THEM WITH A HISS, JAMES AND JEN STEP INTO A CORRIDOR UNDER THE COMPLEX.

A thrumming quiet surrounds them, they follow the slender hallway as it emerges into the large glass foyer.

JAMES
Where is everyone?

JEN
Maybe it's remotely operated.

They both look to each other.

A sign on the wall:

<- Control, -> Access.

James looks to Jen and rolls his eyes before they head Right.

INT.SATELLITE ARRAY, NETWORK ACCESS-MOON

A SET OF OVER SIZED GLASS DOUBLE DOORS CLOSE BEHIND THEM AS THEY STEP INTO AN INCREDIBLE SIZED ROOM.

The sky shows through a number of sky lights in the ceiling.

BANKS OF NEON LED'S BLINK AND FANS HUM FROM TALL SERVERS ALL AROUND THEM.

The lights spring to life as they enter, rows upon rows of servers run the length of the interior.

Jen looks to James.

JEN
What are you thinking?

JAMES
I, I don't know what I was thinking. I guess I was hoping for some kind of obvious shut off switch.

Jen returns a pained expression toward James.

JAMES LEADS WITH A DESPERATE LOOK AROUND.

JAMES (CONT'D)
Lets split up, see if we can find something.

Jen nods and walks away, James does the same in the opposite.

JEN STOPS AND WATCHES JAMES, TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND FOLLOWS AFTER HIM.

James passes row after row of servers then shakes his head doubtful as he finds the rear of the room.

HE LOOKS AROUND THEN SPOTS A RAISED PLATFORM IN THE CORNER.

INT.SATELLITE ACCESS, RAISED PLATFORM-MOON

Four steps up, a quick glance to both side and James ascends the small raised platform.

AN ADMINISTRATIVE POSITION ABOVE THE SERVERS HE PEERS ABOUT FOR JEN, THEN SPOTS A COMPUTER CONTROL TERMINAL HOUSED INSIDE.

ITS ATTACHED TO HOUSED TRANSFORMER, ITS HIGH AND LOW VOLTAGE BUSHINGS RISE ABOVE AND OUTSIDE THE FACILITY LIKE ANTENNA'S.

James glances around.

JAMES
Jen. Jen!

JAMES FROWNS THEN STEPS TO THE TERMINAL.

JAMES GLANCES ABOUT THE AREA AROUND THE COMPUTER FOR SOMETHING, ANYTHING! JAMES APPEARS AT A LOSS WHEN HE LEANS IN TO SPOT AN IMPRESSION ON THE WALL BETWEEN THE TRANSFORMER AND THE TERMINAL.

He moves in to find a wall box and slowly figure its industrial access lock.

IT POPS OPEN.

James open the panel in the wall- inside two intersecting bundles of cables run into the Master Terminal from under the floor.

NO MASTER SWITCH EXISTS, A PLETHORA OF CABLE IS EXPOSED, SOME BUNDLED AND PROTECTED OTHERS WITH MINIMAL INSULATION.

JAMES (CONT'D)

Jen. Hey, wherever you are keep an eye out..

James looks around the room full of servers, fans hum and whirl otherwise it's quiet.

JAMES (CONT'D)

(speaks to self)

..For some tools or gloves or something.

JAMES RETURNS TO THE PANEL, TAKES A CLOSER LOOK AND NOTICES THE CONFIGURATION OF WIRES INSIDE; THE POWER RUNS TO THE MAIN TERMINAL THEN PARALLEL TO THE SERVERS OUT THE BOTTOM OF THE PANEL.

James leans in and examines the bundle, a handful of red and green wires appear to run into single row of receiving screws.

JEN

Step away from the box James!

HE PLACES HIS HAND ON THEM, FROWNS AND PAUSES AS HE TIGHTENS HIS GRIP AROUND THE POWER SYSTEM CABLE BUNDLE AND CRINGES WITH ANTICIPATION.

JAMES SLOWLY TURNS TO SEE JEN WITH HER ARMS EXTENDED WITH THE OFFICERS GUN IN HAND LEVELED AT HIM.

JAMES

Jen, What's going on?

JEN

I can't let you do that.

JAMES

What are you doing?

JEN

They've always been with us, James.
There's nothing any of us can do
about it.

James gives Jen an incredulous stare.

JEN (CONT'D)

Humans, don't even want to know.
They just want to go about their
blissful existence. They don't want
to worry about politics, the
environment or the economy.

JAMES

You saw it down there, every
thing's an illusion. Everything
programmed. We can *change* all that,
we can wake them up!

Jen shakes her head.

JEN

Truth is relative James. Its all
fake news now. "They've" cornered
the market on Reality. *They* can
literally *deny* everything.

JAMES

Then what! To what end?

Jen stares at James her eyes gloss over.

JEN

That's the billion dollar question
isn't it. Our planet is changing
maybe even dying. Our resources
dwindling, why they even want this
place is beyond me.

James attempts a firm grip on the bundles of cable, Jen lifts
the gun.

JEN (CONT'D)

They already owned it! We're just
waking up to that.

JAMES

I don't get it, then why any of
this?

JEN
The only option left, is
evacuation.

Her hands begin to get shaky.

JAMES
There's still time, with a little
imagination and some unity there's
no end to what mankind can achieve.

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 YANKS AT THE BUNDLE, THE GUN RAPPORT IS STIFLING.

Bang!

JAMES VISION BLURS AS HE'S PROPELLED INTO THEN AWAY FROM THE
PANEL.

He looks down at the blood that spills from him and on his
hands.

JAMES DROPS TO HIS KNEES, HIS HAND A CRISPY GRIP STILL CLASPS
THE BUNDLE OF POWER CABLES AS SPARKS LEAP FROM THE BREAKER
BOX.

He pauses with a smile before he collapses to the floor.

Jen stares at his body, the gun shakes in her hand. A large
tear streaks down her cheek.

She falters then steps forward and falls to his side.

THE MAIN TERMINAL ABOVE THEM, SPARKS INTO A SINGLE FLAME THAT
GROWS INSIDE.

THE ROOM LIGHTS FLICKER BEFORE THEY ARE REPLACED BY RED
EMERGENCY LIGHTS AND THE SERVERS SHUT DOWN, CALLING AN END TO
THE INSECT LIKE ELECTRONIC THRUM.

FADE TO BLACK

ROLL CREDITS

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, in designer custom fit suit peers out over the city.

ASSISTANT

Good morning sir. Here to remind
you of your first appointment at
9:30am.

He turns around and is an alien faced humanoid.

SUIT.

Sharon, I told you I don't like
meetings just after breakfast and I
don't eat breakfast until nine.

The morning coffee crashes to the floor.

ASSISTANT

(Whines)

A, Um. Uh!

The Suit Clad Alien stares back stupefied. His Assistant turns and runs out of the office screaming.

ASSISTANT (CONT'D)

Ahh!

INT.WASHINGTON D.C, WHITE HOUSE -DAY

The President steps out on a sprinkling, gray morning to speak with the press.

The Man with an obvious toupee' atop his Alien face approaches the podium, the press fall silent in astonishment.

The Alien imposter stares back aloof.

Gasps are heard in the crowd and one woman screams.

U.S. PRESIDENT

What? Do I have something on my face?

INT.LIVING ROOM FLORIDA BAYOU-DAY

A father dons his, Make America Great Again hat as he sits alongside his children for dinner.

The mother walks in with a plate for them and sits.

MOTHER

Hon, who is that on the tele?

He turns from the table and glares at the Television.

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.

PRIME MINISTER

My brother's and sisters. Today we stand on the brink of a new tomorrow..

MANY IN THE AUDIENCE IMMEDIATELY REACT TO THE DARK SUITED ALIEN WITH GRAY HAIR.

Screams, loudly protest and objects begin to be hurled up stage.

THE PRESIDENT IS SURPRISED TO RECOGNIZE HIMSELF ON THE DOWN STAGE MONITORS AS HE'S USHERED OFF STAGE.

INT.MOSCOW, RUSSIA GRAND KREMLIN PALACE-DAY

The President of Russia appears from an rear door and onto stage alongside the upper echelon of Kremlin brass.

Hushed or bemused mumbling begins stop and take heed of the interlopers within their ranks.

It only takes a beat before the Federal Security Service leap into action and draw weapons against the humans.

The cameraMan and journalists shrugs and puts up hands then glare at each other- eye brows raised.

EXT. PHILIPPINES-DAY

A LONG STRETCH OF WOMEN AND HUMBLE PHILIPPINE CIVILIANS HOLD SIGNS AND SHOUT AT THE MOTORCADE.

In the rear a black limo State Flags drives through the brunt of the chaos of fists and 2x4's that pound against its side by the people that close in around it.

THE MAN INSIDE GRINS AS HE WAVES BACK THROUGH THE SOFT TINTED WINDOWS WHEN THE MOTORCADE SLOWS, IT APPROACHES AN ALL WHITE STATE BUILDING.

Police barricade the entrance, the limo stops and a door opens, a short man in a suit with a hideous Alien face and short dark brown hair steps out with a staff member and heads towards the building.

The people spot him and the crowd falls silent, including the guard posted that hesitate then lift their rifles and point at the Alien. The crowd protests then mobs as one to rush the Alien.

STONES, PEOPLE AND GUNSHOTS ERUPT IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

FADE TO BLACK

CREDITS ROLL