

# CORTEX

by  
Michael Donald

[mikedonald@touchwoodpicturesltd.com](mailto:mikedonald@touchwoodpicturesltd.com)

**EXT. DARKEST SPACE**

Stars twinkle in the infinite black velvet galaxy. A low stomach squeezing rumble. And then something obscures their light -- it's vast.

A SPACESHIP.

Trailing contrails of greenish atmosphere from it's ruptured hull -- pockmarked and buckled by meteorite strikes.

An alien mark etched into its metal skin -- a geometric pattern -- a SQUARE ROOT RECTANGLE.

As this HUGE ship passes we see it's not alone -- other large ships, travel in it's shadow.

The fleet heads towards a speck -- which becomes a familiar blue and green planet.

On screen text: EARTH 65 Million years ago.

**EXT. PLANET EARTH - CHICKULUB - MEXICO COAST**

As they near the surface, the ships following the giant craft peel off, spreading across the planet. The dying ship continues alone -- hurtles towards the ocean.

A small CAPSULE is jettisoned from the ship's hull -- hitting the water seconds ahead of the impact.

KABOOM!

FADE TO BLACK

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - DAY**

The sounds of summer -- children scream, music plays. Couples lie entwined, enjoying the moment. A MAN, distracted by a girl in a well filled top, misses a frisbee as it sails by.

SUPER - PRESENT DAY

DOUGLAS (O.S.)  
Aww C'mon what a loser...

DOUGLAS SIMONS (20s) an overachiever stares at his brother BRADLEY (20s) as he scoops up the frisbee.

BRADLEY  
Hey, it was air turbulence, wind shadow from your fat head.

Douglas shakes his head in pity. Turns to a young couple lying nearby on a rug.

An intense looking MAN, JOHN OZONIS. (30s) and his wife JULIE (20s). John scribbles in a notebook -- mind always working. NATHAN (5) a serious looking boy, plays next to them.

DOUGLAS

Huh? Hey you guys, does my brother suck at Frisbee or what?

A smile lights up Julie's face.

JULIE

I don't know. Why don't we ask a Pulitzer prize winner.

She ruffles John's hair.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Well. What do you think?

John smiles -- flicks a resigned look at the brothers.

JOHN

I'd have to say that the wind patterns around your head are unpredictable, rather like your treasure finding abilities.

Douglas comes over and pulls out a beer from a cooler, chucks one to his brother.

DOUGLAS

Thanks for the support Buddy. You won't be saying that when I'm making a mosaic out of the gold dubloons I've pulled out of the ocean.

Bradley smiles -- chugs some beer down.

BRADLEY

Yeah right...gotta' find 'em first.  
(To John)  
How's it coming?

John looks up from his scribbling -- mind buried in thought.

JOHN

Just outlines at the moment.

Douglas looks at the notebook -- a sketch of a futuristic looking weapon. A name written under the picture.

DOUGLAS

Pegasus. Cool.

Bradley sits down next to them.

BRADLEY  
What you 'gonna call it?

John hams up a movie trailer V.O impression.

JOHN  
GODS OF WAR.

Julie plays with his ear.

JULIE  
Another sensitive love story where  
the military wipe out little green  
men.

John closes the notebook. Looks at her, love in his eyes.

JOHN  
Alien's can have feelings. Besides  
there's a school of thought that  
says we're the aliens.

DOUGLAS  
Yeah right, there's a school of  
thought for everything

Julie suddenly stands up. Pulls John to his feet.

JULIE  
C'mon. It's a retro time.

She hits a button on an IPOD speaker dock. Music pours out.  
LOVE SHACK by the B52s.

MUSIC  
If you see a faded sign on the side  
of the road that says, Fifteen  
miles to the - LOVE SHACK! Love  
shack...

John groans -- but they move well together. Douglas and  
Bradley join in -- in a world of their own.

JULIE  
My parents used to dance to this.  
I love retro.

In the background a blacked out ESCALADE cruises round the  
edge of the park.

Nathan looks at Julie and John dancing. Gives them a "Grown  
up's are so uncool" look.

**INT. ESCALADE - DAY**

A HIGH TECH metal womb. Sweaty FACES bathed in the muted glow  
of monitor screens. One of them shows John and Julie dancing  
alongside Douglas and Bradley.

BACK TO SCENE

MASON, (40's) grey buzz cut and cold eyes -- he's running the show. A gum chewing younger MAN with floppy hair and a braid cowboy tie works a keyboard.

Another Agent, LEAN (30's) sits back from the screens sipping on a herbal tea. Fit, hard and laconic -- when he speaks it's like acid dripping.

LEAN  
I hate this music.

BUBBLE  
It's a classic man.

He starts to blow a bubble. Lean fixes him with a stare.

LEAN  
Pop that and I'll kill you. Swear  
to God.

Bubble slowly deflates the gum. Goes back to his work.

**EXT. CENTRAL PARK - TIME CUT**

The warmth has gone from the sun. Douglas and Bradley carry the picnic things -- heading towards the park exit. Nathan drops a sandwich on the ground. John stops and picks it up.

JOHN  
Nathan. We don't do that, you know  
why?

Nathan sighs.

NATHAN  
'cos we all have to share the same  
planet.

John smiles at Julie.

JOHN  
You go on, I'll catch you up.

John carries the sandwich towards a trash bin -- dumps it in.

A BLIND homeless guy wearing expensive shades holds out a cup -- rattles it.

John reaches in his pockets, searching. He looks back towards Julie -- his view of her obstructed by a group of people.

He turns back to the man, all smiles at finding a quarter. The homeless guy has a GUN levelled at him.

Lean appears and plunges a syringe into his arm -- John buckles and they bundle him into the waiting Escalade. The whole operation carried out with military precision.

A CUP spins on the pavement.

ON JULIE

As she scans for John. She runs over, sees the CUP and John's notebook lying on the ground -- she picks up the notebook and looks around -- fear in her eyes.

JULIE

JOHN!

**EXT. CHICKULUB - OIL RIG - MEXICO - NIGHT**

A drill WHINING as it bores deep. Men sweat and curse as they wrestle with a new piece of bore tube. They clamp it into place. The rig continues to rotate.

ON SCREEN TEXT: - FIVE YEARS LATER

UNDERWATER - BENEATH THE RIG

The drill tube throws up debris as it goes deeper -- the casing slows its rotation, drill bit SHUDDERING.

A rift opens up in the seabed -- smoke bubbles out -- flames flicker amongst the bubbles -- the smoke clears revealing a small encrusted metal CAPSULE -- wedged in the rocky fissure.

The drill locks up -- shaft buckling, while on the...

OIL RIG

The DECK begins to VIBRATE. Sirens BLARE.

OILMAN 1

Shut it down!

Mud and oil explodes out as the drill head tears itself to pieces. Chunks of metal shrapnel hurtle across the deck, destroying machinery and a winch housing.

WHUMPPPP! Cannisters of gas ignite.

MEN in fireproof suits spray foam onto the burning deck bringing the flames under control. Smoke drifts up into the night air.

**EXT. CHICKULUB OIL RIG - MORNING**

Smoke still drifts up from the damaged rig. A helicopter circles overhead. "THE BIG ONE" an exploration ship sits a short distance away from the rig. "LITTLE UN'" a small launch is tethered behind it.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - THE BIG ONE - EXPLORATION SHIP

Brothers Douglas and Bradley Simons, now in their thirties, tanned and fit looking, study a scrolling 3D display of the ocean floor around the oil platform.

An orange mass stretches out either side of it.

BRADLEY

Could it be a wreck?

DOUGLAS

When a rig tears something up you can get lucky.

BRADLEY

In 1821 the pirate Captain Lafitte left port in his flagship, the Pride, loaded to the gunnels with treasure. They hit a hurricane in the gulf. Neither he, nor his ship were ever seen again...we could get that lucky.

DOUGLAS

I wish.

Bradley studies the screens and an undersea chart.

BRADLEY

This whole area looks like one giant crater.

Douglas puts his finger on a large depression visible on the map's topography.

DOUGLAS

That's exactly what it is. Quicxulub was formed by a meteor strike millions of years ago. The force of the impact fused iron ore within the Earth's surface.

A green blip grows larger on one of the displays.

BRADLEY

What's that?

DOUGLAS

Fish shoal? Shark maybe.

He runs to the engine controls, hits the throttle.

PROPELLERS churn the water.

ANGLE ON

The BLIP grows larger in the centre of the grid.

Foam spews from the screws behind them -- as the ship gains momentum -- the BLIP fills the screen.

BANG!

Something blasts through the hull of LITTLE UN' -- wood and metal explode into the air. The launch slides below the surface leaving a few pieces of wreckage floating alongside.

**EXT. SENTICORP BASE - LAKE VOSTOK - ANTARCTICA - NIGHT**

A white hell at Minus 125F. Super compressed ice splinters and groans beneath the sound of the remorseless wind.

**INT. SENTICORP RESEARCH STATION - CENTRAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Harsh light, antiseptic, like the womb of a space craft. Sealed doors and armored viewing windows line the walls.

Behind the windows inmates lie in stasis. Hooked up to tubes and wires, their lives controlled by machines.

**INT. CONTROL ROOM**

GREGOR DANZ(40s), a big, shiny faced scientist sips a coffee.

MONITORS display pictures of each of the inmates -- readouts of their heart rate and blood pressure alongside.

CLOSE ON

A monitor displays a real time brain scan. Bar graphs show gas mixtures. METHANE (CH4) CARBON DIOXIDE (CO2) OXYGEN (O2) NITROGEN (N) The monitors have names beneath them.

MUSSAD, WAKEEM, ALEXIE they are from many different countries, we notice one in particular-- JOHN OZONIS.

**INT. LAB CONTROL ROOM**

Gregor yawns -- bangs his mug down clumsily. Coffee slops over the lip -- a droplet lands next to a control knob.

GOING WITH THE DROPLET

As it slides down the control shaft -- travelling through an alien landscape of translucent green circuit board.

The DROPLET approaches an Integrated Circuit -- connectors like metal stilts holding a million transistors above the board -- electrons BUZZ.

ZAP!

The mirror like ball of moisture bridges two of the circuits legs -- a bluish light pulses briefly as electrons speed off down the copper tracks of the board.

**TRACKING THE ELECTRON PULSE**

Racing through the labyrinth of copper -- past multicolored electronic components -- hurtling through a ribbon connector.

PHUT!

A solenoid closes a hydraulic valve -- a HISS of gas leads us along a tube swirling with green vapour.

**CONTROL ROOM**

Gregor flicks through a magazine. On the control desk, green lights on a panel marked SAFETY CUT OFF -- wink out.

On John Ozonis's MONITORS -- GAS READINGS drift towards dangerous levels.

INSERT BRAIN SCAN MONITOR

Red pixels spreading like an electronic brush fire until they fill the entire cranial structure.

BACK TO SCENE

ON GREGOR.

The magazine slides off his lap -- falls lazily to the floor. His eyes heavy lidded -- the call of sleep too strong.

**INT. SLEEP CUBICLE - JOHN OZONIS**

John's eyes twitch beneath his eyelids -- heavy REM action. An atmosphere warning light on the control panel FLASHES.

CHANGE OF ANGLE

ON JOHN'S FACE - The texture of his skin begins to shimmer -- his eyes open -- speckled with yellow and green, burnished bronze mirrors tumbling through a black abyss.

A sharp, deep intake of breath -- a cough, then another slower more measured breath -- processing the new mixture.

He sits up, looks around -- yanks connectors from his body. The skin on his chest appears fluid -- intermittently translucent -- shimmering.

He gets down from the bed and moves to the door. Still only wearing loose pajama bottoms he pulls the door open -- it's effortless -- pieces of the broken lock fall away.

An alarm BLARES. John moves down the eerie corridor passing the inspection windows. Reading the names, seeing the faces.

Movements fluid and powerful, heading towards a reinforced steel door marked EMERGENCY EXIT - his hand rips a Chrome Vanadium Steel bolt apart like it was cardboard.

**INT. LINK CORRIDOR**

Snow slaps against reinforced glass windows. John reaches a steel hatchway, turns a wheel.

**INT. CONTROL ROOM**

Gregor is now very much awake. Buzzers, shrieking alarms -- and flashing lights all around him. He looks up at the monitors -- an empty screen where John Ozonis was.

**EXT. CHICKULUB - THE BIG ONE - DAY**

Bradley lowers the jaws of a grab from a hydraulic crane towards an object that bobs in the water.

DOUGLAS  
Easy does it.

BRADLEY  
I got it.

The grab closes round the object. The winch begins to wind in. The MOTOR strains, starts to smoke -- WHOOSH! The thing finally lets go of the water -- the ship rocks alarmingly.

DOUGLAS  
That look like five tons to you?

Bradley swings the object over the deck and lowers it down. The deck bows inwards under its weight -- and then weirdly -- -- the deck straightens out.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
You see that?

Water streams from the object. It resembles an old Apollo 11 command module but smaller. The surface covered with a rippled metallic crust -- golden bubbles frozen in time.

**INT. THE BIG ONE - LAB - LATER**

Bradley takes readings.

BRADLEY  
Radioactive dating works with carbon 14 right?

DOUGLAS  
Yes.

BRADLEY  
And Carbon 14 is present in everything on Earth?

DOUGLAS  
Yes.

Bradley looks at his scope.

BRADLEY

This doesn't contain carbon 14.

Off Douglas's look.

**INT. MAIN CORRIDOR - BASE - NIGHT**

Armed men in full snow suits run down the corridors. They line up by the Emergency exit. COMMANDER BURNS (50s) addresses them with a clipped military accent.

COMMANDER BURNS

A subject has breached the outer perimeter. Your orders are to bring him back. Dead or alive. Is that understood?

The men look at each other. One of the men speaks, voicing all of their thoughts. His name is KOLE (20s).

KOLE

Sir. It's minus 125 Degrees...with the wind factor...

Burns moves closer. The young soldier finishes.

KOLE (CONT'D)

He's wearing pyjamas. Sir.

Burns gets in his face.

COMMANDER BURNS

We're done here right?

Kole straightens up. Gets with the program.

KOLE

Sir!

**EXT. BASE PERIMETER - NIGHT**

The snow whips past two sno-cats halted next to a section of electrified steel fence topped with razor wire. A hole torn through it.

**INT. SNO-CAT**

Burns looks through high powered NIGHT VISION binoculars -- scanning through the almost impenetrable snow. He stiffens.

COMMANDER BURNS

Jesus!

HIS POV

The snow clears for a second revealing John, running like the wind.

BACK TO SCENE

On Burns.

COMMANDER BURNS (CONT'D)  
Get the gates open. Now!

**EXT. VOSTOK ICE SHEET - NIGHT**

Two soldiers on SKIDOOS roar to a stop. Their progress halted by an ice ravine.

They take aim at a distant running figure -- fire a volley of tracer bullets -- a glittering line of death flickering through the dark.

ANOTHER ANGLE

John running for his life through the snowstorm. Bullets thud into his back -- he shudders -- keeps going.

CLOSE ON

His back -- bullets protrude from his skin which flows around them -- the metal becomes part of his flesh

THUD! THUD! THUD!

More bullets hit him -- this time they just bounce off. He keeps running -- the white void swallows him up.

**EXT. VOSTOK ICE SHEET**

Burns climbs down from the sno-cat, slams a heavy rifle and tripod onto the bonnet -- loads an armor piercing round with a built in TRACKER CHIP -- a red LED winks in the casing.

He squints through the sight -- finger squeezing the trigger.

CRACK! The sound ricochets off the ice sheet.

BULLET TIME

Ploughing through the snow filled air. It rips into John's back. Sends him crashing down onto the snow.

**EXT. SNO-CAT**

Burns straightens up. Folds the tripod of the rifle closed, stows it in the cabin -- speaks into his headset.

COMMANDER BURNS  
Okay. Everyone back to base. We'll pick him up when the storm drops.

**EXT. VOSTOK ICE SHEET - DAY**

John lies motionless face down in the snow -- the heavy armor piercing bullet is slowly absorbed into his skin. The winking LED sinks from sight.

Around him and beneath him, the snow begins to melt as his body radiates energy. He sinks down through the ice.

**INT. LAKE VOSTOCK - ICE DOME - METHANESPHERE**

A subterranean world -- bathed in cool blue light from a curved ice roof above a vast underground lake -- a natural cathedral half a mile below the surface.

Clouds of gas swirl across the foaming water. A crackling SOUND as a dark shape becomes visible through the ice ceiling above -- something tumbles through the air...

JOHN

Plunges into the lake -- cushioned by the gas as he hits. His eyes open -- he starts to swim.

**EXT. ANTARCTIC OCEAN - NIGHT**

Green and blue light flickers in sheets across the sky, the Southern Lights -- bathing the shuddering ice floes with color.

UNDERWATER

John moves past -- powerful strokes propelling him through the water -- eyes wide open -- gold flecked and unblinking -- drawing in a mouthful of freezing water letting out bubbles of air.

WHUMP! WHUMP! WHUMP! John's sent tumbling end over end as a huge shape hurtles past.

K123, an old 70's Russian nuclear submarine, ploughs through the icy waters -- a VENT Protruding from it's hull trails waste gases -- it hurtles past.

A HAND clamps onto it -- fingers digging into the metal.

**INT. K123 SUBMARINE**

Faces steeped in the blood red running lights of the control deck.

THUD! The sound penetrates through the hull. One of the screens shows a blip for a moment and then nothing. The Captain looks at the Technicians.

CAPTAIN (IN RUSSIAN)  
What was that?

The sonar operator looks up at him. Shakes his head.

SONAR OPERATOR (IN RUSSIAN)  
Loose ice?

**EXT. K123 SUBMARINE**

A dark shape disappearing into the gloom. Something clinging to it as it fades from view.

**EXT. OIL RIG - CHIXULUB - GULF OF MEXICO - DAWN**

A helicopter settles on the pad. MEN wearing HARD HATS disembark. WAYNE DREYFUS (50s) head loss adjuster for the oil company is trailed by other specialists.

DREYFUS  
Okay. Lets take care here people.

They make there way down from the Helipad -- clanking down steel ladders.

**EXT. OIL RIG - PLATFORM**

Huge rusting support legs of the platform.

**UNDERWATER - BENEATH THE RIG**

The light shifting from light blue to indigo -- as we go deeper -- past barnacle encrusted struts heading towards the seabed -- dropping down into BLACKNESS.

**INT. ALIEN CRAFT - BENEATH THE OCEAN**

A deep and sonorous HUM grows in intensity. Tiny specks of light flicker up in the darkness -- produced by organisms they reveal a cold metallic world, a vast steel cavern.

Inside a GLASS CHAMBER filled with swirling VAPOR -- red and green GASES assemble into a coherent shape.

The deck begins to shudder. Monstrous machinery begins to awake -- satanic mechanical SOUNDS fill the ship.

**EXT. UNDERWATER - CHIXULUB - GULF OF MEXICO - SAME TIME**

The water boils with shoals of glittering fish.

**EXT. SEA AROUND CHIXULAB RIG**

Schools of DOLPHIN explode out of the water -- racing away from the rig.

**RIG**

Dreyfus looks up from examining a wrecked winch assembly, looks down at the liquid maelstrom below him. The water solid with churning fish.

He turns to a ruddy faced man next to him, JIM CHEVAS (60s).

DREYFUS  
You see anything like this before?

CHEVAS  
Before Katrina. But it's calm as a millpond now.

DREYFUS  
(into walkie talkie)  
Jim, do you copy?

**INT. HELICOPTER**

The Pilot JIM SWAIN grunts, he's been dozing. He hits his transmit.

JIM  
Roger that.

DREYFUS (O.S.)  
Get ready to take off. Something's going on here and I don't like mysteries!

Jim starts flicking switches.

**INT. SPACESHIP - SAMETIME**

The hum has reached a crescendo. The craft is moving. Mud and debris slides past thick glass windows.

**EXT. RIG - DAY**

The rig SHUDDERS. Dreyfus, Chevas and their co-workers stand at the base of the ladder to the HELIPAD.

The SHAFT of the drill begins to rise up through the surrounding supports. Bolts shear -- hydraulic fluid spews out as it rears up through the DERRICK TOWER in a shower of oil and sparks. Dreyfus keys his W/T.

DREYFUS  
Jim. We're on our way!  
(To his men.)  
C,mon.

They head up the ladder as all hell breaks out around them -- the platform SWAYING -- millions of tons of steel and pipe line tearing free from the seabed as it begin to rise up.

**INT. HELICOPTER**

Hydraulics SCREAM as the turbo starts up -- blades begin to move, picking up speed.

The Helipad starts to tremble, lurches sideways, Helicopter WHEELS sliding. Dreyfus hauls himself into the cockpit.

The other men scramble into the rear. Jim looks at the instruments checking power levels -- not enough yet -- despite this -- the helicopter rises into the air!

JIM

Hold on!

The helipad, helicopter, and a million tons of steel rise up at enormous speed.

HIGH AND WIDE ANGLE

On the rig foaming out of the sea over a hundred feet above the surface.

HELICOPTER

Jim SLAMS the throttle wide open -- banking clear -- rotor blades chewing the air as the oil rig falls away beneath him.

EXTREME HIGH WIDE ANGLE

A sheet of sea floor fifty miles in circumference rises out of the water.

It begins to tilt -- debris, rubble, oil rigs, sunken wrecks and marine life slide into the depths.

**HELICOPTER**

The helicopter banks round the sight below.

DREYFUS

What in God's name is that?

Jim fiddles with a JOYSTICK -- a small monitor shows a picture from a pod mounted CAMERA beneath the helicopter.

DREYFUS (CONT'D)

You getting this?

JIM

Darn tootin' I am!

ANOTHER ANGLE.

Billions of tons of mud and water fall from the rotating mass revealing an iridescent PURPLE and BLUE ALIEN SHIP. A vast SAUCER, spinning around an inner core.

Giant VENTS round the circumference spew VAPOUR into the air forming clouds of gas. The saucer banks and moves smoothly away, heading for the coast trailing water from it's hull.

**INT. PORT AUTHORITY - HARBOUR CONTROL ROOM - MORNING**

A tired individual has his feet up on the desk in front of a large RADAR SCREEN, he sips a coffee, bites a doughnut.

He rubs his eyes, yawns -- sticks a finger in his ear -- does pretty much everything except notice what is happening on the screen at that moment.

ANGLE ON SCREEN

The top of the screen is turning green as the semicircular edge of something huge comes into range. The MAN'S face turns green with the light as the screen fills up with an object.

He spits out a half chewed donut -- scrambles for the phone.

**INT. PENTAGON - COMMAND CENTRE - DAY**

An OFFICER looks at a radar screen dominated by a large green circle off the Pacific coast. The COMMANDING OFFICER speaks into a mic.

COMMANDING OFFICER  
Get some crew in the air. Tell me  
what this thing is. NOW!

He bangs the phone down. Turns to the Officer.

COMMANDING OFFICER (CONT'D)  
Get me the White House.

**EXT. USS - NIMROD**

Two F/A-18 SUPER HORNETS hurtle from the ship in a cloud of CATAPULT steam.

Their afterburners kick in -- white hot engine outlets like miniature suns.

**INT. SUPER HORNET 1**

The pilot, JEFF STURGIS (30's) a cool by the numbers guy, looks out of the side canopy as he sweeps by the craft.

STURGIS  
I have visual, estimate size to  
be...  
(brief pause as he takes  
this in)  
One hundred kilometers...

SUPER HORNET 2 - SAME

A more impressionable pilot than Jeff. DEWI LERNER (30's) passes alongside the alien ship.

LERNER  
Jesus this thing's a flying planet!

**INT. USS - NIMROD - COMMAND DECK - SAME**

The Commander ED BRYKER (40,s) taciturn, ramrod straight, looks out from the bridge through binoculars.

COMMANDER BRYKER  
Tell them to get over that thing. I want to know if it's hostile.

His second in command speaks into a headset.

SECOND IN COMMAND  
Proceed over target, access threat.

**INT. SUPER HORNET 1**

Sturgis looks over at the other F14.

STURGIS  
Roger that.

The two fighters peel off and head over the alien ship. Swooping over the metal landscape.

BANG!

Their engines CUT OUT.

**INT. SUPER HORNET 1**

Silence, save for the wind rushing by the canopy -- all the instrumentation is dead.

SUPER HORNET 2

Same -- except for the noise from its pilot.

LERNER  
Shit!

ANOTHER ANGLE

Both planes plunge towards the surface of the spacecraft.

**EXT. SPACECRAFT - DAY**

The F/A-18's hit the surface of the craft. Sturgis's fighter blazes sparks from it's underbelly as it Careens along the surface.

Lerner's not so smooth.

CRASH! His fighter slithers along the surface -- spinning like a top.

**INT - LERNER'S COCKPIT**

The outside world whirling past -- cockpit VIBRATING like some giant washing machine in a spin cycle.

**EXT - LERNER'S JET - CONTINUOUS**

Sparks and pieces of metal flying off as it ricochets around the surface of the craft.

BANG! Sturgis's F/A 18 ploughs into it's side -- a \$120m wreck now as they stare into each others eyes through their respective canopies.

The incredible noise howls around the deck as the fairground ride continues.

ANGLE UNDER WINGS

Air launched MISSILES are torn off and sent skittering across the alien crafts surface.

A WING tears off and cartwheels over Lerner's head ripping the Canopy off as he ducks -- out in the air now, smoke streams over his head.

LERNER

Shhhhiitttt!

And then it's over. Sturgis opens his CANOPY. Looks at Lerner's wide eyed, adrenaline pumped face.

STURGIS

You Okay?

Lerner flicks his visor up.

LERNER

What a rush!

Flames explode from the back of his machine.

STURGIS

Get out of there!

Lerner looks behind him -- sees the flames running down the side of the fighter -- struggles with his harness -- can't get free.

STURGIS (CONT'D)

Eject!

LEARNER yanks the striped handle by the side of his seat -- nothing!

LERNER

Shit!

The flames roar behind him. He yanks the secondary eject lever between his legs.

WHOOSH! The rocket behind the seat ignites -- half a second later he blasts up into the air -- Sturgis sees Lerner's parachute deploy -- he sweeps over the edge of the ship.

As FLAMES flicker towards him he yanks his ejector seat lever. BANG! He rockets into the air.

**INT. USS - NIMROD - COMMAND DECK**

Bryker drops the binoculars.

COMMANDER BRYKER

Send an inflatable out to pick them up, make sure it has oars. Let everyone know to keep clear of this thing. Looks like it has some sort of magnetic pulse weapon.

The Second in command nods. Begins to speak into his headset.

SECOND IN COMMAND

All aircrew stand down. I repeat stand down, craft is believed to possess electronic suppression defence capability. Await instructions.

**INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM - DAY**

A crowd of journalists and CAMERAMEN jostle for pictures. Large plasma displays show close up views of the capsule. A vivacious blond female journalist asks a question.

JANE

Jane Purvis UFO chronicle. Do you think this artifact is part of some ancient alien civilization...that it's somehow connected to the alien ship over Los Angeles?

DOUGLAS

There's no evidence that this is alien, tho' it may be part of an ancient civilization.

The girl won't be shaken off so easily.

JANE

Wouldn't carbon dating tell you how old it is?

The briefest of pauses.

DOUGLAS

Carbon 14 radioactive dating assumes an equilibrium of decay times which have never been proven, neither does it take into account cataclysmic environmental events, one of which we know formed the original Chicxulub crater, where the object was found.

The girl purses her lips and sits down.

BRADLEY

This part of the structure...

He points to a damaged area of the capsule.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

...is particularly interesting...

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - WEST WING CORRIDOR**

PRESIDENT WILMORE (40's) is trailed by PATTI MOSLEY (30's) Communications Director, eyes like blue lasers. A bundle of newspapers in her hand, all leading with the Alien ship.

She flicks through them.

MOSLEY

They think the Alaskan drilling programme was an environmental disaster and morally indefensible.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

They won't be saying that when they run out of power for their Goddamn pop corn makers!

A SECRETARY comes out of a door. Wilmore barges past her, knocking her coffee cup, sending it smashing to the floor.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)

Give me some good news!

Mosley skims the papers, scanning for some good press.

MOSLEY

Ill thought out foreign policy, unnecessary military escalation...

The President comes to a halt.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Jesus, what do I hire you people for? The only thing that has spin around here is that Goddamn spaceship!

MOSLEY

I think that's a very good policy  
to adopt Mr President.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Policy...what policy?

Mosley looks at him, checks that no one is around,

MOSLEY

You couldn't ask for a bigger  
weapon of mass destruction than  
that alien ship.

Wilmore looks at the pictures of the ALIEN SPACECRAFT. A  
HEADLINE - FRIEND OR FOE?

**INT. OVAL OFFICE**

GENERAL FOX the SECRETARY OF DEFENCE, a SCIENTIFIC ADVISOR,  
and JEFF MYLER, White House Chief of Staff, are gathered  
around the couch.

SEC. OF DEFENSE

At the moment it's sitting over Los  
Angeles. I've declared a no fly  
zone around it.

JEFF MYLER

What happens if its hostile?

SCIENTIST

There's absolutely no sign of panic  
amongst the population. It's like  
some kind of mass hysteria in  
reverse, a sort of collective  
acceptance.

GENERAL FOX

Well I'm damned if I can accept it,  
and neither will the President.

JEFF MYLER

Maybe people think it's a publicity  
stunt?

The General looks at him.

GENERAL FOX

Jesus Jeff, it's fifty miles wide!  
It's not a billboard for the  
Independence Day sequel!

The President comes in.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Bring me up to speed.

GENERAL FOX

Satellite pictures show it surfaced from under the Bay of Mexico early this morning.

JEFF MYLER

It seems to be non hostile, though it has an electronic defence system that shuts down anything it perceives as a threat. Civilian equipment below the craft is unaffected.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Any sign of a weapons system?

JEFF MYLER

We don't know that Sir.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Can we bring it down?

They all look at each other.

GENERAL FOX

There are five million people underneath that thing.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Five million bodies if it turns hostile.

SCIENTIST

Even if you could bring it down with conventional weapons, an impact of that magnitude, so near the San Andreas fault...

The President turns on them.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

I want a plan of action on my desk within the hour. Some way to take that thing down. If we can do it without loss of life fine, if not. We'll just have to look at the big picture...

The door suddenly opens and HENRY MORSE, COMMANDING OFFICER -- from SPACE COMMAND comes in. He holds some satellite photo's in his hand.

COMMANDING OFFICER

There have been more sightings.

He lays the pictures down. The group look at the them.

GENERAL FOX

Jesus! How long have these things been buried, and why are they surfacing now?

COMMANDING OFFICER

We're tracking them...

GENERAL FOX

You need to address the nation Mr President. Reassure the people.

**INT. OZONIS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY**

A neat room with a large couch and a television, which is on. JULIE OZONIS, is tidying up some magazines and loose toys.

NATHAN, now 10, is eating on the couch. Press coverage from the university lecture room is on the screen. Under This:

BRADLEY (O.S.)

...it looks like part of the capsule was damaged, here.

(He points to an area where a recess is exposed)

The surface is composed of MAGNETITE. A substance commonly found in methane-rich regions...

INSERT SCREEN

As Douglas takes over.

DOUGLAS

It's produced from iron oxides acting as oxygen donors to microbes that live on methane, they're known as extremophiles, organisms that can survive in extreme conditions...

The picture cuts to Bradley as he interjects.

BRADLEY

A bit like journalists...

There's a ripple of laughter around the room.

ON JULIE

Julie pauses as she sees Bradley on the screen.

NATHAN

Mom. How come they can find stuff at the bottom of the sea, but they can't find dad.

She bends down and gathers the boy to her.

JULIE

I don't know Nat, I don't know.

Another story starts on the news.

ANNOUNCER (OS)

We interrupt this story to go live  
to the WHITE HOUSE.

UNDER THIS: A picture of the vast alien craft hovering over  
LOS ANGELES as an insert in the corner of the screen.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

My fellow Americans...once again we  
face a new enemy that threatens our  
great country...

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - PRESS ROOM**

PRESIDENT WILMORE

...but be assured, while I am in  
power I will be strong, and not  
flinch from my responsibility...

(a pause as he shifts  
tone)

I will use my God given right to  
defend the people who rely on me  
for their security, a security that  
comes with living in the most  
powerful country in the free world!

The room erupts in applause. The President smiles, happy with  
his performance.

GENERAL FOX

A look of disquiet on his face before he snaps out of it.  
The press pile in with questions. A heavysset man stands up.

MIKE CONNORS

Mike Connors, Science Journal. It  
appears that the craft is friendly,  
it produces artificial light to  
counteract it's own shadow, and  
doesn't even emit any pollution  
from it's propulsion system...my  
question is, why do you think it's  
a threat?

The President looks uncomfortable. A press aide steps in.

PRESS AIDE

I'm sure you're aware of the  
necessity to prepare ourselves for  
every eventuality.

A vivacious and hard eyed young anchorwomen jumps in.

MATTY CONDRIL  
Matty Condril, Military Magazine  
monthly. Is it true you're  
considering using PEGUSUS?

General Fox is caught off guard for a moment, but switches into standard reply mode.

**INT. OZONIS HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THAT MOMENT**

Julie stops moving and stares at the screen.

ON SCREEN

GENERAL FOX  
Pegasus is still being evaluated.

Another Journalist stands up.

JOHN REVEL  
John Revel, Washington Post. What's  
the range of Pegasus?

General Fox gives him a look.

GENERAL FOX  
I'm afraid that's classified, but I  
can assure you that IF we need to  
use it, the range will be  
sufficient.

**INT. SENTICORP COMPANY - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

A darkened room lit by soft pools of light on a black marble table. Satellite pictures and thermal enhanced reconnaissance photos show the Senticorp base on LAKE VOSTOK, ANTARCTICA.

High ranking military officers sit around the table, one of them is COMMANDER BURNS from the VOSTOK base.

A white haired man with a florid face, SENATOR JOHNSTON, fidgets next to a sallow faced MAN with unnaturally black hair who heads the table -- COLONEL ZANE PRESTON (50's).

ZANE  
Thank you all for coming at such  
short notice.  
(He nods to Burns)  
Commander.

COMMANDER BURNS

We'd been altering the gas mixture being supplied to the subjects, controlling their lucid dream state, accelerating their cognitive functions. Early results we're promising. And then...

He presses a button and the overhead CCTV footage of John Ozonis flashes up on one of the screens. He's clearly mutating. Various angles show him smashing through the doors

SENATOR JOHNSON

What the hell did I just see?

COMMANDER BURNS

Something shorted out the atmospheric control systems. The subject was exposed to lethal amounts of harmful gas, a deadly cocktail of nitrogen, carbon Monoxide and Methane.

More pictures flash up. John running through a blizzard.

COMMANDER BURNS (CONT'D)

The gas mix had a totally unpredictable effect on his metabolism.

A moving satellite image plays on a screen. A red dot winks on a map showing ANTARCTICA, and the outline of the VOSTOK LAKE base. It gradually fades before winking out.

COMMANDER BURNS (CONT'D)

The Vostok base is situated on a vast underground lake, the magnetic anomaly that surrounds it has unpredictable effects on satellite transmissions and communication systems...we picked up his signal five hours later.

(a meaningful pause)

In open sea...

A red trail appears on a projected map -- moving across the Antarctic ocean, away from Antarctica into the Arctic ocean -- around the coast of Russia, looping back into VLADIVOSTOK before it winks out.

ZANE

We think the tracker's power supply must have been damaged...

The Senator gets up and goes over to the screen -- he runs his finger across the route -- does the math.

SENATOR JOHNSON

You're telling me he took multiple hits from a machine gun, an armour piercing round. And then, swam in sub zero temperatures across thousands of miles of open sea to a Russian port, and disappeared?

ZANE

We think he was picked up by a Russian submarine.

SENATOR JOHNSON

You spend twenty billion dollars, on mind reading experiments, end up with some genetic mutant...and now your telling me the Russians have him?

ZANE

I said the submarine was Russian. It's actually owned by the American Navy.

He uses a remote to punch up various pictures of the sub.

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

The K123 was active in the 70's, and has a liquid metal cooled reactor...we bought it off the Russians for two million Dollars.

SENATOR JOHNSON

Why the hell would we do that?

ZANE

The K123 is still the fastest submarine ever made, it was to be used as a high speed platform for experimental weaponry.

SENATOR JOHNSON

So where is it now?

ZANE

The K123 started to overheat after leaving Antarctica, they managed to make it to Vladivostok.

**EXT. VLADIVOSTOK - RUSSIAN NAVAL BASE - NIGHT**

A siren SCREAMS -- SAILORS and terrified SOLDIERS flee from the area.

ZANE (V.O.)

After they docked. Their cooling system ruptured.

The looming hulk of the K123 submarine gleams in the sodium gantry lights. STEAM and SMOKE pour through her open hatches.

Through the smoke a MAN moves purposefully across the slick deck of the leviathan K123 heading towards the conning tower.

CLOSE ON

JOHN OZONIS as he slips through a hatchway and disappears into the smoking sub.

**INT. K123 SUB - REACTOR ROOM**

A red hued hell of STEAM and LIQUID METAL glistening in the flashing warning lights. John wades through the river of FIRE that streams around him.

RADIATION warning gauges are off the scale. He isn't even breaking a sweat.

ZANE (V.O.)

When the Russians went back to the sub the reactor had been shut down. There was no radiation, no liquid metal.

The liquid metal is being absorbed into John's body -- his fluid flesh like rippling bronze mirrors as he assimilates the chemistry of the coolant within him.

The RADIATION GAUGES begin to fall dramatically -- sirens are muted -- red lights are extinguished.

In the dim metallic tomb, John's EYES glitter with a strange golden light as he walks -- God like, through the steel corridors.

**INT. SENTICORP COMPANY BRIEFING ROOM - DAY**

ZANE

(a long pause as he looks round the room)

It was if the accident had never happened.

There is a silence around the table as they take in the enormity of what they've heard.

SENATOR JOHNSON

You're saying he waded through two tons of liquid metal, shut down a nuclear reactor, and then just walked off into the night?

ZANE

It seems he's able to absorb any lethal substances he encounters, armaments, gas, radiation, it's all the same to him. He quite literally shuts down any form of threat.

Senator Johnson thinks about this.

SENATOR JOHNSON

Like the Alien ships.

ZANE

The President wants Ozonis brought in at any cost.

SENATOR JOHNSON

And you want me to square that with the committee?

ZANE

Whatever power this man has, it could provide us with the greatest weapon on Earth. A weapon to end all wars.

Zane hands the Senator a phone, Johnson begins to dial.

**INT. UNIVERSITY LECTURE ROOM**

Bradley is rummaging through a filing cabinet. The lecture room is empty. There's a knock at the door. He turns. Julie stands looking at him. He takes a moment to remember her.

BRADLEY

Julie?

Julie smiles wryly. He comes up to her.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Jesus...Julie...it's been years.

She looks at him.

JULIE

You look good...

BRADLEY

Only on the outside...inside I'm still a neurotic scientist that wants to save the whale.

A pause. Then both at the same time.

BRADLEY/JULIE

You wanna....

They both stop and laugh.

**EXT. CAFE IN THE PARK**

Late afternoon. Lush green shadowed by a purple sunset. Coffee cups litter the table.

Bradley holds John's NOTEBOOK -- opens it at some pages filled with sketches and scribbled notes.

BRADLEY

Didn't the FBI get this?

JULIE

No. I didn't give it to them.

(a beat, then)

It was the last thing John touched,  
...before.

She tails off.

BRADLEY

It looks like some sort of preliminary sketches, descriptions of a weapon...John was always thorough with his research.

JULIE

It wasn't research, he made all that stuff up.

BRADLEY

Jules Verne and HG Wells wrote about stuff that hadn't been invented. John was a visionary. I'm not sure...

JULIE

Look...

She produces a copy of New Scientist, opens it at an article, dated 2005. DEFENCE - IMAGINING THE FUTURE OF WEAPONS BY KURT GALVIN.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Galvin believed that creative minds could be monitored and used to imagine advanced technology. I did some searching on the net...Kurt Galvin became head of DARPA, the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency in 2003...from there he headed up a research unit out in Antarctica supposedly studying magnetic anomalies.

BRADLEY

You think Kurt had John kidnapped as part of his secret project.

Julie tears up.

JULIE  
I'm sorry, none of this makes sense  
does it?

BRADLEY  
(Gently)  
Well it is kinda' out there.

Bradley goes to hand back the notebook, stops.

JULIE  
What?

Bradley flicks through the notebook, comes to the sketches.  
Sees a name underneath a sketch of a futuristic gun.

BRADLEY  
Pegasus.

**EXT. VLADIVOSTOK - PETROLEUM REFINERY - NIGHT**

A roaring hell of steel pipelines cloaked in noxious fumes.  
In the shadows a shape appears through the steam and gas  
clouds, a face lit in the sodium glare. John Ozonis.

Beneath his rough fisherman's coat his skin seems to lack  
substance, as if it is shifting between flesh and something  
else. His eyes -- orbs of swirling gold flecks.

And then he's gone, back amongst the gas and shadows.

**EXT - SENTICORP RESEARCH STATION VOSTOK - ANTARCTICA - NIGHT**

A transport plane lands through a blizzard. A stairway is  
lowered. COMMANDER BURNS steps out of the doorway. He's  
wearing a fur lined arctic strength anorak against the wind.

A soldier reaches him and offers a hand for his attache case.  
The hand is ignored. The soldier leads him to the jeep. They  
climb in and it takes off at speed.

**EXT. SENTICORP MAIN BASE - CORRIDOR - NIGHT**

Burns walks down the antiseptic white corridor of the base.

CONTROL ROOM

A beanpole Scientist clutches glasses which he polishes  
nervously. His name is RUDGE.

COMMANDER BURNS  
How many subjects do you have in  
the programme?

RUDGE  
Fifty.

Grade walks around the room -- eyes missing nothing.

COMMANDER BURNS  
And this is where the overload  
happened?

RUDGE  
Yes, an atmospheric control  
malfunction.

The scientist produces a DVD.

RUDGE (CONT'D)  
This contains real-time  
atmospherics for the relevant  
period.

The Colonel takes it from him.

COMMANDER BURNS  
Do you have any explanation for  
what happened?

RUDGE  
There is no way a human being could  
survive that atmosphere or the  
conditions out there...period.

COMMANDER BURNS  
So what are you saying...that it  
didn't happen?

RUDGE  
I'm a scientist, I make a statement  
based on the known facts... when  
you cross normal scientific  
boundaries...sometimes a new  
science is born...

Burns nods. Turns on his heel.

COMMANDER BURNS  
Shut it down.

RUDGE  
What about the subjects?

Burns doesn't miss a beat.

COMMANDER BURNS  
Terminate them.

**INT. UNIVERSITY - BRINKER LAB - NIGHT**

A diamond drill grinds against the CAPSULE -- it's not making  
much impact.

BRADLEY

...how do you explain that sort of coincidence? The name Pegasus, the rail gun, something he imagined, that was then made fact after he disappeared.

Douglas switches off the drill.

DOUGLAS

These things happen all the time. It's called parallel development, scientists in a dozen different countries can be working on the same thing. Sure I feel sorry for Julie she went to pieces after John disappeared. He was our friend too, but do you know how many people drop off the map each year?

BRADLEY

Okay. But the name, Pegasus.

DOUGLAS

A winged horse. 'Gotta be a shortage of neat military hardware names. It's still not a conspiracy.

Bradley sighs, goes over to some laptops -- starts to throw up screens displaying chemical readouts -- lines with spikes of molecular information and trace metal symbols.

BRADLEY

I analysed the residual molecules from inside the indentation.

DOUGLAS

What did you find?

Bradley punches up the chemical analysis screens.

BRADLEY

Are you familiar with Wächtershäuser's hypothesis...

DOUGLAS

Human evolution?

BRADLEY

Gunter Wächtershäuser's iron sulphur theory...biochemical pathways traced back through ancestral reactions...

Bradley goes over to the capsule and runs his hand over the metallic bubble encrustations on its surface.

DOUGLAS

You think the capsule was some sort of breeding chamber?

BRADLEY

It fits the profile. Microscale caverns coated by thin membraneous metal walls...monomer synthesis in the hot regions, oligomerization in the colder parts.

They look at each other.

DOUGLAS

Cellular evolution, DNA assembly. The building blocks of life.

BRADLEY

We don't know how old this thing is, or where it's from...it could be millions of years old.

DOUGLAS

Maybe a capsule containing samples from another galaxy, seeds from an alien species...

BRADLEY

When it was breached and the seeds released, they evolved into primitive life forms and eventually...

He leaves it hanging.

DOUGLAS

You think this is connected to the space craft?

BRADLEY

The oil rig hits something underwater and releases this capsule, the same day a flying saucer tears itself out from under the bay...

DOUGLAS

We need to get inside this...

He puts his goggles back on and turns the drill on again. The motor stalls, begins to smoke.

A filigree of electrical energy snakes down the drill bit and laces around the CAPSULE -- flickers over the metallic skin.

Douglas yanks the drill cord from the wall.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
We need a bigger drill.

Bradley feels the capsule.

BRADLEY  
Look at this.

He touches an indentation near the base of the capsule -- it's the ICONIC design we saw on the ALIEN SPACECRAFT, five convex depressions set within a square root triangulation.

One of the depressions rises up. A sonorous hum emanates from within the capsule -- like a gyroscope getting up to speed.

DOUGLAS  
You hear that?

The surface of the capsule begins to fracture -- hairline fissures spreading -- the outer skin SPLITTING off in a preordained geometric pattern.

A pulsating translucent surface is exposed. Within the body of the capsule coloured gases SWIRL around -- forming a milky hue which solidifies into an opaque ruby colour.

WHUPP! A beam of pure white energy snakes out from the top of the capsule -- hits the power outlet and turns red as it draws power through the grid.

The lights dim in the lab. BANG! The breakers trip as it overloads the circuits. The beam snaps off -- emergency lights flicker on.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
What the hell!?

WHOOSH! A reticulated red LASER BEAM explodes out from the top of the capsule -- punches through the ceiling of the lab.

Douglas and Bradley shield their eyes from the searing light. And then it shuts off. The power comes back on. Bradley runs over to a computer keyboard. Starts bashing the keys.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
What are you doing?

Satellite viewpoints come up on the screen, overlaid with a SAT NAV trajectory plot -- coordinates spew down one side of the image.

BRADLEY  
Need another satellite to triangulate.

He moves to another screen, a series of images appear of Earth from space. One of the images suddenly goes red.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Damn!

DOUGLAS

What?

BRADLEY

The beam from here took out the EOS satellite, have to use another one.

The satellite picture winks back on. Bradley clicks the mouse. A computer mapping programme plots the trajectory of the laser and overlays it on a map of the Earth.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

It used the satellite to redirect the beam back down.

He enlarges the map -- narrows it down to a small area.

DOUGLAS

Where is it?

BRADLEY

Vladivostok, on the Russian coast  
...industrial area.

**EXT. OIL PROCESSING PLANT**

John stands amongst the billowing smoke. He's bathed in a RED stream of reticulated laser light from above. Transfixed by the huge information download filling his cerebral cortex.

**ALIEN FLASHBACK - INT. SPACECRAFT**

Cavernous, the size of a city -- big enough to have it's own weather. A fog of atmosphere, an acrid greenish miasma.

The GAS swirls around thousands of small plexi-glass faced PODS. Inside them humanoid features look out, translucent skin -- liquid gold flecked eyes swirling with power.

**ALIEN SHIP - COMMAND DECK**

Through a vast observation window a luminous blue and green orb -- Earth. The ship streaks towards it.

Pieces of it's flaming hull tear off in chunks of molten metal as it trails smoke through the black velvet night.

The window starts to glow red and shake. A lone figure -- the alien PILOT waves a hand across a dimpled metal control face.

The metal surface undulates like molten silver as it takes in his commands. Behind the Captain a familiar CAPSULE rises from within the floor of the craft.

CAPSULE

Shiny and new. The inset ruby panel begins to pulse weakly.

IN THE MAIN HALL

Each of the plexi-glass pods now has a pulsing ruby light. Thousands of red laser beams spiral from them and punch through the fog -- pulsing with data.

Waves of iridescent binary light particles stream down the length of the hull. The laser stream coalesces into the ruby lens on top of the capsule which stores the information.

It winks off.

Earth fills the observation window.

The CAPSULE sinks down into the hull.

**EXT. ALIEN SPACECRAFT - ETERNAL NIGHT**

WHOOSH!

The capsule tumbles away from the ship -- plummets down towards an ocean.

**INT. ALIEN SPACECRAFT - OBSERVATION WINDOW**

BANG! The view through the window is filled with rushing water and debris as the spacecraft smashes through the ocean. Hits the seabed with colossal force.

BACK TO PRESENT

**EXT. VLADIVOSTOK OIL PROCESSING PLANT - NIGHT**

John looks around, as if seeing where he is through alien eyes. He moves off with purpose and is soon swallowed up by the dark.

**INT. NASA COMMAND CENTRE**

SAUL, (30's) a MAN with a bullet shaped head speaks quietly into a head mounted mic. A monitor displays a winking red trace cutting through normal radar mapped contours.

An assistant watches him nervously.

SAUL

Got a trace at eighteen hundred hours. High power laser burst transmission, energy levels off the scale. Way outside military frequencies.

**INT. BLACKED OUT CAR**

Commander Burns listens.

COMMANDER BURNS  
Do you have a fix on the  
transmission?

**INT. NASA COMMAND CENTRE**

Saul has moved away from his desk and is tapping something into a computer.

SAUL  
Sending both coordinates now.

He hits a button. He taps some more keys, becoming more agitated with each key press.

SAUL (CONT'D)  
Shit!

The Assistant leans forwards.

ASSISTANT  
What?

A flashing ICON on the monitor: ERROR.

SAUL  
EON, the NORAD defense analysis  
satellite. There's nothing on it!  
That laser fried the hard drive.

ASSISTANT  
Do we have a backup?

SAUL  
That satellite was the backup in  
case of a nuclear strike. NORAD has  
the master files.

ASSISTANT  
So what's the problem?

Saul looks at him like he's an idiot.

SAUL  
Problem? I'll tell you what the  
problem is. Whatever fried the hard  
drive downloaded the entire United  
States defence system data. I'm  
talking missile codes, launch  
coordinates, every electronic  
system with a password.

ASSISTANT  
Who could do that?

On SAUL's face as he reaches for a phone.

**INT. N.O.R.A.D - CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN**

A USAF Technician speaks on the phone.

TECHNICIAN

Yeah. I'm looking at it. How the hell was this done? And don't tell me kids...

Listens.

TECHNICIAN (CONT'D)

Okay. Gonna take us some time to reload from down here. I'll make the call.

**INT. BRINKLY LAB - UNIVERSITY**

Bradley and Douglas drink some beers, Douglas is animated.

DOUGLAS

...we're talking power transmission on a scale beyond anything we have...

Bradley takes a sip of beer.

BRADLEY

It wasn't transmitting power, it was drawing it. Hundreds of amps. That sort of technology doesn't exist.

Bradley switches his computer into TV mode.

DOUGLAS

If we could reverse engineer that process...

(looking at Bradley)

What are you doing? You missing the Simpsons?

BRADLEY

Checking the News, if this thing isn't alien it could be a military or NASA probe, there should be something...

A CNN news item comes up. A fresh faced and excitable reporter, CHRISSY FRESCO is doing a piece with the alien saucer in the background.

Light is streaming down from its underside, bathing the city beneath it. In the background the sun is starting to set.

CHRISSY

Downtown Angelinos seem to be taking the arrival of the visitors in their stride, it almost seems as if it's had a positive effect on peoples moods around here. In fact it may be me, but even the smog doesn't seem as bad as it used to be...

Something starts to happen behind her. Chrissy turns to the cameraman.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

Can we get that?

The picture wobbles and zooms in on the underside of the craft. The LIGHT that streams down from a billion lights dotting the crafts surface begin to dim down.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

There it is, it does this as the sun goes down. It matches the outside light. Somehow this amazing craft, this alien technology realised it was cutting out the sunlight and compensated with it's own UV generators. And now it's doing the reverse. Wow this is so cool...

She switches back into reporter mode.

CHRISSY (CONT'D)

I'm Chrissy Fresco reporting for the UFO channel live from downtown Los Angeles. The truth is out here!

She points towards the saucer as she signs off.

DOUGLAS

The airwaves are full of the Alien ship, nothing else is getting any airtime.

BRADLEY

That's it! This thing hijacked a communication satellite and beamed a signal to Vladivostok...we need to go local.

He hits a search engine and the screen fills with news items. A headline: "Russian Sub forced to make emergency repairs" Some grainy pictures of the KI23 nuclear submarine.

Another story comes up -- Antarctic base destroyed in fire.

A Picture of the base from the air shows the blackened remains of the Senticorp base. On one side of the screen a MAN'S face. A name beneath it. KURT GALVIN.

DOUGLAS  
Kurt Galvin.

SOUND PRELAP

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
...the fire is believed to have  
been started by an electrical  
failure within the base's generator  
room...

**INT. MUSKIE'S BAR - VLADIVOSTOK - RUSSIA - NIGHT**

A TV picture of the same story above a bar wreathed in the smoke from a multitude of cheap cigarettes and pipes.

Old MEN cluster round tables playing Russian Dominoes. In a dark corner John sits drinking a black coffee. Some simple food lies on a plate in front of him.

A couple of Russian Scientists are giving their view on the accident in the studio. A picture of Kurt Gavin is flashed up on the screen. John's eyes glow briefly as he takes this in.

He puts his coffee down and leaves. A thick jowled man in a heavy fur coat drops a few Kopeks on the table, and follows him. He speaks into his cell as he leaves.

**EXT. COFFEE BAR - SIDE STREET - NIGHT**

A black ZIL starts up and heads off into the night. It's followed by two black BMW X-5's loaded with armed police.

**EXT. MAIN STREET**

John heads deeper into the back streets. Behind him the sound of cars grows louder. He increases his pace.

At the end of the street a CAR screeches to a halt blocking it off. The doors open and armed men pour out -- head towards him.

Headlights lance through the night behind him as a second BMW closes in. John turns round. Armed men get out of the BMW -- move towards him -- CLICK! SCHNICK! Weapons are readied.

INT. ZIL CAR

In the darkness something glints.

ANGLE ON

A red and silver MOLNIJA Russian Police watch flicks open.

CLICK! It closes.

The MAN in the back pulls on a cigar -- a red glow throws some light onto his coarse features. A scar runs from the side of one grey eye -- VIKTOR LEKOV (60's) ex KGB hardliner.

**EXT. SIDE STREET**

The men are running now. Shouts ring out. John is heading up a rusty fire escape -- one of the men takes aim -- but he's gone -- a shadow running across the...

ROOF

He runs down the long roof picking up speed -- behind him two OFFICERS climb onto the roof and give chase. Their weapons chatter -- bullets pepper the asphalt around him.

He's a matter of yards from the edge -- one of the men halts takes careful aim. PHUT! PHUT! PHUT! The slugs tear into his back as...

He flies over the edge -- through the air -- and is dwarfed by the huge funnel of a SHIP looming out of the darkness -- he hangs in space -- a speck against the huge smoke stack -- then plummets from view.

BELOW

In the ZIL, Viktor opens and closes the Molnija watch clasp with a rhythmic CLICK! Police bellow through megaphones trying to communicate with the passing ship.

In the distance a truck smoking with refuse trundles round the corner.

**EXT. REFUSE TRUCK - NIGHT**

In amongst ash and metal debris, smoke drifts from the stinking rubbish. John lies slumped amongst the fumes.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Close on his prone figure. His eyes are wide open, pupils dilated. He looks dead.

In on HIS EYES

**FLASHBACK - EXT. PARK - SUMMER - DAY**

John is lying on his back -- the sky a dazzling blue. The screams of children playing -- distant traffic. A shadow falls over him. A face blots out the sun -- beautiful, white teeth smiling, hazel brown hair framing an angel's face.

## MUSIC

If you see a faded sign on the side  
of the road that says, Fifteen  
miles to the...LOVE SHACK! Love  
shack yea. I'm headin' down the  
Atlanta highway, Lookin' for the  
love getaway, love getaway.

## A SERIES OF SHOTS

John and Julie whirling around dancing to the music.

Happy smiling faces -- Nathan watching.

A blacked out ESCALADE cruising round the edge of the park.

John turns slowly round with a quarter in his hand.

A TIN CUP spinning on the ground.

A notebook falling through the air.

Julie screaming.

## BACK TO PRESENT

**EXT. REFUSE TRUCK - NIGHT**

The engine whines in protest as the truck labours up a steep hill winding through a forest. A black ZIL shadows it keeping well back, lights on low.

## ON JOHN

Snapping awake -- trying to focus on where he is. He sits up. There are lights in the road ahead of the truck.

**INT. ZIL TRUCK CAB**

The driver grinds down through the gears. The B52's Love Shack is on his TINNY radio -- he turns it down. He comes to a halt.

A makeshift barrier has been erected across the road. A soldier taps on the window. The driver winds it down.

## DRIVER (IN RUSSIAN)

What's this all about...you lost a  
cabbage?

He laughs. The soldier forces a smile.

## SOLDIER (IN RUSSIAN)

Just need to check your load.

DRIVER (IN RUSSIAN)  
 Help yourself. I wouldn't get too close tho'...a whole lot of shit from the base at Vladivostok...it probably glows in the dark!

The soldier trades his bored look for a nervous one.

**EXT. TRUCK - NIGHT**

The soldier plays his torch over the rubbish. It oozes tendrils of yellowish gas. He goes round to the front.

SOLDIER (IN RUSSIAN)  
 You're okay. Stinks back there. Drive safely I wouldn't want to be scraping you and that shit off the road!

The driver laughs.

DRIVER (IN RUSSIAN)  
 I will. I have a big fat babushka waiting for me in Murmansk!

He slams the truck into gear and shudders off through the barrier. Black exhaust fumes gout into the clear night sky as it strains under it's poisonous load.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

SOMEONE'S POV - WATCHING

Guards stamp their feet to keep warm -- the death rattle of the truck recedes. The CRACK! Of a twig snapping somewhere in the wood jerks the watchers head around.

JOHN

Looks into the dark wood. His golden eyes wide, scanning the interior of the forest.

CLICK! A heavy revolver is cocked alongside his head.

Click! Click! Click! The Molnija watch clasp opens and closes in Viktor's other hand. The nervous habit doesn't extend to the snub shape of the MAKAROV revolver -- that's rock steady.

VIKTOR  
 It would be good for me if you made things...uncomplicated.

John turns slowly. Viktor blinks once. That's the only sign that he feels any unease. For an ex-KGB agent that's a lot.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)  
 Smoke?

John nods. Viktor slips his watch away and proffers a packet of black ZIGANOV'S. John takes three. Viktor produces a Zippo lighter and strikes it. He holds it for John -- the light reflecting in those golden eyes -- John lights all three.

VIKTOR (CONT'D)

My orders are to bring you back. It can be a body. They don't care.

John draws deep on the Zigalovs -- he looks into Viktor's eyes. It looks like he's in two minds -- which he is of course, only one of them isn't human.

FLASH CUTS

From Viktor's past. Pictures of him playing with his brother ALEXIE. Watching him going off to university -- images of their childhood -- Viktor opening a door and seeing police. Viktor crying. Alexei lying on a bed in the Senticorp base.

BACK TO SCENE

JOHN

The people you work for, they told you your brother Alexei was killed...

VIKTOR

How can you know this?

JOHN

You think he was murdered by an American agent...an agent they've promised to turn over to you if you help them bring me in.

Viktor nods.

JOHN (CONT'D)

They're lying. Alexei is being held in Vostok by Senticorp in a secret American base,...I saw him.

Viktor levels the gun at him.

VIKTOR

You're lying!

JOHN

We were taken, drugged. Flown out of the country to the base.

**FLASHBACK - SENTICORP - THE DARK ROOM**

John, naked and filthy, hair matted -- eyes staring at a tiny shaft of light high in a cell wall. Gas drifts through a vent and swirls around John.

JOHN (V.O.)  
 Kept sedated...hovering between  
 life and death, day and night for  
 an eternity. Your brain can't  
 accept the solitude...it screams  
 with thoughts, throwing out every  
 idea you've ever imagined...

**TREATMENT ROOM**

John is now strapped onto the bed -- tubes and wires support his life functions -- nutrients and waste change places into bags hanging from the bed.

Above him the monitors dance as his eyelids twitch with feverish activity -- brain scan pulsing with red energy.

JOHN (V.O.)  
 ...it does anything but admit to  
 itself that life may be over...

BACK TO PRESENT

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

VIKTOR  
 Why? Why would they do that?

JOHN  
 A shadow department working inside  
 the government. A secretly funded  
 operation to develop new weapons  
 outside of the military  
 complex...your brother was  
 kidnapped for the same reason I  
 was...his thoughts.

VIKTOR  
 Then he's still alive?

JOHN  
 They had a fire at the base.

VIKTOR  
 An accident...nothing cuts  
 paperwork down more than a good  
 accidental fire...in Russia this is  
 the way...

John looks at him.

JOHN  
 There were fifty people  
 there...unable to move...

VIKTOR

If my brother is alive I will find him. You must go, my men will be here soon...

JOHN

Where to?

VIKTOR

Mirnyy, from there a supply plane will get you back to the land of the free...

JOHN

Thank you.

Viktor looks at him.

VIKTOR

You make them pay, the people responsible for this...you make them pay.

John nods -- eyes bronze mirrors of resolve.

JOHN

I will, you have my word.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY**

General Fox comes into the room and slams down a piece of paper onto the President's desk.

GENERAL FOX

I just got this from Langley ...an intercept on a Russian police frequency from their submarine base in Vladivostok... seems they had an incident there...an American escaped from the base after shutting down a runaway reactor in one of their subs...

PRESIDENT WILMORE

I hardly see what that has to do with me.

GENERAL FOX

Neither did I, until I learned the officer in charge of the operation was Viktor Lekov. I checked his file...seems he's working for us...

PRESIDENT WILMORE

We have agents all over the world General. Is that so unusual in a global community?

GENERAL FOX

No, but an order to bring in an American citizen dead or alive is.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Lekov owed us, so he pulled in some favours from the FSB...

GENERAL FOX

Why is this man so important to you?

Wilmore reaches into his desk drawer and pulls out a black folder -- slides it across the desk.

General Fox picks up the folder. Reads the cover.

GENERAL FOX (CONT'D)

FutureMap?

(reading inside)

Christ, didn't we learn anything from the MK Ultra fiasco?

PRESIDENT WILMORE

This is way ahead of that...the technology is off the scale.

GENERAL FOX

Senticorp? Didn't they just lose a base out on the Vostok?

PRESIDENT WILMORE

We had to shut it down.

GENERAL FOX

This man, he escaped didn't he?

PRESIDENT WILMORE

That's why it's so important we get him back...one way or another.

GENERAL FOX

You gave an extreme prejudice order against a civilian held against his will as part of an illegal military experiment sanctioned by you...

PRESIDENT WILMORE

I have a responsibility to the American people to make sure we are always able to protect ourselves against any threat...

GENERAL FOX

You're meant to be working for the people, not against them...

Wilmore comes over, dripping insincerity. He reaches out to General Fox -- who shrugs off his hand.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Bill...you don't understand...this man, the secrets he holds...he has the power to reinvent our entire defence system...

The General just looks at him.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)

...once we find out what makes him tick we can scale it up and damp down any threat to national security, it'll mean an end to the arms race...

GENERAL FOX

What makes him tick! He's not some lab rat. You can't just slice him open as part of your quest for world domination...

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Bill, Bill...big picture here... it would mean an end to all wars...no more atomic weapons...all these maverick countries with the bomb...useless...we'd be the only super power...

GENERAL FOX

This is madness.

The President bangs his fist on the desk, all pretence gone.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Madness! I'll decide what madness is...I want that man brought in now...and if I need to rip the secret from his cold dead body then so be it...the security of America is my concern and if you're too weak to step up to the plate then you need to stand down and let someone with guts finish the job!

General Fox wheels round and storms out of the office. President Wilmore glares after him as the door slams behind him. He picks up a phone.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)

I want Pegasus in position...and I want control routed to me...

**INT. HELICOPTER - NIGHT**

An ancient helicopter drones it's way across miles of empty countryside. The PILOT, a man with few teeth and even fewer sensibilities pulls on an old pipe.

He jabbars away in Russian mixed in with English.

PILOT

Okay with Pipe...big pollution ya?

John draws in the foul smoke with relish. Smiles.

JOHN (IN RUSSIAN)

The more you smoke...the better I feel.

The Pilot laughs. Some lights appear below.

**EXT. THE MIRNYI DIAMOND MINE - ESTABLISHING - DAWN**

Over a kilometer wide and half a kilometer deep. A military runway clings to the edge of this vast pit.

**INT. HELICOPTER**

The Pilot smiles. Uses most of his English up in a sentence.

PILOT

Big yes? We have fun...

And with that the helicopter drops like a stone, hurtling into the black hole. Rockets around the edge of the hole before settling as light as a feather at the end of the runway.

In the gloom a JEEP flashes it's lights twice.

PILOT (CONT'D)

You go...

John climbs out onto the runway. A man gestures for him to get into the jeep. It roars off, heading towards a transport plane that sits at the other end of the runway.

John starts to breath quickly, he's hyperventilating. The driver offers him a cigarette -- he takes three. Lights up. His breathing slows down.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - LAB ROOM - NIGHT**

Pools of light from angle poises the only source of illumination. The capsule stands on a metal bench. Bradley looks at a database on the computer screen.

BRADLEY

I've been doing some  
checking...missing persons  
...intellectual thinkers, writers,  
artists, journalists...  
people with vision...

Names scroll across the screen.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Over one hundred in the US  
alone...since the date of that  
article...

DOUGLAS

So you think some looney tunes  
scientist is kidnapping free  
thinkers and sticking wires into  
their brains hoping they'll come up  
with the formula for cold fusion...

BRADLEY

Oh right...that's not going to  
happen...hello project MK  
ULTRA...people whacked out of their  
skulls on LSD as part of some spook  
experiment they didn't know they  
were in...I mean God forbid the CIA  
should be involved in anything  
underhand here...

He glowers at Douglas.

DOUGLAS

You may have a point...

BRADLEY

Damn right I have a point.

**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

A S.W.A.T truck swoops into a car park, dark figures swarm  
out -- head through a back entrance. The SWAT officer JACK  
TASKER signals to his men. They move towards a door.

**INT. LAB ROOM**

Douglas and Bradley study the iconic design on the capsule.

BRADLEY

Its a Square Root rectangle...

DOUGLAS

I've seen this somewhere before.

Bradley turns round.

BRADLEY  
You hear something?

Douglas listens.

**INT. CORRIDOR - THAT MOMENT**

The SWAT team are in position. They wear GAS MASKS. One of the men holds a swing hammer. Tasker nods.

BANG!

The hammer smashes the door down. A gas grenade is lobbed into the room -- cloud of gas -- an explosion of sound and light. Laser beams criss cross the fog of gas. Tasker speaks into his head mic.

TASKER  
Stand down.

The gas clears. They're in the Brinker Lab at the University -  
- the room is empty.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - ESTABLISH - DAY**

A rundown area along the river. Some broken down sheds and a large storage warehouse. A huge sign tells us it's been acquired for re-development.

**INT. WAREHOUSE**

Douglas and Bradley occupy a small area at the back of the warehouse. The Capsule sits on an old concrete lathe base

A small GENERATOR hums, providing power for lighting. A CELL rings -- the X-FILES theme tune. Bradley flips it open.

BRADLEY  
Hi.  
(listening)  
Shit! Thanks, for the heads up.

He looks at Bradley.

DOUGLAS  
What?

BRADLEY  
That was Alice...seems a SWAT team trashed our lab last night.

DOUGLAS  
Don't look at me...I pay my parking fines...

BRADLEY  
Oh, you find this amusing?

DOUGLAS

Mistakes happen...could've been a  
fucked up drugs bust...or...

BRADLEY

Someone wants this capsule...maybe  
we ripped off some top secret navy  
shit?

DOUGLAS

Oh right you think they drop stuff  
like this in the ocean by accident?  
If this is legit military hardware  
they'd have just let us know  
...especially as it's been all over  
the networks...

Douglas goes over to the capsule.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

No...the shit hit the fan after  
this thing bounced that laser off  
the satellite...

BRADLEY

If someone's authorised a trace on  
that laser burst...that means heavy  
spook action...these people aren't  
going away.

Douglas begins tapping on the computer. A news site comes up.  
A headline ARCTIC BASE FIRE. Head of Research KURT GALVIN  
Missing.

DOUGLAS

Okay...this guy Galvin published an  
article on the use of creative  
thinkers to imagine future military  
hardware...after the article  
there's a sudden jump in those sort  
of people going missing...

Bradley goes over to the screen.

BRADLEY

Julie's husband is snatched...

DOUGLAS

One of his ideas for a weapon,  
PEGASUS, is developed into a  
similar weapon, with the same  
name...

BRADLEY

Galvin meanwhile is made head of  
research in the middle of  
nowhere...Vostok, Antarctica.

DOUGLAS  
Not the sort of place that receives  
a lot of casual visitors...

BRADLEY  
And then we have a fire...

DOUGLAS  
Someone's covering their tracks.

**EXT. PARK - DAY**

General Fox walks slowly through the park. He appears casual but he's checking for anybody that might be watching. He carries a magazine and sits on a bench near a trash can and begins to read.

Some joggers go by, a girl on Roller-Blades, people enjoying themselves. Fox gets up, drops the magazine into the trash and leaves.

A MAN appears and empty's the trash can into a small truck. He drives past the General and they share a look.

**INT. JULIE'S CAR - NIGHT**

Rain slaps against the windows. The wipers slide back and forth smearing the shop lights into blobs of muddy colour.

The radio is playing.

RADIO DJ  
Hiya Folks and welcome to another  
slew of retro on the Grizzly Bears  
Fender favs...first up that bop  
along classic...Love Shack...

Rain runs down the windscreen -- as tears roll down Julie's face.

**EXT. JULIE'S HOUSE - SUBURBS - NIGHT**

The electric door to the garage opens as she drives in. The door closes behind her. Julia sits in the car -- tears streaming down her face now...body wracked with sobs.

RADIO  
Love sha-a-ack, that's where it's  
at-Love sha-a-ack, that's where  
it's at...

IN ON HER FACE

FLASHBACK

SLO-MO John and her, dancing in Central Park many years ago -- as the sun sets on this golden couple so much in love.

BACK TO SCENE

TIME CUT - SITTING ROOM

A flickering TV throws coloured fingers of light around the room. Reflections mirrored on the glass of photo frames.

John accepting a Pulitzer prize for fiction, a wedding photo, a family holiday.

John sitting in his prize possession a red GT390 MUSTANG fastback -- and as we move in on this...

SOUND MATCH CUT

**GARAGE**

The BURBLE of an exhaust. Clouds of noxious gas swirl around the floor -- the garage is a FOG of monoxide. Across the gleaming bonnet of the classic GT 390 -- tendrils of fog part to reveal a vague shape behind the wheel...

SITTING ROOM

Tracking towards the back of the couch -- MUSIC becomes audible from the kitchen adjoining the garage...

Moving over the couch now -- Julie's sleeping face -- as her eyes flick open. The limbo land between lucid dream and reality.

She blinks -- becomes aware of the MUSIC. Slowly sitting up, rubbing her eyes -- moving towards the kitchen as the music gets louder. Moving through into the:

KITCHEN

RADIO (O.C.)

Huggin' and a kissin', dancin' and  
a lovin', Wearin' next to nothin'  
'cause it's hot as an oven. The  
whole shack shimmies when  
everybody's movin'

Opening the door into the:

**GARAGE**

RADIO

Around and around and around and  
around!

Exhaust smoke pours in through the door. She runs back to the sink and grabs a tea towel, runs some water onto it -- covers her mouth and heads back into the:

GARAGE

Coughing and choking she heads towards the MUSTANG. Yanks the door open -- reaches for the key -- as JOHN turns to look at her. She SCREAMS.

**INT. SITTING ROOM - JULIE'S HOUSE**

Pale pink fronds flicker across the sky -- dawn is breaking. Julia and John sit on the couch. Looks like they've been talking all night.

JULIE

What are we going to do John?

John looks at her, his breathing is getting faster, it's painful for him...the clean air.

JOHN

I have to leave...

JULIE

Those men...you need to expose them...you can't let them get away with what they did to you...to all of you...

John looks at her with a sadness.

JOHN

It's more complicated than that...because of what I've become...the way I have to live...

Julie strokes his face...looks into his eyes...the golden glow is muted...poisoned by a normal atmosphere.

JULIE

What have they done to you?

JOHN

I don't know...they were experimenting on us with different gas mixtures...monitoring our brain activity while we were asleep...something went wrong...

JULIE

What did you feel like...when you woke up?

JOHN

Like a God...as if another ninety percent of my brain had been activated...I felt no cold...as though my body was at one with my surroundings...air, water...it was all the same to me...

Julie runs her fingers across his back.

JULIE

Your back...where they shot you...

JOHN

My body seems to absorb  
things...combines them...yet keeps  
them fluid...like a liquid  
armour...I can't explain it...

JULIE

The dream...?

JOHN

It was more than a dream...the  
creatures that crashed onto our  
planet millions of years ago...it  
felt like maybe we were part of  
them...

JULIE

You mean we evolved from them?

JOHN

No...yes...Oh Christ babe I don't  
know...

(a long beat, then.)

Their ships were huge...it was if  
they'd loaded everyone up from  
their planet...

JULIE

So they all died...millions of  
years ago...

JOHN (V.O.)

Just before the crash...they  
jettisoned some sort of capsule  
...all the creatures seemed to be  
connected to it...as if their  
thoughts were linked to it  
somehow...

Under this:

**INT. ALIEN SPACECRAFT - CONTROL DECK - FLASHBACK**

Red laser beams spiral through the fog...streaming waves of  
iridescent binary light particles down the length of the  
hull...

ANOTHER ANGLE

The laser stream coalesces into the ruby lens on the top of  
the CAPSULE. The lens captures and stores the energy.

It flickers off.

SPACE CRAFT

Earth fills the observation window.

The CAPSULE sinks down into the hull.

WHOOSH!

It tumbles past the window...contrails of atmosphere streaming past it as it plummets down towards the ocean.

BACK TO PRESENT

**INT. JULIA'S HOUSE - LOUNGE - DAY**

Julie stands up.

JULIE

The Capsule!

She grabs a magazine. There's a picture of the Capsule swinging from the jaws of the hydraulic grab dripping water...Douglas and Bradley grinning next to it.

JULIE (CONT'D)

They found some sort of capsule...you remember Bradley. I asked him for help...

John picks up the magazine.

JOHN

It's the same one...

JULIE

At the news conference...one of the reporters...she asked them if the artifact could be part of a larger structure...

John rubs his head.

JOHN

It was some sort of storage device for their memories...

JULIE

A whole civilization...that's not possible is it?

JOHN

I'm not possible...but here I am.

Julie looks at him, sees the lacklustre look in his eyes.

JULIE

Oh baby...this air is killing you ...what can I do?

JOHN  
Cigarettes...do you have any?

Julie goes to a cupboard, pulls down a tin.

JULIE  
I've got some blow...?

John is breathing fast now...face pallid. He nods. Julie rolls a spliff, hands shaking, weed spilling out. She lights it, draws it. Hands it to John.

JOHN  
Thanks...I didn't know you were a pot head.

JULIE  
I wasn't...when you disappeared it helped me get through it.

The door bell RINGS.

JOHN  
Are you expecting anybody?

JULIE  
It's five o' clock in the morning!

HALLWAY

Julie goes to the door. Looks through the spyhole.

HER POV

Distorted faces of two FBI Agents. They hold up I.D Cards.

BACK TO SCENE

She opens the door. Two agents stand there. SMITH and WESTON, almost moulded faces they're so banal, only difference is Smith's a large BLACK guy and Weston's SKINNY and white.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
What do you want?

SMITH  
Just some routine questions...

WESTON  
Shouldn't take long...

JULIE  
I wasn't aware that five o' clock in the morning was routine.

SMITH  
We'll be as quick as we can...

Julie shrugs. Heads down the hallway.

JULIE  
Smith and Weston...like the gun  
huh?

SMITH  
Yeah...we get that...

WESTON  
...a lot.

### LOUNGE

Julie sits down in a chair, the two agents stand uncomfortably for a moment, then squash next to each other on the two seater sofa.

SMITH  
It's about your husband...

WESTON  
We wondered...

SMITH  
If you'd had any contact...

JULIE  
You're serious right?

They both nod, like they're worked by the same puppet master.

JULIE (CONT'D)  
My husband was kidnapped five years ago...you people turned up nothing at that time or since...how would I have had any contact...you'd be the first to know...because you'd be tracking down the people that abducted him and left his son without a father...wouldn't you?

The agents look at each other.

WESTON  
We've recently come into some information...

SMITH  
We believe your husband was kidnapped by a covert organisation...

WESTON  
Within the NSA...

JULIE

Our own government? You're telling me that my husband was kidnapped by people within our own government...

SMITH

It's complicated...

JULIE

You're damn right it is.

SMITH

We need him to come in...

WESTON

For his own protection...

Julie gets up.

JULIE

Get out of my house!

She heads down the...

HALLWAY

JULIE (CONT'D)

I'm done with whatever dumb acronym you guys hide behind, I'd like you to leave now...

She opens the door. Smith and Weston squeeze awkwardly past her. Weston reaches into his pocket...gives her his card.

WESTON

If you need our help...

They leave. She watches them get into their car. Closes the door. A mobile phone rings. She goes to it, picks it up.

JULIE

Hello...Bradley? What?  
Where...okay.

She turns the phone off. John appears from the bedroom.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Did you hear that bullshit?

John nods.

JOHN

You have to leave...take Nathan to your Mums...he's not safe here.

JULIE

That was Bradley...their lab was broken into last night...they think it was government...

JOHN

What did they take?

JULIE

Nothing...they'd already moved their stuff...to a warehouse on the quay...

JOHN

I think we have to assume they'll be watching us...we'll drop Nathan off...switch cars there and meet up at the warehouse when we're sure they're not tailing us...

JULIE

Okay...

JOHN

Where are they?

JULIE

The old Keller warehouse down on Main St....

ANGLE ON

A tiny pin mic transmitter sticking out of the couch.

**EXT. FBI CAR - STREET**

Smith and Weston sit in their car. Smith holds a receiver in his hand, an earpiece feeding to one ear. He nods to Weston. The car accelerates away.

**INT. WAREHOUSE**

A white VAN is parked next to the loading door.

Julie makes coffee while Douglas and Bradley fiddle with the equipment. Douglas puts the finishing touches to a small device.

He goes over to John who sits slumped in a chair...he's in a bad way.

DOUGLAS

Here...I've rigged up an old inhaler...I've guessed at the gas mix...carbon dioxide, Methane and Hydrogen...seems you favour the scummy end of the spectrum.

John takes it from him.

JOHN

Thanks...

He takes a hit from the device. His eyes come alive and his skin texture alters. Bradley is looking at a TV monitor.

BRADLEY

Holy shit!

Douglas goes over and looks at the Laptop:.

SCREEN

A shot of another SPACESHIP hovering over a city...the people looking up at it are foreign. A LEGEND on the screen says LINFEN, CHINA.

BACK TO SCENE

John comes over -- stares at the Alien Ship. On the TV another reporter is talking.

REPORTER (V.O.)

....as this extraordinary footage shows...we are definitely not alone. And yet again there is no panic...as across the world people seem to welcome the visitors to their cities...

Douglas is tapping into his computer, he turns to John.

DOUGLAS

Any idea of the time when you woke up from the experiment?

John tries to remember.

FLASHBACK

A digital clock in his cubicle as he staggers around the room trailing wires and tubes. 12.01 On the large red LED display.

BACK TO SCENE

JOHN

12.01...

Douglas punches the information into the computer.

DOUGLAS

Okay...and the time in our zone when the capsule appeared...

He scans his computer for the info.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
Was...12.49 Pacific Eastern...which  
when you take the time shift into  
account was...

Bradley looks over his shoulder.

BRADLEY  
...a few minutes after.

John looks at the Capsule. He goes over to it. Touches the  
Icon on the side running his fingers over the indentations.

JOHN  
It's connected isn't it...me, the  
capsule...the alien ships...

JULIE  
But how...something crashes into  
the earth millions of years  
ago...you get kidnapped and  
experimented on...then all  
this...how does it all fit  
together?

He looks at her.

JOHN  
I don't know...things are happening  
in our world...and in me...somehow  
they have to have a purpose...

**EXT. SWAT HELICOPTER - NIGHT**

Wide angle looking down at the industrial area below it.

**INT. HELICOPTER**

A Pilot studies a display of thermal images within the  
warehouse. FOUR red outlines of humans.

PILOT  
Got four traces...tight  
group...you're clear to go.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - THAT MOMENT**

The capsule makes a noise...a muted CLICK! Colour swirling  
within its translucent body.

DOUGLAS  
You hear that?

BRADLEY  
It's changing.

John looks towards the end of the warehouse. His eyes glow,  
as if he's sensing something.

BANG!

Smoke grenades are tossed into the warehouse...gas belches out. The generator is shut off. The lights die.

POV NIGHT VISION

Green shapes of Douglas, John, Bradley and Julie through the goggles of the SWAT team as they move into the warehouse.

ANOTHER ANGLE

As laser beams traverse the area looking for targets.

Five goggled and helmeted OFFICERS head towards the group. The team leader MILES KNOX whispers into his throat mic.

KNOX

Wait for my command...

WHUMP!

The air warps as a force field surges out from the capsule, the OFFICERS are knocked off their feet.

All comms die, night vision goggles flicker out.

**EXT. HELICOPTER**

The air ripples as the pulse reaches the helicopter, knocking it up into the air like a feather.

**INT. HELICOPTER**

All instruments DEAD. The engine stops, the rotor blades wind down as the helicopter spins towards the ground.

PILOT

Shit...I've lost all  
power...anybody hearing this?

INT. WAREHOUSE

The officers pick themselves up.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Crouched behind the concrete lathe block, Bradley, Douglas and Julie stifle their coughing. John sits impassively, his eyes deep gold as he draws in the noxious gas.

BRADLEY

What the hell was that?

DOUGLAS

Some sort of Flux compression  
generator maybe, or Viricator...  
(off their puzzled looks)  
(MORE)

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)  
Virtual cathode oscillator...an  
electro magnetic pulse weapon  
...knocks out anything electrical  
within it's range...

PHUT! PHUT! PHUT!

Bullets thud into the wall just missing his ear.

BRADLEY  
Shame they're not using electric  
guns then...

A low HUM from the capsule...ZAP! In the blink of an eye red  
lasers rocket out through the darkness...

The officers guns explode into molten fragments. A spiders  
web of blue lightening CRACKLES across the room, the SWAT  
officers fall to the ground unconscious.

The lights come on, the capsule becomes opaque again.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE**

Twenty feet from hitting the ground the helicopter's engines  
kick back into life. The machine makes a heavy landing.

WAREHOUSE

Bradley and Douglas peer over the concrete block. See the  
officers slumped on the floor...fragments of guns smoking on  
the ground. Julie stands up.

JULIE  
What just happened?

BRADLEY  
That thing just saved our asses  
that's what...

John stands up. Julie goes over to him.

JULIE  
John...what is it?

John looks at the capsule.

JOHN  
It's protecting us...

Douglas looks at the unconscious SWAT team.

DOUGLAS  
I say we get the hell out of here  
before these sons of bitches wake  
up and beat the crap out of us!

**EXT. STREET - DAY**

The van heads down onto the freeway. A beige, nondescript car, so normal that it has to be a tail...follows them.

**INT. VAN - DAY**

Tense. Douglas is driving with Bradley in the passenger seat and John and Julie behind.

JULIE

Where are we going?

DOUGLAS

Friend of mine...he's a little strange...but that's kinda' where we're at right now.

BRADLEY

I don't want to be a party pooper...but that car's been on us since we hit the freeway...

They all look behind at the beige car. Julie reaches into her pocket and produces a business card. She dials on her cell.

DOUGLAS

You have time to chat?

Julie freezes him with a look.

JULIE

Agent Smith? Could do with a little help here...we're on the one 0 one, got some people on our tail who might not have our best interests at heart...Okay.

She cuts the phone off.

BRADLEY

Calvary?

JULIE

Two horses maybe, but right now I think we should try and shake them off.

DOUGLAS

We're driving a van here...

He hauls the van hard right, swerving between honking cars...sliding between two trucks...BLARING horns accompany this manoeuver from the trucks.

They look around. The car has moved across the lanes, takes up a position alongside the truck behind them.

**INT. NATIONAL RECONNAISSANCE OFFICE, CHANTILLY, VIRGINIA**

Monitors from around the globe display real time, digital-image feeds of Earth beamed down from the KH12 (Keyhole-12) Spy Satellites.

CLOSE ON

A satellite view of the freeway. The van between two trucks and the beige tail behind them.

BACK TO SCENE

A MAN leans over an analyst, GRANT CURTIS, a hard, analytical bulldog of a SUPERVISOR. He wears a headset.

CURTIS

Get them off the freeway...next exit...

**INT. VAN - DAY**

The front truck is slowing down and the one behind the van is speeding up. They're in a moving vice.

DOUGLAS

I feel like the soft bit in a tuna melt...

He looks in his rear view mirror. It's full of truck.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Okay...I'm getting out of here.

He swerves out into the next lane and accelerates past the lead truck. The beige car pulls out from behind the truck and pulls up behind them.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

Now what?

They look across. The passenger in the car behind leans out of the window and levels a shotgun at them. BANG! The rear window of the van explodes.

BRADLEY

Shit!

The exit sign is almost on them. Douglas yanks the wheel, sends the van careering across the path of the truck, barely making it off the freeway.

The van fishtails down the exit ramp. Bradley looks behind.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Take the next right.

The van heads down a small road alongside a rail-track.

**INT. NATIONAL RECONNAISSANCE OFFICE, CHANTILLY. SAME**

The van is on the monitor. Curtis is watching.

CURTIS

Okay...show me intercept...

The satellite switches views...a picture of a crossroads ahead...a small and large scale picture side by side.

ANALYST

Nearly there...

**EXT. VAN - SAME**

BRADLEY

Make a left at the next crossroads.

A train heads down the line beside them...it's a slow moving freight carrier. As they near the crossroads a blacked out ESCALADE approaches the junction from the left.

It pulls over off the road at the junction and waits. Heading towards them is a familiar beige car.

DOUGLAS

Shit! Now what?

Suddenly a mobile phone rings...a tinny version of LOVE SHACK plays. Julie looks at John -- smiles.

Checks the screen. UNKNOWN NUMBER.

Presses it...

JULIE

Hello....?

She listens.

INT. ESCALADE

CLOSE ON

A mouth to a phone.

MOUTH

Goodbye.

EXT. FREIGHT TRAIN

CRASH! The DOOR slams open. A MAN crouches there with a SAM missile...it fires...streaks towards them.

POV

SAM MISSILE

As it hurtles towards their terrified faces...edges of the picture smearing.

BRADLEY  
Heat seeking...the Escalade...

Douglas yanks the wheel hard left....the MISSILE screams past them, swoops up and round.

ANGLE

On it's internal telemetry screen. Flashing RE-ACQUIRE.

WIDE ON AREA

As the van rockets over the curb, into waste ground and towards the Escalade...swinging round stopping alongside it.

The missile heads back towards the two cars...closing in on the Escalade. Douglas looks across at the darkened windows.

DOUGLAS  
Nice knowing you.

He accelerates away from the vehicle in a cloud of dust and rubber smoke.

The missile sweeps over the Escalade and up into the sky...

Bradley looks up at it.

BRADLEY  
Not heat seeking then...

John looks at Julie. His eyes glaze over.

FLASH FRAMES - JOHN'S MINDS EYE POV

A blur of telemetry information from the missile's guidance system flicker through his mind.

A schematic of a mobile phone system interface links to the missile's guidance system -- the cell number is the same as the UNKNOWN NUMBER on Julie's Cell.

BACK TO SCENE

ON JOHN

JOHN  
The phone...hit last caller re-dial...

Bradley is wrestling with the van. Julie hits the button.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Head for the Escalade!

BRADLEY  
We did that already!

John winds down the window.

JOHN  
Do it!

Douglas hauls the van towards the Escalade.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Get close and go past...

INTERCUT

The missiles POV

As it heads towards the van.

DOUGLAS'S POV

As he hurtles towards the Escalade.

ON JOHN

As he hurls the phone towards the Escalade. The phone clatters onto the windscreen, slides down and wedges between the bonnet and glass...

A SERIES OF SHOTS

The PHONE...CONNECTING

THE MISSILE - TELEMETRY READ-OUT.

TARGET ACQUIRED

BACK TO SCENE

**INT. ESCALADE - DAY**

The doors begin to open, people start to leave...too late!  
The SAM impacts through the windscreen.

WHUMP! The Escalade rises into the air...flames explode from the disintegrating pieces of it's bodywork...a million bits of molten fiery Cadillac rain down...a huge THUD!

The engine block hits the ground and forms it's own individual crater. Smoke drifts across the wasteland. The van barrels through it and onwards...

**FREIGHT TRAIN**

RUDY LANGHAM (40's), short cropped hair, missing an ear and wearing elasticated sports sunglasses to compensate...speaks into a headset.

LANGHAM

No Sir...

**INT. VAN**

In a dark VAN lit by the information spewing across countless screens. The silhouette of a MAN we will never see speaks into a phone.

INVISIBLE

Damage?

LANGHAM

Agents, Escalade...direct hit.

INVISIBLE

How?

LANGHAM

They worked it out Sir...

There's a look on his face, a sort of grudging respect. It doesn't show in his voice.

INVISIBLE

That's unfortunate...not like you to miss.

LANGHAM

No Sir...what should I do?

INVISIBLE

We need to extend the operation.

**INT. VAN - TRAVELLING**

Outside desert rolls by. It could be anywhere.

BRADLEY

You said you thought it was protecting us...what else is it doing?

JOHN

When I was altered by the atmosphere...that was when the capsule appeared...

DOUGLAS

Yes...after you broke out of the base at Vostok...

JOHN

I think the capsule is some sort of sentinel...it's been monitoring the earth since the alien spacecraft crashed here millions of years ago...

DOUGLAS  
Monitoring what?

JOHN  
I'm not sure...looking for  
survivors maybe...

Julie looks at him.

JULIE  
It's not protecting us...it's  
protecting you...when your body was  
altered, you came up on whatever  
passes for radar in that thing...it  
thinks you're a survivor, an  
alien...one of them...

BRADLEY  
The capsule was jettisoned from the  
spacecraft...to find survivors...to  
protect them from harm...only there  
weren't any survivors to find...  
(beat)  
They've spent millions of years  
waiting for some sort of  
signal...something that means it's  
time to re-surface...

JULIE  
...maybe it's the atmosphere...

BRADLEY  
Global warming...pollution...if  
there are alien life-forms on board  
the ships...and their planet's  
atmosphere is like a polluted  
version of Earth...

DOUGLAS  
The worse it is for us the better  
it is for them...

**INT. SPACESHIP - PERPETUAL NIGHT**

Dark in here. The only light source is from strange alien displays. There are no numerical measurements on these monitors, rather everything is portrayed by colour.

A HUM increases in volume...some more lights come on, bathing the floor in fluorescent blue, revealing an observation window. Mud and roots are crushed against the glass

One particular display is composed of two colours...a red graph atop a green display...it looks like some sort of timeline...the scale is massive.

Both the green and the red have been rising in tandem...they are heading towards some sort of line on the monitor.

**EXT. ARIZONA - BARRINGER METEORITE CRATER - DAY**

A colossal ROAR. Deep below the ten mile expanse of the crater, the earth trembles. The base of the crater starts to CRACK!

The floor begins to move like a ponderous elevator rising into the air.

HIGH AND WIDE ANGLE

As we see rock and dust explode from within the crater as an enormous SAUCER pulls itself from where it's been buried.

Rocks and debris rain down into the crater as the saucer tilts, billions of tons of rock and vegetation slide from it's metallic skin back into the crater.

The spacecraft banks smoothly -- heads off across the desert.

**EXT. AIRFIELD - GEEK SHACK - DESERT**

A tremendous noise as hundreds of MONSTER TRUCKS dual, MUSCLE CARS race...and DRAGSTERS throw flames from nitro boosted engines as they roar down an abandoned piece of runway.

Douglas stops the VAN alongside a HUGE truck. A Man with RED hair and a ZZ TOP beard sits at the wheel.

Douglas cranes his neck through the window to talk to him.

DOUGLAS

Is Donny here?

RED JIMMY

Sure...the silver airstream over there...look out for the dog...he gets mean around strangers...

A gleaming AIRSTREAM caravan surrounded by pieces of space and automobile JUNK. A mean looking dog sits chewing a bone under a faded awning. His snout wrinkles...he snarls.

DONNY (O.S.)

Shuddup Boris!

**INT. SHACK - LATER**

A grey haired hippy, DONNY KEYHO (60's) peers through sand blown spectacles at a series of monitors, oscilloscopes and lab equipment. John, Bradley, Douglas and Julie are wedged around the caravan.

DONNY

Okay...now a lot of this is conjecture...but with what you've told me...the stuff we know about that capsule and the shit that's going down with our spooky friends, here's what I think.

He reaches over to a bottle of Jack Daniels and necks it...wipes his mouth and burps.

DONNY (CONT'D)

First...it would seem a lot of what we supposed were meteors hitting the Earth millions of years ago might've been alien spacecraft...

He flicks to a close up of the undersea crater that forms CHICXULUB off the Mexican coast.

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

One of which landed...rather heavily...off the Mexican coast...

DOUGLAS

That's an understatement...they wiped out the dinosaurs and plunged the Earth into a thousand year ice age...

BRADLEY

Some bad parking...

Donny flicks some screens on displaying close up pictures of the CAPSULE. Under this.

DONNY (V.O.)

This was jettisoned ahead of the impact..

BRADLEY

Do you think any of them survived?

DONNY

How old would they be now?

The group think about that.

DONNY (CONT'D)

Okay...John thinks the aliens downloaded information into the capsule before they crashed...some sort of collective consciousness...

DOUGLAS

So when the capsule detected what it thought was a survivor...it downloaded the collective consciousness of it's race into John, using some sort of highly advanced mind transference...

JOHN

Collected memories from their civilization...so they'd be able to start again...with their knowledge passed on through the survivor.

DONNY

That experiment he was part of...when it went wrong and his air got fucked up...it threw some sort of genetic switch ...unleashed the potential trapped within all of us...the ability to be the species we came from...millions of years ago.

DOUGLAS

So the capsule also carried the organisms that started the process of life on earth?

DONNY

Now you're getting there...

He turns to the capsule...points to the damaged section.

DONNY (CONT'D)

They wanted to preserve the genetic building blocks of their life...but the capsule was damaged by the impact, releasing the samples.

BRADLEY

So why aren't we all aliens?

Donny looks at him...face wreathed in smiles.

DONNY

Because the atmosphere where they come from is different to earth's...so we didn't develop their physiology...their strength... their intellectual power...

DOUGLAS

You're saying in the atmosphere of their home planet...

BRADLEY  
We would have become...

Julie says it.

JULIE  
John.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE - DAY**

President Jack Wilmore sits opposite his Chief of Staff General Fox. The atmosphere is tense but it looks like the General is back with the program. A TV plays in the background.

INSERT SCREEN

NEWS CREWS film the newly exposed BARRINGER METEORITE CRATER in Arizona. The picture changes.

A giant spacecraft hovering a few hundred feet over one of the most polluted cities on the planet. LINFEN, SHANXI PROVINCE, CHINA.

BACK TO SCENE

General Fox studies a sheet of paper.

GENERAL FOX  
Linfen, China...population two  
hundred thousand...it's a hell hole  
...annual sulphur dioxide emissions  
of 1.5 million tons...what in God's  
name does it want with them?

On the screen the population look calm, the citizens just stare at the alien spacecraft.

**EXT. L.A STREET - DAY**

A WHITE TRUCK pulls up in a side street, antennae jut out from its roof. In the distance the huge alien craft hangs in the sky.

A MAN climbs out of the truck, locks it and drops the keys down a drain.

He looks around before heading off, disappearing round a corner.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL OFFICE**

President Wilmore, General Fox and his aides have been joined by his chief advisors and the Joint Chief of Staff.

Representatives from the Atlantic Command and U.S. Space Command are fielding calls on a bank of phones.

GENERAL FOX  
 There's another one,  
 Keuruselkä, Finland...

INSERT TV

A vast spacecraft rises out of the water shedding billions of tons of water, debris and fish as it rises up and curves away over the foaming lake and forest surrounding the area.

BACK TO SCENE

A GIRL member of staff, MOIRA (20's) takes a call.

MOIRA  
 Lonar Crater...India.

General Fox is handed another phone...he listens swallows.

GENERAL FOX  
 Go to ABC...

An aide flips a remote...all the screens link together into one large wall display. Moira loses it in her excitement.

MOIRA  
 Shit! Sorry! That's the Acraman  
 structure in Australia...it's over  
 ninety kilometers wide!

On the screens the huge craft tears itself free from the rock, spins for a moment shaking off rubble and dust...then soars through the sky and is gone in a matter of moments.

The president looks around.

PRESIDENT WILMORE  
 Ideas...anybody?

GENERAL FOX  
 Track'em and monitor...they're too  
 low to shoot down without loss of  
 life...and if the rest of them  
 follow the pattern in China...then  
 we have an interesting situation...

PRESIDENT WILMORE  
 I don't want a Goddamn interesting  
 situation I want some action  
 ...doesn't anybody have something  
 to show for their billion dollar  
 NASA budgets?

A geeky guy raises his hand. JOSH KIRKBRIGHT (20's).

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)  
 Yes...

KIRKBRIGHT

Josh Kirkbright Mr President  
...Comms analyst...

PRESIDENT WILMORE

I don't have a a phone problem  
Kirkbright...I have a shitload of  
aliens that I can't take down...

KIRKBRIGHT

Nothing with a guidance system  
works around them...gravity bombs  
can't be delivered by conventional  
means...so we go back...

Kirkbright goes over to a WHITEBOARD, draws on it with a felt tip. A round shape with a box slung below it. He draws a dotted line down to a saucer shape.

Under this:

KIRKBRIGHT (CONT'D)

During the first world war a crazy  
German...Felix Von Trybitz used a  
balloon to drop bombs over the  
front line...no aiming device, no  
engine...no electrics...just a wind  
in the right direction...

The President turns to a NASA advisor.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Is this possible.

An advisor MATT DYER goes over to a computer. Starts punching keys.

MATT DYER

We can set up electric activators  
on the gas bottles...once they get  
over the spacecraft the pulse field  
will knock out the solenoids and  
they'll crash onto the surface.

Weather fronts and satellite downloads of the areas around the cities below the SPACECRAFT cover the SCREENS.

MATT DYER (CONT'D)

We'll have a 50 knot wind over Los Angeles within the next 12 hours...

The President claps his hands.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Okay people let's get moving.

Aides and top brass scuttle away to carry out their mission.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - CORRIDOR**

People hurrying past, talking urgently into their cells. Moira catches up with Kirkbright.

MOIRA

There's no Felix Von Trybitz is there?

Kirkbright smiles.

KIRKBRIGHT

Always pays to give something a little bit of providence...

Moira smiles, they share a moment...beauty and the geek.

**INT. WHITE HOUSE - OVAL ROOM - SAME**

The president paces the room. General Fox stands watching him warily. On the screens the pictures are of the saucers hovering over cities around the world.

The fifty mile wide craft still hangs in the smog over Long Beach and Los Angeles. The President looks at the screens.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Beijing, Los Angeles...New York...Bakersfield...Linfen...what the hell are they doing?

Suddenly there's a commotion outside the door. The head of the armed forces, General Deer bursts in.

GENERAL DEER

Sorry Mr President...but I think you need to see this.

He hits a button on the TV REMOTE.

A NEW STATION comes up on all the screens. It's fronted by a prime time anchor...MARCIA WOODS

Hundreds of thousands of people under the saucers around the world holding placards which say WELCOME TO THE ALIENS...and WHO NEEDS A GOVERNMENT. Under this:

MARCIA WOODS (V.O.)

In one of the most astonishing events of the 21st Century, the alien visitors have taken the initiative to save Earth...in twenty-four hours they have reduced carbon dioxide emissions in the atmosphere of the world's most polluted cities by fifty percent...

The picture cuts to an intense wiry headed environmental activist, JAMES GRONER.

JAMES GRONER

...in ten years we have exceeded the Carbon dioxide emissions and average temperature limits reached over the last million...with the present lgovernment's track record on dealing with the problem we're looking at our planet dying within fifty years or less...

ANGLE ON MARCIA

MARCIA WOODS

Well there you have it...the message is clear...pull back the troops, stand down the missiles and work alongside the aliens to save our planet...

The camera pans across to a group of college students holding a banner with a cartoon green alien on it and a slogan.  
WILMORE OUT - ET IN!

General Deer switches off the TV.

GENERAL DEER

What are you going to do Mr President?

The President looks out the window.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

I'll do what needs to be done...

**EXT. QUAYSIDE - VLADIVOSTOK**

A vessel is tied up at the quayside. Rudge, the scientist from the SENTICORP Research station steps onto deck.

Fifty men in heavy duty snow anoraks with Senticorp Logo's on their sleeves, shuffle down the gang plank onto the quay.

A ZIL pulls up. Viktor climbs out...clicking his Molnija watch between his fingers.

Rudge comes over to him, accompanied by a thin, sallow complexioned MAN. They hug. Viktor breaks free, his eyes moist.

VIKTOR

Alexie...I thought you were dead.

Alexie speaks slowly and with great difficulty, as if the act of speaking was foreign to him.

ALEXIE

I was...

They hug again and then two medics lead him away.

RUDGE

He will be alright...they will all  
need time to recover.

Two trucks arrive with a squeal of brakes and the MEN are  
helped into the back by SOLDIERS.

DEMETRI the Officer in charge of the loading comes up and  
salutes Viktor.

DEMETRI

Ready Sir.

VIKTOR

Thank you Demetri...make sure they  
get to the airport and safely onto  
the flight...

Another salute.

DEMETRI

Sir!

He heads off, climbs aboard the lead truck and the two  
vehicles set off. Rudge looks at Viktor.

RUDGE

Do you have time for a foul cup of  
coffee?

Viktor clasps Rudge round the shoulder.

VIKTOR

All the time in the world dear  
friend...all the time in the world.

They head down the rain slicked road towards MUSKIE'S cafe.

**INT. FBI VAN - NIGHT**

Julie, Douglas, Bradley and John sit around the comms and  
monitoring equipment of the surveillance van. Smith and  
Weston settle themselves into seats.

JULIE

Who were those people...and what  
did they want?

WESTON

They wanted John, dead or alive.

Smith pours black coffee from a flask and gives it to her,  
she sniffs it.

SMITH

It's okay...just a bit of JD and coffee...

John looks at Smith...his eyes seem to bore through him, Smith looks transfixed. John looks at a blank screen.

Slightly distorted images of Smith making coffee appear, he adds some JD and puts it into a flask. Smith turns and sees.

SMITH (CONT'D)

So it's true...you really can do that stuff.

JOHN

when I changed...well it seems like my brain was a very under used muscle back then...I can act as a projector for any thoughts near enough for me to absorb...if I concentrate...

WESTON

Jesus!

SMITH

Look, we're sorry we had to expose you to danger...but the fastest way to make you safe was to draw out the people behind the operation...

BRADLEY

And there was me thinking we were just sucker bait...

DOUGLAS

So why do you need us?

Smith and Weston exchange looks.

WESTON

We need you to get to the president.

BRADLEY

What...he's not returning your calls?

SMITH

We have information that the President intends to launch a pre-emptive strike on the alien spacecraft within the next twelve hours...

JULIE

But they're not attacking...they're cleaning up our atmosphere!

DOUGLAS

He can't do that, they haven't made any hostile moves.

WESTON

He's planning to use PEGASUS to fire a missile into Los Angeles...blame the aliens and launch his attack...

Smith reaches over to a keyboard and flicks up some high altitude pictures of a MILITARY AIRFIELD.

Engineers and ground crew are loading munitions into baskets slung below hot air balloons.

SMITH (V.O.)

We got these from the encrypted military downlink...they show he's planning to use hot air balloons to deliver gravity bombs onto the Alien ship when the wind is right...

DOUGLAS

But how do they guide the bombs?

WESTON

They won't have to...once the balloons are over the ship they'll lose power and crash onto them...

JULIE

Why is he doing this?

BRADLEY

Because he wants to win the next election...having aliens clean up the atmosphere isn't going to help his green lobby cause any...and the best way to get the country behind you...

DOUGLAS

Is a war.

BRADLEY

Millions of people will die if he brings the ship down.

WESTON

We need to bring the President down before that happens.

DOUGLAS

You want us to shoot him?

Smith cracks a smile.

SMITH

Would you? No...it's a bit more complicated than that.

WESTON

With John's particular skills, his ability to transmit latent thoughts from information he absorbs...

BRADLEY

You want Wilmore to hang himself...

**INT. VAN - NIGHT**

Julie, Bradley, Douglas and John study a building plan.

BRADLEY

In 1933 they built a swimming pool for Roosevelt in the west wing...

DOUGLAS

I've never seen that...

BRADLEY

...that's because Nixon built the Brady press room over the swimming pool in 1970. In 2000 they put eighteen miles of new wiring into it...when they opened up the trapdoor to access it they found it was still structurally intact

He traces a finger across the schematic.

BRADLEY (CONT'D)

Lucky for us they didn't fill it in...right here is the maintenance access...

JULIE

How do we get into the pool?

Bradley produces another plan.

BRADLEY

There was a heating system for the pool...if we can get in through the pump room...from there we go up through the trap door into the press room...

**EXT. WHITE HOUSE - AVENUE**

The door at the back of the van opens and Douglas, Bradley and John jump out followed by Julie.

Bradley and Douglas wear construction helmets, they set up some barriers around a MANHOLE.

**INT. MANHOLE**

The make there way down an access corridor jammed with pipes and cabling. Douglas studies a schematic by torchlight.

DOUGLAS

There should be a tunnel leading  
off to the water filtration  
room...from there we can access the  
pool room...

They come to a door. It has a punch key combination lock.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

This should be it.

John lays his hand on it.

**FLASHBACK**

The satellite being hit with a laser beam. Flashes of circuit diagrams and a million pieces of code streaming back down the reticulated beam to Earth and into John.

ON JOHN

Click...click....click..his fingers fly over the keypad. The door opens. They go through into...

**TUNNEL**

Rusting pipes lead along the wall and then disappear up through the roof of the shaft. A metal ladder leads upwards.

Douglas turns to John.

DOUGLAS

That's as far as you go. You keep  
out of sight and do your thing.  
Take this.

He hands John a small battery powered monitor.

DOUGLAS (CONT'D)

That's a feed from the press  
conference.

Bradley hands John a box of CUBAN CIGARS.

BRADLEY

Stay unhealthy.

Julie looks at him. Gives him a long kiss. Mouths the words "I love you." And then they're gone -- heading up the ladder.

INT. OVAL OFFICE - DAY

President Wilmore opens a drawer in the desk. A computer touch screen is recessed into it. The screen displays a digital countdown and a satellite overview of L.A

Wilmore enters firing codes -- an icon winks PEGASUS -- ARMED. The President pauses for a moment and then hits ENTRY.

A digital clock begins counting down from 15 minutes. He closes the drawer, locks it before leaving.

INT. PRESS ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY

The President and Patti come in. He goes up to the crowd of microphones surrounding the podium. Cracks a joke.

PRESIDENT WILMORE  
Is there anybody out there?

Polite laughter from the Journos.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)  
I think we all know the headlines  
in today's papers...aliens save the  
planet...I even saw an ET for  
President bumper sticker...hell it  
might have been on Patti's car.

Another nervous laugh from the assembled Journalists.

Douglas, Bradley and Julie slip in through a side door and spread themselves around the room.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)  
I'll admit that successive  
governments have failed to clean up  
in their own back yard...instead  
they have ruthlessly exploited lax  
environmental controls to make a  
quick buck...

He looks around making eye contact, working the room.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)  
Well I'm here to tell you this is  
Gonna change...as my hybrid driving  
friends are prone to say...the  
Buick stops here...

A small amount of polite laughter ripples round the room.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)  
We've been working to cut  
pollution...you may have noticed  
it's a lot less smoggy in downtown  
LA these days...

**EXT. L.A STREET**

The innocuous white TRUCK with antennae jutting from the roof sits in a side street -- in the distance the Alien Spacecraft hovers over the city.

An electric steel SHUTTER at the back of the truck begins to roll up.

**INT. PRESS ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY**

The President nods to a bespectacled man next to a laptop. He taps some buttons and the screens are filled with impressive but totally unfathomable charts and graphs.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

That's because behind the scenes we've been implementing tough new emission controls in our industrial plants...I was going to announce the progress we've made in the run up to the polls...but my advisors tell me this would have been viewed as cynical and manipulative...

Murmuring around the room. A MAN stands up.

SMEETON

Geoffrey Smeeton, Atmosphere magazine...isn't it true that since the ships have taken up position over our most polluted cities, the atmosphere has been over fifty percent less toxic...and that green house gases...in particular Carbon Dioxide have been reduced by over ninety percent...in twenty-four hours...your government hasn't been able to do that in the last five years!

A GIRL stands up.

GIRL

I've heard it's their engines ...they use carbon dioxide to fuel them and expel oxygen...

The President starts to sweat. A secret service man comes up and says something into his ear. The President holds up his hand for silence...the room gradually quietens.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

I have just been informed...that the alien ships possess weapons with enough power to wipe us from the face of the Earth...

Silence descends on the room.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)  
 I believe they may attack us at any moment...I therefore have no choice but to launch a pre-emptive strike on the space craft over Los Angeles.

**INT. TRUCK - PEGASUS**

ANGLE ON - CONTROL CONSOLE

Information begins to scroll across a small integral screen. The words TARGET SEQUENCE flash up.

The SNOUT of a GUN SHAPED device WHIRRS into life and we hear the sound of an electrical device building up a charge as generators on board the truck kick into action.

**INT. PRESS ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - DAY**

Bradley shouts over the building chatter amongst the reporters.

BRADLEY  
 What do you know about the kidnapping of US citizens for use in military experiments funded by the government and carried out in a secret research base on Lake Vostok, Antarctica...

The President looks round like a cornered animal.

**INT. TUNNEL UNDER PRESS ROOM - WHITE HOUSE**

John is drawing on a large CIGAR, eyes gleaming through the smoke filled atmosphere. He suddenly stiffens as if sensing something. His eyes glow with a golden fire.

JOHN'S MINDS EYE - POV

A billion pieces of information stream through his head.

A SERIES OF SHOTS

Satellite pictures from various Keyhole satellites over America -- gradually narrowing down to a nondescript WHITE TRUCK. In the back of which sits PEGASUS.

**EXT. SPACECRAFT -SAME**

A HIGH AND WIDE view of the craft's surface. The MISSILES from the crashed jets lying on the inner part of it's circumference. The HUGE craft slowly tilts --

**INT. PEGASUS TRUCK - THAT MOMENT**

As a readout climbs towards MAXIMUM GAUSS.

**EXT. SPACECRAFT - DAY**

The MISSILES from the fighter jets roll towards the edge of the rotating part of the saucer.

The Missiles are hurled by centrifugal force at colossal speed from the side of the craft.

WHUMP!

They slam into the TRUCK which explodes in a sheet of flame, showering debris around the street as people dive for cover.

The TRUCK is nothing but a smoking ruin. PEGASUS is no more.

**INT. PRESS ROOM - WHITE HOUSE - SAME**

The President is desperately waiting for confirmation of his plan. A FED AGENT comes over to him and speaks into his ear. The President sags.

DOUGLAS

Maybe you'd like to tell us about your plan to launch a missile at Los Angeles so you can have an excuse to destroy the only civilisation on this planet that can save our atmosphere?

Sweat is running down the Presidents face now.

JULIE

My husband was kidnapped by agents within your government acting illegally and with your authorisation...he came back...what would you like to say to him...and to his son?

And as the President looks desperately around...pictures start to run across three large screens behind him. They are a little wobbly but the substance is clear.

SCREEN ONE

The President addressing a small group of MEN in the Oval office.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

We have here a chance to change the face of warfare...to sacrifice a few hundred...and save millions and the future of our children...

A dissenter speaks, a nerdy scientist.

SCIENTIST

But this is unethical...you can't just snatch people from the streets...this is a democracy...people have rights.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

Do you think we could have fought a war without the draft? There's no room for conscientious objectors here...

He nods and a couple of FBI agents hustle the scientist out...

While on:

SCREEN TWO

The President talking to General Deer in the Oval room.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)

I'm talking one lousy missile here...into one of the poorer areas...hell I'll be doing the developers a Goddamn service...

GENERAL DEER

You're asking me to murder people...so you can justify a strike on that ship...you'll be signing the death warrant for millions of innocent people...

The Presidents eyes blaze with a madness.

PRESIDENT WILMORE

That's what War is General murder by committee!

The final clip has now appeared on all three screens and the shot has tightened into the MADNESS of the Presidents face.

ANGLE ON ROOM

A horrified hush as the enormity sinks in...and then a stampede as the Journos flee to file their stories...or get out of LA. The President yells after them.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)

That's not me...this is some sick joke...

He's hustled out of the room by secret service AGENTS. Julie, Bradley and Douglas are left behind. Armed guards surround them.

OFFICER  
Come with us...please.

**INT. WHITE - OVAL OFFICE**

The President and a collection of aides and FBI armed OFFICERS surround Julie, Douglas and Bradley. He looks at them. Fury in his eyes.

PRESIDENT WILMORE  
Who the hell put you up to this?

Julie looks at him defiantly.

JULIE  
You're finished...no one will believe a word you say now...mud sticks and you've been wallowing in it for years.

PRESIDENT WILMORE  
You think so?

He comes over to her.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)  
The public can't remember last nights television show...never mind the newspapers...especially when they'll have such a good front page...

Douglas turns to the people in the room.

DOUGLAS  
You can't let one man dictate the fate of the world...

The President smiles.

PRESIDENT WILMORE  
Do you hear that?

He looks around at his loyal subjects.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)  
That's the sound of indifference ...of loyalty to the man that heads up the super power that controls the planet...

Suddenly there's the sound of a scuffle outside...some muffled thuds as bodies hit the ground. The door is wrenched open. John walks in.

JOHN  
But it's not your planet.

The President pulls a gun from one of the agents holsters and yells.

PRESIDENT WILMORE  
He's got a gun!

He fires point blank at John...the bullets thudding into him...smoke filling the room.

CLICK! The gun's empty. And as they watch the slugs are absorbed into John's body.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (CONT'D)  
What are you?

John looks at him.

JOHN  
What you made me.

General Fox looks out of the window.

HIS POV

As fifty MEN, the SENTICORP inmates, walk across the White House lawn towards them. Vice President JIM FOSTER (40's), TALL and powerful enters the room as special agents surround the President.

JIM FOSTER  
I'm assuming command...Mr President, you are being arrested for kidnapping, murder and illegal imprisonment of over one hundred citizens of the United States of America...

As the agents cuff the President he struggles against them.

PRESIDENT WILMORE  
You have no proof!

JIM FOSTER  
You need to look out the window ...at the real world...

The President looks out at the lawn.

POV PRESIDENT

Fifty plaintiffs look up at him...implausible deniability in spades. The colour drains from Wilmore's face. He's dragged towards the door by agents. He screams at them as he leaves.

PRESIDENT WILMORE (SHOUTING)

This is bullshit! If I had to run every decision past Jo schmo in the street this country would be an impoverished wilderness...the world needs people like me so it can sleep at night knowing I'm taking care of the big picture...taking the steps that need to be taken to keep us ahead of the next 911...you stick to the little steps like some dribbling toddler and you'll end up under a truck...

The doors close behind him. Jim turns to them.

JIM FOSTER

The country owes you a great debt...I don't know if there's anything we can do to help your condition...but anything you need you've got it.

JULIE

The spaceships...will they be allowed to stay?

JIM FOSTER

They have their own agenda...they're consuming Carbon Dioxide and other harmful gases as fuel and throwing out oxygen as a waste product...

JULIE

Flying rain forests...

JIM FOSTER

Yes...the one over Linfen has already left...it's headed towards Beijing...I don't know what they'll do when they've finished...but unless things change the military role is pretty much crowd control.

Julie nods. An aide come up and hands a package to Jim, he hands it to John.

JIM FOSTER (CONT'D)

This is for you...

John opens the bag. It's a Molnija police watch. John flicks it open.

JOHN

Viktor.

John looks at the watch.

JIM FOSTER

The scientist in charge of the Senticorp programme hid the subjects when he was told to shut the experiment down...he gave us a DVD with information about the experiments and the atmospheric conditions that caused your...

He pauses, unsure of the words. John helps out.

JOHN

Transformation?

JIM FOSTER

Yes...it might be of some use.

JOHN

Thank you.

An aide comes in and speaks to Foster. He addresses John.

JIM FOSTER

We've got a problem...they've released the balloons. They're headed towards the ship...

DOUGLAS

Can't you shoot them down?

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY**

JIM FOSTER (V.O.)

It's too late...

The BALLOONS are floating towards the edge of the SPACECRAFT. A few have breached the edge of the saucer and are heading over the vast expanse of the craft.

The flames beneath the balloons shut down and they fall towards the surface. Tiny flares like glow worms as they explode -- dwarfed by the scale of the vast saucer.

More Balloons head over the ship -- these have LARGER bombs slung over the side -- the craft SHUDDERS with their impact.

Beneath the craft pandemonium reigns as the crowd see what's happening. Hundreds of BALLOONS are now airborne.

**EXT. MILITARY BASE - DAY**

A HUGE BALLOON -- engineers swarm around it putting the finishing touches to the VAST BOMB that is attached to it.

FLAMES roar from under the balloon as the craft strains against the guy ropes. A SOLDIER gives an order. Engineers release the ropes.

The huge balloon heads up into the sky -- drifts across L.A towards the alien ship.

HIGH AND WIDE

As from the BALLOON we see the VAN containing Douglas, Julie, Bradley and John screech to a halt followed by a fleet of POLICE cars.

GROUND LEVEL

JOHN gets out of the van -- looks at the Balloon as it heads towards the spacecraft.

Douglas, Bradley and Julie join him.

JULIE

Can you stop it.

JOHN

Not without injuring thousands of people...

An ENGINEER comes over. Douglas speaks to him.

DOUGLAS

How powerful is the bomb?

ENGINEER

It's T12 Cloudmaker...the Earthquake Bomb...twenty tons of high explosives. It'll punch through anything.

Julie looks at John.

JULIE

We must be able to do something.

DOUGLAS

It'll be over the ship soon...

JOHN

Wind...

He concentrates, his eyes a deep bronze as he focuses on something in the distance.

**EXT. LOS ANGELES - SPACECRAFT - DAY**

The HUGE balloon approaches the Alien Saucer -- two giants separated by millions of years of technology.

**EXT. SPACE CRAFT - DAY**

The saucer begins to oscillate -- moving faster and faster -- creating a whirling funnel of cloud, condensing the OXYGEN exhaust gas from it's engines into a funnel of SPINNING VAPOUR.

Dozens of balloons approaching the craft are picked up by the air current and sent whirling upwards, sucked into the expanding VORTEX above the craft.

**EXT. MILITARY BASE**

Douglas, John, Julie, Bradley and the assembled technicians, scientists and Engineers stare at the spinning column of air.

DOUGLAS

It's creating it's own tornado!

As they watch, the TORNADO heads towards the coast and out to sea -- abruptly it stops.

The balloons, bombs and equipment fall from the sky -- plunging down into the ocean -- exploding harmlessly sending up plumes of spray hundreds of feet into the air.

John sinks to the ground.

JULIE

John!

**EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - SAME**

A formation of FIVE vast but different sized alien spacecraft streak across the water...leave a trail in the surface of the water from their downforce.

The formation looks familiar. Five convex shapes in a square root RECTANGLE.

**INT. BAR - LOS ANGELES**

People are clustered around a large screen TV, An anchorwomen speaks animatedly into camera.

REPORTER

As you can see in this glorious smog free morning...they're gone...the visitors have left the cities around the world, their mission over...in only a few days they have undone what mankind has managed to do to itself over the last hundred years...

Various shots of the space craft leaving the cities of the world to cheers from crowds of happy people. Under this:

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

Last night they took to the skies  
and latest reports have them  
heading towards the Arizona Desert.

EXT. AIRCRAFT BONEYARD - TUCSON ARIZONA

The home of thousands of abandoned military aircraft  
...sitting like lost metal souls in the arid desert air.

Lines of F16'S, F111's and F4 Phantoms stretch for  
miles...enormous B52's chopped after the arms limitations  
treaty...their wings sliced off, lie in the baking sun...heat  
shimmering off their corroded fuselages.

CHANGE OF ANGLE

As the VAN pulls up. John, Julie, Douglas and Bradley get  
out.

BRADLEY

Why would they come here?

JULIE

To die...like an elephant heads to  
it's last resting place...where  
else is there for them to  
go...without our pollution they  
don't have the power to leave.

John looks at the huge spaceships that dwarf the B52's they  
sit next to. He walks towards them.

JULIE (CONT'D)

John? What are you doing?

John keeps walking...like he's drawn by some sort of  
force...a destiny he's not aware of.

SPACECRAFT

They sit there...quietly, the faintest of hums audible.  
John stares fixedly at the largest of the saucers.

JULIE (CONT'D)

What is it...what are you doing?

JOHN

Listening.

The others come over to join Julie.

NEWS HELICOPTER - HIGH AND WIDE ANGLE

And now we see the scale of the desert graveyard, and the  
peculiar pattern the five landed ships have formed.

A REPORTER in the passenger seat of the helicopter speaks into a microphone.

**INT. LOS ANGELES - BAR**

A group of drinkers stare at a TV behind the bar.

INSERT SCREEN

Pictures from above the boneyard. Intercut with a black and white photograph of the CYDONIAN mound on MARS, a group of rocks that form a square root symbol like the marking on the ships and the capsule. Under this:

REPORTER (V.O.)

...these enormous saviours of the Earth have chosen to end their mission here...in the Arizona desert, Tucson. Maybe one day we will know why they chose to visit Earth...till then they remain a mystery...

**INT. NEWS HELICOPTER**

The reporter looks at something down below.

REPORTER

Wait a minute...I think someone is...yes, it looks like they're...  
(muffled)  
Can you get tighter on that...

**EXT. BONEYARD - DAY**

The huge ship sits there in the sand. John walks towards it as the others watch. He halts at the edge of it's shadow. There's a HISS and a cloud of toxic gas settles around him.

JULIE

What's happening?

BRADLEY

It's giving him an atmosphere...

SPACECRAFT

John's eyes glow...he breaths deeply.

**POV - JOHN'S MIND'S EYE**

John walks down through the vast Spacecraft.

**INT. CORRIDOR**

Wreathed in greenish gas trailing from overhead VENTS. Banks of plexi-glass capsules on either side. Freezing gas floats behind the glass.

## ANOTHER ANGLE

Into one of the capsules...an ALIEN INFANT, a lot like a human baby...except for the eyes and skin colour.

John heads towards the light at the end of the corridor. It becomes a VAST observation window looking out into space.

Alien control systems run along the lower section of the observation port...translucent PANELS with interior worlds stretching into infinity...filled with swirling images.

In the centre of the port a metal artifact, half throne half plexi-glass chamber pulses with light.

## ANGLE ON PLEXI-CHAMBER

Inside lies the body of the CAPTAIN. Ancient, weathered but strangely powerful in repose.

And as John moves nearer the figure...it's eyes open!

A FLASH of all enveloping GOLD as John is drawn into their swirling depths.

TUMBLING end over end like an astronaut falling through space, surrounded by a golden glow...

FLYING through a universe past galaxies of stars...hurtling towards one planet -- surface covered in swirling gas and methane lakes.

## MIX THROUGH

**EXT. SPACECRAFT - DAY**

The vapour surrounding John rises past his body...is drawn back up into the ship. John opens his eyes...adjusting to the real world. He walks back to the group. Julie goes to him.

JULIE

What happened?

John looks at her.

JOHN

They're babies...most of the ships are automated...terraforming, computer controlled...the ships containing the adults didn't make it. This ship has their young in some sort of cryogenic chambers.

BRADLEY

Who's controlling the ships now?

JOHN

I am...

They stare at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)

The capsule is channeling the commands through me, using the alien data it downloaded into my brain...

JULIE

Is that why you can see what they know?

JOHN

Yes. I've seen the inside of the ship...they have a Captain...like their young he's in some sort of cryogenic capsule...

He looks into Julie's eyes.

JOHN (CONT'D)

They want me to go with them.

JULIE

Why?

DOUGLAS

He has their knowledge...they need him to start again...if they find a planet to support them...John can be a conduit...downloading all their knowledge...passing it on to the new generation...

Julie realises what this means.

JOHN

I have to do this...they may have just saved the lives of billions of people on Earth...

JULIE

How will they get back...

JOHN

They need enough energy to get through our atmosphere...after that they can harness the power of the solar winds...

BRADLEY

Where will they get the energy?

**EXT. ARIZONA - BONEYARD - SUNSET**

An orange sky dotted with cobalt blue and purple clouds hanging across the shimmering desert.

Then like a mirage, flickering silver globules, shapes melting in the air as they head towards us. And with them they bring the SOUND. The sound of AMERICA.

A distant ROAR, growling, burbling...the SCREAM of highly tuned and nitro-charged engines heading towards us.

Thousands of muscle cars, tricked out classics, Monster Trucks, restored Military vehicles. Think of a pollutant belching monster and it's headed our way.

ANGLE ON

RED JIMMY, driving a huge MONSTER TRUCK, hundreds of HELLS ANGELS on Harley Davidson motorbikes following him.

Souped up Cars and trucks circle around the parked alien saucers...their EXHAUSTS punching gas and pollutants towards the slumbering ships.

Soon the air surrounding the alien craft is thick with choking gases.

And as the sun sinks and the purple night draws in, the sound begins. At first a low hum, then louder, as the saucers draw sustenance from the pollution...and begin to rise up.

Until four of them hover hundreds of feet above the desert...waiting.

The final and biggest spacecraft hovers a few feet above the sand...as if summoning up the energy to leave.

Douglas, Bradley, Julie, John and Nathan stand by the VAN. John is breathing quickly, the golden glow in his eyes is dim. The CAPSULE is beside him on a small trolley.

JULIE

Are you sure about this?

John turns to her, kisses her softly.

JOHN

Yes...I'd have no real life here...having to live on a ventilator...being poisoned by all that is good on our earth...

BRADLEY

Will you come back...I mean can you come back?

John smiles.

JOHN

With the technology they have...anything's possible.

The lens on top of the capsule pulses red...a hatch opens on the side of the craft and a ramp slides out.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Time to go...

Nathan hands him something.

NATHAN

They won't have this...

John looks down at it. An MP3 player with a speaker built in. Nathan presses a button as he hands it over. The B52's LOVE SHACK blares out.

John smiles hugs the boy. He stands up and walks towards the hatch wheeling the CAPSULE alongside him.

RADIO

Glitter on the mattress, Glitter on  
the highway Glitter on the front  
porch, Glitter on the hallway. The  
love shack is a little old place  
where, we can get together. Love  
shack bay-ay-bee. Love shack baby!  
Love sha-a-ack, that's where it's  
at-Love sha-a-ack, that's where  
it's at...

The sound fades away as John enters the craft. The door shuts. The saucer lifts off. Julie stares upwards as it becomes a small dot that winks out as it heads into deep space.

JULIE

Goodbye John...

They look up into the pure, clean atmosphere of the desert sky. Which is when they hear the sound.

NATHAN

I can still hear the music.

And sure enough...the sound of the B52's still lingers...grows. They turn towards the sound.

RADIO (O.S.)

Love shack baby!  
Love sha-a-ack, that's where it's  
at-Love sha-a-ack, that's where  
it's at...

The air warps in the desert air as fifty feet away a figure materialises. Walking towards them carrying the MP3 Player with the B52's blaring out...it's JOHN!

He looks healthy and clear skinned, his eyes shine with a human glow.

JULIE  
John?

NATHAN  
Dad!

They run towards him. Both hugging him, hardly daring to believe their eyes.

JULIE  
How?

John kisses her and smiles.

JOHN  
Like I said, they have technology  
you wouldn't believe...

They walk towards the VAN, a family again.

FADE OUT