

NO MAN'S LAND

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FADE IN:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

We are up high, eye-level with crazy quilt of neon we all know. We push past the familiar ads to a large neon sign we don't recognize:

ONE PLANET ONE PEOPLE

The sign has a 3-D quality to it; the words seem to actually circle a holographic image of earth.

The illusion is broken by a very real YOUNG MAN who walks through it. Dressed in black, some sort of bundle slung over his shoulder. He un-spools a thick electrical wire which is attached to enough C-4 explosive to take the top off of the building.

He reaches the ledge of the building and kneels to attach the wire to a detonator. He fumbles clumsily-- an amateur.

Another MAN appears behind him. He wears a Kevlar vest with the letters NYPD emblazoned across it. He levels a large hand gun at the would-be bomber.

COP

Stop and think. This isn't what you really want.

CLOSE ON THE COP -- TAYLOR EVANS (late thirties). His calm, strong manner gives you the impression that he can handle the worst the world has to offer. The heaviness in his eyes gives you the impression that he already has.

The Bomber, KENNETH, turns to face him, panicky and hostile.

KENNETH
You think I'm afraid?

TAYLOR
Yes. No. It doesn't matter.

Taylor takes a small step forward. Glances down-- REVEAL Kenneth holds an INFANT bundled in his sling.

KENNETH
Take another step and we'll jump.
I swear it.

TAYLOR
Take it easy. What's your
daughter's name?

KENNETH
(a beat)
Chloe.

TAYLOR
Chloe. She's beautiful.

Kenneth fights to control his emotions.

KENNETH
I know...

He looks down at her.

KENNETH (cont'd)
And I'm not gonna let her grow up
in this kind of world..

Kenneth gazes down at the snarl of traffic, the relentless pulsating advertisements, brand names, designer junk-- the sensory overload of modern, consumer life. It all seems so tawdry; we can see why he might want out.

TAYLOR
This isn't the world I dreamed it
would be either. But that doesn't
mean I have to blow up a building.

KENNETH
You didn't lose your wife.

Taylor stiffens. Kenneth doesn't notice because his BABY stirs; he instinctively begins rocking her.

KENNETH (cont'd)
They took her away.
(to Chloe)
But don't worry, baby -- we'll be
with mommy soon. And people will
know. They'll know we're not gonna
stand for this. Not anymore.

At that moment there is a DEEP THRUMMING SOUND and they are both hit with a SPOTLIGHT FROM ABOVE. Taylor looks up as...

THREE BLACK HELICOPTERS, unlike anything we've ever seen, descend.

There's no rotor noise because these "helicopters" have no blades. They're built out of a strange alloy with a sleek titanium sheen that is completely unfamiliar.

TAYLOR,

Turns back to Kenneth. More urgent.

TAYLOR

Please. Put the detonator down.
Hand her to me and step away from
the ledge.

KENNETH

Or what? They'll kill me?

TAYLOR

Believe me, that is of little importance to me. But let me tell you what's going to happen if you don't listen to me right now. You will die-- either from your own explosion or from a bullet fired by one of the six snipers that have rifles pointed at your heart right now. And then, for good measure, a dozen or so people will be rounded up and charged as accomplices to a Terrorist Act. Some will be your friends. Others will just be unlucky. They'll be arrested, and interrogated. Some will be released, some won't. And in the end, your dime store theatrics won't have accomplished a thing, except to add one more bit of suffering to a city that's already had enough. And you will have changed nothing.

Taylor keeps his gun aimed at Kenneth and reaches out with his free hand.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Give Chloe to me. I can make this all right.

KENNETH

I don't think so...

Kenneth looks past Taylor to the helicopters.

KENNETH (cont'd)
You work for them.

TAYLOR
I work for the people of New York.
(takes a step closer)
Listen to me. We're all just
trying to survive.
(beat)
Why can't you give her that chance?

Kenneth hesitates... he looks down at his child.

KENNETH
(to the child)
Daddy loves you.

Kenneth's smiles sadly, then SHOVES the cable into the detonator.

KENNETH (cont'd)
Night night.

Kenneth's hand grabs the detonator...and BAM. A single bullet from Taylor's gun hits Kenneth's forehead. He collapses.

ON TAYLOR --

He drops his gun, lunges-- grabs the baby.

HOLD ON TAYLOR for a moment as he looks down at Kenneth.

ANGLE ON THE LEAD HELICOPTER

It lands and four figures step out. They are humanoid, yet... not. Big, imposing figures with a bluish cast to their skin.

These ALIENS (henceforth referred to as "BLUES") wear sleek uniforms that shimmer slightly. Except for their leader: MATTHEW.

Powerful, charismatic and intimidating. Matthew is dressed in a tailored Armani suit. He approaches followed by his Lieutenants. They move with a slightly awkward, stiff gait.

MATTHEW
Are you all right?

TAYLOR
Yeah... I think he only had the one
pack of explosives.
(MORE)

TAYLOR (cont'd)
But the bomb squad should check the
roof to make sure.

Matthew nods and signals one of his lieutenants. Turns back to Taylor who is staring down at Kenneth.

MATTHEW
Terrible. But you did the right
thing.

Taylor looks up to Matthew.

MATTHEW (cont'd)
People need to see that political
acts like this can only end in
tragedy.

TAYLOR
Matthew. It was about the child.

Matthew takes a beat to process this. Then:

MATTHEW
I understand.

His eyes drift to something large overhead.

MATTHEW (cont'd)
Smile Taylor. You're a hero today.

Taylor turns and looks up at...

HIS OWN FACE PROJECTED on the side of an AUTOMATED DIRIGIBLE floating above them. The curved surface of the dirigible is a LIQUID CRYSTAL DISPLAY which runs a real time NEWSFEED. Several CAMERAS are mounted on the undercarriage -- it's a giant, unmanned news chopper/video billboard.

PULL BACK WIDE until the two figures are tiny silhouettes in front of their own images on the DIRIGIBLE.

REVEAL the LOGO projected on THE JUMBO TRON screen:

The EARTH, morphing into a HUMAN FACE morphing into a BLUE FACE and back again circled by the (now clear) words: "ONE PLANET, ONE PEOPLE."

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Taylor walks down. Alone in the stairwell his face reveals a sadness at the senseless death he's just witnessed. He pauses at the door, pulls himself together. Steps outside...

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

At the base of the JUMBO TRON human POLICE with a few BLUE OFFICERS disperse the crowd: "nothing to see here, move along, etc."

Taylor emerges and walks through the police line. He's greeted by a young, clean-cut uniformed cop, LEWIS.

LEWIS

Good work up there, sir.

TAYLOR

You think so, Lewis?

Taylor gets into his police-issued BUICK and starts the car.

EXT. MANHATTAN - NIGHT

Taylor drives uptown.

New York 2017 looks pretty much like New York today, except everything is ten years older, a little more rundown. WE SEE the occasional BLUES amongst the humans, shopping in the better stores, wearing nicer clothes, etc.

They apparently have a particular fondness for our junk food-- you can see them packed in at every KFC and McDonalds we drive past.

Large LIGHTWAVE SCREEN TV MONITORS have sprung up all over the place in addition to the DIRIGIBLE-VIDEO DISPLAYS that float overhead. The screens run advertisements, informational programs on Blue-human cooperation, propaganda, etc. Most of all they show the state-sponsored news feed. Where the CNN or network logo would be there's a LOGO representing a BLUE SPACESHIP gliding past the MOON.

At least the ANCHORMAN is a familiar face: BRIAN WILLIAMS, ten years older but still looking pretty good. As Taylor drives past, half a dozen monitors are reporting the story of a baby rescued in Times Square.

Taylor is cruising past a group of TEENAGERS when--

SMASH! A projectile bounces off his window: it's an open can of BLUE PAINT. Taylor screeches up onto the sidewalk in front of the TEENAGERS who threw it at him.

They scatter as Taylor gets out of the car. He looks after them for a moment -- no point in chasing.

It's only when he gets back into his car he notices the blue paint smeared on his sleeve and hand, like a blood stain.

EXT. ZABAR'S DELI - NIGHT

Taylor double parks. A line of humans stretches out the door. A much shorter line of BLUES is served separately at the counter, snapping up the choice pastries and sweets.

Taylor bypasses the human line and takes the place just vacated by a Blue couple. The COUNTERMAN is about to redirect Taylor when... Taylor flashes a "Blue" police badge.

TAYLOR
I'll take the rest of those.

Taylor points at the last remaining GLAZED DONUTS in the case. Taylor puts his money on the counter and WE NOTICE--

It's BLUE CURRENCY. Of course. Washington and Jefferson have been replaced by Blue faces. The Treasury with that image of the spaceship and the moon.

Taylor's eyes drift to the MONITOR on the back wall showing the NEWS FEED. A smiling BLUE holds the rescued human baby... then Taylor's police photo comes on screen.

Taylor takes the box of donuts and heads out the door.

INT. TAYLOR'S APARTMENT - EVENING

LAURENCE EVANS (70's) watches the same news report. He takes a puff on a cigarette. Then drinks some beer to quiet his hacking cough. He's one of those tough old bastards who is too stubborn to die.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
...a potentially disastrous incident
was averted by the heroics of the
Midtown Police department working
with their Blue counterparts...

A key turns in the lock to the front door. Taylor enters and hears the sound of clapping...

Taylor's father turns and gives him a joking round of applause.

LAURENCE

The pride of the NYPD. The news says you're some sort of a hero.

TAYLOR

I wouldn't exactly call that crap news. And you're not supposed to be smoking.

LAURENCE

Jesus, lighten up.

Taylor drops the box of donuts on the table. Laurence opens the box -- impressed.

LAURENCE (cont'd)

From Zabar's? Now that takes pull... you really are moving up in the world.

Taylor wets a towel in the kitchen and goes to work scrubbing the blue PAINT off his sleeve.

His father looks up with a mouthful of donut.

LAURENCE (cont'd)

What's that?

TAYLOR

Nothing. Vandals hit my car again.

LAURENCE

Punks. We had 'em before the Blues got here, we got 'em now. Same shit, new excuse. Let 'em all go to hell--

(slaps Taylor's hand away)
Leave the glazed ones. Mrs. Fernandez in 6B likes those.

Taylor takes another kind. Laurence stuffs another donut into his mouth.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS - NIGHT

WE HEAR panicked footsteps echo in the darkness. Panting breaths coming hard and fast. Then...

A GIRL crashes into frame. Badly beaten, bleeding, running for her life. She wears nothing but a torn, thin white SLIP. Her bare feet slap against the cement and steel tracks.

ANOTHER TUNNEL

The GIRL rounds the corner, looking back over her shoulder in fear. She stumbles, falls down hard. She pulls herself back to her feet, moving on pure adrenaline and will power.

As she rounds another corner LIGHT breaks across her face...

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION, LOWER LEVEL

A few human and Blue commuters wait for trains on two platforms. In the background behind them a third platform is out-of-service. The TUNNEL ENTRANCE is covered by a HOLOGRAM. It shows an image of a Blue and human hand shaking with the logo: "Friendship and Cooperation."

Suddenly, the GIRL bursts through the HOLOGRAM. She scrambles onto the platform. A COMMUTER looks up from his morning paper and does a double take as the GIRL staggers to the ESCALATOR.

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION, MAIN CONCOURSE

The early rush hour crowd crisscrosses the main floor, hurrying to and from their trains.

Somebody SCREAMS as...

The bloodied GIRL, is carried up the escalator, slumped over the railing. She staggers forward.

A young ASIAN GUY and a BUSINESSMAN rush to catch her as she collapses to the ground, choking on her own blood.

A crowd of onlookers presses in around her...

CUT TO:

INT. MID-TOWN POLICE STATION - MORNING

Ringing phones, coffee in Styrofoam cups, cops coming and going-- a typical NYPD squad room. Except for the big sign posted on the wall proclaiming:

GUIDELINES FOR HUMAN LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS:

1. ALL WEAPONS MUST BE SIGNED OUT
2. REPORT VIOLATION OF ANTI-SEDITION LAWS IMMEDIATELY
3. IF JURISDICTION QUESTION ARISES, CONSULT BLUE DUTY OFFICER
4. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COLLABORATION

Taylor enters. Walks over to Officer TRUMBULL in Missing Persons.

TRUMBULL
Detective.

TAYLOR
The name of that jumper last night in Times Square Kenneth Witkin. He had a wife. I want to know if we have anything on her.

The officer punches info into a computer.

TRUMBULL
Kenneth Witkin... wife... Madeline.
Hold on...

Waits for the screen to load. Then--

TRUMBULL (cont'd)
She's a red card. Suspected involvement in the Strawberry Fields protest and the Triborough tunnel bombing... shit.

Taylor walks around and looks at the PHOTO of the WOMAN on the screen. Freckled face, innocent smile. Ordinary.

TAYLOR
Is there anything else?

TRUMBULL
Nada. Why?

TAYLOR
Her husband said she disappeared.

TRUMBULL
(shrugs)
Probably taken out by her compatriots in the Resistance.
Fuckin' psychos.

TAYLOR
Yeah. Well I want to find her.
She has a baby to take care of.

A greying Desk Sargent, DOUGHERTY, approaches.

DOUGHERTY
We got a homicide at GCS,
Detective. Some girl was found
bludgeoned to death.

Taylor prepares to leave.

TRUMBULL
Beautiful world we live in, isn't
it?

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION - DAY

Lewis lifts the police tape for Taylor to step under.
They're greeted by a UNIFORM.

UNIFORM
The victim came up the escalator
and collapsed, sir. She was dead
by the time the paramedics arrived.

Taylor pushes his way through the onlookers-- Occupation or
not, humans are still drawn to a crime scene. The body lies
on the ground, covered.

Taylor squats down and pulls the sheet off. He stares at the
dead girl's face for a moment.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Shattered jaw, blunt force trauma
to the rib cage, lacerations on the
feet...

Taylor looks up as the Medical Examiner, JACK (28, clean cut,
by-the-book) hands him a pair of rubber gloves.

Taylor pulls on the gloves and peers in the dead girl's
mouth.

TAYLOR
Looks like she was breathing blood.

JACK
Probably a punctured lung. She
could have run a ways before she
bled out.

TAYLOR
She's not exactly dressed for the office. Any evidence of a sex crime?

JACK
We're running the standard tests.

Taylor lifts the DEAD GIRL'S arm. Notices a DEEP BRUISE in the shape of a HAND wrapped around her bicep.

TAYLOR
Somebody grabbed her hard.

Taylor places his own hand over the bruise -- the handprint is nearly twice the size of his hand.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
Somebody big.

Jack glances at Taylor. Taylor examines the fingers on the GIRL'S right hand.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
Broken nails. She put up a fight.

Jack squats to look for himself. Taylor shows him. Jack takes out a tweezers and a plastic bag to withdraw a tissue sample from beneath the nail. Stops short.

JACK
Christ...

TAYLOR
What?

Jack holds the tweezers up and hands Taylor his pocket magnifier.

TAYLOR'S POV - the tweezers hold a tiny patch of tissue with a distinct blue-grey tinge.

ON TAYLOR. This is troubling.

A JUNIOR MEDICAL EXAMINER comes over. Clears his throat.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Jack... the initial test results show the presence of semen inside the victim's body.

He seems reluctant to continue.

TAYLOR

What?

The junior M.E. glances around nervously.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Non-human semen.

A beat. Taylor stands. He turns to Lewis who is hovering a short distance away with the uniformed COPS.

TAYLOR

(quietly)

Wrap up the witness statements. I want the body out of here. Now.

CUT TO:

INT. FOUR SEASONS DINING ROOM - DAY

Still the power lunch spot for Manhattan's elite-- which means that two-thirds of the customers are Blue.

Taylor cools his heels while the human Maitre D' fawns over a Blue couple ahead of him. Finally they are led to their table and the Maitre d' returns to Taylor.

TAYLOR

I need to see the Security Commissioner.

MAITRE D'

He's lunching with the Mayor. They don't like to be disturbed.

TAYLOR

Yeah, well I don't like to step in shit, but it happens.

Taylor flashes his badge. The maitre d' walks over toward a corner table where Matthew sits with handful of highly placed BLUES and the human MAYOR.

Matthew turns and sees Taylor. He excuses himself and walks over.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Sorry to interrupt.

MATTHEW

Don't be.

(re: the Mayor)

I can never really understand what he's talking about. Has something important happened?

TAYLOR

Something more important than lunch.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - DAY

A BLUE POLICE CRUISER pulls into traffic. It look like a futuristic Jaguar-- a long, bullet-shaped body made of that seamless black alloy they use for their helicopters. The FUEL CELL engine makes that same THRUMMING SOUND.

ANGLE ON MATTHEW at the wheel. Taylor rides shotgun.

MATTHEW

It's been eight years and I can count on one hand the number of times one of our people killed one of yours without provocation. And never a sex crime.

(frustrated)

This could create a great deal of unrest-- the last thing the city needs right now.

He pushes the CRUISER faster, using its powerful acceleration to blow through the traffic like a slalom course.

MATTHEW (cont'd)

I think this incident should be handled by Internal Security.

TAYLOR

It's not an "incident" Matthew, it's a murder. A human murder.

MATTHEW

It's politically sensitive--

TAYLOR

Exactly. Which is why you need to let me do my job.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (cont'd)
(beat)
My job.

Matthew is silent for a moment.

MATTHEW
Taylor, you have a very good record. That is the only reason I cut you so much rope.

TAYLOR
It's slack-- "cut you so much slack."

Matthew glances at him. Then turns the car around.

MATTHEW
Okay. You keep the case. But I'm going to give you some help.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY

It's Blue Headquarters now. Elite Blue POLICE armed with HIGH TECH RIOT STICKS guard the entrance.

Taylor follows Matthew out of the car, into the building.

INT. EMPIRE STATE, LOBBY

They walk up to the main desk where the Blue OFFICER on duty nods respectfully to Matthew. Matthew turns to Taylor.

MATTHEW
Give me your arm.

Taylor rolls up his sleeve revealing a metallic I.D. BRACELET. Matthew slides Taylor's wrist into a MACHINE that makes a whirring sound..

Taylor looks around at the changes -- high tech security. "One Planet One People" logos everywhere. He makes eye contact with an old (human) JANITOR mopping the floors. Nods hello. The Janitor ignores him. Police aren't that popular under the Occupation.

Matthew releases Taylor's arm and leads him toward a security check point.

MATTHEW (cont'd)
I've upgraded your I.D. tag to
"Provisional Blue."
(smiles)
You have higher access than the
mayor now.

Matthew waves his hand (without a bracelet) in front of a PAD: a "bar code" like an RFLP DNA test appears on the reader, followed by a three note tone. The door opens.

Taylor places his BRACELET against the pad and the process repeats, as if he were a Blue.

INT. 3RD FLOOR, EMPIRE STATE - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor follows Matthew off the elevator and down the hall.

They walk into a giant, empty space. 3,000 square feet. In the center of the room is a three-foot transmitting tower. At the top is a small GLOBE the size of a grape fruit which radiates a pale green light -- clearly Blue technology.

TAYLOR
What is this place?

Matthew walks over to...

THE CONTROL ROOM

where a BLUE technician (GABRIEL) sits at a massive console that looks like a cross between MISSION CONTROL and an ON-LINE EDIT BAY.

Behind Gabriel are a series of floor-to-ceiling shelves that recede into the distance like stacks in a library. Instead of books, the shelves are lined with small glass DISCS, each about three inches in diameter and half an inch thick.

MATTHEW
Gabriel, this is Detective Evans,
lead investigator on the Grand
Central murder.

Gabriel looks at Taylor mistrustfully, as if he were an intruder in some inner sanctum.

MATTHEW (cont'd)
Detective Evans has my complete
confidence. And full clearance to
be here. Understood?

GABRIEL
Yes sir.

Matthew turns and leads Taylor back to...

THE MAIN ROOM. The lights dim.

MATTHEW
What was the time of the girl's
death?

TAYLOR
(consults his note pad)
7:05 A.M.

MATTHEW
Gabriel. Bring up Grand Central
Station at 7:00 A.M.

They stand there for a few moments, waiting... Then... WOOSH!

Grand Central Station appears all around them. Frozen in
time: people, objects, everything.

TAYLOR
A hologram...

MATTHEW
Something like that.

Taylor is stunned. He reaches out and touches a brick
column. His hand goes directly through it.

TAYLOR
(awed)
It looks completely real.

MATTHEW
(smiles)
If the illusion is good enough,
it's hard to tell the difference.

Every object appears to have weight and depth. Perfect
realism. All somehow projected from that small globe (the
PROJECTOR) in the center of the room.

MATTHEW (cont'd)
(to the booth)
Motion.

A beat and then... the hologram goes into motion. The events
of that morning are replayed.

A COMMUTER turns and screams silently. The GIRL staggers off the escalator. The Asian Guy and the Businessman catch her as she falls. The crowd forms around her.

Taylor walks through them to get a better look.

The dying girl rolls her head toward the Asian guy and moves her bloody lips. We can't tell what she says to him. Then her eyes roll back.. she's dead.

The hologram flickers and fades. Grand Central disappears and they are back in an empty room.

TAYLOR

Have any other humans seen this?

MATTHEW

The Council decided that sharing our advanced holographic technology with your people would be counter-productive...

(pause)

It was determined that the primary human application would be for pornographic purposes.

Taylor stares at him for a moment, trying to gauge if Matthew is being funny. He's not.

MATTHEW (cont'd)

I convinced them to make an exception for you.

TAYLOR

Do we have more footage? Can we see where she came from?

MATTHEW

Our cameras only cover the main concourse. They are primarily used to monitor major public locations and intersections. But there might be something else in the database...

(to the Booth)

Run a facial recognition for the next most recent holo-capture of the girl.

Gabriel taps some keys. A beat.

GABRIEL (O.S.)
I've got a match. This was
captured at Lexington and 59th.
1:30 A.M. this morning.

Then... WOOOSH!

WE ARE AT LEXINGTON AVENUE AND 59TH at NIGHT.

An upscale apartment building. The GIRL (very much alive) bursts out the door and goes right past Taylor.

A moment later, a Blue (LUKE) comes out after her. He's big, even for a Blue. He catches up to her at the corner and grabs her by the arm-- his fingers land in exactly the place where the bruise will appear.

The GIRL winces in pain and struggles to free herself. Luke pulls her close, arguing with her. A lover's spat?

The GIRL breaks free and takes off into a SUBWAY ENTRANCE. Luke pursues her. They disappear out of the HOLOGRAM.

Taylor tries to follow but the steps are an illusion -- solid floor.

MATTHEW
That's all we have.

TAYLOR
Back up the footage.
(the Hologram reverses)
Stop there.

Everything freezes at the point where LUKE grabs her arm. The tableaux looks like some bizarre classical statuary: a sci-fi *Rape of the Sabine Women*.

Taylor and Matthew move closer. The girl is wearing a PINK DRESS here. Matthew looks at the Blue's face gravely.

MATTHEW
I thought that was Luke's building...
(to Taylor)
You don't recognize him, do you?

TAYLOR
Should I?

MATTHEW
(beat)
He's a member of the Council.

INT. CONTROL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor follows Matthew inside.

TAYLOR

The question is, what was she doing coming out of his building in the middle of the night?

Matthew turns to Gabriel.

MATTHEW

What else do we have of them together?

Gabriel types commands. The bank of 3-D MONITORS in front of them begins to fill with images -- still frames from holograms taken at major public sites around the city.

GABRIEL

Twenty-seven matches. All in the past four months.

Taylor's eyes scan over the dozen monitors, each one stutter-stepping through the action like a stop-motion animation...

- Luke holds the door open for the Girl as they climb into a taxi...

- Luke and the Girl coming out of a restaurant, his hand resting against her back...

- Luke and the Girl entering his apartment, sharing a furtive, intense look...

The cumulative effect of all the images is to create a story of a secret affair.

Matthew stares in stunned silence for a beat.

MATTHEW

There were rumors about Luke.

TAYLOR

Rumors?

MATTHEW

That he had developed a predilection for your women.

Taylor turns back to the original still -- the one of Luke grabbing the girl's arm, time stamped as 1:30 am last night.

TAYLOR
It's 1:30 in the morning when he chases her into the subway at 59th and Lex. But the trains stop running at midnight.

(beat)
That means she must have made it to Grand Central through the tunnels.

MATTHEW
She didn't show up until six hours later. Why would it take so long?

TAYLOR
She was injured, running for her life in the darkness. She could have gotten lost... we don't know what happened down there.

Matthew nods, acknowledging Taylor's point.

MATTHEW
An empty station. No witnesses.

TAYLOR
Except for one.

He looks back at the image of Luke and the girl, his alien face twisted with emotion-- rage, hurt? Something very human.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
We need to bring him in for questioning.

MATTHEW
(a beat)
All right. But you can't bring in a Blue by yourself.

CUT TO:

EXT. RICHARD ROGERS THEATRE - NIGHT

Establishing shot. Emblazoned on the marquee: "OKLAHOMA!"

Rain drops are beginning to fall. A LARGE UNMARKED POLICE VAN pulls to a halt in front.

INT. RICHARD ROGERS THEATRE - NIGHT

ON THE FACE OF CURLY

Hero of "Oklahoma!" Belting out that very song. We're nearing the finale of a full-tilt revival of the show.

ANGLE ON THE CROWD -- mostly Blue with humans interspersed. The Blues have the best seats.

FIFTH ROW CENTER

Is LUKE. He's with an elegantly dressed Blue woman. Enjoying the show.

ANGLE ON A TINY BEE

Flying into the auditorium, unnoticed by the crowd below. Actually there are a handful of them. Flying in formation? Something isn't quite right about them. PUSH IN closer to REVEAL:

The "bees" are tiny surveillance CAMERAS supported by micro wings. Blue technology.

BEE-CAM POV - (like night vision goggles) focuses in on LUKE.

PULL OUT TO:

INT. POLICE VAN - NIGHT

Matthew and Taylor watch on the monitor as the bee-cams locate the target.

TAYLOR
Let's go.

INT. RICHARD ROGERS THEATRE - NIGHT

ON LUKE

as his EARS SUBTLY FLARE. Like two antennae picking up a faint signal. He glances upward as a "BEE" disappears into a vent in the ceiling.

LUKE stands and begins inching toward the center aisle.

LUKE
Excuse me.

ON STAGE

The song is building to a crescendo.

LUKE

Glances toward the nearest exit.

TAYLOR stands in the doorway. A shadow moves behind him and then MATTHEW emerges into frame, looming over Taylor's shoulder.

LUKE's eyes flit to the other exits.

BLUE POLICE are quietly moving into place behind Taylor's human cops.

LUKE looks back at MATTHEW. Their eyes meet.

LUKE'S POV - Matthew lets his RIOT STICK drop into his hand.

LUKE's EYES WIDEN. He knows he's trapped. No way out.
Except...

LUKE sprints down the central aisle, directly toward the stage!

MATTHEW, TAYLOR and the rest of the police bolt after him.

LUKE leaps the orchestra pit and lands on the stage. Screams. Chaos. Confusion. Luke barrels through the actors, heading toward the FAKE FARMHOUSE at the back of the stage.

SMASH! He blasts through the flimsy set, reducing it to splinters.

Taylor and the police, Blue and human, leap up on stage, sprint after him--

INT. BACKSTAGE

Luke plows through props and STAGE HANDS. He reaches the stage door and kicks through it.

TAYLOR

Scrambles between flats in time to glimpse Luke exiting...

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Taylor bursts out the door, looks both ways. Spots Luke disappearing onto 46th street.

MATTHEW and the other BLUES

come out the stage door. Taylor is already running after Luke.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

Luke runs across 46th street.

SLAM! A TAXI CAB smashes into him, tossing him over the hood. The windshield spiderwebs.

Luke hits the ground. He's only dazed. Shakes it off, gets up and keeps running. The Blues are tough.

MATTHEW emerges from the alley at a dead sprint. The others just behind.

LUKE rushes into the crowd of people, shoving humans and Blues out of his way.

TAYLOR loses sight of him. He scans the area ahead, catching his breath.

MATTHEW catches up with him.

MATTHEW
Which way?

Taylor points. Matthew turns to the BLUE COPS running up behind him.

MATTHEW (cont'd)
Fan out.

The group breaks up and immediately plunges ahead, leaving Taylor alone.

TAYLOR'S POV - a glimpse of a tall BLUE heading towards the revolving restaurant in the Marriott. Could be Luke...

Taylor takes off after him.

EXT. SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Matthew comes around a corner, all senses alert, moving on instinct.

INT. MARRIOTT - NIGHT

Taylor runs up the escalator, taking the steps two at a time, elbowing past people.

INT. REVOLVING RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Luke tears through the restaurant. A waiter goes sprawling. Plates crash to the ground.

Luke looks back through the glass windows and sees Taylor heading up the escalator in pursuit. Luke turns and ducks out an emergency exit.

IN THE STAIRWELL

Luke barrels down, two steps at a time. Reaches the bottom and kicks open the door...

EXT. BLIND ALLEY - NIGHT

...and stops short as he discovers Matthew blocking his path, riot stick in hand.

INT. REVOLVING RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Taylor bursts in. His eyes sweep the room. Terrified patrons look down at their tablecloths-- nobody wants to get involved.

Taylor spots the waiter picking up broken pieces of China. The waiter glances at the exit door--

Taylor is off and running, following Luke's footsteps.

EXT. BLIND ALLEY - NIGHT

WHAM! Luke launches himself into Matthew just as Matthew swings the riot stick. He times it perfectly, catching Matthew off balance.

The two of them hit the ground and the riot stick skitters out of reach.

Matthew grabs hold of Luke and in a feat of remarkable strength, lifts him bodily and throws him off.

Back on their feet, the two circle one another like cage fighters for a moment... then they clash.

They trade blows in a blinding fury. Ferocious. Like watching two top predators do battle.

Matthew throws a punch at Luke's head-- Luke slips away and Matthew's fist imprints the side of a metal dumpster.

Matthew ducks under a swing from Luke-- the blow smashes a hole in the concrete wall.

IN THE STAIRWELL

TAYLOR flies down and bursts out the door.

He spots the two Blues doing their best to murder one another. At that moment...

Luke lands a thunderous blow that sends Matthew down. Luke seizes a heavy steel rod from the dumpster and raises it like a spear.

He's on the verge of bringing it down to impale Matthew when--

BANG! The bullet catches him in the shoulder and spins him around. The steel rod drops from his hands.

Luke looks up at Taylor, standing fifteen feet away holding a smoking gun.

Luke stares at him for a beat. Then takes a step forward...

TAYLOR
Freeze!

Luke keeps coming. Taylor holds his ground, gripping the gun in both hands.

BANG! Taylor fires again, hitting Luke in the chest. Luke only charges faster...

BANG! BANG! Taylor keeps shooting-- Luke keeps coming. The pistol has the same effect it would have on a bear: makes him madder.

WHAM! Luke seizes Taylor and lifts him off the ground. His momentum carries them through a pile of trash cans -- CRASH! Taylor slams hard up against a brick wall.

The wind is knocked out of him. Luke's face is inches from his. It seems he could literally crush Taylor to death in his grip...

Luke stares wildly into his Taylor's eyes, breathing hard himself, wounded--

LUKE
(whispers)
Help me.

Before Taylor can respond--

CRACK! Luke is struck from behind with a RIOT STICK.

CRACK! CRACK! More Blue riot sticks connect with Luke. Blue reinforcements have arrived.

Luke howls in pain and falls. He's immediately surrounded by Blue COPS.

ON TAYLOR,

as he slides down to the cement. Still dazed from the collision with the wall. His vision comes back into focus:

TAYLOR'S POV - of the Blue cops pummeling the prone figure of Luke. It looks eerily like an alien replay of the Rodney King beating.

The BLUES step back as Matthew finally walks over. His lieutenant hands him a riot stick. Matthew flicks a switch at the base of the stick and an audible HUM begins to build as it charges.

Luke's eyes widen.

LUKE (cont'd)
No--

Matthew points the riot stick at Luke and fires. A burst of energy like the shock from a TASER hits Luke in the chest.

Luke's body starts to spasm and convulse. Matthew keeps the riot stick trained on him.

Luke screams. An agonizing, pitiful wail of extreme pain. WE HEAR a sizzling, as if his insides were being cooked.

Taylor covers his nose at the smell. Luke is being burned alive. His Armani suit begins to smoke.

Finally, after one last seizure, he lies still. Matthew switches off the riot stick.

He turns and finds TAYLOR, slumped against the wall. He walks over.

MATTHEW
Are you all right?

Taylor nods as Matthew helps him to his feet. He looks at Luke's body.

TAYLOR
What happened to bringing him in
for questioning?

MATTHEW
He answered our questions when he
ran.

INT. TAYLOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Taylor steps out of the shower and wraps a towel around his waist. He catches sight of himself in the mirror. Turns and looks at the bruises and abrasions on his back.

The sound of the TV in the living room catches his attention...

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
...the Blue suspected of killing a human in the Grand Central murder case led police on a daring chase through Times Square. Both human and Blue police participated in the operation...

Taylor walks in to watch over his father's shoulder. Taylor's face is featured briefly on TV.

Laurence glances up at him.

LAURENCE
Keep this up and they're gonna give you your own TV show.

Taylor frowns and walks back out of the room. Not happy with the whole propaganda spin he's been dragged into.

Laurence starts channel surfing: an infomercial for the 2017 version of the Thighmaster; Jay Leno laughing with a Blue guest; re-runs of old sitcoms, etc. In short, the same mind-numbing entertainment we enjoy today.

EXT. MIDTOWN POLICE STATION - MORNING

Taylor parks his car. The blue paint is now coated with a layer of New York grit.

INT. MID-TOWN POLICE STATION - MORNING

Matthew stands in front of a room filled with human and Blue police, addressing the troops. Behind him, a bank of video monitors shows real-time surveillance footage of different parts of the city taken by DIRIGIBLE.

He gestures toward the monitors as he walks past them.

MATTHEW

...factory workers threatening to go on strike... a student protest at Columbia... a marked increase in seditious graffiti... trouble at the boundary fence...

Images show a massive concrete and barbed wire barrier roughly surrounding the five boroughs. New Jersey and points beyond appear to be a deserted wasteland.

MATTHEW (cont'd)

Tensions in this city are running high. Human and Blue police need to work hand-in-hand to prevent things from slipping back into the days of open conflict between our peoples. One planet, one people. It's starts with us.

He steps down, the pep talk finished. The cops all get up to head to work.

Matthew catches Taylor's eye--

CUT TO:

INT. MATTHEW'S OFFICE - MORNING

Taylor sits across from Matthew.

MATTHEW

A maintenance worker found these in
the subway at Lexington and 59th
this morning.

Matthew places a plastic evidence bag on the desk between
them.

Taylor picks it up and examines it. Inside is a blood-
stained PINK DRESS-- the dress Alison was wearing.

MATTHEW (cont'd)

Looks like we 'got the right man.'

Taylor smiles ruefully and shakes his head slightly.

MATTHEW (cont'd)

(frowns)

Did I get that expression wrong?

TAYLOR

No. It's just that usually we get
the evidence before we execute the
suspect.

MATTHEW

(genuinely puzzled)

Is that a joke or a criticism.

TAYLOR

Both.

Matthew nods. Then he stands and offers Taylor a ticket.

MATTHEW

There's a game at the Garden
tonight. Come as my guest.
There's something I want to discuss
with you.

CUT TO:

INT. FRONT DESK - DAY

Taylor nods to the human Desk Officer as he heads out.

DESK OFFICER

Detective Evans. There's a lady
waiting to see to you.

He gestures across the room toward a set of grimy benches where a motley crew are waiting: three drunks, a prostitute and a pair of gang-bangers waiting for a friend. And...

MEADE RIVERS. She's charmingly out of place in her Kindergarten-teacher skirt and sweater. She clutches her handbag close on her lap.

TAYLOR
I'm headed to lunch. Do you know what she wants?

DESK OFFICER
Didn't say. Been here for over an hour though.

Taylor sighs. Then walks across the room to her.

TAYLOR
Hello. Detective Taylor Evans.
What can I help you with, ma'am?

Meade stands, hopeful and apprehensive.

MEADE
I need to speak with you about a missing person.

TAYLOR
You need so to see Officer Trumball to file a Missing Person report. I can show you where--

MEADE
No. I need to speak to you.

A beat.

TAYLOR
I'm sorry, ma'am, but we're very busy here. Officer Trumb--

MEADE
I know, Detective. I've seen the news.
(angrily)
My Fifth Grade class sees it too since the Blues insist on showing it in the schools. We're not even supposed to turn it down.

She pauses to gather her composure.

MEADE (cont'd)
This morning I found myself raising my voice to drown out words like "homicide" and "bludgeoned." Then I saw her picture and realized who they were talking about...

She swallows hard and looks at Taylor.

MEADE (cont'd)
The girl who was killed at Grand Central... I think she's my sister.

Taylor's expression softens slightly. He takes her by the arm gently.

TAYLOR
Come with me.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

A MORGUE DRAWER swings open. Jack slides out the tray with a covered body. Pulls back the sheet-- the dead girl from Grand Central.

Meade stares at the body, fighting back tears.

MEADE
Oh Alison...

She reaches out, tears spilling over now and takes her sister's hand.

Jack clears his throat and frowns at Taylor.

TAYLOR
Ma'am... you can't touch the body.

INT. STATION - DAY

Taylor walks Meade down the hall.

TAYLOR
I'm very sorry for your loss.

MEADE
What happened to her?

TAYLOR

We believe she was assaulted in the subway at 59th Street. She made it all the way to Grand Central before she died of her injuries.

(beat)

Your sister was a brave woman.

MEADE

Why would a Blue kill Alison?

TAYLOR

We have reason to believe that she and the Blue official were... involved. Romantically. They quarrelled the night of the murder.

Meade stops and stares at him.

MEADE

You don't have a fucking clue what happened in this case, do you?

That pulls him up short. He turns defensive.

TAYLOR

Your sister was seen coming out of his apartment at one thirty in the morning that night--

MEADE

I don't care. There's no way my sister was "romantically involved" with that Blue.

TAYLOR

What makes you so certain?

MEADE

(acidly)

Because Alison preferred the company of women. Human women.

Taylor didn't see that coming.

MEADE (cont'd)

If you spent a little more time doing detective work and little less time doing PR for the Blues, maybe you would have figured that out for yourself.

Meade walks off, leaving Taylor alone.

CUT TO:

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - EVENING

Jack is getting ready to leave when the phone rings.

JACK
Coroner's Office.

TAYLOR (V.O.)
Hey Jack. This is Taylor.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - EVENING

A sell-out crowd (mostly human) files into the Garden for the game. Taylor is on his cell phone as he walks.

TAYLOR
Do me a favor. When you do the autopsy on the Rivers girl, can you check for signs of rape?

INTERCUT WITH CORONER'S OFFICE

JACK
I could, but there's no autopsy scheduled.

TAYLOR
What? Why not?

JACK
Budget cuts. New regulations say no autopsies on closed cases. Effective immediately.

TAYLOR
What if you didn't get the memo yet?

Jack picks up the memo from his desk. Frowns.

JACK
But I did get the memo.

Taylor restrains himself. Decides to keep it simple:

TAYLOR

Just do the autopsy, Jack. If anybody gives you a problem, put it on me.

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT [RESUME]

As Taylor hangs up, he notices some people chuckling and looking up at one of the omnipresent NEWS MONITORS on the side of a building.

Some intrepid TAGGER has somehow climbed all the way up there and spray painted a giant blue circle with a line through it -- the universal signal for "NO" -- across the screen. A work CREW scrubs at the graffiti with long-handled brushes.

They appear to be brushing Brian Williams' giant teeth on the screen. Brian continues talking, oblivious to the insult. Taylor can't help but smile.

Then a murmur ripples through the crowd. The humans all look down at their feet, as if observing a moment of silence. PAN UP TO REVEAL the cause...

A SQUADRON of BLUE WARSHIPS glides by overhead. Far above the skyscrapers and DIRIGIBLES. Ominous, silent, powerful... they obscure the moon briefly as they pass through the sky.

The BLUES in the crowd gaze up, as if saluting a fly-by. A stark reminder that this is OCCUPIED EARTH.

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - NIGHT

We're on the ice for the face off.

There's something unusual about the uniforms... now that the accessible world has been essentially reduced to the five boroughs... it's the Brooklyn Rangers against the Manhattan Rangers.

INSIDE A LUXURY SKYBOX

Matthew and Taylor are ensconced in plush chairs. Plates of junk food are strewn about.

MATTHEW

We don't do things like this where I come from.

TAYLOR
You don't have sporting events?

MATTHEW
(hesitates)
Not like this.

TAYLOR
What are they like?

Matthew shoves a handful of popcorn in his mouth.

MATTHEW
On reaching maturity, each male is
matched against another. The loser
is eliminated.

Taylor looks at him.

TAYLOR
Eliminated?

MATTHEW
Our species has an unequal male-to-
female ratio. This tradition
balances it out. And it helps
with overpopulation.

TAYLOR
Sounds like a very practical
solution.

MATTHEW
It is. Surprisingly it perpetuates
a more peaceful culture in the long
run.

Taylor looks at him skeptically.

MATTHEW (cont'd) (CONT'D)
Violence between Blues is very rare
and when it occurs there is usually
a clear motive. Among humans,
violence is random and usually
senseless. Your species is so
violent that it's built into your
sport.

He nods toward the ice where a fight has broken out.

MATTHEW (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I must admit, however, that your
approach is more entertaining.

TAYLOR
You and my Dad would get along.

Taylor's cell phone buzzes-- he flips it open and glances briefly at a new text message:

INSERT CU PHONE -- "WE NEED TO TALK -- TOMPKINS' FINE MEATS,
1:00" The sender is "JACK."

Taylor slips the phone back into his pocket.

Matthew swirls the ice in his glass.

MATTHEW
You do that well you know-- diffuse
tense situations. It's a natural
skill of yours. It's one reason I
want to promote you. To Chief of
Intelligence Operations.

TAYLOR
You mean "counter-insurgency." No
thank-you.

MATTHEW
We've never had a human officer at
the rank of Chief. Imagine what
you could accomplish.

TAYLOR
(hesitates)
I don't know...

MATTHEW
Consider it. We're at a turning
point, Taylor. A lot of humans are
ready to accept us here. "One
Planet, One People"-- that could be
a reality. Instead of "a line of
shit," as some of the men would
say.
(beat)
You could do a lot of good for this
city, Taylor.

Taylor sits silently.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK, MEAT-PACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT

Graffiti-covered concrete walls. Menacing streets. Nevermind pre-Occupation, this is pre-Giuliani New York. The block is deserted but there are a suspicious number of cars lined up by a cyclone fence.

Taylor parks in front of a fire extinguisher. He gets out and approaches a two-story warehouse...

A BOUNCER

Blocks Taylor at the door. Taylor flashes his badge. The BOUNCER tenses.

TAYLOR
Relax. Nobody's getting busted tonight.

The bouncer steps aside to let him pass...

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A VERY SCARY-LOOKING HUMAN: shaved head, ripped muscles, bare chest covered in prison ink... not the kind of guy you want to mess with. With a ferocious snarl he launches himself at an unseen opponent. We hear a crowd roar and then--

The fighter SLAMS back into frame, bounces off the mesh of a steel cage and falls to the mat unconscious. Groans from the crowd.

REVERSE TO REVEAL HIS OPPONENT

A BLUE --

Dressed in black spandex like a Lucha Libre wrestler. We soon realize there's something wrong with him. His movements are slow and unsteady; his eyes unfocussed; his breathing a labored, guttural wheeze.

REVEAL WE ARE...

INT. UNDERGROUND FIGHT CLUB - NIGHT

The smoky room is packed. "Bluebacks" change hands as bets are placed on the cage match taking place in the center of the arena.

The unusual thing about this match is that instead of two competitors... there are FIVE HUMANS taking on a single BLUE.

A DIGITAL TIMER OVER the ring indicates that the rules are less like Ultimate Fighting than bull riding; the sport is to see how long the humans can last in the ring with the Blue. Judging by what we are seeing, it's a tough game.

ANGLE ON JACK in the upper balcony. He looks edgy, nervous.

TAYLOR (O.S.)
How are we doing tonight?

Taylor joins him at the rail.

JACK
Last group of humans went the distance. This time - not so good.
(beat)
You're in with the big guys -- I never understand why the Blues don't close these places.

The Human Fighter pulls out a lead pipe, and repeatedly smashes the skull of the Blue -- to little effect.

TAYLOR
It's a way for people to let off steam. Safely.
(beat)
You hate this shit. Why are we here?

Jack glances around, nervous of being overheard.

JACK
I did that autopsy. Do you have any idea what kind of trouble you've gotten me into?

TAYLOR
What's wrong?

JACK
Everything. Something bad happened to that girl.

TAYLOR
Was she raped?

JACK
Definitely not.

TAYLOR

Her sister claims that this girl would never have slept with him voluntarily.

JACK

She didn't. There's no evidence of sexual intercourse of any kind. Forced or otherwise. And with Blue anatomy, I'd find evidence, believe me. She didn't have sex.

TAYLOR

But there was Blue semen in her?

JACK

Yes.

Taylor frowns, confused.

TAYLOR

That doesn't make sense.

JACK

Why do you think I asked you to meet me here at one in the morning?

Jack turns back to the ring, pretending to watch the match as he speaks to Taylor.

JACK (cont'd) (CONT'D)

There's more. She had a lot of strange drugs in her system: papaverine, silica, formaldehyde -- some bond structures I've never even seen before. And when I opened her up, her internal organs showed signs of hyperplasia and tumorigenesis--

Taylor stops him with a hand on his arm.

TAYLOR

Jack. What the fuck are you talking about?

JACK

Her body had started to mutate.

TAYLOR

(beat)
Some disease...?

Jack shakes his head, scared. Leans close.

JACK
It was still mutating when I
examined her.

A howl erupts from the crowd as the last human goes down. Money changes hands.

JACK (cont'd) (CONT'D)
I don't know what they did to her, but I'm fairly certain we weren't meant to find out about it-- I've already sent the body for cremation.

Jack buttons his coat, preparing to leave.

TAYLOR
Thank you, Jack.

JACK
You can thank me by forgetting we ever talked about this.

In the cage five new humans are surrounding the Blue, like ants attacking a scorpion.

CUT TO:

A NIGHT SKY.

A myriad of stars grow brighter and larger. As we move toward a galaxy there is a swell of polyphonic, synthesized chords. And then...

CAMERON DIAZ (V.O.)
Hello, I'm Cameron Diaz and I'll be your guide today as we journey through the universe.

INT. PLANETARIUM

ON THE UPTURNED FACES of a group of SCHOOL CHILDREN staring at the domed ceiling above. If you go to the Planetarium in New York now, you'll hear narration by Harrison Ford or Tom Hanks. In 2017 it's been updated by Cameron Diaz.

CAMERON DIAZ (V.O.)
Since the dawn of time, man has
looked to the stars and wondered...
are we alone?

A BRIGHT SPOT in the sky grows and grows...

CAMERON DIAZ (V.O.) (cont'd)
On April 2, 2008, we received the
answer when Our Guests arrived.

The bright spot finally comes into focus and becomes A FLEET
of BLUE SHIPS flying toward us...

MEADE (O.S.)
Stop it there.

The image freezes. Meade steps in front of her class.

MEADE (cont'd)
On April 3, the War broke out. On
April 17, Washington D.C. was
destroyed in a thermonuclear
explosion.

In the back of the auditorium a door opens and Taylor enters.
He waits against the back wall.

MEADE (cont'd)
London, Tokyo and Beijing came
next. The destruction was massive.
When the second wave of warships
arrived, the entire planet agreed
to "cooperate" with our Guests.

She nods to the PROJECTIONIST. He starts the program again.

An image of a Blue FACE, smiling, friendly appears on screen.

CAMERON DIAZ (V.O.)
Freedom comes in many colors. And
one of the colors it comes in is
blue.

A series of images of Blues and humans greeting one another,
sharing, smiling, etc.

CAMERON DIAZ (V.O.) (cont'd)
There is freedom from want.
Freedom from disease. Freedom from
hunger.
(MORE)

CAMERON DIAZ (V.O.) (cont'd)
Our Guests have given us all that.
Our Guests have set us free.

As the propaganda montage continues, Meade talks over the music.

MEADE

Conservative estimates say over a billion humans died in the War. Men, women and children. Keep that in mind when they show you the smiling little boy.

ON THE SCREEN - a LITTLE BOY in a park smiles as a Blue hands him a cotton candy.

MEADE (cont'd)

There he is.

ON THE SCHOOLCHILDREN - confused by the contradiction between the propaganda and their teacher's rebuttal. The program comes to an end. The lights begin to fade up.

MEADE (cont'd)

The exact number of losses in the War is impossible to know because we're so isolated. Travel to the "outer territories" is strictly prohibited due to the threat of radiation poisoning. Or so we're told anyway.

Taylor catches her eye. She acknowledges him with a slight nod.

MEADE (cont'd)

Okay class. Time to visit the Discovery Center.

INT. KLAYMAN DISCOVERY CENTER - DAY

Kids run free, exploring the interactive exhibits along with other members of the public.

Kids play on a ten-foot model of a Blue spaceship.

Taylor walks past a display showing a list of all the human diseases the Blues have cured.

On the next screen, a 3-D image of a BLUE AMBASSADOR stands before a star map. Taylor pauses to watch...

BLUE AMBASSADOR (V.O.)
...our search for new planets to
settle has taken us across the
galaxy. We've shared our
knowledge, our technologies with
scores of other civilizations...

Behind him the map lights up with dots of blue light
representing their settlements spreading...

BLUE AMBASSADOR (V.O.) (cont'd)
But nothing compares to the miracle
that we found here on earth:
humanity. A species so similar to
our own that we are like long lost
siblings. Destined to be together.

MEADE (O.S.)
They've given us so many answers
we've stopped asking questions.

He turns to face her.

TAYLOR
You roam pretty far off the
approved lesson plan, don't you?

MEADE
You going to arrest me for
seditious?

TAYLOR
(pause)
I want to talk to you about your
sister's murder...

They both fall silent as A BLUE MUSEUM GUARD approaches.
They wait for him to walk past.

MEADE
I'll meet you later. After work.

He nods, understanding her concern.

TAYLOR
I know a place where we can talk.

He jots down an address and hands it to her.

MEADE
No Blues?

TAYLOR
They don't go here.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - NIGHT

Establishing shot of a seedy Chinese restaurant: the GLASS NOODLE.

INT. GLASS NOODLE - NIGHT

MEADE enters. Looks around, wondering if she's in the wrong place. It's deserted except for the kitchen crew eating at a big round table.

A waiter comes over to Meade.

CHINESE WAITER
We're closed.

MEADE
I'm supposed to meet somebody here.

CHINESE WAITER
Not here.

MEADE
Yes. Detective Evans said he'd be
at the bar but I don't see--

CHINESE WAITER
Oh, this way.

He leads her through a cramped hallway to a set of stairs leading down to...

INT. THE GLASS NOODLE BAR - NIGHT

...a room thick with smoke and men. The patrons are city workers, firemen and cops (a few familiar faces from the precinct). No Blues.

Meade finds Taylor at the bar and takes a seat beside him.

TAYLOR
You made it.

The BARTENDER approaches.

MEADE
(aside to Taylor)
I thought it was illegal to serve
drinks past midnight?

TAYLOR
It is. What are you having?

MEADE
A glass of white wine.

Taylor nods to the BARTENDER to get her drink and another whiskey for himself.

She looks around the room. TV's run old tapes of ESPN Classic. Sporting events and glories from a lost world...

The Bartender sets their drinks down and walks off. Meade's "wine" is a suspiciously light brown color.

MEADE (cont'd)
I'm sorry I was so hard on you the
other day.

TAYLOR
You were right. I should have
asked more questions. Your
sister's murder isn't what it
seemed.

MEADE
(takes a drink)
What do you--

Meade coughs her drink out!

MEADE (cont'd)
This is definitely not white wine...
(recovering)
What do you mean?

TAYLOR
Was Alison sick?

MEADE
No.

TAYLOR
Is it possible she was being
treated for some illness or genetic
abnormality...
(MORE)

TAYLOR (cont'd)
(Meade shakes her head)
Taking experimental drugs?

MEADE
Alison never even smoked a cigarette. What is this all about?

TAYLOR
(hesitates)
Something happened to your sister.
Maybe something *they* don't want us to know about.

Meade looks him over. Reappraising him.

MEADE
I still don't get it. You seem like a decent enough guy. How do you do it?

TAYLOR
Do what?

MEADE
Go to work for those animals every day.

TAYLOR
Like it or not, this is the world now. I'm not going to change it. And you're not going to change it. So if I can make life just a little more bearable for the 7 million people still living on this island, I'm okay with that.

MEADE
That's it? You really believe that?

Taylor looks up at Meade-- fed up with being challenged:

TAYLOR
My wife was going to die of cancer.
The Blues saved her life.

Meade goes quiet for a moment.

MEADE
I see. Now I understand.
(pause)
Your wife's a lucky woman to have such a devoted husband.

TAYLOR
My wife's dead.

MEADE
I thought you just said the Blues--

TAYLOR
They did. She was killed by a
mugger on her way home one night. A
human mugger.

She falls silent.

MEADE
I'm sorry...

He takes another drink. He's said enough about himself.

MEADE (cont'd)
But I still want to know what
happened to my sister.

Taylor meets her gaze.

TAYLOR
That's something we have in common.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION, MAIN CONCOURSE - NIGHT

There's an ebb and flow of New Yorkers; the last of the
commuters and the first of the late night crowd.

Taylor stops Meade as they descend the stairs.

TAYLOR
Wait.

She looks at him curiously, but obeys. A large and rowdy
group of night clubbers comes by and--

Taylor pulls Meade right into the middle of the crowd and
walks with them across the concourse, effectively concealing
themselves from the Holographic surveillance.

As soon as they get onto the escalators, he relaxes.

MEADE
What was that about?

TAYLOR
They watch everything. Trust me.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND CENTRAL STATION, PLATFORM - MOMENTS LATER

As a TRAIN RIPS through frame REVEAL Taylor and Meade. They are the only ones left on the platform.

TAYLOR
Based on what we know, she came out of the uptown tunnel, there...

He turns and looks around.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
So let's take a look at the other options.

He spots the OUT-OF-SERVICE TUNNEL covered with the hologram. Hops down on the tracks and starts toward it. Meade follows him.

Taylor turns as she lands hard on the tracks. She picks herself up.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
You all right?

MEADE
Fine.

Meade straightens her skirt and walks right through the "One Planet, One People" HOLOGRAM capping the subway tunnel. Taylor watches her, amused and a little impressed.

INT. SUBWAY TUNNELS - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor comes through the hologram and pulls out a small MAG LIGHT. Turns it on and rakes the area. Looking for clues...

MEADE
What's that?

He stops the flashlight beam on the ground and goes back slowly. Faint, but distinct--

A BLOODY FOOTPRINT.

Meade and Taylor exchange a look. Her face goes pale at the sight of her dead sister's blood.

TAYLOR

You sure you're up for this?

MEADE

Alison made this journey dying and alone. I think I can handle it with an armed policeman.

He nods and starts off into the darkness. Meade follows.

INT. TUNNELS - NIGHT

The flashlight beam rakes the frame, as they explore further. On and on through the damp darkness...

Finally the light stops. Meade catches up to Taylor. They've reached a dead end.

MEADE

Nothing.

Taylor shines his flashlight around the walls until he finds... a metal ladder leading to a manhole up above.

EXT. STREETS - NIGHT

Taylor and Meade emerge. Empty New York streets. Eerily quiet. Most of the buildings around them are dark.

MEADE

We must be somewhere near Gramercy.

TAYLOR

They moved all the humans out of this area. I haven't been here in years.

They both look up at a hulking, brick building that looms over them. The creepiest hospital in New York.

MEADE

This is Bellevue hospital.

Taylor nods. They both approach the nearest set of doors. Chained and padlocked closed. Dead end.

TAYLOR
It was the first one they closed.

They turn to go. As they walk toward the next building Meade looks back and spots--

A light on an upper floor.

MEADE
Hold on. Look.

Taylor studies the building for a moment.

TAYLOR
Wait here.

MEADE
Yeah. I'm gonna wait here. In the dark. By myself.
(off his look)
You're not leaving me alone out here.

Taylor hesitates. He nods, his expression hard.

TAYLOR
Stay close to me. Do what I tell you.
(beat)
I'll keep you safe.

INT. BELLEVUE - NIGHT

A small shattering of glass as Taylor breaks a first floor window. He reaches in and lifts the old pane...

Taylor and Meade crawl through one at a time; they look around. The massive building is dark, with a haunted, cavernous feel.

Taylor leads the way.

INT. HALLWAY

Taylor and Mead creep through the corridors. They pass empty waiting rooms. Hospital gurneys, wheelchairs and IV stands are scattered about, abandoned.

Taylor stops in his tracks as he hears a distant NOISE up ahead. He looks at Meade and puts a finger to his lips.

They listen. The noise grows a little louder. And louder. It sounds like FOOTSTEPS. Coming toward them.

Taylor grabs Meade and yanks her through a doorway just as
A BLUE

Rounds the corner. He's big, dressed in an orderly's uniform. As he passes the doorway, REVEAL Taylor and Meade hiding in the shadows.

INT. HALLWAY

The Blue continues down the hall, stops at a door. As he opens, walks through--

TAYLOR and MEADE

Appear in the hallway behind him. Following carefully.

INT. STAIRWELL

ANGLE DOWN as the Blue walks up the stairs. On the floors below him, the SHADOWS MOVE as Taylor and Meade follow.

INT. UPPER FLOOR

The Blue exits the stairwell, heads toward a HEAVY SECURITY DOOR. He places his palm against the PAD on the wall beside the door. The three-note tone sounds as his DNA analysis clears.

CA-CHUNK -- the door unlocks. The Blue steps through it.

WE STAY in the hall as the door swings shut. Taylor and Meade enter frame and--

Catch the door just before it swings shut.

INT. SECURE WING

Taylor and Meade step through the door. They hear movement down the hall -- the wing feels occupied, operational. They move forward, stalking through the corridors. As they pass a doorway...

MEADE
(whispers)
Taylor--

He stops, follows her eye-line through an observation window into the adjoining room: TWO BLUES in surgical smocks are at work around a large steel table.

Taylor and Meade sneak into the room and approach the window for a better look.

TAYLOR'S POV - Blue nurses and orderlies wipe frame as they assist the surgeons. The patient on the operating table remains obscured from view.

After a few beats Taylor turns--

Meade is gone.

Taylor's alone in the room. He looks around-- where the hell did she go? He steps back out into...

INT. HALLWAY

Taylor looks around. No sign of Meade.

Creak. Creak. Creak.

Taylor hears movement at the end of the hall. Creak... Creak... It's coming toward us. Taylor dives around a corner just as...

TWO BLUES wheel a hospital bed down the corridor. As they cross past Taylor, he gets a good look at the patient:

A HUMAN WOMAN

Her eyes are glassy, her mouth slack. Her wrists are cuffed to the steel rails of the bed frame.

The Blues wheel the woman through the halls. Taylor follows at a distance, watches as they cart the woman through a doorway. Taylor approaches cautiously, looks through the observation window in the door...

CLOSE ON TAYLOR'S EYES peering through the window. WIDEN TO REVEAL...

Row upon row of human patients. They're all women, all similarly restrained in their beds.

The Blues wheel their patient down the line, place her bed in an empty space at the end of the row and exit the room.

Taylor enters the room. As he walks down the rows we get a better look at the women...

ONE WOMAN is catatonic, staring off into space, her face frozen in a mask of terror. The NEXT has a similar look of horror. The whites of her eyes are tinted YELLOW. The NEXT has unnatural blue tendrils streaking up the veins in her face...

TAYLOR walks the rows in disbelief. He stops at the end and looks down at ONE of the WOMEN. Something familiar about her... some freckles on her cheeks... distorted but recognizable--

TAYLOR
Madeline? Madeline Witken. Can
you hear me?

No response. Taylor's head is spinning. He looks away--

WHAM! She GRASPS HIS ARM! Taylor recoils in fear.

Madeline spasms and her eyes fly open. They stare at the ceiling, unfocused, terrified. The whites are tinted YELLOW.

Taylor backs away to the foot of the bed, his heart beating through his chest. As he stares at her in horror, we WIDEN TO REVEAL--

A BLUE. Standing right behind him.

Taylor turns just as the Blue ORDERLY reaches for him. He deflects the Blue's arm and steps toward him. Taylor ELBOWS the Blue right in the face.

The Blue is hardly hurt; Taylor grabs his elbow.

The Blue calmly walks over to a security panel on the wall...

Taylor lunges to stop him, leaping on his back. The Blue ignores Taylor and PULLS the ALARM. Sirens start to ring out through the hospital.

The Blue plucks Taylor off, grabs hold of him and...

INT. HALLWAY

...THROWS TAYLOR through the door, ripping it off its hinges. Taylor hits the wall hard, denting it.

He struggles to his feet, dazed. Tries to run. The Blue catches him, SLAMS him against another wall. Taylor peels himself off the wall and throws a punch to the Blue's solar plexus. The Blue responds with a BACKHAND.

Taylor reels. As the Blue stalks toward him... MEADE STEPS INTO THE HALL BEHIND TAYLOR. A backpack slung over her shoulder she didn't have before.

MEADE
Taylor...

Taylor's eyes widen. Without turning around:

TAYLOR
Yeah?

MEADE
Duck.

Taylor drops to the ground as Meade swings A FIRE EXTINGUISHER as hard as she can... CLANG! Right into the Blue's face. The Blue recoils, clutching his nose.

Meade steps over Taylor, heading straight for the Blue. CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! She JACKHAMMERS the Blue in the head with the fire extinguisher. She's relentless.

The Blue drops to a knee. Meade spins, locks eyes with Taylor.

MEADE (cont'd)
Defibrillator.

TAYLOR
What?

Meade points to the EMERGENCY DEFIBRILLATOR posted in its LIFEPAK housing on the wall.

MEADE
Throw me the defibrillator!

CLANG! She wallops the Blue as he tries to get up. CLANG!

From the ground, Taylor breaks the glass, yanks out the defibrillator. He tosses it to Meade, who drops the extinguisher and catches it in one fluid motion.

She rips the casing off, pulls the lever. We hear the HUM as the defibrillator begins to charge...

The Blue ORDERLY shakes off the cobwebs and charges at Meade. She blocks his attack with a flurry of defensive blows, sidestepping around him while she yanks the PADDLES out of the defibrillator.

The HUM builds, reaching a crescendo. The BLUE swings at Meade. She dodges, JAMS THE PADDLES into his neck and torso and FIRES: TH-CHUNK!!

The Blue launches back and lands hard on the ground. He jerks and spasms unnaturally-- something like what we saw with Luke.

Taylor, still on the ground, stares agape. Meade turns around and sees the look on his face.

MEADE (cont'd)
They don't do well with
electricity.

Meade walks toward Taylor with strong, confident steps. This is not the schoolteacher we thought we knew.

She reaches out her hand to help him up. Before he can open his mouth to speak she hits him with his own line:

MEADE (cont'd)
Stay close to me. Do what I tell
you.
(beat)
I'll keep you safe.

At the far end of the hall WE HEAR a door smash open and approaching footsteps...

She hoists Taylor to his feet and they're off and running.

INT. CORRIDOR

ALARMS continue to blare as Taylor follows Meade round the corner at a dead sprint. They come to a set of double doors. Meade holds up a hand: stop. Listens. Under the alarm another sound... footsteps.

They peer through the window in the door and see...

TEN BLUE SECURITY GUARDS with riot sticks moving toward them.

Meade jams a metal IV stand through the door handles to slow them down.

She grabs Taylor and yanks him down another hall. They dive through an open door into...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, BLUE WARD

...a Dr. Mengele charnel house of Blue patients and body parts. In counterpart to the experimentation on human women, Blue FEMALES are splayed on surgical tables, chained to beds, hooked up to IVs, etc.

As Taylor follows Meade through at a run he catches a horrified glimpse of a series of jars of formaldehyde. Each one contains a progressively developed Blue/Human FETUS. One month, two month, three month, etc... the last JAR is missing.

Taylor hurries after Meade as she snaps open her cell phone:

MEADE

This is Meade. I need an emergency extraction--

As the BLUES can be heard entering the ward, Meade and Taylor dash out into...

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

This one is empty. A corner room with windows on two sides. Meade starts looking out each of them.

MEADE

(into phone)

Bellevue Hospital. East corner of First and Twenty-Sixth.

Taylor barricades the door with a bed. He turns to Meade.

TAYLOR

Who are you?

Meade is looking out one of the windows.

MEADE

I'll explain later. Right now we have to get out of here--

BAM! The door buckles. The Blues are here.

MEADE (cont'd)

I need you to trust me, Taylor.
Please.

BAM! The door almost gives. Taylor glances at it. He doesn't have much of a choice.

Meade picks up a steel chair and...

EXT. BELLEVUE - NIGHT

CRASH! An upper floor window explodes outward as Meade smashes the chair through it.

In the alley below is a DUMPSTER piled high with trash. A three-story drop.

Taylor and Meade jump together... and land in a spray of paper and garbage.

As they clamber out, dirty but unhurt...

A PAIR OF HEADLIGHTS

Comes barrelling down the alley right toward them. Taylor turns to run but Meade stops him.

MEADE

Wait--

The car skids to a halt. It's a YELLOW CAB.

MEADE (cont'd)

That's our ride.

I/E. TAXICAB - NIGHT

As Taylor and Meade pile in the driver hits the gas. The cab rockets forward, tires smoking.

DRIVER

Evening.

MEADE

Lloyd.

LLOYD cranks the wheel and the cab fishtails out onto First Avenue. SIRENS start to blare almost immediately as...

Three bullet-like BLUE CRUISERS scream out of Bellevue in pursuit. No way to outrun them.

Lloyd calmly puts the pedal to the floor. Accelerates to 100 m.p.h., the engine roaring.

The CRUISERS gain anyway. Closing in.

Then TWO OTHER TAXIS pull up alongside. At the next intersection, TWO MORE join in. And more...

TAYLOR,

Looks out in amazement as suddenly they find themselves lost in a sea of yellow cabs racing up First. It's like rush hour on Meth.

OVERHEAD SHOT

As the Blue COPS attempt to keep track of the original taxi among a dozen or more yellow cabs, weaving back and forth, turning, shifting lanes, etc. Three card monty at 100 m.p.h.

Impossible.

But more BLUE CRUISERS are converging as they move uptown and start to mix with regular city traffic.

INSIDE THE TAXI

Lloyd (terrifyingly) takes one hand off the wheel to open his cell phone.

LLOYD
(into his phone)
Thirty-fifth and Second. In three,
two, one... Now.

Lloyd wrenches the wheel. The other taxis scatter in all directions, like roaches when a light is switched on.

At that moment the traffic lights all GO RED!

Horns blare. Tires screech. Cars crash as traffic slams to a halt. The BLUE CRUISERS are stuck behind a gridlock of civilian vehicles.

Only... the traffic signals ahead of Lloyd's taxi are lit up green like a runway. He blasts up Second Avenue like you always wished you could, making every single light.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

As the sirens fade out, Taylor slowly sits back in his seat.

He turns to Meade, his expression hardening. A beat of uncomfortable silence.

MEADE

I haven't been entirely honest with you, Taylor...

TAYLOR

No shit.

MEADE

Alison wasn't my sister.

(beat)

I lied to you because we needed to find out what had happened to her.

TAYLOR

(beat)

You're in The Resistance.

MEADE

Yes. Alison was one of our agents. She had stolen an important secret about the Blues that she was trying to get out.

Lloyd glances at Meade in his rear view mirror.

Taylor stares at her, hard.

TAYLOR

Who are you?

MEADE

I was a Captain in the 101st airborne. I just never stopped fighting.

Lloyd suddenly pulls the taxi into a dark alley. Cuts the engine.

MEADE (cont'd)

Lloyd...

LLOYD

What?

Lloyd pulls out a .45 CALIBER PISTOL, turns and aims it at Taylor's head.

LLOYD (cont'd)

Get out of the car.

Taylor doesn't move.

MEADE
Put it away Lloyd.

LLOYD
You know the drill. He already
knows too much about us.

Lloyd cocks the gun.

MEADE
Don't.

LLOYD
He works for them--

MEADE
He's not the enemy--

WHAP! Taylor snatches the pistol and shoves it against the
back of Lloyd's head.

TAYLOR
I should blow your fucking brains
out--

MEADE
Taylor--

CRACK! Taylor hits Lloyd in the side of the head.

MEADE (cont'd)
Taylor stop! He's just following
orders.

Taylor turns to face her.

MEADE (cont'd)
We do what's necessary.
(beat)
After what you and I just saw back
there I thought you'd understand.

Taylor looks at her for another beat. The gun is still
leveled at Lloyd's head.

Taylor lowers the gun. Hand it to Meade, then gets out of
the car.

HOLD ON MEADE looking down at the gun in her hand.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - SAME

ON TAYLOR as he walks away

MEADE (O.S.)
Taylor wait.

Meade gets out of the taxi and catches up with him. He turns to face her.

MEADE (cont'd)
If you think you can help us... if
you want to reach me... go to St.
Patrick's Cathedral. Third
confessional on the left. Tell the
priest you're looking for
"salvation here on earth." Say it
three times.
(beat)
He'll tell you what to do.

Taylor doesn't respond. He turns and walks away.

INT. TAYLOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Laurence is asleep on the sofa. A key turns in the lock. He continues snoring away as Taylor opens the door and creeps in.

Laurence startles awake as Taylor tip toes past. Taylor turns, a guilty look on his face.

LAURENCE
'Bout time you got laid.

Taylor doesn't bother correcting him. He walks past into the bedroom.

EXT. NEW YORK - MORNING

ON A DIRIGIBLE MONITOR Brian Williams reads the morning news:

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
...major corruption scandal unfolding
at the Department of
Transportation. The City's Chief
Traffic Engineer has been arrested
and several others have been
brought in for questioning...

PAN OFF the DIRIGIBLE to the city below where the Newsfeed is echoed on other large screen monitors.

It's a typical morning in New York-- if typical includes Blue aliens strolling along Broadway.

Taylor drives to work, looking at everything with new eyes. A BLUE COUPLE buys hot dogs from a street vendor. A PREGNANT WOMAN walks past, laughing, oblivious.

The scene takes on eerie overtones in light of what Taylor has seen the night before.

Passing through TIMES SQUARE,

Taylor glances up at the JUMBOTRON where Kenneth stood. Thinks back: what happened to that baby girl?

Lost in thought, Taylor almost gets in an accident. The blare of car horns brings him back. This is still New York.

INT. MID-TOWN POLICE STATION - MORNING

Taylor's at his desk, leafing through that file of missing women. Many of the faces he saw last night...

MATTHEW (O.S.)
Good morning, Taylor.

Taylor shuts the folder.

TAYLOR
Matthew.

MATTHEW
I'd like your help with something.
Are you busy?

TRACK WITH TAYLOR and MATTHEW

As they walk through the bullpen.

MATTHEW (cont'd)
We had a problem at Bellevue last night.

TAYLOR
What kind of a problem?

MATTHEW
A terrorist attack. The first in
quite some time. It has the
council... "up in arms."

Taylor nods. Matthew turns to him.

MATTHEW (cont'd)
Does that refer to arms as weapons--
as in, "we're so angry we are
taking up weapons" -- or is it arms
as... arms? As in, "we're so angry,
we put up our arms--"

Matthew puts his arms up, waves them like a grizzly bear.

TAYLOR
I think it's the first one.

MATTHEW
Ah.

Matthew walks down the hallway to a solid door. As he opens it WE HEAR the sound of an AGONIZED SCREAM from within...

MATTHEW (cont'd)
We captured one of the terrorists.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

Matthew leads Taylor into the viewing area where several Blue POLICE are looking through the one-way glass at a PRISONER handcuffed to the table.

JOHN finishes administering a painful shock with his RIOT STICK. The prisoner's scream dies out and his head chin drops to his chest. All we can see of his face is a blur of blood and sweat.

Taylor stares through the glass.

MATTHEW
We know he's guilty. He's already
confessed.

TAYLOR
(remains calm)
Then why are you still torturing
him?

Matthew hands Taylor a file. The first page is a PHOTOGRAPHIC composite of a refined-looking MAN with graying temples.

MATTHEW

Counter-Insurgency has been able to identify the key resistance leadership. This is Victor Tomasino. We need to convince the prisoner to help us find him.

As Taylor flips through the rest of the file, Matthew looks up at the beaten man on the other side of the glass with a mixture of curiosity and admiration.

MATTHEW (cont'd)

Why do humans make such a virtue of futility?

TAYLOR

It's not futility if you have hope.

Matthew turns to him.

MATTHEW

You see? This is why I asked you to come-- you understand these things so much better than we do.

Taylor looks from the window to Matthew.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor enters, aware of the yellowish eyes watching from the other side of the one-way mirror.

TAYLOR

My name is Detective Evans. I'm here to ask you some questions.

(beat)

Look at me when I'm talking to you.

The Prisoner's chin remains on his chest. Taylor walks closer, grasps his hair and pulls his head back--

It's LLOYD.

Taylor freezes and their eyes meet. Recognition flickers briefly across both their faces. Lloyd almost smiles.

INTERCUT MATTHEW -- watching.

Lloyd squints at him through eyes half swollen shut.

LLOYD

When I was a kid, it was the cops
who were always the heroes.

TAYLOR

You want to be a hero? You can
start right now.

Taylor slides a PHOTO of Tomasino towards Lloyd.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

They know who he is. They know the
identities of his closest
associates from before the
invasion. You can make it easier
for everybody if you help us find
him. Talk to me.

(beat)

At least we're human.

Lloyd refuses to even glance at the photo.

Taylor leans closer.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

(whispers)

They won't stop until they break
you. In the end you'll tell them
everything you know.

LLOYD

(whispers)

That puts us both in something of a
dilemma.

They look at one another for a beat. Taylor stands, his back
to the one-way mirror so Matthew can't see his face.

TAYLOR

What do you want from me?

LLOYD

A glass of water.

A beat. Taylor spots a pitcher and a glass on the table. Looks back at Lloyd.

For a moment the two men just stare at one another. Taylor's looks at him questioningly -- are you asking what I think you are? Lloyd nods almost imperceptibly.

Taylor exhales, then goes and fills the glass. He hands it to Lloyd.

Lloyd takes a long drink, then looks up at Taylor.

LLOYD (cont'd)
My hand is played out, Detective.
You've still got yours in front of
you.
(beat)
Tell your friends that I'm finished
talking.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor steps outside and faces Matthew.

TAYLOR
He won't talk to me. I'm a
collaborator. He probably hates me
even more than he hates you.

MATTHEW
Ah well. I suppose it would have
been too easy.

He nods to JOHN who picks up his riot stick...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Lloyd looks up as John enters with a wicked smile. John sets down the riot stick and turns his back for a moment to shrug off his jacket...

Lloyd lifts the water glass to his mouth and bites down hard, shattering it. Blood dripping from his mouth, he grips the jagged glass in his manacled hands and rakes the broken rim across his own neck. Severs the carotid.

MATTHEW and TAYLOR

See what's happened through the glass. Taylor follows Matthew as he moves rapidly toward the door--

John turns as they burst into the room. Everybody converges on Lloyd as he falls forward. The BLUES try to stem the flow. Too late...

Lloyd bleeds to death in a matter of seconds. They let him slump face down onto the table.

Everybody steps back and stares for a beat. The pool of blood gradually spreads over the PHOTO of Tomasino.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY

Taylor exits the interrogation room. His face is without expression; he seems dead inside. A group of med-techs run past. Taylor stop at the water fountain. Drinks.

Matthew emerges from the room. Sees Taylor, is about to say something, then decides against it. As he walks back to his office...

TAYLOR

Matthew? I've been thinking about your offer. To run counter-insurgency.

Matthew turns to him expectantly.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

I'm in.

CUT TO:

INT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - AFTERNOON

Sunlight filters through the stained glass. Choral voices echo in the cavernous space.

Taylor enters the church. Glances around.

FOLLOW HIM INTO...

INT. CONFESSORIAL BOOTH - MOMENTS LATER

Taylor sits down. The panel slides open.

TAYLOR
Forgive me Father for I have
sinned... I seek salvation here on
earth.

CLOSE ON TAYLOR

TAYLOR (cont'd)
...salvation here on earth...

CLOSER

TAYLOR (cont'd)
Salvation here on earth.

A pause.

PRIEST (V.O.)
Columbus Circle in half an hour.
Get on the A train uptown. The
last car.

EXT. ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL - AFTERNOON

Taylor walks out. No sign he's being followed.

A BLUE CRUISER drives by. Taylor looks the other direction.
Just in case. Once it passes, he steps off the curb.

INT. SUBWAY TRAIN - AFTERNOON

Mostly humans and a smattering of Blues ride the subway. The
light box ads are filled with propaganda slogans: "One Planet-
One People," "Friendship and Cooperation," etc.

Taylor sits by himself. A GRUNGY GUY with headphones sits
down beside him and opens his comic book.

GRUNGY GUY
(without turning his head)
Get off at 190th. The Cloisters.

He buries his nose in his comic.

ON A SQUEAL OF TRAIN BREAKS WE CUT TO:

EXT. FORT TYRON - DUSK

Taylor comes out of the subway. It's beginning to get dark. Nobody in sight. He starts walking toward...

EXT. CLOISTERS - EVENING

The medieval architecture of the museum stands out against the lush surroundings of the park. An incongruous "One Planet One People" logo has been plastered over the fifteenth-century facade of the closed MUSEUM.

Taylor emerges from the trees in the gathering darkness and pauses before approaching--

WHAM! He's hit from behind! Before he has time to react, three men are on top of him, pounding him into submission. He fights back but they pin his arms, put their knees in the back and force his face into the dirt...

One of them throws a black bag over his head. They are fast, efficient. A few more blows to the body and Taylor stops struggling.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOISTERS - EVENING

The men drag Taylor, bound and hooded, down the marble corridor wordlessly. Empty display cases and bare pedestals are interspersed with the odd medieval painting or manuscript.

They arrive in a room with seven magnificent UNICORN TAPESTRIES and drop Taylor in a chair.

WE MOVE IN ON TAYLOR'S HOODED FACE

VOICE (O.S.)
I assume you weren't looking for
the gift shop.

TAYLOR
I have important information for
Meade Rivers.

VOICE (O.S.)
There's no such person.

A pistol is pressed against his head.

TAYLOR

(pissed)

You know what we say down at the precinct? 'Leave the Resistance alone long enough and eventually they'll kill each other off.' I need to speak to Meade Rivers.

The trigger of the pistol is cocked.

VOICE (O.S.)

I said, there's no such person.

TAYLOR

Then I might as well tell you. I mean -- you are Victor Tomassino, right?

(beat)

You can take off the hood. I know your face as well.

A beat. The hood is removed.

Taylor finds himself face-to-face with VICTOR TOMASSINO. Refined, soft-spoken, but with the authority of a leader. Meade stands behind him with a few other resistance members.

Taylor and Tomasino stare at one another.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

The Blues know who you are. They are going to systematically arrest and torture every friend, family member or associate you have until they hunt you down.

TOMASINO

How do you know this?

TAYLOR

Because... I'm the new Chief of Counter-insurgency.

A beat.

MEADE

Can I untie him now?

CUT TO:

INT. MUSEUM BASEMENT - LATER

Taylor and Meade walk behind Tomasino who leads them deep into the Restoration area of the old museum.

Meade whispers aside to Taylor:

MEADE

I'm sorry about that. Letting you go was wrong. It's a chance I shouldn't have taken.

(beat)

I'm glad you came.

Taylor rubs his bruised neck.

TAYLOR

Yeah. Me too.

Tomasino leads them into...

INT. RESTORATION DEPARTMENT/ANALYSIS HQ - NIGHT

The underground room has been converted into a buzzing operations center. Resistance members work at tables where Renaissance paintings have been pushed aside to make room for lap tops, video equipment, chemical testing equipment -- an ad hoc war room.

TOMASINO

...after Battery Park we realized that open engagement was futile. We entered a second phase-- intelligence gathering. The search for their weaknesses.

Taylor looks around the room, impressed.

TAYLOR

This is the center of operations?

TOMASINO

Not always. There are normally never more than a half dozen of us in any given place at any give time. But what you and Meade found at Bellevue the other night has changed everything.

Taylor looks to Meade questioningly.

TAYLOR
And that is...?

MEADE
That it's all a lie. The Blues have always said they came to settle our planet because theirs was overcrowded. But that's not it. They didn't come because there are so many of them; they came because there are so few.

She nods toward a JAR on the table behind him: the missing BLUE-HUMAN FETUS in formaldehyde. The gruesome prize Meade carried in her backpack.

CALDICOTT (O.S.)
They can't reproduce.

REVEAL A SCIENTIST (CALDICOTT) who looks up from his microscope.

TOMASINO
This is Dr. Manuel Caldicott, former Chief of Biological Research at the National Institute of Health.

CALDICOTT
Now I collect trash in Spanish Harlem, thank you for asking.
(glances at the fetus)
The Blues are trying to hybridize human women into hosts for their offspring.

TOMASINO
All their propaganda about "the miracle of finding earth?" It's been a smoke screen. A way to maintain a healthy and docile population of unwitting test subjects.
(beat)
Now that they're close, that charade is about to end.

Taylor stares at the mutated fetus floating in the glass.

TAYLOR

"One Planet, one people" -- this is the secret Alison was trying to get out?

Meade shakes her head.

MEADE

No. We think that Alison found their weakness.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A BLACK & WHITE SURVEILLANCE PHOTO

OF LUKE and ALISON together...

TOMASINO (O.S.)

They watch us, we watch them.

ANOTHER PHOTO - LUKE with other high-ranking Blues coming in and out of Blue HQ.

MEADE (O.S.)

Alison's secret was about this.

BLOWN UP PHOTO OF - an INSIGNIA on the shoulder of Luke's uniform: a SYMBOL that looks like a flower.

MEADE (O.S.) (cont'd)

We call it the "Teal Rose."

REVEAL

Taylor and the others studying the photos pinned to the wall in another section of the Restoration Department.

MEADE (cont'd)

It has to do with their Air Force Command and Control. A Blue wearing that insignia always shows up before the Blue Air Force arrives.

TOMASINO

We don't know where the fleet comes from -- they might not even be on our planet. But we know that without them, the Blues couldn't hold us off for long. We outnumber them one hundred to one.

(MORE)

TOMASINO (cont'd)
We could overwhelm their command posts, establish control, try to contact other cities... if only we could keep them from calling in those warships.

MEADE
That's why Alison was consorting with Luke: to find a way to sabotage their communications with the air force.

She gives Taylor a moment to take this in and understand the importance. He gets it.

TAYLOR
And I got dragged in as part of your effort to retrieve that secret.

MEADE
(nods)
She was scheduled to meet with her contact at Grand Central the morning she died. His body turned up in the East River the next day.

A beat. Taylor thinks.

TAYLOR
Asian guy. Early twenties with a goatee and ponytail.

Tomasino and Meade look at one another. They nod, astounded.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
They met. Just before she died.

MEADE
How do you know?

TAYLOR
Because I saw it. The Blues have a Holographic record of what happened that morning. I'm the only human who's ever seen it.

(beat)
Alison spoke to him. I need to get another look at that hologram to find out what she said.

MEADE

You try to access anything about Alison's case at this point and they'll suspect you instantly.

TAYLOR

There's no other way.

MEADE

You're out of your mind. You'd never get away with it.

TOMASINO

He might...

They both look at him.

TOMASINO (cont'd)

If the Blues have absolute faith in him; if they believe he's one hundred per cent on their side.

MEADE

(nervous)

What are you suggesting?

TOMASINO

That Detective Evans should succeed in his new post as Chief of Counter-Insurgency. That he should succeed spectacularly...

Mead looks at Tomasino. Her voice cracks with emotion.

MEADE

No.

TOMASINO

(gently)

They know who I am, Meade--

MEADE

NO.

Tomasino turns to Taylor.

TOMASINO

Excuse us for a moment, please.

He leads her into a supervisor's office and shuts the door.

TAYLOR watches the interaction through the glass...

We can't hear what they are saying to one another but it is clearly an urgent and emotional conversation.

Tomasino listens patiently to Meade. He puts a hand on her shoulder.

Meade turns and storms out of the room.

TOMASINO,

Steps outside and walks over to Taylor.

TAYLOR
Is she all right?

TOMASINO
(sighs)
Knowing a thing is necessary isn't
the same as accepting it.

Tomasino casts a look back of profound sadness. Taylor watches him for a moment.

CUT TO:

INT. MID-TOWN POLICE STATION - MORNING

Early morning, the station is almost deserted. A lone figure sits at his desk, his bathed in the blue light from his computer screen...

TAYLOR,

Is logged onto GOOGLE-BLUE (looks like the internet except in place of familiar symbols we see the Blue logo).

ONSCREEN is a police file on VICTOR TOMASINO. He scans through the data... "PhD in History, Columbia University... divorced... daughter served in U.S. Army 101st airborne. Presumed killed in the War of Liberation."

Taylor stares at the screen. 101st airborne. Can't be a coincidence--

MATTHEW (O.S.)
Taylor.

Taylor looks up, startled.

MATTHEW (cont'd)
I had a message that you needed to
see me right away?

A beat. Taylor glances at a photo onscreen of a young Tomasino with his wife and baby girl. He closes the window.

TAYLOR
Yes... it's about the Resistance.

CUT TO:

EXT. FORT TYRON - DAY

We're in a Blue POLICE CRUISER. Moving fast. Branches and leaves fly past the windshield.

MATTHEW is at the wheel. Taylor rides shotgun.

REVEAL more CRUISERS alongside and behind. From every direction. They converge on...

THE CLOISTERS

The vehicles silently scream to a halt surrounding the building. Heavily armed Blue TROOPS get out and take up positions at the tree line...

IN THE SKY

A DIRIGIBLE floats into frame above. A hatch on the undercarriage of the dirigible opens up and golf ball-sized OBJECT drops out. WE FOLLOW it down in free-fall until...

CRASH! It punches a neat hole in a stained glass window. But it never hits the floor because as soon as the object is inside it breaks apart into...

A SWARM OF TINY SURVEILLANCE "BEEs."

BEE-CAM POV -

As they race through the main atrium, under a large set of closed doors and into the hallway...

TAYLOR (V.O.)
Check the Tapestry room...

PULL OUT TO:

EXT. CLOISTERS - DAY

Taylor stands beside Matthew watch the BEE-CAM monitors at the police van.

TAYLOR
That's where I met Tomasino.

Off a nod from Matthew, the BEES accelerate toward their goal.

INT. CLOISTERS - DAY

The bees whip into the Tapestry room: it's empty.

ANGLE ON a TINY MOTION SENSOR

high up in a corner. The bees trip the sensor and it start blinking rapidly--

INT. RESTORATION DEPARTMENT/ANALYSIS HQ - DAY

An alarm sounds.

TOMASINO goes to console and shuts it off. He turns to the room.

TOMASINO
Time's up.

A Resistance MEMBER opens an escape hatch in the floor. It leads to a tunnel. One-by-one the dozen or so Resistance members in the room scramble through it until only...

Caldicott and two loyal FOLLOWERS are left. Caldicott closes the hatch. Looks up at Tomasino.

CALDICOTT
We're staying with you.

Tomasino looks back at him. Then the others. A beat.

Tomasino nods, accepting and understanding their decision.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOISTERS - DAY

Taylor and Matthew watch the BEE-CAMs relentlessly scour the building.

Matthew glances at Taylor sidelong as the search goes on without finding anything.

ON THE MONITORS the BEES fly down the stairs. Underneath a locked door. Finally they enter the Restoration area and find...

TOMASINO. Clear as day.

Matthew glances at Taylor, pleased and relieved. Then turns to give the order.

MATTHEW
Target is in the basement. Move in.

INT. CLOISTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Blue POLICE charge down the hallway in full body armor.

BOOM! BOOM! They blow the steel door to the Restoration area and charge in through the smoke...

INTERCUT TAYLOR and MATTHEW,

Watching the action unfold on the monitors.

THE BLUES barge in.

Tomasino's men pick up guns and stand back-to-back around their leader.

BLUE CAPTAIN
Drop your weapons!

More Blues pour in, encircling Tomasino and the others. Hopelessly outnumbered.

BLUE CAPTAIN (cont'd)
I said drop your weapons!

Tomasino has barely moved except to reach into a desk drawer and remove something.

He allows himself a little smile as he gazes around at the packed room.

TOMASINO
Is everybody here?

He looks directly into the lens for a moment, as if he's staring right at Matthew and Taylor. Tomasino squeezes the thing in his hand and then...

KA-BOOM! The room explodes.

OUTSIDE THE CLOISTERS

The explosion shakes the ground and the monitors go to fuzz.

ON MATTHEW,

Instead of being unhappy about the fifteen Blues he just lost, he breaks into a wide smile. This is victory.

ON TAYLOR,

As he watches the smoke and flames start to rise from the Cloisters. There's no look of victory on his face.

CUT TO:

INT. MID-TOWN POLICE STATION - DAY

Human cops are gathered around a TV watching:

NEWS VIDEO shows the smoking ruins that once were the Cloisters. The on-screen caption reads:

"RESISTANCE LEADER KILLED"

The cops talk somberly among themselves. Suddenly all conversation stops as...

Taylor enters the room.

Heads turn. Nobody makes eye contact with him. Nobody speaks to him. He's crossed a line into pariah status now. The ultimate collaborator.

INT. MATTHEW'S OFFICE - LATER

Taylor sits across from Matthew.

MATTHEW

You're not very popular among your human colleagues today, are you?

Taylor looks at him. Doesn't need to respond.

MATTHEW (cont'd)

You weren't so popular among my colleagues yesterday.

He pushes a set of PHOTOS across the desk. Taylor looks at them: surveillance shots of him entering the Cloisters with Meade.

TAYLOR

You had me under surveillance?

MATTHEW

Some of the others thought I'd been mistaken about you...

(beat)

I'm glad you proved them wrong.

Matthew extends his hand. A beat. Taylor takes it.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - NIGHT

The streets are empty. On the OUTDOOR MONITORS and DIRIGIBLES Brian Williams reads his script.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)

...the death of Victor Tomasino and three others today effectively eliminated the top leadership of the insurgency...

EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - NIGHT

Equally deserted.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)

...authorities say it wouldn't have been possible without the superb work of human police officers.

EXT. UPPER MANHATTAN - NIGHT

PAN DOWN from a still photo of TAYLOR on a MONITOR to...

Taylor himself, walking into his building.

INT. TAYLOR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Taylor enters. Drops a box of pastries on the table.

Laurence doesn't move. Instead he picks up the remote and turns off the TV.

LAURENCE
I'm not hungry.

TAYLOR
That's a first.

A beat.

LAURENCE
You know Mrs. Fernandez from the sixth floor? I seen her in the hall today. She says to me, "Your son is a Benedict-fucking-Arnold." You believe the mouth on that old lady?

TAYLOR
What'd you say?

LAURENCE
I told her to mind her own goddamn business. That you knew what you're doing.

Taylor smiles.

LAURENCE (cont'd)
(hesitates)
You do, don't you?

Taylor returns his look. Holds out the box of Danish as a peace offering.

A beat. Laurence reaches out and takes one.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - DAY

Heightened security. More cops patrolling the perimeter of the building.

Taylor pulls up in his police cruiser. Human and Blue cops alike recognize him as Matthew's right hand man. They wave him through to a parking spot in front.

Taylor cuts the ignition. Takes a beat before getting out of the car.

INT. EMPIRE STATE, LOBBY - DAY

Taylor breezes past the Blue guards at the door. They nod to him respectfully.

BLUE GUARD
Captain Evans.

Taylor walks straight toward the elevators and waves his BRACELET over the SECURITY PAD.

Bing-bing-bing. The three tone chime sounds and the door opens.

INT. 3RD FLOOR, EMPIRE STATE - MOMENTS LATER

The elevator doors open and Taylor gets out. Walks down the hall to the hologram center.

INSIDE THE HOLOGRAM ROOM

The space is empty. Taylor walks up to the globe-like PROJECTOR and inspects it. The surface is not in fact round, but multi-faceted. Almost wire mesh with some sort of internal electronic structure...

GABRIEL (O.S.)
It's delicate. Please don't touch it.

Taylor spins and finds himself face to face with the looming Blue technician.

TAYLOR
Gabriel.

GABRIEL
Captain Evans.

Gabriel is not particularly happy to see him, but like everybody else he is aware of Taylor's rise in stature.

TAYLOR

I'm following up on a lead from the Cloisters operation. We suspect there was a Resistance member at the scene of the Grand Central murder.

Taylor walks to the center of the room.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

I need you to bring up that hologram so I can take a look at the witnesses.

Gabriel stares at him flatly. Taylor stares back. A long beat.

Gabriel turns wordlessly and goes into the Control Room.

Taylor waits anxiously for several moments. Finally... Woooosh! Grand Central appears. The events unfold again: Alison stumbles off the escalator breathing blood.

Again the Asian GUY and the BUSINESSMAN catch her. The crowd gathers, Taylor among them. He leans in close as Alison's lips move, whispering in the Asian Guy's ear...

TAYLOR (cont'd)

Stop it there. Can you give me sound with playback?

INSIDE THE CONTROL ROOM

Gabriel frowns. He flips some switches to bring up the audio and watches through the glass as the scene reverses. It resumes with sound.

Gabriel crosses the booth and picks up a phone...

MAIN HOLOGRAM ROOM/GRAND CENTRAL

Taylor stands amidst the bustling concourse...

A BYSTANDER SCREAMS as Alison appears at the top of the escalator.

Taylor steps right through the Asian Guy as his hologram catches Alison, placing his ear right where the other man's was to catch her last words...

ALISON
(faint)
...they're... not... there...

And that's it. Her lips stop moving. Her eyes glaze over. It's the only clue she's left behind.

INT. BLUE HQ, COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

PETER (Council Chief) stands in front of a floor-to-ceiling MONITOR.

The VIDEO playing onscreen looks like a Victoria Secret Ad directed by Fellini. Beautiful human models gorge themselves lasciviously on a cornucopia of sweets, junk food and liquor set to a groovy "Zero Seven" soundtrack. In the video, Peter walks on stage, addressing the camera like an infomercial host:

PETER (V.O.)
...one of the prime hazards of long term occupation is the potential to become excessively enamoured of the indigenous culture. The food, the music and the inhabitants of earth have a certain primitive appeal.

The real Peter watches himself on the video approvingly while the other Blues munch on donuts and pastries laid out on the big conference table.

An ASSISTANT enters and slips MATTHEW a note.

PETER (V.O.) (cont'd)
Enjoy the fruits of victory, but do not let yourself be seduced by them as Luke was. Never forget why we are here...

Matthew stands and quietly follows the ASSISTANT out of the conference room and into...

THE ANTECHAMBER

Where a Blue OFFICER is waiting, holding out a phone for him.

INT. HOLOGRAM ROOM, CONTROL BOOTH - DAY

Gabriel holds the phone to his ear, waiting for Matthew to pick up. Any second now...

There's motion behind Gabriel-- he turns and finds Taylor. He's holding something in his hand.

INTERCUT

MATTHEW picks up the phone.

MATTHEW
This is Matthew.

ON TAYLOR-- as he hears Matthew's voice over the line.

For a brief second, Gabriel's eyes flick to Matthew's hand-- he's holding a THICK 220V POWER CABLE ripped from the back of one of the machines!

In a flash, Taylor jams wires into Gabriel's chest. Sparks burst from the contact point. Gabriel flies back into the console, his body spasming.

Every screen in the room flickers, then shorts out.

ON MATTHEW, holding the phone. The line is dead.

MATTHEW (cont'd)
Hello? ...Hello?

ON TAYLOR

As he watches Gabriel slide to the floor, twitch a few more times, then lie still. He drops the cable and turns to leave. Then stops.

He turns slowly back to look at Gabriel--

There on the shoulder of Gabriel's uniform is the INSIGNIA... the TEAL ROSE.

Taylor looks around. His eyes fall on the racks of GLASS DISCS. The shelves are labelled with Blue symbols. He moves a step closer...

There is the symbol again. Repeated over and over again. At least one hundred of the little discs are labelled with that same Teal Rose.

Taylor snatches one of the Teal Rose discs and pockets it. Now he takes off.

INT. ANTEROOM TO COUNCIL CHAMBER - DAY

Matthew turns to the Blue OFFICER.

MATTHEW
Where did that call originate?

BLUE OFFICER
The third floor, sir.

ON MATTHEW'S FACE -- a growing suspicion.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

TRACK WITH TAYLOR walking down the hall. Trying not to break into a run. He nods to the Blues he passes.

He rounds a corner and comes to the elevators. Hits the button. Waits... Finally one arrives. Taylor gets on. Just as the doors are closing...

DING. The elevator next to it arrives. The doors open and MATTHEW steps out. He misses seeing Taylor by the mere turn of a head.

Instead Matthew turns the other way and walks down the hall toward the Hologram Room.

INSIDE THE ELEVATOR

Taylor rocks nervously on the balls of his feet as he watches the numbers descend through the floors...

INSIDE THE HOLOGRAM ROOM

Matthew enters, trailed by two OFFICERS. He marches to the Control Booth and stops short as he sees Gabriel on the ground.

CUT TO:

INT. ELEVATOR - DAY

Taylor's elevator finally arrives at the ground floor. The doors open...

INT. HOLOGRAM ROOM, CONTROL BOOTH - DAY

Matthew takes in the scene: spots the power cord. He steps over Gabriel and turns the console on.

The main monitor comes to life, showing the last HOLOGRAM played: GRAND CENTRAL STATION.

ON MATTHEW -- his face hardens.

BLUE OFFICER
Sir...

The officer points at the empty spot on the rack of Teal Rose Holodiscs where one is missing.

Matthew lets out a low, guttural sound of deep fury and betrayal.

CUT TO:

EXT. EMPIRE STATE - DAY

Taylor steps outside and walks straight past the Blue guards and into the heart of the crowd on Fifth Avenue. He keeps his head down, trying not to draw attention to himself as he pushes into the cluster of humanity. Every step he takes is one more step toward freedom.

He pulls out his cell phone as he walks...

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Matthew sweeps out of the Hologram room followed by the two officers. As they reach the bank of elevators, Matthew turns his head toward the large picture window looking out over FIFTH AVENUE. As if by a sixth sense, he moves to the window and looks out...

MATTHEW'S POV - a familiar figure moving away from the Empire State Building among the crowd...

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - DAY

TAYLOR speaks into his phone.

TAYLOR
I'm out...

Suddenly--

SMASH! The sound of shattering of glass causes Taylor to wheel around. He looks back and sees--

THREE BLUE FIGURES leap from the third floor window of the Empire State!

The largest one (in an Armani suit) hits the ground... then stands slowly, unhurt. Taylor locks eyes for the briefest moment with Matthew. Sees venom in them.

Taylor runs.

Matthew and the two Blues come after him.

CLOSE ON TAYLOR

As he moves. No looking back. A flat-out sprint. Arms pumping, chest pounding, a pure, adrenaline-fueled panic.

And with cause. Matthew and the Blues knock pedestrians aside with brutal disregard. Human bones snap like twigs. Heads crack against pavement. The Blues literally run right over anybody in their way. They are relentless.

LONG LENS ON TAYLOR

As he darts through traffic in an effort to shake them. Car horns scream and tires squeal. Behind him we see the Blues closing the distance.

FROM ABOVE

Matthew opens a V-shaped gash in the crowd as humans struggle to get out of the way. Some make it, some don't.

Running of the bulls in downtown Manhattan.

INT. NORDSTROM'S DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Taylor charges through the revolving door. Stops just long enough to knock a trash can into the door to jam it. Keeps running.

A beat.

CRASH! Matthew ignores the jammed door and plows through the glass. He and the other two Blues don't lose a step.

ON TAYLOR

Madly ripping housewares off a bottom shelf and diving through the aisle to double back a different way.

Moments later the Blues run down the aisle. Spot the items on the floor.

MATTHEW leaps, cat-like up onto top of the rack. His head swivels until he spots--

TAYLOR, running out an exit.

EXT. LOADING AREA - DAY

Taylor races through the store room and out into the alley. A group of TEAMSTERS are off-loading crates. They watch Taylor rocket past and turn to see--

The BLUES in pursuit.

A TEAMSTER releases his hold on the heavy crate he's wheeling -- it rolls into the path of the onrushing Blues.

A BLUE OFFICER smashes face first into it. It would knock a human unconscious but it just stuns the Blue. Matthew and the other one hurtle their comrade and continue on.

EXT. 30TH AND BROADWAY, BUILDING SITE - DAY

An office tower is being converted into residential units.

Taylor is gasping for breath as he scales a plywood construction-site fence and falls to the others side.

He spots a FREIGHT ELEVATOR and dashes onto the platform. Hits the button and begins to ascend.

TAYLOR,

Breathes hard as the elevator climbs into space among the girders. It's the first moment he's had to catch his breath. He looks down-- no sign of his pursuers.

He leans against a metal support and closes his eyes for a moment, willing his lungs to function normally again...

IN THE BACKGROUND WE SEE

A PAIR OF BLUE SHAPES moving upwards, tracking his progress.

TAYLOR senses them, even out of his sight line. He turns..

RACK FOCUS TO MATTHEW and ONE OF THE BLUES climbing girders at a rate slightly faster than the FREIGHT ELEVATOR.

We've never seen the Blues move like this. No matter how humanoid their form, we are reminded of how very alien in fact they are...

Taylor is trapped. Unable to urge the elevator to move any faster. The unloading platform is on the fifth floor, coming up soon... The seconds tick away...

Matthew gets there first. He swings himself up off the girder, onto the floor and starts moving toward the elevator... fast.

Taylor gets a glimpse of Matthew coming toward him with unconcealed fury.

Running out of time, Taylor looks around. He backs up as far as he can for a running start, then... leaps off the open freight elevator.

He catches onto the edge of the fourth floor, below the one where Matthew and the other Blue are. He pulls himself up.

This floor is under demolition. Twenty yards away is a yellow garbage shoot where plaster and concrete are sent to a waiting dumpster four floors below.

Taylor doesn't hesitate. He runs straight to it and dives in.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Taylor is shot out the bottom of the tube. He's up and out of the dumpster in a flash.

Takes off running. A human SECURITY GUARD spots him.

SECURITY GUARD
Hey you! Stop!

Matthew and his Blues run into frame. The human security guard helps them out--

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)
That way!

EXT. BROADWAY - DAY

Taylor sprints through the lanes of traffic, zig zagging through cars and buses, testing fate.

ON TAYLOR'S FACE

Sucking wind, running as hard as he can. Several seconds pass. He doesn't let up. Just when it seems he may have out run them--

ONE OF MATTHEW'S BLUES APPEARS RIGHT BEHIND HIM!

His hand is reaching out for Taylor, closing in... Taylor makes a desperate dash across the median directly into oncoming traffic.

The Blue follows, close on his heels--

HOOOOONK! A SEMI-TRAILER BEARS DOWN!

Taylor hits the ground. The Blue doesn't.

SPLAT! Brakes squeal as the Blue connects with the grill of the truck.

UNDERNEATH the TRUCK

Taylor hugs the asphalt.

A MOMENT LATER... daylight. Taylor is on his feet, facing onrushing traffic again. He scrambles out of the way.

Matthew and the remaining Blue OFFICER are on either side of the street. Taylor looks around desperately. No where to go.

A TAXI SCREECHES TO A HALT

MEADE (O.S.)
GET IN!

Taylor sees her at the wheel. Doesn't need to be told twice.

INSIDE THE TAXI

Meade floors it before Taylor is fully inside.

TAYLOR looks out the window. Matthew and the Blue officer are stunned. It happens so fast, they have no time to react...

Taylor's heart pounds as he stares out the rear window at them receding into the distance.

FADE OUT

EXT. LITTLE ODESSA - LATER

Establishing shot of a rundown dance hall with Cyrillic writing over the door.

INT. DANCE HALL - AFTERNOON

Old couples shuffle around the floor to a melancholy Russian melody. This enclave of immigrant culture remains largely untouched by the planet's reversals. No Blues here. Not even a TV.

CAMERA DISCOVERS TAYLOR sitting alone, nursing a drink. Meade appears after checking out the premises.

MEADE

Nobody's here. We should move to the next rendezvous location.

TAYLOR

Sit down.

She does.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

I'm sorry. About your father.

She looks at him sharply-- surprised that he knows. Then her face hardens.

MEADE

It was his choice.

A waiter comes by.

TAYLOR

(to Meade)

Vodka?

She nods. The waiter disappears.

MEADE

What happened. Did you hear Alison's message?

TAYLOR
Yes. But all she said was:
"They're not there."

MEADE
That's it?

TAYLOR
That's it.

It's a punch in the gut for Meade.

MEADE
(angry)
You're telling me that my father
gave up his life-- let himself be
shot down like a dog for... for
nothing?

Her anger catches the attention of an elderly couple at a
nearby table. Taylor waits for her to calm down and for the
others to look away.

TAYLOR
I found something else.

He takes out the HOLODISC.

MEADE
What is it?

TAYLOR
I don't know. But look...

He flips it over and shows her the TEAL ROSE SYMBOL. She
starts to inspect it.

The waiter arrives. Taylor pushes the HOLODISC back into his
jacket pocket.

He takes his drink and downs it one. Winces.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
God knows where they make that
stuff.

The waiter still hovers uncomfortably close. Taylor stands.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
(without romance)
We should dance.

They come together. A little stiff at first. But Taylor is surprisingly graceful. She relaxes a bit and they begin slow dancing... they can speak softly into one another's ear without being overheard.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

For what it's worth, he stood up
and looked them in the eye.

Meade seems lost. She lets Taylor move her around the dance floor among the old couples, dreaming of better times. An old-fashioned disco ball throws pins of light onto the walls like stars.

MEADE

It's funny... it was the Blues who brought us together. My father and I never got along. The esteemed professor whose daughter ran off and joined the army.

(shakes her head)

I thought I was getting as far away from him as possible... then the invasion came and next thing we knew, we were fighting together.

TAYLOR

It brought you close.

MEADE

I don't know... it gave us the illusion of closeness at least. Sometimes it's hard to tell the difference.

They're quiet for a moment. Then...

TAYLOR

Matthew said the same thing...

Taylor stops dancing. An idea takes hold as his eyes are drawn to the mirrored ball suspended above the dance floor.

His eyes trace the beam of light shining on the mirror ball back to a spot projector mounted on the wall across the room.

He pulls out the Holodisc from his pocket, oblivious of any other patrons watching.

MEADE

Taylor--

TAYLOR

What if you've been wrong about the
Teal Rose? What if it's not a
symbol for communication codes?

MEADE

What are you talking about?

Taylor runs his fingers over the edge of the disc, probing
the edges, rotating it...

Suddenly he twists the disc-- and the seemingly solid object
UNFOLDS to an other-worldly TRANSLUCENT MULTI-FACETED
GEOMETRIC CONSTRUCTION.

Other people have stopped dancing. The old Russians stare in
confusion at them.

TAYLOR

These discs don't carry the codes
for their Air Force...

Taylor strides across the room to the SPOT PROJECT that
illuminates the mirrored ball. He places the holodisc in
front of the lens so the beam of light shoots through it...

The rotating lights disappear...

And an enormous, seemingly three-dimensional OBJECT seems to
materialize in the decrepit dance hall:

A BLUE WARSHIP

"hovers" in the room, the image flickering and weak, but
remarkably real.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
They are their Air Force.

The old Russians stop in their tracks. A 90-year old in a
beret cautiously moves forward, reaching out-- his hand
passes through the illusion.

TAYLOR (cont'd)
"They're not there..." Alison was
talking about the Blue war ships...

Meade steps forward and looks more closely at the hologram.

MEADE

(rapt)

During the war we fought their invasion force to a standstill. Both sides were nearly wiped out. Then all these ships arrived... their second fleet. We surrendered to...

She puts her hand through the hologram, stunned.

MEADE (cont'd)

...an illusion.

Around them, everybody starts murmuring in Russian. Taylor is brought back to reality. He's in a roomful of strangers holding the most explosive secret on the planet.

He removes the disc from the beam, ending the show.

TAYLOR

We should go.

Meade nods, her eyes go from the disc in his hand to the spot projector.

MEADE

They must have one hell of a projector somewhere...

TAYLOR

Yeah... and I've got a feeling it's in plain sight. We just never knew what it was.

Off her reaction WE CUT TO:

EXT NEW YORK - SUNSET

CAMERA circles down over the skyline toward...

THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING. AS WE PUSH IN ON THE ANTENNA TOWER TO REVEAL...

A metallic GLOBE glowing faintly green with a million points of laser light scattered on the surface. Exactly like the PROJECTOR in the HOLOGRAM room except this one is five-feet in diameter.

A DIRIGIBLE

Enters frame, obliterating our view. On the LIQUID DISPLAY MONITOR on the surface WE SEE...

TAYLOR'S IMAGE

On the bottom of the screen:

"HAVE YOU SEEN THIS MAN?"

PAN DOWN TO A CITY under lockdown.

Blue police are out in force. Roadblocks, searches... a very public manhunt.

CUT TO:

INT. MID-TOWN POLICE STATION - SUNSET

The doors burst open and squad of huge Blue troopers march in. The humans drop what they are doing as the Blues clear a path for...

MATTHEW. He sweeps in without looking right or left. Angry. He goes to the front of the room and turns to address the human cops -- talking to them more like prisoners than partners now.

MATTHEW

Attention. Effective immediately, all joint Blue-human police patrols and investigations are suspended. As of tonight, Blue police will begin enforcing a city-wide curfew. The curfew will apply to all humans -- police included.

ON THE STUNNED FACES of Trumball, Lewis, and the other cops as Matthew walks past them toward the exit.

The era of "friendship" and "cooperation" has come to an end.

EXT. NEW YORK - EVENING

On the streets, there is a simmering anger. A group of teenagers lower their heads as a Blue police cruiser drives by slowly...

As the car goes down the block, a BOTTLE is thrown. It smashes on the trunk. The kids scatter.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - EVENING

An impromptu gathering of NYU students and citizens is swelling into a protest. Somebody hoists a banner that reads: "REMEMBER BATTERY PARK!"

A line of BLUE RIOT POLICE use water canons to disperse the crowd. Screaming students run in various directions...

A NEWS DIRIGIBLE floats closer to simultaneously cover the scene and deliver propaganda.

An announcement on the NEWSFEED reads: **"ATTENTION-- CURFEW STARTS AT 8:00 PM. THANK YOU FOR YOUR COOPERATION."**

EXT. CHELSEA - EVENING

Blue POLICE roughly arrest a group of teens spraying anti-Blue graffiti on a wall.

EXT. NEW YORK, VARIOUS - EVENING

Blue police patrols fan out to maintain the clampdown.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - EVENING

Establishing shot of the former headquarters of NBC NEWS. The Peacock LOGO has been replaced with the Blue logo of the spaceship and the moon.

INT. TV STUDIO - EVENING

Brian Williams walks down the hallway to a bank of elevators. The elevator rings and he gets on.

INT. ELEVATOR - EVENING

Brian Williams gets on. Nods hello to the others.

CLOSE ON WILLIAMS as the elevator descends. It stops on a floor and several people get off. Now only a man and a woman are left in the elevator with him.

The WOMAN presses the emergency stop button. Williams turns. REVEAL MEADE and TAYLOR standing behind him.

BRIAN WILLIAMS
What's going on here?

Taylor hands him a brown envelope, about the size of a CD.

TAYLOR
This is for you Mr. Williams.

He looks from one to the other.

BRIAN WILLIAMS
Who are you?

TAYLOR
We're friends of Victor Tomasino.

MEADE
It's time to tell the people the truth. Good luck.

She releases the button and the elevator moves again. He looks down at the package in this hand.

BRIAN WILLIAMS
I've waited a long time for this.

The elevator arrives at the bottom floor. Just before the doors open--

BRIAN WILLIAMS (cont'd)
(quietly)
Thank you.

Taylor nods to him. He and Meade step off and disappear.

CUT TO:

INT. THE GLASS NOODLE BAR - NIGHT

The regular crowd of COPS and CITY WORKERS is here, drinking a little harder than usual.

At one of the tables, Trumball, Lewis, Dougherty and several other cops from Mid-Town station look up as...

TAYLOR enters the room. Walks up to the bar and turns to face them all. Meade hangs back, watching.

The crowd falls silent.

TAYLOR

You all know who I am. I'm NYPD, like most of you. Sixteen years on the force. Five of those working for "them."

(beat)

I thought I knew what I was doing. I thought my job was to enforce the laws. I thought it was to protect my neighborhood. But you know something? I was wrong.

LAURENCE slips into the back of the room.

TAYLOR (cont'd)

You can't just protect "your neighborhood," 'cause there's no such thing. It's all our neighborhood. This entire city. My job-- our job-- was to protect it. All of it. From them.

(beat)

Instead I let them lie to me. I forgot what I was supposed to do. I forgot who I was. Who we are.

(beat)

We're New York City cops. And it's time to take our city back.

The room erupts into cross-talk as the crowd reacts.

Taylor and Laurence lock eyes across the room. Laurence nods to him ever so slightly. He's got one vote of confidence.

Trumball stands to speak.

TRUMBALL

A lot of people have tried to go up against the Blues before, Taylor. They all failed.

TAYLOR

This time is different. I know something they didn't.

TRUMBALL
What's that?

He takes out the HOLODISC and a laser pointer.

TAYLOR
Somebody kill the lights.

CUT TO:

EXT. NEW YORK - NIGHT

A wide shot of the skyline. The glittering lights give no hint of the simmering tensions in the city below.

The CAMERA descends slowly toward...

EXT. TOP OF CHRYSLER BUILDING - NIGHT

PUSH IN on the famous and brightly lit arch of the building. As we move closer REVEAL a FIGURE crawling down from the top...

MEADE

Expertly scrambles down from the spire, unspooling wire as she goes.

TAYLOR,

Is on a flat portion of the roof, looking through a pair of binoculars at...

THE TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING.

Meade arrives beside him.

MEADE
You're sure it's there?

Taylor just sets down the binoculars and picks up a walkie-talkie.

CUT TO:

EXT. AROUND THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - NIGHT

A motley array of city vehicles arrives in the alleys and streets surrounding Blue HQ: garbage trucks, street sweepers... a snow plow.

NYPD cop cars with their lights off take up positions as well. PUSH IN on ONE OF THE COP CARS..

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

Trumball is at the wheel. LAURENCE is in the passenger seat, dressed in his old NYPD Blues. He's looks more alive than we've ever seen him.

The radio crackles to life...

TAYLOR (V.O.)
This is Taylor. Everybody in position?

TRUMBALL
(picks up the handset)
Just waiting on your signal.

EXT. TOP OF CHRYSLER BUILDING - NIGHT

Taylor responds into his walkie-talkie.

TAYLOR
You won't be able to miss it.

He turns to Meade and nods. She depresses the detonator.

They both take cover...

PULL BACK TO:

A WIDE SHOT OF THE NEW YORK SKYLINE

KA-BOOM! The top of the Chrysler building explodes in spectacular flash of color and light!

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - NIGHT

Cops and city workers peer out of their vehicles and gaze skyward at the sound of the explosion.

INT. BLUE HQ, POLICE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A wall of monitors shows images beamed back from dirigible-cameras around the city. Blue officers scramble to bring up views of the explosion atop the Chrysler Building.

Matthew strides across the room.

MATTHEW
Get me a closer view of the
Chrysler building-- I want to see
what caused that explosion.

A JUNIOR OFFICER nods--

JUNIOR OFFICER
Yes sir.

--and begins steering one of the remote-controlled dirigibles closer.

EXT. TOP OF CHRYSLER BUILDING - NIGHT

Taylor and Meade crawl out from beneath a rooftop shed as bits of shattered glass continue to rain down.

Meade peers over the ledge across the skyline and sees:

A DIRIGIBLE turns and starts to approach.

TAYLOR
They're nothing if not consistent.

Taylor unzips the equipment bag and begins assembling what looks like a harpoon with a grappling hook.

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - NIGHT

INSIDE TRUMBALL'S POLICE CAR

He turns to Laurence.

TRUMBALL
All set?

Laurence reaches behind and takes the SHOT GUN off the rack in response.

Trumball flicks on the roll bars and siren...

WIDE SHOT

The CITY TRUCKS parked discreetly on the surrounding streets and alleys flare to life.

ON THE DRIVERS -- all hard-nosed patrons of Taylor's bar. Determined. Ready to take back what belongs to them.

VRRROOM! From every side the vehicles rocket out of the shadows, converging on the Empire State Building.

INT. BLUE HQ, POLICE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

A JUNIOR BLUE OFFICER is staring at the image beamed back from the DIRIGIBLE approaching the smoking top of the Chrysler Building.

He detects a slight movement and starts zooming in--

EXT. EMPIRE STATE BUILDING - NIGHT

A GARBAGE TRUCK races down the sidewalk, up the stairs and CRASHES through the front entrance!

SMASH! It explodes through the glass and into the lobby!

The other vehicles make equally dramatic entrances -- a snowplow crushes two Blue Guards as they try to fire at it.

Police cruisers follow through the holes punched in the Blue defenses, the cops firing as they charge!

INT. BLUE HQ, POLICE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

An ALARM begins to blare. The closed circuit monitors light up with the action on the ground floor.

Everyone's attention is diverted -- including the JUNIOR OFFICER operating the dirigible over the Chrysler Building.

EXT. TOP OF CHRYSLER BUILDING - NIGHT

As the dirigible passes overhead Taylor rises up and fires the harpoon--

CLANG! The grappling hook catches onto the undercarriage.

He and Meade snap Carabiners onto the nylon rope and start to climb. They are lifted from the rooftop...

Moments later they are dangling from the dirigible, hundreds of feet above New York.

INT. EMPIRE STATE, LOBBY - NIGHT

The surprise attack turns into a fierce, close-quarters battle.

The human COPS use their cruisers to ram the Blues. Others leap out firing.

ON LAURENCE,

Kneeling behind an open car door, carefully taking aim and blasting away with his shot gun.

INT. BLUE HQ, COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

Smoke, explosions and chaos is all that's visible on the closed circuit monitors of the lobby.

Peter storms into the room.

PETER
We're under attack! Get
reinforcements down there. Now!

Blues rush from the room.

EXT. OVER NEW YORK - NIGHT

Taylor and Meade are in the undercarriage of the dirigible.

Meade rips open the MANUAL CONTROL OVERRIDE and starts piloting them toward the Empire State Building.

PAN UP TO:

THE VIDEO MONITOR ON THE SIDE OF THE DIRIGIBLE

Brian Williams appears on the NEWSFEED.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
Good evening New York. I'm Brian Williams and we've just received word that terrorists have attacked Blue headquarters...

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

Brian Williams is on the soundstage facing the cameras and tele-prompters. He's gripping something in his hand...

MEADE'S ENVELOPE.

BRIAN WILLIAMS

...our Guests have assured us that everything is under control and that you should remain in your homes...

His eyes flick to one of the A.D.'s -- who quietly bolts the door to the studio from the inside.

Williams looks away from the tele-prompter and shifts his tone dramatically.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (cont'd)
But do not listen to them.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS, HOMES, VARIOUS - EVENING

ON MONITORS and TVs all over the city people stop what they are doing and listen.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
I may not be able to finish what I am about to say so I will start with the conclusion.

ON the JUMBOTRON in TIMES SQUARE...

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.) (cont'd)
The Blues are not our Guests; they are not our friends; and they did not come here in peace.

ON the TV above the bar in the Glass Crutch...

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.) (cont'd)
They are not the first emissaries of a vast and powerful empire.
They are the last of a dying race.

IN PENN STATION echoing across the concourse.

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.) (cont'd)
The Blues have been kidnapping and
torturing humans in unspeakable
experiments in a desperate effort
to save their own species...

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

A team of BLUE POLICE charges down the hall, literally
throwing aside any humans in their way...

EXT. OVER NEW YORK - NIGHT

On the side of the DIRIGIBLE carrying Taylor and Meade...

BRIAN WILLIAMS (V.O.)
We outnumber them one hundred to
one. We can defeat them. Now is
the time. Take to the streets.
Tonight is the night. Their
strength is an illusion. Their Air
Force is--

ZZZAP! The NEWSFEED CUTS OFF.

A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS AROUND NEW YORK

As everywhere, monitors go to white noise... a brief beat... then
the logo appears: "ONE PLANET ONE PEOPLE."

A beat.

NEW YORKERS

Peer out of their windows. They emerge from their homes and
apartments...

Neighbors gather on sidewalks, streets, doorsteps...

They look around, talking amongst themselves. Apprehensive.
Angry. You can feel a communal rage growing.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

A large crowd of humans begins to form.

Hundreds of Blue POLICE arrive in force. They fly out of
their cruisers carrying riot sticks, shields and RIFLES.

The mob picks up bricks and boards. This shaping up to be a Tiananmen Square-style tragedy.

Then...

A SQUADRON of BLUE WARSHIPS streaks across the sky. The humans look up. Some shake their fists, too riled up to be easily intimidated.

As the WARSHIPS pass from sight the humans boldly cheer their departure.

A beat.

Then a shadow falls across the scene and the crowd falls silent...

A MASSIVE SPACE SHIP creeps into frame like a giant oil slick obliterating the STARS. Enormous. Terrifying. Fifty times the size of the other warships we've seen.

The ship blocks out the MOON as it silently fills the sky.

The crowd murmurs in fear.

VARIOUS (V.O.)
...that's a "city-killer..." ...I heard
one of those destroyed Washington...

You can feel the humans begin to lose their nerve.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS, VARIOUS

Around the city people look up at the ship. Their faces are filled with fear.

EXT. OVER NEW YORK - NIGHT

The Dirigible is closing in on the Empire State. Meade looks up...

MEADE
Jesus...

TAYLOR
What?

He follows her gaze and sees it too. The giant warship looming over them.

MEADE
I hope to God we're right.

INT. EMPIRE STATE, LOBBY - NIGHT

The elevator doors open and MORE BLUES pour out. The air is thick with gunfire.

The cops and city grunts are forced to fall back.

INT. BLUE HQ, POLICE COMMAND CENTER - NIGHT

The room is practically emptied out.

Something catches Matthew's eye outside the window. He walks over...

MATTHEW'S POV - the Dirigible approaching at an unnatural speed.

Matthew turns--

MATTHEW
Who is operating that...?

--and sees that the JUNIOR OFFICER has abandoned his post to go to the lobby. Nobody is operating the dirigible.

ON MATTHEW -- he knows.

EXT. TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE - NIGHT

The DIRIGIBLE floats into frame.

TAYLOR and MEADE rappel down through space and drop onto the observation platform on the 102nd floor.

They scramble to their feet and climb a short stairway onto the WALKWAY that encircles the ANTENNA TOWER.

Taylor pauses and looks up.

TAYLOR
That's it.

ANGLE ON THE HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTOR,

It's attached to the TOWER about twenty feet higher up.

MEADE
Give me a lift up.

Taylor hoists Meade onto the antenna. She grabs a hand hold of the scaffolding and begins scaling around and up...

At that moment Taylor sees something move in the shadows...

TAYLOR
Meade!

WHAM! A BLUE HAND shoots out, grabs Meade around the ankle and...

...yanks her off the Antenna! She's slammed into the railing, then bounces off and over the edge!

REVEAL MATTHEW

MATTHEW
Sorry Taylor.

He raises his GUN and aims at Taylor... CRACK!

No time to think-- Taylor dives off the walkway. Tumbles down the Tower and crashes onto the observation deck.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

The BLUE STORM TROOPS facing off with the humans form a firing line.

Some people panic but can't escape -- the ones further from the cops don't realize that men, women and children are about to be mowed down...

CUT TO:

EXT. TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE - NIGHT

MATTHEW,

Looks around the walkway surrounding the antenna for other humans: nobody else up here. Satisfied, he calmly turns and steps off the walkway. Drops down fifteen feet--

and lands upright. Completely unfazed by the fall.

Matthew begins to stalk around the observation deck, headed to the spot where Taylor fell.

MEADE lies motionless on the ground. Matthew steps over her and continues around the corner, gun raised--

Taylor's gone.

Matthew looks around, confused. REVEAL TAYLOR, crouched on the ledge above Matthew. As Matthew turns...

Taylor kicks the gun from his hands. Drops onto him. Swings as hard as he can-- punches Matthew right in the face.

Matthew barely blinks. He hits Taylor and sends him flying.

Taylor struggles to his feet. Matthew approaches.

He hauls Taylor to his feet. Taylor sways, fainting to the side... then HEADBUTTS Matthew in the face.

Matthew reels back. That hurt. He counters in anger with a barrage of punches--

Taylor's knees buckle. Spits blood. Collapses to the ground.

Matthew looks down at him sadly. But Taylor struggles to stand, struggles to resist.

Matthew grabs his wrists, like a father would an angry child.

MATTHEW
You can stop fighting, Taylor.
It's okay.

He forces Taylor back down to the ground. He just can't fight anymore.

MATTHEW (cont'd)
Long after you and I are gone,
there will still be life on this
planet. It won't be human, and it
won't be blue...but it will
survive. And that's all that
matters.

Taylor struggles to breathe. Matthew kneels closer, as if trying to comfort him.

MATTHEW (cont'd)
We don't count. Not you. Not me.
Not that murdered girl who started
this mess.

Taylor is making a rasping noise, trying to speak.

Matthew leans close...

MATTHEW (cont'd)
What did you say?

Taylor rasps again.

Matthew leans even closer, his ear hovering over Taylor's lips to catch his final words.

Finally Taylor stops rasping. A beat.

Then he speaks in a clear voice--

TAYLOR
I said her name was Alison.

Suddenly a HUMMING SOUND grows louder. Matthew freezes, recognizing the noise. Too late--

REVEAL Taylor's hand on Matthew's riot stick!

ZZZZZAPP!!! Taylor jams it into Matthew's mid-section.

Matthew is frozen in place for a moment... his entire body seizes up and he topples over.

Taylor sits up and hits him with another jolt. Matthew convulses violently.

There's a huge SPARK and everything goes silent. Smoke rises from Matthew's chest and he lies still...

Taylor drops the Riot Stick and rushes over to Meade.

ANGLE ON MEADE

As Taylor lifts her head. Her eyes flutter open.

MEADE
(groggy)
I'm all right...

He tries to help her to her feet. She almost collapses. No way she can climb the antenna.

She glances up at the GIANT SHIP in the sky.

MEADE (cont'd)
Take this...

She takes out a small brick of C-4.

MEADE (cont'd)
It's a shaped charge-- the entire
force of the explosion is focused
in one direction. Aim it at the
Projector...

He nods. Starts up the Antenna.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

Blue police fire a volley in the air to disperse the crowd of
humans.

Some stampede. Others are trapped, facing the Blue rifles,
now lowered directly at them.

A few brave souls urge their fellows to charge the Blues and
fight back. But they cannot get critical mass because...

UP ABOVE THAT MASSIVE SHIP hangs there like the sword of
Damocles.

EXT. TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE - NIGHT

Taylor clammers up the ANTENNA. It takes every last ounce of
his strength.

Finally he reaches the PROJECTOR. He's about to attach the
charge to it when...

Matthew grabs his arm.

He was only stunned. Even in his weakened state, Matthew is
formidable match. The two of them struggle 102 floors above
the city.

An animalistic grunt comes from deep inside Matthew's chest
as he redoubles his effort and begins to pry Taylor away from
the tower. He is slowly winning the battle of survival of
the fittest...

Then...

With a last, mighty effort, Taylor wrenches his arm free and SLAMS the C-4 charge onto Matthew's chest. Presses the detonator...

BOOM! The blast explodes through Matthew's body! The concentrated force continues out his back and tears through the ANTENNA TOWER...

Taylor, is blown the other way-- grabs hold of a lower rung and hangs on. Swings for a moment, looking up...

The weight above is too much for the damaged ANTENNA. It teeters for a moment then... CRACK! The upper part starts to fall like a felled tree...

It tears free in a shower of sparks and torn cables. Matthew, the HOLOGRAM PROJECTOR and the top of the Antenna all tumble in slow motion out of the sky...

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK - NIGHT

A young BOY in the crowd looks up...

BOY
Look at the moon!

ON THE GIANT WARSHIP

As it flutters and fades.. two dimensional and transparent with the moon shining through... then it's gone.

The illusion is no more.

ON THE BLUE OFFICERS

Suddenly feeling very naked as they face the remaining humans they have been abusing...

WE HEAR A LOW RUMBLE,

Growing louder and louder. It's coming from every direction.

THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK

Converge as one. The Blues are suddenly up against the whole city. Massively outnumbered.

They begin to fire into the crowd. Humans fall. But they keep coming. Everybody is part of the revolution now.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS, VARIOUS - NIGHT

The same scene is playing out across the city. Mobs of humans overwhelm small teams of Blues trying to maintain control.

It's bloody, messy and chaotic. But the outcome is inevitable.

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

LAURENCE looks up at the moon and smiles, knowing who's responsible.

EXT. TOP OF THE EMPIRE STATE - NIGHT

Taylor staggers down from the tower and finds Meade on the observation deck.

TAYLOR
You all right?

MEADE
I'm from Queens. I'll survive.

He collapses onto the deck beside her.

They exchange battle-weary smiles.

CAMERA PULLS BACK and BACK... until we are looking at a beautiful panorama of New York at night, under a full moon.

A free city once again...

THE END.