

123498

THE DAYS BEFORE

by
Chad St. John

REVISED
07/16/09

EXT. WASHINGTON DC (ABOVE) - NIGHT

WE MOVE over America's Capitol. It most definitely "Tis the Season". CHRISTMAS LIGHTS are everywhere. Tinsel and decorations gleam--monuments are bathed in green and red flood lights.

Sidewalks are crowded with PEDESTRIANS--"Christmas Sale" bags in hand. Smiles abound. Goodwill easy to come by. Unless you're trying to drive in this furball. The streets are crowded. Cars as far as the eye can see--one of them is a piece of shit 1979 Bonneville.

GRAPHIC: DECEMBER 26th, 2011. 6:58 P.M. EST.

And right about now, it has half the cops in DC on its tail.

EXT. STREETS - CONTINUOUS

TRACKING WITH BONNEVILLE: It bounces over a curb--cruises up a sidewalk. Mailboxes. Cafe tables. HORN HONKING and plowing over everything in its way...

EXT. CAFE - NIGHT

An OLD LADY gives the BLOWN BULB on a strand of Christmas lights over the awning the skunk eye.

OLD LADY
Abner! Abner..! Hurry up. It's cold out here.

ABNER, the long-suffering husband comes out--ladder in hand. He squares the SANTA HAT on his head--climbs up.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
That bulb ain't gonna change itself. What's taking so long?
Are you doing it right? I'm going to catch my death waiting on you.
Is that what you want?

ABNER
Dear Santa...

OLD LADY
What? What did you say?
(BEAT)
What is that racket..?

VROOM! The Bonneville roars up the street, right by that cantankerous old hussy, and nails the ladder--an UNGODLY melody of SIRENS in pursuit. In a blink, they're gone.

So is Abner.

OLD LADY
Abner!

INT. BONNEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

THUMP--Abner lands on the hood. He's staring directly into the crazy eyes of the guy behind the wheel--JAMES SMITH.

He's a man who just looks like he's had 2,555 bad days in a row. A JAGGED SCAR runs from his forehead, over an eye, down the cheek, and disappears into his shirt--like something you'd get from trying to french kiss a Wolverine...successfully. A large BACK PACK lays next to him on the seat, next to that, a FUTURISTIC ASSAULT RIFLE.

Riding shotgun is a pretty girl trying really hard to not freak out--RILEY HOLLAND. She has no scars. But, she does have a TINY CAMCORDER.

She records everything.

RILEY
Smith...there's a guy on the
windshield.

Santa hat blowing in the wind, Abner SCREAMS his head off like a freaked out suction cup Garfield.

SMITH
I wish he'd stop doing that.

He does it again.

RILEY
Shouldn't you do something about
this?

Smith flips on the wipers.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Something else...

Pointing the Assault Rifle at Abner's face through the windshield...

SMITH
Do you mind?

Abner climbs onto the roof as Smith glances at his watch:
A TIMER COUNTS DOWN: 01:02:22.

RILEY
Gonna be close, isn't it?

SMITH
Every time.

INT. DC METRO HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

A SPOTTER watches the car chase below--The White House visible in the distance.

SPOTTER
(on radio)
Suspect has turned onto E Street.
He might be headed for the White House...

INT. BONNEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Riley consults a "cartoon" tourist map, as Abner screams.

ABNER (O.C.)
Oh my God!

SMITH
This the right street?

RILEY
Uh...

ABNER (O.C.)
I don't wanna die...!

Smith pounds on the roof.

SMITH
Knock it off!
(to Riley)
Tonight, Riley...

RILEY
It's a fast food tourist map. If you're in the mood for McMuffin-y goodness, we're golden. But it doesn't say back door to the White House "This Way".

A Police Car careens out of a side street just ahead-- Smith sheers the front bumper off with the tank of a Bonneville.

INT. POLICE HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The Spotter calls the circus below.

SPOTTER
(on radio)
On 18th, heading towards Virginia.
(MORE)

SPOTTER (CONT'D)
Looks like he's aiming for
President Park...

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - NIGHT

Secret Service GUARDS swarm the lush grass of President Park--SWAT ready and manning reinforced barricades.

Tourists snap photos--this kind of shit doesn't happen back in Spokane. DC METRO COPS scream at them to go be somewhere else.

INT. BONNEVILLE - NIGHT

Smith rockets towards the road block at President Park--dozens of rifles pointed in his direction.

SMITH
On the floor board. Hang on.

RILEY
You're not gonna...

Smith stomps the gas.

RILEY (CONT'D)
Oh, crap. You're gonna.

The first bullet cracks the windshield. It has friends.

ON ROOF:

Abner goes bug-eyed, staring down 100 gun barrels.

ABNER
Aw, nuts...

He let's go and sails like one of Santa's reindeer into the night.

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - CONTINUOUS

The guns open up on the Bonneville. About now, it's obvious that big assed hunk of Detroit was chosen for this moment. Engine steaming, tires flattened, the Bonneville SLAMS into the police cruisers.

They part like the Red Sea.

INT. BONNEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Smith lays in the seat, to the tune of Riley's screams. Glass showers. Bullets pound Morse Code into the car.

Still going...

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - CONTINUOUS

The weight and momentum of the charging Bonneville, combined with that of the Cruisers, snaps the concrete drive barriers. The shot to shit car lumbers across the perfectly manicured grounds, fishtailing towards the White House two blocks away.

Until, out of nowhere, a black SUV nails it squarely at the rear axle. The Bonneville spins violently on the grass--tireless rims dig in. It flips.

INT. BONNEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Hands drag Smith and Riley out before the car has even stopped moving.

EXT. BONNEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

Tactical Boots step on their necks.

SMITH

The trunk...

GUARD #1

(on radio)

Vehicle halted. Suspects
detained...

SMITH

Look in the trunk.

GUARD #2

I want a perimeter five blocks
out. There might be others.

RILEY

Open the damned trunk, Barney..!

Guards stop cold, eyeing the trunk of the destroyed Bonneville for a BEAT.

GUARD #2

Fall back!

GUARD #1

(on radio)

I need EOD on site. We may have a
bomb...

As he and Riley are dragged away...

SMITH

Just open it! Just look inside...

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Pissed and bleeding, Smith sits in a chair in a painfully bright room. ARMED GUARDS stand post inside the door, as the cold eyes of Marine COLONEL "BO" BODETTE stare into Smith's soul and out the other side.

Bodette sets Smith's futuristic assault rifle on the table--scarred and scratched, this thing has been around. Next to it, Smith's back pack and six mags of ammo.

COLONEL BODETTE

We're gonna play a little game, Son. I'm gonna ask questions. If your answers fill me with an overwhelming compulsion to yell bullshit in an unbelieving fashion, I'm gonna stomp you in places you don't want to be stomped. Are we clear?

SMITH

Tell you anything you wanna know...*after* you look in the trunk.

COLONEL BODETTE

That gun set off radiological sensors all over town. But it ain't the low level Alpha radiation emitted from this weapon that has got me buffaloed. No, it's how you came across such a very classified, depleted uranium round firing, assault weapon prototype. This is the XM-97, Mark One, Mod One. And, there's only one of these in the world.

SMITH

Layin' all over the ground where I come from. And, any minute now, you're gonna experience a whole new level of "Oh Shit". Stop. Wasting. Time.

Bodette shakes a DEVICE twice the size of a BLACKBERRY at Smith--it looks old and is peppered with buttons inscribed with foreign characters.

COLONEL BODETTE

This a detonator?

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - NIGHT

A BOMB ROBOT eases towards the rear of the Bonneville, its arm slowly extending towards the trunk. A block away, a blast proof EOD truck idles.

INT. EOD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Two EOD COPS watch a small Black & White monitor--the robot's camera. One operates a joystick, the other keeps a wary eye on sensors.

EOD COP #1
No particles. No radiation. I
dunno...

EOD COP #2
Blow it or open it?

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Colonel Bodette steps out of the Interrogation Room--a POLICE LIEUTENANT waiting for him. Pale as a ghost, the Police Lt. gives Bodette a folder--he peruses.

COLONEL BODETTE
Ain't possible.

POLICE LT.
Eyes on. Confirmed. Same guy.

COLONEL BODETTE
Twin?

POLICE LT.
With identical finger prints?
That man is James Thomas Smith.
He's been sitting in a DC jail on
auto theft charges for two weeks.
And...

COLONEL BODETTE
And?

POLICE LT.
And, Colonel, the son of bitch is
still there.

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - NIGHT

The Bomb Robot's arm grasps the edge of the warped trunk lid.

INT. EOD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

EOD Cop #1 hesitates, his eyes on the monitors.

EOD COP #2
Instruments say it's safe.

EOD COP #1
Famous last words.

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - CONTINUOUS

Slowly, inch by creeping inch, the Bomb Robot lifts the trunk lid...

INT. OVAL OFFICE, WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

PRESIDENT MALLOY, fifty years of political animal in a suit, sits behind his desk sipping scotch. Dark circles under his eyes. This is a SAD, SAD MAN.

SECRETARY OF DEFENSE KRONAU, a man who has the perpetual look of a viper ready to strike, strolls in. He takes in Malloy and his drink--pours himself one.

KRONAU
No salvation at the bottom of this bottle, Mr. President. I should know.

PRESIDENT MALLOY
How did you get through it? How does anybody get through this?

Kronau drains his glass in one pass.

KRONAU
Who says I have?

He pours another and has a seat opposite Malloy.

KRONAU (CONT'D)
Twelve years and every morning I still expect to wake up next to her.

PRESIDENT MALLOY
Thanks for coming to their funeral.

KRONAU
Don't. I was just there for the photo op.

AGENT DAWES, a walking recruitment poster, and the President's personal Agent, enters--pale as a ghost.

AGENT DAWES
Mr. President...there's something you have to see.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - NIGHT

In a room similar to Smith's, Riley waits--TWO GUARDS as well. She eyes their guns.

RILEY

I *really* hope those are loaded.

Bodette storms in--slaps the folder on the table.

COLONEL BODETTE

James Thomas Smith is in a jail cell five miles from here. He's also sitting in a room thirty feet from where I'm standing. How?

RILEY

They're coming.

COLONEL BODETTE

Who's coming?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

The table flipped over. The chair across the room. Hands now tied behind his back, Smith kicks at the door.

SMITH

Do something *now!* Time is running out. It's always running out...

HALLWAY OUTSIDE

The Guards, now outside the door, trade a look. They can sense it in their bones--something about this guy.

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - NIGHT

The Bonneville wreck is surrounded by six-foot tall men in black suits, armed to the teeth--SECRET SERVICE AGENTS.

EXT. BONNEVILLE - CONTINUOUS

The Bomb Robot is still there--mechanical arm aimed into the trunk's darkness. President Malloy, Kronau, Agent Dawes, and Colonel Bodette stare inside--thunderstruck. Whatever they're seeing simply does not compute.

KRONAU

What the hell is that?

COLONEL BODETTE

Better question...where the hell does *that* come from?

KRONAU
Is that a...head?

PRESIDENT MALLOY
(to Kronau)
Recall the Joint Chiefs. Space
Command. NASA.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Smith drinks coffee from a PRESIDENTIAL COFFEE MUG.
President Malloy, Colonel Bodette, Sec Def Kronau, and
Agent Dawes stare at him across the table. Complete
silence. Complete shock. Complete horror. *

Smith gestures to his face with the Mug.

SMITH
Think I got this shavin'? We
don't got time to go over all this
again. *

COLONEL BODETTE
What do we do?

BEEP--Smith's wrist WATCH ALARM goes off. BLINKING:
00:00:00.

As he RESETS HIS COUNTDOWN TIMER FOR 24 HOURS...

SMITH
What yer gonna do is panic, and
die screaming.
(to Malloy)
Where were you forty-eight hours
ago?

Malloy shakes so bad, he fades. Smith SLAPS the table in
front of him--scaring the shit out of all.

SMITH
Where were you?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

Riley sits quietly alone, her foot tapping like a jack
hammer--eyes glued to a clock on the wall: 8:00 PM.

Then, A SOUND--like groaning metal, but not quite.
Almost sorrowful. Louder...

RILEY
Oh...crap.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - CONTINUOUS

Just as loud in here. Where is it coming from? Growing ever louder, the answer is as unsettling as it is apparent--EVERYWHERE.

Eyes are wide--blood turns to ice water before our eyes. But, not Smith--he just sighs.

AGENT DAWES

Mr. President, we have to get you out of the area. Now.

Dawes drags Malloy to the door, Bodette and Kronau on their heels. Smith yanks Malloy back by the collar.

SMITH

Answer me!

Agent Dawes pulls Malloy free and shoves Smith across the room, knocking over chairs.

By the time Smith gets up, Malloy is gone. He runs for the door as it closes on it's own...right in his face. Locked.

*

INT. EOD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The truck may be empty, but the Black & White monitors of the Bomb Robot are still zoomed in on...

A CLOUDY DEAD EYE as big as your fist. And it, most definitely, ain't human.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

Church mouse quiet, Smith hunches against a wall. GUNFIRE in the hallway. Screams. WHAM--someone bounces off the door.

The BODY OF A GUARD CRASHES THROUGH THE WALL just over his head--hanging through the sheet rock, bent at the waist. Dead eyes stare at Smith upside down--terror forever frozen on the face. Suddenly, the body is JERKED out of the hole in the wall.

*

*

As horns, gunshots, screams, explosions, and chaos outside crescendo into audio focus, a shadow oozes over Smith. Something just stuck its head through that hole. Something big...

CLOSE ON SMITH:

He doesn't even move his eyes. A SNIFF. Another. Inches above his head. Something reddish drips onto him. Saliva. BLOODY SALIVA.

It's a moment of hell that won't stop. Then, the shadow disappears. IT, whatever IT is, has left.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

Empty. Only a ceiling tile a little off kilter...

INT. CEILING - CONTINUOUS

Riley lays in the dark--a single sliver of fluorescent light carves across her face.

Gunshots. Close. Someone screams. Silence. Right outside her door.

A CREAK--the door of her room opens! Something is moving down there, just under her. She tries like hell to hold her breath, but it escapes in quiet little whimpers.

The tile in front of her moves--Riley vaporlocks in wide-eyed horror as the tile slides back ever so slowly. There's nothing she can do. Nowhere to go.

Just as her heart is about to burst in her chest, Smith's head pokes through the ceiling.

RILEY
(hissing)
Asshole.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

Smith motions for Riley to climb down, gesturing that he'll catch her, and...

...giving her the "SHHH" sign. He points--something is in the hallway. Carefully, she dangles her legs down. The ceiling gives way! Tiles CRASH down as she falls onto Smith--they slam into the table, causing it to SCREECH across the tiled floor.

They leap up, hearts pounding--staring at the door in a panic. Waiting.

But, nothing happens.

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Smith and Riley ease along a destroyed hallway. Bullet holes. BLOOD. Shattered sheet rock.

RILEY
(whispers)
Running away...

SMITH

Huh?

RILEY

See how good it sounds?

SMITH

We can't.

RILEY

We'll try again tomorrow...or, the day before. Whatever. Let's just go...go all...Poof. Please?

SMITH

They took the The Thing. We can't go.

RILEY

The Thing..?

SMITH

The Thing. The clicker. The...

She slaps him in the back of the head Grandma style.

RILEY

Oh my God, you let them take The Thingy?

SMITH

What have I told you about hitting me? It's gotta be in one of these offices, OK?

Riley picks up a discarded M4.

SMITH

(re: gun)
Those just piss them off.

Screw you--Riley hangs onto the M4.

INT. WHITE HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Guns spray the hallway, as Agent Dawes, Colonel Bodette, Kronau, and President Malloy run for their lives--half a dozen SECRET SERVICE AGENTS cover them.

*

The lights flicker OFF.

Men scream in the dark. Faces of agony and terror are briefly illuminated by strobe light staccato muzzle flashes.

The lights flicker back ON.

Only Malloy, Kronau, and Bodette are left, and now they're streaked in blood. It isn't theirs.

Bodette empties an MP5 down the hall--grabs **another** off the floor, **and** slams **it** into the President's hand.

*
*

COLONEL BODETTE
Move your Presidential ass, Sir.

Kronau is already beating feet down the hall--Malloy follows. **While**, Bodette stands and delivers--firing at whatever it is coming down the dark hall.

*

TRACKING WITH MALLOY & KRONAU:

Running for their lives from God knows what down White House hallways. Somewhere behind them, the last ROAR of a warrior--Bodette goes down.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

CLOSE ON TABLE:

The Presidential Mug Smith drank from. A shadow appears on the table, thrown from the flickering overhead lights.

*

A MASSIVE ARMOR **TALON** reaches into the frame, and picks up the coffee mug...

*

INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

Smith kicks open the door of an office--more blood on the floor and massive holes in the walls.

On a desk are his belongings--his back pack, the XM-97, and the BLACKBERRY. It's POWERED ON now. Buttons glowing. The dark screen DANCING WITH INFORMATION in an indecipherable language.

*

Smith plunders his back pack for a CAMCORDER, which he hands to Riley.

SMITH
Film it.

RILEY
Where are the bodies?

Come to think of it, we haven't seen a single dead body. Smith shoots her a look--she knows the answer.

SMITH
The President. Nothing else matters. No matter what you see. No matter what you hear. OK?

Scared shitless, she nods.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Don't lose sight of me. Keep your hand on my shoulder. And, for the love of God, tell me if you see *him*.

RILEY
Him who?

Smith covers one of his eyes with a hand.

SMITH
Him, him.

Whatever that means, it scares the shit out of her.

SMITH
I won't let it happen again. I promise.

He locks and loads.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Ready?

RILEY
Hell no.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE COMPOUND - NIGHT

There's a flaming helicopter wreck smoking on the ground. Cars are flipped. Fires in the distance. Sirens. Sporadic gunfire.

Smith exits one of the buildings, Riley glued to his back--they make for the White House across the lawn. As they do, they're greeted by BONE CHILLING SOUNDS emanating from the darkness of night. Engines screech overhead--aircraft of some kind. And the screams. Primal and petrified. It's as if everyone in the entire city of Washington DC is screaming...

Because they are.

INT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

President Malloy and Kronau make it to an underground safe room. No dice. The metal blast door has been ripped off the hinges. Blood is everywhere--no bodies.

KRONAU
There's no one left. Oh, God...there's no one left!

Malloy is in obvious shock.

PRESIDENT MALLOY
They'll come for me. We're under
attack, and they'll come for me...

KRONAU
There's no *them* left.

Kronau rips the MP5 out of Malloy's hand and runs.

PRESIDENT MALLOY
Kronau! Don't leave me here..!

A BEAT later, Kronau runs back into sight--chased. Something grabs him from behind. He falls to the floor screaming bloody murder--his body tenses, squeezing off the MP5. The rounds nail Malloy in the chest.

The President drops to his knees, while Kronau is dragged screaming God knows where, by God knows what.

INT. WHITE HOUSE STUDY - CONTINUOUS

Smith and Riley head in the direction of Kronau's screams.

INT. HALLWAY AT SAFE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Malloy reaches out to Smith and Riley as they approach.

SMITH
(to Riley)
You recording?

She nods. Smith kneels next to the dying man.

SMITH
Mr. President, where were you
forty-eight hours ago?

PRESIDENT MALLOY
Help me...

Smith shakes him by the collar.

SMITH
Listen to me! Where have you been
for the last forty-eight hours?

PRESIDENT MALLOY
I'm dying.

SMITH
Who isn't? Where were you? Did
you have a distress code?
(MORE)

SMITH (CONT'D)
A password? Some security phrase?
I need you to tell me everything.
Do you understand? Every detail.

FURTHER DOWN THE HALL:

Something is coming. Something big...

SOMETHING POV: Nine feet off the ground--moving towards the three people at the end of the hall.

WITH SMITH & RILEY:

She sees it.

RILEY
Smith...

Malloy is dead. Smith reaches into the dead man's shirt and retrieves a RED PLASTIC CARD, sealed in a plastic case. Then, he retrieves a pair of CUTTERS from his backpack--places Malloy's fingers between the blades...

RILEY
Smith!

Smith whips around--grabs Riley and throws her into the doorless safecode. He raises the XM-97, and...CLICK.

SMITH
Damn, friggin'...!

Jammed. He tries like hell to clear the weapon--stepping back to put distance between him and the SNARLING death coming from the shadows. He fuckin' trips over the dead President--flat on his back.

SOMETHING POV: It's almost on top of him. A few feet away. Then...

Riley empties that M4 on full Auto from the safe room. Smith was right--from the METTALIC TINGED SNARLING that just pissed it off. She drops the M4 and yanks a loose PIPE out of a broken wall--leaps over Smith and charges towards the shadows...

Smith is up--yanks her back by the collar. BOOM BOOM. THUMP. Weapon cleared, he drops the "IT" that we never see before Riley gets to it.

SMITH
Don't ever do that again.

RILEY
Hello, gratitude...

SMITH

Never take one of them on alone.
Ever. You run next time. Far and
fast. If you don't have this
weapon, you run. I swear to God,
Riley. I can't watch you die
again. I can't...

A tired smile bends her lips.

RILEY

I love you, too. Can we go now?

No sooner is the question asked...

The wall behind Riley EXPLODES in a cloud of sheet rock!
SOMETHING drags her through it. Screaming bloody murder.

Smith blasts into the wall with the XM-97, killing
whatever it was. He pulls Riley back through, but she's
in a bad, bad way. Her legs bleed heavily--shredded.

Smith rips her shirt for a bandage--feverishly trying to
stop the blood loss.

RILEY

Let it bleed. Let's just go.

He locks eyes with her--she's already going pale.

RILEY (CONT'D)

I'm OK. I can do it.

Her legs all but useless, and leaving a river of a blood
trail, Smith pulls her down the hall.

EXT. WHITE HOUSE - NIGHT

They exit the White House, Smith's arms around a lifeless
Riley. Still, he drags her for several steps, refusing
the truth.

But, the weight of his pack, the XM-97, and her weight
are too much. Smith lays her down in the grass. No
words. No tears. Just weariness.

Smith takes the CAMCORDER from her hand and aims it at
himself, as he heads across the lawn towards President
Park--the BLACKBERRY in his other hand.

SMITH

(to camcorder)

December 26th, 2011. Failure.

He tosses a baleful glance back at Riley. Then, his attention is seized by a PECULIAR SNARL from the dark. A METALLIC RING to it. Almost...mechanized?

Smith is TERRIFIED. Like he expects The Devil himself to appear.

Not far behind him, backlit by a flaming building, is a SILHOUETTE--just the outline is enough to scare you stupid. An "IT".

SMITH

You again.

Something sails out of the shadows, and lands at Smith's feet--a broken COFFEE MUG, The Presidential Seal looking back at him. Smith steps back. IT steps forward. That PECULIAR SNARL once more.

SMITH

Yeah...not tonight, Cyclops.

Smith flashes a Fuck You grin and holds up The Blackberry. Presses buttons, and...

NOTHING. Tries again. Nada. He stares at the gadget in horror. The Silhouette lunges!

SMITH

Ah, shit.

Smith hauls ass, running for all he's worth--pounding the buttons on the Blackberry. Then...something SCREAMS from the sky.

An F-18, flaming and broken in half, falling directly towards him.

SMITH

Come on. Come on! You piece of...

WHAM--the jet hits the WHITE HOUSE a hundred feet behind him, EXPLODING into a jet fuel fireball.

He jackhammers the buttons on the device. Running at a full gallop, the air around him begins to fracture--the relentless fireball overtakes him...

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - 48 HOURS EARLIER

Smith APPEARS OUT OF THIN AIR. His clothes smoking in the Christmas Lights--blackened from fire, covered in dried blood. Smoke and debris from the inferno he just escaped falls around him. He coughs.

But, all is quiet. Tourists. The white noise of traffic. There's nothing out of the ordinary at all. It's as if the preceding had never happened.

*

Because it hasn't yet.

GRAPHIC: DECEMBER 24th, 2011. 8:14 P.M. EST

Smith tucks the XM-97 under his jacket and blends into the holiday bustle of DC.

INT. BUS STATION - NIGHT

Smith staggers through the joint and sits on a bench with the REDEYE TRAVELERS and HOMELESS soaking up some warmth.

*

A man who has just been through what he has been through should be a shaking mess by now. He isn't. He's just exhausted. He eyes the big assed clock on the wall, and pulls his jacket over himself.

Really, really exhausted...

FADE TO:

INT. BUS STATION - MORNING

With the exception of opening his mouth and drooling all over himself, Smith hasn't moved an inch. Asleep.

He wakes with a START, scaring the living hell out of everyone around him. Eyes darting. Head swiveling. Sighs deeply. No danger. Not here. Not yet.

*

A LITTLE GIRL sitting next to him, all of seven, nods.

LITTLE GIRL

Bad dreams.

SMITH

What?

LITTLE GIRL

Bad dreams. I have them, too. They suck. They say it's your subconscious.

SMITH

I don't dream.

LITTLE GIRL

Everybody dreams.

Smith checks his COUNTDOWN TIMER: 12:24:02.

SMITH
Not for much longer.

LITTLE GIRL
It's Christmas morning. Are you
going home, too? I'm going to my
mom's...

Smith could give a shit. She tries again, as lonely
children are prone to do. *

LITTLE GIRL
I'm gonna to be a psychiatrist.
When I grow up.

SMITH
Me, too.

LITTLE GIRL
(whispers)
Then, I'm gonna help my dad stop
drinking.

Smith eyes the LUSH passed out on the other side of her--
a bottle of OLD CROW peeking out of his coat.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)
So he and mom will get back
together. I asked Santa for that
last year, but I didn't get it.
So, I'm gonna do it myself.
That's a good plan, right?

SMITH
Good plan.

INT. BUS STOP RESTROOMS - LATER

The Little Girl enters the Ladies' Room, leaving her Lush
father swaying against the wall. Smith approaches.

SMITH
Cute kid. Your daughter?

LUSH
What's it to ya?

Smith shoves the XM-97 into the Lush's ample gut.

LUSH
I don't have any money, man. I
don't have any...

Smith slaps him--yanks the Old Crow out of his jacket.

SMITH

You're not going to drink any more
of this today.

LUSH

What..?

SMITH

You're going to do anything your
daughter wants to do. You're
gonna treat today like it was her
last day on Earth. You're going
to spoil her rotten. You're gonna
tell her you love her a hundred
times, and you're gonna be sober
for it. Right?

LUSH

Yeah...yeah...whatever you say.

SMITH

Or, I'll come down your chimney
tonight, and break things you
didn't know could be broken. You
readin' me, Prancer?

Smith walks away, swiggin' the hooch.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Riley delivers a steaming cup of coffee to a PATRON, and retreats behind the counter to talk smack with her friend JOY--the EMO lady at the register, who is entirely too old to be EMO.

JOY

(re: patron)

Look at 'em. He makes me sick.

RILEY

Everybody makes you sick, Joy.

JOY

Workin' on Christmas, of course
everyone makes me sick. But this
guy...this guy deserves something
awful on general principle. Truly
awful.

RILEY

I went Llama in his coffee.

JOY

You spit in it?

RILEY

I did.

JOY

You are so lying.

RILEY

OK, I'm lying. But, I wanted to.
Bad, Joy. Real bad.

Smith enters. Joy pings him with the bitch radar.

JOY

Look at this winner.

INT. SMITH'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Riley approaches--NOT A HINT OF RECOGNITION on her face.
She has no idea who he is.

RILEY

Hi. What can I get for you?

SMITH

I'm sorry.

RILEY

I'm Riley.

SMITH

It was my fault. I swear to God,
I won't let it happen to you
again.

RILEY

Do I know you?

Smith brushes hair out of her face...

SMITH

Not yet.

...and walks out.

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETARY - DAY

DC POLICE and SECRET SERVICE cover the area. Security is
ridiculously tight.

A small crowd of PEOPLE IN BLACK are gathered...

EXT. GRAVESIDE - CONTINUOUS

President Malloy stands stone-faced before two caskets--
one of them a child's.

MILITARY COLOR GUARD are at attention, as DIGNITARIES and GOVERNMENT OFFICIALS look on. The familiar faces of Kronau and Agent Dawes aren't too far away...

EXT. OUTSIDE CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

A REPORTER speaks into a camera, the cemetery in the far background.

REPORTER

...since the tragic helicopter crash two days ago that took the lives of the First Lady, and their daughter Sophia. On this sad Christmas Day, Flags are at half mast across the country, and across the world, as government leaders have expressed their condolences...

ACROSS THE STREET:

More DC COPS ensure that no one in crowd comes too close. There aren't many people--a couple of dozen mourners with signs and banners of support for the President... *

Among them, Smith--keeping his eye on the gates of the cemetery, waiting...

EXT. ARLINGTON NATIONAL CEMETERY - DAY

The President enters the PRESIDENTIAL LIMO--Agent Dawes holds the door open for him.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - MOMENTS LATER

Malloy stares out the window blankly, his face creased with sadness--Agent Dawes rides shotgun with a DRIVER. *

EXT. DC STREETS (ABOVE) - DAY

Some asshole in a Taxi is ripping off bumpers, sideswiping buses, and causing all kinds of hell and mayhem at 75 MPH.

INT. TAXI CAB - CONTINUOUS

Smith drives it like he stole it, glancing at his watch.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

The Taxi SCREECHES to a halt at the sidewalk. Smith leaps out and retrieves a Styrofoam Cooler, a jug of gas, a paint brush, a bucket, and a coil of rope from the trunk.

He disappears into a nearby tenement.

EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER

Smith crushes up the Styrofoam and mixes it with the gas in the bucket--the mixture turns into a jellied poor man's napalm.

He ties the rope around his waist, the other end to a pipe, and over the edge he goes.

WITH SMITH ON SIDE OF TENEMENT

Smith smears the gas jelly in large strokes across the brick face with the paint brush.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - CONTINUOUS

President Malloy gazes out the window--lost in thought as the city passes by...

EXT. SIDE OF BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Smith ditches the bucket and pats himself down. Whatever he's looking for, he can't find.

SMITH

Son of a....

A LITTLE BOY pokes his head out of a window, not five feet from where Smith dangles by the rope.

LITTLE BOY

Hi.

SMITH

Hi....

LITTLE BOY

Are you an Elf?

SMITH

Yeah...yeah, I'm an Elf. You got a match, Kid?

LITTLE BOY

Why do elves need matches?

SMITH

I'm...would ya just get me a friggin' match.

The Little Boy starts to cry.

SMITH (CONT'D)

I'm tryin' to signal Santa.

LITTLE BOY

Really?

SMITH

Yeah. He left me behind. So, unless you want me to tell him what an uncooperative little bastard you are, you'll make with a match. You don't wanna get on Santa's shit list, Munchkin...

INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - DAY

Something catches President Malloy's eye as he gazes out the window. Something he can't believe he's seeing.

Dawes turns to the President--just as stunned.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Stop the car.

EXT. STREETS (ABOVE) - CONTINUOUS

The whole motorcade comes to a stop in the middle of the street. Secret Service AGENTS pour out of SUV's, establishing an immediate perimeter--scaring the shit out of everyone on the sidewalks.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - CONTINUOUS

Malloy, Kronau, Agent Dawes, and the Driver stare--a block away, three foot tall FLAMING LETTERS on the side of a brick building. A fiery message reads: "RAZOR RED. 6BRAVO."

* * *

DRIVER

What does it mean?

Dawes retrieves a red sealed plastic card from his jacket, exactly like the one Smith took from Malloy earlier. Cracks it open...

* *

AGENT DAWES

It's the President's personal distress code...

...the card inside reads simply: "6BRAVO".

AGENT DAWES (CONT'D)

Authenticated.

INT. DC STATION (DARK ROOM) - DAY

Malloy watches Smith sitting in the interrogation room through a two way mirror. Agent Dawes enters...

* *

AGENT DAWES
Blood samples in his backpack.
And a finger...~~t~~hey're both yours. *

Malloy looks at his hands--all ten are there.

AGENT DAWES (CONT'D)
Gets better. Bone and tissue
samples that are unidentifiable.
Not human. Not animal. They're
either from an as of yet
undiscovered species on Earth.
Or, an as of yet undiscovered
species...from some place else.

PRESIDENT MALLOY
Some place else...

AGENT DAWES
See the videos?

PRESIDENT MALLOY
Manipulated?

Dawes shakes his head--hands the President a tiny piece of plastic.

AGENT DAWES
The hard drive out of one of his
video cameras. DC Metro eggheads
say it can hold three hundred
terabytes of data.

It's no larger than a quarter.

AGENT DAWES (CONT'D)
That technology does not exist
today. Not even in Japan.
They're still reviewing it, but it
looks like he has years' worth.
He's been documenting something.

Kronau enters with our old salty friend Colonel Bodette.

KRONAU
This is Colonel Bodette, he's in
charge of the XM-97 program at the
Pentagon. I thought...

PRESIDENT MALLOY
Your prototype is accounted for.

COLONEL BODETTE
Disassembled. Non-functioning for
the last three months.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Smith sits on one side of the table, President Malloy, Kronau, and Bodette on the other. Agent Dawes stands over the President--a DOZEN DC OFFICERS keep an eye on Smith, who sighs like he's done this a few times before.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

What are they?

SMITH

Really, really hungry.

He reaches under his shirt, pulls off a leather strap necklace, and tosses it on the table--several HUGE FANG-LIKE TEETH and pieces of esoteric metal hang from it.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Galactically speaking...turns out,
Earth is the other white meat. A
never ending food supply...

Uncomfortable glances fill the room.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Never ending...

SMITH

They arrive. Death. Destruction.
Mayhem. Oh God, oh God, oh, God.
Then...they feed. Travel
backwards in time, and do it over
again. They jump back forty-eight
hours, spend about twenty-four
taking us out, and do it again.
And again. All life on Earth...

Smith's trembling hand grabs a paper coffee cup, as Malloy taps the BLACKBERRY--screen blank and off.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

This is how you stay ahead of
them?

SMITH

They show up, I haul ass, man.
Back forty-eight hours. The
twenty-four hours they spend
taking us out in the future, I
usually spend trying to get to you
in the past. Before they show up
again.

GENERAL BODETTE

Let me make sure I got this.
 Tomorrow night, you jumped to last
 night, fell asleep in a bus
 station, and now you're here.

SMITH

Ta-da.

BEAT as the crazy sets in.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Why do you wait for them to show
 up? Why not just leave now...

SMITH

'Cause this gizmo is powered by
 their ships somehow. Don't work
 till they get here. Comes on by
 itself. Useless till then. They
 all have 'em. It's what they use.

AGENT DAWES

Why not give yourself more time?
 Go back further than forty-eighty
 hours...

Smith points at the HUNDRED BUTTONS of indecipherable
 language.

SMITH

Can you read that? All I know is
 press five buttons in sequence,
 and I go back. You wouldn't screw
 with it either. It's impossible
 to get one of these from them and
 live. They make sure of that.
 They're...wired. Implanted. When
 they die, they disappear...

KRONAU

This is ridiculous...

SMITH

Still diving for your wife in a
 bottle of scotch?

Kronau lunges for Smith--is held back.

SMITH (CONT'D)

This is the ninth time we've had
 this conversation. Punchline's
 always the same.

(to Kronau)

And you're always an asshole.

(MORE)

SMITH (CONT'D)

Kill them, their bodies go back to the Harvester ships, and they take anyone within ten feet with them. Keeps us cows from getting their technology.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

How did you get this one?

SMITH

This Old Man caught me stealin' a car seven years from now. Gave me that thing and the gun. Showed me the buttons to press. Said he couldn't do it anymore, and that I'd figure it out from there. I thought he was nuts.

GENERAL BODETTE

Who was he?

SMITH

Jumped in front of a bus before I could ask him. Two minutes later, they came.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Seven years? You've been doing this for seven years?

Despite the evidence, they struggle to believe. Smith notices--leans over the table to Malloy.

SMITH

You're wearing green boxers with white stripes. Your wife bought them for you on your last trip to France. You had a bagel and two eggs, over easy, for breakfast this morning. And you cried yourself to sleep last night reading old love letters from your wife's college days. That's what you told me when you died in my arms...tomorrow night. And right now, you really need to find Dr. Constantine Oro.

Speechless comes to mind.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Can I have my gun back?

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

With President Malloy, Colonel Bodette, and Kronau.

PRESIDENT MALLOY
You explain it. Forget for the moment we have one individual in two places at the same time...

KRONAU
What do we tell the American people? Hell, what do we tell the governments of the world?

PRESIDENT MALLOY
The Truth.

KRONAU
We're looking at a Global panic.

PRESIDENT MALLOY
I'm panicking. Do what he says. I want this Dr. Oro located ASAP.

KRONAU
Sir, do you know **who Oro is?**

*

PRESIDENT MALLOY
Highest IQ in the world, or something, right? Shouldn't be hard to find.

KRONAU
That's not exactly it...

*

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

The USS KITTY HAWK launches an F-18 Hornet off her deck.

*

TRACKING WITH F-18:

Full afterburner, the Fighter rips over the water, pulling up as it approaches...

Malibu.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Our Malibu buzzing F-18 joins TWENTY OTHER FIGHTERS patrolling the sky over the City of Angels.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - DAY

APACHE ATTACK HELICOPTERS cruise in pairs just over rooftops, as F-16 Eagles and F-22 Raptors roar overhead.

PEDESTRIANS **gawk.**

*

Then, the M1A ABRAMS TANKS roll by, followed by SOLDIERS tricked out in full battle gear and armed to the teeth.

*

*

MONTAGE:

Atlanta. Houston. Chicago. Over and over. Every major city in America.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Smith sits across from Bodette and TWENTY LAPTOPS, on which are TWENTY GENERALS AND ADMIRALS VIA VIDEO.

*

SMITH

Heavy weapons are key. Depleted Uranium ideal. You can kill 'em. But, they don't go down easy...

ADMIRAL #1

Any other strengths besides their armor?

SMITH

Are you listenin'? Imagine the perfect killing machine. Make it nine-foot tall. Armor plate it. Fast as all hell. Strong as ten men. Fangs. **talons**. Zero emotion. Amazing intelligence. Got that? Now give the unpleasant son of a bitch technology a thousand years beyond anything we have. Repeat a billion times or so...

*

GENERAL #1

They must have a weakness.

SMITH

Well...they do smell really, really bad.

COLONEL BODETTE

And, you're sure they always come at the same time? I don't want these things showin' up for the big dance while we're still in the shower.

SMITH

Once in a blue moon they come a bit early. But, you can usually set your watch by 'em.

INT. WHITE HOUSE BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A PRESS SECRETARY speaks to REPORTERS.

PRESS SECRETARY
...and in response Department of Homeland Security has elevated the threat level to red until more information is available... *

A REPORTER cuts him off.

REPORTER
Can you give us any particulars?
What's the nature of the threat?

PRESS SECRETARY
Not at this time.

A BLONDE REPORTER chimes in.

BLONDE REPORTER
The sky over DC, New York, and several other cities is...

REPORTER
There are reports of Marines mobilizing at Pendleton and...

BLONDE REPORTER
And National Guard Units.

PRESS SECRETARY
Precautions are being taken until more concrete information is available. There is no cause for panic. This is not the time for speculation. Thank you.

The Reporters go crazy with questions as the Press Secretary exits.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Joy and Riley stare at the TV with a few other PATRONS.

RILEY
No cause for panic...

JOY
Eh, somebody carried toothpaste onto an airplane. They do this crap all the time.

RILEY
Jets? You think they'd send up jets because somebody left Aquafresh in a carry on?

JOY
Yes. Yes, I think they would.

MAN IN BLACK #1 (O.C.)
Riley Holland?

Two MEN IN BLACK are standing at the door.

RILEY
Who's askin'?

MAN IN BLACK #2
Please collect your things and
come with us.

MAN IN BLACK #1
A Mr. James Smith has requested
that you meet him.

RILEY
What the hell is a Mr. James
Smith?

Man In Black #2 grabs Riley by the elbow.

RILEY
Hey! Don't get grabby. What do
you think you're doing?

JOY
(calls after)
Send me a postcard from Gitmo!
(to Patron)
It's always the quiet ones.

INT. SUV - DAY

Riley climbs into the back. She's greeted by the weirdo
smile of a KID who can't be a day over nineteen, and from
the looks of him, has never had a date in his life. *

Meet DR. CONSTANTINE ORO.

DR. ORO
(RE: Riley)
Whoa.

RILEY
Huh?

DR. ORO
Hi.

RILEY
What...?

He extends a hand.

DR. ORO
Oro. Dr. Constantine Oro.

RILEY
Doctor of what? You're twelve.

DR. ORO
Hey, I'm legal. And settin'
phasers to meow, if you know what
I mean...

RILEY
You've never been this close to a
girl, have you?

DR. ORO
A real one?

Riley leans over the seat **to the Agents.**

*

RILEY
Look, unless this has something to
do with unpaid parking tickets,
and believe me, I feel bad about
those...

DR. ORO
Gotta Twitter this.
(as he types on cell)
Stone cold fox. Wants me...

Riley yanks the cell phone out of his hand.

RILEY
(to Agents)
Is Doogie here right in the head?
I didn't bring my pepper spray
with me.

DR. ORO
Not *that* kind of Doctor.

MAN IN BLACK #1
Please sit back, Ms. Holland.

RILEY
Not till you tell me where you're
taking me.

MAN IN BLACK #2
That's classified, Ma'am.

DR. ORO

Don't sweat it. We super geniuses deal with this kinda stuff all the time. Did you know you're really pretty when you're confused?

Riley throws his cell phone out the window.

INT. UNDISCLOSED FACILITY - AFTERNOON

Kronau, President Malloy, and Colonel Bodette stride down a hallway hewn from underground rock.

KRONAU

Most of your aides and advisors left DC after the funeral. They were still in the air when...

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Were?

They stop in front of door labeled AUDITORIUM.

*

KRONAU

We grounded all air traffic as part of the increased threat level.

COLONEL BODETTE

On Christmas Day.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Riley sits across from Smith--eyeing him like he's trying to sell her the Brooklyn Bridge.

RILEY

The future.

He nods.

RILEY (CONT'D)

And...we're...

SMITH

Married, yeah.

RILEY

In the future. Where you're from.

Smith **lays a hand** on hers.

SMITH

I know it's hard to get your mind around.

*

RILEY
This is not my day...

She yanks her paw back.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I kiss every frog in DC looking
for my prince, and you're the guy
I end up with? No offense, but
you're so not in my league. OK,
Mr. Car Stealer Person..? *

SMITH
Honey, there's a big picture goin'
on here I think you're missin'.

Agent Dawes enters.

AGENT DAWES
The President would like you to
join us.

INT. WAR ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The President and his entourage are seated, as Smith and Riley enter. The former still stinging.

RILEY
Look, I just thought I'd end up
with a Lawyer or something. And
if you don't mind, I'm in denial
right now. And shock. Shocking
denial...

SMITH
Or something? I'm not even a
something?

TECHNICIANS work at several stations scrutinizing the video footage that Smith has shot. Various moments of his travels are "freeze framed" on large monitors, while other monitors run loops of frightening footage.

At a table are seated various MILITARY and GOVERNMENT personnel, along with DR. ORO. The Kid couldn't look more out of place if he tried. *

RILEY
You're making a scene.

SMITH
You get fat.

She GASPS like he just slapped a kitten. Malloy interrupts before she counter strikes, as he looks Oro up and down. *

PRESIDENT MALLOY
 Young Man, you'll forgive me if
 I've ruined your Christmas.

*
*

DR. ORO
 Trust me, whatever this is about
 is better than the Mom's "special"
 Santa Sauce. Puttin' the funk in
 dysfunctional...

*
*

Kronau motions for Smith to join him outside.

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Kronau leads Smith to a quiet corner--speaks in hushed tones.

KRONAU
 Mr. Smith, I'd like to ask you
 some questions.

SMITH
 I told the guys with the pocket
 protectors everything I know...

*

KRONAU
 No, not about that.
 (BEAT)
 Who led the Nation? In the future.
 In your time. Who was...is the
 President?

Smith looks at him like he has three heads.

KRONAU (CONT'D)
 Is it me?

Something about the question. The man asking it. Makes the skin crawl. Smith shakes his head.

KRONAU
 Mr. Smith, when we have defeated
 this threat, or prevented it from
 happening, life will go on.
 You've lived every day for the
 last seven years twice. Your
 knowledge of the future could
 be...is...beneficial to a man of
 my political aspirations.

SMITH
 You just don't get it, do ya?
 None of that shit matters anymore;
 we don't have a future. They
 erased it, and all the guys like
 you.

(MORE)

SMITH (CONT'D)

(BEAT)

Which ain't all bad, now that I
think of it...

Kronau leans into Smith's face.

KRONAU

James...I am not a man you want to
anger.

*

And heads back into the War Room.

INT. WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Oro stares at THE BLACKBERRY--face a whiter shade of
pale. Slack-jawed.Then, he tries to run away. Bodette pulls him back by
the collar.

DR. ORO

You **guys** have any idea of the
energy necessary to move anything
of mass **significant** through time?
We're not even sure it's possible.

*

*

*

Smith returns--yoinks the Blackberry back.

SMITH

You're kibbles-n-bits tonight.
Trust me, it's possible.

DR. ORO

Wait. Dude, you're the one from
the future?

SMITH

You got it, Poindexter.

DR. ORO

No. Way. *Really?* The Guy who
braved the end of the world a
thousand times...

SMITH

Geez, what is it with you people?

DR. ORO

Wormholes. They're using
wormholes, aren't they?

COLONEL BODETTE

Worm holes?

DR. ORO

Tunnels through space and/or time.

RILEY

It's like they could be standing right here, you know? They're just not standing right here *right now*. They're standing right here tomorrow. Same space, different time. Bend 'em together, or make a passage from there to here. Tada.

The room goes quiet.

RILEY (CONT'D)

Oh, and *you've* never seen an episode of Star Trek?

DR. ORO

Wow. Are you seeing anyone?

Smith grabs Riley's hand and pulls her close.

RILEY

SMITH

No.

Yes.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

OK. Can we stop these wormholes?

DR. ORO

Right. We just got digital watches thirty years ago.

SMITH

Tell 'em 'bout your first project.

EXT. MIDDLE-CLASS TOWNHOUSE - AFTERNOON

*

A quaint little place in a quaint little neighborhood. MARINE ONE, the President's Helicopter, is parked in the street. Hovering APACHE GUNSHIPS blow wind chimes...

*

*

*

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Oro leads Malloy, Dawes, Smith, and Riley down. ORO'S MOM yells sweetness from somewhere above.

*

*

ORO'S MOM (O.C.)
Honey? Do your friends want cookies?

*

*

*

DR. ORO
Mom! I'm with the President!

*

*

ORO'S MOM (O.C.)
Does he want a juice box?

*

*

Oro raises an eyebrow at Malloy. He declines, as they enter a large basement room--Oro hits the lights...

DR. ORO
Alright, look. You gotta remember, I built this when I was like twelve...

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Electrical conduits and massive water cooling pipes run across the ceiling. In the center of the room is a MASSIVE CONTRAPTION--at the heart of which are several small angled mirrors.

A toy BATMAN FIGURINE serves as a lever. SCOOBY DOO stickers stuck here and there. But, it's the SPICE GIRLS POSTER on the wall that really ties the place together.

DR. ORO
God, this is embarrassing.

Oro flips half a dozen breakers. The contraption HUMS to life like a 1976 Pinto that's been sitting in a barn for a decade. Thin beams of LASERS bounce off the mirrors, creating a small cube of empty space between them.

RILEY
What is it?

DR. ORO
I call her Bertha.

A fuse POPS. Sparks. A small fire ensues. Oro sprays it with a fire extinguisher.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)
I was playin' with my Pokeman...I mean watching NYPD Blue one day, and it hits me. Be pretty freakin' sweet to send messages a few minutes back in time on the battlefield, huh?

PRESIDENT MALLOY
This...is a time machine? Is that what I'm supposed to believe?

KRONAU
Sir, he's been trying to get a DARPA review of this thing for years. We've rejected it every time. What does that tell you?

DR. ORO
 That you don't mind emotionally
 scarring young children.

PRESIDENT KRONAU
 You built this when you were
 twelve, and you're telling me it
 works?

DR. ORO
 Well, duh. I can send a message
 with sub-atomic particles. But,
 only a fraction of second forwards
 or backwards. Energy is the pooch
 screw. Remember that big New York
 City black out...

PRESIDENT MALLOY
 Yeah.

DR. ORO
 My bad.

SMITH
 If energy wasn't a problem, you
 could send a message back as far
 as you wanted, right?

DR. ORO
 If energy wasn't a problem, you
 could send *anything* back.
 Messages. *Hot Pockets.*
 Elephants. The whole *planet* if
 you were feelin' really froggy.
 But, we're talkin' like infinite
 power here. We can't even...

SMITH
 They can.

Smith holds up the Blackberry as he peruses the innards
 of the Time machine.

SMITH (CONT'D)
 This *gizmo* draws its power from
 their ships. *Don't* work till they
 appear, but when they do, it
 powers up. Feeds directly from
 their energy source somehow.
 There's a billion of them and a
 million big ass ships. If your
 lookin' for infinite power,
 Junior...they got it.

Something shiny catches Smith's eye--A TRIANGULAR LASER
 MIRROR in the Time Machine. He touches it...

DR. ORO
 Hack that and tap into their
 power..?

The friggin' MIRROR SNAPS OFF IN SMITH'S HAND. He sticks
 sticks it back in place, trying to play it cool. *

SMITH
 Huh? Yeah, it was your idea.
 We've met. Had this chat a month
 ago...from now. Whatever.

DR. ORO
 That is so freakin' cool.

PRESIDENT MALLOY
 (to Oro)
 A message with particles?

DR. ORO
 Zeroes and ones. Binary. Not to
 go all theoretical and stuff on
 ya, but I could only send it back
 as far as the moment I first
 turned it on seven years ago... *

SMITH
 Imagine if we'd spent the last
 seven years preparing for this. *

PRESIDENT MALLOY
 Son, I need you to be absolutely
 honest with me. Is this possible?
 Could you do this? *

DR. ORO
 Are you cereal? If I had a genie
 wearing a tuxedo of shamrocks, I
 couldn't... *

Smith grabs Oro by the front of the shirt. *

SMITH
 Every. Body. Dies. Understand?
 You. Me. All of us. Dead. It's
 time to take the grown up pill.
 Because, there is only one person
 on Earth that might stop this. *

He lets him go. *

SMITH (CONT'D)
 And, that's you, Kid.

Oro digs in a pocket for an ASTHMA INHALER--takes a tug.
 Smith throws up his hands.

SMITH
Of course...

Oro gasps for air. Hyper-ventilating. Riley **punches**
Smith in the shoulder. *

RILEY
Oh, that's great. Kill the nerd
that's mankind's only hope. *

Riley yanks the Blackberry out of Smith's hand--hands it
Oro. **Pats him on the head.** *

RILEY
Can you try? Ask yourself
this...what would Captain Kirk do? *

DR. ORO
Kirk..? *

RILEY
I love Kirk... *

DR. ORO
Oh, mama. I'm in. I am so in. *

PRESIDENT MALLOY
You'll have every resource of the
United States of America at your
disposal... *

He checks his watch: 3:00 PM.

PRESIDENT MALLOY (CONT'D)
For the next five hours, **Son.** *

DR. ORO
OK. If it works. If we find out
seven years ago, that the world is
going to end on a specific day in
the future...I can't even
speculate what the result will be.
We'll be changing the past... *

PRESIDENT MALLOY
To prepare for now.

DR. ORO
But who knows the ramifications?
Change anything in the past and we
might not have the same present.
You may not even be President. *

BEAT.

SMITH
 (to Malloy)
 What color undies were you wearing
 two days ago?

INT. BASEMENT LAB - LATER

Buzzing with activity and the sputtering of that piece of
 junk Oro calls a Time Machine. Dozens of TECHNICIANS and
 SCIENTISTS work--more arrive every minute. *

Malloy **sits quietly**--a picture of his family in his hand.
 Lost in wallet sized memories. Agent Dawes approaches. *

AGENT DAWES
 Air Force One is ready. You can
 broadcast your address en route to
 the bunker.

Malloy nods towards Smith across the room, standing over
 Riley--guarding her like a like a pit bull. She steals
 glances at Smith on the sly, a smile on her lips when he
 ain't lookin'--X-ray eyes of death when he is. *

PRESIDENT MALLOY
 (re: Smith)
 He told me he's watched her die
 one hundred and nine times. Can
 you imagine that? Watching this
 happen to who you love over and
 over? I'm not sure I'll make it
 through this once.

A TECHNICIAN at a laptop **transcribes** notes/details, as a
 program converts the data to BINARY CODE--"001001100..." *

Kronau watches this process intently--wheels turning
 behind his eyes.

WITH SMITH:

Dawes pulls him aside--Riley eavesdrops. *

AGENT DAWES
 I want to ask you a favor, because
 he would never do it. If there's
 any way...if **none of this works...** *

SMITH
 His wife and daughter?

AGENT DAWES
 Don't let 'em get on that
 helicopter. For him, promise me. *

SMITH
Do what I can.

*

Oro announces to the room excitedly.

DR. ORO
You guys gotta see this.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - MOMENTS LATER

All are gathered around Oro, who rewinds VIDEO FOOTAGE from Smith--**Alien** Ships and countless failed attacks by American Forces against them.

*

Oro stops on a stormy night. Lightening. The sky covered with ships...

DR. ORO
Based on the density of the craft over DC, OK? And applying the same ratio to population dispersion globally, there are roughly 1.2 Million of these Harvester ships...

GENERAL BODETTE
There's gotta be a Command Ship...

CLOSE ON VIDEO: Ever so slightly, one ship moves in formation. A fraction of a second later, every other ship makes the same move in perfect unison.

PRESIDENT MALLOY
That one.

DR. ORO
Not so fast, El Presidente.

*

The exact thing happens once more, only this time, a DIFFERENT ship moves first--the others match it.

DR. ORO
Truckin' all that hardware through space/time, what happens to the other ships if your command ride gets a flat? Scientific term for that? **Boned**. And, you sure as hell wouldn't want a million individuals controlling a million ships. Simple probability. Somebody is bound to screw **the** **pooch eventually**. No, these things move as one.

*

*

GENERAL BODETTE
Like a swarm?

DR. ORO

Gotta be operating on some hive-like communication platform. Autonomous. Any one ship makes a change, they all make the same change automatically. Safest way to move through space/time, if ya think about it. Now, here's somethin' I didn't see comin'...

Oro pulls up more video.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

Which was *like....a totally foreign experience for me...*

*

*

REVERSE ON FACES:

We don't have to see what they're seeing--we'll see that soon enough. But, the horrified reactions on the faces of all watching says plenty.

Except for Smith. He's just bored.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Is that...?

SMITH

Yup.

DR. ORO

Look past that. Spaceship leaps to mind, right? They're not. Not even pressurized. No shielding. You can see there, they're wide open as the...uh, that horrendously awful thing is happening.

RILEY

They...they breath like us?

DR. ORO

All the stars in all the galaxies in the entire universe...gotta be millions of planets. Never would've thought it possible. The atmosphere. Air. Pressure. Gravity...

BODETTE

They come from somewhere just like Earth.

*

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Somewhere in all this video...

(to Smith)

Somewhere in what you remember.

Some detail. Some little thing like this, is something that'll help us beat them. **We need more time.**

(BEAT)

We have to send the video back.

*
*

DR. ORO

Dude, ain't like I can stick a stamp on it. You know how long it would take to compress, convert, and upload all this? Even if we did, I have zero idea what the transfer rate would be given the variables of the theoretical quantum framework inherent in the...

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Son! In as few words as possible.

*
*

DR. ORO

Dunno how long it would take to upload to the past. Seconds? Days? Years?

*
*
*
*
*

SMITH

Can't even start sending till they're already here.

*

RILEY

Oh, my God. Just stream it. Playback, encode, and send in multiple streams. Real time. Am I the only one with a webcam here?

*
*
*
*
*

DR. ORO

Wait...you have a webcam?

*
*

KRONAU

That'll work?

DR. ORO

Curious about that myself.

*

INT. HOUSE - DAY

A FAMILY stares, stunned, at the TV--watching President Malloy address the nation.

MONTAGE:

Families in different homes across America.

HOLIDAY SHOPPERS stare slack-jawed at a bank of TV's in an electronics store...

PRESIDENT MALLOY

(on TV)

The militaries of the world are dedicated to engaging this threat, and protecting our species. But, you must understand, if you call for help, there will be none. If you are hurt, there will be no rescue. When the lights go out, they won't come back on...

TV's across the world play the address. Families in Japan. Russia. China. Etc. His words translated into a dozen languages on the TV screens...

PRESIDENT MALLOY (CONT'D)

(on TV)

You must band together. Do not, under any circumstances, get caught alone. Do not attempt to engage one on your own. Run. Fight back only in numbers.

INT. AIRFORCE ONE - CONTINUOUS

The President sits behind a desk **before a** small VIDEO CAMERA...

*
*

PRESIDENT MALLOY (CONT'D)

If you are a member of the Armed Forces on leave, please report to your nearest airport. A transport and orders are awaiting. If you have any combat, or law enforcement training, please report to your local city hall. Weapons and ammunition will be provided to you.

*

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

An ANCHOR stares at her monitor--**dumbfounded**

*

PRESIDENT MALLOY (CONT'D)

I've instructed all networks to broadcast footage of what we're facing. **It's** graphic and disheartening. But, it is the reality we will all soon face.

*
*

The monitor plays the VIDEO CLIPS we have seen before--glimpses. Screams. Shaky. Disorienting and terrifying.

INT. ELECTRONICS STORE - CONTINUOUS

Holiday Shoppers in shock and horror, as the Clips are played on the bank of TV's.

*

EXT. VARIOUS NEIGHBORHOODS ACROSS AMERICA - AFTERNOON

Houses are boarded up--make shift defenses against an enemy one cannot defend against.

INT. GUN STORE - DAY

The PROPRIETOR is just handing out bullets and firearms to desperate PEOPLE.

*

INT. BASEMENT LAB - AFTERNOON

All present stare, jaws on the floor and horrified, at the terrifying footage played on a TV. The ambient sounds picked up in the video turn blood to ice. SCREAMS. GROWLS. A cacophony of death.

Riley grabs Smith's his arm. **He** turns off the TV. When she **looks** at Smith again, it's with new eyes.

*

*

EXT. SKY - AFTERNOON

Air Force One cruises through the clouds--SIX F-22 RAPTORS flying guard...

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - AFTERNOON

Oro is one of ten faces on ten small monitors on the wall of the Air Force One office. The others are MILITARY and WORLD LEADERS...

DR. ORO (ON VID)

Well, **like** theoretically?

*

Depending on what is done with the information **seven** years ago. If the time is spent preparing, **instantly**, from our point of view, things should change. Weapons we devise in the past, based on the data we send should...well...just kinda...Poof.

*

*

*

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Oro speaks into a LAPTOP VIDCAM...

DR. ORO (CONT'D)
 But, we're screwing around with a
 time line, man. There could be
 any of a number of outcomes.
 Absolute, soul-crushing "no, I
 won't go with you to the prom"
 failure being one of them.

PRESIDENT MALLOY (ON VID)
 How much more time will you need,
 Son?

Oro glances at the rat's nest of gear behind him.

DR. ORO
 All of it.

Next to him, A DOZEN TECHNICIANS work with TWO DOZEN LAPTOPS--each of Smith's VIDEO CAMERAS is hacked into each. VIDEO play back. Graphics tell us ENCODING is taking place, and READY TO UPLOAD PERCENTAGES...

AT TIME MACHINE:

Another TECHNICIAN at a laptop, this one with THE MESSAGE--as she types transcribed notes, data is converted. Binary computer code dances across the screen.

Next to her is Smith--looking at the Blackberry like a kid staring at a squished puppy. It's in three pieces.

Before he breaks down sobbing, he notices KRONAU AT THE MESSAGE LAPTOP. The Technician's back is turned--he's typing something into the message.

SMITH
 What are you doin'?

Kronau turns with an unnerving smile. Doesn't reply. He just slithers away. The bastard is up to something, and Smith knows it. But, before he can beat it out of him...

RILEY (O.C.)
 I usually can't find a guy who'll
 hold a door open for me...

Smith finds Riley behind him, looking like she has to get to third period Algebra in two minutes. He sucks in the gut--stands a little straighter.

RILEY (CONT'D)
 I guess I should thank you.

SMITH
 Be a refreshing change.

She touches the scar on his face.

RILEY
I'd hate to see the other guy.

SMITH
You have no idea how right you are.

She fidgets--trying to find her way to someplace without a map.

RILEY
How did we meet? In the future I mean.

SMITH
I ran over your cat.

RILEY
You ran over my cat?

SMITH
It's not my fault. That thing wasn't all there...

RILEY
Not the nuptial inducing moment I was hoping for. I married you after that?

SMITH
Not the next day or anything.

She wraps her arms around herself. Smith lifts her face to his, a gentle finger under her chin.

SMITH (CONT'D)
You wouldn't believe the things I've seen you do. Hate to tell you this, Cupcake...you're actually as tough as you think you are.

RILEY
Stop calling me that.

She catches herself gazing into his eyes. Turns away--damnit. He noticed. She knows he noticed. That wise ass "I'm under your skin" smirk broadcasts it.

She levels a finger at him, ready to give him both barrels. But, something kills the words on her tongue...

In a shower of disassembled SPARKS, THE BLACKBERRY HUMS TO LIFE. Then...THAT SOUND. Like groaning metal, but not quite--It stops everyone in their tracks.

RILEY

Oh, my God. What the hell is that?

The blood drains from Smith's face, as he checks his COUNTDOWN TIMER: 02:03:03.

SMITH

Oh, shit. They're early.

INT. AIR FORCE ONE - AFTERNOON

Through the windows we can see the sun low on the horizon, as Kronau, Dawes, President Malloy, and other AIDES vaporlock at the SOUND... *

Malloy looks out the window.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Oh...Dear God.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Against the bleeding sunset--THOUSANDS OF CRAFT. Shimmering black, all. The HARVESTERS. And, still they come, appearing out of shimmering holes of atmosphere. *

It isn't the size of them that's bone chilling. It's the sheer number. They blot out the sky. *

Out of the HARVESTERS, pour **tens of thousands** angular "M-SHAPED FIGHTERS"--just the HELLISH SCREECH of the engines is enough to send anyone cowering. *

The F-22 RAPTORS escorting Air Force One engage the M-SHIPS. They last exactly **three** seconds. *

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - AFTERNOON

On the streets, the air warps and THEY appear. We finally see them, and they are Legion. *

Easily nine-foot tall, glistening, bio-mechanoid and bonelike creatures. All covered in armor fused directly into powerful bodies, revealing only glimpses of something horrendous underneath. Bi-pedal and upright, with knees that bend the wrong way--gives them a disturbing gait and an ability to leap distances that means your ass. We'll call them REAPERS. *

Snarling and methodical, razor sharp **talons fire wrist mounted weapons that PARALYZE all they hit.** *

SCREAMING PEOPLE, running for their lives, drop to the sidewalks--awake and conscious, but unable to move.

Then, The Paralyzed RISE...

EXT. DC SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

The Paralyzed rise into the air. Tens of thousands. The air full of frozen bodies--awake and SCREAMING IN HORROR, as they float up into the Harvester ships.

*

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - AFTERNOON

A CARRIER BATTLE GROUP engages Reaper Craft. We follow one as it streaks through air-to-air and sea-to-air fire, effortlessly dodging everything.

The Reaper ship dives into the water. A BEAT later, the ocean lights up with a FLASH--a meek and muffled PFF.

Fish float to the surface. Hundreds. Thousands. ALL OF THEM. Whales. Squid. Sharks. EVERYTHING.

*

EXT. AIRCRAFT CARRIER FLIGHT DECK - CONTINUOUS

Horrorified SEAMEN watch HUMPBACK WHALES float into the sky...

*

EXT. EVERYTOWN, USA - CONTINUOUS

People. Animals. Fish. Birds. All life...

EXT. **MIDDLE-CLASS TOWNHOUSE** - AFTERNOON

*

Colonel Bodette fights alongside DELTA FORCE TROOPERS protecting the basement lab of Dr. Oro. .50 Cal. Guns tear into the Reapers. They bleed black blood, but they bleed.

Bodette, firing a belt-fed SQUAD AUTOMATIC WEAPON from the hip, retreats into the building...

INT. BASEMENT LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Smith damned near blows Bodette away as he careens in.

COLONEL BODETTE

(to Oro)

You might wanna consider gettin'
the lead out.

Oro hits his inhaler.

DR. ORO
Hey! It's only six o'clock!
Somebody told us we'd have another two hours.

SMITH
It's not my fault...

AN EXPLOSION shakes the building. A distant SNARL from a hallway somewhere above.

RILEY
OK. Gun. I don't have one. Why?

DR. ORO
I think it's ready.

SMITH
Then call Christmas Past already.
And tell 'em they came two hours early!

Oro connects the laptop with the information in it to his Time Machine. Hits ENTER on all the Video Laptops.

DR. ORO
In three...two...one!

CLACK--the power goes out. PITCH BLACK.

DR. ORO (O.C.)
Well...Spock's balls, man.

A meek little emergency bulb flickers on.

DR. ORO
I think I tripped a breaker.

RILEY
You said it drew power from the...the...

SMITH
Things that eat us.

RILEY
Aw, man...

DR. ORO
But the laptops are plugged into the wall.

GENERAL BODETTE
Yeah, this is definitely a government operation...

*

DR. ORO
 Musta created some kind of
 feedback surge. Somebody's gotta
 fix the breaker.

Smith looks at Bodette. Bodette looks at Smith. They
 raise the Rock, Paper, Scissor fists-- One, Two...

CUT TO:

INT. MIDDLE-CLASS TOWNHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER *

Smith runs like hell down a hallway, kicks open a **closet** door, and ducks in... *

SMITH
 Shit. Shit. Shit...

INT. CLOSET - MOMENTS LATER *

Smith **finds the BREAKER BOX**--he spots the tripped breaker. With a CLACK, life oozes back into the **place**. *

INT. TOWNHOUSE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS *

Smith pokes his head out of the **closet** door meerkat style. Nothing. A smile creeps over his lips. *

He creeps into the hallway--smile a little bigger with each step. Till, the heavy CLICK of **talons** on tile behind him... *

INT. BASEMENT LAB - AFTERNOON

Oro, Riley, and Bodette hear the muffled firing of the XM-97, and Smith's screams of profanity. Bodette charges up the steps.

Riley bounces from foot to foot.

RILEY
 Ohmigod, ohmigod, ohmigod...

She grabs Oro by the shirt.

RILEY (CONT'D)
 I can't die now. I just met a
 decent guy. Get this...this time
 thingy to do its timey thing!

DR. ORO
 What?

RILEY
 Don't make me go Chick Norris on
 you!

DR. ORO
I'm waiting for the computers to
boot up...

Yeah...Windows Start Up Screens.

At the top of the steps, Bodette cuts loose with the SAW--it's deafening. We can't see him from down here, but the hot brass is plinking down the steps.

A BEAT later, BODETTE'S HEAD TUMBLES DOWN THE STAIRS!

RILEY
Holy crap!

Oro screams like a white woman--Riley yoinks his inhaler and hits it, as Smith slides down the stairs on his back, head first, firing the XM-97 wildly up the stairwell.

He staggers to his feet, speckled with blood, and panting--retrieves Bodette's SAW and hands it to a trembling Riley. It's almost as big as she is.

SMITH
Point that end at anything not us
and pull the trigger.

RILEY
Not us, right...

BAM-BAM-BAM. She squeezes off a few rounds, damned near taking off Smith's head--he gingerly pushes her barrel vaguely in the direction of the stairs.

DR. ORO
Data uploaded. Ready to stream.
In three...two...one.

Oro hits the transmit button--a small swirling ball of atmosphere appears in the empty space between a series of intersecting lasers.

BOOM--the entire building shakes. An explosion far away, but close enough to shake the foundation and dislodge pipes from the ceiling.

One of them, spewing hot steam, falls directly **onto the** time machine, laptops, and all of Smith's Video Cameras.

*
*

In a shower of sparks, the lights go out again--the time machine goes dead.

SMITH
Did it send?

DR. ORO
I don't know...

RILEY
Immediately! You said
Immediately...

DR. ORO
Well...change the past, it should
change the present! Pretty much
the scientific consensus
since...ever...

SMITH
You just discovered germs a
hundred years ago. Maybe you
mathletes don't have a real firm
grip on time travel.

BANG BANG--the door at the top of the steps has a
visitor. Something big. Something strong. *

Riley cuts loose with the SAW--the muzzle strobe-flashing
in the near dark basement.

Smith grabs up the pieces of THE BLACKBERRY.

SMITH
You got about thirty seconds to
put this back together, Junior.

Riley grabs **Smith** by the shoulders. *

RILEY
If they're gonna get me, you kill
me. I'll do the same for you.
Promise, OK?

SMITH
They're not going to get you.

RILEY
Don't let me die like that.
Promise me. If you love me as
much as you say, you'll promise
me.

SMITH
I promise.

EXT. **MIDDLE-CLASS TOWNHOUSE** - AFTERNOON *

Smith, Riley, and Dr. Oro slide out a shattered window,
and run like hell. *

DC is eerily quiet under a SETTING SUN. No more jets. Just an occasional scream or gunshot. Something wet drips onto Riley.

*

SMITH
Do not look up.

Red stuff drips onto Smith as he speaks. Riley's eyes go wide with realization--she looks up.

Blood. From a MILLION WOUNDS of a MILLION BODIES floating into the harvesters and blotting out the sky.

Riley hits her knees. Dr. Oro falls against a wall. Overwhelming horror--the magnitude of what's happening. The end of the human race. **No...**

*

The end of EVERYTHING. Humans, animals...earth. Life as we've known it is over.

*

*

SMITH
Get up.

They don't. Smith shakes Riley.

SMITH (CONT'D)
You've done it before. Get up...get up! You can do this

Riley struggles through the terror to her feet--not Oro.

DR. ORO
It's pointless...

SMITH
Doc? Kid..?

Nobody's home. Smith yanks the Blackberry out of his limp hands and slides **the** last piece into place...

*

RILEY
We can't just leave him...

SMITH
He'll be there tomorrow.

RILEY
Yesterday.

SMITH
Whatever!

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

A PECULIAR SNARL echoes--the Silhouetted Reaper from earlier! And, he is one sinister looking hombre.

Taller than the others, his armor deeply dented and scorched. Missing half the armor where **his** face is--long ago blown away. Revealing a MISSING EYE healed over. *

We'll call him the THE ONE-EYED REAPER.

He SNIFFS the air--hunting. Something glints, catching its eye--THE TRIANGULAR LASER MIRROR. He touches it--damned thing breaks off just like it did with Smith.

He eyes it with intelligence--fondles some of the other parts with a knowing growl. This damned thing is figuring out what Oro's machine is...

EXT. STREET - AFTERNOON *

Smith pulls Riley close, presses the button sequence on the Blackberry and...

SMITH

Ready?

NOTHING. He shakes the damned thing.

RILEY

Well!

Smith feverishly takes the Blackberry back apart and puts it back together, dropping a piece in the process...

He grabs it off the ground. When he stands back up, Riley has the SAW pointed at his head--BAM! Smith slaps the barrel away at the last instant.

SMITH

What the hell!

RILEY

We had an agreement...

SMITH

Well, Damn! You wanna give me half a chance to...

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Riley's ECHOING GUNSHOT grabs The One-Eyed Reaper's attention. With a angry SNARL and another SNIFF of the air, he takes off...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS *

Smith looks at one component of the Blackberry cross-eyed, flips it upside down, and plugs it back in. Bingo! It powers on.

Reapers are everywhere--**they'll** be all over them in
seconds if this doesn't work.

The PECULIAR SNARL. Smith Freezes in terror. The One-Eyed Reaper on a nearby rooftop.

Riley slaps the shit out of him.

RILEY
Hello!

Smith hits buttons while Riley fires from the hip.
Gunfire be damned, THE ONE-EYED REAPER leaps off the roof
after them.

Smith and Riley dive for safety--the air warps...

EXT. **STREET** - 48 HOURS EARLIER

GRAPHIC: DECEMBER 23nd, 2011. 6:13 P.M. EST.

Screaming bloody murder, Smith and Riley fall flat on
their faces out of thin air--Riley staring at the
TRIANGULAR MIRROR on the ground in front of her face.

SOLDIER #1 (O.C.)
Drop your weapons!

SOLDIERS in futuristic "HALO Style" body armor and
uniforms have XM-97 style guns leveled at them.

SOLDIER #2
(on radio)
Sector seven, we found them.

Before Smith and Riley can de-freak, fifty more SOLDIERS
converge--FUTURISTIC HELICOPTERS soar overhead.

The wall of Soldiers parts--from their midst emerges...

KRONAU
Mr. Smith, we've been expecting
you.

He's surrounded by a dozen SOLDIERS IN BLOOD RED
UNIFORMS. One of them is DAWES.

DAWES
The President is addressing you,
Citizen.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - NIGHT

Decay. This is not the DC we know. This is Sarajevo
1995 without the bomb craters...yet. Vines creep up the
sides of broken windowed buildings. Disrepair.

The CAPITOL BUILDING. The WASHINGTON MONUMENT. All the familiar landmarks are overgrown and unused.

FUTURISTIC FIGHTERS AND ARMORED HELICOPTERS **soar above**
MISSILE DEFENSE SYSTEMS and ARTILLERY PLATFROMS perched
atop the tallest buildings. **Soldiers** behind **the** scanning
cannons of ANTI-AIR GUNS.

EXT. DC STREETS - NIGHT

SOLDIERS are everywhere. Every corner. TRENCHES cut into the streets. All manner of Hi-Tech weaponry is on display--futuristic TANKS and APC's.

On the side of every building is a LARGE MONITOR **counting**
down--23:11:05 and **falling...**

You know what happens when it hits zero.

INT. ARMORED SUV - NIGHT

Smith and Riley stare aghast at the decaying city.
Across from them is Bodette--here a GENERAL. His face is heavily creased with sorrow. This ain't the same man.

SMITH
Where are the Civilians?

GENERAL BODETTE
Hundred and forty million people all over the world died in the riots when the message went public. I'm curious, what exactly did you think would happen when you sent that message back? Ain't no more Civilians.

EXT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

A BLACK FORTRESS takes up an entire city block. Fort Knox was never this secure. This is the hub of power now--COMMAND AND CONTROL.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL HALLWAY - NIGHT

PRESIDENT KRONAU strides down the hallway with a squad of his RED GUARD, including Dawes. With him is MALLOY--here a VICE ADMIRAL.

PRESIDENT KRONAU
So, it's working...

ADMIRAL MALLOY
She hasn't been through the process yet. But, Smith is a gold mine of intel.

PRESIDENT KRONAU
 It's been almost *eight hours*,
 Admiral. I was told a full
 debrief would be available by now.

ADMIRAL MALLOY
 Sir...the machine hijacks all
 higher brain functions to record
 the memories. The process can be
 fatal if we don't... *

PRESIDENT KRONAU
 I am not concerned with **one man's**
 well being, **General**. Our fate
 depends on what he knows. *

Metal doors open--WE CAN HEAR SMITH SCREAMING.

INT. HI-TECH LAB - CONTINUOUS

TEN FOOT VIDEO MONITORS across the wall. SCIENTISTS and
 TECHNICIANS man HOLOGRAPHIC COMPUTER DISPLAYS--faces
 bathed in the green glow.

Strapped to a dastardly looking metal chair, we find
 Smith. He convulses--screams through clenched teeth.
 His body is covered in electrodes and sweat--the top of
 his head covered by a round metal device. *

Smith's MEMORIES are played on the large monitors.
 Hundreds of encounters with the Reapers. A thousand "end
 of the world" moments, from his POV. *

Each memory video is processed in real time by software
 that calculates speed, distance, tensile strength, weapon
 power, etc. Impressive.

DR. ORO (O.C.)
 No...no...no...

Dr. Oro comes out of a darkened corner waving like a
 pissed chimp. Here he is all Emo. Complete with the
 haircut you get to piss off your parents.

He bitches out the Technicians at Smith's side. *

DR. ORO
 Dude. You got the cortex feedback
 loop bleeding into the neural
 mapping threshold inhibitor, man.

Riley is dragged kicking and screaming towards a similar
 chair. Her turn.

A monitor catches her eye...

SMITH'S MEMORIES OF HER. A hundred versions of her, in various states of disarray. In various states of love. She sees herself kissing Smith. She sees herself dying before his eyes.

Over and over...and over...and over. *Suddenly*, the images vanish.

*

PRESIDENT KRONAU (O.C.)
(Intercom)
Everything not of tactical importance is irrelevant. Delete it all.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Riley sits, holding her aching head. TWO SOLDIERS enter and lay Smith on the cot--the clock on the wall reads 3:30 A.M. as they exit.

Riley cradles Smith's head. He ain't lookin' too frisky.

SMITH
Well...can't say I never take ya anywhere.

Kronau, Admiral Malloy, and Dawes enter.

*

RILEY
I oughta scratch your eyes out.

*

Smith sits up--bad idea.

*

ADMIRAL MALLOY
You'll recover from the effects in a few hours...

*

SMITH
Says you...

*

*

*

ADMIRAL MALLOY
We built it specifically for you and Ms. Holland, Mr. Smith. Spent three years testing it on both of you. The You's from *this* time...

*

*

*

RILEY
Where are we? They...us...

ADMIRAL MALLOY
It took a while to perfect.

Riley winces.

ADMIRAL MALLOY (CONT'D)
 Some of the information in the
 original message was
 indecipherable, as was most of the
 video that made it through. I'm
 sure you understand this was
 necessary. Every detail you...

*
 *
 *

SMITH
 Coulda asked.

PRESIDENT KRONAU
 Trust the fate of mankind to your
 recollection?

SMITH
 How 'bout ya just gimme back
 The...the, uh...

RILEY
 Thingy.

SMITH
 And we'll be on our way.

PRESIDENT KRONAU
 We are at the pinnacle of what
 mankind can accomplish, Mr. Smith.
 We'll never be this capable again.
 These aliens, or whatever they
 are, are going to walk into ambush
 the likes of which they can't
 imagine. It will end today, I
 assure you. Your device...that
 technology, was an intolerable
 threat to our global security.

*

SMITH
 Was?

*

PRESIDENT KRONAU
 Its been destroyed.

SMITH
 You trapped us here?

*

Smith lunges for the bastard--Dawes rifle butts him back
 into Riley's arms.

*

PRESIDENT KRONAU
 (to Malloy)
 Place them under General Bodette's
 command.

Kronau exits with Dawes.

RILEY

OK, the sound of that? I'm not likin' it...

ADMIRAL MALLOY

You're going to the front lines.

SMITH

The hell we are.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

There are seven billion people on planet Earth. Maybe half of them are in any shape to fight back. At best, we'll outnumber them three, maybe four, to one. Everyone fights. Or, we're dead before they get here. You've been trying to save the world for seven years. Here's your chance.

Smith wipes the blood from a split lip--looks at Riley.

SMITH

Ain't the world I ~~was~~ trying to save.

*

ADMIRAL MALLOY

I truly am sorry.

INT. HI-TECH LAB - NIGHT

Oro reviews footage from Smith's memories--the moments before the message was sent. He isolates a particular scene--Smith busting Kronau with the Laptop that was translating data into Binary.

*

*

He ZOOMS IN on the data Kronau typed...

PRESIDENT KRONAU (O.C.)

The time when this mattered, Son, has long passed.

*

*

Oro leaps a foot--finds Kronau behind him.

DR. ORO

Dude, you told us you were the man who could save us all...

PRESIDENT KRONAU

I didn't ask for this.

*

DR. ORO

You sent yourself enough knowledge of the future to grab control...

PRESIDENT KRONAU
 We are at the cusp of
 annihilation, Doctor. A Young Man
 of your intellect should know how
 important it is that my authority,
 for the sake of mankind, not be
 undermined.

Oro backs away--bumps into DAWES oozing from the shadows.

PRESIDENT KRONAU (CONT'D)
 If I'm not mistaken, your
 expertise here is no longer
 required. Is it?

EXT. DC SKYLINE - NIGHT

Spotlights cut through the night sky, while ridiculously
 powerful flood lights make daylight on streets. ATTACK
 AIRCRAFT circle like sharks.

*

A Chinook-style TROOP HELICOPTER rises over buildings...

INT. TROOP HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Smith and Riley sit with half a dozen STEELY-EYED
 SOLDIERS. You can see the wheels spinning behind Smith's
 eyes. Riley *gives* him the dreaded "Disapproving
 Girlfriend Glare".

*

RILEY

Good thing you came along, or I
 could be in *real* trouble, huh?

SMITH

*And, just what the hell does that
 mean?*

*

RILEY

Uh. Hello?

SMITH

How about thanks, Smith? Thank
 you that I'm not Riley-chow.
 Thank you...for the distinct, and
 very noticeable, lack of fangs
 stuck in my neck right now.

*

Riley's nerves go into overdrive. She pulls something
 out of her pocket and toys with it. Tapping it. Shaking
 it. Annoying as hell.

*

SMITH

I'm tryin' to think of a way outta
 this. Please stop doing that.

RILEY

I'm nervous, OK? When I'm gonna be killed and eaten, and not necessarily in that order, I fidget. Deal with it.

Smith catches a glimpse of what she's toying with--it's the TRIANGLE LASER MIRROR. **He snatches it away.**

*

SMITH

Where did you get this?

RILEY

That cyclops growly thing dropped it when he went all "GRRRR".

SMITH

The Reaper with the one eye had this?

RILEY

Isn't that what I said?

SMITH

Are you sure?

RILEY

Does he have an evil twin?

Smith races to the cockpit--a GUARD stops him.

SMITH

Turn this tub around.

GUARD

Sit down, Citizen.

SMITH

Listen Lurch, he's on to us.

Riley leaps up.

RILEY

On to us? Who's on to us?

SMITH

That one-eyed...whatever the hell it is. He's been tryin' to get the Thing back for years. This was part of Oro's Machine. You think he can't figure out what it was, and what we did with it? They travel through time every friggin' day...

*

*

*

*

GUARD

My orders are to transport this platoon to...

SMITH

Just gimme the radio!

Smith shoves him to get to the Pilot. That brings the SOLDIERS into the fray--they pull Smith back, which gets Riley involved.

RILEY

Hey, hey! Don't get shove-y.

SMITH

You jack-booted morons, I'm tryin' to save your...

The Guard clocks Smith, who **slugs** him back and dives for the cockpit--only to get dragged out by the feet. Riley bashes a Soldier in the melon with the butt of her XM-97.

Which gets her shoved on her ass--HARD.

So hard, HER WEAPON GOES OFF--BAM! Eyes go wide. Fists stop in mid-air. Everyone freezes for TENSE BEAT. No...no one is shot.

Till, the PILOT FALLS OUT OF THE COCKPIT, a bullet hole in his helmet. All eyes go to Riley.

RILEY

That *so* wasn't my fault.

EXT. PENTAGON (STREETS) - NIGHT

TANKS rumble down the street, **as** Soldiers take position in WWI style trenches. A familiar voice floats over the noise--Bodette barking at an OFFICER.

GENERAL BODETTE

...cleared to fire for effect at will. We only got twelve hours, and we're behind schedule!

Something catches his attention--AN OUT OF CONTROL TROOP HELICOPTER careens wildly through the air. Over the nearby area known as CRYSTAL CITY--a garden of fifteen to twenty story hotels and office buildings on the banks of the Potomac River.

The helicopter SLAMS into the top of the buildings, pin wheels off...

INT. TROOP HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

Alarms scream. Men scream. The collision with the building has ripped a hunk of bulkhead away--sparks and exposed wiring.

The centrifugal forces sling Riley towards the breach--out she goes, hanging on by her fingertips. *

SMITH
Riley..!

Smith watches in horror as a Solider is thrown directly into her. She disappears, as...

EXT. ROOF #1- CONTINUOUS

The Troop Helicopter slams into an Antenna atop a tall building--skips and hits another building...

EXT. ROOF #2 - CONTINUOUS

The mangled bird slides across the roof, throwing Smith out. He claws at the roof, momentum sending him towards the edge. *

JUST manages to stop himself, as the Helicopter topples fifteen stories below. Freaked the fuck out, he staggers to his feet--calls out in a panic.

SMITH
Riley..! Riley..!

RILEY (O.C.)
Oh man, could this suck any more?
Help me, damnit...

Her voice echoes down the street from Roof #1. It's five stories above Smith. He can hear her complaining, but he can't see her. *

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A silhouette ascends the stairs--the unmistakable cut of a Soldier in BATTLE ARMOR. Hands rip cobwebs away...

EXT. ROOF #1 - CONTINUOUS

The stairwell door creeps open, and out steps...

Oro sporting the world's most ill-fitting armor. It's way too big for him--the helmet is over his eyes. He drags an XM-97 by the barrel. *

He meanders to the edge--the tallest building around. *

DR. ORO
 Front row seat for the end of the
 world.

He hits his asthma inhaler.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)
 I'm so screwed.

RILEY (O.C.)
 Hey, Chess Club.

Oro grabs his head.

DR. ORO
 Voices. Aw, man. Mom said this
 would happen one day...

RILEY (O.C.)
 Oh my God. Look up, Doogie.

Oro looks skyward.

There's Riley, hanging from a rat's nest of wires that
 are tangled around the Antenna atop the building. The
 whole damned thing is bent about 45 degrees--she hangs
 like a wind chime from the waist.

DR. ORO
 What are you doin' up there?

RILEY
 Get me down, you idiot!

EXT. STREET (CRASH SITE) - PREDAWN

We find the wreckage of the Troop Helicopter burning.
 SOLDIERS tend to survivors. Smith picks up an XM-97.
 Bodette looks at the TRIANGULAR MIRROR now in his hand.

Smith yoinks another gun from a Soldier's hands and
 straps it to his back.

GENERAL BODETTE
 We don't stand a chance 'cause you
 found a mirror?

Smith wrestles ANOTHER XM-97 out of a Soldier's hands--
 grabs Bodette by the armor.

SMITH
 No, we don't stand a chance
 because they found Oro's machine.
 If you knew what I did. All of
 this. If you figured out we sent
 a message. What would you do?

*

*

*

"Oh Shit" gut punches Bodette.

SMITH (CONT'D)
 Exactly. Now, if ya don't mind, I gotta find the woman I love before the intergalactic man-eating whatever they are's come.

Smith hops in a HUMVEE and takes off. Bodette glances up at one of the COUNTDOWN MONITORS on the side of a building: 12:10:02.

He grabs THE NEAREST OFFICER.

GENERAL BODETTE (CONT'D)
 Get Command and Control on the horn. Tell 'em they'll be comin' early. Expect the invasion immediately!

INT. COMMAND & CONTROL HQ - PREDAWN

Voices and radio chatter. A kaleidoscope of HOLO-TERMINALS and MONITORS. A HUNDRED SOLDIERS work. Panic in the air.

Standing over a Hologram of Planet Earth, Admiral Malloy zooms in to DC. Speaks with a HOLOGRAM OF KRONAU...

INT. PRESIDENT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Malloy's Hologram appears on Kronau's desk.

ADMIRAL MALLOY
 Our entire battle plan is based on them walking into a coordinated global attack. Catch them off guard. If we don't have the element of surprise, if they're anticipating this...basic **tactics**, Sir. If you get wind of an ambush, you attack first.

*

*

PRESIDENT KRONAU
 How far from ready are we?

ADMIRAL MALLOY
 For the original scenario? Hours. For the possibility, that at any second, we'll be on the receiving end of a global pre-emptive assault? We wouldn't...

*

THAT SOUND kills the words on his tongue. Like the groaning of metal, but not quite...

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - CONTINUOUS

The SOUND echoes through the concrete canyons. Blood turns to ice. Soldiers stop in the their tracks. Fingers tighten on triggers. Hearts POUND. Waiting for it...

EXT. STREET (CRASH SITE) - CONTINUOUS

Every eye wide. The momentary paralysis terror brings. THAT SOUND ebbs into silence. Then... *

GENERAL BODETTE
Contact! Contact! Contact! Fire
at will...!

And all Hell breaks loose on Planet Earth once more.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - PREDAWN

M-Fighters appear first this time. Tight formations-- WWII bombing run style. THE BOMBARDMENT BEGINS.

En masse, they drop SHIMMERING BLUE ORBS on the city. PARALYSIS BOMBS drop Soldiers by the hundreds with every blast. Dresden style.

SAM MISSILES streak skyward. TRACERS arc from Anti-Air Batteries atop buildings into the inky night. Reaper ships come down in flames, crashing into the city's buildings. Entire blocks destroyed in seconds.

ON THE STREETS:

The REAPERS appear--UP ARMORED. The battle gear they wore previously has nothing on this--damned near an EXO-SKELETON, already blackened from old battles. Ain't the first time they've been to a dance like this.

The Exo-Skeletons make them even stronger. **Talon**s tear into concrete and brick. Some scamper up the sides of **buildings**. Paralysis Weapons traded for rifle-like PLASMA WEAPONS that burn through flesh, steel, and any damned thing else they're aimed at... *

INT. COMMAND & CONTROL HQ - PREDAWN

Digitized and terrified voices radio in from the field, **as** Admiral Malloy stares at the DC HOLOGRAM before him-- Green Dots for Human Forces, Red Dots for Reapers. *

The whole fucking thing is turning red. He ZOOMS out-- all of America. Further--Europe. Further...the planet swims in red...

ADMIRAL MALLOY
Oh, Jesus...

Mankind's surprise attack just got rammed down its throat.

EXT. ROOF #1 - PREDAWN

Oro creeps along the erector set construction of the bent Antenna, inch by inch closer to Riley, as an areial battle rages above them. His helmet falls over his eyes. Again.

The Antenna GROANS uncomfortably--Oro gets a good look down. A REAL good look...

RILEY
Are you looking down my shirt?

Yes.

DR. ORO
No.

RILEY
Could this day get any worse? *

The Antenna shudders. Groans. Sways.

RILEY (CONT'D)
I take it back! I take it back..! *

EXT. STREETS (WITH BODETTE) - PREDAWN

Bodette and his Soldiers pour the fire down a street from their trench. Reapers keep coming. When they're mowed down, the air wavers around their corpses as they DISAPPEAR, taking everything within ten feet with them. *

A Reaper APPEARS IN THE TRENCH WITH BODETTE! Right between two soldiers--talons rip them to shreds. *

Bodette blows the thing away, but it staggers into a TERRIFIED SOLDIER. In seconds, the dead Reaper is gone, disappearing to keep us from getting its technology...and taking the Terrified Soldier with it. Got too close. *

More Reapers appear out of thin air in the trench. *

GENERAL BODETTE
Fall back!

Bodette climbs out the trench--seeks cover behind a FLAME THROWING TANK.

GENERAL BODETTE
(On Radio)
Sector Seven, falling back to Rally Point Alpha Twelve...

The Flame Tank spews fiery napalm, engulfing Reapers, as Bodette catches the eye of another STEELY-EYED SOLDIER.

GENERAL BODETTE
Think it's too late to join the
Navy?

About then, an ENTIRE CARRIER BATTLE GROUP FALLS OUT OF THE SKY--Carrier, Subs, Frigates, Cruisers...decimating blocks behind them.

*
*
*

EXT. ROOF #1 - PREDAWN

The Carrier Group's impact shakes half the city--rattling the building HARD.

*

The Antenna gives way! Toppling over--the top twenty feet protruding over the edge. That's where we find Riley and Oro, 200 FEET OVER the street below...

And hanging directly in the path of an M FIGHTER swooping between buildings, a Human Fighter hot on its tail and firing. Cannon rounds ZIP through the air past their heads--the Dog Fight STREAKS just below dangling feet.

They've barely got their hearts started again, when another M Fighter comes--chasing the Human Fighter.

It breaks off--comes directly for Riley and Oro.

RILEY
Ohmigod, Shoot it...Oh. My. God.
Shoot it...!

Oro goes for the XM-97 on his back, fumbling like he's got hooves for hands--HE DROPS IT!

Riley grabs the thing as it falls, and blasts the approaching M Fighter cockpit full of depleted Uranium, screaming like a banshee.

The ship careens out of control, spinning wildly by just feet over their heads. It clips the Antenna, severing the portion that Oro and Riley are on from the rest of the structure.

*

The whole ball of wax falls fifty feet, till cables and wires go taut, SLAMMING them into the concrete building, bouncing them outward, and back towards the building like a pendulum...

INT. BUILDING #1 19TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Riley and Oro CRASH through windows, tumbling ass over tea kettle across the floor.

BEAT.

DR. ORO
Ow.

EXT. STREET (CRASH SITE) - PREDAWN

A familiar hideous face and a PECULIAR SNARL emerges from the night into the midst of the battle. Completely disregarding the battle around him, THE ONE-EYED REAPER rolls the **Troop** Helicopter wreckage over with one powerful hand. He peers inside, SNIFFING the air.

The One-Eyed Reaper takes off, killing anyone in his way savagely, swiftly, and with his bare **talons**.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - PREDAWN

A din of TERRIFIED BATTLEFIELD VOICES--transmissions from the field. Admiral Malloy commands from the DC Hologram.

An ASHEN MAJOR delivers bad news...

ASHEN MAJOR
Admiral, we just lost LA, Houston,
and Detroit. Miami and Atlanta
are falling...

A PETRIFIED SOLDIER adds to it.

PETRIFIED SOLDIER
So are Moscow and London. Berlin
is off grid...

ASHEN MAJOR
Admiral...what do we do?

PETRIFIED SOLDIER
Sir?

All eyes turn to Malloy. Hope. An order that will help. Something. Anything. A moment hangs for an hour.

His reply is a pained look--nothing we can do. XM-97 FIRE from a hallway reverberates--SOMEONE SHOUTS.

SOMEONE (O.C.)
Bogies in the wire!

Metal doors slam shut, only to be dented from the other side almost instantly. BAM. BAM. BAM...relentless.

CLOSE ON MALLOY: The Hologram reflects in his eyes. WE HEAR Reapers bust in. WE HEAR the guns. The SCREAMS. The GROWLS. Blood splatters across Malloy's face...

CLOSE ON HOLOGRAM: Blood oozes along green holographic streets, all the way to the holo representation of Old Townhouse/Command & Control...

INT. BUILDING #1 19TH FLOOR - PREDAWN

Riley is in a panic. *

RILEY

I yelled at him. Everything he's done and I yelled at him. Now he's out there with those things.

The elevator DINGS. Oro shoves the gun into Riley's hands.

DR. ORO

Um...I'm a bleeder.

Riley aims the gun at the doors. Heart pounding. They open, she cuts loose a REBEL YELL and...

Finds Smith, looking like he was frisked by a mountain lion, yelling right back--gun aimed.

It takes a BEAT for it to sink it.

Smith grabs her and lays a zinger of a kiss on her. He pours his heart and soul into that kiss. Her knees actually buckle, as they gaze into each other's eyes.

She smiles. Then, she slaps him in the back of the head. *

RILEY

Where the hell have you been?

SMITH

I...

RILEY

You didn't even come after me.

SMITH

You fell out of a helicopter.

RILEY

Oh, so it's my fault?

SMITH

But...

RILEY

I don't wanna hear it.

Oro puckers up for his turn with Riley. Smith grabs him by the ear.

DR. ORO
Ow....ow....that's attached.

SMITH
Remember our little stroll down
memory lane?

DR. ORO
That wasn't my idea! You don't
tell Kronau no. Not more than
once anyway.

RILEY
Can you get slappy with the muppet
later? What are we gonna do?

Their eyes drift to the horrific view framed in the floor
to ceiling windows--DC AFLAME. Arma-friggin-geddon.

Hearts sink. They're trapped. It's over. They're going *
to die and know it.

Smith holds Riley's face.

SMITH
I tried, Cupcake. I tried so
hard...

She puts a finger on his lips--a tear falls from her eye.

RILEY
I'm sorry. I'm sorry for
everything. I would've been proud
to marry a man like you, James
Smith.

SMITH
Riley...I have to tell you
something.

She goes doe-eyed.

RILEY
Yes...?

DR. ORO
Aw, for Kirk's sake. Let's go!

RILEY
Shut it, ya little Ewok!

SMITH
I may look like an Ewok, but I'm
all Wookie where it counts.

RILEY
 (to Smith)
 You were saying?

SMITH
 It's over, Kid. No place to go.

RILEY
 Hello? You were about to say
 something...

DR. ORO
 What about catching Kronau before
 he jumps back? *

SMITH
 How many times has she hit you in
 the head tonight? He destroyed
 The Thing...

DR. ORO
 No he didn't.

EXT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - PREDAWN

The black behemoth of a fortress is surrounded by fire
 and destruction. WE MOVE UP...

COMMAND AND CONTROL FROM ABOVE:

And, see for the first time that the entire facility is
 BUILT AROUND what was once ORO'S MIDDLE-CLASS TOWNHOUSE! *

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL HALLWAY - PREDAWN

Lights flicker. Sporadic gunfire reverberates. Kronau
 strides down the hallway with DAWES.

DAWES
 We're getting calls from pockets
 of Forces still alive around the
 city. We should send...

Kronau jacks Dawes up against a wall.

PRESIDENT KRONAU
 To hell with them! Your men will
 defend this complex to the last
 breath. Do you understand me? I
 am all that matters now.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - PREDAWN

Oro's old basement lab within the C & C complex. Same
 place, but it's had a major technological makeover.
 TECHNICIANS work on the Time Machine.

Kronau enters.

PRESIDENT KRONAU
Is my message ready?

TECHNICIAN #1
Matter of minutes, Sir.

EXT. STREET - PREDAWN

Smith, Oro, and Riley creep along an alley.

DR. ORO
What? Kronau lied? Gasp. Oh,
horror of horrors...

RILEY
(to Smith)
Can I hit him?

DR. ORO
Of course he lied! That thing is
a threat to his power. Had me
connect it to Bertha as soon as
you two got here to send another
message.

RILEY
What, did he forget to oppress
somebody?

DR. ORO
Intel. Send back what worked and
what didn't if things...went the
way they went. With his ideas on
how to not lose again, of course.
You think property values blow
now, imagine what life'll be like
after he sends *that* message.

SMITH
And we'll jump into the middle of
it.

DR. ORO
If we get to him before he
finishes sending it. 'Cause I
promise you, two seconds after
that...POOF. Hasta la see ya.

SMITH
*We'll never run that far, that
fast.*

*
*
*

RILEY
Aren't you supposed to be a car
thief? So thief something!

*
*
*

Smith shoots a look around a corner--nothing but burned out cars. But, there is an old Firehouse across the street...

INT. BASEMENT LAB - PREDAWN

Data flickers across a computer display with lightening speed. Kronau watches impatiently.

PRESIDENT KRONAU
How much longer?

TECHNICIAN
It's a lot of data, Sir...

Kronau slings a backpack on. Arms himself with an XM-97. Right about now, he looks like the Anti-Smith.

EXT. FIRESTATION - PREDAWN

A dusty, cobweb covered RED FIRE ENGINE smashes through the Fire Station's metal doors--SIRENS BLARING and LIGHTS FLASHING...

INT. FIRE ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

Smith drives. Riley freaks. Oro flips switches.

SMITH
Turn it off! Turn it off!

RILEY
I didn't turn it on.

DR. ORO
It was an accident!

RILEY
Wonder what this does? Sound familiar?

DR. ORO
Yelling at me is just making me nervous.

Oro flips a more switches.

SMITH
Off, **Kid.** Off!

*

DR. ORO
That **was** off.

SMITH
Well find the frickin' fuse box,
before...

FA-BOOM--Reaper plasma cannon rounds explode into the street just ahead of the Fire Engine.

SMITH
Never mind.

EXT. STREET (ABOVE) - CONTINUOUS

A Reaper on a rooftop leaps onto the passing Fire Engine. He has friends. Lots and lots of friends...

INT. FIRE ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

The windshield is full of Reaper, as one leans over the cab and punches through the glass--reaching for Smith.

Riley and Oro are too busy leaning out the side windows--shooting at two on the back to notice.

SMITH
Gun...

RILEY
What?

SMITH
Gun!

Riley tosses him her rifle--Smith, steering with one hand, shoves the rifle into the Reaper's face and unloads. A moment later, the headless Reaper disappears--TAKING THE ENTIRE ROOF WITH IT.

Oro and Riley, hair blowing in the wind, glare at him.

SMITH
Whoops.

The Fire Engine SHUTTERS--Plasma rounds slam into the ass end just one block from COMMAND AND CONTROL.

It topples onto its side, sliding down the street. Oro, Riley, and Smith holding on for dear life to avoid being thrown out the open top.

EXT. COMMAND AND CONTROL (ENTRANCE) - MORNING

Red Guard Soldiers manning the defenses run for it as the Fire Engine CRASHES THROUGH FRONT OF THE BUILDING.

Most of them avoid being squished. Most.

Two seconds later, they're defending the perimeter, guns blazing, against the Reapers's hot on Smith, Riley, and Oro's collective asses.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Smith, Oro, and Riley run along hallways--grabbing XM-97's off the floor.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Smith, Riley, and Oro storm in. They catch the two TECHNICIANS by surprise, but not Dawes and Kronau.

DAWES
Drop your weapons!

RILEY
Drop dead!

A Mexican stand off in cramped quarters.

SMITH
Step away from the gizmo, Asshole.

PRESIDENT KRONAU
You're proving to be an
astonishingly irritating man, Mr.
Smith.

SMITH
Look, Pal...I got a bitch of a
headache, and it's been a really
bad day. So, I'm just gonna shoot
you in the head in about three
seconds, OK? One...

PRESIDENT KRONAU
Mr. Dawes.

Dawes aims at Riley. Smith winces.

PRESIDENT KRONAU (CONT'D)
Two.

On the beat of three, BLOOD SPLATTERS. The heads of the
Technicians hit the floor!

A PECULIAR SNARL. Dawes aims--Smith knocks his gun up
just as he FIRES...

SMITH
Don't!

The rounds go wild into the ceiling--bursting a WATER
PIPE.

As a rain of water falls, THE ONE-EYED REAPER leers from a shadowy corner--A talon WRAPPED AROUND RILEY'S THROAT. It was waiting.

Another SMALLER REAPER emerges from the shadows across the lab. They're surrounded.

The One-Eyed Bastard tightens the grip on Riley--she gasps.

SMITH
(to all)
Put 'em down.

DAWES
Like hell..

Smith BASHES Dawes in the face with the butt of his rifle. Did the trick.

Blood trickles down Riley's neck as a talon breaks the skin. The One-Eyed Reaper points at Oro's Time Machine. Then, in a gravely, guttural voice...

ONE-EYED REAPER
Un...do...

It squeezes tighter.

RILEY
Oh God...!

SMITH
I don't understand!

ONE EYED REAPER
Un...do...

DR. ORO
It doesn't want us fighting back...

SMITH
What?

DR. ORO
I think it wants us to undo what we've done.

SMITH
Undo what?

DR. ORO
Send a message to disregard all previous messages. If I never show the first one to anybody.
(MORE)

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

None of this ever happens. Their
next jump, it'll be like it was.
Back to normal.

*
*
*

Holding his broken nose...

*

DAWES

No! We'll never see it coming.
We'll never stand a chance..!

*
*
*THWACK--Dawes is silenced mid-sentence by a sinister
black blade fired from Smaller Reaper's wrist.*
*

ONE EYED REAPER

*
*

Un...do...

*

It yanks Riley by the neck hard.

*
*

SMITH

Do it, Junior.

*
*
*

Oro raises his hands--eases to the Time Machine. The One-Eyed Reaper walks to Smith, dragging Riley. It shoves a talon under his chin--raises his face. Snarls.

*
*
*

Riley's eyes lock with Smith's.

*

SMITH

I love you.

*
*

She tries to say it back, but the grip is too tight.

*

DR. ORO

Ready to send. In
three...two...one...

*
*
*Bertha CRACKLES TO LIFE. HUMMING. Electricity arcs.
Lights flicker.*
*

CLOSE ON SMITH:

*

He looks at the arcing electricity. He looks at the water collecting on the floor from the shot water pipe. He looks back at Riley. She saw. She nods...

*
*
*

Smith makes his move--goes for an electrical conduit...

*

THWACK--The Smaller Reaper fires another blade. Smith's hand is impaled to the wall. He takes it. Refusing to scream.

*
*
*

And, if you didn't know better, you'd swear The One-Eyed Reaper was laughing. Till...

*
*

Someone whistles.

*

GENERAL BODETTE (O.C.)

Hey, Gruesome...

Bodette at the top of the stairs! He is tore up.
 Shredded armor. Wounded. And aiming an XM-97 at The One-Eyed Reaper.

Who has exactly enough time to widen that one eye in surprise, before...

BAM! One-Eye drops Riley and dives for cover--he's hit, but not fatally.

SAME INSTANT: Smith pulls the blade from his hand, grabs Oro and leaps onto a table, as Riley yanks an ELECTRICAL CONDUIT FULL OF SPARKING WIRES out of the wall...

She and Kronau dive onto a table the exact instant the wires hit the water...

But, the Reapers catch on just in time. The Smaller Reaper leaps to the ceiling, but One-Eye is too slow...

ZAP! Sparks and arcs of electricity dance across the water, as The One-Eyed Reaper is DEEP FRIED--growling and convulsing where it stands. Finally, something burns out--the charred splashes into the water.

The air wavers around it, as we've seen happen when they die and disappear. But this time...

The wavering air dances with ELECTRICAL ARCS--expanding to ten feet quickly...and still going. Smith grabs The Blackberry, and hauls ass with the others.

The overloaded One-Eyed Reaper's dead body still hasn't returned to a ship like it's supposed to--the energy field around it continues to vibrate and flash with electricity. Till...

KA-BOOM. It disappears in an EXPLOSION that damned near collapses the entire basement, and sends the Smaller Reaper CRASHING through solid concrete.

A BEAT later, Smith and Company poke their heads back into the basement.

SMITH

Well...that's new.

GENERAL BODETTE

Great, they explode now?

SMITH

Beats me. Dead one's usually just go back to the ships...

DR. ORO
 It overloaded. I...I think all
 that electricity overloaded its
 implant.

Smith spots the SMALLER REAPER, half encased in a
 concrete wall. He climbs over rubble and pulls the
 BLACKBERRY off its chest--it's destroyed.

SMITH
 Damnit...

He shoves his gun against the unconscious thing's head.

DR. ORO
 That's a living specimen...

RILEY
 You're a living specimen. Kill
 it. Kill it till it's dead from
 it.

DR. ORO
 Wait! Oh, man. I just totally
 got an idea...

KRONAU
 No! You will get this machine
 back in working order this
 instant!

Everyone glares at Kronau.

EXT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - MOMENTS LATER

Kronau is tied and gagged to the front doors. A hand
 scribbled sign around his neck reads--"BON APPETIT".

INT. HI-TECH LAB - MORNING

Smith, Oro, Bodette, and Riley drag the Smaller Reaper
 across the place--huffing and puffing. They wrestle the
 beast into the steel chair of the MEMORY MACHINE Smith
 was subjected to earlier.

SMITH
 You really think this is gonna
 work.

DR. ORO
 Has a brain. Nervous system.
 Higher functions. We're bound to
 get *something*. Maybe something
 that'll help us beat 'em.

Oro tugs on the half-destroyed armor over the Reaper's face and head. It doesn't want to give. *

Riley is fascinated by the various lights and digital minutia on the Reaper's armor. She touches one... *

BUZZ--they leap back. Tiny motors buzz in the armor, disengaging locks. The face and helmet opens--falls away. Revealing... *

A nightmare inducing face. No one speaks. No wise cracks. This fucking thing is just too scary. *

Bodette pokes it with his rifle. *

SMITH
If it sneezes... *

GENERAL BODETTE
Don't you worry. *

Oro cranks the Memory Machine into gear. The Reaper JERKS--body goes rigid. *

All eyes go to the monitors filling the place--The Reaper's memories fill the screens... *

CLOSE ON SCREEN: The Reaper's POV--a memory of Smith! He runs by us, chased by The One-Eyed Reaper--screaming like a little girl. Looks like Richard Simmons running from Freddie Kruger. *

The others stare at him. *

SMITH
I was trying to distract it... *

They each move to watch various screens--a different memory on each. Madness. Static. Quick cut images that make no sense. HORRIFIC moments. The mind of a monster. *

RILEY (O.C.)
Guys... *

Riley stares at one with rapt attention. *

RILEY (CONT'D)
I...I think its their planet... *

EXT. REAPER PLANET - VIDEO MEMORY *

Through the Reaper's POV: Fire and ice. A wasteland of tundra, desert, and fire spewing volcanos. *

Glaciers and lava. *

INTERCUT WITH GROUP IN LAB: *

They watch in amazement. An alien world... *

DR. ORO
It's a wasteland... *

The creepy decay of a Reaper City in the distance. At
the bottom of what appears to have once been an ocean. *

DR. ORO (CONT'D)
That place can't sustain life. No
wonder they came... *

THOUSANDS OF HARVESTER SHIPS on the ground. Millions of
Reapers enter. Preparing for the invasion, no doubt. *

The Reaper's POV moves up an ice encrusted hill, towards
an awaiting Harvester. A glacier passes by in a blur as
it turns away... *

WITH GROUP: *

SMITH
Whoa...wait. Can you rewind this?
Are you recording? *

DR. ORO
Where? *

SMITH
Back it up. *

Oro runs a few seconds back--replays. *

SMITH
There. Stop...is that..? *

Whatever they're looking at is so far off the
reservation, it sucks the air out of their lungs. *

RILEY
Can't be... *

SMITH
Uh... *

REVERSE ON SCREEN: *

A glacier. Dirty ice. Fuzzy, but visible is... *

A sign. *

In English... *

"HOLLYWOOD". *

INT. HI-TECH LAB - MOMENTS LATER *

Minds try to cope with what they've seen. *

DR. ORO
Oh, God! Oh, God. Oh. My God... *

RILEY
Why, why, why is the Hollywood
sign on planet Grr? *

SMITH
This is Planet Grr. *

RILEY
Don't tell me that. I'm trying to
be in denial here. Please, don't
tell me that... *

GENERAL BODETTE
How far is that in the future? *

RILEY
How is that even possible? *

DR. ORO
Nuclear war? Global warming?
Biological weapons? Take your
pick. We must've wiped ourselves
out...they're what evolved next... *

GENERAL BODETTE
Hell, what if that's what we
become...? *

RILEY
Oh, God. *

BEAT. *

SMITH
Either way... *

BAM--he executes the Reaper. *

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - MORNING *

Smith has his arms full of weapons. The others look on. *

RILEY
You wanna do what? Let's just go!
We got The Thingy. *

SMITH

Then what? Ain't like we'll ever kick their asses and send 'em running back to their own planet. Changes things a little, don't ya think?

*
*
*
*
*
*

Smith drops the guns on a table.

SMITH (CONT'D)

You saw the future. They got no where to go. Neither do we.

*
*
*

RILEY

You're suddenly gonna change that...

*
*
*

SMITH

Doc said their ships communicate on some kind of hive-like platform...

*
*
*
*

DR. ORO

I did?

*
*

SMITH

Move as one through space and time. One makes a change...

*
*
*

DR. ORO

They'd all make the same change.

*
*

Smith nabs duct tape--tapes mags together 2 x 2.

SMITH

You saw what happened to that One-Eyed bastard. 220 volts overloaded that critter's implant so much, it exploded before it disappeared. Those ships gotta be producing nearly infinite power to move through time, right? We overload one of their ships like that...

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

DR. ORO

(dawning)

And all the other ships would make the same change. They'd all overload...

*
*
*
*
*

SMITH

Pop the cork on whatever that power source is, it spreads to the other ships. And...Ka-boom. Or, somethin'.

*
*
*
*
*
*

DR. ORO
There's more than a million
ships...

SMITH
OK. Big friggin' ka-boom.

DR. ORO
Each one opening an uncontrolled
wormhole God only knows how big?

SMITH
Whatever that means. Yes.

DR. ORO
It means ripping a million or so
ginormous tears in space and time.

RILEY
See? That's like really, really
bad.

DR. ORO
It could rip the planet apart bad.

Smith hefts a rifle.

SMITH
We undid everything we've done.
The past is normal again, right?
We kill them now, they can't go
back and kill us. We end them.
All of them. Right now.

GENERAL BODETTE
Destroy the now to save the then.

SMITH
And wipe the future clean by
taking out today, and everything
in it. Anybody got a better idea,
I'm listenin'.

GENERAL BODETTE
We get into a ship...gonna be full
of those things.

SMITH
They're all down here. Never see
it comin'.

DR. ORO
Because no human could possibly be
that insane.

SMITH

Exactly. The silly bastards.

RILEY

Hello? Have you ever even been in
one? Do you even know what to do?

INT. HI-TECH LAB - MORNING

Riley sits on a table, PISSED. Oro monkeys with
computers with Bodette over his shoulder.

GENERAL BODETTE

We threw up every kinda bird we
could think of for recon and real
time intel...all the good it did.

SATELLITE IMAGERY appears on cracked screens.

DR. ORO

X-ray. Broad spectrum. Infrared.
Thermal. Penetrating Sonar.Every kind of Satellite Imagery you can imagine. The
Harvester ships are easily visible. Oro picks one and
zooms. In seconds, he's created a composite of a
Harvester using all the data. A fuzzy and jagged 3-D
model--inside and out. It looks like it was made by a
three-year old and a box of crayolas, but it works.A glowing UPSIDE DOWN PYRAMID SHAPE pulses in the center
of the ship. Looks are traded. Has to be it.

DR. ORO

That space above it? Heat and a
ridiculous electromagnetic
signature coming from there.

GENERAL BODETTE

Some kind of control computer?

DR. ORO

Whatever their version of that is.
Get in there, shut the fail safes
off.

GENERAL BODETTE

Then, we jump.

DR. ORO

OK, Science Lesson. Those ships
are a few thousand feet up. They
won't be there yesterday. The
scientific term for that is splat.

SMITH

Not a problem...

DR. ORO

It's just as likely we'll be
instantly ripped apart, and sent
God knows where into space. Trust
me, that's a problem.

SMITH

Only if you plan on livin' through
this.

Smith tosses the BLACKBERRY to Oro.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Get her outta here, Doc.

RILEY

What...

SMITH

Take the thing. Go back. I don't
pull it off, you guys keep
tryin'....

(to Bodette)

General, you too...

GENERAL BODETTE

Like hell, Son.

Bodette's eyes--there will be no arguing.

RILEY

This some kind of man thing? Send
the kid and the woman back? This
is suicide!

SMITH

Way its gotta be, Cupcake.

Riley storms out.

INT. BASEMENT LAB STIARS- MOMENTS LATER

Riley sits on the steps and fumes. Smith approaches--
neither speaks for a moment.

RILEY

Ever feel like somebody stole
somethin' outta your house, and
you don't know what? Just a
feeling somethin' is missing...

She turns on him.

RILEY (CONT'D)

You're not gonna make me feel
better about this. What if it
doesn't work? Come back with me.
I don't care if we have to run
forever...

SMITH

It has to stop.

RILEY

Then, I'm stayin'.

SMITH

Riley...

RILEY

Would you leave me, right now?

SMITH

Everything I've been through, you
think I'm gonna let them get you
now?

She yanks the XM-97 out of his hand.

RILEY

I could say the same thing.

He relents. No way she's going to back down. With a
tired smile, Smith hugs her. She rests her head on his
chest for a moment of happiness.

SMITH

I'm sorry.

He SHOVES HER down the stairs.

CLOSE ON RILEY'S BACK:

The Blackberry is duct-taped to her--ACTIVATED. The air
around wavers--fractures...

RILEY

No...

SMITH

I'll find a way. Somehow. I
swear I'll find a way back to you.

She reaches for Smith, who steps back. The shock of
what's happening seeps in, as disappears into thin air.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - 48 HOURS EARLIER *

Riley appears out of thin air, staring at that Spice Girls poster... *

RILEY
No...no...no! *

TRACKING WITH RILEY: *

She runs through the Townhouse. No one is home, but all is normal and homey. *

She runs out the front door... *

EXT. MIDDLE-CLASS TOWNHOUSE (SIDEWALK) - MOMENTS LATER *

Riley stumbles into a Winter Wonderland. EARLY MORNING SHOPPERS STROLL BY with packages. Christmas decorations hang. *

GRAPHIC: DECEMBER 22, 2011. 7:20 A.M. EST *

She staggers into the street in disbelief. A CAR SKIDS to a stop. The DRIVER yells... *

DRIVER
Are ya nuts? What the hell is wrong with you? *

It's one of The Technicians we saw die earlier. *

EXT. COMMAND AND CONTROL (ROOF) - MORNING *

It's hell on earth. Ships. Bodies floating. Blood rain falling. Growls. Screams. *

Smith, Oro, and Bodette gaze over the destruction-- bloodied and looking like the Wrong Stuff. *

GENERAL BODETTE
So, what's the plan, Ghengis? *

SMITH
Kill them all. *

Smith LEAPS OFF THE ROOF! *

A BEAT--he floats back up, KNEELING ON A FLOATING BODY. It carries him up, up, up towards a Harvester Ship. *

Bodette and Oro watch... *

GENERAL BODETTE
Wish I could say this is the weirdest thing I've done today. *

...and do likewise.

*

TRACKING WITH SMITH:

*

Rising above DC, it begins to snow. Smith steels himself up...disappears into the Harvester.

*

*

EXT. OLD TOWNHOUSE (PAST) - MORNING

*

Riley grabs a PASSERBY by the jacket. She looks absolutely insane.

*

*

RILEY

*

What day is it...?

*

The Passerby jerks away--runs.

*

RILEY

*

(to anyone)

*

What day is it...why won't you tell me what day it is?

*

*

She already knows. Drops to her knees on the sidewalk.

*

RILEY

*

Please, God...

*

INT. REAPER HARVESTER - MORNING

*

Huge. Old. The bodies enter via a LARGE OPENING into a cavernous INVERTED PYRAMID SHAPED BAY bathed in blue PULSING light. Five-hundred yards across at the top--walls slant steeply down to the opening outside.

*

*

*

*

Just as immediately obvious as the size, is the INVERTED PYRAMID STRUCTURE hanging from the top.

*

*

The source of the Blue Glow--ENERGY CRACKLES. Bands of SHIMMERING BLUE PLASMA encircle it. The very air around it warped like heat coming off hot asphalt. A rail thin tornadic vortex extends from the tip.

*

*

*

*

Smith floats past it with a thousand other souls.

*

The only ways to the Inverted Pyramid structure are two catwalks on opposite sides of the craft--both way the hell to Smith's right and left.

*

*

*

He leaps off onto a platform at the mouth of a DARK CORRIDOR...

*

*

INT. REAPER HARVESTER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

*

Smith creeps along a wall to a shadow--pauses for a second, eyes adjusting. Oro puts his hand on Smith's shoulder...

*

*

*

He jumps a foot--threatens to slap Oro stupid. *

GENERAL BODETTE
Any ideas on how to get up there? *

DR. ORO
Don't say the scary dark corridor.
Please don't say the scary dark
corridor... *

Smith peers down the dark corridor. A GROWL echoes
somewhere down there. *

With a sigh, Smith heads in, the others following--
disappearing into the dark. *

INT. REAPER HARVESTER GARBAGE BAY - MORNING *

A massive area full of Earthly debris. Some of this junk
looks familiar--like perhaps the now missing hunk of the
Basement Lab. *

A RECOVERY REAPER tosses debris aside--drags the CHARRED
REMAINS OF THE ONE-EYED Reaper out. He tosses the body
on a steel table that floats by... *

INT. REAPER MEDICAL BAY - CONTINUOUS *

It looks like its ten thousand years old. *

Reaper limbs are suspended in RED GOO. Instruments,
sharp and pointy, lay everywhere. REAPERS are strewn all
over, in one form of "surgery" or another. *

A WOUNDED REAPER SCREAMS as it is cut open by ROBOTIC
ARMS hanging from the ceiling--looking for all the world
like an octopus with elbows. *

The One-Eyed Reaper floats in. Robot Arms go to work
putting the body back together. Organs are replaced with
biomechanics. Armor takes the place of burned flesh. A
dozen SPIKES are shoved into various parts of its body.
KA-THUMP, it convulses--the Reaper equivalent of a
defibrillator. Once. Twice. Three times. *

A foot long needle is shoved into its skull--RED GOO is
pumped in. All the pointy things are pulled out. A BEAT
passes. *

The One-Eyed Reaper sits up. Pissed off, it leaps off the
table, cocking its head suddenly and... *

...SNIFFING THE AIR. *

INT. REAPER HARVESTER CORRIDOR - MORNING *

The occasional SNARL echoes with a metallic ring, sending chills up the spines of Smith, Oro, and Bodette. When, suddenly... *

CLANG! CLANG! Hearts leap into throats--Smith and Bodette whip their guns around... *

To find Oro sheepishly looking at them--XM-97 on the floor. *

DR. ORO
(mouths silently)
I dropped it. *

SMITH
(mouths silently)
No shit. *

Bodette squints in the dark. Nods. *

GENERAL BODETTE
Stairs. *

INT. DIFFERENT REAPER CORRIDOR - MORNING *

The One-Eyed Reaper races down the corridor in a rage--SNARLING and SNIFFING the air. *

A PASSING REAPER gets too close. The One-Eyed behemoth jerks the PLASMA WEAPON out of the other's hand furiously, and sends it slamming into a wall. *

Talons load and prep the weapon. *

INT. REAPER HARVESTER CATWALK CORRIDOR - MORNING *

Smith, Bodette, and Oro creep off the stairs into a corridor that is blue-tinged with ambient light. No doubt, that way leads back to the Inverted Pyramid... *

INT. REAPER HARVESTER CATWALK - MOMENTS LATER *

Our heroes peek out of the corridor leading to the catwalk. No handles--just a flat grate a couple hundred yards long and six feet wide. Straight to the Inverted Pyramid. *

CLICK CLICK CLICK...talons on metal. Behind them. A Reaper is coming this way. *

SMITH
That's not good. *

Closer. It's running. They can't retreat. *

GENERAL BODETTE
Too far. Never make it...

DR. ORO
Oh, crap. Oh, crap! What do we
do?

Good question. There's no where else to go. Two
options, forward or down.

INT. REAPER HARVESTER CATWALK CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

The One-Eyed Reaper runs towards the blue glow,
practically foaming at the mouth with rage.

INT. REAPER HARVESTER CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

It runs down the catwalk--stops halfway along the length.

No Smith. No Oro. No Bodette in sight.

CLOSE ON CATWALK:

Fingers.

UNDER CATWALK:

We find our boys dangling--fingers hanging onto the
grating for dear life. It's a long way down.

ON CATWALK:

The One-Eyed Reaper SNIFFS the air. His eye narrows--
walks forward...

UNDER CATWALK:

...and steps on Smith's fingers.

Smith makes the worst "O face" mankind has ever
witnessed. Screaming silently. Gritting his teeth.
Bodette and Oro watch in horror, pleading with eyes for
him to not make a peep.

He keeps silent. But he's kickin' the hell out of his
feet.

ON CATWALK:

The One-Eyed Reaper heads back the way it came. Slowly.

TRACKING WITH IT:

Over its shoulder WE SEE Smith, Bodette, and Oro climb
back onto the catwalk.

Smith shakes his fingers in a silent pain dance. They unsling weapons quietly--raise their guns...

The Reaper cuts that one eye sharply to the side. IT KNOWS!

SAME INSTANT: Our boys FIRE as The One-Eyed Reaper swings under the catwalk. Bullets ricochet. Sparks fly from the metal.

Ridiculously agile. It crawls along the bottom of the catwalk towards them just as fast as you can run, and our Boys can't hit it...

DR. ORO

Run!

They do. Beating feet for the Inverted Pyramid.

INT. INVERTED PYRAMID - CONTINUOUS

Scared shitless, Smith, Oro, and Bodette run in. Reeling where they stand as they look down. The floor is like glass. Completely TRANSPARENT. A mesmerizing view into the swirling energy inside that Inverted Pyramid below.

A PLASMA BLAST jerks them back to reality. Controls near the entrance--Smith and Oro press buttons, as Bodette drops to a knee and FIRES down the catwalk...

GENERAL BODETTE

Hurry up!

He unloads down the gangway--PLASMA ROUNDS rip through the air in reply. Bodette drops the mag--swaps out another...

GENERAL BODETTE

Now would be nice..!

He sprays another burst down the catwalk, as somebody FINALLY hits the right button. A DOOR ROLLS DOWN...

But, one more Plasma Blast makes it in. That is the one that General Bodette takes to the chest, knocking him across that room.

SLAM. The door closes.

SMITH

That thing is *really* startin' to piss me off!

DR. ORO

Oh, God. Is he dead?

Smith drops to his knees next to Bodette--nods sadly.

*

DR. ORO

Oh, man. Oh, man. You know what this means, don't ya? I'm gonna get it next. Sweet flamin' Elvis, man...I'm a Red Shirt.

*

*

*

*

*

SMITH

Pull it together...

*

*

*

*

DR. ORO

You're not the science wienie with zero Kung Fu! I am so unbelievably screwed.

*

*

*

*

WHAM! The One-Eyed Reaper is knocking. Smith and Oro turn their attention to the room.

*

*

*

Representations of the SOLAR SYSTEM flicker in mid-air. Earth in a different place in each. Past, present, future. Coordinates. Tracking.

*

*

*

They look at swirling energy below their feet.

*

SMITH

What now?

*

*

DR. ORO

I have no idea.

*

*

Smith grabs him.

*

SMITH

Listen, Kid. This is it. You figured out their technology. You figured out how send messages through time. It's up to you. Think! You know how to do this...

*

*

*

*

*

DR. ORO

I know how to do this...

*

*

Oro nods nervously. Shaking. Thinking as he looks down.

*

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

OK...OK, it's a simple containment field. Turn off the containment and the power should flow into the circuitry and overload.

*

*

*

*

*

They turn to the computer control station behind them. A disorienting kaleidoscope of about ten KA-BILLION buttons. Levers. Dials.

*

*

*

All labeled in Reaper Language.

*

SMITH

Um.

DR. ORO

The blinking one.

SMITH

They're all blinking, Nimrod.

DR. ORO

Well, hell, I don't know.

SMITH

You're the friggin' scientist.

So...science, already.

EXT. MIDDLE-CLASS TOWNHOUSE (PAST) - MORNING

Riley runs up and down the sidewalk. Shivering. Wet.
 Snow stuck to her hair. She doesn't care. A trembling
 nervous wreck.

She looks like just another crazy person on the streets
 of DC about now.

Searching the faces of everyone she passes--looking for
 the man she loves. Grabbing people. Turning them
 around. Pushing others out of the way.

Desperate powerlessness. Praying.

Trying to will a miracle out of thin air with hope alone.

INT. INVERTED PYRAMID - MORNING

Oro runs his hands through his hair.

SMITH

You just said you could figure
 this out!

DR. ORO

No, I said I knew how to do it.
 Not, you know...how to do it!

Smith paces. The BANGS on the door are relentless.
 GROWLS from outside. Oro looks down again, and points
 all those buttons.

DR. ORO

Any breach in the field should do
 it. But, I can't read that!

SMITH

Just breach that field down there?

DR. ORO

I think...

SMITH FIRES HIS XM-97 into the transparent floor--
emptying the magazine into it. It splinters and cracks
where the rounds impact. He stomps the area. Over and
over, till he stomps a hole into the floor.

DR. ORO

What the hell are you doing!

Smith drags Bodette's body over to the hole--drops it in.
The corpse drops like a stone, punching a General sized
hole through the containment field.

Immediately, the controls behind them light up--
screeching alarms. Below, the breach grows, as dancing
snakes of energy Arc. Spreading.

The floating representations of the Solar System begin to
move. Chaotically. One spins backwards.

DR. ORO

It's loosing it's place in space
and time...

A SCREECHING ALARM blares behind them. A representation
of the ship appears in the air, a blue orb surrounds it.
GROWING. What must be Reaper Numbers tick next to it--go
red and blink.

The floating Solar Systems flicker on and off. Planets.
Saturn. Mercury. Earth. Mars...

Smith smiles the world's greatest self-satisfied grin.
Till, Oro taps him on the shoulder--points down.

The glass-like floor is cracking--spider webbing beneath
their feet. Pieces fall into the swirling energy below.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - MORNING

The air around Smith's Harvester Ship WARPS. A growing
blue iridescent sphere emanates. Then, as far as the eye
can see, the same thing happens to the other ships.

Cascading. Spreading like a wave.

The very fabric of empty space bends around them...

INT. INVERTED PYRAMID - MORNING

The floor falls apart--the hole spreading out from the
middle. We find Smith and Oro with their backs against a
wall.

SMITH

This gonna hurt?

DR. ORO

Having every atom in your body
ripped apart and sent through
space?

SMITH

Damnit. Know how hard I've worked
to not die on one of these damned
ships?

BEAT.

DR. ORO

(dawning)

We're on one of their ships...

He excitedly shakes Smith silly.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

We're already on a ship!

SMITH

Highest IQ in the world, huh?

DR. ORO

How do they keep us from gettin'
their technology?

DING--we have a winner.

SMITH

Kill one here, it aint' goin'
anywhere. We can take its Device!

DR. ORO

We're gonna live! Spock be
praised, I'm gonna live!Smith grabs his rifle and pounds on the door controls,
Oro right behind him, rifle in hand.KA-THUNK--the door opens four inches and stops as a
POWERFUL SHUTTER shakes through the ship, knocking it off
its track.Suddenly, the door is thrown up with a FURIOUS GROWL--
screeching on the rails. Smith and Oro find themselves
staring at the The One-Eyed Reaper.It knocks the XM-97 out of Smith's hands with a
lightening quick swipe.

Oro opens fire, saving Smith's ass. He hits The One-Eyed Reaper. The wall. The floor. The ceiling. When the DEAFENING BLASTS subside, the One-Eyed Reaper is gone.

Just a trail of black blood...

DR. ORO
That's right! I'm goin' Master
Chief on your asses now!

SMITH
Come on!

They make for the door--the ship shaking itself apart...

INT. REAPER CATWALK (PYRAMID ENTRANCE) - CONTINUOUS

Oro is out first.

DR. ORO
Let's go! I...

THWACK--a sinister black blade slams into Oro's chest.

SMITH
Kid!

DR. ORO (CONT'D)
I...

He drops to his knees.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)
...really hate being right all the
time.

Oro tumbles over the edge, as a PECULIAR SNARL turns
Smith's blood to ice. The One-Eyed Reaper didn't run
away--it's perched over the Pyramid doorway. Waiting.

Smith raises his weapon...

SMITH
Sleep in heavenly peace, you ugly
son of a...

CLICK--empty.

SMITH (CONT'D)
...oh shit.

INT. REAPER HARVESTER CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

The ship shakes. Pieces fall. The blue light of the
Pyramid is a BLINDING STROBE, as Smith runs for his
fucking life.

The One-Eyed Reaper LEAPS, tackles Smith... *

They tumble off the catwalk! Falling... *

INT. REAPER HARVESTER BAY - MORNING *

Smith and The One-Eyed Reaper SLAM into the downward slanted walls. And slide--The Reaper tries to claw itself to a stop. *

Smith ain't havin' it. He rolls onto the thing's back, grabs its head and BASHES ITS FACE repeatedly into the wall as they slide downward... *

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS *

The curves of a million iridescent blue orbs break the edge of the atmosphere. And they're still growing--bending the space around them... *

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - CONTINUOUS *

The orbs extend DEEP below ground. They're beginning to overlap. Bending. Concrete and asphalt on the ground start to crack... *

Buildings are torn in half. The GROUND SHAKES VIOLENTLY... *

And, for once, The Reapers are running around in a panic. *

INT. REAPER HARVESTER BAY - CONTINUOUS *

Smith tumbles ass over tea kettle down the wall--a dozen new bloody wounds. The edge is coming. He can't stop himself... *

He slides over the edge of the opening! *

EXT. REAPER HARVESTER (UNDERNEATH) - CONTINUOUS *

Smith hangs from the edge with one hand, dangling under the ship--struggles to pull himself up... *

But, The One-Eyed Reaper falls out, raking RAZOR TALONS DOWN SMITH'S BACK--deep and horrendous wounds, before it tumbles out of sight. *

Smith SCREAMS. His grips slips. *

Down he falls... *

EXT. SKY OVER DC - CONTINUOUS *

Tumbling ass over tea kettle, Smith lands on one of the floating bodies. In agony, and bloody from his wounds. *

Weakening by the second. He falls--just manages to hang on to the body's belt. Dangling.

The One-Eyed Reaper is twenty feet below him on another floating body--ROARING white hot fury at Smith. It jumps from body to body, till it's standing on the one Smith hangs from.

It leans in--sticks its hideous face to within an inch of Smith's with a SNARL.

A death inducing fall below. A murderous Reaper in his face above. Then, something catches his eye...

A PISTOL. The body they're on is a Soldier! And, his sidearm less than a foot from Smith's hand.

The sneering One-Eyed Reaper lifts Smith up to its face by the back of the shirt. The damned thing actually laughs. Gutteral. Croaking. Demonic. Pale as a ghost and bleeding out, Smith chuckles with it.

Then, he wraps his arms around the son of a bitch's head, and SHOVES THE PISTOL into its eye.

SMITH
Didn't see that comin'. Did ya,
Gomer?

BOOM! He blows half the Reaper's head off. Dropping the gun, Smith grabs The Blackberry strapped its chest and falls...

TRACKING WITH HIS FALL:

Smith's bloody fingers press the Sequence...

Plummeting towards the ground. Coming fast. The air around him begins to warp...

He vanishes into thin air--four feet from the ground.

EXT. WASHINGTON DC - CONTINUOUS

At the same moment, the first Harvester ship disappears with a MASSIVE EXPLOSION--TAKING WITH IT A MILES AND MILES DEEP HUNK OF EARTH...

Molten rock SPEWS.

MOVING OVER THE PLANET:

Over and over. Ship after ship. Again and again. Deeper and deeper. The Earth shakes. Fissures, miles wide and deep, appear as the planet rips itself apart...

EXT. SPACE - CONTINUOUS *

Planet Earth comes apart. Ripped in half by the rending
of space itself. Then, suddenly, half of it VANISHES... *The remainder tumbles out of orbit. Oceans freezing as
they float away. The molten core hardening. The blue
atmosphere fading away in wisps like so much smoke... *

EXT. SATURN - CONTINUOUS *

The rest of Earth appears silently out of bending space. *

A debris trail following it for millions of miles. Dead
Reapers and their Ships tumble with it. *

EXT. MIDDLE-CLASS TOWNHOUSE - MORNING *

A crowd is gathered around something on a sidewalk.
Riley shoves her way through, smiling from ear to ear. *RILEY
Smith? I knew it! I knew
you'd... *She breaks past the crowd, and finds our boy Smith laying
in a pool of his own blood--pale as a sheet. *

Riley drops to her knees--cradles his head. *

RILEY
Please. You gotta be OK. Marry
me. It's over. I just want to be
Mrs. Smith. Just be OK... *

Smith gives her a weak smile. *

SMITH
I...I... *RILEY
Yes? *SMITH
I...couldn't even get you to go
out with me *RILEY
What..? *SMITH
You wouldn't even give me the time
of day, Riley. You never married
me. *

He touches her face, goes on with labored breath. *

SMITH (CONT'D)

But, I fell in love with you the
moment I saw you.

(fading)

Couldn't let anything happen to
you. Even if...even if you never
loved me back...*
*
*
*
*
*
*

Smith goes still.

RILEY

Smith? James..!

*
*

She shakes him. Screams at the crowd.

*

RILEY

What are you lookin' at? Call an
ambulance!

(to Smith)

No...wake up. Wake up!

*
*
*
*
*
*

He's dead. It takes her till this moment to accept it.

*

Tears running down her face, she takes the watch off his
wrist--clutches it tightly.*
*

RILEY

Merry Christmas, James Smith.

*
*Filthy. Crying. Shivering. Riley disappears into the
crowd...*
*

FADE TO:

*

EXT. WASHINGTON DC (ABOVE) - NIGHT

*

WE MOVE over America's Capitol. It most definitely "Tis
the Season". CHRISTMAS LIGHTS are everywhere. Tinsel
and decoration gleam--monuments are bathed in green and
red flood lights.*
*
*
*

INT. CAFE - NIGHT

*

Riley sits alone at a table--the cafe empty. Her wounds
are bandaged. Her clothes clean.*
*

A TV IS ON.

*

CLOSE ON TV: PRESIDENT MALLOY at a Press Conference. The
FIRST LADY and their DAUGHTER look on.*
*

REPORTER (V.O.)
Though the Secret Service wasn't
able to identify the source of the
anonymous tip, sources have
confirmed that there was an
unknown mechanical problem found
with the helicopter the First Lady
and their daughter were due to fly
on. Word is, a catastrophic
failure was avoided...

Riley picks up her coffee and heads for the door with a
smile.

RILEY
Don't mention it.

EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

There's something familiar about this cafe. Maybe it's
that blown bulb in the strand of Christmas lights.

Riley exits--stares at the stars. SOMEONE approaches,
waving a note.

It's SMITH. The Smith from this day.

SMITH
You the one that bailed me out?

She smiles.

SMITH (CONT'D)
Do I know you?

RILEY
Not yet.

The OLD LADY from the beginning of our story comes out of
the cafe, and lays the skunk eye on that blown bulb.

OLD LADY
Abner? Abner? Abner!

Abner comes out, sporting his Santa hat and carrying a
ladder.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)
There's a light out. Didn't you
hear me yelling for you?

ABNER
France could hear you yelling for
me.

As the Old Lady bitches at Abner...

RILEY
(to Smith)
How about a walk?

He's smitten.

SMITH
Where we goin'?

The watch on Riley's wrist, Dead Smith's watch, BEEPS.

She freezes. Listening. Waiting. Looking around, as
ABSOLUTELY NOTHING HAPPENS. She cracks a mile wide
smile.

RILEY
Any where we want.

They head off down the sidewalk.

Riley tosses The Blackberry into a trash can, wraps an
arm around Smith's arm, and lays her head on his
shoulder.

SMITH
You gonna tell me who you are?

RILEY
James...we've got all the time in
the world to get to that.

Picture perfect. Arm and arm, they stroll down the
sidewalk, as a gentle flutter of snow falls. The lights
and decorations blink. They pass other smiling couples.
Norman Rockwell couldn't have painted this ending...

CUT TO: *

CLOSE ON TRASH CAN:

The Blackberry among empty coffee cups and newspapers.
As the Christmas Carols play in the background...

...it POWERS ON.

FADE TO BLACK. *