

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 saferoom. 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...they'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. Ta-da.

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

No.

SMITH

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. SCOOPY 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

Horrificed 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 yunks 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 23rd, 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 PLATFORMS 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 to 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 yanks 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 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. Talons 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 gravelly, 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 UPSIDEDOWN 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 losing its 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  
Damn it. 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. Guttural. 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.