

THE DAYS BEFORE

by  
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SECOND DRAFT

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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.

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 25th, 2011**

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, and cruises up a sidewalk. Mailboxes. Cafe tables. HORN HONKING, it plows 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! Abner, you come back here  
this instant..

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. A man who looks like he has had 2,555 bad days in a row.

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 records everything with a TINY CAMCORDER.

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...

Smith points the Assault Rifle at Abner's face through the windshield.

SMITH

Do you mind?

Abner climbs onto the roof.

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.  
(MORE)

SPOTTER (CONT'D)  
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, Honey...

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", you know.

A Police Car careens out of a side street just ahead of  
them. 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.  
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

Shut up!

GUARD #2

(on radio)

Vehicle halted. Suspects detained...

SMITH

Look in the trunk.

GUARD #3

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 #3

Fall back!

GUARD #2

(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

I'll tell you anything you wanna  
know...after you look in the  
trunk.

COLONEL BODETTE

That set off radiological sensors  
all over town.

(points to gun)

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

Any minute now, you're gonna  
experience a whole new level of  
"Oh Shit". Stop wasting time...

Bodette shakes a device about the size of a BLACK BERRY  
at Smith--it's 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,  
it's 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 the folder--he peruses.

COLONEL BODETTE  
This ain't possible.

POLICE LT.  
Eyes on. Confirmed. It's the same guy.

COLONEL BODETTE  
Twin?

POLICE LT.  
Not with identical finger prints. That man yelling in there 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, and 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, and 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, as President Malloy, Sec Def Kronau, Agent Dawes, and Colonel Bodette stare inside.

Their faces are the textbook definition of thunderstruck. Whatever they're seeing simply does not compute. It's a long moment before anyone can speak.

KRONAU

What the hell is that?

COLONEL BODETTE

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

BEAT.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

(to Kronau)

Recall the Joint Chiefs. Space Command. NASA.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

President Malloy, Colonel Bodette, Sec Def Kronau, and Agent Dawes stare at Smith across the table. Complete silence. Complete shock.

Complete horror.

COLONEL BODETTE

Those are Black. How can you know about those projects...

SMITH

Am I speakin' Greek here? Take a shot in the dark, Pal. You gotta have something...

KRONAU

(to Bodette)

The ArchAngel Project...

SMITH

Oh, hell no. No! Bad idea. Don't even think about that one. Something else. Anything.

KRONAU

There is nothing else...just...

Kronau is shaking so bad, he fades. Smith SLAPS the table in front of him--scaring the shit out of all.

SMITH

Just what?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - CONTINUOUS

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

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 on their heels.  
Kronau gets yanked back by the collar...

SMITH

What's his name?

Kronau tries to wriggle free of Smith's grasp, panicked.

SMITH (CONT'D)

The name, man. The name!

KRONAU

Oro.

He gets free and makes for the door.

KRONAU (CONT'D)

Dr. Constantine Oro.

Smith scribbles the name on the back of his hand, and  
runs for the door--it closes on it's own, right in his  
face. Locked.

SMITH

God, I hate the Holidays.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PARK - NIGHT

The air around the wrecked Bonneville seems to fracture,  
as if the atmosphere was breaking like glass...

INT. EOD TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The Black & White monitors of the Bomb Robot are still on--  
we see what it sees...

A cloudy REPTILIAN EYE, as big as a tea cup, fills the  
monitor, fixed in a death stare.

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 ONE OF THE GUARDS CRASHES THROUGH THE WALL  
just over his head! Bloody, dead, and 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 - MOMENTS LATER

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 - CONTINUOUS

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,  
yesterday. 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

MP5's and Sig Sauer pistols 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 they're streaked in blood. It isn't theirs.

Bodette empties an MP5 down the hall--drops it and grabs two more off the floor. He slams one into the President's hand.

COLONEL BODETTE  
Move your Presidential ass, Sir.

Kronau is already beating feet down the hall--Malloy follows.

Jaw set, 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. 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 BLACK BERRY. He locks and loads--plunders in his back pack for a small 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. No matter what. 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!  
Kronau..?



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  
yesterday?

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
Help me...

Smith shakes him by the collar.

SMITH  
Listen to me! Where were you  
yesterday?

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
I'm dying.

SMITH  
Everyone is dying. Where were  
you? Did you have a distress  
code? A password? Some security  
phrase? I need you to tell me  
everything about that day. 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--his head lolls lifeless. 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 one of 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 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. Do you understand me? Never. I can't watch you die again. Don't do that to me.

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 - MOMENTS LATER

They exit the White House, Smith's arms around the dead weight that is Riley. She's DEAD. He drags her for several steps, refusing the truth.

But, the weight of his pack, the XM-97, and her dead weight are too much. Smith lays her down in the grass. He has no words. He has no tears. Just weariness in his sad eyes.

Smith takes the CAMCORDER from Riley's hand. Aiming it at himself, he heads across the lawn towards President Park--the BLACKBERRY in his other hand.

SMITH

(to camcorder)  
Christmas, 2011. Failure.

He tosses a baleful glance back at Riley.

SMITH

See you yesterday, Cupcake.

He presses a few of the hundred buttons on the BlackBerry device, and...

Nothing. He tries again. Nada.

Something SCREAMS from the sky--an F-18, flaming and broken in half, streaks directly towards him. Smith runs for everything he's worth, pounding that damned BlackBerry like his life depended on it.

SMITH

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

WHAM--the jet hits the ground a hundred feet behind him, EXPLODING into a jet fuel fireball. He jackhammers the button on the device.

Running at a full gallop, the air around him begins to fracture--the relentless fireball overtakes him...

EXT. PRESIDENT PARK - MORNING BEFORE

Smith APPEARS OUT OF THIN AIR. His clothes smoking in the morning light--blackened from fire, covered in dried blood.

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.**

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

INT. GRAYHOUND BUS - DAY

Smith is asleep--the NYC skyline visible in the distance.

He wakes with a START--the sudden move freaks out those sitting next to him. Smith calms down. No danger here. Not yet. He checks his watch. A TIMER COUNTS DOWN.

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, but I don't believe it.

SMITH

I don't dream.

LITTLE GIRL

Everybody dreams.

SMITH

Not for much longer.

LITTLE GIRL

I'm going to my Mom's for  
Christmas.

Smith could give a shit. She tries again.

LITTLE GIRL

I'm going to be a psychiatrist.

SMITH

Fantastic.

LITTLE GIRL

When I grow up.

(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 - DAY

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 pulls a few bills out of a pocket, and hands them  
to the sobbing wreck of man before him.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Let her open her presents tonight.

He walks away, swiggin' the hooch.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

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

Yeah, but this guy...this guy  
deserves something awful. Truly  
awful.

RILEY  
I went all Llama on 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--has a seat. Joy pings him with the bitch radar.

JOY  
Look at this winner.

RILEY  
Hello. Have him bathed and brought to my tent.

JOY  
My dear, that is a clear cut case for a flea dipping.

Riley grabs her order pad.

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, stands...

SMITH

Not yet.

...and walks out.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

New York City.

The cemetery is a place of beauty, and presently it is overflowing with NYPD POLICE, SECRET SERVICE AGENTS, and NEWS CREWS beyond a security perimeter.

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 that took the lives of the First Lady, and their daughter Sophia. On this sad Christmas Eve, Flags are at half mast across the country, and across the world, as government leaders have expressed their condolences...

ACROSS THE STREET

More NYPD COPS ensure that no one in crowd comes too close. There aren't that many people, just 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. CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

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



INT. PRESIDENTIAL LIMO - DAY

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

EXT. 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. He glances at his watch--a TIMER COUNTS DOWN: 07:57:02 and falling.

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 Smith.

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 looks like he's about to cry.

SMITH (CONT'D)  
I'm tryin' signal Santa.

LITTLE BOY  
Really?

SMITH  
Yeah. 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 - CONTINUOUS

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

President 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. NYPD STATION (DARK ROOM) - DAY

President 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...

(BEAT)

They're both yours.

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

AGENT DAWES (CONT'D)

Gets better. He has 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. NYPD 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. Their still reviewing it, but it looks like he has years' worth of videos. 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 - MOMENTS LATER

Smith sits on one side of the table, President Malloy on the other. Agent Dawes stands over the President, while a DOZEN NYPD OFFICERS keep an eye on Smith.

Smith sighs like he's done this a few times before.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

What are they?

SMITH

Hungry.

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

SMITH (CONT'D)  
Galactically speaking...turns out,  
we're the other white meat.  
Cattle.

Uncomfortable glances fill the room.

SMITH (CONT'D)  
Like a never ending food supply.  
They wipe us out on Tuesday, jump  
to Monday, do it all over again.  
Yesterday by yesterday.

Smith's trembling hand grabs a paper coffee cup, as  
Malloy taps the BLACK BERRY.

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
This?

SMITH  
I think it gets it's power from  
their ships. Don't work till they  
come. I stay a day ahead of them.  
It's what they use. They all have  
them.

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
Just one day...

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 one day back. It's  
damned near impossible to get one.  
You can kill 'em. They can be  
killed. But they're...wired.  
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 the cows from getting their technology.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

And I'm to believe you've done this every day for seven years...

Despite the evidence, they obviously struggle to believe. Smith notices--levels a glare at 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 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

Oro? Mr. President, have you ever met Dr. Oro?

PRESIDENT KRONAU

No...why?

EXT. PACIFIC OCEAN - DAY

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

TRACK WITH F-18

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

Malibu.

EXT. DOWN TOWN 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 between skyscraper canyons, as F-16 Eagles and F-22 Raptors roar overhead.

PEDESTRIANS stare at the birds--these are New Yorkers, they don't panic that easily.

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

Now they panic.

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, or severe, 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...

PRESS SECRETARY

You may notice fighter aircraft.  
I'm told these are strictly  
precautionary measures to ensure  
the safety of the public.

REPORTER

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

BLONDE REPORTER

And National Guard Units.

PRESS SECRETARY

Right now there's credible  
information that some kind of  
attack may be in the works.  
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 ends the briefing.

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 KY onto an  
airplane. They do this crap all  
the time.

RILEY

Jets? You think they'd send up  
jets because somebody left  
Astroglide in a briefcase?

JOY

Yes. Yes, I think they would.



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

The 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?

She's dragged out the door.

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

INT. SUV - MOMENTS LATER

Riley climbs into the back. She's greeted by the creepy,  
Captain Weirdo smile of a man who could be the  
illegitimate spawn of Al Einstein and Phyllis Diller--DR.  
ORO.

DR. ORO  
Pretty exciting, huh?  
(extends hand)  
Oro's the name. Sweet, sweet  
lovin's the game.

RILEY  
Uh...what's going on?

DR. ORO  
Whole lotta me, lookin' at a whole  
lotta you.

Riley leans over the seat.

RILEY  
(to Agents)  
Hello? Wrong girl.

Oro taps her on the shoulder.

DR. ORO  
One of us is wearing mistle toe  
underwear.

She leans over the seat again.

RILEY  
(to Agents)  
Is this guy OK? I didn't bring my  
pepper spray with me.

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

RILEY  
Where are you taking me?

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

Riley sits back--Oro gives her that smile again.

RILEY  
OK, you don't look at me any more.

INT. UNDISCLOSED FACILITY - AFTERNOON

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

KRONAU  
Most of your aides and advisors  
left New York after the funeral.  
Many of them were still in the  
air...

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
Were?

KRONAU  
Well, we grounded all air traffic  
as part of the increased threat  
level.

COLONEL BODETTE  
On Christmas Eve.

They come to a stop in front of door labeled AUDITORIUM.

COLONEL BODETTE (CONT'D)  
It's my suggestion we look into  
declaring the Department of  
Homeland Security a terrorist  
organization, Sir.

BEAT of blank stares.

COLONEL BODETTE (CONT'D)  
That was a joke, Sir.

MAN IN BLACK #1 approaches.

MAN IN BLACK #1  
Mr. Smith, she's here.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

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

RILEY  
The future.

Smith nods.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
And...we're...

SMITH  
Married, yeah.

RILEY  
In the future. Where you're from.

Smith reaches across the table and lays his hand on hers.

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

She yanks her paw back.

RILEY  
I kiss every frog in New York  
looking for my prince, and you're  
the guy I end up with?

SMITH  
What?

RILEY  
Look, no offense, but you're not  
exactly in my league, OK?

Through a window, Riley glances at Colonel Bodette in an adjoining War Room with the others. Smith follows her gaze--frowns.

SMITH

I think you're missin' the bigger picture here.

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.

SMITH

(whisper)  
What's wrong with me?

RILEY

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

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.

SMITH

Or something? I'm not even a something?

RILEY

You're making a scene.

SMITH

Yeah? Well, you get fat.

Malloy interrupts before she counter strikes.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

You'll forgive me if I've ruined your Christmas, Dr. Oro.

DR. ORO  
 You kiddin' me? I'm usually faced  
 on schnapps and sending  
 threatening e-mails to my ex-wife  
 by now.

Kronau motions 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  
 Told the guys with the pocket  
 protectors everything I know.

KRONAU  
 Who led the Nation?

SMITH  
 What?

KRONAU  
 In the future. In your time. Who  
 was...is the President?

Smith looks at him like he has three heads.

KRONAU (CONT'D)  
 It was me, wasn't it?

SMITH  
 I've never heard of you before  
 today.

KRONAU  
 I don't know why you feel  
 compelled to lie about this.

BEAT.

SMITH  
 Your chestnuts have been roasting  
 on an open fire too long. You  
 know that?

KRONAU  
 Mr. Smith, when we have defeated  
 this threat, or prevented it from  
 happening, life will go on.  
 (MORE)

KRONAU (CONT'D)

You've lived every day for the last seven years twice. Your knowledge of the future could be...beneficial to a man of my political aspirations.

SMITH

Get your head out of your aspirations. None of that shit matters any more.

Kronau leans into Smith's face.

KRONAU

Know your place, James. I am not a man you want to anger.

And heads back into the War Room.

INT. WAR ROOM - AFTERNOON

Dr. Oro stares at THE BLACKBERRY--his face a whiter shade of pale. Yeah, he's been told.

Smith returns and yunks the Blackberry back from him.

DR. ORO

Do you have any idea of the energy necessary to move anything of significant mass through time? Theoretically speaking, I'm not even sure it's possible.

SMITH

You're kibbles-n-bits in about four hours. It's possible.

DR. ORO

You're the one from the future..?

SMITH

You got it, Poindexter.

DR. ORO

No. Really? You're the one who has braved the end of the world a thousand times?

BEAT.

SMITH

I'm gonna let that go, cause I know what a kick in the Rudolphys this is.

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

SMITH  
A billion of 'em, just big enough  
to step through...

COLONEL BODETTE  
Worm holes?

DR. ORO  
Tunnels through space 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	SMITH
No.		Yes.

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
OK. Can we stop these wormholes?

DR. ORO  
Um...we just got digital watches  
thirty years ago.

SMITH  
Tell 'em about your project.

EXT. NYU CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

Establishing of NYU Campus. MILITARY and SECRET SERVICE  
swarm. MARINE ONE, the President's Helicopter, is parked  
in front of a building. THREE APACHE attack choppers  
hover...

INT. BASEMENT STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Steam pipes and flickering lights. Not many people come down here, based on the cob webs. Dr. ORO, President Malloy, Dawes, Kronau, Smith, and Riley descend.

DR. ORO  
It's not what you think.

They enter a large basement room--Oro hits the lights...

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

In the center of the room is a massive contraption--in the center of which are several small mirrors angled at 45 degree angles.

DR. ORO  
I call her Stella.

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.

A fuse blows--POP. Sparks. A small fire.

DR. ORO  
Don't sweat that. Just a...with  
the...and...

Oro sprays it with a fire extinguisher.

DR. ORO  
DARPA project for military  
communications. Be pretty  
freakin' sweet to send messages a  
few minutes back in time on the  
battlefield, huh?

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
*This...is a time machine?*

DR. ORO  
No. Well, yeah. Not really,  
maybe sorta...

COLONEL BODETTE  
Does it work?

KRONAU  
We cut his funding, what does that  
tell ya?



DR. ORO

Always with the negative vibes, man. Yeah, just sub-atomic particles a fraction of a second forwards and backwards. Energy is the pooch screw. Remember the New York black out a decade ago?

PRESIDENT MALLOY

Yeah.

DR. ORO

Oops. Requires more juice than we can...

He wags his eye brows at Riley

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

Squeeze.

SMITH

When they show up, the Blackberry draws its power from their ships. You figure out how to tap into that energy, and send a message back in time to yourself using your machine.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

With particles?

DR. ORO

String of zeroes and ones. Binary. I mean, theoretically, I could only send it back as far as the moment I first turned it on, fifteen years ago.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

We'd have fifteen years to prepare for this moment, instead of six hours.

(to Oro)

Can you do it?

DR. ORO

Sure. If I had a decade and a genie shoved up my ass.

PRESIDENT MALLOY

How about every resource of the United States of America at your disposal for the next...

(checks watch)

Five hours.

Oro takes the Blackberry from Smith. Well, tries to, he ain't lettin' go--it's his safety, and has been for years. Till, he looks at Riley--the fear in her eyes.

She catches herself--realizing, for a moment, she was an open book. So, she does what any self-respecting woman would do who just outed herself.

She glares at him and yanks the Device out of his hand.

RILEY

Idiot.

And hands it to Oro.

DR. ORO

If we find out fifteen years ago, that the world is going to end on this 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

Yeah. But who knows the ramifications. Every single thing in each of our pasts has led us to where we are. Change anything in the past and we don't have the same present. You may not be President. I may not have been acquitted of that sexual harass...well, you get my drift. Who knows?

BEAT.

SMITH

(to Malloy)

Mr. President...what color underwear did you wear yesterday? Just, you know, in case.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - LATER

This place is a 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.

WE FIND President Malloy quietly sitting--a picture of he and his family in his hand.

Lost in wallet sized memories. Kronau watches him quietly, as Agent Dawes approaches.

AGENT DAWES

Air Force One is ready. You can broadcast your address en route to Cheyenne.

Malloy nods.

AGENT DAWES (CONT'D)

Tough choice. We stop them today, you're family is still gone. We lose, and send a message back, maybe they never get on that helicopter.

Malloy puts the photo away--chagrined Dawes has read his mind.

He 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 (CONT'D)

(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 loud ZAP and a BLUE ARC scares out the hell out of everybody--Dr. Oro steps out of it, goggles smoking.

DR. ORO

Sorry. My fault. Totally my fault.

A TECHNICIAN at a laptop--she's transcribing notes/details, as a program converts the data to BINARY CODE--"001001100..."

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

WITH SMITH:

Agent Dawes pulls him aside.

AGENT DAWES

I want to ask you a favor, because he would never do it. If there's any way...if there's a chance...

SMITH  
His wife and daughter?

AGENT DAWES  
He's a good man. Don't let 'em  
get on that helicopter. For him,  
promise me that.

SMITH  
Do what I can. You have my word.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

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

PRESIDENT MALLOY  
(on TV)  
...we learned of this roughly two  
hours ago. And, as we understand  
it, this will take place in  
approximately three to five hours  
from now.

MONTAGE:

This scene is replayed again and again--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, a small VIDEO CAMERA recording...

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. We need militias in every state and city. EMS systems nationwide will keep broadcasting messages for as long as they can...

INT. TELEVISION STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

An ANCHOR stares, dumbfounded at her monitor.

PRESIDENT MALLOY (CONT'D)

I've instructed all networks to broadcast footage of what we're facing. You will find it graphic and disheartening. But, it is the reality we will all soon face. Mankind has many times stood at the edge of extinction; we find ourselves here again, at a time known for peace. But, this time, we can fight back. We *will* fight back. We must.

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.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

PEOPLE are just taking plywood and supplies.

EXT. VARIOUS NEIGHBORHOODS ACROSS AMERICA - DAY

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. A SCUFFLE breaks out over a box of ammo. Someone fires a shot. Another...

Of course.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

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 hand. Then, his arm.

Smith turns off the TV. Riley can't tear her eyes from the blank screen.

RILEY  
Seven years...of that?

Smith nods.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
For me...

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, theoretically...depending on what is done with the information fifteen years ago. If the time is spent preparing, *instantly*, from our point of view, things should change. Weapons we devised 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.

(MORE)

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

There could be any of a number of outcomes. Absolute, soul-crushing failure being one of them.

PRESIDENT MALLOY (ON VID)

How much more time will you need?

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

DR. ORO

All of it.

AT TIME MACHINE:

Smith looks at the Blackberry like a kid staring at a squished puppy. It's in three pieces.

But, before he breaks down sobbing, he notices something-- KRONAU AT THE LAPTOP. The Technician's back is turned, and he appears to be typing something into the message.

SMITH

What are you doin'?

Kronau turns with an unnerving smile. He doesn't reply. He just slithers away.

That 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.

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

OK, not the nuptial inducing  
moment I was hoping for. I  
married you after *that*?

SMITH

Not the next day or anything.

She fidgets--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 the lab in their tracks.

RILEY

Oh, my God. What the hell is  
that?

The blood drains from Smith's face.

SMITH

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 a few  
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 ALIEN CRAFT. Shimmering black, all. Massive TRIANGLES--The Harvesters. Still they come--appearing in thin air out of shimmering holes of atmosphere.

It isn't the size of them that's bone chilling. It's the sheer number. Thousands. Hundreds of thousands. A million. They blot out the sky, leaving only the thinnest slivers of sky visible between them.

And out of the HARVESTERS, pour angular "M-SHAPED FIGHTERS"--Sleek ships of ungodly maneuverability and technology. Just the HELLISH SCREECH of their engines is enough to send anyone cowering.

The F-22 RAPTORS escorting Air Force One engage the M-SHIPS with a hail of missiles and gunfire. They last exactly seven seconds.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - AFTERNOON

On the streets and sidewalks, the air warps, and THEY appear. We finally see them, and they are Legion. Easily nine-foot tall, REPTILIAN, heavily armored with both scales and some manner of battle armor. Bi-pedal, and upright, with knees that bend the wrong way--giving them a disturbing gait, and an ability to leap distances that means your ass. We'll call them DRAGONS.

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. NEW YORK SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

Like slow-motion rain in reverse, The Paralyzed rise into the air. Thousands. Tens of thousands. The air is full of the frozen bodies--awake and SCREAMING IN HORROR, as they are lifted through the air into the Harvester ships.

In the midst of the floating bodies, air-to-air combat rages--our fighters dropping like flaming flies...

EXT. NYU CAMPUS - AFTERNOON

Colonel Bodette fights alongside a detachment of DELTA FORCE TROOPERS protecting the basement lab of Dr. Oro. Six .50 Cal. Guns tear into the Aliens.

They bleed black blood, but they bleed. Heavy weapons are the key. Hand grenades wound them. Claymores piss them off.

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

TRACKING WITH BODETTE:

Running through the building. He boots open a door, and tears down a flight of steps...

INT. BASEMENT LAB - CONTINUOUS

Smith damned near blows Bodette away as he careens in. For a moment, even a Marine as salty as Bodette, just leans against the wall quietly--coming to terms with the terror coursing through his veins.

COLONEL BODETTE

(to Oro)

You might wanna consider gettin' the lead out, Gomer.

DR. ORO

Hey! *Somebody* told us we'd have another two or three hours.

SMITH

It's not my fault!

AN EXPLOSION shakes the building. A distant SNARL from a hallway somewhere above--blood turns to ice.

RILEY

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

Oro flips a few final switches.

DR. ORO

I think it's ready...

SMITH

Then call Christmas Past already.

Dr. Oro connects the laptop with the information in it to his machine, and double checks the connection to the Blackberry components.

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.

COLONEL BODETTE  
Tell me that was part of your  
plan.

DR. ORO  
I think I tripped a breaker.

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

SMITH  
Things that eat us.

RILEY  
Them.

DR. ORO  
But the laptop with the data is  
plugged into the wall.

SMITH  
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. NYU HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

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

SMITH  
Shit. Shit. Shit...

INT. BOILER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Smith makes a beeline for the BREAKER BOX to the BUZZ of  
a flickering emergency light. Quickly, he spots the  
tripped breaker. With a CLACK, life oozes back into the  
fluorescent lights of the building.

INT. NYU HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Smith pokes his head out of the boiler room door meercat style--checks up and down the hallway. Nothing. A smile creeps over his lips.

He steps into the hallway. Creeping. Quiet. His smile a little bigger with each step.

Till, he hears the heavy CLICK of claws 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 doesn't skip a beat, he 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. I'm gonna kick you in the jingle bells if you don't get this...this time thingy to do its timey thing.

BEAT.

DR. ORO

What?

RILEY

Do not make me go Chick Norris on you!

DR. ORO

I'm waiting for the computer to boot up...

Yeah...it's a Windows Start Up Screen.

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! Followed by Smith, sliding down the stairs on his back, head first, and firing the XM-97 wildly up the stairwell.

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

SMITH

Point that end at anything with scales and pull the trigger.

RILEY

OK. Scales, 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.

SMITH

Scales, Honey. Scales.

DR. ORO

Data uploaded. Ready...

RILEY

Well, do it.

DR. ORO

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.

DR. ORO

I think it's working...it's working!

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

One of them, spewing hot steam, falls directly on Dr. Oro's time machine. In a shower of sparks, the lights go out again, and the time machine goes dead.

DR. ORO

Crap.

SMITH

Did it send?

DR. ORO

I don't know...

RILEY

Immediately! You said Immediately...

DR. ORO

I don't know!

BANG BANG--the metal 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.

RILEY

Smith?

SMITH

I won't let them get you.

She grabs him by the shoulders.

RILEY

No, if they come, 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 nods.

SMITH

I promise.

EXT. NYU CAMPUS - MOMENTS LATER

Smith, Riley, and Dr. Oro slide out a shattered window.

New York city is eerily QUIET. No more jets. Just an occasional scream or gunshot. Something wet drips onto Riley. Smith grabs her face--forcing her eyes to his.

SMITH

Don't look up. *Do not* look up.

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

Blood. From the MILLIONS OF WOUNDED BODIES floating into the harvesters and blotting out the sky.

Riley hits her knees, the strength just leaves her. Dr. Oro falls against a wall, slides to his ass. The horror overwhelming. The magnitude of what's happening. The end of the human race.

Smith looks at the ground.

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

Hopeless...

SMITH

Doc? Doc...

He's checked out. Nobody home.

Smith yanks the Blackberry out of his limp hands and slides last piece back into place. He pulls Riley close and presses the button sequence...

NOTHING. He shakes the damned thing. No dice. GROWLS draw nearer.

Across the campus, THREE DRAGONS spot them. 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...

A SCREECH from above cuts him off--an ALIEN FIGHTER glides over building and stops directly above them.

They haul ass, as pulses from the Alien Paralysis Weapons slam into brick and mortar just behind them. Somewhere behind them, Dr. Oro SCREAMS...

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

He grabs Riley by the shirt and pulls her close--the DRAGONS will be all over them in seconds if this doesn't work.

As he and Riley fire their from the hip at the snarling bastards, Smith hits buttons. Braving the fire, one of the DRAGONS leaps for them, fangs barred.

Just as the air begins to warp...

EXT. NYU CAMPUS (NEXT DAY) - DAY

**GRAPHIC: DECEMBER 23rd, 2011**

Screaming bloody murder, Smith and Riley appear out of thin air...

And find themselves staring down gun barrels.

SOLDIER #1

Drop your weapons!

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

SOLDIER #2

(on radio)

Sector seven reporting, we found them.

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

The wall of Soldiers parts like the Red Sea, from their midst emerges...

KRONAU

James Smith, we've been expecting you.

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

DAWES

The *President* is addressing you, Citizen.



WE PULL BACK TO:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - CONTINUOUS

Decay. This is not the New York we know. This is Sarajevo 1995 without the bomb craters...yet.

Vines creep up the sides of broken windowed skyscrapers. Concrete is cracked. The whole place is in a state of disrepair.

Above it all, soaring through the cold gray winter sky, are FUTURISTIC FIGHTERS AND ARMORED HELICOPTERS...

MOVING OVER THE CITY:

MISSILE DEFENSE SYSTEMS and ARTILLERY PLATFORMS are perched atop the tallest buildings--manned by SOLDIERS behind the scanning cannons of ANTI-AIR GUNS.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - DAY

WE MOVE through the decaying canyons of the city. Cars burn. Dogs roam. SOLDIERS are everywhere. Every corner. TRENCHES have been cut into the streets. All manner of Hi-Tech weaponry is on display: gleaming EXO-Skeletons worn by MECH SOLDIERS, futuristic TANKS, and APC's.

The only PEOPLE not in uniform are in rags, and there aren't many of them--all under fifteen or over fifty-five. They're huddled around burning drums for warmth--faces filthy, spirits broken.

Perched twenty feet above them all, on the side of a building every block, A LARGE MONITOR runs a relentless countdown. You know what happens when it hits zero.

INT. ARMORED SUV - DAY

Smith and Riley stare aghast at the decaying city and filthy faces passing by the windows. Across from them sits Bodette--here a GENERAL. His face is heavily creased with sorrow. On either side of him, TWO MILITARY GUARDS.

Visible through the windows, a hungry crowd descends on the MOTORCADE, forcing it to slow.

SMITH

What the red hot hell have you people done?

GENERAL BODETTE

Every hour, Son. Every minute of every day. For fifteen long years.

(MORE)

GENERAL BODETTE (CONT'D)

The end of the human species  
weighin' on every person in this  
world. Tell me, what exactly did  
you think would happen?

A filthy face is slammed into the window next to Smith by  
a Soldier, as the SUV slows--the CROWD tightens in the  
street. Riley glances out the window and sees the reason--  
she locks eyes with a crying FIFTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL  
shoved against a wall by a SOLDIER...

RILEY

No. No, stop the truck.

She's already out the door.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Three SOLDIERS have a GIRL of fifteen, a BOY of sixteen,  
and a DAD of about fifty against a wall--trying to  
protect his kids, arms around them.

DAD

Don't do this. Please...don't do  
this...

Riley sails out of the crowd and shoves the Soldiers.

RILEY

Big Man, huh? Gettin' all pointy  
with a gun at kids?

They grab her, as Smith comes out of the crowd swinging.  
The crowd ignites. Bodette is hot on Smith's heels.

GENERAL BODETTE

Stand down!

The Soldiers leap to attention.

SOLDIER #1

Sir, a Citizen reported this man  
and his two kids hiding. They  
refuse to fight.

DAD

Please...Sir, I beg you...

Bodette squares off with the Dad, his gaze withering.

GENERAL BODETTE

(to Dad)

You can't protect them from what's  
coming. You die right now, or you  
die fighting for each other.

(MORE)

GENERAL BODETTE (CONT'D)

My Soldiers will not be  
sacrificing themselves for  
cowards. Am I clear? Everyone  
fights.

Bodette makes for the SUV.

SMITH

They're just children...

GENERAL BODETTE

Ain't no children anymore.  
(to Guards)  
And this doesn't happen again.

The Guards cuff Smith and Riley, and drag them away.

INT. HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

PRESIDENT KRONAU strides down the hallway with a squad of his RED GUARD, including Dawes. Speaking with him is a familiar face--MALLOY, here he wears the uniform of a VICE ADMIRAL.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

Her experiences appear limited.  
But, Smith is proving a gold mine  
of intel.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

When can you provide the intel to  
our Field Commanders.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

We have to pause periodically,  
Sir. The process can be fatal.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

I am not concerned with one man's  
well being, Admiral.

They come to metal doors at the end of the hallway--  
Malloy places his hand on a scanner. When the doors  
open...

...WE CAN HEAR SMITH SCREAMING.

INT. HI-TECH LAB - CONTINUOUS

The place is darkened to allow better viewing of the  
dozen TEN FOOT VIDEO MONITORS across the wall.  
SCIENTISTS and TECHNICIANS man HOLOGRAPHIC COMPUTER  
DISPLAYS--faces bathed in the blue glow.

In the middle of the room, strapped to two dastardly  
looking metal chairs, we find Smith and Riley.

She moans as Technicians detach electrodes and help her up. Smith, however, convulses--screaming through clenched teeth. His body covered in electrodes--the top of his head covered by a round metal device.

What's it all for? Smith's MEMORIES are being played on the large video monitors. Hundreds of encounters with the Dragons. A thousand "end of the world" moments, from his point of view.

Kronau and Malloy join Bodette at a smaller bank of monitors--reviewing Dragon ships and weapons from Smith's memory.

WITH RILEY:

She comes out of her stupor--struggles with the Technicians trying to help her.

RILEY  
What are you doing? Stop it!  
You're killing him..!

Then, another familiar voice...

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

Dr. Oro comes out of a darkened corner waving his arms like a pissed off chimp. From the looks of him, he may be the only thing in the world that is unchanged. He makes a beeline for the Technicians at Smith's side.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)  
You got the cortex feedback loop  
bleeding into the neural mapping  
threshold inhibitor, man. Duh.

Oro twists dials and adjusts--Smith's screams ebb, as Riley jerks free and shoves Oro.

RILEY  
Turn it off!

Oro eyes Riley from stem to stern.

DR. ORO  
Does...does your chest heave like  
that all the time?

Riley lunges for him, but is held back. Oro waves the Technicians off.

DR. ORO

It's OK. Alright? We just need to see what he's seen. Know what he knows.

One monitor in particular catches Riley's 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 bitching him out. She sees herself dying before his eyes.

Over and over...and over...and over...

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

A small room with nothing but a cot. Riley sits in a corner, arms around her knees. The door opens, and TWO SOLDIERS bring Smith in. They lay him on the cot and exit.

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

SMITH

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

RILEY

Oh my God. You look awful.

BEAT.

SMITH

Can you smell purple?

Kronau enters with Malloy and Dawes.

RILEY

Oh, you two are...are...are so getting coal in your stockings.

SMITH

You tell 'em, Cupcake.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

Do you know how many hundreds of thousands died in riots when the message was made public? Every voice in the world demanding we do something. I restored order. Restored security. Promised them I would protect them. Sacrifices had to be made. Hard choices. And, I made them. Victory will come of this.

SMITH

Self-righteous, power hungry,  
bureaucratic assholes...

RILEY

Gimme man-eating snarl-y things  
any day of the week.

Smith sits up--bad idea. Malloy notices.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

The effects are only temporary.  
Some of the information in the  
original message was  
indecipherable. We couldn't  
depend upon your recollection  
alone. Every detail of what we're  
facing is vital. Sorry to put you  
through that.

SMITH

Well...thanks for the hospitality.  
How 'bout ya just gimme back  
The...the...the, uh...

RILEY

Thingy.

SMITH

And we'll be on our way.

Kronau pulls The Blackberry from a pocket--he gazes at  
it, then at Smith.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Look, man...I really don't have  
the energy to do the whole  
threatening you thing. Not with  
this headache...

PRESIDENT KRONAU

We are at the pinnacle of what  
mankind can accomplish, Mr. Smith.  
We'll never be this capable again.  
It *will* end today, I assure you.

SMITH

Just that sure, huh?

PRESIDENT KRONAU

No...

Kronau drops The Blackberry on the floor AND STOMPS IT.

PRESIDENT KRONAU (CONT'D)

I am *that* sure.

Smith and Riley damned near have strokes on the spot.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

Bleeding edge Hi-Tech. If America spent every dime on defense for fifteen years, this is what we'd have. A hundred SOLDIERS man terminals of holographic computers.

General Bodette stands before a HOLO-DISPLAY OF THE NORTH EASTERN UNITED STATES. He zooms in to Manhattan, dragging representations of BATTALIONS here and there...

A YOUNG CAPTAIN approaches.

YOUNG CAPTAIN  
General, the ArchAngels are  
approaching.

Bodette zooms the Holo-Display out--way out. Planet Earth before us. A THOUSAND BLIPS fan out, encircling the planet.

YOUNG CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Settling into low earth geo-synch  
orbit in approximately twenty  
minutes.

GENERAL BODETTE  
Diagnostics.

YOUNG CAPTAIN  
Fully functional. Should we arm,  
Sir?

Bodette stares at the blips grimly.

YOUNG CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Sir? Do we begin the arming  
sequence?

Bodette shrinks two inches under the weight the question. Slow to answer. The words are razors on his tongue...

GENERAL BODETTE  
Do it.

INT. ROOM - NIGHT

Smith stares down the barrel of Dawes' weapon--intent on ripping Kronau's head off.

DAWES  
Don't even think about it.

Riley is on her knees gathering up Blackberry pieces, as Kronau turns on his heel, and exits with Dawes.

RILEY

Was he bitten by a radioactive penis, or something? Nobody can be born that big of a dick.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

I'll see to it that you're placed under General Bodette's command.

BEAT.

SMITH

Try that again?

ADMIRAL MALLOY

You're going to the front lines. Both of you.

Smith and Riley stare at him like he has three heads.

ADMIRAL MALLOY (CONT'D)

We need your experience. You've fought them a thousand times...

SMITH

No, I ran screaming the hell away a thousand times. Which, I might add, is exactly what I wanna do this time. And she couldn't hit the ground if she tripped.

RILEY

It's true. I suck. I really, really suck.

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.

Malloy heads for the door--stops just this side of it.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

You've given us the only chance we'll ever have.

He exits.

RILEY

They can't stop them, can they?

Smith pulls her close.



SOLDIERS enter and drag Smith and Riley, kicking and screaming, out the door.

INT. HI-TECH LAB - NIGHT

Dr. Oro reviews footage from Smith's memories--the moments before the message was sent in the NYU basement.

Something catches his eye. He isolates a particular scene--Smith busting Kronau monkeying with the Laptop that was translating data into Binary.

He zooms in on the data that Kronau typed on the laptop screen...

PRESIDENT KRONAU (O.C.)

Dr. Oro...

Oro leaps a foot in his seat--finds Kronau behind him. The President calmly DELETES the video Oro viewed.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

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

Oro scoots his chair away from him.

DR. ORO

Man, you let us believe you were  
some future hero. The man who  
could save us all...

PRESIDENT KRONAU

*I didn't ask for this...*

DR. ORO

You were just a petty hack...who  
sent himself just enough knowledge  
of the future to grab control.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

*That was a man I never became!*

Kronau is surprised by how own outburst.

DR. ORO

You told us this was the only way.  
God, man, look what you made of  
us.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

It is the only way, Dr. Oro. And  
you can't imagine the hatred I  
have for the man who made me  
responsible.

DR. ORO

Didn't hate him when he put you in power, did you? You may not be the same man now...but you sure as hell were fifteen years ago.

Gut wrenching guilt eats Kronau alive before our eyes.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

Give me Smith's device. I saw how I did it before. I can send another message back if we lose. Give us another chance yesterday. Tell us what worked and what...what...

He trails off--seeing it on Kronau's face.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

You giant evil son of a bitch. Just couldn't risk a message that might cost you the power, could ya?

Oro backs away, bumping into DAWES, who oozes from the shadows.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

One way or another, it ends today.

EXT. NEW YORK SKYLINE - NIGHT

Giant spotlights cut through the night sky, while ridiculously powerful flood lights make daylight on streets.

ATTACK AIRCRAFT circle like sharks, some soaring high above, some patrolling through the city canyons. THREE BULKY TRANSPORTS rise over a skyscraper...

INT. TRANSPORT #1 - CONTINUOUS

Fifty people are crammed on board. Some of them are SOLDIERS, heavily armed, armored, and steely-eyed. Some of them are CITIZENS--just Average Joe's, scared to fucking death.

General Bodette stands at the front, leaning into the cockpit. Smith and Riley may be sitting at the back of the bus, but they're residing in the ninth ring of Hell.

WITH BODETTE:

He turns to all--a RED LASER strobing over him as he speaks...

GENERAL BODETTE

The whole City has been evacuated  
to Manhattan. Where we make our  
stand...

INT. TRANSPORT #2 - CONTINUOUS

A flickering, red-tinged HOLOGRAM of Bodette stands  
before the same SOLDIER to CITIZEN ratio in here.

GENERAL BODETTE (HOLOGRAM)

All across the country, all across  
the world, the same thing is being  
done. This time we force 'em to  
fight on our terms. They're in  
for a helluva surprise. Do not  
get caught alone. Stay  
together...

Some of the Citizens openly cry. Some are fighting mad.  
Most are too terrified to move.

INT. TRANSPORT #3 - CONTINUOUS

A Hologram Bodette here, too.

GENERAL BODETTE (HOLOGRAM)

Do not try to take their weapons.  
No matter what they look like,  
they do die. The weapons you have  
will kill them. Don't panic if  
you lose yours. They'll be plenty  
laying on the ground...

WE MOVE through the cabin of Soldiers and Average Joes,  
to find a familiar face...

The DAD from earlier. His arms around his kids--the BOY  
and the GIRL. The Kids are scared, Dad is in sheer  
unadulterated agony.

INT. TRANSPORT #1 - CONTINUOUS

Bodette continues.

GENERAL BODETTE

I shit you not...Soldier or  
Citizen, chances are, you will  
meet your Maker tonight. Just do  
one thing. For yourself...

INT. TRANSPORT #3 - CONTINUOUS

The Dad glares at Bodette's Hologram.

GENERAL BODETTE (HOLOGRAM)

For your family. For the person  
sitting next to you. Take just  
one of the son of a bitches with  
ya.

Steely-eyed Soldiers roar a "HOO-YAH". Grim  
determination and resolve takes hold on the faces of all.  
But, there's a different kind of resolve on one face...

The Dad stands, grabs his XM-97...

GIRL

Daddy..?

And charges down the aisle--through the Hologram of  
Bodette, and in to...

INT. TRANSPORT #3 COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The Dad leaps into the cockpit and shoves his weapon into  
the ribs of the PILOT...

DAD

Land right now! I'm not gonna let  
my children do this..!

The CO-PILOT reaches for the gun. SOLDIERS descend upon  
the crazed Father from behind, wrestling with him. The  
man is out of his mind with anguish and rage.

EXT. NEW YORK SKY - CONTINUOUS

Three Transports in formation. MUZZLE FLASHES strobe  
through the Cockpit windows of Transport #3.

A BEAT LATER--it drifts out of control, and SLAMS INTO  
TRANSPORT #1 IN MID-AIR--ripping a massive gash down its  
side, and knocking a wing mounted engine lose.

Transport #3 disappears over the Skyscrapers, lumbering  
towards the ground...

INT. TRANSPORT #1 - CONTINUOUS

Wind ROARS through the torn bulkhead of the Transport.  
An engine CRASHES THROUGH THE CABIN--punching a six foot  
hole clean through the boat. A dozen souls sent  
screaming into the night.

The Transport shudders into a FLAT SPIN.

WITH SMITH AND RILEY:

Knocked out of their harnesses and hanging on for dear  
life. Centrifugal force slings them outwards.

Riley looses her grip. Smith grabs for her, misses. She's headed towards one of the gaping holes--sliding towards oblivion and clawing for a hold.

Out she goes, JUST grasping the crumpled metal edge. Her fingers are the only part of her inside. Smith yells over the deafening roar.

SMITH

Grab my hand!

He can't quite reach her without letting go of the pipe he's holding on to. A tangle of WIRES AND HOSES breaks loose--entangling Riley.

RILEY

Help me..!

Smith almost has her. Just another inch...

Till, A SOLDIER, heavy with armor, sails past him and into Riley. They both disappear into the night.

Smith can't even manage a scream.

INT. TRANSPORT #1 COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

The CREW wrestles for control, serenaded by ALARMS. Every warning light that can blink is yelling. They've almost got it...

But, there's another problem--a MASSIVE ANTENNA ARRAY sitting atop a Skyscraper fills the cockpit windows...

CO-PILOT

Pull up..!

EXT. TRANSPORT #1 - CONTINUOUS

The lumbering ship streaks smoke and flame towards the top of the Skyscraper just ahead--but, what's that hanging off the ship...

RILEY! She and the Soldier that slammed into her are tangled up in that mass of wire harnesses and hoses--dangling in the wind twenty feet below the bird.

INT. TRANSPORT #1 COCKPIT - CONTINUOUS

Using every ounce of skill and sheer dumb luck, the Pilot and Co-Pilot get the wounded Transport over the antenna array in the nick of time--it SCREECHES along the belly of the bird.

EXT. NEW WORK STREET - NIGHT

Transport #1 sits on the street, smoking. General Bodette is windblown, and pissed, as he eyes some of the WOUNDED laying on the street.

A SERGEANT approaches.

SERGEANT

General, three confirmed fatalities. Nine wounded. Eight more unaccounted for.

GENERAL BODETTE

Other Transports?

SERGEANT

Transport Two has touched down safely in Sector Seventeen. Number Three went down. No survivors.

GENERAL BODETTE

What the hell happened here..?

Smith grabs the General's arm.

SMITH

You gotta help me find Riley.

GENERAL BODETTE

Five hundred foot fall. I don't think you find that...

Smith looks positively ill.

Bodette turns to bark at a Soldier--Smith persists.

SMITH

The Riley from this time. *She's* still out there...

GENERAL BODETTE

Son, I just lost a third of this Company and a shot hasn't been fired yet. I now got an entire Sector with no flank protection...

Smith gets in his face.

SMITH

Hey, asshole! If it wasn't for me and her, you wouldn't even have this chance. Just find out where she is. You bastards owe me that much. Please.

Bodette glances up at one of building mounted monitors ticking down the time: 00:28:23 and falling.

GENERAL BODETTE  
You ain't back here when the hurt  
comes, you're on your own.

SMITH  
Used to it.

Bodette sizes him up. On any other day, he'd probably admire this lunatic. The General takes a radio and an extra ammo mag from a SERGEANT--hands them to Smith.

GENERAL BODETTE  
Channel twelve. I'll do what I  
can.

SMITH  
Thank you.

Bodette grabs his own radio.

GENERAL BODETTE  
(On Radio)  
Command and Control, I need an  
immediate last-known personnel  
location. Holland, Riley...

WE MOVE DOWNWARD:

Down THROUGH the street and earth beneath it. Past pipes and conduits.

Down further.

Past water mains and the multitude of apparatus that dwells beneath the surface of New York. Down. Further. Till we come to...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - NIGHT

Beehive comes to mind. The place is crawling with Kronau's RED GUARD SOLDIERS. This section of the tunnel has been walled off with gleaming titanium, in the center of which is a massive SIX FOOT THICK BLAST DOOR.

A line of TRUCKS and CITIZENS stretches down the tunnel, entering the blast door. We follow into the...

INT. ARK - CONTINUOUS

It's a whole different ball of wax on this side of that blast door. Polished floors and titanium reinforced concrete walls and ceilings. This place is a BUNKER to the Nth degree.

The tunnel forks here--Trucks head in one direction, Citizens in another. Red Guard Soldiers check ID with retina scanners.

INT. ARK OFFICE - NIGHT

In a large office of similar titanium and concrete construction, sits an ornate oak desk. Behind that desk is President Kronau.

There's a half-empty bottle of scotch sitting next to a half empty glass. Neat.

Kronau holds his head in his hands. There's a meek knock at the door, an AIDE pokes her head inside.

AIDE

Sir, the foreign Presidents, Prime Ministers, and their delegations are here. They'd like to thank you in person.

Kronau doesn't respond. He doesn't even lift his head.

AIDE (CONT'D)

Mr. President?

PRESIDENT KRONAU

I don't want to talk to anyone right now, Margaret.

He never moves.

EXT. SPACE (EARTH ORBIT)

The big blue marble stretches before us--the atmosphere's curvature fading into the black of space. A satellite streaks by, slowing into an orbit--solar panel "wings" spreading.

WE PULL BACK: It has friends. A thousand of them--swarming around Earth like fireflies.

One drifts past, perilously close. Several cone shaped objects protrude from the underside. There must be MORE THAN A HUNDRED of them sticking out.

The satellite corrects its orientation, giving us a full glimpse of the cones...

...NUCLEAR FUCKING WARHEADS.



INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

It's a cacophony of voices and radio chatter. A kaleidoscope of HOLO-TERMINALS and MONITORS. A HUNDRED SOLDIERS work diligently at preparation.

Footage from Smith's memories is visible here and there--modified with overlying schematics and biological data of The Dragons and Ships. Guesswork.

Standing over the Hologram of Planet Earth, we find Admiral Malloy eyeing the red dots circling the planet. Manipulating the air around the hologram, Malloy zooms all the way in to Manhattan.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

That's not a secure area, General.  
I need you at the theater level  
here in C & C.

Bodette's voice rings throughout the place--digitized, mildly garbled.

GENERAL BODETTE (O.C.)

(On Radio)

Ain't a secure area on this  
planet, Admiral. Besides...

EXT. TRANSPORT #1 CRASH SITE - CONTINUOUS

ATTACK HELICOPTERS soar overhead between the buildings. TANKS rumble down the street.

Bodette looks at the faces of the hundred or so survivors with him. Half of them are just AVERAGE JOE'S. Some of those are kids of sixteen, maybe.

They look lost and scared as Bodette's eyes pass over them.

GENERAL BODETTE (CONT'D)

(On Radio)

I'm needed more out here, Sir.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Smith runs over an ARMORED HUMVEE, jumps across a TRENCH of SOLDIERS in the middle of the street, and keeps on trucking.

Full gallop, and gasping air like they're gonna stop making it--hands clutching at a stitch in his side. He glances up at a monitor ticking down the time: 00:11:02 and falling like a Prom Dress.

Eyes on the screen, he trips over a sidewalk and slides across the pavement on his face. Summoning what little wind he's still got, Smith runs on.

Limping and cursing a blue streak.

DOWN THE BLOCK:

Smith rounds a corner and runs to us--his gait slowing. Confused. Disbelief splatters his face--he comes to an unsure stop.

REVERSE ON SMITH:

He's looking at a CEMETERY.

EXT. CEMETARY - CONTINUOUS

Gravestone shadows dance to and fro from the SPOTLIGHTS slicing through the sky. It's almost disorienting, not that Smith cares.

SMITH

No, God. Not here...you're not here.

Faster and faster he moves through the garden of dead. Eyes scanning gravestones. Hope battling despair.

He stops--the air sucked out of his lungs. Smith drops to his knees before a gravestone: RILEY HOLLAND. APRIL, 9th 1982 - MARCH, 13th 1999.

It's a long, long moment before what he's seeing connects with what he's hoping, and promptly slits hope's throat.

INT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

A flickering light kinda sorta illuminates a cobweb filled stair well. A bright flashlight carves through its shadowy shortcomings.

A silhouette ascends the stairs--the unmistakable cut of a Soldier in FULL BATTLE ARMOR. A hand rips the cobwebs away...

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The knob on the stairwell door turns. The rusted thing creeps open, and out steps...

Dr. Oro sporting the world's most ill-fitting armor. It's way too big for him--the helmet is over his eyes. In one hand, he's dragging an XM-97 by the barrel. In the other, there's a half-empty bottle of hooch.

He staggers over to the edge...

DR. ORO  
Front row seat for the end of the  
world. Send me to the front line  
will ya?

He ralphs over the edge.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)  
That'll show ya...

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

Oro gives the bottle the skunk eye.

DR. ORO  
(to Bottle)  
What'd I tell you about that?

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

Oro aims his bloodshot eyes skyward. There's Riley,  
hanging from the, now, dead Soldier, who's wrapped up in  
a rat's nest of wires and hoses, that are tangled around  
the Antenna Array atop the building.

The whole damned thing is bent about 45 degrees--Riley  
hangs like a wind chime from the waist.

DR. ORO  
That is one saucy pinanta.

RILEY  
Get me down, you Big Wienie!

EXT. CEMETARY - NIGHT

Smith reaches into his jacket and pulls out that bottle  
of Old Crow he took from the Lush, and has a little  
somethin' for the pain.

Strength just leaves him. He sits--his back against the  
Gravestone, as a gentle SNOW FLURRY begins to fall.  
Giving up comes to mind.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Shoulder deep in trenches, SOLDIERS wait silently. Far,  
far overhead jet engines can be heard.

But, it's remarkably quiet. Like the whole city is  
holding its breath.

Bodette's hard eyes scan the sky. Waiting. He checks out the COUNTDOWN MONITOR: 00:02:16.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - NIGHT

Oro creeps along the erector set construction of the bent Antenna--inch by inch closer to Riley.

His helmet falls over his eyes again.

DR. ORO

They're a thousand years ahead of us in technology...maybe two. We had what? Fifteen years? To catch up with that?

RILEY

I thought...oh, I don't know...we were trying to keep humanity from not getting a nasty case of dead!

DR. ORO

No, they built a bunker. An Ark, really...

The wind sways the Antenna--Oro grips tightly.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

An underground facility. Two million people from all over the world are down there. If we can't beat them, nuke the surface. Mankind lives on...in a...more gopher-like fashion than we're accustomed, sure...

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

RILEY

Oh my God! Are you looking down my shirt?

Yes.

DR. ORO

No.

RILEY

Pervy nerds. Man eating growly things. Bombs falling from the sky. This is the worst Christmas ever!

Riley goes ballistic like an epileptic marionette. The Antenna shudders. Groans. Sways. Uh-oh...

It gives way under its own tilting weight--he entire Antenna Array topples in a shower of sparks!

Riley cuts loose a BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM...

EXT. CEMETARY - CONTINUOUS

Smith stares at a pistol in one hand, and a SINGLE BULLET in the other.

You know what he's thinking.

Then, barely audible, ever so faintly on the cool winter wind...a SCREAM ECHOES through the concrete canyons from somewhere.

Smith leaps to his feet.

SMITH

Riley...

Right about then, his watch alarm BEEPS. A BEAT later, a deafening KLAXON ALARM reverberates across NYC...

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

General Bodette stares at the Monitor Countdown as the Klaxon alarm screams: 00:00:00.

Soldiers hold their breath.

White-knuckled hands grip guns. Fingers tighten on triggers. Hearts POUND. Waiting for it...

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - CONTINUOUS

The Antenna Array lays on the roof, a fire burning on the pedestal it stood upon from shorted electrical components.

The top twenty feet protrude over the edge...

And that's where we find Riley, Oro, and that poor dead Soldier--hanging on for dear life, 450 FEET OVER the street below. Petrified, Riley and Oro share a look as the Klaxon Alarm's echo fades.

RILEY

Oh...crap...

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An armored column stands at the ready--tanks, APC's, Armored Humvee's. Behind one of the latter, a GROUP OF SOLDIERS waits.

Suddenly, the Humvee starts up and roars away! Leaving them squatting and confused in the middle of the street with no cover...

INT. ARMORED HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

Smith drives it like he stole it. Looking up through the windshield. Several blocks away, he spots a fire burning atop a Skyscraper--a collapsed Antenna Array.

He swerves hard around a tank, sending Soldiers diving for cover.

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

SMITH

Aw, no...not now. Not now...

The air seems to fracture, and...

A FUCKING DRAGON APPEARS OUT OF THIN AIR RIGHT IN FRONT OF SMITH! Hard to tell who's more surprised by that, Smith or The Dragon. Either way, he STOMPS the gas and runs over the damned thing.

As all hell, quite simply, breaks loose on Planet Earth.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

Spotlights reflect off the bottom of THOUSANDS OF DRAGON HARVESTER SHIPS, five-thousand feet up, and bleeding "M" FIGHTERS.

Barrage after barrage of SAM MISSILES streak skyward. TRACERS ark from Anti-Air Batteries atop Skyscrapers into the inky night. Brilliant orange and green flashes result, as Dragon ships come down in flames, crashing into the city's buildings. Entire blocks are destroyed in seconds...

HUMAN FIGHTERS descend from the clouds, and maul the hell out of everything that ain't of this earth in a hail of missiles and cannons.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER ROOF - CONTINUOUS

Riley and Oro can't get off that damned antenna fast enough. Something's coming. Something that stops them cold. Dear in the headlights style.

An M FIGHTER swoops towards them between the buildings, a Human Fighter hot on its tail and firing. Cannon rounds ZIP through the air past their heads as the Dog Fight STREAKS just below their dangling feet.

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

It breaks off and 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 out of thin air 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. SKYSCRAPER 30TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

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

DR. ORO

Damn!

Riley freaks.

RILEY

What? What!

DR. ORO

I left my bottle on the roof.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Smith's Humvee roars down an alley, careening into walls--trying to shake the TWO DRAGONS ON THE ROOF off.

INT. ARMORED HUMVEE - CONTINUOUS

Razor sharp claws punch through the roof, groping around the cabin blindly. Smith shoves his XM-97 against the roof and blasts through it. One of the Dragons falls onto the hood.

It ROARS--dagger fangs two feet from Smith's face. It punches through the windshield, ripping the rifle out of Smith's hand and shoves its head through the hole.

A face full of Dragon and weaponless, Smith grabs the only thing he's got...

That bottle of OLD CROW. He SMASHES it on the steering wheel and stabs the snarling son of a bitch right in the eye. It jerks back screaming and Smith cuts the wheel sharp around a corner--the Dragon topples off the hood. The Humvee BOUNCES HARD, front wheels running it over.

Sufficiently freaked the fuck out, Smith downshifts and keeps on trucking.

EXT. STREETS (WITH BODETTE) - NIGHT

Bodette and his Soldiers pour the fire down a street from their trench. Dragons keep coming, firing their wrist mounted PARALYSIS WEAPONS and a PLASMA WEAPON that puts a hole in ANYTHING it hits, including Tanks.

A Dragon APPEARS IN THE TRENCH WITH THEM, right between two soldiers--its claws rip them to shreds. They never saw it coming.

Bodette blows the thing away--an OVERLY EXCITED SOLDIER reaches for the Dragon's weapons...

Just like Smith said, the body disappears, taking a divot of dirt and concrete with it...and the arm of the poor overly excited bastard.

Bodette calmly picks up a rifle, and slaps it into the remaining hand of the screaming soldier.

GENERAL BODETTE

Hell, Son...he left ya one. Use it.

MORE DRAGONS appear in the trench.

TRACKING WITH BODETTE:

GENERAL BODETTE

Fall back!

The General climbs out the trench, and seeks cover behind a massive FLAME THROWING TANK, as his previous position is OVERRUN.

Of the fifty Soldiers that went down here with him, maybe twenty make it to Bodette's position.

He screams into his radio...



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

Bodette POUNDS the side of the Flame Tank--it spews a stream of fiery napalm down the street, engulfing the oncoming Dragons.

GENERAL BODETTE  
(on Radio)  
Say again, Rally Point Alpha  
Twelve.

He catches the eye of another steely-eyed KILLING MACHINE.

GENERAL BODETTE  
Knew I shoulda joined the Navy,  
Son.

About then, A SUBMARINE FALLS OUT OF THE SKY and SLAMS into the street behind them, cracking like an egg.

Dragons are all over it in seconds.

INT. SKYSCRAPER 30TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Riley and Oro make for the elevator--pointing their guns at anything that looks like might even be thinking of moving.

The doors DING open...

They come face to face with a SNARLING and ROARING Dragon trapped in the elevator. Oro and Riley vaporlock.

DING--the doors close.

RILEY  
Uh...we'll wait for the next one.

Oro, with flagrant disregard for his own personal safety...

...promptly faints.

EXT. SKYSCRAPER (STREET LEVEL) - NIGHT

Smith's Humvee is wrapped around a light pole, bullet ridden, and shredded.

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

It appears a battle moved through here from the bullet holes, blood, and XM-97s on the floor.

WE FIND Smith limping across the marble floor, looking like he was frisked by a mountain lion. He picks up an XM-97, wipes the blood out of his eyes, AND PRESSES THE ELEVATOR BUTTON.

Catching his breath. Waiting.

DING. Slowly, the elevator doors open...

It's empty. Smith steps in.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Just Smith and Winter Wonderland, Musak style.

Nothing else to do, Smith hums along.

Still humming.

Suddenly, the elevator stops at a floor.

Oh shit. Smith backs up, aiming his XM-97 at the doors. Heart pounding. He let's loose a REBEL YELL as the doors open, revealing...

Oro and Riley yelling right back at him. Guns aimed at each other--it takes a BEAT to sink in.

INT. SKYSCRAPER 30TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

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.

Then...well, then she slaps him in the back of the head.

RILEY

And where the hell have you been?

SMITH

I...

RILEY

You didn't even come after me.

SMITH

You fell out of a plane.

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 that 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? You know that whole impending death and doom thing we got going on? It just got doomier.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

The place is a din of TERRIFIED BATTLEFIELD VOICES transmissions from the field.

Admiral Malloy commands from the NYC Hologram.

An ASHEN MAJOR delivers bad news...

ASHEN MAJOR

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

ADMIRAL MALLOY

Washington?

BEAT.

ASHEN MAJOR

Your wife's company was lost two minutes in, Sir. I'm told it was quick.

Malloy sucks it up--looks back at the Hologram of NYC--it's covered with RED Dragon BLIPS.

INT. ARK WAR ROOM - NIGHT

At a massive glass and steel table sit the WORLD LEADERS of every major nation on Earth. Before each of them is a REAL TIME HOLOGRAM of the battle unfolding in their respective capitals.

It ain't lookin' good for the home team.

President Kronau sits at the head of the table. He looks positively ill--he's aged ten years from when we last saw him.

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT

Berlin has fallen. Paris.  
Beijing. Tokyo. Warsaw...

PRESIDENT KRONAU

Secondary cities and rural areas  
are holding.

FRENCH PRESIDENT

Just a matter of time...

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT

Launch the ArchAngels.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

Not yet...

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT

The people in this Ark are the  
last hope of humanity, Mr.  
President.

ENGLISH PRIME MINISTER

London is holding. As is, if I'm  
not mistaking, Moscow. We still  
have a chance...

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT

You're delaying the inevitable,  
and each minute you wait places us  
in greater danger!

FRENCH PRESIDENT

They *will* locate this facility.

SPANISH PRESIDENT

And it will become the focus of  
all their attentions. It can't  
withstand that...

ENGLISH PRIME MINISTER

I'm not ready just yet to sign the  
death warrant of seven billion  
people.

FRENCH PRESIDENT

Four billion.

Murmurs and arguments ensue. You can almost see the  
knife twisting in Kronau's gut. He leaps up, slapping  
the table hard.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

Not yet! Not yet...

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON THE TITANIUM ARK ENTRANCE:

A single claw rakes down the polished metal door, leaving  
a lengthy scar.

PULL BACK:

One Dragon. Just one. It eyes the massive blast door.  
SNIFFS the air...

Casting a reptilian eye upward, it inspects the roof of  
the subway tunnel. Then, kneeling, it runs a claw along  
the ground.

INT. SKYSCRAPER 30TH FLOOR - NIGHT

Smith, Riley, and Oro. Smith and Oro stare out the  
windows. The PARALYZED ARE RISING. From up here, they  
can see them by the thousands, disappearing into the dark  
sky between tracer rounds and fiery explosions.

Riley paces like a caged animal.

RILEY

Why the hell not?

SMITH

Even if I was suicidal enough to  
try to get another one, it  
wouldn't matter.

DR. ORO

The Devices draw power from the  
ships, remember? They get burnt  
to crispy critters today, they  
can't go to yesterday...

SMITH

Which means we couldn't leave it,  
and we'd just end up here again  
tomorrow.

DR. ORO

Today.

SMITH

Whatever.

RILEY

We can't let them launch. We  
can't let them destroy everything.

An M-Fighter streaks by the windows, chasing a Human Jet.  
Smith stares after it.

SMITH

Damn that Old Man.

RILEY

What?

SMITH

Seven years today, an Old Man  
walked up to me on the street.  
Gave me The Device. Showed me the  
sequence, and told me not to ask  
questions. He didn't have  
answers. Just said he couldn't do  
it anymore, and walked into the  
street. Right in front of a bus.

DR. ORO

He didn't tell you who he was?

SMITH

Didn't have to...

Smith turns to them.

SMITH (CONT'D)

He was me. An eighty year old  
version of me.

BEAT.

DR. ORO

What if this isn't the first time?  
I mean, they could keep going back  
all the way to Adam and Eve, so to  
speak. Jump a hundred thousand  
years into the future, and start  
all over.

The building QUAKES from a series of nearby EXPLOSIONS. SHRIEKS of M Fighters. Close.

SMITH

They'll keep comin'. Day after day. Year after year. Kronau was right, this is everything we can do. This is it. It's the only way anybody can be saved.

EXT. NIGHT SKY - NIGHT

A single M Fighter shrieks through the clouds, far away from Manhattan. Suddenly, its wings retract inward several feet, narrowing its width before making a ninety-degree dive.

EXT. RESERVOIR - CONTINUOUS

CLOSE ON: A sign that tells us this is the HILLVIEW RESERVOIR. A helpful little map touts it's purpose and route--from this point to the heart of Manhattan.

PULL BACK: The moon reflects peacefully over the 164-acre man made reservoir lake. Till, the M Fighter dives directly into it, PLASMA CANNONS FIRING...

INT. WATER TUNNEL NO. 3 - CONTINUOUS

A twenty-four foot wide water filled tunnel--the M Fighter streaks down it at an ungodly speed.

INT. ARK WAR ROOM - NIGHT

The WORLD LEADERS are bickering and shouting among themselves, as Kronau speaks with a GENERAL across the room from them. You can actually see all the blood drain from his face at the news he's receiving.

He returns to his place at the head of the table, leaning on it for support. Quietly, he stands there. The World Leaders notice his expression--the bickering slows to expectant SILENCE.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

New York...is the last city standing.

It sucks the air out of the room.

WE MOVE STRAIGHT DOWN:

Through the tile floor and the concrete...

Through the dirt, conduits, and pipes that reside below Manhattan...

Further still, through eight-foot wide sewer pipes.  
Down. Down into the bed rock, to...

INT. WATER TUNNEL NO. 3 (MANHATTAN) - CONTINUOUS

Two hundred and fifty feet below the surface, a mere hundred feet under the Ark Subway Tunnels, we enter the massive Water Tunnel No. 3 once more.

It's dark and water filled. But, a light approaches. A RED GLOW. Fast.

The M-Fighter we witnessed earlier blows by at an incredible speed--small iridescent red globes fall from it's belly, like a trail of Christmas Lights...

INT. ARK WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

RUSSIAN PRESIDENT

Please. For the love of God,  
before it is too late!

Kronau can barely stand. Billions are going to die by the next words out of his mouth.

His body weighing down on him, he collapses into his chair.

PRESIDENT KRONAU

(to General)

By Executive Order 121...

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Manhattan is nearly leveled. Battle between Dragons and Humans has evolved from street to street, to rubble pile to rubble pile...

PRESIDENT KRONAU (O.S.)

I authorize the full deployment...

INT. WATER TUNNEL NO. 3 (MANHATTAN) - CONTINUOUS

The M-Fighter is gone. The water calms. The wake disappears...

PRESIDENT KRONAU (O.S.)

Of all ArchAngel Orbital Platform  
warheads...

INT. WATER TUNNEL NO. 3 (MANHATTAN) - CONTINUOUS

The globes EXPLODE--the confined space sends a PRESSURE WAVE rocketing through the entirety of the tunnel, collapsing it. The pressure wave pulverizing the bedrock around it...



INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Admiral Malloy nods solemnly--he reaches for the plexiglass covered touchscreen ArchAngel Launch Panel. His fingers slide the plexiglass aside...

PRESIDENT KRONAU (O.S.)

God have mercy on me.

A THUNDEROUS RUMBLE sends Malloy across the room.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - CONTINUOUS

A massive fissure, like a sink hole, rockets through the park and out into the streets. Every re-enforced water tunnel, sewer tunnel, and subway tunnel collapsing under the weight above it.

The ground ruptures, sinking the accumulative distance of the space in all those pipes--five or six stories down. Steam, water, and fire burst forth from the ground...

INT. SKYSCRAPER LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Smith, Riley, and Oro are nearly knocked form their feet as the entire building trembles around them...

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Bodette watches in horror as an entire ARMORED COLUMN falls into the fissure ripping down the street...

INT. ARK WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Screams. Confusion. The strobe effect of lights flicking off and on. The room is half-caved in, and listing to one side.

Alarms and a COMPUTERIZED VOICE scream...

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

Ark integrity compromised. Non-human presence detected...

INT. ARK DORMATORY - CONTINUOUS

So much for the last hope of mankind. Dragons pour down from above, through the open fissures from the surface.

Two million people--it's now a Dragon buffet.

INT. ARK WAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kronau comes to, legs crushed under a slap of concrete. Pinned, he moans in agony.

He locks eyes with THE DRAGON STANDING OVER HIM...

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

Soldiers are still picking themselves up off the floor, as the lights and holograms flicker back on. Someone yells...

SOMEONE (O.C.)  
Re-routing emergency power...

Admiral Malloy, bleeding from a gash across face, staggers his way to the NYC Hologram--he manipulates it to bore down to the Subway/Ark level. Disaster.

ADMIRAL MALLOY  
Open all Ark channels. Try to  
raise any survivors..!

RADIO CHANNELS are opened. BLOOD CURDLING SCREAMS reverberate over loudspeakers through out. Till, the echoing screams cease, replaced by HISSING STATIC with a jarring suddenness.

INT. SKYSCRAPER 30TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

The building finally stops quaking. Oro, Smith, and Riley rush to the now SHATTERED windows. From up here, we can see--A MILE LONG TEAR right through the heart of Manhattan...

RILEY  
Oh. My. God...

SMITH  
Don't tell me that was The Ark.

Oro buries his face in his hand for an answer. It's a gut punch that lingers. No one speaks for a long moment. Till...

RILEY  
I wish we'd never sent that  
message.

Oro jerks like he was just bit on the nards by an electric eel.

DR. ORO  
That's it..! Oh my Elvis, that is  
it.

SMITH  
Yeah, I think that's what she's  
trying to say.

DR. ORO

No, another message. We send back a message to disregard the first message.

Smith and Riley just blink at him.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

We jump to yesterday, it'll be like the last fifteen years have never happened!

SMITH

(dawning)  
Because they wouldn't have.

RILEY

Uh, hello? Large growly things?

SMITH

They get nuked tonight, they can't go back! They die here.

Riley grabs Oro by the front of coat--jacks him up tough guy style.

RILEY

Everything would be normal? Like egg nog, presents, and fruit cake normal?

DR. ORO

Well...theoretically, yeah.  
So...ya know, if you're not doin' anything tomorrow night...

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

M FIGHTERS streak from the black sky in formation on a BOMBING RUN. From their undersides fall iridescent BLUE ORBS--PARALYSIS BOMBS. City block sized concussions circle from impact sites.

God help anyone caught by them--RUNNING SOLDIERS drop where they're engulfed.

WE FIND Bodette taking cover behind the edge of a building missing half its floors. All in all, it's a helluva lot quieter. Gunfire is sporadic and increasingly infrequently.

GENERAL BODETTE

(On Radio)  
Son, Planet Earth is getting its ass handed to it...

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS (WITH SMITH) - NIGHT

Smith, Riley, and Oro run like hell--each of them gasping like dying trout.

SMITH

(On Radio)

Just don't launch yet. We need time!

Smith rings off, before galloping to a halt. Oro and Riley don't look much better--all leaning over, resting hands on knees, and gasping like dying trout.

DR. ORO

Are...they...gonna do it?

SMITH

Said...he'd try.

RILEY

I can't...I can't...running is evil.

DR. ORO

Much as I love watchin' her pant...we'll never make it there in time like this.

Smith scans up and down the street. Nothing useful. Then, he happens to notice a DESERTED FIRE STATION...

EXT. SKYSCRAPER (STREET LEVEL) - NIGHT

Smith's destroyed Humvee moves. A CLAW comes out from underneath it. Another...

The ONE-EYED DRAGON claws its way from under the wreck--shredded from road rash. Scales and armor have been torn from half its body. Half the flesh of its face has been ground away, revealing half its reptilian skull.

And it has a major case of the ass.

It SNIFFS the air--catches a scent. Narrowing its reptile eyes to slits, it runs into the night...

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

The place rattles from a massive internal explosion, causing the small HOLOGRAM OF BODETTE before Admiral Malloy to flicker--audio cuts in and out.

Soldiers run to and fro, weapons ready. AUTOMATIC GUNFIRE reverberates--damned close.

ADMIRAL MALLOY  
We're already looking now or never  
in the eye...

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ARMORED COMMAND VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Bodette waits for the THUNDER OF TANK FIRE to subside, before replying to a likewise HOLOGRAM OF MALLOY.

GENERAL BODETTE  
How much time can you give us?

ADMIRAL MALLOY (HOLOGRAM)  
They've breached our perimeter  
defenses. We got Dragons in the  
wire, Bo...

The Hologram of Malloy raises a rifle and BLASTS something away out of its frame.

ADMIRAL MALLOY (HOLOGRAM)  
I'll order all remaining forces to  
your position...

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

GENERAL BODETTE (HOLOGRAM)  
Negative. Do not, say again, do  
not. Order all forces to mount a  
counter assault across town as a  
distraction. We don't need to  
draw any attention ourselves...

EXT. FIRESTATION - NIGHT

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 slips switches.

SMITH  
For cryin' out loud, 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  
 OK, yelling at me is just making me nervous.

Oro flips a few more switches.

SMITH  
 Off, man. Off!

DR. ORO  
 That *was* off.

Still blaring.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)  
 Sittin' so long, I guess it's stuck...

SMITH  
 Will somebody find the frickin' fuse box, before...

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

SMITH  
 Nevermind.

EXT. FIRE ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

An M-Fighter swoops out of the pitch black above, cannons blasting.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

It's eerily quiet. Dark.

A shadow moves. A man. A Soldier. Quiet. Stealthy.

General Bodette glides from cover to cover alone--weapon ready. He halts at a street corner.

He hears something. Is that a siren?

A BEAT LATER--a Fire Engine BLARES by lit up like Christmas, half on fire, two Dragons on top of it, and being chased by an M-Fighter.

With a mighty "Why me?" sigh, The General heads after the circus.

INT. FIRE ENGINE - CONTINUOUS

The windshield is full of Dragon, 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, and shooting at one on the back.

                                SMITH  
Gun...

                                RILEY  
What?

                                SMITH  
Gun!

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

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

                                SMITH  
Whoops.

BEAT.

                                RILEY  
Are you sure I married you?

                                SMITH  
Hey, you asked me, Cupcake

                                RILEY  
          (Gasp)  
I did not!

                                SMITH  
I didn't want anything to do with  
you, but *somebody* just wouldn't  
take restraining order for an  
answer.

Riley is on the verge of launching an ass chewin', when the Fire Engine SHUTTERS--Plasma rounds slam into the ass end...

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The M-Fighter scores a few more direct hits--ass end blown to hell, the concussion sends the Fire Engine careening onto its side...

Sliding half a block, and coming to a smoking, flaming halt in the center of WASHINGTON SQUARE.

The M-Fighter streaks by, banking high for another run--Smith, Riley, and Oro crawl out of the wreckage and stumble away into the shadows in the nick of time.

A final pass of Plasma Fire, and the Fire Engine EXPLODES into an inferno.

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

The thousands of HARVESTER SHIPS descend en masse--triangular shapes turning. They look like gleaming black shark fins as they turn a flat edge parallel to the ground in unison.

Shaking the foundations of the city, they land simultaneously--each a thousand feet tall, and towering over the smouldering wreckage of buildings.

EXT. NYU CAMPUS - NIGHT

Familiar territory. When we last were here, we were looking at MARINE ONE, the Presidential Helicopter sitting here. Now, the flaming wreckage of a futuristic Attack Chopper greets us.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Lights flicker. Shadows jump. Smith, Riley, and Oro ease down the hallway--eyes wide and their guns ready.

The place is a wreck. Blood is splattered on walls. Helmets lay here and there. One still has a head in it.

They round a corner. There's a large section of hallway plunged into shadow just ahead--the overhead lights out.

The Trio slowly walks into the black shadow. A SCUFFLE. A SCREAM CUT SHORT.

...Oro's helmet bounces into the light.

Silence.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

Under complete attack. Tracer rounds and Dragon fire whiz through the air, slamming into the once High-Tech computers...

C & C ENTRANCE:



WE FIND Admiral Malloy with a DOZEN SOLDIERS behind a barricade they've erected in front of the double door entrance--firing down the hallway that leads to Command and Control.

The only thing saving their ass is the choke point of that long hallway. But, for every Dragon they blow away, three more take its place.

Malloy shouts over the battle.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

Hold the line! Last man standing  
launches the ArchAngel strike.  
And save a bullet for yourself.

INT. SHADOW OF HALLWAY - NIGHT

Bodette has a hand clamped over Riley's mouth. She yanks the hand away.

RILEY

(Hisses)  
You almost gave me a frickin'  
heart attack, G.I. Jackass!

INT. BASEMENT LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Lights FLICKER on. Smith and Company descend the stairs into the place that hasn't seen light in more than a decade. Everything is covered in dust. And, what isn't dusty, has a blanket of cobwebs over it.

GENERAL BODETTE

*This* is a time machine?

DR. ORO

It's not what you think.

SMITH

It's not what you think.

They share a quick look, shaking off the weirdness of Deja Vu.

RILEY

Oh my God, is it gonna work?

DR. ORO

Of course it's gonna  
work...probably. Absolutely. It  
might.

Oro sets about pulling cob webs off, twisting dials, and powering it up.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

But, somebody has to go up there  
and get a Device from a Dragon.

Once again...

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

CUT TO:

INT. NYU HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Smith creeps along quietly.

SMITH  
I gotta stop fallin' for that.

INT. BASEMENT LAB

Riley is fit to be tied. Pacing. Hands wringing. Fuck it, she picks up a rifle and makes for the stairs.

GENERAL BODETTE  
Where dya think you're goin'?

RILEY  
I am so not about to let my future husband get ripped to Smith-ereens.

Bodette blocks her path.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
He'd do it for me.

He cracks a smile.

GENERAL BODETTE  
Boy has spent seven years tryin' save you, guess I can see why. Be a shame to let 'em lose you now.

Bodette takes her rifle and heads up the stairs.

RILEY  
General...

He stops at the top of the stairs.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
He's the only good thing that's ever happened to me. Don't let him die.

GENERAL BODETTE  
Not today.

INT. NYU HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Bodette doesn't creep. He doesn't sneak. He strides down the hallway. Game face on. He pulls his radio.

GENERAL BODETTE  
(On Radio)  
Admiral...

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - CONTINUOUS

Those double steel doors are now barred shut, and dented to shit. WHAM--another dent from the other side...

WE FIND Admiral Malloy bleeding heavily from multiple wounds. A Soldier tightens a tourniquet around Malloy's leg, as another Soldier covers the door with his rifle.

They're the only ones left.

GENERAL BODETTE (O.S.)  
(On Radio)  
I need fifteen more minutes.

WHAM--another bash at the door. The Soldiers share a look with Malloy. Fifteen minutes? No fucking way.

ADMIRAL MALLOY  
(On Radio)  
I hope you believe in miracles,  
Bo.

Malloy grits his teeth as the tourniquet is torqued tight.

ADMIRAL MALLOY  
(On Radio)  
It's been an honor, General.

INT. NYU HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

GENERAL BODETTE  
It's about to be.

Bodette turns off the radio and tosses it over his shoulder. He sheds his body armor. He drops his XM-97. Never breaking stride, he cracks his neck and marches on.

EXT. NEW YORK STREETS - NIGHT

Near the apex of each Harvester Ship, openings have appeared that stretch around the vessels like a band--emitting BRILLIANT light from within the ships.

Along each forty-five degree angle side, steps have protruded from hull--giving them all the smack of step pyramids. And down these steps march THE REST OF THE DRAGONS.

Big ones. Small ones.

All of them.

Millions.

WE PULL UP:

New York from above. Dragons move like swarming locusts. Too many to count...

INT. NYU HALLWAY - NIGHT

Smith, a pipe in his hand, stares at a hallway door. There's the distinct SOUND OF SOMETHING EATING SOMETHING emanating from the other side. Bones crunch.

Knuckles white, fingers tightening around the pipe, Smith psychs himself up for it. He backs up as far as he can, and charges...

Bodette reaches out of a shadow--grabbing Smith, and stopping him cold.

GENERAL BODETTE

Smith...

The General pulls the only weapon he has, his sidearm and racks the slide.

GENERAL BODETTE (CONT'D)

Merry Christmas, Son.

Bodette kicks open the door, and charges in--pistol BLASTING...

INT. ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Dragon never saw it comin'--it HOWLS as the rounds rip into it. Not slowing, Bodette tackles it. Claws tear into him. Fangs snap. But, the man never screams.

He rips THE BLACKBERRY mounted on The Dragon's armor off, and throws it to Smith. Already as good as dead, Bodette keeps blasting...

The Dragon disappears.

Taking Bodette with it, still firing his pistol.

INT. BASEMENT LAB - NIGHT

Dr. Oro has Stella on--the Time Machine hums and sparks, as he pecks away at a laptop.

Riley stares at the door. Waiting.

DR. ORO

Cocked, locked, and ready to rock,  
Baby Cakes. Powered on. Message  
ready. Just waitin' on...

RILEY

Smith!

DR. ORO

Him...

Riley runs up the steps to meet Smith.

SMITH

Let's get the hell outta here.

He tosses The Blackberry to Oro.

RILEY

Wait a minute, where's Bodette?

He looks her in the eye--she gets it.

SMITH

(to Oro)

You know how to hook that up?

DR. ORO

As long as you remembered it  
right.

Smith hands Riley his XM-97, and points to the door at the top of the stairs.

RILEY

Yeah, yeah. Scales, right.

As Oro hooks up The Blackberry, Smith pounds a few keys on the laptop--we see the binary translation dancing across the screen "001 11 010..."

RILEY

What are you doing?

SMITH

Keepin' my word.

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

Malloy is propped up against the wall--deathly white from loss of blood. The two remaining Soldiers kneeling next to him.

The metal doors are giving way. Creaking and moaning. A CLAW finally punches through.

The men open up with their rifles on the door...

INT. BASEMENT LAB

Stella HUMS LOUDER...

DR. ORO

Got it! Uploading the message.  
Ready to send.

Oro grabs Smith's arm.

DR. ORO (CONT'D)

Hey, you know, if you can remember  
who won the last fifteen Super  
Bowls...

Riley turns to them.

RILEY

For cryin' out loud!

When she turns back to the door--IT'S WIDE OPEN!

RILEY

Guys...? Guys, the door is open...

Smith joins Riley.

SMITH

Anything get in?

RILEY

I don't know.

SMITH

I thought you were watching it.

RILEY

I was watching it.

SMITH

Then how can you not know if  
anything got in? Like, maybe a  
nine-foot tall, intergalactic, man-  
eating gecko...

ORO SCREAMS behind them. Yeah, something got in.

Smith and Riley turn just in time to see a Dragon rip Oro apart. They blow it to smithereens--jumping back as it vanishes...taking half of Dr. Oro with it.

They fall all over themselves getting to the Time Machine controls, which they stare at blankly.

SMITH

Which button?

Five meek little buttons.

RILEY

The blinking one.

SMITH

They're all blinking.

RILEY

Well...pick one.

SMITH

You pick one.

RILEY

So you can hold *that* over my head  
if I'm wrong? I don't think so.

Smith presses a button. Nothing happens.

He tries another. Nada.

RILEY

Come on, come on, come on...

He presses a fourth button--the Time Machine VIBRATES to life. Electricity arcing. Sparks flying.

RILEY

That's it! It's working!

With a disheartening DRONE, the damned thing dies. Just goes off. Smith presses the fifth button. Nothing happens. Again and again. Nothing.

They stare at it in disbelief.

RILEY

What happened?

SMITH

I dunno.

RILEY  
It's not working...

SMITH  
We...I...shit.

Riley jumps up and down.

RILEY  
What the hell!

SMITH  
Well...we can still jump.

Crushed, Riley shakes her head.

RILEY  
And yesterday will be like it was  
when we got here. Only the  
Dragons won't come. The world  
won't end...

She drops her rifle.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
This time ain't worth living for.

GROWLS. Somewhere in the halls above.

They share a look. Riley nods, the choice unspoken.

Smith pulls her close--tears and lips touch, as he lays  
the greatest kiss mankind has ever witnessed on her.

He brushes a tear from her eye.

RILEY  
I'm sorry. I am so sorry. For  
everything. You've risked your  
life a thousand times. Just to  
save me, before I ever even met  
you. I would've been proud to  
marry you, James Smith. If I have  
to die, I want it to be with you.

Smith has the vague expression of a man who has just  
stepped in something rather unpleasant.

SMITH  
I have to tell you something,  
Riley.

She leans in--doe-eyed and expecting the sweet.

RILEY  
Yes..?



SMITH  
Well...I...I really...

RILEY  
Say it. Just say it.

SMITH  
You didn't marry me.

BEAT.

RILEY  
What.

SMITH  
I couldn't even get you to go out  
with me. You wouldn't give me the  
time of day.

Riley is at a loss.

SMITH (CONT'D)  
Look, I fell in love with you the  
moment I saw you. Like you were  
the only woman in the world.  
Everything else just faded away  
when I looked at you. I couldn't  
let anything happen to you. Even  
if you didn't love me.

A smile creeps over her lips...

RILEY  
That is just so...so...

And dies a horrible death.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
Wrong!

Riley shoves Smith against the Time Machine--his ELBOW  
HITS A SWITCH, and...

The friggin' thing COMES BACK ON with a hum!

Their eyes go to the laptop--words across the screen:  
"SPACE-TIME LOCK ENGAGED. SENDING DATA..."

CUT TO:

INT. NYU HALLWAY - NIGHT

Smith and Riley haul ass. He fumbles with The  
Blackberry, putting it back together. She blasts  
anything that even looks like it might be a Dragon...

INT. COMMAND AND CONTROL - NIGHT

Blood spatters the walls.

A Dragon TOWERS over Malloy. It grabs him by the shirt, lifting him to its hideous snarling face.

Malloy, a breath from bleeding out anyway, smiles.

ADMIRAL MALLOY

Ho, ho...

There's a bootlace tied to his finger...

A STRING OF BOOTLACES--the other end tied to A BULLET.

Which is holding up the butt of a rifle.

Which is poised over the ArchAngel LAUNCH BUTTON.

Malloy tugs his finger. The rifle falls...

COMPUTERIZED VOICE

ArchAngel launch initiated.

ADMIRAL MALLOY (CONT'D)

Ho.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE - NIGHT

Smith and Riley tear ass out of the building--the air is alive with the sound of Dragons. The damned things must be everywhere, though none are visible at the moment in the flickering light of the burning Attack Chopper.

RILEY

We get to yesterday, we are gonna  
have a *big* talk Mr...Mr. Lying  
Sack of...of Lies!

Smith has his eyes on The Blackberry, pecking away furiously, entering the sequence...

SMITH

Baby, you can...

He looks up.

SMITH (CONT'D)

No...

RILEY

What?

That fucking ONE-EYED DRAGON IS TOWERING OVER RILEY. No idea it's behind her. No idea it's about to take her head off.

Smith shoves her out of the way in the nick of time, taking a vicious swipe meant for Riley--sending him crashing into the building.

Riley raises her rifle...CLICK. Empty. She throws it at the thing, and steps back as it advances--right into a wall. No where to go. Growling death three feet away...

Smith, bloody and horribly wounded, blind sides the salivating beast with a length of steel from the Chopper wreckage, and keeps pounding away...

SMITH

Go...

The Blackberry is on the ground, right in front of Riley. No. She charges at the Dragon, intent on helping Smith. He SHOVES her on her ass as the Dragon recovers and pounces him.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Leave...! Jump, Riley...!

It's killing him. Tearing at him with claws. Throwing him like a rag doll.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Please...

More SNARLS are coming. Across the campus--more Dragons. Riley barely dodges a blast from a Paralysis weapon--diving to the ground, grabbing up the Blackberry.

Then, the night sky LIGHTS UP far away on the horizon. THE NUKES! Exploding in the sky, thousands of feet in the air.

The One-Eyed Dragon looks up--a cloud of hellfire races downward. Same instant, Riley hits the button, the air warps around her...

She dives on top of Smith's body, a split second before NUCLEAR FIRE ENGULFS EVERYTHING IN SIGHT.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE (DAY BEFORE) - DAY

**GRAPHIC: DECEMBER 22nd, 2011**

It's Christmas time in New York. Here's the city we all love. In the middle of the square, the air begins to warp...

PEDESTRIANS, hands full of shopping bags, step back. Out of thin air, RILEY AND SMITH APPEAR. Some people scream. Some stare. Some run. Some shrug--it is New York.

WITH SMITH AND RILEY:

He's laid out. Bleeding a river. Riley rolls him over onto his back--holds his head. He's pale as a ghost.

RILEY  
Smith? James..!

Nothing. She shakes him.

RILEY  
No..wake up. We're here. We made it...

A crowd of shocked faces gathers around her.

RILEY (CONT'D)  
(to Pedestrians)  
What are you lookin' at? Call an ambulance!

She shakes Smith again. And again.

RILEY  
Please wake up...I love you.

He was dead before they jumped. 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.

Bloodied. Filthy. Crying. Beat up. 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. Something on it catches her eye--DR. ORO.

CLOSE ON TV: Dr. Oro is embraced by PRESIDENT MALLOY at a Press Conference. The FIRST LADY and their DAUGHTER look on.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Though the Scientist refused to admit how he knew about the mechanical problem, his intervention kept the President's family from boarding the doomed helicopter...

RILEY

(dawning smile)  
Keepin' your word.

REPORTER (V.O.)

When asked how he could ever be repaid...

The video cuts to Oro shaking President Malloy by the collar, as AGENT DAWES tries to pull him off.

REPORTER (V.O.)

Dr. Oro demanded a one billion dollar grant to the SETI Search for Extra-Terrestrial Intelligence program...

EXT. CAFE - CONTINUOUS

You know, 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. A smile parts Riley's lips.

It's SMITH. The Smith from this day.

SMITH

You the one that bailed me out?

She nods.

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!

Our old pal 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.

OLD LADY  
What did you say?

ABNER  
Nothing, Honey.

As the Old Lady bitches at Abner...

RILEY  
(to Smith)  
How about a walk?

He's smitten.

SMITH  
I think I'd like that.

The watch on Riley's wrist, Dead Smith's watch, BEEPS--blinking 00:00:00.

She freezes. Listening. Waiting. Looking around, as ABSOLUTELY NOTHING HAPPENS. She cracks a mile wide smile. 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 ever 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.