

ON A CLEAR DAY

by
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OVER BLACK:

A SOUND. Deep and rhythmic. Undulating. Throbbing. Otherworldly. WHUM WHUM, WHUM WHUM. Growing louder as we:

COME UP ON: Night. A downtown skyline. High rise reflections roll in the waterfront tide. Sidewalk vents steam. Taxi drivers smoke. Drunk couples stumble home. A trash truck in reverse. The SOUND ever present, louder still. We land on:

EXT. 4TH AVENUE - SAME

Fog hangs low over the pavement. Look closer. Dust, not fog, caught in the air by invisible waves of static electricity. A MANHOLE cover vibrates spastically, the sound crescendos and suddenly the 20 pound disc shoots into the air; the first of many as down the block they launch one by one by one....

SMASH TO BLACK:

TITLE CARD: ON A CLEAR DAY

OVER BLACK:

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
--the magnitude 3.2 earthquake that rattled local Seattle residents and businesses early this morning was one in a flurry of tremors recorded in eleven major cities across the country.

CLOSE ON: A clock radio. 6:05am. Then a framed PHOTOGRAPH of a young family; a man, a woman, and two little girls. A book, Stephen Hawking's A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME, spined-open to an unfinished chapter.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
Reps for the USGS called it an unprecedented geological event, though no major damage was reported.

And land on PETER FOX, the man from the photograph. In bed, wide awake and been that way for awhile. Stubbled. Worried. Absently listening:

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)
In financial news, sources inside the fed are deeply concerned as the economic crisis worsens.

Cut back to reveal we're in:

INT. BEDROOM - DAWN

Peter's wife MOLLY sleeping next to him. Moving boxes stacked, a hurricane of clothes, art leaned against the wall.

NEWS ANCHOR (O.S.)

Housing prices continue to tumble and national unemployment reached an all time high for the month of April. This is NPR.

He reaches across Molly and kills the radio. Stays there, kisses her cheek.

PETER

I'll get the girls up.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MORNING

Peter moves down the hall, shirtless with pajama bottoms. He is not rippling with muscle. There are no tattoos. He is normal. He stubs his toe on a vacuum cleaner, before opening a door posted with a crayon drawing and we're:

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

With Peter stepping over stuffed animals. A LUMP under a blanket in the bed by the window. A little GIRL on top of a blanket in the bed by the door.

PETER

Come on, girls. Rise and shine.

ANNA (10), rolls over, squints. Groans. Gives her dad the evil eye. The lump in the other bed doesn't move.

PETER

Let's go sweetheart--

He tugs back the covers and finds his second daughter, EMMA (7), sleeping upside down. She still sucks her thumb.

Anna sits up, rubs her eyes. Peter kneels by Emma's bed.

PETER

Morning birthday girl--

A little hand pushes his face away. Off this we hear:

VOICE (O.S.)
 What do we do, Mr. Buggles? We're
 running out of tiiiiiiiiime!

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - LATER

CLOSE ON: Morning Cartoons on a small TV next to stacks of dishes, lamps wrapped in newspaper.

A kitchen table, where Anna does homework and negotiates a bowl of CHEERIOS.

PETER (O.S.)
 It's called Binary Code, a whole bunch of zeroes and ones that make all kinds of things possible--cell phones, internet, Ipods--

Pick up Peter and Emma sitting on the carpet before a coffee table, Emma has a WORKBOOK spread out before her.

PETER
 --so when the aide from the science center brings the satellite dish to class, a video of you will be turned into binary code, beamed way into space and then back to China into a classroom just like yours.

See black and white comic book characters illustrating what Peter is describing in Emma's workbook. A beat then:

EMMA
 Katie Frilander is coming to my birthday but she can't have sweets cause she's a diabetic.

Peter grins. Pick up Anna, serious, watching her father.

ANNA
 Dad? Are you going to get a new job?

PETER
 Why? You don't want me around anymore.

ANNA
 Grandma said you screwed up and got fired that's why we have to live in this dump.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

ANNA (cont'd)
So, I was just wondering when we
could go home.

Her earnest eyes break Peter's heart. But he hides it:

PETER
Well, your grandma's just a bitter
old woman who judges other people
to make herself feel better.
That's why we were so happy when
she moved to a cabin in Montana.

ANNA
Daddy!

Emma giggles.

PETER
I have an idea, you should get a
job.

ANNA
But I'm a little girl.

Off her laughter we hear: TICK TICK TICK TICK TICK

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

CLOSE ON: an EGG TIMER, 30 seconds and counting down.

Land on Molly. Cheeks flushed, pretty because of the freckles. Pink nurse scrubs, hair in a ponytail. The door partially opened, she watches Peter, Emma and Anna down the hall in the mirror's reflection.

The EGG TIMER goes off. DING. She closes the door, locks it. Steels herself. Looks down. Reveal a blue POSITIVE on a PREGNANCY TEST.

MOLLY
Shit.

Emotional, this moment even more loaded then it should be. She takes a beat to herself; a beat to pull it together. Then wraps the test in toilet paper and deposits it in the bottom of the trash.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Follow Molly down the hallway until she arrives in the living room, to her left, the small apartment kitchen where Peter supervises the rinsing of breakfast dishes.

MOLLY

Let's go girls, bus will be here in five minutes--

Peter looks up. Sees Molly, particularly tired, or particularly worried, he can't tell at the moment. As the girls pass by:

MOLLY

Don't forget your coats.

And they disappear down the hall.

MOLLY

I need you to pick the girls up from swim class, I'm gonna try to see Dr. Phillips this afternoon--

PETER

Everything okay?

MOLLY

Yeah, just... Think I might be coming down with something.

Turning away from him, sipping coffee. Peter watches her, somehow feeling the half truth.

PETER

I got that interview with Boeing-- finally--I didn't want to mention it until--

On her eyes, guarded, hopeful--

MOLLY

I thought you said--

He shrugs. Just the small respite from the stress is a relief to her.

The shrill ring of the phone interrupts the moment--

As Emma and Anna return, prepped for school. Peter answers, leaving Molly with the girls. We hear his inconsequential conversation in the background.

Molly kneels down face to face with the girls.

MOLLY
You have your cell phone?

Anna rolls her eyes, duh. Emma motions for Molly to come closer. Whispers between mom and daughter:

EMMA
Mommy, I want a Princess cake for my birthday.

MOLLY
You do? Good thing you told me.

EMMA
Why?

MOLLY
Now I have a whole day to find the perfect cake for the perfect girl.

Emma's smile a mile wide. Molly stands, grabs her purse and coat. Peter hangs up. Kisses his daughters to a chorus of "bye Dad"--

PETER
Have a good day, love you guys.

As they're headed out the door, Peter catches Molly's hand, pulls her to him.

PETER
It's gonna get better.
(beat)
Has to right? At this point it couldn't get any worse.

Molly lays a hand on his cheek, smiles--

MOLLY
I don't know, unemployed engineers are kinda sexy--

PETER
So I should rock the stubble--

MOLLY
Let me know how the interview goes.

They kiss and the door closes. Hold on Peter as he drops the pretense. His body literally sags, as if all we just witnessed took every ounce of his strength.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

On a school bus grinding to a halt. Anna and Emma board and wave from the windows. Molly smiles and waves back as it pulls away.

And then her smile is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter sits on the couch, a TV commercial in the background for BOTOX. "Look younger, feel better."

Takes in the unpacked boxes. Almost too weary to get off the couch. Almost. He grabs his cell and moves down the hall.

On the left side of our screen we see a commercial for LIFE INSURANCE. "Protect your future." On the right, we see Peter disappear into the BATHROOM.

Hold on this. The commercial. The sound of the bathroom faucet. And then a Special News Bulletin:

NEWS ANCHOR

We have just received reports of a massive explosion at the 405/90 interchange. It is unclear at this time the cause of the blast, however it is reported that all six lanes of the interchange have been severely damaged. We will update--

Her face suddenly darkens. For a moment she looks scared.

NEWS ANCHOR

My god. There is another explosion, this one on the 520 bridge. We have-- This too is confirmed.
(beat) Wait--

She looks to her left. We hear shouting. A loud whine:

NEWS ANCHOR

I'm sorry--

Static. The TV. Electronic blizzard.

We push past the TV. Curl into the bathroom. Peter toweling his face off, a hard look in the mirror. He picks up the cell phone. Dials.

PETER
Hey, it's Peter. I need you to do
me a favor, I gotta get on the
short list for that VP job at
Boeing--
(listens)
Yeah, I know everybody and their
mother--
(beat)
Can you at least get me an
interview?

Suddenly we hear a distant BOOM. Peter flinches. Lights
flicker. The phone dies.

PETER
Hello?

From the silence he hears the static of the TV. Walks to:

THE LIVING ROOM

Flips channels. Nothing. He picks up the cordless. No dial
tone. Checks his cell. Scrolls to Molly. Busy signal.

He walks to the sliding glass doors, steps onto the balcony.
There are SIRENS. SMOKE in the distance. Can't see much.

What. The. Fuck.

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He pulls on jeans, a T-shirt, and sneakers. Grabs his keys,
wallet, and cell phone. Follow him to the:

LIVING ROOM

Where he sees Molly, her back to him, shutting the door.

PETER
I just tried to call you--

That's when she turns. She's shaking. There's a gash on her
forehead. Dirt and blood staining her scrubs.

PETER
Jesus, Molly--

Moves to her, she falls against him.

PETER
What happened?

She's sucking breaths. Drowning in air.

PETER
Are you okay? Molly?

She composes. Barely. Blood leaks from her ears, the gash on her forehead.

MOLLY
There was an explosion. People were lying in the street. They were screaming. Everybody was screaming.

PETER
I'm gonna call 911.
(remembers)
Phones are down.

He grabs a towel, warms it with water. Presses it against the gash on her head.

MOLLY
There was a woman, Peter. An old woman. She was begging for her daughter. I didn't help her, I couldn't, I ran.

She's losing it, horrified. He takes her hands. HOLDS them.

MOLLY
I'm so scared--

PETER
I know, Mols. Just--

He stops. We hear something. A Whoosh. Otherworldly.

MOLLY
What's that?

Growing louder. Louder. What ever it is, it's approaching. Like a jet engine.

Louder. Louder. LOUDER. Everything rattles. Picture frames. The coffee cup shatters on the floor.

Peter holds Molly. The sound so fucking loud our ears are throbbing. Shaking. Shaking.

BOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOM.

The entire apartment heaves like a 9.0 earthquake erupted and they're at the epicenter. TV goes over. Dishes fly from the counter. Windows shatter.

And then quiet. Horrifying, deafening quiet.

We hear footsteps in the hall outside. Running. Shouting. They're gone. More footsteps. Doors opening and closing.

MOLLY

Oh my god, Peter, the girls.

It's occurred to him too. He stands.

MOLLY

Where you going?

PETER

The roof. See if I can get reception.

He's out the door and:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Moving quickly towards the stair well. Hears SHOUTING. Breaks into a run. Two stairs at a time. Emerges onto:

EXT. ROOFTOP DECK - CONTINUOUS

We are assaulted with SOUND. Fire alarms. Engines. Horns honking. Sirens.

Peter sprints along the walk-way and vaults the final steps to the roof where PEOPLE lean against the railing. His face expresses the horror before we see it.

PETER

Oh my god.

And then we do. A sky line darkened by massive columns of black smoke. FIRES raging.

A FERRY BOAT is CAPSIZING in the bay.

Baghdad on crack. The explosion moments before turned the University Bridge into a mess of tangled iron.

Streaks of flaming light descend from the sky like comets. We wonder if they are SATELLITES tumbling from orbit.

A GUY next to Peter:

GUY

This is not happening.

And a GIRL, down the line.

GIRL
We're under attack.

BOOM. Another explosion, see the FIRE BALL. Everyone ducks. We watch as the SPACE NEEDLE bends, buckles and tips....

GUY
We gotta get outa here. WE GOTTA
GET THE FUCK OUTA HERE.

Peter's world instantly changing forever. And then SIX CHOPPERS zooms over head.

Suddenly his home. His city. His life. Is a battle zone.

CUT TO:

INT. STAIR WELL - MOMENTS LATER

Peter takes the stairs, dialing his phone. Busy signal. Again. Busy signal.

PETER
Come on. Come on.

Busy signal. Down another flight. Phone rings--

ANNA (O.S.)
Daddy?

Commotion behind the voice. Crashing. A FIRE ALARM.

PETER
Anna? You okay? Is Emma with you?

ANNA
She's in her classroom.

PETER
I want you to take the phone to
your teacher. Can you do that?

Muffled voices. Rustling. Movement. Then:

PANICKED VOICE
Hello--

PETER
Christine, it's Pete Fox. Is
everybody alright?

CHRISTINE
Everybody's fine. We're headed to
the gym, police are on the way.
(MORE)

CHRISTINE (cont'd)
I gotta go, Peter, I'm sorry, just
get here as soon as you can--

PETER
WAIT, WAIT--

We hear more chaos in the background, somebody screams, SLAM--

PETER
Hello? Christine?

Sirens. Feet Running. Busy signal. As he pushes into:

INT. APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Molly is gone. A blood stain on the couch.

Then he hears it. The shower running. Goes to the:

BATHROOM

And pulls back the shower door.

She's topless on the tub floor, water pouring over her.
Hollow raccoon eyes that flick towards:

Two inches of serrated SHRAPNEL protruding from her rib cage
under her left breast. The water pools with blood. She's
trembling uncontrollably.

MOLLY
I'm going into shock.

Peter is paralyzed before her.

MOLLY
Find something to stop the
bleeding. Something clean.
(he doesn't move)
Peter?

Finally he nods, we're with him as he races into the BEDROOM,
grabs a clean T-shirt from the drawer. Back to her, climbing
in the shower, water pouring over them.

MOLLY
Wrap it. As much pressure as
possible.

He ties the T-shirt around her back. Both soaking wet--

PETER
Now what?

MOLLY

I don't know. I don't want to die.

PETER

You are not going to die.

MOLLY

Where are the girls?

PETER

At the school. Police are on the way there.

MOLLY

What did you see? On the roof?

PETER

Nothing. Everything's fine.

One more look at the wound and he decides, leaves. Stay with Molly now.

As she struggles to regain her breath. She rises to her feet, her hand against the wall, steady now. Steady.

Suddenly the water goes off. The lights go out. A horrifying beat as all creature comforts are gone.

HALLWAY

With Peter as he pulls a lock box from the closet, opens it, removes a .45 PISTOL and LOADED CLIP. Moving back to Molly, stuffing the gun in his belt.

Their eyes meet. White T-shirt already soaked with blood.

PETER

I'm taking you to the hospital.

SMASH TO:

INT. PARKING GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Peter, still wet and an arm around Molly, now dressed, burst through the door into the parking garage. It's an onslaught of sound. Sirens. Honking.

Quickly towards his ancient BMW. He helps her in the passenger seat. Starts the car.

Reverses. In drive, approaches the garage gate. Hits the garage door button. Gate doesn't open.

PETER

Hang on.

Backs up the car. Tires squeal. Gasses it and throttles into the gate, which breaks. Car bursts through onto the road. Engine smoking.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Peter throws the car in drive. Peels out. Stay with them in the car as he guns it down the street, doesn't bother with the stop sign--

Then see Peter through Molly's eyes. We also see a pick up TRUCK barreling towards us.

And WHAM. The truck T-BONES them. Like a freight train. The world is rocked. Tips, around and around.

Rolls 40 feet and finally comes to a halt. A beat. Silence.

INT. CAR - MOMENTS LATER

On Peter. He's hanging upside down from his seat belt. Everything is painfully SLOW. Blood leaks from his ears. SOUND distorted; like we're underwater.

Looks, the passenger seat is EMPTY. Pushes open the door. Releases his seat belt. Tumbles to the pavement.

See the DRIVER of the smashed truck get out. A broken nose. Driver runs up the street.

Suddenly Molly is there, desperately screaming words we can't hear; Peter's eyes glazed. Then:

MOLLY

Are you hurt? Answer me, please.

He blinks. Ripping for his senses. Eyes flick to Molly's bleeding wound, the sun burning through the hazy sky, the remains of the car. A painful breath. Finally:

PETER

I'm okay-- Jesus-- You okay?

She nods. He stands, leans against what used to be his car.

MOLLY

What do we do now?

A moment of decision, Peter chews his lip, then:

PETER

Hospital's only six blocks. Can you make it?

MOLLY

Are you sure--maybe--maybe you should get the girls and I'll wait here for help.

PETER

I don't think anybody's gonna help us.

Off her panic we:

CUT TO:

EXT. BROADWAY - TOP OF THE HILL - MOMENTS LATER

Cars are bumper to bumper as far as the eye can see. Thousands of PEOPLE run, some alone, some holding the hands of loved ones. Smoke plumes from destroyed buildings. An onslaught of noise.

Find Molly and Peter. A mix of terror and wonder.

MOLLY

This can't be real.

Someone throws a brick through an electronics shop.

There's an elderly MAN and his DOG. Sitting on a bus stop bench. He pets the dog who sleeps in his lap. Man is bleeding, covered in dust. We realize he's softly singing.

A terrified WOMAN runs past, bumping into Molly.

And then that sound. We remember it. We can feel it. A distant whine, closer now. CLOSER. The world RATTLES again. Cars. Parking meters. Storefront windows. An unnatural wind violently throws back our clothes, our hair. The sound fills our hearts like a fucking nightmare. VVVVVRRRRRRRRRR.

And somewhere it hits. The concussion rocks us back, knocking Peter and Molly to the ground. Debris as big as a car and as small as a coffee cup flies at them. Tossed by an otherworldly power.

Peter covers Molly as the projectiles flip past them.

And then the cloud. A sandstorm of trash and debris and lung choking dust. We suddenly hear nothing.

There are Peter and Molly, hunched together. Barely visible in the swirling mass. SILENCE.

Dead fucking silence.

And then it roars back. The sounds. The screaming. Peter looks up and the MAN, the BENCH, and the DOG, are gone.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

TREES and APARTMENTS and CARS are covered in ash. FAMILIES pack vehicles, CHILDREN cry. TIRES squeal as a CAR roars by. Peter and Molly weave through the insanity.

Glancing up, Peter sees other PEOPLE watching from their shattered windows.

The panic around us is unbearable.

Suddenly, through the tangled mess of frantic bodies. Peter sees something.... Black and white, blue and red lights.

Down the street. A road block of THREE POLICE CARS--

PETER
Come on, Molly.

Peter and Molly fight their way through the frantic bodies--

PETER
Out of the way. Move, MOVE.

PUSHING and SHOVING and finally getting clear only to grab Molly's arm--

PETER
Wait.

See eight COPS in flack jackets, rifles in position using their cars as cover, aiming down a hidden street. A beat, they open fire. A total barrage. Finally it stops.

That's when we hear a sudden WHOOSH, then:

BOOM.

Something hits the road block, all three cruisers go up in a massive fire ball, every WINDOW within a hundred yards shatters.

And then we hear GEARS turning. Whining. Pavement crunching under phenomenal weight.

A TANK emerges from the street. Not like any tank we've seen. Sleek, black.

Peter, Molly, the crowd are too stunned to move.

A loud speaker comes alive aboard the tank:

LOUDSPEAKER
For your own safety, please remain
inside your homes. Any civilian on
the street will be detained.

The massive track pulverizing the torched cop cars beneath its tread. On Peter, the insanity of it all, then--

MOLLY
PETER, COME ON.

The crowd is moving away from the tank in terror, then--

COP
HELP ME, PLEASE GOD.

Peter looks back, sees a COP, trapped underneath debris, desperately clawing. The tank moments from smashing him into raw meat.

MOLLY
PETER.

And suddenly Peter runs as if out of body.... Towards the cop. Molly begging him to STOP STOP STOP.

Peter baseball slides on the pavement, cop's level.

PETER
HANG ON.

Planting his feet, heaving against the obstruction. Cop screams as the tank groans closer.

A final heave, the debris gives, and Peter yanks the cop out from under the tread. Tank passing by, glass and metal exploding under the force.

On Peter and cop, catching their breath. Looking up at the huge instrument of war as it continues its destructive march down another street.

A beat, a nod of thanks. But it only gets worse.

Because here come the WOLVES.

We'll call them that because we don't know what else to call them. They are robotic, like a DARPA EXPERIMENT gone wrong. Four metal legs with rubberized joints and protruding wires sprouting from a center mechanism the size of a lawn-mower engine. The head is a double lens camera system mounted on top of a single ball bearing that rotates inside a shell like a knee cap or a steadicam. The face of the WOLF is a big fucking gun.

There are two of them and their crazy legs are slipping, sliding and running across debris. Towards Peter and Molly and the cop.

PETER
GO GO GO GO.

Helping the cop and joining Molly among the crowd of terrified people.

And the WOLVES pursue like the hounds of robotic hell. They are immediately among the crowd, swinging their noses like baseball bats, people fly in the air, knocked sideways.

To Peter's right, the cop is suddenly lifted into the sky by a gun barrel nose and tossed.

Peter pulls Molly down a side street, away from the crowd. They weave between cars and duck behind an abandoned MINIVAN. Peter looks back. The wolves are gone from sight. Molly is trembling, eyes fever-wide.

Peter's hands find her cheeks.

PETER
Look at me, Molly, look at me.
(she does)
We're okay. Just breathe.

She nods, panicked intake. He hugs her. A moment of peace. But just a moment, because the wolves come back. Peter sees them in a cracked windshield reflection.

Worse still, cars are flipping and bouncing like toys, the wolves whacking them out of the way with their snouts.

PETER
We need to move. NOW NOW NOW.

Stay with Peter and Molly as they sprint in the opposite direction. The wolves clock them and pursue.

Leaping what Peter and Molly dodge; whining gears and RIP-RIP footsteps like a fucking nightmare.

They cross an empty street, towards the underpass of a BRIDGE. Look left to see a BURNING BUS, racing down the hill.

We're out of its way, but one of the wolves isn't so lucky, smashed by the out of the control rig....

The other LEAPS over the bus as we follow:

Peter and Molly under the BRIDGE, swerving through jammed traffic. Behind them the WOLF vaults the gridlock, legs rotating up and hooking onto the BOTTOM of the BRIDGE so it's running UPSIDE DOWN like some perverted spider monkey.

Peter yanks Molly down a grassy HILL; sliding, rolling, and up again as the WOLF swings itself from the bridge, sailing through the air--

And landing. Its gun barrel head swivels, but its targets are gone.

Reveal Peter and Molly in the dark shadows of a sewage pipe, having barely squeezed through the drainage bars. Their breath echoes.

A pregnant beat.

Then the gun barrel nose slowly moves into frame, inches from Peter and Molly. Clearly it doesn't see them. But it's looking. Within seconds the entire head is inside. See the intricate array of wires. The complex machinery. But it stops. The rest of its body can't fit through the bars.

On Molly and Peter holding their breath. Suddenly the single eye turns, dilates, and has them in its sights. Peter doesn't wait to find out what happens next.

Because it happens fast.

The Wolf's gun rotates towards them at the same moment Peter kick its head. It opens fire, bullets spit with a deafening roar sparking and pinging down the pipe walls. Peter kicks the head over and over again, forcing the barrel away. Suddenly the wolf is trying to back out, but it's trapped between the bars--

And Peter keeps kicking. See the legs suddenly spasm, as if the fucking thing is dying. See the head spark as Peter kicks the shit out of it, bending the metal, separating the wires. Hear Peter yelling for it to fucking die. As he kicks and kicks and kicks until finally the wolf slumps to the ground.

Dead.

Peter hugs Molly's face to his chest.

We find Molly. Vacant eyes. We find Peter. Fighting to keep his shit together. *What the fuck is happening?*

Then something catches his eye. He reaches out and wrenches an exposed DATA CHIP from the broken head. As if he's seen it before. A beat.

And a NOISE startles us. The machine is still alive. But only the eye. It rotates, dilates, and fixes on Peter--his reflection in the circular lens--a light just behind it. The goddamn thing is looking at him, as if remembering, as if taking a fucking picture.

And then the light goes out.

Off this we hear the familiar sound of an electric guitar wailing Hendrix' version of the STAR SPANGLED BANNER. Continuing over:

EXT. BROADWAY BLVD. - SERIES OF SHOTS

An abandoned STROLLER. A TEENAGER sprints down the middle of the street. A CAR hangs impossibly from a tree.

Then we find the source of the music:

A MAN standing on the roof of a MUSIC SHOP, playing his electric guitar hooked to a battery powered amp. Like a great fuck you to the world.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - LATER

We see the ER. WINDOWS smashed. GURNEY'S tipped over. A crashed AMBULANCE, lights silently flash red white, red white. A dead CAT in the street. Otherwise deserted.

And finally we find:

Peter, peering out. He looks down at Molly, ghastly pale, sweat glistened, blood soaked; prone against the ALLEY WALL.

EXT. HOSPITAL/ER - DAY

Peter and Molly approach, her arm propped over his shoulder, stumbling towards the threshold of the sliding glass doors. Strangely, the doors hiss open.

INT. HOSPITAL/ER - CONTINUOUS

The WAITING ROOM is deserted. Lobby music; incongruous to everything else. Lights FLICKER. Chairs tipped over, purses and cell phones and magazines forsaken by their owners.

MOLLY

Peter--

He follows her eyes to a dead security GUARD behind the admin desk, a 7 inch hole in his abdomen.

Beyond the guard is the admittance door, a Plexiglas window spider webbed underneath a red sign that reads HOSPITAL PERSONNEL ONLY.

PETER

I'm gonna take a look around.

He brushes back her sweat soaked bangs. Off her panic:

PETER

We'll be fine, okay?

CUT TO:

INT. ER - MOMENTS LATER

Peter pushes into a modern triage center. Deserted.

Bloody gauze and towels thrown about, abandoned IV's--as if the doctors, patients and nurses simply vanished.

Worse still; scorched bullet holes pockmark the walls.

The hopelessness is pervasive and Peter feels it like a shotgun to the chest. What the hell is he going to do now?

Suddenly an intercom TONES. Then:

INTERCOM

Attention. Hospital personnel and visitors please report to the rotunda for immediate evacuation.

That's when we hear a CRASH. Peter races back into the:

WAITING ROOM

Where he discovers Molly in a heap on the floor--

PETER

MOLLY--

By her side, rolling her over. Feeling her face. She's trembling, drenched in sweat and blood. Her eyes fluttering--

PETER
Wake up, Molly. WAKE UP.

And her eyes open. The panic of death unbearable.

MOLLY
Peter. I'm not gonna make it.

SMASH TO:

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

Peter kicks open the door, carries Molly to the exam table. He rifles through the drawers, finds blankets.

MOLLY
All this? It's not possible, is it?
Another country? Terrorists? It's something worse.

Curling the light cotton blanket around her shoulders.

PETER
They're evacuating the hospital.
I'm going to the rotunda. I'll get a doctor.

MOLLY
Peter. The girls.

PETER
I know. Molly. I know. We're gonna get them. Together.

He kisses her forehead.

PETER
I'll be back.

EXT. EXAM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter shuts the door behind him. In that instant. He fights a breakdown. And moves.

EXT. ER/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter running. He finds a sign directing him towards THE ROTUNDA. Halogens casting an alien green glow.

He weaves past a tipped crash cart, abandoned gurneys. At the end of the hall he finds double doors, padlocked and chained. Beside it is a door leading towards:

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Peter ascends to the 2nd floor and exits into another:

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Leading him towards the CANCER WARD. To his left is a PLAY ROOM, forgotten toys tossed about. Ahead he sees:

INT. SKY BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Stretching over the street. Glass walls on each side. That's when he hears it. MOVEMENT. ENGINES idling.

He peers through the glass wall and on the street below sees several large FLATBED TRUCKS in the sunlight. PATIENTS, DOCTORS, NURSES, STAFF are loading onto the trucks.

SOLDIERS with ASSAULT RIFLES, FLAK JACKETS supervise the boarding, like ranchers at a cattle run. Then:

VOICE

Sir?

Peter turns to reveal a SOLDIER, his hand hovering over the sidearm at his waist.

PETER

Thank god. My wife, she needs a doctor--

Moving towards the soldier--

SOLDIER

Stay where you are.

His hand now on the pistol. Peter stops. Threatened. Realizing quickly all of this is somehow wrong.

SOLDIER

What's your name, sir?

PETER

What difference does it make? My wife needs help.

SOLDIER

I understand that. Tell me your name and I'll figure out how to help you.

PETER

Peter--

It's at that moment something catches the corner of Peter's eye. Something about the procession below--

PETER

--Fox.

Suddenly a panicked ELDERLY PATIENT breaks from the group, his blue gown flitting behind him, buttocks exposed. That's when we realize his hands are zip-tied behind his back.

We also realize that the soldier standing in front of Peter has pulled his firearm.

SOLDIER

Sir, I need you to get on the ground, face down. Right now.

PETER

What?

As down below, a SOLDIER glances up at another as if to ask for permission. His SUPERIOR nods.

PETER

What is this?

The soldier below raises his rifle and pops three rounds in the patient's back. The old man crumples as the others scream in horror.

Back on Peter as the man is commanding:

SOLDIER

GET DOWN ON THE GROUND. I AM NOT GOING TO TELL YOU AGAIN.

PETER

Wait--

But he's moving towards Peter, cranking Peter's arm behind his back, throwing him to the ground, a knee in his spine. He yanks Peter's gun from his belt.

PETER

I DIDN'T DO ANYTHING WRONG.

SOLDIER

STAY STILL AND SHUT UP.

With Peter secured, he touches the side of his helmet:

SOLDIER

Bravo one this is Tiger 6.

RADIO

Copy, bravo one actual. Go.

SOLDIER

HVT-1 secured at divergent point
9:30:23.

RADIO

Copy, Tiger 6. Bird in route.

PETER

Listen. Please. I'm an American
citizen. I live at 151 Cedar
street--

SOLDIER

I know Peter, I've been waiting for
you.

On Peter as he processes the horror of the comment, then:

We hear a soft CLICK and a man's voice.

GUARD (O.S.)

Drop your weapon and step away.

Look up to see a security GUARD, sweating more bullets than
in the clip of his firearm, squared at the soldier.

SOLDIER

Hey, take it easy.

GUARD

I SAID STEP AWAY.

The soldier releases Peter, who crab-crawls back. Guard's
eyes flick to Peter.

GUARD

You okay, son?

And that's all it takes. The soldier's second firearm is out
of his holster and discharging rounds into the security
guard's chest. Blink and you miss it. Soldier turns back.

But Peter is gone.

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

If you've ever run for your life, multiply it by ten.

One corner, two. Peter knows the soldier is nipping his ass, knows if he catches him. He's fucking dead.

Legs pumping. Needs a stairwell, a window. Anything.

But this. He finds himself at a dead end.

The elevator well. Hits the button. No power. No time. He looks back towards the hall, panicked, as we find:

THE SOLDIER

Moving down the hall. Methodically. Gun up. He enters the elevator well. Abandoned.

Then we find Peter, hidden behind him, trash can over his head. He heaves it down on the soldier, who falls, gun skittering across the floor. Peter goes for it, but the soldier grabs him. Immediately up. Grappling.

And herein lies the problem: soldier is basically twice his size. And fully trained.

Soldier pulls out a massive BLADE.

Peter gets his legs under him. Soldier thrusts the knife, Peter barely able to grab his wrist. Biceps bulge, pushing the tip closer and closer to Peter's neck.

He's going to die. But not yet.

One last kick that connects with the soldier's knee cap. Snapping his leg unnaturally with an agonizing scream.

Peter grabs the knife as the soldier clutches his backwards leg and shoves it cleanly through the soldier's rib cage, into the soft mulch of his guts.

Surprised, panicked, the soldier reaches for the knife. Tries to pull it out, eyes flicking to Peter, like a puppy who just got kicked. The soldier realizes it's futile.

Bloody gulps of air. The breathing quickly slows. Peter backs into the corner; aghast.

SOLDIER

Drink of water? Please man, a
drink of water?

His eyes swim. Blood oozing between his teeth. He looks at the knife in guts.

PETER

Who are you?

His eyes cloud. He's fighting for consciousness. Peter is suddenly angry.

PETER
WHO ARE YOU?

SOLDIER
It's okay. I'm not really dying.
Not really.

He looks at Peter with great relief.

SOLDIER
How can I? I'm not even born yet.

And then he coughs. His fingers curl. The soldier dies.

Peter stares at the dead man. Trying to comprehend. A moment of total silence--of stunned revelation.

And then Peter's up, grabbing the soldier's field pack. He shoves the .45 back in his belt and palms the soldier's assault rifle. A look both ways and he's running.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

With Peter as he stops at a hallway junction. Leans against the wall, peers around, sees TWO SOLDIERS moving towards him. He draws quickly back. Not sure if they saw him. A breath. He looks again. They open fire. Plaster chips and pops. Guess they did. Peter takes off.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Pounding the flights, sweating like a madman. Breath beyond exerted. See the soldiers pursuing from below. He exits into:

ANOTHER HALLWAY

Leading to a WAITING ROOM, enclosed in glass. A dead end. Windows overlook a two story free fall to the lobby below. An intricate FOUNTAIN center-room. We HEAR the FOOTSTEPS of the soldiers growing louder.

Peter is trapped. A beat.

Then he removes his belt, laces it through the door handles and cinches the doors shut, just as:

SLAM SLAM SLAM

Soldiers pound against the sealed door and the belt's tearing.

SLAM SLAM SLAM. The door's about to give.

There's no choice. Peter sprints down the hall, throws his hands in front of his face, steeling himself before he hurtles through the glass--

FROM BELOW

Peter sails towards us, immersed in a shimmering cloud of broken glass. Falling. Falling. Falling. Then splash.

INT. MAIN LOBBY/FOUNTAIN - DAY

Peter sputters to the surface of the FOUNTAIN. Cranes back at the window he just leaped through, astonished he's alive.

CUT TO:

INT. EXAM ROOM - DAY

Find Molly curled up on the bed, wrapped in blankets. Peter enters.

MOLLY

Peter.

He goes to her.

PETER

You okay?

She nods as he wraps her in a hug. Her entire lower half is soaked with blood. Her breath POPS short and fast.

PETER

We have to get out of here, Molly.

MOLLY

I can't.

PETER

We don't have a choice.

SMASH TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL/LOADING DOCK - DAY

A door is kicked open. Peter supports Molly as they run up a loading ramp towards the street. The square of daylight completely blown out as our heroes pound the incline.

What we HEAR is what they're about to see. GUNFIRE. EXPLOSIONS. The unbelievable ROAR of WAR MACHINES.

Emerging onto the street we're blasted with a scene of such intense chaos that D-Day looks like a Saturday morning cartoon.

The hills of downtown Seattle descend below us. BLACK pillars of SMOKE from halved buildings.

See a squadron of F-22 RAPTORS arching into the city met by anti-aircraft weaponry, knocking two and three at a time out of the horizon like paper airplanes. Some fire off missiles that corkscrew off target, detonating in suspended FIREBALLS over the city.

The I-5 freeway runs between us and downtown. Familiar uniformed infantry engage in a fierce fire-fight with 5 WOLVES, cutting tracer fire into waves of our troops.

The sight is devastating. The end of the world is no fucking whimper.

Suddenly a CHOPPER sails over us, arcs, revealing two fifty cal machine gun mounts. Even more disconcerting; there are no pilots.

PETER

You gotta be kidding me. RUN.

And the fifty cals open up behind our heroes, gashing pavement in chunks.

We follow Molly and Peter as HE nearly drags her across the street and into a parking structure, the chopper banking hard in pursuit, the hornet BUZZ and SLAP of bullets constant.

INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - MOMENTS LATER

Suddenly Molly falls, taking Peter down with her. He rolls her to her back as she coughs blood, barely able to breath.

Her fingers grope at his shoulders. A sudden resolve in those panicked eyes. She isn't going anywhere.

MOLLY

(gasping)

Listen to me, listen. I'll only slow you down.

PETER

Molly--

MOLLY

Save our girls--

PETER
I'm not leaving you here--

MOLLY
OUR DAUGHTERS, PETER PLEASE.

Peter looks up, see the chopper hovering outside, see the 50 call swinging to target.

They're sitting ducks.... He looks back at Molly, her hand on his cheek, telling him it's okay. *Leave me here.* But this is not a decision he's ready to make.

That's when his eyes alight on a solution.

SMASH TO:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

An AMBULANCE crashes through the gate onto the street, fishtailing, tires rolling up plumes of smoke.

Behind it, we see the chopper slide into view.

INT. AMBULANCE - CONTINUOUS

Peter drives. Molly in the back. Pushing 70, 80, 90. The chopper opens up, shredding the world around us as Peter plows through dumpsters, slamming the ambulance into an alley. Looks up, the chopper has to go OVER THE BUILDING.

PETER
You okay?

She nods, curled into the corner of ambulance.

Suddenly Peter emerges onto a main street.

The chopper is there waiting.

PETER
HANG ON.

Peter breaks hard, loses control, slides into a full 180 turn, rams the gas. The chopper comes on hot. But it gets worse. Two LARGE METAL objects detach from the chopper's wings and fall towards the pavement, unfurling to reveal TWO WOLVES that roar after them.

Peter fishtails into another alley. In his rearview we see:

Wolves running up the SIDES OF THE BUILDINGS like gravity doesn't mean shit. One is alongside them. Peter careens against it, smashing it to the wall--

But it keeps coming.

He smashes it again, this time it crumples, flips under the tires, sending the ambulance AIRBORNE and crashing down. The back doors break off, sparking as they skip away on the concrete.

The second WOLF continues pursuit.

Up ahead is a building made entirely of glass, Peter makes like he's going to go right through it. Behind him, the Wolf leaps into the air, going for the top of the ambulance.

At the last second, Peter breaks, turns, skids. The wolf smashes into the building in a shower of glass.

Peter is off again. Looks back at Molly.

Then looks left to see the distorted shape of the Wolf plowing through walls INSIDE THE BUILDING.

Up ahead is the gaping maw of a tunnel. Peter guns it--

Then he clocks the chopper banking behind him.

PETER
MOLLY, GET DOWN.

Peter hits 90 as the CHOPPER OPENS FIRE, bullets WHIZ inside the ambulance. Metal and glass and debris cloud the air--

SUDDENLY THE WORLD GOES BLACK

When Peter looks back, we see that we're inside a TUNNEL.

And the Chopper isn't stopping--it pursues them inside, nose down, skids SPARKING on the pavement.

And it's gaining on them. Peter can't fucking believe it--

But the spell is broken as he yanks the wheel, dodging an abandoned car--

Ahead is an obstacle course of cars, trucks and mini vans, he weaves as the chopper plows through, still gaining--

And then a suicidal possibility.

A jackknifed gas tanker laying across the tunnel's expanse.

But Peter doesn't stop. He hurtles the ambulance forward, gunning for the tiny space between the wall and the tanker--

He YELLS as they blast through, sparks like fire, but they barely make it. The CHOPPER isn't so lucky--

BOOM. It collides with the tanker and the resulting fireball would make Satan jealous--like rolling red hot thunder it cannons behind them--

Just as the ambulance bursts from the tunnel; a firestorm erupting into the sky.

A beat.

Peter driving, manic. Wild eyed.

PETER
Holy shit, holy shit, holy shit--

And then THUNK. Something just landed on top of the ambulance. A moment later, a wolf latches onto the hood, its gun metal nose smashing through the windshield--

Peter wrenches the wheel. The ambulance swerves, tips, and goes over. Molly and Peter roll and tumble, tossed like toys, MEDICAL EQUIPMENT flies everywhere as the vehicle's inertia takes them:

Sliding off the street, through mailboxes, a picket fence, a grass yard, and coming to rest in someone's driveway.

Take a breath.

INT. AMBULANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Disoriented, Peter crawls from the ambulance. His face blackened by soot, a bloody gash on his neck. And then he stops. His eyes reflect the horror.

The wolf approaches, methodically, like a hunter who just found its wounded prey, one bullet short of finality. It stands over him, gun aimed. The eye dilates. Then a voice--

LITTLE BOY
Daddy--

Both Peter and the wolf turn, a little boy stands in the front door clutching a teddy bear.

PETER
NO!

But the wolf ignores the boy, turns back to Peter.

That's when a JOLT of electricity rips through the Mech's body. It goes rigid. Sparks. Dies.

Reveal a 50 something MAN holding a pair of JUMPER CABLES hooked to a large generator--

SMASH TO:

INT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and the man (GREG) carry Molly inside the house towards a living room couch. A TEENAGE GIRL (IRIS), watches wide eyed--

GREG
Honey. Clean towels, bandages
whatever you can find.

Peter hovers over Molly on the couch, holds her face in his hands. The little boy with the Teddy Bear runs in--

GREG
JOEY, GO TO YOUR ROOM. NOW.

Joey beelines out, hear him pattering up the stairs, wailing.

PETER
Molly, look at me. MOLLY.

Her eyes open.

PETER
I'm going to help you. You need to tell me how.

MOLLY
I can't, I can't--

PETER
Yes you can. There are medical supplies in the ambulance. Tell me how to fix you.
(beat)
Do not give up on me.

Suddenly her eyes focus and she finds clarity.

MOLLY
Clamp, catheter, stitches--

MOMENTS LATER

Peter returns with an armful of medical equipment.

MOLLY
A mirror, clean water.

Peter looks up at Greg who runs into the other room--

MOLLY
My shirt--

He props her up, she winces and cries out as he pulls off her crimson-top, her entire chest a mess of blood. Greg returns with a mirror and bottles of water at the same moment Iris arrives with clean towels.

MOLLY
Hold the mirror--

She pours water over her chest, cleaning away the blood. Molly clocks the wound, fighting to keep her shit together.

MOLLY
Remove the shrapnel. Pull, quick, straight, not to the side--

Peter nods. A beat. A breath. Then pulls. Molly screams.

On Greg, horrified. Iris is crying--

Tossing the shrapnel, Peter holds up the mirror. Her voice is strained, words erupting between painful breaths.

MOLLY
I need to see inside, if it's a lacerated artery. You have to pry the wound open.

Peter hands Greg the mirror. He digs his fingers into the gash and gently spreads the skin and muscle. Molly whimpers, but remains conscious--

MOLLY
I think... I think it's superficial. That's good.

PETER
Okay... okay now what?

But Molly's losing it again.

PETER
Molly, please--

MOLLY
Reinflate the lung--

PETER

How.

MOLLY

Catheter. Stab.

Indicates just above her collar bone. Peter nods. Rips the catheter's package open.

MOLLY

Wait, listen--if I pass out--stitch the wound closed--anticeptic cream, then bandages.

Her hand fumbles for his, clasping together.

MOLLY

I love you.

PETER

I love you too.

Peter raises the catheter. His eyes never leaving Molly's.

And stabs.

SMASH TO BLACK:

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE ON: the CONTENTS of the soldier's pack unloaded onto the kitchen counter in a heap.

Cut back to see Peter, Greg and Iris.

PETER

My daughters are at their school, about ten block from here. I need bottles of water, food, anything you can spare.

GREG

Sure, of course, there's water in the fridge--

Peter opens the stainless steel door, loads the backpack.

That's when we notice how bad the gash is on his neck, blood runs freely down his shirt.

IRIS

Hey, uh. Dude. Your neck.

Peter stop, absently reaches back, feels the blood and skin.

PETER
I'm fine--

IRIS
It doesn't look fine.

GREG
Let us dress it--

PETER
I'M FINE--

GREG
If you bleed out on the way, what
happens then?

Suddenly a massive EXPLOSION nearby shakes the foundation,
followed by the RATA-TAT-TAT of gunfire.

As if to punctuate his point.

Finally Peter nods.

MOMENTS LATER

Peter sits restless on a stool as Greg begins cleaning the
wound. Iris thumbs through the contents of the soldier's
pack--

GREG
I was making breakfast. We were
out of juice so Judy ran to the
store and then the explosions
started--

His hands tremble, but talking makes him feel better--

GREG
I didn't know what to do, stay with
the kids or go after their mom--

IRIS
She's not my Mom--

Greg throws her a look, but holds his tongue.

GREG
She never came back. And then
those things showed up, they were
everywhere--

IRIS
They're not things, Dad, they're
robots--

GREG

Did you see the way it looked at my boy, like it knew he wasn't a threat.

Peter pulls out the data the chip he took from the wolf in the sewer. He tosses it on the counter.

PETER

It's a guidance chip. I used to design similar technology. Someone is controlling them--

IRIS

I told you, it's the terrorists--

PETER

They're not terrorists--they're-- something worse.

Echoing Molly. A beat. Peter flinches as Greg begins stitching.

GREG

Sorry--

IRIS

Where did you get all this stuff?

We see commonalities in the pile, lip balm, clean socks. And then two items--pieces of technology we can't comprehend.

Peter doesn't say anything, as if just now realizing he killed a man. Iris holds up one of the devices.

IRIS

I think this is a video camera.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

On Molly--her eyes moving restlessly under closed lids. She shifts, moans, locked in some kind of nightmare. We hear two quiet BEEPS and suddenly she's awake. Confused, she clocks her surroundings. A nicely furnished master bedroom.

And Joey standing at the edge of her bed, watching her.

JOEY

That's my mommy's bed.

Molly painfully props up on her elbows. A few wincing breaths before swinging her feet to the carpet. Joey's big eyes watching her--

She's been washed, her bloody clothes removed. She stands in just a tank top and panties.

JOEY
You're not wearing any pants.

MOLLY
I won't tell if you don't.

He smiles, nods. She gingerly walks over to a long mirror, pulls up her tank top and checks the bandage job. Color has returned to her cheeks.

Then we hear the beeping again.

Molly spins, looks around. Waits. Listens. BEEP BEEP. From the laundry bin. She tears it open and pulls out her bloody clothes. There, in her pocket, is Peter's cell phone. The red light is flashing. She flips it open.

MOLLY
Oh my god.

CUT TO:

A DIGITAL VIDEO IMAGE:

A 20 something WOMAN, would be prettier if she wasn't gaunt, dark circles under her eyes. A pervasive sadness about her. She's wrapped in a mishmash of clothing. We're in some kind of shanty town, see tents and fires burning in the distance.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME

Reveal Peter, Iris and Greg watching on the VIDEO CAMERA.

BACK TO THE IMAGE

And realize now the WOMAN holds a BABY coddled in dirty blankets--

VOICE
Say something for Daddy.

The baby coos--

MALE VOICE
Can you translate?

WOMAN

He says he doesn't want you to go.

She smiles sadly. Camera lingers on her.

MALE VOICE

Things have to change---

WOMAN

And you're going to make the world
a better place?

She looks past the camera. Right into his eyes. We can tell
she's scared.

MALE VOICE

Don't do this to me, angel. Not
now.

WOMAN

Just. Make sure you come back to
me.

Camera cuts:

TO ANOTHER SHOT. We're moving in some kind of TRANSPORT.
Soldiers in front of us and behind. Pan out a reinforced
window. It's raining. See a CITY in the distance--
highrises. Chicago? New York?

And in the foreground a PROTEST is underway--two sides
screaming at each other. One side; signs aloft proclaim
"Selection is Natural." "Support Darwin's Law." The other:
"All Men are Created Equal." "Who's right to choose?"

Between them a line of MEN and WOMEN; sick, elderly, in rags.
They are ushered by soldiers in black towards a building

We hear a soldier's voice, very close to us:

SOLDIER (O.S.)

What do you think it was like,
before the fall?

MALE VOICE (O.S.)

In few hours we're going to find
out.

Hold on the protest as it escalates, people pushing and
shoving, YELLING at each other. Suddenly a GUNSHOT.
SCREAMS. Soldiers open fire--chaos.

Pan back inside the transport--see soldiers pressed against
windows. A SUPERIOR OFFICER yells at us:

SUPERIOR
Private Allen, turn that shit off--

Cuts again:

We're close on Private Allen's face, he's pointing the camera at himself. We recognize him as the man Peter killed.

PRIVATE ALLEN
We're in the main staging area, 10 minutes to transfer--

Cuts again:

And we're now walking on what appears to be a bridge.

PRIVATE ALLEN (O.S.)
My god--

Camera pans up quickly to reveal a massive DISC of electric blue color--to either side are glass buttresses as tall as a ten story building--

Camera swings again to reveal we're in a massive dug-out CAVERN. There are 10 more DISCS evenly spaced, stretching nearly a mile into the distance.

In the staging area is an army of unbelievable size, MOSTLY consisting of TANKS, CHOPPERS, and WOLVES. There is an occasional SEMI TRUCK sized TRAILER VEHICLE--

VOICE
Who says you can't change the past.

And the camera suddenly cuts. Static.

BACK TO SCENE:

Hold an astonished beat on Peter, Greg and Iris. Strangely, it's Peter and Iris who lock eyes as if they both understand--

PETER
He said he wasn't born yet.
Private Allen, before he died.
(beat)
It's some kind of future army.

IRIS
Time Travel--

GREG
That's impossible.

PETER
 A technologically superior force
 takes an American city in less than
 three hours.

But somehow it doesn't frighten him, only strengthens his resolve. Peter looks back at Greg, his hands covered in Peter's blood--

PETER
 Finished?

Almost absently Greg nods, as we:

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Molly on the edge of the bed--the cell phone on speaker, see a picture of ANNA on the tiny digital screen. Unfortunately, we only hear the telltale sounds of an accidental phone call--

STATIC. RUSTLING. MOVEMENT. VOICES. Indiscernible.

MOLLY
 (barely holding it
 together)
 Come on--

Quiet. Then we hear:

ANNA (O.S.)
 You remember?

Molly's relief is palpable. A soft voice sounds like "no."

ANNA (O.S.)
 All around the mulberry bush.
 (static). Chased the weasel.
 (static). The monkey stopped to
 pull up his sock, pop goes the
 weasel.

Sad laughter. STATIC. Then Emma:

EMMA (O.S.)
 I want momma.

ANNA (O.S.)
 Do you remember the second verse?

STATIC. And then:

VOICE (O.S.)
Everyone stay quiet.

Female.

EMMA (O.S.)
I'm scared.

ANNA (O.S.)
Shhhh.

VOICE (O.S.)
Please children, quiet.

More urgency. Silence. Whispers:

EMMA (O.S.)
Anna, the phone is blinking--

Rustling.

VOICE (O.S.)
PLEASE CHILDREN.

And then clear as day:

ANNA
Daddy?

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

On MOLLY. Her children are alive.

MOMENTS LATER

With Molly as she laces up a pair of tennis shoes. Fully dressed. She glances at Joey, who watches her, Teddy bear in his lap.

MOLLY
You coming?

He nods, she takes his hand as they move downstairs.

INT. FOYER - CONTINUOUS

Where Peter is throwing the soldier's pack over his shoulder. See Greg watching him, Iris playing around with one of the devices. Peter turns when he hears footsteps.

PETER
Molly--

MOLLY
They called us.

PETER
The girls? Where are they?

MOLLY
At the school. Phone's dead now,
but they somehow got through.

PETER
How long ago?

MOLLY
10, 15 minutes.

Peter experiences that same reserved elation. See Joey run over to his father, who scoops him up.

PETER
Can you walk?

She nods.

PETER
Let's go.

Peter turns to Greg and Iris.

PETER
Thank you for everything--

Greg nods. He holds out a photograph of a 30 something woman with red hair--

GREG
My wife. Her name's Judy, if you see her, tell her to come home.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The door opens, Peter and Molly step into the brilliant sunlight, hazy smoke hangs on the horizon. See the crashed ambulance and the dead wolf in the yard. Then Iris comes out after them--

IRIS
Wait--

Peter turns.

IRIS

You're name's Peter Fox. 151 Cedar Street. The soldier you killed, that was at Swedish hospital.

PETER

How do you know that?

Iris holds up the second device--

IRIS

It's like a PDA or something-- there's a list with names, photographs, recent reports.

She shows Peter the screen--

IRIS

You're on it.

A photo of Peter--sweat soaked bangs--we recognize the moment it was taken--the moment from the sewer. Off this we:

CUT TO:

EXT. PIKE STREET/DOWNTOWN SEATTLE - DAY

Designer shops lay in ruin. BENTLEYS, BMWS, and MERCEDES line streets, smashed into gnarled metal skeletons. Thousand dollar sweaters in gutters, soaked in sewage and blood.

We pick up Peter and Molly moving through the wasteland of BOMB CRATERS and RUBBLE.

CUT TO:

EXT. WESTLAKE PLAZA - LATER

A main shopping area of downtown. A massive CAROUSEL, tipped diagonally, like a flying saucer embedded into the asphalt. Carnival horses frozen in a plastic terror.

Their lifeless eyes staring at our heroes. Peter stops, hands Molly a bottle of water. She drinks.

PETER

There's no one left. No faces in the windows, no bodies in the streets. It's like everybody disappeared.

Molly's eyes fix on him.

MOLLY

Is there something you know--
something you're not telling me?

PETER

No.

MOLLY

Then why do they have a picture of
you?

On Peter, pained. He has no idea.

CUT TO:

TANKS rumble past. One. Two. Three.

And they're gone. Reveal Peter and Molly:

EXT. ORDWAY ELEMENTARY - DAY

Across the street from the elementary school. A beautiful lawn is singed brown. DEBRIS in the yard. WINDOWS broken.

Peter and Molly cross the street to the main entrance of the building, stopping at the double doors. A faint fluorescent GLOW inside.

The doors are dented in. The locks smashed.

Peter raises the assault rifle.

PETER

They'll be here.

He pushes open the door with the weapon.

INT. SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

Papers are scattered about. Shattered glass litters the floor. Emergency lights line the halls. We hear water dripping. Somewhere a generator hums.

They exchange a look before moving through the destroyed hall. Classroom doors are open. ASSIGNMENTS forgotten on tables. TOYS scattered about. Math equations mid-solution on chalk boards.

And that's when we hear it. The comical MUSIC and VOICES of a CARTOON.

An exchange of hope as Molly and Peter immediately run down the hall and arrive at the doors leading to the gym. Shut. We listen. HEAR THE CARTOON INSIDE. Push into:

INT. GYM - CONTINUOUS

Dusk light pours through the giant windows that circle the gym near the ceiling. Book bags scattered on the wood floor. Forgotten wrappers. Half eaten sandwiches. An old TV playing CARTOONS like a cruel joke in the corner.

Otherwise the gym is empty.

PETER

Hello?

Nothing but the RAT-A-TAT-TAT of far off gunfire.

MOLLY

They're gone, Peter.

PETER

Maybe the police were here and--

MOLLY

The police?

PETER

EMMA? ANNA?

Molly slides down against the wall, she hugs her knees to her chest. Behind her, a DORA THE EXPLORER poster reminds children to eat their vegetables.

PETER

Stay here. I'm gonna search the rest of the school.

Molly says nothing.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

With Peter as he moves from classroom to classroom. Throwing open doors, closets, bathrooms. Teachers lounge. All the while:

PETER

EMMA? ANNA?

He opens and janitors closet and recoils. A young JANITOR, executed through the head.

Peter steps back, trying to keep his shit together. And then he hears someone crying.

He turns. It's coming from the faculty office.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM - MOMENTS LATER

Molly is in silent tears, practically numb. Her eye catches something. We don't know what. Not yet.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Peter enters the office, gun up. The crying is louder now. Coming from a back room.

PETER

Hello?

No answer. But the crying stops.

PETER

I'm not going to hurt you.

(beat)

I'm looking for my daughters.

Silence. He pulls open a door and his eyes go wide.

CUT TO:

INT. GYM - MOMENTS LATER

Molly reaches down and picks up a backpack with a PRINCESS embroidered onto the back.

Emma's backpack. She holds it to her chest only the way a Mom could. Like it's all that's left.

Fresh tears well and then suddenly she hears:

PETER

MOLLY. MOLLY.

Follow Molly out the door and into the:

HALLWAY

Clutching the backpack into:

THE OFFICE

Where she sees Peter standing in front of a small closet. Peter turns.

We see when she does:

An ADULT WOMAN (CHRISTINE), tears streaking her face.

MOLLY

Christine?

Christine stares up at Molly, practically catatonic.

CHRISTINE

There was nothing I could do. I
swear to you, if they found me too--

MOLLY

Please, Christine, where are the
children?

Christine can barely get it out, when she does they are the
worst three words a parent could ever hear.

CHRISTINE

They took them.

Off the wrenching finality hitting Peter and Molly we:

CUT TO:

EXT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

On Peter staring straight ahead.

Reveal he's looking through a glass CASING. CLASS PHOTOS and
school TROPHIES. See Emma, first row, spring dress and
pigtailed, a toothy grin. And Anna, solemn, caught in mid
thought, back of the class.

Molly appears behind him. A moment.

MOLLY

You should of left me at the
hospital.

Peter meets her reflection, hands gnawing at Emma's back
pack. He turns, recognizes the fear soaked blame. But we
realize that it goes deeper than today. Their marriage,
their family, their lives collapsing around them.

He picks up an overturned chair. And let's it all go.

Peter swings the chair at the glass photo case. OVER and
OVER and OVER until his arms ache and the glass shatters.

Molly flinches with every blow. Fresh tears spilling.

Finally he stops. Tosses the chair. Chest heaving. And then he looks at her.

PETER
Don't you think I would do anything to protect this family?

A long moment--somehow cathartic--somehow.

MOLLY
What do we do now?

Peter stares at her, see Christine standing in the doorway.

Suddenly an idea. Peter pulls off his back pack, drops to his knees searching the contents--

PETER
We find out where they took our daughters and we get them back.

And revealing the PDA DEVICE--

PETER
This must be some kind of intelligence system, maybe there are maps, maybe--

He's turning it over in his hands, flips it on, see the screen come to life, catch a glimpse of his photo, he slides his finger over the touch screen.

And then stops. Register the implication on his face.

PETER
(reads)
HVT-1, Fox, Peter, location acquired, 2nd and Columbia, units en route.

MOLLY
HVT? What is that?

PETER
High Value Target.
(beat)
2nd and Columbia. They know we're here.

MOLLY
How?

A moment to process. Then suddenly we see a MESSAGE ALERT. "Resolving Altered Time Line." Then Peter:

PETER
HVT-1, Fox, Peter, eliminated, 11
hundred hours, 13 minutes, 33
seconds.

Peter doesn't look up:

PETER
Christine, what time is it?

Christine shakes her head, shell shocked, doesn't realize
she's wearing a watch.

PETER
Your watch. What time is it?

CHRISTINE
11:07--

MOLLY
Six minutes from now? That's
impossible.

Peter turns to her, face ashen, then drops the PDA on the
ground. Up and running.

Stay with Molly as she picks up the PDA. Notice a COUNTDOWN
to 11:13 am. 5:58, 5:57, 5:56.... Then:

See PHOTOS of Molly, Peter, and Christine. It takes us a
moment to realize all three are dead. The PDA blinks again.
Then reads: "HVT-1 Fox, Peter. Confirmed dead. Additional
casualties identified; Fox, Molly, and unknown white female."

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

On Peter moving quickly and arriving at a window, shades
drawn. He finger-spreads the blinds and sees exactly what he
expected. THREE wolves tear towards them, no more than two
blocks distant.

Above, a chopper pounds air, sees SOLDIERS cocked and ready
on each skid, ASSAULT RIFLES poised to kill.

MOLLY
What is this?

Turns to her, holding the PDA--

PETER
It's our future, Molly--

MOLLY

We're already dead? No matter what we do we're already dead?

Peter is moving past her--

MOLLY

We have to get out of here--we have to run.

He picks up the assault rifle. Then reaches towards a bulletin board and tears a sheet of paper off.

PETER

I'm done running.

He puts the paper in Molly's hand. She reads: Pacific Science Center Satellite Demonstration.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Peter moving quickly, Christine and Molly following--

PETER

Does the generator feed power to the outlets?

CHRISTINE

I think so--

MOLLY

What are we doing, Peter?

PETER

The robots are human guided drones, drones require a satellite uplink, the attack happened less than four hours ago, not nearly enough time to launch their own. They're using ours--

Turning the corner:

PETER

In here?

Christine nods as they push:

INT. SCIENCE LAB - CONTINUOUS

Peter immediately heads over to a small ARRAY, a lap top plugged into it.

PETER

Bar the doors, use anything you can find.

Molly and Christine nod, go to work. While Peter boots up the lap top and flips on the array. He grabs a screw driver off a nearby table and removes the back panel of the lap top.

Quickly, he pulls fiber optic wires from an empty hard drive slot and places the GUIDANCE CHIP on the table, jerry-rigging the wires to the chip--

And that's when we hear SLAM SLAM SLAM down the hall. Peter looks up, sees Molly's stricken expression.

MOLLY

They're inside.

Peter is already sweating. With the lap top booted up he begins typing, windows open and close like lightening--

He continues talking, his brain moving--

PETER

Military satellites would have an impenetrable firewall, which means they're using private, could be anything, TV, weather, research...

Quick shot of the screen: SCANNING AVAILABLE UPLINK--

PETER

If they got in, so can I--

Then--

A LIVE IMAGE comes up on the screen--

Birds eye view of the SCHOOL. PHOTO CLARITY. See blue squares outlining THREE WOLVES, one at each entrance. And then green squares moving inside the building. Ten total.

MOLLY

What is that?

PETER

Them.

MOLLY

How do you know staying here isn't what gets us killed?

PETER
Anybody would run. We should run.
(beat)
That's why we stay.

Suddenly we hear BOOTS outside.

PETER
(hissing)
GET DOWN.

They all duck behind a counter. Christine practically dry heaving with fear.

PETER
(whispering)
If I can clone the guidance chip,
mimic the signal, maybe I can
bypass their controls and paint
them as targets--

That's when the door opens. Peter looks up, face dripping sweat. In the METALLIC REFLECTION of a file cabinet he sees a SOLDIER enter, assault rifle up. See TWO MORE FOLLOW.

On MOLLY, laser focused on the PDA device--the three corpse photos--the countdown. 32, 31, 30....

On Christine, hyperventilating, rubbing the shit out of a cross around her neck.

On Peter, working the keys.

The soldiers approaching. 20, 19, 18....

MOLLY
It's not working--

Seconds away from discovering our heroes.

PETER
Got it. Let's see them fight one
of their own.

THAT'S WHEN WE HEAR THE FIRST GUNSHOTS.

The soldiers turn, run back outside.

AND THEN COMES THE YELLING. Indiscernible. Chaotic.

And see what he does. On the computer screen is a POV of absolute carnage.

The POV of a WOLF'S CAMERA SYSTEM.

Tracer fire tears into SOLDIERS. Muzzle-bursts light up the dim halls in crazy FLASHES of blood and gristle torn from Soldier's bodies. See the soldiers firing back. See a WOLF suddenly enter frame. The POV slams it against the wall, bashes it in, then turns and BLASTS the last wolf into oblivion.

Then sudden quiet.

On our trio, holy shit eyes. Hear a BEEP--clock the PDA. "11:13:33. Resolving timeline." They changed the future.

CHRISTINE
IT STOPPED WE HAVE TO RUN, WE HAVE
TO--

She's getting to here feet--

CHRISTINE
We can't stay here.

On the PDA--"Timeline resolved. Confirmed casualty: unknown white female."

PETER
Wait, Christine, DON'T--

But she's already up, sprints into the hallway and--

SEE IT ON THE COMPUTER SCREEN. FIRING ERUPTS as the moment she emerges into the hallway, her body twisting into the crossfire, peppered with countless bullets--

Peter wraps his arms around Molly--

ON THE SCREEN--

A SOLDIER leaps towards us, then is whipped backwards, propelled fifty feet down the hallway.

The barage is endless--

An awesome display of power, captured for us you-tube style on the 17 inch lap-top.

And then it's over.

Almost.

On Peter and Molly. Silence. The TINK TINK TINK of bullet casings bouncing on brushed concrete floors.

Then slam.

A SOLDIER slides into the opposite wall. HARD. Directly across from Peter and Molly.

He sees them. They see him too. Soldier reaches for his gun. Peter fumbles for his own.

The soldier is faster. He has them dead to rights.

But then he looks off. Sees something.

SUDDENLY a terrific BOOM. Plaster and wood and glass explodes as the WOLF breaks into the Science Lab.

ON THE SCREEN: see it clock the soldier, see it run towards him. And then immediately stop.

Strangely. Impossibly. On the soldier, eyes wide, then turning to Peter and finding Peter's gun aimed nearly point blank at his face. His other hand on the lap top keyboard.

PETER
Either it kills you, or I do.

Soldier drops his weapon.

CUT TO:

INT. LAB - MOMENTS LATER

Close on DUCT TAPE wrapped around the soldier, fastening him to a chair. Peter tosses Molly the soldier' pack.

PETER
Search it.

Peter appraises the young man. Can't be more then 25. Let's give him a name. JIM FORD. Face of steel resolve, cracked with fear.

PETER
Where are my daughters?

Ford eyes Peter. The gun. Then looks away.

FORD
I'm not afraid to die.

PETER
Yeah, right. You're not born yet.

Peter shoots him in the shoulder. The GUNSHOT is deafening, cold, brutal. Ford fucking screams, gritting his teeth. He steels again. Spits blood on the ground.

FORD
(rapid fire)
My name is Jim Ford. I was born
December 3rd 2018 in Raleigh North
Carolina. I'm a patriot.

Ford wretches, drool spit-lining his lips.

PETER
Where are my daughters?

FORD
(gritting his teeth)
My name is Jim Ford. I was born
December 3rd 2018 in Raleigh North
Carolina. I'm a patriot.

Peter presses the wound with the sizzling muzzle. Ford screams:

FORD
Our mission: invade the past to
take the future.
(beat)
I'm not afraid to die for my cause.

PETER
TELL ME WHERE MY DAUGHTERS ARE OR--

FORD
OR WHAT?

MOLLY
Or we'll kill your parents.

Ford and Peter turn to Molly. She holds a PHOTOGRAPH in her hands, obviously pulled from Ford's pack.

MOLLY
Clayton and Linda Ford.

She flips the Photograph. See a smiling couple, a baby held in Linda's arms. A little BOY stands with them, grinning.

MOLLY
(scary quiet)
This is your family, right? Their
names are written here on the back,
your mom probably did that. And
the other boy, your brother? You
carry the picture with you because
you love them.
(MORE)

MOLLY (cont'd)
Tell us where our daughters are
because if you don't, we'll find
them, kill them, and erase your
entire family from existence.

For the first time we see Ford with more fear than resolve.

PETER
We took control of one of your
drones, you don't think we're
capable of finding your parents?

FORD
I don't know what you're capable
of.

PETER
After today I'm not sure you want
to find out.

A beat. Ford's eyes flick to the photo of his family.

FORD
All civilians detainees are to be
transferred to a temporary holding
facility at the football stadium.

PETER
You took them to get to me?

FORD
No. We don't know who your
daughters are; we can only track
significant events that change the
course of post invasion history.
Whatever you've done today,
whatever choices you've made have
altered your determined future, our
history, and somehow you've become
a threat to our mission.

Suddenly Peter puts it all together. He pulls the PDA from
his pocket. The soldier eyes it--

PETER
You're getting your orders from the
future. That's what this is? A
device that communicates between
your time period and ours--

FORD
It's called a "relay." As history
rewrites itself future command
orders a response--

PETER
Jesus Christ--

FORD
It won't take them very long to figure out they have your daughters and when they do--

He doesn't have to finish.

MOLLY
Peter--

FORD
You can't win. You're fighting an enemy who knows every move you'll make before you do.

PETER
An enemy that believed we would be killed at 11:13 am. That was two minutes ago.

Peter slings the assault rifle over his shoulder. Looks at Molly.

PETER
Let's go.

He turns, pulls the guidance chip from the dormant wolf and smashes it on the ground, silencing it forever.

FORD
The determined future can change based on present day actions.

Peter and Molly move towards the door.

FORD
But the one thing do I know, if you continue on this path, succeed or fail, your wife will die today. And with her your unborn son.

Both stop. Peter looks at Molly and her expression immediately confirms.

A loaded emotional moment he is not prepared for. Instead of confronting her, he looks back at Ford.

PETER
Who are you people?

Ford says nothing.

That's when the generator cuts. All the lights go out.

A beat. The sound of our own breathing.

MOLLY

Peter?

PETER

Now we run.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Peter and Molly sprinting down the hallway towards the exit.

Less than 20 feet away and something SLAMS into the doors. They skid to a stop. SLAM. SLAM.

BOOM. The doors burst open. SOLDIERS breaking inside.

Follow Peter and Molly as they take off in the other direction, cutting down an adjacent hallway.

Only to find:

More SOLDIERS moving towards them.

Peter grabs Molly's hand, shouldering into:

INT. CAFETERIA - CONTINUOUS

As bullets whip-snap behind them--

They race between lunch tables towards another exit--

But grind to halt, because more soldiers approach outside.

They're fucking trapped--

Peter looks around, wild eyed--

Then sees a metal ladder heading up towards a suspended walkway just below the ceiling.

PETER

THERE, MOLLY, GO.

He turns and opens fire with the assault rifle just as the soldiers take position outside the cafeteria--keeping them at bay--

As Molly climbs a table and jumps on the ladder, pulling herself up--

Peter fires more bursts, then sprints towards the ladder--

MOLLY
GIVE ME THE GUN--

He tosses it up to her as he vaults the same table--

His hands gripping, climbing. She fires, but sprays wildly, the gun kicking like a motherfucker--

Peter climbs desperately--

The soldiers duck and fire, bullets crescendo in a mad cry--

As he pulls himself to the walkway.

With them as they sprint. The soldiers now stepping into the cafeteria, but their gunfire ricochets off the bottom of the walkway--

Our heroes' only cover.

See an access door ahead of them. Peter full-speed-rams it, bursting through the threshold and we find ourselves--

EXT. ROOF - CONTINUOUS

In the brightest sunlight you've ever seen.

They sprint along the rooftop. Stop at the edge. A two story drop to the pavement below.

PETER
THIS WAY.

Towards the other side. See an adjacent roof.

MOLLY
WE CAN'T MAKE IT.

Look back, see the soldiers pouring out on the roof top.

But Peter doesn't stop, he yanks Molly along--

PETER
JUMP.

And they do, covering the distance. Barely.

Peter turns, fires back until the clip is empty. He tosses the rifle.

They run. Now jumping from roof top to roof top. Soldiers in hot pursuit.

But they've run out of options.

There are no more rooftops. Peter and Molly duck behind an exposed air conditioning unit.

PETER
GOD DAMN IT.

MOLLY
Peter.

She's motioning towards a bi-level freeway (THE VIADUCT) that runs perpendicular to the building. The top level within jumping distance and covered with BURNING cars.

The only problem. Running towards it leaves them totally exposed. Peter pulls out the pistol. His last weapon.

PETER
When you make it, there's some
cover behind that building.

See a taller BUILDING shielding the viaduct from the soldiers.

MOLLY
And then what?

They both know the answer; he'll run without cover.

PETER
GO. I'LL BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

Molly nods. Peter stands, fires.

Molly runs. She leaps, hits the edge of the viaduct.

But doesn't make it. Hanging precariously on the railing.

Peter spins, sees his wife grappling for life.

And then she gains purchase. Pulls herself up.

His turn. He sprints. Bullets explode around him. Impossibly missing.

ON MOLLY

Watching Peter's mad dash, desperate for him to make it.

He meets her gaze and just as he's about to jump--

A bullet hits its mark. Peter is flung like a rag doll, twisted into the air, pirouetting and falling to the ground, below Molly's view.

She SCREAMS his name OVER AND OVER again. The bullets stop.

A frozen moment.

And then Peter rises, his shoulder a bloody mess. He runs with the last of his energy and JUMPS--

TIME SLOWS DOWN

As Peter sails through the air. It's clear he won't make it.

Reaching out his hand--

Molly lunging.

And catching him, just before he falls.

We RAMP back to full speed as Peter hangs there. Molly's tiny frame the only thing keeping him alive.

He looks at her, the ground falling away below him, and now it's his turn.

PETER

Let me go. Save our daughters.

On Molly. Her decision to make. Her grip slipping.

PETER

They're coming, sweetheart.

A beat. Veins bulging. Molly straining. Then:

MOLLY

No. Give me your other hand.

He sees the same resolve in her eyes that he felt before.

Through the pain and bullet torn muscle Peter reaches out his other hand, screaming, until Molly is able to grab it. She sets herself and almost inhumanely yanks him to safety.

EXT. VIADUCT - CONTINUOUS

He collapses against the railing.

She kneels down. His face in her hands. See his eyes swimming in pain.

MOLLY
We have to go. We have to keep
moving.

Peter blinks, sweat matting his hair.

MOLLY
Peter?

Finally he nods. And then his face changes as he looks over
her shoulder.

She turns.

And we see what she does. FOUR shapes FLYING towards them
rippling in the afternoon heat.

MOLLY
Oh shit.
(beat)
GO GO GO GO GO.

And they're up and running again. As behind them we get our
first look at futuristic UAV's. Call sign HAWKS.

Like mini fighter jets, except with the same double lens
camera system and gun-metal snouts as the WOLVES.

Worse, HAWKS have mini-RPG's attached to their wings.

All four of them FIRE and then arch up, immediately turning
for another pass as:

The FOUR mini-missiles twist towards our heroes, comet-trails
of white exhaust behind them--

BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM

HITTING the TWO BURNING CARS on either side of Molly and
Peter.

Even though they missed, the EXPLOSION is titanic, blasting
PAVEMENT and CARS filled with fuel 30 feet into the air--

And if that's not bad enough--

Both CAR'S gas tanks detonate 20 feet over our heads. A
thunderstorm of molten fire arcs across the sky as we:

Pick up Peter and Molly, face down on the pavement.
Disoriented but alive--

MOLLY
Jesus--they missed--

Peter looks back, sees the Hawks curling around, though not descending.

PETER

They must use infrared--they can't distinguish us against the fire--

Now he's looking ahead--

PETER

There's an off ramp--

Except they've got a bigger problem.

MOLLY

Peter--

The VIADUCT is trembling. A beat to wonder.

And then the reason is revealed. The RPG's damaged the structural integrity of the TOP LEVEL.

A spider web of cracks branch around them, earthquake style.

Suddenly, behind them, the TOP LEVEL gives, a huge chunk falling way--

And now they're not just running from the HAWKS. They're running from the collapsing freeway.

The moment Peter and Molly move, the Hawks register them again, immediately swooping down--

At the same time our heroes race just beyond the vanishing pavement--

When suddenly ahead of them, no more then thirty feet, the viaduct collapses and falls--the small section of freeway remaining intact because luckily they're standing over the support beam.

Except this creates a new problem.

The section becomes a MASSIVE SEE-SAW and it's tipping forward.

Peter and Molly are lifted off their feet and immediately tumble and roll down the concrete SLIDE--

To where the TOP SECTION meets the BOTTOM.

An impossible amount of debris slides with them, culminating in a choking cloud of dust.

MOMENTS LATER

We pick up the FOUR HAWKS gliding slowly down to the bottom section, their camera systems scanning back and forth as we:

Find Peter and Molly, hunched inside the cracked shell of a FLOWER TRUCK--

Clutching each other. We can hear the soft purr of the Hawk's jet system approaching--

And then flying into view--

PETER
(whispers)
Wait until they pass--

Which they do without incident. A moment to catch their breath.

Peter leans out, peering around the truck, sees the four hawks. Two continue forward. Two begin to circle around.

PETER
Shit. They're coming back.

And this time they won't be so lucky. Peter's eyes fire for another escape. And then he sees it.

PETER
There. That window--

Clock the glass rectangle in a building across the way, a short leap from the BOTTOM LEVEL railing.

PETER
Ready?

She nods--

They spring from the truck and book across the bottom level. The two Hawks see them.

Peter goes first, Molly just behind--

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Peter flying towards us, shattering through the glass, shards detonate in a glittering shower--

Molly just behind him. Rolling on the carpeted hallway.

Running again as the Hawks enter through the windows--

A mad race down hallways--

Hawks pursue, one fires an RPG.

Exploding behind Peter and Molly as they dodge a corner.

Peter pulls her into a room of cubicles--

They duck low as the hawks enter.

With them on a crouch run, putting as much distance between themselves and the flying assassins.

But they're running out of real-estate. Options. Time.

They rest behind a cubicle. Both exhausted.

The relentless Hawks don't get tired. They get closer.

Suddenly Peter sees something. A PACK OF CIGARETTES peaking out from a forgotten purse.

Where there's smoke, there's fire.

MOMENTS LATER

With the HAWKS scanning the cubicles. We see smoke. A small fire erupts. Both Hawks turn towards it. Except Peter and Molly are gone.

And the fire's growing. Spreading.

Finding Peter and Molly on the opposite side. Watching as PAPERS ignite. BLINDS. CARPET. PENCILS.

Soon there's an inferno.

And it's wreaking havoc on the Hawks infrared.

Molly coughs--

MOLLY

Let's go.

PETER

Wait.

In mere seconds, the entire room is ablaze. Peter sees the Hawks spinning, almost comically, trying to locate their prey in the red hot air.

PETER

Now.

Both dash through the CRACKLE of flames, moving towards the exit on the far side.

And leap to the relative safety of the hallway.

Looking back--see the distorted metallic shapes of the Hawks; trapped. See the ceiling collapse.

Hear the fire ROAR.

And the SCREAM of dying robots.

On Peter and Molly. Galvanized.

FADE TO BLACK:

CLOSE ON: Peter's exhausted face. He winces.

MOLLY
Hold still.

Cut back to reveal we're:

INT. RESTROOM - DAY

Peter sitting, his back to the wall. His shirt off. Molly has a FIRST AID kit next to her, dressing Peter's shoulder.

Peter holds the PDA, cycling through photographs of others like him.

MOLLY
Bullet missed the bone. But your muscle is torn apart.

Peter looks up. Watching her work. A sudden tenderness.

PETER
How long have you known?

Molly's eyes flick to his, then away.

MOLLY
This morning.
(beat)
There's not much bleeding--

PETER
I didn't have an interview today.

Molly actually smiles, however small--

MOLLY
There's always tomorrow.

But the joke hurts more then the truth.

PETER
(softly)
Molly.

Her eyes meet his. See the pain. The frustration.

PETER
When did you lose faith in me?

Her inclination is to lie. *Never, Peter. I never lost faith in you.* But she can't. Because she did. She finishes the bandage.

And we realize she's crying. She wipes the tears away immediately.

MOLLY
I'm sorry.

PETER
All I ever wanted was to take care
our family, to give you guys the
future you deserved.

MOLLY
I know.

PETER
I will rescue our daughters.

MOLLY
We will. Both of us.

PETER
You have to run. Get as far away
from here as possible.

But Molly isn't going anywhere.

MOLLY
We were supposed to die in that
school. We saw it happen. We
survived because we were together.

She reaches out. A gentle hand on his face.

MOLLY
I won't let you do this alone.

She sits back, looks at the PDA device.

MOLLY
Find anything?

PETER
No. Just more names, photographs--
targets. Look at this--the guy
from the house.

A photo of Greg. He slides his finger over the device.

PETER
His daughter too.

A photo of Iris. Then landing back on his own photo.
Blinking text: "HVT-1, Fox, Peter. Location unknown."

Absently, Peter touches the text--

And a new window opens up.

PETER
Molly--

She slides over next to him.

We see an image, like a FAMILY TREE. A series of points with lines branching out from one starting point that reads "first contact, 8:21:16" he clicks on it--sees video of the wolf staring at him before it died.

He clicks out. Five lines branch from that spot, one is red, four are black. The red leads to "second contact. Allen, Nathan, KIA. 9:31:12" Ten lines branch out of that. One red, nine black.

"Third contact. Ford, Jim, status unknown. 10:14:22" More and more lines spread out in a complex web. Many of them stopping after one or two sections.

MOLLY
What is it?

PETER
Possible futures.

Peter scrolls down. All of the lines that branch and continue eventually lead to ONE moment. "Last contact. 2:42:16"

Peter click on it.

See a surveillance feed of a massive room lined with FUTURISTIC computers. Hundreds of TECHS sit at workstations. Suddenly the camera shakes, people run and yell.

Then the shaking stops. A beat. The techs turn towards something. A MAN enters frame followed by two others. We quickly realize it's Peter and he's carrying an assault rifle.

MOLLY
That's you--

PETER
3 hours from now.

Back to the image: See Peter sitting down at a console. See him typing. Then he looks up off camera. A beat. He seems indecisive. He's shaking his head. Yelling.

Suddenly he appears resigned. He hits a key and all hell breaks loose. Gunfire erupts inside the room. Static.

BACK TO PETER

Who immediately returns to the tree and scrolls back--clicks on different meet points that lead to that video. PDA reads: "resolving--unknown action." Again. "Resolving--unknown action."

MOLLY
What Ford said, about you being a threat to their mission--

PETER
They've got the wrong future.

Peter stands, puts on his bloody shirt, slings the backpack over his unhurt shoulder.

PETER
I'm no hero. I just want our daughters back.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Or what's left of it. A battle happened here. The famous tourist enclave is nothing but a collage of destroyed buildings and debris. Neon Chinese characters hang haphazard from suspended wires.

The metallic carcass of a WOLF, components sparking. A few dead soldiers in their black fatigues, several civilians. We don't linger.

As Peter and Molly pick through the wasteland:

MOLLY

This great power to travel through time, correct the mistakes of the past. And what does humanity do? We make war.

Then we hear MOANING. And reveal:

A FEMALE SOLDIER impaled on a piece of rebar. She's holding her guts in. Molly sees her first:

FEMALE SOLDIER

Help me. Please.

Molly fixes on the girl. Young. Pretty. Swimming in delirium.

PETER

Molly. We can't help her.

But Molly approaches the soldier, kneeling before her. The girl is grateful.

MOLLY

What's your name?

FEMALE SOLDIER

(gasping)

Carrie Lorraine. I was born October 14th, 2019 in Minneapolis Minnesota. I'm a patriot.

MOLLY

Is the future so bad, that this was only way?

Lorraine doesn't answer. Whether she is unable or unwilling, we'll never know.

MOLLY

There's nothing I can do for you.

Lorraine's eyes flick down to her sidearm still fixed to her hip.

Realizing, Molly glances at Peter. He looks away, walks up the crest of a hill.

Molly faces Lorraine's plea.

LORRAINE

Please.

Molly removes the girl's sidearm. Stands.

LORRAINE

Maybe I'll be born into a better
world this time.

MOLLY

I hope so.

On Peter as we hear the CRACK of the GUNSHOT.

Molly lowers the gun. Tears in her eyes. Then:

PETER

Molly. Look at this.

She turns, Peter at the pinnacle of the hill. A silhouette
against the falling sky. She joins him. A slight ocean
breeze ruffling their hair--

And on that breeze comes:

An entire fleet of NAVAL SHIPS sailing into the bay. A
CARRIER, DESTROYERS, BATTLESHIPS. FIGHTER JETS and CHOPPERS
circle like hornets around their hive.

PETER

They're mounting a counter attack.

He looks at her.

PETER

And we're walking into the middle
of it.

He takes her hand.

Off this we hear a cacophony of MOVEMENT and:

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH SEATTLE - DAY

As Peter and Molly stand at the edge of downtown, South
Seattle falling below them. And for the first time we see
the true extent of the ENEMY FORCE--

THE BASE surrounds the football stadium (QUEST FIELD), a half
mile in either direction. The perimeter secured by
Constantine wire. GUARD TOWERS loom every 100 yards. Prefab
buildings erected inside.

See the massive WAR MACHINES (TANKS, CHOPPERS, WOLVES). HAWKS
patrol the air like demon sentinels.

See the antiaircraft installations, see the thousands of soldiers moving about like ants. The base is buzzing, obviously preparing for the US counter attack.

MOLLY

Peter--

She directs his attention to the base entrance.

A line of TRANSPORTS (FLATBED TRUCKS) wait to enter a GATEWAY, where soldiers and WOLVES stand guard. The transports are filled with PRISONERS. Hundreds of MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN. Each transport is cleared and then allowed inside the base.

MOLLY

We'll never get inside.

Peter watches, thinking. The towers, the soldiers, the wolves. He glances at Molly.

PETER

I'm gonna take a closer look. Stay here.

She says nothing. Seemingly reading something in his eyes we cannot.

PETER

I'll be right back.

He kisses her. Fiercely, as if for the last time.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER

With Peter as he picks his way closer. Moving in and out of cover, vulnerable in the sunlight.

He stops behind a single wall of brick--once an entire building. Less than 100 feet away is the gateway. Two more transports idle, waiting for admittance.

The place is an impenetrable fortress. Peter considers his options.

See the first transport enter. The second begins to move, right past Peter. A beat. He drops the back pack at his feet and slides the relay device his pocket. Then looks back:

At Molly, her head barely visible, watching him from the top of the hill.

ON MOLLY

She catches his eye, even across the expanse of debris. Then she sees him smile. Sadly. With love.

MOLLY

No.

And he runs towards the last transport truck, climbing into the back among the other prisoners.

There's nothing she can do.

She watches as the transport is gained admittance. The gateway closing behind it.

Her mixed emotions are unbearable. But it doesn't matter.

Because a hand suddenly wraps around her face.

And tears her from frame.

CUT TO:

INT. BASE - DAY

On Peter. Now a prisoner. He clocks the base. Morbidly fascinated by the improbability of it all.

And then his eyes land on something. Four massive SATELLITE DISHES (think SETI), two on each side of the SUBWAY TUNNEL entrance heading underground. A mini army of soldiers and wolves. Barricades block the entrance--

But the transport continues to move, the installation disappearing from view and soon the transport stops beside a fifteen foot tall chain link fence surrounding the entrance to the STADIUM. SOLDIERS stand guard as Peter and the PRISONERS are ushered inside--a requiem.

Peter keeps his head down, as best he can. Yet he still takes in the feeble faces of MEN, WOMEN, and CHILDREN. They are the people we walk by everyday. Double breasted suits. Summer dresses. Baseball caps. Tennis shoes. Old, young, ethnically diverse. Americans.

Some are wounded. Some pray. Some stare into a void that will never be filled. There are tears. Cries of pain. An overwhelming sense of chaotic horror that is so pervasive, we feel it like a heat wave.

With Peter as armed soldier keep the line of prisoners moving towards the ARCHED ENTRANCE of the stadium.

And what he sees is staggering.

INT. STADIUM - CONTINUOUS

The entire field area of the stadium is packed with CIVILIANS. We HEAR calls for loved ones, moans of pain. Look up and see CROWDS of people filling the seating area, teeming to the roof.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF CIVILIANS in a stadium that holds seventy. Makes Katrina look like an afternoon picnic.

WOLVES stand guard inside, one every 15 or so yards.

All Peter knows is that his daughters are here somewhere. And so he begins.

PETER
ANNA? EMMA?

His voice resonating with the thousands of other pleas.

And so we pull back from the crowd. BACK, BACK, BACK until we get the full spectrum of an entire city in captivity.

SMASH TO:

CLOSE ON: Molly. Her eyes vacant. For the moment we have no reference for where she is. Or what's happened to her. So we cut back to reveal we're:

INT. CLOTHING SHOP - DAY

She's sitting in a chair. A CUP of something warm steaming in her hands. Her wrist are not tied.

She is not a prisoner.

A buzz of activity around her. Muscular MEN with shorn hair in blue, grey, and white city CAMO UNIFORMS.

The incomprehensible chatter blaring from a military radio.

Two MEN converse, the younger nodding towards Molly. The older man approaches her. This is LIEUTENANT TYLER. No bullshit, however, he's kind, experienced, the sort of man who's left his family countless times to risk his life.

TYLER
Mrs. Fox. I'm Lieutenant Tyler,
3rd Battalion, 75th Ranger
Regiment.
(MORE)

TYLER (cont'd)
EVAC choppers have been suspended
because of the counter attack.
You'll move out with us inside the
half hour.

MOLLY
Do you know what you're up against?

Tyler appraises her. And for some reason he wants her to know what he does.

TYLER
A mercenary army from the year
2040, intelligence we've gathered
indicates that they're financed by
some very powerful and very rich
corporations intent on creating a
different way life.

MOLLY
Invade the past to take the future.

TYLER
I can assure you Mrs. Fox, when
we're finished, there will be
nothing left of their army but a
giant hole in the ground.

Molly meets his gaze.

MOLLY
What about the civilian prisoners?

Tyler says nothing.

TYLER
Like I said, we move out within the
half hour.

He walks away. And now she realizes.

MOLLY
Lieutenant Tyler. What about the
civilian prisoners?

Just loud enough so all the RANGERS can here. We see the effect this question has on them.

TYLER
We lack the resources or the
military strength to engage in
tactical warfare with the enemy.

MOLLY

What the hell does that mean?

TYLER

It means we hit them with
everything we've got. Collateral
Damage is unavoidable.

Molly stands, her eyes on fire.

MOLLY

There are thousands of innocent
people in there. My husband, my
children.

Tyler stiffens, but we see the pain in his eyes.

MOLLY

Saving their lives is not
unavoidable. It's necessary.

TYLER

I'm truly sorry, Mrs. Fox.

MOLLY

(not giving up)
They're using private satellites,
my husband took over one of the
drones with a goddamn laptop--

TYLER

They've breached the entire
defenses network. Our military
infrastructure is crippled. We're
out of options.

On Molly, horrified at the sudden reality. Her family is
going to die.

MOLLY

How much time do I have?

TYLER

I'm sorry?

MOLLY

The counter attack. How much time?

And now he knows what she intends to do.

TYLER

Mrs. Fox--

MOLLY
HOW MUCH?

TYLER
56 minutes.

Without another word, she's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. STADIUM - DAY

On Peter moving through the crowd, scanning the tortured civilian faces. A startling quiet has fallen over the throng. His own face, pale, dark circles, misted in a cold sweat.

His exhaustion and the terrible hopelessness taking their toll. His shoulder is bleeding again, his bicep a mosaic of ungodly purple and black patches.

Finally he has to stop. He leans over, resting his hands on his knees. Only for a moment--

Because when he stands--

There's a commotion across the stadium. He cranes over the prisoners and sees SOLDIERS running quickly in his direction, no more than two hundred feet away.

They're pushing people aside, hear them yelling to MOVE, MOVE, MOVE. See their assault rifles. Listen to the squawk of their radios blasting coordinates.

They're looking for someone.

A soldier turns our way and Peter spins, ducks. *Shit.*

They're looking for him.

He moves, head down, dodging people, and immediately takes the PDA from his pocket. Turns it on. Waits for it to load. Glancing back--the soldiers getting closer. Then reads:

"HVT-1 Fox, Peter..." Loading. Loading. "Location unknown."

He stops, confused. A beat.

Then: "Alternative targets..." Loading. Loading. "Fox, Anna, Fox Emma; targets captured. 2:21:46" See a LIVE birds eyes shot of the stadium.

PETER
No.

See a red square identifying a small area of the field.

Sees the out of town scoreboard on the map. Sees it across the way. See the stadium CLOCK. It's 2:20:46.

He has one minute.

The soldiers are now on a diagonal course towards his daughters--

Peter runs.

Racing the soldiers to Anna and Emma's location--

He shoves through the crowd. Jumps over sitting prisoners. To his left the soldiers steam-roll forward, knocking pedestrians aside--

Peter's forgotten his ripped-up shoulder. His exhaustion. If they get to his daughters it's all over.

And they're closing fast--

But he's got the angle.

He arrives at a cluster of people near the out of town scoreboard. Looks fast. Many CHILDREN, adults move about, tending to them.

They're here somewhere.

ANNA (O.S.)
Daddy?

And then he sees her. His little girl. Her face blackened by soot.

As he scoops her up in his arms, pressing her fiercely to his chest. Kissing her tangled hair. She's already crying.

But he's running out of time. Glancing back--the bobbing heads of the soldier's drawing closer.

PETER
Where's your sister, sweetheart? Is she here?

Anna nods, points.

See a MIDDLE AGED woman notice Peter--other adults--

And there's Emma. Curled on the ground.

PETER
Emma--

Moving towards her. The middle aged woman, DEBBIE:

DEBBIE
You're their father?

Peter nods, scooping up Emma too. She's nearly catatonic. Doesn't make a sound.

A quick re-union.

Peter looking now--the soldier's practically on them. Debbie follows Peter's eyes. Sees the soldier's too.

Realizes. On Peter, *what the hell is going to do now?*

MOMENTS LATER

The soldier's arrive. Scanning the faces.

See Debbie. Other adults. Children. The soldiers, four of them, go from child to child. Pushing adults aside.

The soldier's look back. Their targets are gone. Lead soldier approaches Debbie.

SOLDIER
You. These girls, where are they--

Showing the PDA, PHOTOS of Anna and Emma. Debbie, terrified, shakes her head. He rifle-whips her to the ground. She cries out.

Other adults, backing up.

SOLDIER
Two girls. They were just here--

Showing the photos. See faces of unknown CITIZENS. Scared shit-less. Some clutch children. Others stand. Silence now.

Find Peter, Anna and Emma. They're laying between bleacher aisles on the concrete floor, just above the out of town scoreboard. Barely hidden.

Pick up a MAN, standing over them. He's sweat-clocking the soldiers.

On Peter, knowing all these prisoner saw him. Anyone of them could simply point.

The lead soldier suddenly grabs Debbie by the hair, drags her into the middle of the cluster. Everyone is watching.

He puts the gun to her head. Vicious.

SOLDIER
Someone saw them. Talk or she fucking dies.

Children are crying. *Hush now, hush.*

On the man above Peter and his daughters. His eyes find Debbie--see her barely shaking her head.

These people--these strangers--are protecting Peter. Not because they know him. Not because he's special.

Because he's one of them. Soldier realizes what's happening.

Knows he has to make a point. Knows the only way to find out is to POP this innocent woman.

SOLDIER
She dies.

Then the MAN above Peter, his name is SAM. Remember him.

SAM
Wait.

Soldier stops. Approaches. He's no more then a breath from Peter and his daughters.

SAM
There was a man. He grabbed them.
Took them.

SOLDIER
Where did they go?

On Peter, clutching Anna and Emma to his chest.

A frozen beat.

SAM
That way.

Gesturing towards the center of the field. Into an ocean of people.

SAM
They couldn't have gone far.

Soldier appraises him. It's almost too much to bear.
Finally:

SOLDIER
Fan out. Find them.

Soldier steps back. His men move out. He's talking into his radio, pushing past prisoners.

Pick up Anna--

ANNA
Daddy?

PETER
Shhhh. Sweetheart.

He kisses her hair. See the man and Debbie lock eyes.

PETER
We're okay, now. We're okay.

ANNA
Daddy? Where's mommy?

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - DAY

Molly moving quickly over the rubble. She stops when she sees the female soldier she mercy killed not an hour before.

Molly approaches. We're not sure why.

Until she starts taking off the girl's fatigues.

MOMENTS LATER

Molly is fully dressed. She pulls her hair into a pony tail. Slips the sidearm she had taken before into the holster.

She looks just like one of them.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE ENTRANCE - DAY

Molly moves just out of sight from the base. She crouches below a pile of DEBRIS, watching. Two soldiers man the gateway. A third and fourth man guard towers.

Two wolves below them.

She steels herself, about to approach when she notices a small cadre of soldiers walking up to the gateway.

At that moment she realizes looking like them won't work.

Because each soldier receives a retinal scan before admittance.

MOLLY

Shit.

A beat. Thinking. And then she looks down at her chest. An idea. Probably suicidal.

She reaches for a shard of broken glass and tears a hole in the uniform above her stitched and bandaged wound. Untucking the shirt, she pulls it up.

Then cuts away the bandages, revealing the tender skin around a patchwork stitch job. She touches it, wincing.

Molly closes her eyes. Maybe saying a prayer. Maybe just getting her nerve.

She digs her fingers into the wound.

And tears it wide open.

CUT TO:

INT. STADIUM - DAY

Peter sits on the turf, his back to the partition wall separating them from the stands. Emma is asleep in his lap. Anna sitting beside him, leaning on his good shoulder.

Debbie sits across from him.

DEBBIE

At first, we waited for help to come. And then we wondered if there was anyone left to help.

PETER

All these children?

DEBBIE

Parents are dead or missing. A few of us got together, gathered them, tried to comfort them in anyway we could. We spread the names of their parents--

PETER

That's how they found my daughters--

DEBBIE

Why are they after you and your family?

PETER

They know my future. And in that future I'm some kind of threat.

Debbie realizes something.

PETER

What?

DEBBIE

Every hour or so they move a group of prisoners into a building outside the stadium. I was taken this morning.

(beat)

They photographed us. Drew blood. They knew things--impossible things--where we'll live, who will have children, what we'll do with our lives. Our value.

We remember the protest in Private Allen's video. Selection is Natural--

DEBBIE

Afterwards, some of us were brought back. Others. They kept.

PETER

They're sorting people based their future--

DEBBIE

And everybody left in this stadium when they're finished is going to die.

PETER

You don't know that--

We realize Debbie is crying.

DEBBIE

I was at the hospital when the attack happened. I was diagnosed with stage 4 breast cancer.

(beat)

(MORE)

DEBBIE (cont'd)
They sent me back because I have no
value.

She suddenly wipes her eyes. We see her strength. Peter reaches out and touches her hand. A smile of comfort.

Then:

VOICE (O.S.)
Peter?

Peter turns to reveal Greg. Joey in his arm. Iris by his side.

IRIS
See Dad, I toldja it was him.

GREG
Your wife?

PETER
She's safe. Yours?

Greg darkens, but doesn't say anything.

JOEY
She's at home and we'll see her
when we get there.

GREG
That's right, kiddo.

A beat. Peter looks at Greg, Iris and Joey. Then Debbie, the children. The thousands of other people.

PETER
We need to get the hell outa here.
Now.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE ENTRANCE - LATER

On Molly, staggering towards the base. Sweaty bangs lift with every struggled breath. Her hand clasped over her wound, blood oozing between her fingers.

We wonder if she's embellishing. We hope to god she is. The SOLDIERS on the towers see her first. Guns immediately trained.

SOLDIER
Soldier, stop where you are.

MOLLY
Help me.

Then a solider at the gate.

SOLDIER
Jesus Christ.

She looks that bad.

MOLLY
Help me.

And then she collapses on the ground. See the soldiers at the gate eye each other.

CUT TO:

INT. BASE - MOMENTS LATER

One of the soldiers helps Molly through the base towards a PRE-FAB STRUCTURE. They enter--

INT. INFIRMARY - CONTINUOUS

Where DOCTORS and NURSES treat incoming wounded--

SOLDIER
Anybody got a bed--

A DOCTOR turns, sees the blood pouring from Molly's wound--

DOCTOR
Over here.

They guide her to the bed.

Doctor is examining her immediately, scissors open Molly's shirt, blood is pumping--he swings a LIGHT across the bed--

DOCTOR
Multiple lacerations, bruised lung.
(beat)
You're going to be just fine--

Doctor turns away from Molly, issues instructions to a NURSE--

DOCTOR
Let's ultra-sound the lung and chuck
for fluid to be on the safe side--

But when he turns back. The bed is empty.

Molly is gone.

CUT TO:

INT. STADIUM - DAY

Debbie, Greg, Iris, and a bunch of other NAMELESS ADULTS standing around Peter.

GREG

This is nuts.

PETER

Look, I know they seem strong, but they're weak at the joints, that's why the engine mechanism is so small, they're built for dexterity, not power, they can't hold too much weight. I killed one of them by kicking its head in.

GREG

So we rush those things, and what? Take them down?

PETER

Four or five of us to each drone, we overpower the legs and yes, take them down. The soldiers will have to open the gates to retain order, once they do, it's gonna be a free for all.

DEBBIE

How do you figure?

PETER

See the clock.

Pointing to the stadium clock above the entrance. 2:24.

PETER

Pass the word, quietly. At 2:30 we go. There's at least ten of us for every one of them. People either stand up and fight or stay here and die.

IRIS

I'm in.

DEBBIE

Me too.

Other voice agree. Greg runs his hand through his greying hair.

IRIS
Dad?

GREG
Jesus. I'm an insurance underwriter.

DEBBIE
I'm a legal assistant.

PETER
I'm an unemployed engineer.

IRIS
I got a D in world history.

Iris reaches for her Dad's hand. He nods. *Yeah, okay.*

PETER
Good. Once we set this motion, those of you without families, you'll have to come back for the children. It's going to be every man for himself.

Nodding faces.

PETER
Pass the word. In six minutes. We fight back.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE - DAY

Pick up Molly running through the base, her right hand staunching the wound. SOLDIERS approach from the opposite direction.

Both look at her strangely.

A tense beat. Do they know?

She nods to them. And it's returned as they pass by.

Relieved, Molly leans against a PRE-FAB wall. She has to breath. She has to keep it together.

Beyond the structure is the stadium. The fifteen foot tall fence.

We're not sure of the bigger question. How does she get in?

Or how does she get her family out?

That's when we hear the SIRENS.

Ripped right from the bombing raids of World War II.

And the base immediately flies into action. Anti aircraft weapons swing to target. Soldiers sprint towards stations. Choppers lift, rotor blades slicing air.

Molly steps out, peers into the distant blue sky. What looks like a dark cloud at first is soon revealed to be a massive formation of US fighter JETS cruising in from Elliot Bay.

He checks her watch. There's still time.

MOLLY

No goddamn it, you're early.

Molly's eyes suddenly fix on something else. Something inside the base. A pre-fab building with two massive open garage-like doors.

The building is filled with WEAPONS.

CUT TO:

INT. STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Peter, Greg and Iris and two MEN push towards their target, a wolf near the entrance. Across the sea of people, we barely make out OTHERS moving towards the multitude of wolves positioned around the field.

And among the prisoners we hear whispers. Words of attack. The rising feel of rebellion.

We begin to notice prisoners throwing furtive glances at Peter, maybe realizing he's the instigator, maybe wondering: *can this really work?*

Peter lays a hand on Greg's shoulder--

PETER

Wait, we're close enough.

They stop. The wolf no more then twenty five feet away.

PETER

Two minutes.

Peter glances back. He sees it too. Those who were sitting are now standing. Those who had given up have found hope.

A beat to revel in the possibility.

IRIS
Something's happening.

Follow her eyes to the wolf. Once dormant, it stands upright. It's head swiveling, looking:

All around the stadium, wolves come to life, rising from their steel haunches.

IRS
What the hell are they doing?

PETER
They know--

And then from above, the HAWKS begin to circle, descending towards the field.

PETER
They know because of me--

Peter glances up at the clock. Still a minute until--

PETER
We're out of time. Go.

And then as if to tell anyone within ear shot.

PETER
GO NOW.

He starts running. Greg, Iris and the others have no choice but to follow.

PETER
OUT OF THE WAY. MOVE. MOVE.

Bee-lining the wolf. A suicidal sprint.

The goddamn thing turns--

But not before Peter hurls himself forward--

Just as the wolf swing its snout, catching him in the ribs, throwing him sideways into a see of legs.

Then the unmistakable ROAR of gunfire. Screaming.

Peter on the ground, struggling to get to his feet. Desperate to see what's happening.

Finally able to stand... see Greg, Iris and another clinging to the wolf, now wrenching back and forth, trying to knock them away. Firing wildly into the air.

Above, the Hawks swoop down, strafing the field with bullets, chewing turf--

Peter sprints forward, joining Greg and Iris, climbing the back of the wolf, like a fucking bull rider, ripping wires with his bare hands.

See Iris flung away.

But miraculously someone else takes her place. More and more people, climbing, clawing, kicking--

And then it goes down. The crowd surrounds it, pummeling it.

Beyond submission. Beyond death.

Find Peter, breathing heavily, backing away. Looking out--

And sees that all the wolves have been taken down, around the field the prisoners, despite the circling hawks, despite the fear have ripped the robots to pieces--

A powerful ROAR of yelling erupts, the crowd moves like a tidal wave.

Look left too see MEN and WOMEN bum-rushing the entrance. They climb the chain link fence. Some are shot off by soldiers, but others follows, overwhelming the fence with their weight.

And just as the fence goes down.

The explosions begin.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASE - WEAPONS BUILDING - MOMENTS LATER

Molly feels the first explosion as she throws an assault rifle over her shoulder. She turns in time to see a crater shot, blowing soldiers into the air--

She steps out--headed towards the stadium--

The RAT-A-TAT-TAT of gunfire erupting in all directions.

We hear a loud whine, followed by a rush, like a SUNAMI thundering over a helpless village.

And then another explosion. Rocking the base. The world.

Molly thrown to the ground.

But this is just the beginning--she looks up to see:

The sky filled with streaks of light and smoke. We quickly realize they are giant MISSILES.

Titanic blasts echo as the missiles detonate across the base. A HURRICANE sized orange fire cloud spreads over the entire area like a red hot summer storm.

SOMEONE
Jesus Christ.

Suddenly Molly is in the middle of her own D-day. Her hair blows in the concussion, knocked to the ground again.

Molly gets to her feet as an endless line of US FIGHTER JETS descend.

Red streaks of TRACER FIRE fills the air as the jets unload on the base.

ANTI-AIRCRAFT WEAPONS SWING into position and power up; sucking energy, barrels pulsing with light.

As the jets approach, the weapons fire, a concussive blast that takes our breath away, like they sucked all the oxygen from the world.

And right in the middle of the bomber formation, something unseen explodes and waves of invisible power roll from the blast point, literally like god himself smashed his fists together with incredible force.

Some of the jets are completely blown sidewise, out of control, spiraling down--

And one is headed right for Molly.

She runs as the out of control JET slices into the rooftops of Pre-Fab buildings and cartwheels through the concrete, flipping towards Molly who dives out of the way as:

The jet explodes along with its ordinance, generating a monstrous blast that sends great boulders of concrete into the air.

Find Molly, head covered from the hail storm of falling debris.

She looks up, her eyes reflecting the chaos. And the stadium, looming in the distance, couldn't be further away--

CUT TO:

INT. STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

A different kind of chaos. Rebellion has devolved into panic. The explosions outside a wake up call to those still trapped.

The terrified crowd streams towards the exit--

Soldiers stand on the stadium parapet's firing into the ocean of prisoners--

Find Peter, Greg and Iris pushing against the tide--

On Peter arriving to find his daughters. Anna screaming in terror, her little hands over her ears. Emma trembles uncontrollably, knees hugged to her chest.

Peter scoops her up in his arms. Takes Anna's hand.

But he doesn't run. Not yet. Because a whole group of terrified children wait to be rescued.

He can't take them all. And he knows it.

But then Debbie arrives, bleeding from her head. She takes a little BOY'S hand and another GIRL'S. Suddenly more adults arrive. Grabbing orphaned children.

Debbie and Peter's eyes meet. A quick nod. Greg arrives, Joey in his arms and Iris at his hip. Then:

PETER

Anna, listen to me. We're gonna run now. Whatever you do. Don't let go.

As they join the rushing crowd.

CUT TO:

INT. BASE - MOMENTS LATER

Molly sprints through the battle zone. To her left, explosions, her right, anti aircraft fire, above the ROAR of fighter jets, HAWKS launch RPG'S.

As if by some miracle, she makes it to the stadium and sees the thousands of people having overwhelmed the entrance, pouring from the stadium into the middle of war.

Molly is immediately amoung the crowd--

MOLLY
PETER? ANNA? EMMA.

But she's pushed back, unable to fight against the terrified surge--

Molly is jostled back and forth, suddenly slamming against a ticket booth.

She needs a better a view, she needs to climb.

Quickly, Molly arrives at top the booth--

And can't believe her eyes. A gigantic funnel of faces fighting for escape through a 40 foot wide exit. Behind them, the field is an undulating mass of moving people.

Her family is in there somewhere.

CUT TO:

INT. STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER

On Peter and his daughters, violently packed between bodies. A log jam of terror, people clawing and crawling and trampling weaker prisoners, as they push towards the exit.

And Peter's now trapped in the middle of it. The panic is totally suffocating.

Greg, Iris, Joey, Debbie nearby, suffering the same fate.

Then:

ANNA
DADDY.

Anna is being ripped from away by the sea of bodies. Peter has her hand.

PETER
HANG ON--

But he's losing her.

Suddenly Anna is propelled away.

With Emma in his arms, Peter fights through the people. Pushes, pulls, desperate to get to his daughter. To help her, to keep her from being trampled to death.

But it's a lost cause as he's caught up in the thrust of the crowd.

Then:

MOLLY
UP HERE.

He looks up and there is Molly, standing on the top of the entrance, Anna in her arms. Her hand reaching out.

Peter thrusts Emma above his head and Molly grabs hold, hoisting his daughter from danger, then Peter's next.

MOLLY
GIVE ME YOUR HAND.

But Peter doesn't--

He looks back. Sees his friends--

PETER
OVER HERE.

They clock him, fight their way over. Peter is now helping them to Molly's perch.

Joey, the children with Debbie, Iris, finally Debbie and Greg.

Peter's last. About to reach out.

But he's somehow pulled away--

He lunges, but it's too far now. People pushing him away. But he fights back. Molly straining.

Their fingers touching.

Their hands locking.

And Molly is pulling him up from the crowd to safety.

MOLLY
FOLLOW ME.

Each parent holding a child, they shimmy along a concrete shelf lining the entrance and soon are back on top of the TICKET BOOTH.

INT. BASE - CONTINUOUS

They climb down, as panicked prisoners overwhelm THE GATEWAY, breaking out into the city.

Peter and his family, their friends, a few in thousands.

And still the battle rages on--

Follow the group as they race through the gauntlet of the attack, towards the gateway, towards freedom.

And before they know it. Our heroes are eclipsing the same hill from where Peter and Molly stood.

See civilians pouring into the destroyed city--

And our heroes following.

But suddenly, inexplicably, Peter stops. He's looking off towards the water.

Realizing Peter is no longer beside her, Molly turns. Greg, Iris, and Debbie too.

MOLLY

PETER?

Then she follows his eyes.

In the bay, the NAVAL SHIPS are in flames, a DESTROYER sinks, nose up. See planes swatted from the sky by more powerful weapons. He sees American soldiers gunned down by the enemy, their tanks, hawks, choppers and wolves unmatched.

It's very clear.

We're losing.

Peter looks back at the base. See the FOUR MASSIVE SATELLITE DISHES.

Molly takes his hand. They lock eyes.

PETER

I have to go back--

MOLLY

Peter--

PETER

If I can disable the satellites, I can end this--

MOLLY
We have to run--

PETER
Look around, look what's happening.
(beat)
There's a reason they're trying to
kill me. We both saw it.

On the faces of their companions, a disbelieving kind of
respect. His fierce eyes clock hers.

PETER
Anybody would run. I should run.
(beat)
That's why I have to stay.

And now Molly knows, the decisions been made. He will go
back no matter what she says.

She takes the ASSAULT RIFLE from over her shoulder and hands
it to him.

She touches his face as if for the last time.

MOLLY
They know you're coming.

PETER
And I'll know they're coming.

He still has the PDA device.

Peter addresses the group.

PETER
Get out of the city, stay together
don't look back.

MOLLY
(breaking)
Peter--

PETER
I will find you.

Suddenly Peter is hugging his daughters. Then Molly. He
kisses her, as behind them we see the might of our military
going up in flames.

PETER
I love you guys.

And then he's gone, running back down the hill against the tide of fleeing prisoner.

Back to hell.

CUT TO:

INT. BASE - LATER

The fight continues on the sea-side of the base. Anti-aircraft weapons spit death into the air. The insane RAT-A-TAT of gunfire.

See prisoners captured, on their knees, secured--the majority pushed back into the Stadium.

Pick up Peter moving low from structure to structure, checking his corners before moving again. He stops, peers out.

Beyond the line of anti-aircraft installations (think domed structures like the Griffith observatory, only instead of telescopes they are armed with big fucking guns), we see the peak of the satellites.

Peter pounds across the base, his footsteps silent amidst the constant barrage of war, dodging between bomb craters--

And hits back first at the base of one of the anti-aircraft weapons. From there he has clear view of:

The SUBWAY TUNELL entrance, buttressed on either side by the SATELLITE dishes. Well guarded. Hawks circle, soldiers, wolves at ready--

The entrance is barricaded--

He checks the PDA device: "HVT-1, Fox, Peter, location unknown."

If only it told him what he was supposed to do.

Because there's no way in hell he's getting close to those things on his own.

He needs an idea. A plan.

Then he alights on something directly opposite of the tunnel.

Reveal a TRAIN YARD. A maze of trains, some tipped over, other on their tracks.

And one in particular--five cars--on the track that leads to the subway tunnel.

Thank god for the Seattle light rail.

He readies himself. A suicidal sprint in the great wide open.

Except he won't get the chance.

Because a gun suddenly presses against the nape of his neck.

VOICE (O.S.)
Drop the weapon.

Fucked. Peter does.

VOICE
Hands behind your head.

Peter obliges. It's quickly clear. He's a dead man.

VOICE
Stand up, slowly, face me.

As ordered, Peter rises, faces the voice. A team of soldiers stand in a semi circle, all guns pointed at his head. The lead SOLDIER nods to another who searches Peter--finds the relay device. Shows the lead soldier.

Who almost smiles. They tricked him. Lead Soldier clicks his radio.

SOLDIER
HVT-1, Fox, Peter, identity confirmed. He was in possession of a Relay. On your orders.

We hear the static, then:

RADIO
Take him out.

Peter closes his eyes. The last moment he'll ever think of his family.

The gunfire erupts shockingly quick. All around him. Peter flinches.

But does not go down.

He slowly opens his eyes to reveal that all the soldiers are dead. A confused beat--

Then he clocks a reflective flash in one of the bomb craters--heads poke up, faces we recognize. Some we don't.

GREG, DEBBIE, IRIS and a band of CIVILIANS have taken position inside the crater. Peter grabs his rifle and sprints over, sliding down into relative cover.

See his friends. See the others, 13 of them. Some faces we recognize from inside the stadium. They are weary, ragged.

But they came back for him.

DEBBIE
You're name's all over the radio.
More of them are coming.

IRIS
What's the plan?

All looking to him. Their de-facto leader.

PETER
The enemy's controlling the drones from some kind of command center--

GREG
How do you know that?

PETER
I've seen it. If I can get inside, maybe I can crash the uplink system.

See Greg staring at the satellites and tunnel entrance. Soldier's are buzzing. Preparing.

GREG
You're gonna tell us command's inside the subway tunnel.

Peter nods.

GREG
Jesus Christ. Half the army's out there and they know we're coming.

DEBBIE
Peter, he's right.
(beat)
We're walking into a future they're ready for and we aren't.

Peter looks at Greg, Iris, Debbie, the others--hours before they woke up to a world they knew and discovered a horror they couldn't have imagined--never once held a gun or risked their lives.

PETER

I saw the future. I saw myself, my wife, dead on a concrete floor.

(beat)

We made it this far against an enemy that supposedly knows every move we're going to make. That tells me they adjust to us, the choices we make.

(beat)

The future belongs to us, not them.

IRIS

So what do we do?

PETER

We take it back.

He nods towards the SUBWAY CARS on the tracks leading into the tunnel.

PETER

Right through the front door.

Realizing the plan.

PETER

None of you have to do this.
There's still time to get out--

IRIS

No there's not.

All heads turn to see a formation of wolves tearing towards their location. Either side of them, see HUMVEES filled with soldiers--

They're seconds away. Then a man we recognizee speaks up. He's the man who lied for Peter and his daughters inside the stadium. His name was Sam.

SAM

We'll make a stand. Get to the train.

See the other citizens nod. They take belly position, rifles aimed at the oncoming enemy.

SAM

GO. GO NOW.

And they open fire. Stay with Peter, Iris, Greg and Debbie as they scramble up the crater and book it towards the train yard.

Behind them see the fire-fight escalate, but it's too chaotic to make sense of it. See Wolves firing back. See a HUMVEE flip. See soldiers take positions. The ZIP-SLAP of bullets. Fucking terror--

And then suddenly we're ducking into the train yard and taking cover against a fallen train.

Peter looks back. See the muzzle flashes and tracer fire. HEAR men scream. Then an explosion rocks the crater--a gigantic incineration as combustion sucks air and belches red gas.

Then clock three wolves leaping over the crater through the fireball. And galloping right at us.

PETER
MOVE. LET'S GO.

Stay with them as they twist through the maze of train cars, ducking corners, quickly and quietly as possible.

Peter stops. Listens. FOOTSTEPS.

The wolves have joined them in the maze. One walks past their position, head scanning.

Peter nods. They move behind it and enter a burnt out--

INT. PASSENGER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Where they crouch against the melted plastic seats. Peter peers out--

The train they're trying to get to less than 100 feet away.

But the wolves seem to be everywhere. Then:

DEBBIE
I'll go out. I'll draw them away.
You make a run for it.

Likely a suicide mission.

DEBBIE
Wait for me to fire--that's your signal.

IRIS
I'll go with you.

Find Greg--his eyes on his teenage daughter.

GREG

No--

IRIS

Dad.

GREG

I'll go. You stay with Peter.

He's terrified. He hugs Iris. He and Debbie disappear.

It's that quick.

We hold on Peter and Iris crouched in the train. Iris tries not to cry.

IRIS

He hates violence. He doesn't even like football.

And then it begins. Hear Debbie yell something unintelligible. Then GUNFIRE.

Peter's sees a wolf sprinting towards the commotion.

PETER

Let's go.

With them as they leave the passenger car--

EXT. TRAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

And race the remaining hundred feet to the target train. The gunfire doesn't stop--it echoes inside the maze and it must be hell.

They arrive and Peter immediately sees all the doors are shut. He uses his gun to pry one open--

PETER

Help me.

Iris' smaller hands squeeze into the cracks. They pull it ajar and are suddenly--

INT. TRAIN CAR - CONTINUOUS

Empty. Abandoned coats and purses. The lights are off--

IRIS

There's no electricity, no power--

But Peter goes to the engine car, immediately looks over the dials and levers and instruments.

PETER

I got caught on one of these during
a blackout--they used auxiliary
power to move us to the station--

Then he sees a the auxiliary power command--locked behind a
Plexiglas case.

IRIS

Peter--

She grabs a set of keys hanging on the wall. Tosses them.

He tries several keys--

IRIS

You hear that? The firing stopped.
(beat)
That means they're dead.

Peter finds the right key. Opens the case.

PETER

We'll wait for them.

But Iris shakes her head. Wiping the tears.

IRIS

No.

Peter flips the power switch. Hear the ROAR of the engine.
The lights come on. The instruments fire.

Shoves the accelerator forward. The train lurches. Moves.

IRIS

PETER.

That's when we see Greg and Debbie tearing across the
graveled surface of the train yard--

Closing in, but Debbie stumbles.

Greg pulls her up, sprinting for the open door. The train is
picking up speed and moments from going faster they can run.

IRIS

COME ON.

Then two wolves SLIP-SLIDE around the back of the car,
tearing after the subway--

Peter leans out, grabs Debbie's hand and yanks her inside.

On Iris, she clocks the wolves--

See her fifty-something father pounding gravel, Peter's hand out stretched--

IRIS
DAD, THEY'RE COMING--

He lunges forward, grasping Peter's hand but losing his footing, dragged over the uneven ground.

But if that's not bad enough--the stadium TRAIN STATION is looming. There's a steel pillar with Greg's name on it.

And the train has hit 40 miles an hour.

INSIDE THE TRAIN

Iris and Debbie race over and all three put a hand on Greg and pull him into the car just before he's halved by the station and the roaring train.

Iris throws her arms around her Dad--

Peter and Debbie move to the engine car--see the train accelerating. 55, 60, 65, 70--

Look back to see the wolves receding, unable to keep up.

But ahead the tunnel looms.

The barricade. The wolves. The soldiers.

The train pushes 80, 85. It's fucking flying. Above, see Hawks circle in--

Debbie and Peter share a look.

PETER
Here we go. EVERYBODY DOWN.

And that's when it begins. Hell on fucking earth. We stay with our heroes as the army unloads on the subway car-- everything they've got. HEAR explosions go off--

As the train rattles, glass shatters, bullets ping--

Peter looks up, barely sees the maw of the tunnel before the train collides with the barricade.

And times slows down. We're suddenly caught in a slow motion dance of destruction--

SOLDIERS flip and twist in the air, knocked sideways by the collision. A wolf's body torn in half between the train and tunnel wall. Glass shards sprinkle like rain. Bullets fly inches from our heroes. Debris. Acrid smoke. Sparks.

Then black.

Hear SCREAMING METAL--suddenly the lights flicker on--we're inside the tunnel.

And we're still moving.

Our heroes rise to their feet. A holy shit moment as they survived the impossible.

But only a moment--

Because an EXPLOSION knocks them all back. See the second car directly behind them erupt in fire. The back half of it tears away, the front half topples in a BANSHEE CRY of sparks and ripped metal--

They're dragging it behind them. And worse. See wolves and hawks giving chase. The cause of the explosion.

Peter suddenly realizes. Checks out the speed gauge. It's dropping.

And the enemy is gaining--

Peter makes his way to the back of the engine car towards the halved second car.

DEBBIE
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

PETER
I HAVE TO CUT IT LOOSE--

But he quickly realizes he can't do it from inside.

PETER
KEEP THEM OFF ME.

Debbie, Greg and Iris take firing position.

And Peter climbs out the window of the train.

EXT. TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

Now imagine yourself negotiating the outside of a screaming train. Imagine the insanity. Imagine you have no choice--

With Peter as he finds a foothold, grappling with the cold metal, sliding towards the connector.

He's feet away, but getting there will require a leap of faith. He reaches out, barely aware of the gunfire from inside the train.

And jumps, colliding rib-first with the train connector, his feet almost ripped from under him. But he pulls himself up--

Peter wish-bones the two cars, the connector pin below him. He releases the lock, now tugging at the PIN.

Then a second EXPLOSION--Peter is nearly tossed, but grabs a handle and manages to hang on for dear life--

A beat. See the pin in his other hand.

And there it goes--the second car disengages, flipping and bounces off the tunnel walls and track--taking out the wolves and hawks like a massive bowling ball--

Disappearing into the darkness.

Suddenly a hand grabs Peter, pulling him inside the train.

Greg. A beat.

GREG
That was nuts.

Peter smiles. But Greg's face darkens, he tosses Peter to the ground--

As two surviving wolves appear and opens fire--

Peppered Greg with bullets.

It happened too fast for us to be shocked.

IRIS
DAD.

But the wolves aren't stopping. One leaps forwards and lands on the back of the train--its two front legs wrenching it in the doorway.

Its gun barrel nose pointed at us.

GREG
GET DOWN.

Not dead, not yet. He throws himself at the wolf, latching onto its body--

See the wolf struggle to break free, it fires erratically--

Greg sets his feet against the train door.

Looks back at his daughter--

And kicks.

Watch the two of them fly off the back of the train--

But there's no time to mourn. The second wolf tries a different tack. It runs alongside and slams its body against us--so powerful the train lifts, teetering on one edge--

Again and again and again--

Next time it's going over. Peter crawls to Iris and Debbie. He wraps his arms around them and there it goes--

The train yaws for a suspended second then tips. The front end catches an edge and suddenly it's fishtailing in circles.

The wolf slammed between it and the tunnel wall.

Peter, Debbie, and Iris caught in a washing machine nightmare.

Finally it stops.

Peter's eyes open first. Blood from his forehead drips. He rises up. Debbie is crumpled in the corner.

Iris lays close to Peter. He struggles to his knees.

Then Iris opens her eyes.

PETER
You okay?

She nods.

IRIS
Debbie?

Debbie is awake too, struggling to her feet. Her gun still strapped to her shoulder. She tosses Peter his. Iris finds hers behind a bent seat.

PETER
Let's finish this.

CUT TO:

INT. TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

See the wreck of the train, lodged sideways against the brick walls. Peter emerges first. Bloody T-shirt, gashed forehead, fucking assault rifle.

Then Iris and Debbie. Now standing a top the train.

See what they do:

INT. COMMAND CENTER - CONTINUOUS

Like Hitler's secret mountain base, built right there on the gravel floor. Similar to the BRIDGE of an aircraft carrier. But 10 times the size. Hundreds of MONITORS line the walls. A holographic map of the battle hovers mid-tunnel. A glass office on risers lords over it all.

The room is silent. All of the technicians stare in awe at our heroes.

See a single soldier reach for his sidearm--

PETER
Don't be stupid.

The soldier stops.

This scene is exactly what Peter and Molly saw on the PDA.

MOMENTS LATER

The techs and remaining soldiers are locked in the glass office.

Pick up Peter scanning the terminals. The futuristic tech.

Catch glimpses of the images on the monitor. POV views of the battle being fought. Hawks engaged with fighter jets. Wolves emitting tracer fire. Our troops gunned down.

IRIS
Peter.

He looks at her, she motions towards another MONITOR where we see a live feed of soldiers pouring into the tunnel towards the command center.

IRIS
What do we do?

Peter glances at Debbie, then back to Iris.

PETER

Take positions, when they get
close, start shooting, hopefully
it'll buy me enough time.

As Iris and Debbie take cover at top the wrecked train, guns trained on the entrance, Peter sits down at a terminal and begins to work.

See the reflection of WINDOWS and CODE moving in Peter's eyes as he tries to break into their system. Fingers pounding keys.

On Iris, eyes flicking from the monitor with the soldiers and the darkness before her.

On Debbie, somehow clear eyed, we realize she's resigned to die.

Suddenly we hear the soldiers boot steps. See hundreds of flashlights approaching.

On Peter, see the frustration. See the screen flash words like: COMMAND DENIED.

IRIS

THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER.

Peter blinks away sweat--

PETER

I'm through the firewall--

IRIS

HURRY--

PETER

There's over fifty separate
uplinks.

And then he sees something.

PETER

Wait. There's no reason to shut
them down.

Realizing. His fingers now flying.

PETER

Almost.

The YELLING grows louder. We can FEEL the soldier's getting ready.

On Iris, Debbie, sweaty fingers hovering over their triggers.

PETER
Got it. Let's see them fight an army of their own.

See one command on the screen in front of Peter.

INITIATE?

Peter closes his eyes with relief. And for some reason the soldier's don't fire. It was almost too easy.

And then we know why.

IRIS
PETER, STOP. They have her.

PETER
What?

IRIS
They have Molly.

Peter looks up. In the monitor we see the darkness of the tunnel, except for one image, illuminated in light.

Molly. On her knees. A soldier with a gun to her head.

It's JIM FORD, the soldier from the school. And then his voice echoing from the tunnel---

FORD (O.S.)
Can you hear me, Peter?

Peter says nothing, so Ford presses the gun to the back of his wife's head.

PETER
I hear you.

FORD (O.S.)
I told you, succeed or fail,
continue on this path and your wife
and your unborn son would die.

Peter glances at the COMMAND on the computer screen.
INITIATE? Then back at the MONITOR.

FORD
Our future is defined by a series
of choices. Your's wife's future
will be defined by one. Yours.
(MORE)

FORD (cont'd)
Push the button, maybe we lose,
maybe we don't. But push it, and
Molly dies. Surrender. She lives.

On Peter. A final impossible choice. He squeezes the sweat from his eyes.

PETER
Where are my daughters?

Ford taps Molly with the gun.

MOLLY
They were picked up by a rescue team.

PETER
You came back for me?

MOLLY
I'll always come back for you.

And that's hurts more then anything.

MOLLY
Peter. Listen to me.

On her knees, tears in her eyes.

MOLLY
You have to take care our family,
there's only one way to give them
the future they deserve.

His eyes fixated on her. Molly looking directly into the camera as if she can see him too.

MOLLY
Anybody would give up. For my sake
you should.
(beat)
That's why you can't.

Her way of telling him to push the button. See Molly close her eyes, ready for the end. Peter takes a last look and then turns away.

FORD
You have no idea what you're about to do. We're trying to save this country.

PETER
By killing innocent people?

FORD

Not innocent. The poor, the
criminal, the weak. The reason for
the "fall."

(beat)

The strong will survive, they
always do. This is the only way.

PETER

No. It's not.

Peter closes his eyes and initiates.

The response is immediate. The soldiers outside open fire.

Iris and Debbie return volley.

The entire command center is shredded in a maelstrom of
bullets.

On Peter, not bothering to duck, simply lets the world
explode around him. All sound fades away.

Papers flutter, equipment sparks, furniture and monitors torn
to pieces.

It goes on and on and on, until-

A voice emerges from the silence--

IRIS

Peter? Peter? PETER?

Peter looks up, eyes filled with tears.

IRIS

You did it

On the monitors we see POV shots of HAWKS and WOLVES and
unmanned CHOPPERS turning against their masters. Firing back
into the base.

We see them pouring into the tunnel, taking out the soldiers
who were firing on our heroes. We hear it happening--

PETER

Molly--

With Peter as he climbs the train car, looking out into the
lightening flash of the soldier's battling their own weapons.

He hits the dirt, searching.

PETER
MOLLY? MOLLY?

Then:

MOLLY
Peter?

He nearly breaks. They collide together. She throws her arms around him--

Silhouettes against the raging battle down the tunnel.

PETER
How?

MOLLY
Any version of the future I could think of, you always chose me. I figured that must be the reason I was going to die.

They hug again as Debbie and Iris approach. Standing together.

CUT TO:

EXT. TUNNEL ENTRANCE - LATER

Soldier's bodies strewn about. The tunnel entrance black against the blazing sun.

Then emerging--Peter, Molly, Iris and Debbie. Peter carries Greg's body.

They stop in disbelief.

See our troops filing onto the base. Our jets soaring over head. Wolves stand docile. The carcasses of their masters littered before them. They stand as if waiting Peter's next command.

A moment to take it all in.

Then Molly sees Jim Ford, still breathing, a bullet wound in his stomach. He's leaning against the shredded barricade.

Our heroes look to Ford. Peter says nothing. But Molly approaches him.

MOLLY
What could possibly happen in the future to warrant this?

Ford meets her gaze. A beat.

FORD
You'll find out.

As his eyes close for the last time.

FADE TO BLACK:

CLOSE ON: Peter. Clean. His hair combed. Reveal we're:

INT. ROOM - SOMEWHERE - SOMETIME

A small state room. Two twin beds where Emma and Anna sleep. Peter sits on a couch wearing fresh clothes. Molly lays with her head in his lap. Their wounds have been tended to.

A knock on the door.

A PETTY OFFICER in NAVAL ATTIRE enters.

PETTY OFFICER
Mr. and Mrs. Fox? Your presence is
requested.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Peter and Molly enter a nicely appointed office. We still don't know where we are.

A MAN rises from his chair.

MAN
Peter, Molly. My name is Jack
Norman, I'm the President's chief
of staff.

They shake hands.

NORMAN
Have a seat.

They do.

NORMAN
You both have survived something
quite extraordinary.

Norman sits forward in his chair.

NORMAN
The fact is, we need your help.

PETER
I told your people everything I
know.

Norman nods, rubs his eyes. He is beyond exhaustion.

NORMAN
We have to master this technology,
learn from it, improve up on it.
Or we don't have much of a chance.

PETER
Sir?

NORMAN
The Seattle attack wasn't an
isolated event. The war is far
from over.
(beat)
Unfortunately, Peter. It's just
beginning.

Off Peter we suddenly we pull back, out of the windows.
Revealing them to be on an AIRCRAFT CARRIER.

Pull back farther and we realize they are in the Puget Sound.
BATTLE SHIPS dot the bay.

Continuing impossibly high. Seattle in ruins.

Farther, as we witness the Western Seaboard.

PORLAND. SAN FRANCISCO. LOS ANGELES. Explosions. Smoke.

Further still. Destruction. Fighting.

CHICAGO. HOUSTON. DALLAS.

Further still. The entire U.S.

NEW YORK. BOSTON. DC. MIAMI.

Further still.

Black.