



The Nine Production, LLC

CAPTIVE STATE

*"Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall" -
Winston Churchill*

By

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BLACK.

**Chicago, Illinois. Two days after
First Contact.**

SOUND UP

WIPE to REVEAL: pouring rain.

JACK SPEAR (RADIO V.O.)
-- With power restored, we've
managed to get NPR host Mark Garber
as an eye-witness on the line from
Wheaton. Mark?

Wipers track across a sodden gray city-scape.

INT. CAR - DAY

FROM THE BACKSEAT OF A 1990 NISSAN SKYLINE - JOHN (African American, late 30's, glasses). We see only the back of his head and a glimpse of emotion in profile.

JOHN
Who knows when they're going to
switch it off again. We've got to
do it now.

MARK GARBER (RADIO V.O.)
(bad connection)
Jack, plenty of people here have
chosen to ignore authorities
commands to stay home, stay inside.

John speeds, weaving through oncoming traffic. Horns honk,
tires squeal as vehicles veer to make way.

Abandoned cars clog the roadsides.

Sitting beside John, bloodless knuckles gripping the
dashboard; his wife - FLORA (African American) - similar age.

FLORA
Left.

The car slows but doesn't turn.

FLORA (CONT'D)
(voice rising)
Left I said --

A suitcase topples off a precarious stack. Packed supplies
slide and fall -- portable contents of the pantry --

MARK GARBER (RADIO V.O.)
 (bad connection)
 There are lines stretching city
 blocks at the few stores that still
 have essentials --
 (phone cuts out)

And then, a moment in clear focus, a breath in the chaos --
 Flora tucks hair behind the fold of her ear, a hole where an
 earring should be. Pulling herself together.

JACK SPEAR (RADIO V.O.)
 Mark?

JOHN
 It's blocked, Flora.

John blows through the stop light, and leans heavy on the
 horn to battle his way across a clogged intersection.

JACK SPEAR (RADIO V.O.)
 While we try to get him back --

Cars honk back in protest. One sits empty in the
 intersection, emergency lights pulsing watery yellow, doors
 flung open like the wings of a broken bird.

FLORA
 Should we call the school? There
 may be a plan -

Before she can act, Flora's phone rings. She looks down.

FLORA (CONT'D)
 It's Mulligan --

JOHN
 Don't answer --

Too late. A MAN'S craggy face fills the phone screen.

MULLIGAN
 Flora. Is John with you?

Flora nods.

FLORA
 We're leaving William.

MULLIGAN
 (shouting to be heard)
 John. Turn around now. Come back to
 the station.

JOHN

Hang up --

Mulligan fumbles his phone. On screen; chaos of a police precinct. Body armor. Riot shields. Weapons.

MULLIGAN

It's not safe. Don't try to leave --

JOHN (O.S.)

Hang up!

FLORA

Maybe he's right --

JOHN

He's crazy. They're all crazy --

- A PULSE OF BLINDING LIGHT THEN STATIC. John brakes. Mulligan's face evaporates as the phone dies, the radio dies.

Outside the car, the sound of traffic subsides as engines cut out and vehicles en masse coast to a stop.

Only John's car engine remains running, the only movement now his dashboard hula doll's gentle sway.

People emerge from stationary cars. They hold burnt out Phones, I-pads all rendered useless.

Flora looks at her digital watch. It's stopped.

FLORA

What's happening?

JOHN

Every single car -- some kind of current --

John eyes his battered old car with its pre-electric ignition. Engine still running among a sea of stalled cars.

Through the windshield, A BEAT COP approaches.

John reaches for his pocket and drives forward. He lowers the window and presents his POLICE DETECTIVE BADGE.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Sergeant, I need to get north.

The beat cop glances in the car. Flora doesn't make eye contact.

BEAT COP
Where you going, Detective?

John's voice cracks.

JOHN
Just let us through --

STREET COP
Orders are all able-bodied report
for duty.

The cop reaches for his gun.

STREET COP (CONT'D)
Stop the engine and get out of the
car-

John has already thrown the car in reverse. He jumps the
curb, knocking the cop sideways.

He guns it down an alley.

JOHN
(to Flora)
Which way!

The GPS navigation is BLANK.

FLORA
I don't know --

Flora looks up, sees SOMETHING -- fleeting, massive ==
traveling above the roof lines.

FLORA (CONT'D)
(swallowing the words)
Oh my God.

John sees it too and takes a hard left.

JOHN
We'll go under the freeway.

The freeway overpass looms, nothing visible within the dark
mouth beneath.

FLORA
(fear)
We can't do that--

JOHN
You got a better idea?

Before she can respond, the dials on the dashboard jump to life, winding in spirals. The lights blink in a foreign code. The radio comes alive. The buzz of STATIC fills the car.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Turn it off --

Flora cranks the knob.

FLORA
I can't.

The brakes screech. The car judders to a stop.

Obscured through the fogged windshield, the underpass reveals itself.

Blocked off with concrete barriers, narrowing the road into a single lane CHECK POINT.

Hard to make out through the downpour: VAST HUMANOID SHAPES loom --

INDISTINCT VOICES amplified --

And then a SOUND; like a billion insects swarming --

John hard reverses, stomping on the gas, fish-tailing backwards. Flora is flung forward. The swarming grows louder.

John stamps the pedal but this time his engine locks in high rev.

FLORA (CONT'D)
(voice rising)
Turn around --

PANIC IN THE CAR as John tries again.

2 SUDDEN LOUD POPS in quick succession. The windshield cracks. Then a moment of stillness as John rips the gearshift into drive:

FLORA (CONT'D)
TURN AROUND!

The air SNAPS. Cracks spiderweb. The windshield floods with blood on the inside.

Crisscrossing laser shots implode glass, rip through seat fabric, clothing, flesh. John and Flora disappear in a fine red mist.

SILENCE.

HOLD on the empty windshield. Broken teeth of glass stud the edge. The static is gone now, leaving only the hissing of hot metal.

FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. WET SHADOWS loom.

OFF CAMERA, something impossibly strong RIPS OPEN the rear passenger door. A crate of soup cans spills.

Filtered BREATHING, almost in our ears --

WE REVERSE TO REVEAL: 2 BOYS in the back seat.

RAFE, 15. Headphones on.

GABRIEL, 11. Gripping a Rubik's Cube.

They sit frozen, fixed on the breathing just OFF SCREEN.

Gabriel closes his eyes, willing the world away. His pigeon chest rises and falls, flatter with each breath.

The breathing moves closer, assessing the car's contents.

In Rafe's terrified eyes - the obscured reflection of HELMET MASKED THINGS.

The door slams shut and drops from its hinges, lands on the street with a dull clang. The heavy footsteps recede.

Gabriel focuses on the dashboard hula girl's violent sway.

TO BLACK:

CAPTIVE STATE

A blinking cursor. Then glowing type across a DIGITAL SCREEN:

So far, all attempts to reconnect
the network have failed.

If you get this, I am dead but we
have succeeded in our final attack.

The next message you receive will
be from the Phoenix.

A blinking cursor followed by:

Failure to send...

EXT. CITY SCAPE - 05:36 AM

FADE IN: A slow PAN DOWN from light polluted storm clouds onto Chicago's vast city scape. In its sodium pallor it appears almost peaceful:

At its heart, seen prominently - A PULSING LIGHT at the highest point of the city - SEARS TOWER.

CHYRON: 9 YEARS AFTER FIRST CONTACT**EXT. EL TRAIN OVERPASS - 05:37 AM**

FINDING: The roar of the 1st train tracking its course around the Loop.

INT. EL TRAIN - 05:37 AM

GEORGE RITTENHOUSE (40's) - rides the first commuter.

Sleepy souls buckle and sway, obscured by a cloud of low hanging cigarette smoke.

Rittenhouse stands out from the blue collar types. Patches on jacket elbows, round spectacles.

EXT. EL TRAIN PLATFORM - 05:38 AM

He disembarks at a station platform, which empties around him, save for - ELLISON (40's).

The doors close and the train rolls out, steam vaporizes in the cold air.

2 men wait for the next train.

Rittenhouse clocks a NECK SCAR visible above Ellison's collar.

RITTENHOUSE
(lowered tone)
You're showing.

Ellison flicks his collar up, then fixes him a look.

Ellison's manner is intense, like all zealots. Tattooed hands hide in a faded military issue jacket, circa 2016.

Rittenhouse drops his head.

RITTENHOUSE (CONT'D)
By this time tomorrow, things will
be different.

ELLISON
Phoenix?

Rittenhouse nods and hands him a postcard.

RITTENHOUSE
Provided you locate the target. The
cell goes in tonight.

Ellison sucks in cold air and gazes across the tracks.

ELLISON
Everyone backs this?

RITTENHOUSE
Everyone backs Number One.

ELLISON
Phoenix is our final play.

Rittenhouse nods.

ELLISON (CONT'D)
And the other options?

RITTENHOUSE
Are not for us to decide. The
occupation decides the resistance.

Ellison fixes on a stray dog burrowing into an empty trash
can in the alley below.

ELLISON
I've accepted death. If it serves a
purpose.

Rittenhouse fixes him with a first look.

RITTENHOUSE
Faith is the evidence of things
unseen.

ELLISON
Fuck off with the riddles. Will it
work?

RITTENHOUSE
Your job is to deliver the Phoenix.

The next train pulls up -

RITTENHOUSE (CONT'D)
I'll await your location of the
target.

Rittenhouse boards, the doors close and the train departs.

Ellison is left alone on the platform. He slides a quarter
and dials a pay phone.

When the train clears, he too has vanished.

INT. DESERTED CITY STREET - 05:44 AM

Ellison walks quickly, using back ways, hiding his face in
his jacket collar; the practiced art of a fugitive.

He crawls through a freshly graffiti'd gap in a brick wall: a
Phoenix bird rising from ashes. A pre-marked meeting spot.

INT. TUNNEL UNDERPASS - 05:45 AM

The armature of elevated tracks cross overhead.

The outline of a man in yesterday's clothes approaches from
the half light, his face hidden by a heavy hood and a faded
White Sox cap.

Ellison checks the way out then beckons him over.

The HOODED MAN sits in shadow.

HOODED MAN
This mean I got a second chance?

The silence stretches. Then --

ELLISON
Buy what you need from Barbosa.
He'll deal with you.

Ellison hands him the postcard. A period photograph of a
football stadium.

HOODED MAN
Soldier's Field is miles from the
closed zone. How's that's going to
get me in?

Ellison crosses his arms.

ELLISON
Shortest distance between two
points isn't always a straight
line.

HOODED MAN
What about collateral damage?

ELLISON
Make sure there is none. When do
you expect the target info?

HOODED MAN
No later than three PM.

ELLISON
Who's stealing it? One of ours?

HOODED MAN
A no one. Just a kid. But he'll
deliver.

ELLISON
He has to. Today's the day.

The two men split in opposite directions.

MUSIC UP:

INT. ANDERSONVILLE TENEMENT HOUSE: BEDROOM - 05:55 AM

A percussive retro track from the summer of 2016...full
volume through a classroom CASSETTE PLAYER.

A boy's bedroom frozen in time. Toys on shelves. Kids
wallpaper.

GABRIEL - now 20 - goes at it with RULA (28), urgent clumsy
actions, unbuttoned top and bra. He grips her hair, holding
her head back. His bare ass moves above her, pushing himself
in feverishly, moaning, kissing her.

GABRIEL
You smell so good. You taste so
good --

Rula laughs.

RULA
You screwing me? Or eating a pizza?

She tucks her hair behind her ear, revealing the hole where an earring should be. A memory made flesh. Gabriel bites at her lobe.

GABRIEL
I love you, Rula.

Rula rolls on her back, as he looks down intently. She fingers the raised nodule of skin in his neck, the presence of a foreign object beneath, cautious and tender.

Gabriel looks to framed pictures next to the bed: among them, a young Gabriel with his brother and parents in front of a cabin on Lake Michigan's east shore.

Gabriel reaches for it --

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
You remember I told you --

- when the bedroom door opens.

RULA
Jesus --

JURGIS
Yo! Don't mind me.

JURGIS (20's) enters with the loping walk of the streets.

Gabriel rolls off Rula, who feverishly covers herself.

RULA
Do you knock?

JURGIS
I did. You didn't hear.

He laughs, dirty.

RULA
Come up here uninvited...

JURGIS
Want me to write you a letter?

Gabriel, wearing just briefs, leaps into his friend's arms and topples him onto the sofa, interrupting. Jurgis cackles and disentangles.

JURGIS (CONT'D)
(to Rula)
Relax mami. I don't get my rocks
off by watching you do the grind.

Rula rolls over to go back to sleep then sees Jurgis reach for some coupons on the dresser -

RULA
Get out of my fucking bedroom,
Jurgis!

JURGIS	RULA (CONT'D)	
This ain't your bedroom	Shut up asshole, you know	
little lady, though you've	shit about me --	*
made yourself at home --		*

JURGIS
-- this here house is my boy's and
we got business to attend --

He ducks as a flying shoe cuts him short, retreats into the hallway and slams the door.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE TENEMENT HOUSE: HALLWAY - 05:56 AM

Gabriel plucks strewn clothes from the floor, brushing his teeth with a dry tooth brush.

GABRIEL
Why you got to be down on her?

JURGIS
Because you're a sucker for a sweet
ass.

Jurgis holds his hand out expectant.

Gabriel ducks into the bathroom and plucks a baggy from the toilet cupboard, tosses it to Jurgis who opens it and spills a half dozen data chips.

He grabs one and plugs it into a jerry-rigged chip reader on a cluttered sideboard. He scrolls through and isolates the MUSIC FILES.

JURGIS (CONT'D)
This is some loaded shit.

GABRIEL
A-list tunes.

JURGIS
I could get two fifty for this at
the swap tonight.

He slaps Gabriel's hand.

GABRIEL
How 'bout I take my cut now.

Jurgis grins and peels him some bills. Gabriel counts them.

JURGIS
You keep stealing, I'll keep
selling.

Jurgis tucks the baggy down the front of his pants, then
tosses a packet of condoms and hands him a bottle: LAXATIVE.

Gabriel flips it in his hand as he pulls on jeans.

Gabriel uncaps the laxative, then pauses at his bedroom door.

GABRIEL
See you downstairs.

Jurgis gives him a look then exits.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE TENEMENT HOUSE: BEDROOM - 05:58 AM

Gabriel closes the door and tosses the laxative in the trash.

RULA
He better not have touched
anything.

Gabriel reaches for the family photo and sits in next to her.

GABRIEL
Ever seen the sun set across the
lake?

Rula shakes her head, half asleep.

RULA
Sun sets this side. The west side.

Gabriel smiles, eyes bright.

GABRIEL
You will.

RULA
What're you talking about?

GABRIEL
I'll see you later.

He kisses her deep, then leaves her the photo and exits.

Rula watches him go then sets it down and rolls on her back. Awake. Listening.

We HOLD on the cabin family photo and a PHOTO next to it: A young pre-teen Gabriel flanked by other students and his older brother Rafe. Their teachers stand above, their mother FLORA among them.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - 06:07 AM

The Andersonville neighborhood: the projects meets Beirut.

The street's quiet. It's cold and still dark. The depths of a Chicago winter. Paint peels like scabs from shop fronts.

The two start walking.

JURGIS

You got to take a stand, cuz. Your
girl's like a cuckoo in your nest --

Gabriel tenses. Turning onto the street behind them; an armored police SUV.

GABRIEL

Elroys.

They pull their hats down and walk faster.

The SUV brakes ten lengths back.

VOICE THROUGH SPEAKER

Stop where you are.

The two slow and look back.

VOICE THROUGH SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Hands on your head. Don't move.

Jurgis and Gabriel comply. Gabriel spits.

A BEAT, then doors open and 3 armed Chicago police (ELROYS) get out.

LEAD ELROY

Lift your jackets and turn around.

The two pull heavy layers up, exposing bare midriffs to the freezing cold, then turn in a circle.

LEAD ELROY (CONT'D)

-- Come here.

Hands on head Jurgis and Gabriel walk to the cops. Weapons train on them.

The lead Elroy gestures for Gabriel then pulls a wand like device from a holster and lifts it to his neck. He checks a reading. Jurgis hangs back, eyes down.

LEAD ELROY (CONT'D)
Where you going?

GABRIEL
Work.

LEAD ELROY
Where you been?

GABRIEL
Home.

LEAD ELROY
What's this?

The lead Elroy reaches out and pinches a fresh hickey on Gabriel's neck.

LEAD ELROY (CONT'D)
Someone bite you, lover boy?

Gabriel pulls away. The Lead Elroy laughs. Enjoying himself.

ELROY
Search them?

LEAD ELROY
Turn around. Both of you.

The two turn, hands still on heads.

LEAD ELROY (CONT'D)
See the wall over there?

The two walk slowly to the wall.

GABRIEL
I'm going to be late for work.

LEAD ELROY
Stand on it.

Reluctantly they climb up.

GABRIEL
Why they don't leave me the fuck
alone.

JURGIS
(sotto voce)
Why'd do you think?

The Elroys watch for a moment, then climb back inside their vehicle, leaving Jurgis and Gabriel out in the cold.

GABRIEL
I can't be late. Not today.

Gabriel looks back. The Elroys blocking the street.

Jurgis eyes a back alley and gestures with his head.

Gabriel considers then nods.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: BROWNSTONE STREET - 06:12 AM

On the other side Gabriel drops the last 6 feet and dusts himself off, breathless. Scans the empty street.

GABRIEL
This is the wrong way.

Jurgis drops down next to him.

Posters cover a wall: men and women's faces posing in portrait, like martyrs from the West Bank.

At the far end one painted mural dwarfs the rest.

Jurgis drops down next to him and gazes up at the face of a young man.

Gabriel passes beneath it without looking up.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Let's go.

Jurgis stares at the dominant face as he follows.

JURGIS
Your bro's a legend, cuz.

Gabriel ignores him and keeps walking.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: STREET INTERSECTION - 06:12 AM

A thin line of orange light forms along the horizon above a wall that divides the landscape.

Jurgis and Gabriel clamber along a rooftop and stop short across from an outer perimeter wall that cordons THE CLOSED ZONE: A 5 square mile central area of city that appears deserted. Between the buildings, vast sinkholes spew clouds of unidentified white vapor.

Slabs of outer concrete wall are graffiti-daubed with monstrous, demonic faces and shapes and slogans -

OUR DAY WILL COME.

THEY'RE HERE TO STAY. THEY'RE HERE TO DESTROY.

TO EXIST IS TO RESIST.

JURGIS

When's the last time you saw one?

GABRIEL

A Roach?

Gabriel shrugs.

Rising from the heart of this closed zone, dwarfing all other buildings, as if piercing the membrane of a nest -- the Sears Tower.

Jurgis eyes the ladder of steel that climbs into the sky from its summit. On top a dull orb throbs:

JURGIS

That jammer's giving us all cancer.

Gabriel eyes the blocked entrance to an underpass that falls into darkness. A street block in length, but long enough to span one divide of the closed zone perimeter. A forbidden shortcut.

GABRIEL

(ignoring)

I cut through the lakeshore way, I could be at work in ten.

JURGIS

Some day one of us is going to break in, like your bro did. And they're going to tear that bitch down.

The street lighting is out and the entrance blocked, save a small crawl space. Jurgis pays attention.

JURGIS (CONT'D)
You go in there, you're not coming
out.

Before Jurgis can stop him, Gabriel slips through the crawl space.

JURGIS (CONT'D)
Stop fucking around Gabe.

It's the first time we've seen Jurgis on edge.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: UNDERPASS BENEATH CLOSED ZONE - 06:13 AM

Gabriel lands and looks to the other end of an abandoned pedestrian underpass. A glimmer of sodium light locates the exit. An old sign indicates direction to the lakeshore.

Watching his step, he passes through the bleeding edge of shadow into pitch black.

He breathes and takes a few steps, when --

A SUDDEN static. His skin crawls, then his hair stands on end as a wave of electro-static washes over, casting him in a luminescent glow.

Gabriel touches his hair in giddy wonder, then turns back to Jurgis who peers through the crawl space.

The two laugh.

A SOUND fast approaching from the darkness --

Like a billion insects SWARMING --

Fear mounts as the SOUND advances. Not looking back Gabriel charges for the way out, scrambles over fallen rubble, frantic, tripping --

Then an arm --

Jurgis pulls him clear as the SOUND recedes.

Gabriel wheezes and curses. Jurgis clammers up and kicks his friend --

JURGIS
Crazy fool!

Then laughs and embraces him --

JURGIS (CONT'D)
Go! Get me the goods, alright?

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Keep it down!

Jurgis flips a middle finger to a high window and heads one way while Gabriel goes the other.

**INT. ANDERSONVILLE: APARTMENT OVERLOOKING THE PERIMETER WALL -
06:22 AM**

FROM THE APARTMENT WINDOW: Gabriel runs the wall's seemingly endless length.

The modest apartment sits up against the perimeter, like those Hausmann buildings overlooking the Berlin Wall.

JACKIE MULLIGAN (50's) closes the window. Her home is modest to crappy.

She pauses on seeing one side of the bed undisturbed, then walks to a sink and fills the kettle.

A television is on. A news report on trade expansion with the LEGISLATORS and a new gifted technology that allows for deeper OIL DRILLING.

JACKIE
What time did you come home?

WILLIAM MULLIGAN (50's) sits at a table by the kitchen window. We recognize his brooding face from THE PROLOGUE, now marked by nine years of painful experience. Strong features hide behind glasses.

MULLIGAN
I don't know. Your light was still on.

The Chicago Tribune is spread out across the table. Mulligan presses his fingertips to a money counter's wetting sponge, moistening them before he turns to the classifieds.

He scours the advertisements of stores and small businesses.

JACKIE
What are you buying?

MULLIGAN
Nothing.

He marks one Ad: **Phoenix fire place cleaning. Prevent household problems and fires by having your chimney inspected, swept, cleaned or repaired by Phoenix Good Air Services today.**

JACKIE
You obsess over those people.

MULLIGAN
It's my job.

Jackie sits close.

JACKIE
What's it going to bring us,
William? Let others do the chasing.

Mulligan looks up, weary.

JACKIE (CONT'D)
Everyone else moved out to
Lakeshore years ago.

MULLIGAN
I'm more effective here. It's
important I live here, Jackie. In
the community.

JACKIE
Is that why you got the promotion?
No one else wanted this for a view?

She gestures to the perimeter wall which dominates the window frame. He gets up and opens the door to a back room.

MULLIGAN
If you don't like the view, leave.

He closes the door behind him.

Jackie breathes, then goes to wash up. The lights flicker and die. Another power cut. Jackie smashes her mug into the crowded sink.

INT. DATA STORAGE CENTER ENTRANCE - 07:02 AM

Gabriel heads in from the street as a KLAXON sounds.

He passes quickly through a corral-like machine which scans the raised nodule beneath the skin of his neck.

His name, D.O.B. and other information scrolls on a monitor.

The machine is state-of-the-art but the lobby remains unchanged.

Those manning the machines look like rent-a-cops needing coffee.

INT. DATA RECOVERY SECTION - 07:04 AM

Gabriel glances up at the FOREMAN who eyeballs him through the glass office window above.

The interior cubicles are soulless work stations.

Gabriel goes to work, grabbing an assortment of digital appliances, mostly smart phones -- from a conveyor belt.

He cracks each one open like a lobster claw and expertly removes the data chips inside.

As he scans each chip, relevant information is uploaded. What's not is erased.

Gabriel watches his monitor as past lives flash by; images and videos of random anonymous vacations and birthdays before the occupation: toddlers playing at the beach. A woman, arms raised on a Coney Island coaster. Happier times.

He tosses loose chips back onto another belt where they travel into a compactor and takes another fistful.

Gabriel wipes his brow and looks across at a co-worker, whose curled palm reveals a glimpse of chips. He checks the surveillance cameras that pan across each station and when they briefly frame away, he envelops his palm into a stretched condom.

The co-worker grimaces, wipes his mouth. The chips slide down his throat.

Gabriel says nothing.

The KLAXON blares.

FOREMAN'S AMPLIFIED VOICE (O.S.)
Ten minutes.

All rise from their stations.

EXT. DATA RECOVERY CENTER: LOADING YARD - 09:46 AM

A cluster of workers on break. Seen across rooftops, vast gas plumes pour from inside the closed zone.

The Sears tower GPS Jammer dominates the skyline.

Gabriel sits alone and massages his stomach. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a bag of loose tobacco.

Across the yard: The DATA CONTAINMENT WING.

From a windowed corridor, a freckled young girl (20) - catches Gabriel's eye, smiles and descends the stairs.

Gabriel's gaze drops as she sits alongside.

Gabriel glances over, expectant. She says nothing.

GABRIEL

You got it or what?

The girl's eyes narrow, cutting him short.

GIRL

Roll me a cigarette?

She hands him a Zig-Zag. Gabriel looks at her, unsure. The girl reacts to an unasked question.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Sure, I got an extra. Here --

On the 2nd paper she hands over -- CODES AND LETTERS HAND WRITTEN IN A TINY SCRAWL.

Gabriel rolls two cigarettes and hands one back to the girl. The girl lights hers and exhales, legs swinging.

GIRL (CONT'D)

Hope it's put to good use.

Gabriel shrugs and tucks his behind his ear.

GIRL (CONT'D)

That chick Rula still crashing at your place?

Gabriel nods.

GIRL (CONT'D)

You let me know when she moves out.

Gabriel smiles, sheepish. The girl slings her smoke, jumps down and heads back inside.

Gabriel watches her go as the KLAXON sounds for end of break. Then nervously checks the roll up is secure behind his ear.

EXT. WAREHOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD - 12:05 PM

Workers spill out.

Low slung anonymous warehouses cover this part of town.

Gabriel emerges from the throng and, cap low on his face, sets off on foot.

From down the street, a commotion as Gabriel's co worker (last seen stealing data chips) pushes his way through oncoming pedestrians.

A familiar swarming HUM causes Gabriel to look up. High above, a glimpse of something passing en masse over the roof line, locked on and circling the street.

What at first appears to be a cloud spirals in a great murmururation.

The co-worker pleads for help but passers by turn their backs. This is the way things are. The thief tears at his neck trying to rid himself of his implant.

Gabriel looks on. He reaches tentative for the cigarette.

From nowhere, Elroys converge and haul the man into the back of a vehicle then speed away.

The street returns to normal.

Gabriel turns and walks in the other direction.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN SHORELINE -

Gabriel navigates his way through a maze of rusted hulks stacked high by the lake side.

These steel carcasses are relics of the initial mass exodus from the city, since dragged and dumped along the shoreline to clear the roads. Rusted crane joists hang above a graveyard of memories.

Gabriel approaches the deserted shoreline and throws a stone that skims the water.

Far across the lake, transport ships ascend into the sky and beyond. A massive down thrust forms a swell that moments later laps the shoreline. ALIEN CRAFT.

Gabriel launches one more stone skipping polluted waves toward the distant ships then heads down the shore.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE SHORELINE -

Hidden from view, Gabriel pulls a tarp clear of a trailer lean-to, revealing a heavily patched speedboat with a battered outboard. Tools lie strewn on the ground.

He gently runs his hand along the painstakingly buffed patches in the aluminum finish and looks to the other side of the lake.

JURGIS (O.S.)

Hey cuz --

Gabriel tenses and turns.

JURGIS (CONT'D)

You got here early.

GABRIEL

So did you.

Jurgis clocks Gabriel's hand on the boat and roughly slaps the side of her hull. A different kind of touch.

JURGIS

She's almost ready.

GABRIEL

About.

Jurgis looks out at the lake.

JURGIS

She's fast, G. Gonna have to be to get past what's out there. On the other side, a whole new market.

Jurgis gestures widely.

JURGIS (CONT'D)

People out there, they got to be jonesing for what we've got.

He turns in an excited half-dance to Gabriel.

JURGIS (CONT'D)

You drink the Jollop?

Gabriel shakes his head.

GABRIEL

Nothing for you today.

JURGIS
The fuck, yo?

GABRIEL
You heard me. I gotta go.

Jurgis looks at Gabriel. At the cigarette behind his ear.

JURGIS
We're partners --

GABRIEL
Partners how? I take the risk. I
saw someone get took today.

Jurgis's blood rises.

JURGIS
You take the risk? I do the deals.
I hustle so you can sit back in
your cush job --

GABRIEL
I gotta do for me. And Rula.

JURGIS
Fuck Rula! How it is, you got a
side thing going, going to steal my
goddamn boat --

GABRIEL
It's yours now, that it --

Jurgis reaches for the cigarette behind Gabriel's ear.
Gabriel goes to grab it back and Jurgis holds it up. Gabriel
stares at the cigarette Jurgis rolls tauntingly between his
fingers.

JURGIS
You're about to get burned --

He's about to light it when Gabriel snatches it back.

Gabriel grabs Jurgis's arm, silencing him. They both listen.
There it is again. From outside, tires crunch over gravel.
Gabriel and Jurgis tense.

Jurgis yanks the tarp back over the boat. Gabriel exits
first, Jurgis heads the other way.

Gabriel weaves low between the car wrecks, checks his way is
clear then breaks cover.

An unmarked car pulls up alongside and slows to his pace.
Gabriel speeds up.

The driver tosses a light on the roof and reverses onto the curb.

Gabriel stops. The driver's face appears. William Mulligan.

MULLIGAN

Get in.

Gabriel doesn't move.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

I'm not asking.

INT. MULLIGAN'S CAR - 12:09 PM

Gabriel slumps into the passenger seat. Mulligan eyes him, unblinking.

MULLIGAN

You should be at work.

Gabriel watches a tracking monitor on the dashboard.
Mulligan's implant locator. Gabriel's ID breakdown and GPS location read as a pulsing blip on a map.

GABRIEL

Doesn't Special Branch have
anything better to do?

Mulligan eyeballs the smoke behind Gabriel's ear, then offers a half-eaten take out.

MULLIGAN

From your local.

Gabriel takes it and spoons in the chicken tikka.

GABRIEL

(chewing)

What do you want?

Gabriel rips a piece of naan.

MULLIGAN

What you know about "Phoenix"?

GABRIEL

I'm not one of your narks.

MULLIGAN

What the hell are you doing down here, Gabriel?

Gabriel stops eating and stares out the window.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Most kids your age are up there - resource mining or worse. You're lucky to have this job.

GABRIEL

I didn't ask you for it.

MULLIGAN

I don't want you winding up like your brother.

GABRIEL

You mean dead?

MULLIGAN

Your dad would've wanted me to look out for you.

Gabriel closes the styrofoam and hands it back.

GABRIEL

He don't know what you turned into. My dad wouldn't want anything from you --

Gabriel reaches for the door. He's stopped by a firm grip.

MULLIGAN

Chips are going missing at your work. Don't fuck up.

GABRIEL

Can I go?

Mulligan leans back and looks away.

MULLIGAN

Get out of here.

Gabriel is up and out.

Mulligan watches him go then pulls a sharp U Turn and tosses the Styrofoam box.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - 12:39 PM

Seen through Mulligan's windshield, we recognize this neighborhood from Gabriel's dawn commute.

On approach, Mulligan removes the siren light.

Two marked police cars are parked on the street. HOVER VEHICLES, unfamiliar technology appropriated by the authorities.

Uniformed beat cops -- ELROYS -- hang out on the street.

Mulligan acknowledges them with a nod; his people, then pulls into an alley.

A wall of mailboxes. Mulligan empties one, then slips inside the back way.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: BROWNSTONE - 12:42 PM

The 5 stories are rundown. Low income families. Babies scream.

Men in suits frequent the rooms.

A SUITED MAN exits the room and gestures to a MINDER in the hall.

Heavy footfalls descend. His bulk fills the stairwell as he passes.

A beat after, Mulligan emerges and climbs the stairs.

He passes an OLD WOMAN cleaning rooms then arrives at an open door.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - 12:44 PM

Mulligan enters the two room apartment. A woman in a kimono - JANE DOE - looks up at the sound of the door. She goes back to cleaning herself with a washcloth, then reapplies make up.

JANE DOE
I'll be ready in a minute.

The first thing that tells us this prostitute is different are the books. They vie for space with photos and curios on the bookshelves that span the apartment wall to the ceiling.

Mulligan shifts nervously. Awkward and unsure in her presence.

Jane Doe sees him for the first time. Her mask drops for an instant. Caution sets in.

She recovers then walks to a stereo and presses PLAY: the opening bars of Nat King Cole's - *Stardust*.

Mulligan takes some bills from his wallet and places them on the table. Then removes his special branch badge.

He stops short, seeing a contraband smart phone buried in a drawer. He considers then pockets it.

He offers her the pieces of mail.

MULLIGAN
I brought your mail up. I thought
you'd like that.

JANE DOE
You know you don't have to pay.

MULLIGAN
I know.

Mulligan puts the mail on a side table and studies the walls.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
Have you been busy?

Jane Doe eyes him. Then nods politely.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
I can't stay long.

MISS DOE
How are you, William?

Mulligan takes a throw pillow -- embroidered with the circle of 13 stars from the Colonial flag -- to make room on the small facing sofa.

MULLIGAN
I'm under a lot of pressure.

MISS DOE
Just focus on what's right in front
of you.

She removes her kimono.

MISS DOE (CONT'D)
I'll take care of the rest.

She looks back then steps into the shower.

EXT. SOUTH SIDE: NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - 01:45 PM

On a street corner Gabriel checks his watch again.

The area is built up, impoverished. A place to be anonymous. Martyr posters plaster neighborhood walls, Gabriel's brother's portrait prominent among them.

A phalanx of robed men and women pass on the crowded side walk. They walk silent. Eyes and ears covered. ACOLYTES. Some break from the line and rip down the posters.

Gabriel ignores them and notices a van now parked across from him. On its side the logo FRY'S ELECTRONICS - 'SAME DAY PRIORITY AND DELIVERY'.

Gabriel approaches the driver's window and taps on the glass. THE COURIER ignores him.

GABRIEL
You got my money?

The courier keeps his eyes on the road and flips the central lock.

COURIER
Get in the back.

INT. DELIVERY VAN - 01:47 PM

Gabriel climbs in the back and shuts the door.

GABRIEL
Can we do this quick?

Gabriel offers up the rolled cigarette.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
It's crazy hot in here.

The courier reaches for the implant nodule below his jaw, checks it by squeezing hard.

Gabriel recoils.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
What the fuck --

COURIER
Put this on.

The courier pulls out a thin metallic neck brace. He activates a switch then slings it back. It HUMS.

GABRIEL

I just want to get paid.

COURIER

Not here for the greater good,
then?

GABRIEL

You came to me, remember? Where's
my money?

The courier turns and lifts his jacket. Tucked in his waistband, a gun.

COURIER

Put it on.

Gabriel spits and takes the throbbing collar.

He lifts it over his head and winces in pain from the jamming signal emitted.

COURIER (CONT'D)

Now the hood.

Gabriel can see nothing when he pulls the hood over his head.

The courier checks the locks, then whistles into a short wave radio. He puts a collar on himself and pulls away from the shoreline and onto the road.

GABRIEL

(rising panic)

Where we going? Listen man, I'm not
one of you. I don't do this shit.
You didn't say anything about going
anywhere --

The courier doesn't answer. Just drives.

HARD CUT:

Stone cold, the courier navigates back streets and alleyways, unaffected by his collar.

He slows in anticipation of a check point around one corner, then accelerates fast to avoid detection.

Gabriel clutches the collar, blind, and curses the vibrating pain.

The courier spots something in the sky up ahead, pulls into a side street, and kills the engine.

He pushes Gabriel's head down as he lies flat, lifts Gabriel's hood briefly and raises a finger to his lips.

The familiar SOUND of swarming.

The courier cranes to see something nearing in the side mirror. For a second a glimpse of it's hard-bodied shape. He loses visual as it passes over the van --

-- A RED SCANNER LIGHT invades the interior and passes like a cheese wire over their bodies, up over their necks and jaw lines. The SOUND of a SURVEILLANCE DRONE reaches crescendo then falls away.

SILENCE.

The courier waits a moment, then starts the engine and pulls back out.

Gabriel sits up and breathes heavy. HARD CUT TO:

SOUND of brakes. The engine cuts. Gabriel's head comes up.

EXT. EDGE OF WICKER PARK - 02:15 PM

The courier slides opens the door and pulls him out.

The hood's removed. It's below freezing but Gabriel sweats heavily.

He blinks in the light and gathers his bearings.

GABRIEL

Wicker Park? What are we doing here?

The courier says nothing.

A chain link fence blocks off the no-go zone of Wicker Park. Signs on the fence read STRICTLY FORBIDDEN. NO TRESPASSING.

On the other side are flattened diners, bulldozed store fronts, hollowed apartment buildings. An American Homs now devoid of life. Rusted speakers pepper rooftops -- some kind of SOUND WEAPON employed en masse.

Across the fence a raised concrete walkway stretches from one building to another.

The courier hangs back.

COURIER

You'll be taken care of on the
other side.

Gabriel looks to the courier. He nods to the opposite building.

COURIER (CONT'D)

You want to get paid, don't you?

Hesitant, Gabriel crawls beneath the gash cut in the chain link, then crosses the narrow walkway.

Gabriel looks back. The courier waves his hand, urging him on.

Something's not right.

Halfway across, he sees a reflected movement in a window.

Sound of an engine. The van pulls away.

A piece of roof cornice SMASHES to the ground, narrowly missing Gabriel. He grabs the window frame to steady himself and enters.

INT. WICKER PARK: BUILDING - 02:17 PM

A room full of personal artifacts, forgotten lives enshrined in layers of dust. Whatever happened here, everything was left behind.

Gabriel adjusts his collar and winces.

He picks up a clock on the mantle, winds it. Watches it tick.

He waits, then unhooks the neck brace and pulls it off.
Blessed relief.

That's when he feels cold steel in the back of his head.

VOICE

Put it back on.

Gabriel turns. The familiar silhouette of the hooded man and the WHITE SOX CAP.

It takes Gabriel's eyes a second to adjust.

GABRIEL

Rafe?

The hood pulls back to reveal the face from the mural.
GABRIEL'S BROTHER. He smiles.

RAFE
Baby brother.

Rafe takes the first step and they embrace. Then Gabriel
tenses and pulls back. His mouth a thin line.

GABRIEL
You not trust me?

Rafe is silent. Gabriel's anger builds.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
So it wasn't true, then?

In the half light, we see the man Rafe has become.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
You didn't make it inside. That all
a lie?

Rafe's face is scarred. His ears strangely misshapen.

RAFE
I got in. Just not far enough.

GABRIEL
And then what? What about me?
Didn't think about that? You've
been out here four years and no
sign, no word, nothing?!
(voice breaks)
I was easy to find, Rafe. Same
place you left me --

Rafe takes his brother in his arms. Gabriel struggles -

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
You know the shit I had to deal
with being your brother? They're on
me 24-7.

Rafe holds him tight. Gabriel pulls back when he sees old but
distinct scarring beneath Rafe's jawline.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Your bug. Where is it?

RAFE
Gone.

GABRIEL
That's impossible.

RAFE
Not anymore. It's why I couldn't
come home. Some ways I am dead.

He looks around the room. His life as a fugitive.

RAFE (CONT'D)
Who's been on you?

GABRIEL
Everyone. Mulligan.

RAFE
What's he want?

GABRIEL
Answers to stupid questions. Asking
what I hear about Phoenix?

Rafe looks sharp.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
I've never even been to Phoenix.

RAFE
He make you?

Gabriel shakes his head and hands him the ROLLED CIGARETTE.

GABRIEL
If I knew it was for you, I
would've asked for more.

Rafe cuffs him playful but hard across the head.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)
Why'd you have me steal this?

RAFE
Because I knew you'd get it. -- And
so I could see you.

Rafe peels a wad of notes and tosses them Gabriel's way.

RAFE (CONT'D)
Use this to get yourself out.

GABRIEL
I'm working on it.

RAFE

Not next week. Not tomorrow. Now.
Before it gets dark.

Gabriel looks away.

GABRIEL

Getting rid of me again?

RAFE

There's a war coming.

Gabriel pulls back.

GABRIEL

You could have just stayed dead.

RAFE

Where will you go?

GABRIEL

The cabin.

RAFE

Stay away from the roads.

GABRIEL

Come with me.

RAFE

G --

GABRIEL

Why's this your fight? We've always
been at the bottom. Even before
they came -- We just got to do for
ourselves -- take care of your own -

Rafe shakes his head.

RAFE

You aren't old enough to remember,
but mom and dad taught you
different.

GABRIEL

Yeah and they're dead now. -- Let
the Roaches take what they want if
they want it so bad. So they'll go.

Rafe gazes out the window on the ice that forms on remaining
panes of glass.

RAFE

You believe this is May? -- They're staying Gabriel. It's a lie. They're going to take everything, and in a few years when they've stripped us, they'll be nothing left. None of us will survive. None. Unless we stop it now.

Rafe picks up the ticking clock.

GABRIEL

Why you got to be the hero?

RAFE

Who else?

Gabriel drops his gaze, resigned. He grabs the neck brace then turns away.

GABRIEL

I got this far without you - see you down the road.

Rafe watches as his brother turns the corner and disappears from view. He retreats inside.

INT. WICKER PARK: MAZE THROUGH BUILDINGS - 02:29 PM

Rafe travels through a maze of jagged holes hacked in walls between rooms and buildings.

INT. WICKER PARK: TOP FLOOR - 02:30 PM

His hideout - a once upmarket apartment lit by construction lights jacked into a nearby power line.

He carefully unrolls Gabriel's cigarette, scattering tobacco then folds the paper into a small metal cylinder.

He goes to the corner of the room, opens a cage on the floor and takes out a pigeon.

He attaches the cylinder and tosses the bird through an open window.

He piles possessions into a stained bath and pours in acid. He drops papers and notebooks into a dying fire. Plans for a targeted attack...Then rising -

He removes a pressed suit from the closet, puts it on, and adjusts it in the mirror. He stares himself in the eye, then walks out and leaves the door open.

EXT. GOD'S EYE VIEW OF ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD -

ANDERSONVILLE SEEN PIXILATED FROM ABOVE -

WE pick up a human figure - Gabriel - moving at speed across alleyways.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: TENEMENT HOUSE -

A bird flies high overhead.

Gabriel uses his key to let himself in.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: TENEMENT HOUSE BEDROOM -

Rula lies asleep on the bed as if she's slept the whole day.

Gabriel tunes to a government radio station - Perry Como's 'It's impossible', cranks the volume then locks his door from the inside.

RULA
Turn it down.

He ignores her, yanking back the kids play rug, jimmying up a floor board.

Forced to get up, Rula switches off the radio.

RULA (CONT'D)
What's going on?

He pulls out a shoe box.

GABRIEL
We're getting out.

Inside the box, personal belongings, a school yearbook, a Rubik's cube -

Rula looks at him, blank.

He pulls the wad of cash from a pocket and throws it on the bed.

RULA
What did you do?

He reaches for photos on the night stand --

His father in police uniform poses with a younger Mulligan.

His mom alongside a DOZEN TEACHERS in a school faculty photo.

RULA (CONT'D)

Who do you owe?

GABRIEL

I made that money. So we can go.
Now.

Rula starts counting.

RULA

No one makes this kind of money.

Gabriel considers.

GABRIEL

I got it from my brother.

RULA

(incredulous)

Nice try.

Gabriel keeps packing.

GABRIEL

He's alive.

RULA

You lied to me?

GABRIEL

I didn't lie. I didn't know. Get
your stuff. Only what you can
carry.

RULA

You saw him? -- Where is he?

GABRIEL

What do you care?

RULA

Because I care about you. Where're
you going to go?

He takes the photo of the cabin and hands it to her.

GABRIEL

It's enough to get there and for a few weeks at least. After that we'll make it up.

RULA

And the roadblocks?

GABRIEL

We're going across the lake.

RULA

There's nothing there anymore. There's no law. It's dangerous.

GABRIEL

(angry)

Maybe it is, but it's got to be better than here.

Rula slides off the bed and makes for the bathroom.

RULA

You're crazy.

GABRIEL

Come on. Dream with me, baby.

RULA

No. Yeah it sucks here, but we're safe. We know that --

Gabriel zips his bag and shoulders it.

GABRIEL

Safe?! You're crazy Rula.

Rula gets in front of him.

RULA

Don't go. Don't leave me here --

GABRIEL

It's your choice.

RULA

I can't. Please. Stay --

Rula grabs him. Reality dawns on Gabriel. He pulls her off and walks out the door.

Rula sits hunched over and small.

RULA (CONT'D)
I did the best I could.

A MOMENT'S SILENCE in the empty room, then the phone rings.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: MULLIGAN'S HOME: PRIVATE DEN- 09:29 PM

Desk phone to his ear -

RULA (O.S.)
I tried.

MULLIGAN
Not hard enough.

RULA (O.S.)
I can't just get him to do anything
I want --

The equipment that bugs Gabriel's room amplifies her voice.

MULLIGAN
You've been doing just fine up til
now.

Mulligan hangs up.

JACKIE
Who was that?

Mulligan turns to face his wife, who stands in the open doorway.

MULLIGAN
You're not supposed to be in here.

His den is small. A shrine to an active investigation of the Chicago resistance network: wall maps, racks of surveillance tapes, pinned photos of those he is monitoring and tapping, including Gabriel - all leading to one target: The Phoenix.

JACKIE
Shouldn't you be at work?

She leaves.

Mulligan unpins the CIRCLED PHOTO next to Gabriel's: a smiling, younger RAFE.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: TENEMENT HOUSE -

Gabriel exits and buttons up against the late afternoon cold. He looks up at the bedroom window, then tosses his house key into the snow.

He eyes the end of the street. The Elroy neighborhood patrol vehicle prowls. He turns, shoulders his backpack, jumps the wall then disappears into the back alley maze.

INT. MULLIGAN'S CAR -

Mulligan drives at speed, locked onto Gabriel's implant tracker.

He closes in on his target, the car racing parallel to the alleyways. He spies Gabriel's fleeting shadow and makes a sharp right in a bid to cut him off.

EXT. CLOSED ZONE PERIMETER -

Unaware he is prey, Gabriel follows the roof line and jumps a large gap between buildings, then descends down onto the rooftops adjacent to the perimeter wall.

INT. MULLIGAN'S CAR -

Mulligan drives the alley that runs the length of the wall. He closes in on the flashing tracker.

EXT. CLOSED ZONE PERIMETER -

Just out of sight, Gabriel reaches the underpass, and eyes the small man-made hole in the blocked entrance. The shortcut.

Gabriel stops and considers, then makes his choice and scrambles into the gap.

INT. UNDERPASS BENEATH CLOSED ZONE - 02:46 PM

This time Gabriel doesn't linger. He moves fast down the underpass toward the lakeshore side.

Silence, except for his breathing and the splash of puddles.

As he passes a grated feeder tunnel, a glimpse of something deeply unsettling at the far end --

He runs on. Above him, the ceiling is xenoformed in texture and design, like a nest built over mortar.

Daylight grows as he nears the far end.

Then THAT SOUND, and the daylight is gone. Black shapes plunge through the crawl space, entering the underpass en masse, like a swarm of monstrous bats returning to a cave.

Gabriel stops and looks back but sees the same swarming blackness at the other end. As the drones begin to fix themselves along the wall -- he is trapped.

He searches for a hiding place; a small crawl space above a ledge. It's only moments before their scan lights reach him.

Gabriel reaches for the neck collar and pulls it on.

Surrounded by the deafening swarm, Gabriel lies still. The drones collect around him. He closes his eyes, breathing through the pain in his throat.

INT. MULLIGAN'S CAR -

Mulligan pulls to a stop in the empty alleyway. Gabriel's implant tracker has disappeared from his screen.

Mulligan's mask drops. Frustration rises like a flush on his skin. He breathes deep, rams his vehicle into reverse and circles back. No sign of Gabriel. He takes off.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: BACK ALLEY

Jurgis walks a razorwire tunnel.

SOUNDS of unseen and unfed dogs barking.

He eyes a cctv camera. A moment then a fortified door buzzes open.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: UNDERGROUND CAR WASH

Inside - a black market gas supply.

LOW RENT BLACK MARKETERS look on from the shadows.

Shelves are lined with barrel drums.

Jurgis hands over his cash.

He's handed back two red gas cans.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE SHORELINE

The weighted gas cans in each hand, Jurgis slows as he approaches the lean-to.

The door is open. The padlock lock lies broken in the muddy snow.

His breathing slow, Jurgis sets down the gas.

JURGIS

G?

He steps towards the open door which falls into darkness on the side.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT -

Mulligan pulls into a row of unmarked sedans.

Empty red gas cans roll around in the back.

A stream of Elroys enter and exit the Andersonville police precinct that sits up against the Closed Zone perimeter wall.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT -

The Steady PING of floors pass by on descent.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: SPECIAL BRANCH SUB PRECINCT -

Mulligan exits into an underground ante room of OPERATORS and walls lined with tracking screens -- the hub of the authorities surveillance network.

He enters another room.

Screen banks monitor drone's eye views onto Andersonville streets.

Mulligan approaches the desk of a surveillance tech.

MULLIGAN

I need to pin Gabriel Frazer, F as
in Frank, R as in Roger, A, Zebra,
E-R.

SURVEILLANCE TECH

I'm not getting anything.

MULLIGAN
Try Rafe Frazer.

The Tech types and looks at his screen.

SURVEILLANCE TECH
I'm getting deceased.

Kermode, a co-worker, notices Mulligan and approaches. The quintessential Special. One of the bad boys. He's well dressed. Salary and benefits must be good.

MULLIGAN
Try again.

SURVEILLANCE TECH
The system's reading deceased --

Mulligan leans in, on edge.

MULLIGAN
Then the system is wrong. Try again.

KERMODE
Wrong?

Mulligan gives up and starts walking.

MULLIGAN
I have an ID.

Kermode raises an eyebrow.

KERMODE
Still working on that Phoenix chatter, huh Mulligan?

MULLIGAN
You should be paying attention to that chatter.

KERMODE
Been what -- more than a year. Not a collar yet. You still got authorization?

MULLIGAN
They're planning something big. That's what this is about.

KERMODE
I hope you got good paper for your wires.

MULLIGAN

Letting a cat out of the bag is a whole lot easier than putting it back in.

KERMODE

What the fuck is that supposed to me?

MULLIGAN

Don't you understand many, many lives are at stake? You remember Wicker Park, don't you?

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: SPECIAL BRANCH SUB PRECINCT CANTEEN -

An institutional food hall.

Special Branch junior officers converse at dining tables. They spot Mulligan coming. SCHMIDT (30), a female Special . convention personified, sees him too late.

Mulligan sits opposite.

MULLIGAN

Schmidt. What have you been hearing in the past few hours?

SCHMIDT

Past few hours? Neighborhood's pretty quiet, commander.

MULLIGAN

What are your narks telling you?

Schmidt shakes her head, trying to grasp for anything useful.

Mulligan looks to another Junior Special, lifting his tray to leave.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

What about you? You reading the Graffiti? You getting out there?

LIEUTENANT

End of my shift, Commander.

MULLIGAN

You fuckers are letting him slip through our fingers.

He rips back his chair. They watch him go. A silent acknowledgement of his authority, but looks that speak volumes.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: SPECIAL BRANCH SUB PRECINCT OFFICE -

Mulligan's dingy office, with green lino and civil service furniture. A photograph of an unknown young man in Military uniform sits on the desk.

Mulligan dials a phone.

MULLIGAN

Commissioner Igoe. -- Commander
William Mulligan, Special branch. --
When will he be back? -- I need to
speak to him urgently. -- Then when
should I call back? -- Yes.

Mulligan hangs up. Head down, he then turns and looks through his office window down a long empty hallway. Every door closed.

INT. MULLIGAN'S CAR -

We focus on the face of a man alone. The fragmenting soul of a man driven by the need to do his job but weighed down by the system.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD BROWNSTONE

Mulligan climbs the stairs past the cleaning lady, bundling sheets out of a room.

He stops short in front of Jane Doe's open door.

He watches as she rides a client.

THROUGH THE CRACK she sees Mulligan and returns his gaze but continues with the task at hand.

Mulligan watches for a moment, expression intransigent, then backs into the room next door.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: BROWNSTONE BEDROOM - 12:43 PM

Behind him a HOOKER shaves her legs, dipping her razor in a bowl of water.

Mulligan watches her, then turns and walks away.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: SUBTERRANEAN BOWLING ALLEY

Mulligan is known here. A drinking dive for off duties.

People keep their distance. He buys a shot and a beer chaser at the bar. He orders another.

A TV nailed to the wall plays sports. He looks at the clock on the wall.

2:45pm

He pulls a ball out of the loop of the ball return. He slides his fingers in the holes and rests it lightly on his shoulder. He focuses down the lane at the glowing white pins. He drops the ball, sends it gliding towards the formation, scattering pins with a sharp CLATTER --

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE ROOFTOP - 02:48 PM

A dozen pigeons thrash in a coop.

Tattooed hands scoop up the pigeon that landed on the rooftop.

Ellison removes the tiny cylinder, opens a skylight and climbs down from the widow's walk.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE ELECTRONIC STORE - 02:50 PM

Ellison descends to ground level where a store is open for business.

FRY'S ELECTRONICS - 'SAME DAY PRIORITY AND DELIVERY'.

It sells and repairs basic electronic appliances from a pre-digital age. Radios, stereos, cameras, etc.

A YOUNG STREET KID (8) exits the store, a repaired toaster under his arm.

A hidden door in the floor leads to the basement.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE ELECTRONIC STORE: BASEMENT - 02:51 PM

All manner of stockpiled batteries and power sources line charging along the walls.

Plastered across the wall above a chaotic assembly of hard drives and screens: Anonymous Group poster art and faded clippings of past hacktivist actions; remnants of a hacker's illustrious past before the occupation.

The HACKER -- a jowly older man in a wheelchair with unwashed long white hair, sits hunched at a screen.

Ellison hands him the cigarette paper.

The hacker licks his fingers and smooths it out, studying the information it contains.

HACKER
(wheezing)
It's a start. But still going to be
a royal pain in the ass.

He goes to work. The hacker presses the handset of an old phone into the rocker of an ancient modem.

HACKER (CONT'D)
Only way in is through the land
lines.
(looking at screen)
Good thing I'm a fucking dinosaur.

ELLISON
Can they track us?

HACKER
Not to worry. I've got a few mirror
IP's stashed in some far away
places.

The modem emits those once familiar beeps and clicks, the whoosh and ping of connection.

HACKER (CONT'D)
Bingo daddy-o.

He begins to type, fingers rapid across keys.

HACKER (CONT'D)
Now a short sharp knock on the back
door.

ELLISON
Why would they put in a back door?

HACKER
(still typing)
They wouldn't. But whoever linked
the systems did.
(MORE)

HACKER (CONT'D)
Sneaky little species aren't we.
Always looking to sabotage
ourselves.

At the cursor, he types in a series of codes and letters off the cigarette paper.

He swivels expectantly to a side monitor - a tracking board that maps the urban sprawl of Chicago - not unlike the GPS tracking board on Mulligan's car dashboard.

A BEAT -- then --

A blinking RED DOT appears downtown. Gold coast.

HACKER (CONT'D)
Got him. There's your target.
Consider yourself as informed as
special branch.

Images and videos open up as windows of a man's past life - from suburban childhood to city alderman, ROBERT WATTS (40's): A bland face of capitulation.

The hacker leans back, satisfied in success.

HACKER (CONT'D)
Never gets old.

Ellison watches the blinking light, entranced.

HACKER (CONT'D)
So, who is he?

ELLISON
Just another collaborator.

HACKER
No. The Phoenix. Who is he?

Ellison considers this question.

ELLISON
Our last chance.

HACKER
Well screw it, I'm ready. If I'd known I was gonna live this long, I would have taken far better care of myself.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE ELECTRONIC STORE - 03:16 PM

Ellison hands the young street kid a slip of paper and a quarter.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE BUSY STREET - 03:17PM

The boy crosses the street to a call box.

INT. CHICAGO TRIBUNE - 03:18 PM

A newsroom obscured by a cloud of low hanging cigarette smoke. An elbow-patched arm reaches for the RINGING phone.

RITTENHOUSE
Classified's.

A clock on the wall reads 3:18 pm.

ERRAND BOY (O.S.)
Got space for one more?

Rittenhouse tenses and grabs his pad.

He hangs up, types up the ad, then hurries down the hall and through a door marked - CENSORS OFFICE.

INT. CHICAGO TRIBUNE: CENSOR'S OFFICE - 03:19 PM

RITTENHOUSE
One more.

The CENSOR, an older woman with thick frame glasses doesn't look up from her book.

CENSOR
Want the late edition?

Rittenhouse nods.

She shakes her head. Rittenhouse looks at the clock, tight as a coiled spring.

RITTENHOUSE
They proof read the scratch 'til
three thirty.

The censor looks up, takes the copy. She doesn't notice the flutter in Rittenhouse's hand.

She squints and blinks twice as she reads:

FRY'S ELECTRONICS - 'SAME DAY PRIORITY AND DELIVERY'.

CENSOR
Real important, Rittenhouse.

She rubber stamps the ad print: APPROVED

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: CONVENIENCE STORE - 04:05 PM

POSNER (17) thick set - unloads bundles of the late edition and carries them inside.

His DAD argues with a CUSTOMER at the register, pushing s stack of food coupons back at her.

POSNER'S DAD
Because I got eyes that's why!

IRATE CUSTOMER
Fake my ass, Posner!

Slicing the twine, Posner Jr stacks the papers on one shelf, then stops short to read:

FRY'S ELECTRONICS - 'SAME DAY PRIORITY AND DELIVERY'.

Ignored by his embroiled dad, Posner goes through the back --

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: NARROW BACK ALLEY - 04:06 PM

Down an alley --

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: SQUAT - 04:06 PM

-- into an adjacent building then down some narrow stairs.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: PIRATE RADIO STATION - 04:07 PM

Below ground, a pirate radio station run by SKINHEADS.

Posner raps on dividing glass, then slaps the newspaper up against it.

The PIRATE DJ hard outs on a song - selects a new record (something very different to what came before) and intro's it.

(NOTE: THIS MUSIC CARRIES THROUGH TO SCENE 66)

DJ
A request going out...

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: HAYES FAMILY HOME - 04:09 PM

The SOUND of a baby fussing.

EVAN HAYES (30's) - beanpole thin - dries dishes in a modest apartment while a RADIO PLAYS in the room adjacent.

He stops drying on hearing the song, inhales deep, collects himself, then walks into the bedroom and takes a pressed suit from the closet.

JEAN HAYES (20's) calls from the other room.

JEAN
Evan -

Hayes tightens his tie, staring himself in the mirror.

JEAN (CONT'D)
Come see Charlie!

Hayes double clicks his fingers to call the dog. He pauses by the front door.

Down the hallway - Jean Hayes on her hands and knees, beckons a wobbly baby to take his first steps across the floor to her.

JEAN (CONT'D)
(down the hall)
He's walking!

Hayes hesitates, then leashes the dog and walks out.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: AUTO SHOP - 04: 21 PM

A garage of mechanic apprentices work on jacked cars.

One apprentice - ANITA - (20's) completes the removal of a spark plug and replaces the solenoid.

Cleaning her hands, Anita glances out the window and sees Hayes's dog tied to a tree. Abandoned. A signal.

She pulls off her overalls.

In the back -

She collapses the jacks and replaces the number plates on the car, then climbs in, guns the engine and bananas out into traffic.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: DENTIST CLINIC - 04:39 PM

A MEDIC - an unmade bed of a man - checks for a tail then unlocks the door marked with a closed sign.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: DENTIST CLINIC: WAITING ROOM - 04:40 PM

Old faded dentistry posters hang above Anita, Hayes and Posner who sit waiting.

The medic barely glances at his patients, then reappears, scrubbed up with gloves.

MEDIC

Who would like to go first?

Posner stands and enters.

The surgery door closes. GRINDING sounds. Raised voices. Movement from inside the surgery. Silence.

Hayes's left eyelid flutters with stress. Anita looks away.

The door reopens. Hayes goes in.

Last is Anita. This time we go with her.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: DENTIST CLINIC: SURGERY - 04:47 PM

Glitchy florescent lighting. The medic looks up, gloves bloody.

A boy, no older than 11, mops blood.

The medic gestures to a dentist's chair covered in plastic wrap. Fresh blood.

Anita takes a seat. The procedure begins.

The medic reaches into his briefcase while the boy applies alcohol to her neck.

Ellison monitors from the half lit corner.

First a local anesthetic, then a cutting tool folds back the skin beneath her jawline, revealing a protrusion.

He removes a homemade medical tool from the briefcase.

It latches on around the open wound.

We PUSH IN AND STAY on Anita's face, rigid. A SUCKING SOUND.

MEDIC

Got it.

The medic drops the implant from his periodontal pliers into a bloodied container. The implant is like the organic egg of a drone. A Bug. It FLINCHES.

While Anita's wound is stitched and cauterized, the boy opens a cardboard box and pulls out a live rat.

He hooks it to the implant then sets it free. It scuttles into a gap between the floorboards.

Anita doses herself with painkillers while Ellison hands her a neck scarf.

She is led through an exit door into light.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: DENTIST CLINIC - 04:53 PM

Ellison watches Anita pull away into busy traffic then scans the sky.

EXT. OAK PARK: BARKER'S MORTUARY AND FUNERAL HOME - 05:20 PM

Winter twilight sets in over a low slung building. BARKER'S MORTUARY AND FUNERAL HOME.

Ellison drives around the back and flashes his lights.

A figure emerges from the shadows into street light. He hands Ellison a specimen bag.

MORGUE ATTENDANT

Fresh extractions. All in the past
eight hours. Heart attacks, cancer.
One lucky car wreck, an Elroy.
They're all downtown folk. Spotless
records.

Ellison opens the bag and counts. Inside are 6 implants -
'Bugs'. They twitch as if alive.

MORGUE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
 My shift ends seven AM tomorrow.
 That's the latest I can log them
 deceased. That's as long as they're
 good. They get ID'd after that,
 They're it.

Ellison nods, then turns to go.

MORGUE ATTENDANT (CONT'D)
 Wait.

He hands over a fistful of wire throat plates.

ELLISON
 (takes them)
 Thanks --

MORGUE ATTENDANT
 Least I can do.

The attendant looks at Ellison with serious eyes --

MORTICIAN
 Semper Fi, Sergeant.

-- then salutes. He watches Ellison go, looks to the sky,
 heads back inside.

INT. DE-CONSECRATED CATHOLIC CHURCH SACRISTY - 05:22 PM

A weathered scar on his neck - EDDIE THE PRIEST (mid 40's)
 finishes the Apostles creed beneath a crucifix.

A car HORN outside. Eddie buries the crucifix beneath
 floorboards and opens the vestments closet.

INT. DE-CONSECRATED CATHOLIC CHURCH CHAPEL - 05:24 PM

He emerges into the dust motes of a bull-dozer chapel hauling
 2 large duffle bags.

SIGNS cover shattered stain glass:
 ALL FORMS OF PRAYER AND
 CONGREGATION FORBIDDEN

EXT. DECONSECRATED CATHOLIC CHURCH - 05:25 PM

Eddie loads the bags into the trunk of a waiting car then
 sees the driver. Rafe. He stops short.

EDDIE
I always believed in life after
death.

EXT. ENGLEWOOD STREETS - 05:55 PM

The 2 men keep their heads low, taking back roads.

EXT. ENGLEWOOD HIGH RISE ESTATE - 05:59 PM

YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN LOOK OUTS track Rafe's car and approach from a street corner.

One look out watches Rafe through the side window while another goes around back and pops the trunk.

Other look outs scan the skies.

A pause before he slams it shut and double taps the hood.

They drive into a sprawling high rise housing estate. A gang controls this neighborhood. Keeping hidden what's inside. Residents have benefited. They watch Rafe's car as it passes, wary of outsiders.

This is no impoverished ghetto of old. Rafe and Eddie park up at the curb.

INT. ENGLEWOOD HIGH RISE ESTATE - 06:05 PM

Rafe and Eddie get a pat down, the contents of their bags are checked.

They rise to the top corridors. This place is a fortress like labyrinth of hollowed out apartments; an interconnected Black Market.

All things illegal or hard to come by under occupation: fresh meat, Hollywood movies, computer and mobile phone parts, religious texts, books, artworks.

INT. ENGLEWOOD HIGH RISE ESTATE: TOP LEVELS - 06:08 PM

Rafe and Eddie are made to wait in the corridor.

A crew of young foot soldiers stands between them and an open door, through which their bags are taken, into a room lined with towers of toilet paper.

A gang of older African-American men slouch on massive plastic wrapped sofas watching a 70 inch flat screen TV. On it, the boat sinking scene from TITANIC: passengers scramble to get off in time.

A FOOT SOLDIER places the duffel bags on the coffee table and unzips both. All eyes leave the screen as hands pull out priceless treasures: be-jeweled communion cups, gold crucifixes, silver framed triptychs.

One of the gang - BARBOSA (40's) - turns his attention to Rafe and Eddie.

BARBOSA
I know you?

He eyes Rafe. A familiar but unplaceable face.

RAFE
No.

EDDIE THE PRIEST
Word on the street is you have what we need.

BARBOSA
Word on the street? Who's that?

Rafe and Eddie stay silent.

BARBOSA (CONT'D)
Ah -- so you the ones who came for the alien shit.

HARD CUT.

INT. ENGLEWOOD HIGH RISE ESTATE: HIDDEN STORAGE UNITS - 06:19 PM

A roller door slides up and Barbosa enters.

He waits a moment in the pitch black, listening, then switches on a light, revealing a deep unit stacked floor to ceiling with an array of high powered immense weaponry. 'ALIEN SHIT'.

Rafe and Eddie look on, awestruck.

BARBOSA
I assume I don't need to tell you what they do if they find any of this on your person.

RAFE

Where you get all of this?

BARBOSA

Their ships crash too. We got there first.

EDDIE THE PRIEST

We came for this --

He holds up a photo of an unfamiliar device resembling a collapsible strip of Velcro.

Barbosa considers then nods to a foot soldier who retrieves the object from the back. Barbosa sets it on a table.

BARBOSA

Attaches best to natural fibers, human hair, cotton or wool. Because it's not chemically based its undetectable to scanners. Because it's organic it passes through all means of security. You can smuggle this in anywhere. And when you arm it, it's a fucking chameleon.

RAFE

How do we arm it?

Barbosa drops his salesman smile.

BARBOSA

That knowledge costs.

EDDIE THE PRIEST

We've just paid you.

Barbosa spits through a gap in his teeth.

BARBOSA

Only now, when the white man is no longer alpha dog does he ask the black man to be his friend. -- We may hate the same thing, but we're not friends.

Barbosa gestures to the door.

BARBOSA (CONT'D)

This here is our kingdom. You're fighting for another. I only do business with you, because of him.

Barbosa points to Rafe.

Little choice, Eddie pulls out a wad of extra bills.

INT. ENGLEWOOD HIGH RISE ESTATE: TOP LEVEL ROOM - 06:45 PM

A BOMB TECH -- an African-American man (20's), his hands amputated below elbow stumps fitted with triple-pronged claws, manipulates the device on the table.

Rafe and Eddie, along with Barbosa and his crew watch from a distance. In silence.

The bomb tech is purposeful, methodical. Just the sound of his breathing.

Eddie catches a WATCHER'S eye.

WATCHER
You a priest, right?

EDDIE
Was.

The bomb tech sits back and exhales. Instantly the device morphs to the color and texture of the table, rendering itself invisible.

BOMB TECH
The moment it tethers, it's on your timer. Don't try to disarm it. When it comes to forces of destruction, they are smarter than we could ever hope to be.

RAFE
Any chance it could detonate early?

The bomb tech looks at his stumps.

BOMB TECH
Still working on that.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: UNDERGROUND NIGHT CLUB - 07:30 PM

Rafe and Eddie carry backpacks down into a neon lit interior. This is an illegal gathering. Bags and faces are checked by security under the eye of the MANAGER on the way in.

Inside the club, a trans performer - DANIELLE - locks eyes with Eddie.

With a nod of recognition, the manager allows Eddie to pass through unchecked, Rafe with him.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: UNDERGROUND NIGHT CLUB - 07:31 PM

Eddie and Rafe follow Danielle back stage to the green room.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: UNDERGROUND NIGHT CLUB: GREEN ROOM - 07:32 PM

Danielle enters. Ellison, Anita, and Hayes are sequestered inside.

A photo is taken of Hayes who takes the pose of the martyrs from the neighborhood walls.

Danielle sits alongside Anita at the table mirror and removes makeup then wig, reverting to her man state - Daniel.

Daniel is muscular and wiry. Hair pulled tight against his scalp. An extraction scar beneath the jawline.

Anita changes her appearance, cutting short jet-black hair to frame a pale white face.

A triple knock sequence and Ellison opens the door. A torch song filters from the stage. Eddie enters. Rafe follows.

Hayes and Anita react.

HAYES

So he's the one?

Rafe ignores him and head counts. He looks to Ellison.

RAFE

Where's the third driver?

Ellison shakes his head. Rafe knows what that means.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Then we go in two cars.

Eddie sizes up the two drivers, then points.

EDDIE

Take that off.

Anita touches the small concealed crucifix around her neck with oil-stained fingers. She reluctantly removes it.

Ellison opens the medical bag and distributes the bogus implants.

He's fixed them to the throat plates. Like worms pinned to hooks, they curl slightly on themselves. Each struggles, gagging as they swallow.

ELLISON

You have until 7 am. After that, these are logged and you are dead to the world. To us. And them. Any contact before or after with friends or family puts the mission at risk.

We hold on Rafe's face, knowing he has broken policy.

ELLISON (CONT'D)

I'll see you all back here tomorrow.

He looks to Eddie.

ELLISON (CONT'D)

God willing.

He hands a visual print out of their target. A surveillance image of ROBERT WATTS.

ELLISON (CONT'D)

Timing is crucial. We're targeting the government, not the people.

They study it, mentally logging his features, and pass it on.

Ellison nods to Daniel who removes five small pillow-shaped tablets from a jar. Daniel hands one to each and tucks the last inside his bracelet.

DANIEL

No one gets taken alive.

Hayes glances uneasily at his capsule. He slides it into the hem of his pant leg.

Ellison stands and embraces each, Rafe last.

ELLISON

I'd come with you if I could.

RAFE

There'll be other chances.

Ellison looks away.

RAFE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

ELLISON
Hurt them, alright?

Rafe nods.

RAFE
So long as this gets me back in.
That tower has to come down.

Ellison nods.

ELLISON
Until it does --

He hands him a CB radio.

ELLISON (CONT'D)
Number's dialed in. He'll lead you
to the target.

Ellison leaves the room.

Eddie pulls a wrap of cocaine from his pocket and chops a
line out for each. He hands Hayes a rolled up bill.

RAFE
Courage.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: UNDERGROUND NIGHT CLUB - 07:42 PM

2 cars pull out into the street. Hayes drives one, Anita the
other.

INT. ANITA'S CAR - 7:43 PM

With the appearance of a well to do couple, Anita drives
Rafe. Now the tailored clothing makes sense.

RAFE
Take a left out of here-

ANITA
I got it.

INT. HAYES VEHICLE - 07:45 PM

Hayes chauffeurs Daniel and Eddie.

EXT. CHICAGO STREETS - 07:50 PM

The two cars travel in convoy --

INT. ROAD TUNNEL - 08:01 PM

-- then disappear into a road tunnel. They slow on approach to the lights of a road block.

INT. ROAD TUNNEL : ANITA'S CAR - 08:02 PM

Cars slow for a check point.

Rafe tenses and prepares himself. The underpass roadblock environment is familiar to him. This is the same ill fated route out of Andersonville his parents took in the prologue.

The SWARMING SOUND of surveillance drones up ahead.

Anita glances back as --

INT. ROAD TUNNEL: HAYES'S CAR - 08:02 PM

-- Hayes accelerates, spinning the wheel, and pulls out ahead of Anita.

DANIEL
(urgent)
What're you doing?

Hayes doesn't respond, instead he swings the car into the empty right lane.

He glances in the rear view at Daniel and Eddie. He's given them less wait time.

Daniel reacts as a HUGE DRONE descends in front of the windshield. Just for an instant we see a Drone CLOSE UP. Unlike any mecha factory-assembled, it hovers as though -- ALIVE --

A blinding red light pierces the interior and passes first over Hayes, then the two in back.

The swarming sound fills the car. Eddie closes his eyes as the light finds his bogus implant and locks on --

EXT. DOWNTOWN: ROAD TUNNEL EXIT - 08:12 PM

An empty stretch of roadway SEEN FROM ABOVE.

Hayes's car, followed by Anita's, emerge from the tunnel mouth.

Each member of the cell breathes deep, recovering.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - 08:12 PM

The unit enters downtown Chicago. The closed zone perimeter not far away.

A first glimpse of a more modern society. Signs of affluence and stability. Amidst the traffic; civilian hover vehicles.

INT. HAYES'S CAR - 8:14

Hayes stares coldly through the window.

HAYES
It pays to play the game.

INT. ANITA'S CAR - 08:17 PM

Seen up ahead through the windshield, the sky above the road is thick with drones.

Red scan lights pass periodically through the interior. This part of the city is under constant surveillance.

The Sears tower dominates the skyline as they move away from the closed zone.

EXT. SOLDIER'S FIELD STADIUM PERIMETER - 08:37 PM

Rounding a corner on Lakeshore Drive, Soldier's Field stadium comes into view.

A steady stream of traffic converges.

Out in force, ELROYS patrol roadways and man spot check intersections. Weighed down by Kevlar and semi-automatics.

The cars pull to the curb. Daniel, Eddie and Rafe get out. Hayes and Anita circle, moving to avoid the random spot checks, waiting for orders.

Eddie, Rafe and Daniel join the lines entering the stadium.

EXT. SOLDIER'S FIELD ENTRANCE - 8:40 PM

Pockets are emptied, bags checked, bodies wanded, hands swabbed, implants scanned.

A SECURITY GUARD notices details of Rafe's implant ID on the screen and glances up.

SECURITY GUARD
Enjoy the game, sir.

Rafe nods, then passes through and flips open the phone, dialing '1'. He checks his watch.

Eddie and Daniel pass ahead of Rafe, taking up advance scout positions.

RAFE
I'm inside.

We recognize the hacker's distinct vocal.

HACKER (O.S.)
B section. I tracked him all the way in.

Rafe looks to the wall signs: A-G sections in one direction. He makes eye contact with Eddie and Daniel who trail him.

EXT. SOLDIER'S FIELD STADIUM - 08:48 PM

HARD CUT TO inside the stadium.

Marching bands and warm up dancers interweave in tightly drilled maneuvers. North Korean propaganda meets All-American pageant to tell the story of an arrival from the skies.

EXT. SOLDIER'S FIELD STADIUM: B SECTION - 08:51 PM

Eddie moves through the crowd and scrutinizes faces in a VIP section: the business and political elite. Collaborators.

Rafe pushes through the throng, phone to his ear.

RAFE
You got to get me to him quick.
Kick off's in less than ten.

Daniel watches the business glad handing going on behind glass. He looks back to Rafe, questioning.

HACKER (O.S.)
He's up there.

EXT. SOLDIER'S FIELD STADIUM - 08:52 PM

SUITED MEN emerge from the section onto the field as FOOTBALL PLAYERS from each team stream out onto the field.

Rafe struggles to hear the phone as the stadium erupts.

On stage, the MC takes a microphone.

MC
Ladies and gentlemen. Please join
me in welcoming Mayor Ed Lee.

HACKER (O.S.)
Can you see him?

Rafe starts to panic. He's pushed far back in the crowd, by the exit.

MAYOR ED LEE
People of Chicago. Welcome and good
evening. As you may have guessed,
we got very special guests joining
us tonight.

Cheers go up from the crowd.

MAYOR ED LEE (CONT'D)
And they've shared so much in these
years they plan to be with us;
knowledge, technology. Effective
law and order. So tonight we share
something very special with them:
football.

More cheers.

MAYOR ED LEE (CONT'D)
Some days we are winners. And some
days we are losers. All you Bears
fans know what I mean.

Laughter.

MAYOR ED LEE (CONT'D)
Because football mimics life. A
good life where working together as
a team brings unity. Progress.
(MORE)

MAYOR ED LEE (CONT'D)
 Remember this: If a beaten team is
 divided against itself it dies on
 this very field. If a beaten
 country can unite it is reborn and
 will compete again. God bless
 America!

Thunderous APPLAUSE. Mayor Lee walks to assembled
 politicians. Minders corral them back towards the viewing
 area.

Eddie searches faces then spots a familiar-looking man lean
 into the mayor and talk briefly in his ear. The mayor nods
 and gestures urgently for him to go. It's their target,
 ROBERT WATTS.

Eddie looks back to Rafe.

RAFE
 Got him.

HACKER (O.S.)
 He's coming your way. Towards the
 tunnel behind you.

MC
 Ladies and Gentleman, please rise
 for our national anthem.

Hands reach for hearts as the band strikes up and an older,
 washed up Christina Aguilera-type takes the mic. Sung to the
 tune of THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC with the lyrics
 changed.

NOTE: This new national anthem carries through the sequence
 to its climax

Rafe nods to Daniel who moves in. Rafe carefully pulls the
 velcro-like lining beneath his sleeve.

Watts moves through the crowd which parts like a wave as he
 is chaperoned towards the three prongs of Eddie, Daniel and
 Rafe.

HACKER (O.S.)
 He's coming right at you -

Watts emerges from the throng.

Rafe closes the phone.

Out of nowhere Daniel bumps Watts, goes to apologize, then
 recognition dawns. Daniel grabs him by the arm.

DANIEL
Robert Watts.

Watts frowns, thrown. Before his minders can react -

DANIEL (CONT'D)
Ben Daniels? Drexel Drive?

Watts grows agitated.

WATTS
Would you let me go --

In the commotion, minders move in to pull Daniel aside. Rafe moves around the back and brushes Watts, tethering the bomb to his hem where it immediately morphs.

Daniel is shoved aside. Watts and the greeter group descend into tunnels beneath the stadium. Daniel dusts himself off.

EXT. SOLDIER'S FIELD STADIUM PERIMETER - 08:54 PM

The stadium falls beneath a creeping shadow. HEAVY STATIC immobilizes ground power and movement. HOVER VANS move in and take up positions around the landing perimeter.

Circling, Anita peers upwards. 2 vast ALIEN CRAFT descend.

A first close-up sighting of the alien occupying power. It's as unnerving as The Millennium Falcon landing at a Dodger's game.

Obscured by flying grit and fogging of the windshield: HUMANOID FIGURES emerge and take up position. They are heavily armored and weaponized. The same looming figures from the prologue.

And then --

HUMANOID FIGURES without armor. Elongated, emaciated and embellished with only breathing apparatus. They move as one in cohesive formation, like a flock of birds, without eyes - skin over sockets. Telepathically in synch.

Hayes watches overwhelmed, breath coming in short quick bursts as the figures move into the access tunnel beneath the stadium.

INT. SOLDIER'S FIELD STADIUM TUNNELS - 08:57 PM

The greeting party approach the tunnel mid-point.

From above: The echoing rendition of 'BATTLE HYMN' builds.

In the half light, soft focused figures appear from the other end. We hear the tinny respiration of their breathing apparatus on approach.

A major moment for Watts. He walks fast and wipes sweaty palms on his pants in anticipation. He half listens to the rapid fire briefing of a HUMAN TRANSLATOR.

HUMAN TRANSLATOR
Allow me time to translate. Breathe
between sentences --

EXT. SOLDIER'S FIELD STADIUM - 08:59 PM

Rafe, moving fast, makes for his exit.

The Battle Hymn builds to its climax --

EXT. SOLDIER'S FIELD STADIUM PERIMETER - 08:59 PM

Anita snaps from her trance, checks her watch and guns for the designated exit.

EXT. SOLDIER'S FIELD STADIUM - 09:00 PM

As the BATTLE HYMN reaches its crescendo -- A huge ROAR from the crowd. A STATIC WAVE PULSES. Upper stands rock as the bomb detonates beneath the field, which begins to collapse into the sinkhole of tunnels below.

WE CUT OUT IN THE FIRST INSTANT --

INT. BOWLING ALLEY -

HARD CUT on a pin split.

Mulligan turns and sees people gathering at the television at the bar. The bartender increases the volume - a moment of understanding of what's just happened at the football game when the screen cuts to black and the events are taken off air.

Mulligan grabs his coat and sprints for the exit.

INT. CLOSED ZONE PERIMETER: UNDERPASS - 09:00 PM

SOUND UP: Gabriel drifts unconscious. He slips from the ledge, then wakes to the nightmare. Nothing but deafening black.

A sudden shift in the swarm tone. One by one the drones drop away from the walls and exit the underpass.

He puts fingers in his ears, releases the pressure, then drops to the ground and rips the collar from his neck.

He staggers out toward the Lakeshore exit.

EXT. SOLDIER'S FIELD STADIUM EXIT A - 09:03 PM

PIXILATED DRONE POV descending onto - CHAOS.

A panicked crowd stampedes through exit barriers. Shouts echo in the virtual blackout of dust and debris.

Eddie and Daniel fight their way out.

A PULSE OF BLINDING LIGHT THEN STATIC stalls all moving vehicles and kills electric power.

The only light comes from the Legislator ship and without warning, it rapidly evacuates the area. It's violent down thrust enveloping the evacuating crowd.

Eddie turns directly into the path of FAST APPROACHING ELROYS.

Anita speeds in, the only car still on the road and flings open the passenger door.

Eddie panics and breaks cover. He runs for the vehicle.

A gunshot from an Elroy.

Eddie goes down. Bullet in the back. Crowd hits the deck.

Daniel looks back. Anita screams, nothing he can do. He makes it into the getaway car as it accelerates away.

EXT. SOLDIER'S FIELD STADIUM EXIT D - 09:04 PM

Rafe battles his way out into the road, headlong into the path of Hayes's oncoming car.

Hayes slams on the brakes, avoiding Rafe by inches.

Rafe sees the terror in his eyes and in that instant, Hayes hard reverses, then swerves around him, and leaves him standing.

Rafe is stranded. He runs.

WE DIAGONALLY CONVERGE on Rafe as he sprints across a parking lot, over barriers and onto a common, to a wall, and at moment of impact, a LEGISLATOR turns into him from round the corner.

They stop for a moment and stare at one other. The humanoid alien towering. The Legislator levels his weapon. Rafe punches him, his hand buckling.

Close quarter fists then a ground wrestle. Anything they can get their hands on.

It's messy and violent. A one sided conquest. Rafe weakens.

Car headlights swing in as the legislators crushes Rafe into the ground --

DANIEL grabs and yanks the Legislator's grasp back. The weapon fires wild. Daniel turns it back on the shooter and gets off 2 quick shots, then tears the breathing tubes from the alien's mask.

Daniel falls back onto the ground. He and Rafe look on as the Legislator begins to suffocate, its exposed face blind, skin across empty sockets.

Anita reverse u-turns as Daniel slumps hard into the backseat, Rafe slams the door and retches and she peels away.

INT. ANITA'S CAR - 09:07 PM

Anita guns the car to 70 mph.

Rafe looks back to Daniel who presses his hand on the side of his stomach where a bullet clipped him.

RAFE

That fuck!

Anita kills her headlights and drops night vision goggles. Then accelerates to 80 mph.

She reaches for a steel coil in the back and throws it to Rafe. She hard banks a corner and drops down onto a slip road.

ANITA

Now -

Rafe throws it out the window. The coil opens up on impact with the road: wheel shredders.

EXT. ABANDONED GRAIN SILO CLOSE TO CITY CENTER - 09:24 PM

The rhythmic sweep of aerial searchlights in the distance. The city skyline surrounds them.

Anita douses the car while Rafe tends to Daniel who slumps against a wall.

A freshly dug hole has uncovered a sack of fresh clothes, water and basic supplies.

Rafe takes a pack to Anita.

RAFE

I'll go with him.

Anita glances back to the weakening Daniel.

RAFE (CONT'D)

We're hunted now. We can't go back.
Stay low as long as possible. Then
use the rush hour.

Anita nods and turns to go.

RAFE (CONT'D)

Did you know that other driver?

ANITA

No.

DANIEL

He came through Ellison. We all
did.

Rafe considers this.

ANITA

How was this supposed to get you
in?

RAFE

I don't know.

Anita watches him launch a rowboat into the creek from the silo jetty, then settle between the oar locks as Daniel huddles in the bow.

She flicks a match, the car goes up with a *whoomph* as she jumps the barrier and heads onto the overpass.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT - 09:48 PM

Mulligan pulls into the row of unmarked sedans.

The night is quiet. The air feels different.

A SOUND from above. Mulligan looks up. A noise like the sky ripping as more than a dozen meteor-like trails arc overhead, then descend into the neighborhood.

A cloud of birds rise up in panic and swarm across the precinct rooftops.

Something has arrived.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT - 09:49 PM

The Steady PING of floors pass by on descent.

Beyond the doors a phone rings. Somewhere in the building another phone rings. Then another.

The lift doors open. SOUND UP: dozens of telephones ring.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: SPECIAL BRANCH SUB PRECINCT - 09:50 PM

Unlike earlier, the building is humming with activity.

Mulligan takes a handed coffee and heads to the operations room: a fishbowl of an office.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: SPECIAL BRANCH SUB PRECINCT: OPERATIONS ROOM - 09:54 PM

Mulligan sweeps in, his department Lieutenants sit waiting, nursing late night coffee.

The atmosphere is tense. This is not a drill but a grounded real world operations room in the immediate aftermath of a terrorist attack.

KERMODE

Let's --

MULLIGAN

-- Status report.

Mulligan looks around the room. This is a group who were behind the curve and they know it.

The Junior officers reach for the paperwork and break down the information as they have it.

LIEUTENANT

Six Roaches -

Mulligan silences him with a stare.

LIEUTENANT (CONT'D)

(backs up)

Six legislators killed in the blast. Their Governor's condition remains unknown. We're waiting on an update from the closed zone.

MULLIGAN

Human casualties?

KERMODE

From the mayor's office five confirmed killed, including Alderman Watts. The device was in his possession. Whether he was aware or not, unclear.

MULLIGAN

What else?

KERMODE

This guy -

He pulls up drone replay of Eddie's body on the ground outside.

KERMODE (CONT'D)

Edward Shipman. Fifty two years old. Catholic Priest before the bans. From the neighborhood. Identified the old school way, through DNA.

MULLIGAN

Why?

KERMODE

Bogus implant.

Mulligan considers.

Another Special jumps in - Schmidt.

SCHMIDT
Then there's this.

CCTV playback displays the immediate aftermath of the attack.

The movement of both cars and the exit of men. But all from a distance and unable to be identified.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
2 drivers, 2 here, and this one.

She points to a murky figure exiting alone.

SCHMIDT (CONT'D)
Maybe a spotter. Maybe the cell
leader. We have to assume they all
used bogus implants, so --

CCTV monitors display the scale of the crowd before the
attack.

SURVEILLANCE SPECIALIST
We're tracking and logging all
irregular movement. This will be a
process. Time's not our friend.

Mulligan places Rafe's picture on the table.

MULLIGAN
This should speed things up. A
second positive ID. Rafe Frazer.
Chatter suggesting he's the
Phoenix.

Mulligan presses thumb against the murky figure exiting alone
then makes eye contact with Kermode who says nothing.

The door opens.

AIDE
Commander. Commissioner Igoe would
like a word.

**INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: SPECIAL BRANCH SUB PRECINCT -
10:00 PM**

Mulligan exits and approaches.

COMMISSIONER EUGENE IGOE. Chicago's acting police chief. He's
a smoker. A big man, skin like cardboard. We recognize him
from the brothel. Jane Doe's frequent John.

EUGENE IGOE
Walk with me, Bill.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT - 10:02 PM

THIS SEQUENCE PLAYS IN ONE UNBROKEN CUT.

AIDES facilitate the way as they travel out of the precinct...

Elroy sirens flash past. Heightened activity.

EUGENE IGOE
How's Jackie?

Mulligan squints. A strange question to ask in the circumstances.

MULLIGAN
She's doing fine. Thank you for asking.

EUGENE IGOE
You still live local?

MULLIGAN
Only way to do the job.

Igoe peers at Mulligan.

EUGENE IGOE
You're a better man than me.

AIDE
Transport to the closed zone is outside, sir.

EUGENE IGOE
Can't keep them waiting. Ride with me? I'm sure the boys here have your back.

INT. CAR - 10:03 PM

They exit the precinct into a waiting Hover car and are then driven a short distance between buildings -

EUGENE IGOE
You called me earlier.

MULLIGAN
I did.

A LOW RUMBLE approaches from inside the closed zone.

Mulligan looks the side window as a column of battered Legislator combat sky craft passes over the perimeter and swoops low into the Andersonville neighborhood. A show of force.

EUGENE IGOE

Took a while for that message to reach my desk -- This is a shit storm, Bill. Someone's going to get their ass handed to them in a can.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: CLOSED ZONE PERIMETER BUILDING - 10:04 PM

They pass through HEAVY SECURITY then travel down below ground. They descend in a larger, more advanced elevator.

EUGENE IGOE

They're bringing in Hunters.

MULLIGAN

They can't do that.

EUGENE IGOE

If this attack was launched from Andersonville, you know what that means for your neighborhood.

MULLIGAN

We can clean this up ourselves.

EUGENE IGOE

No one is talking about a clean up.

MULLIGAN

Andersonville isn't Wicker Park, Commissioner.

EUGENE IGOE

Not yet.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: CLOSED ZONE SERVICE TUNNELS - 10:05 PM

A tunnel leads into an expansive complex below ground.

MULLIGAN

They torch the neighborhood and the network will go to ground. Just like they did the last time.

Igoe scrutinizes Mulligan.

EUGENE IGOE
You're too sentimental, Bill.
Andersonville is an armpit. Only
good for whoring.

A wave of static washes over Igoe and Mulligan, who looks up.
The familiar xenoforming covers human architecture.

MULLIGAN
Their leadership is in
Andersonville.

EUGENE IGOE
You know that for a fact?

MULLIGAN
I'm working on it --

EUGENE IGOE
Not fast enough.

MULLIGAN
Hunters won't isolate them. They
will slash and burn. Only
experienced, thorough detective
work can track and identify these
targets with any precision. If we
do our jobs we can locate the end
of the thread, Number One, then
unravel the entire network.

Igoe prickles.

EUGENE IGOE
Let me stop you right there. The
ship has sailed. And I have to
explain why, to them, in there.

He points toward sealed doors.

EUGENE IGOE (CONT'D)
Glory days are over, Bill. If you
were smart, you'd create some
distance between you and those
Elroys in suits you got working for
you.

MULLIGAN
I have a positive ID from Soldier's
Field. The Phoenix. I just need
time to get him alive. He's the
key.

Igoe's pally demeanor vanishes. He wheels on Mulligan.

IGOE

Right now we have resources behind us. Maybe you can't see them, but they're there. Protecting you. The more irrational you become, the more unnecessary noise you make, the harder it's going to be for anyone to invite you into the life boat. Understand me? If there's a chance to get off this dying rock, I'm not squandering it. Ride this out. Let *them* take control. Just until this dies down.

(pause)

Neighborhood's already dead. They just don't know it yet.

INT. CLOSED ZONE TRANSITION AREA - 10:07 PM

They reach a quarantine staging area.

A steady stream of SENIOR PERSONNEL travel in and out.

Mulligan is wanded then stopped from going any further.

He hangs back as Igoe is undressed and showered down in a sanitation cubicle. Igoe falls back into his pally demeanor with others present.

EUGENE IGOE

They hate the way we smell. How about that?

His sanitation level is scanned by ZONE ENTRANCE PERSONNEL. One of them places heavy mufflers over his ears.

A breathing apparatus is inserted --

EUGENE IGOE (CONT'D)

Sorry got to leave you here, Bill. If you only knew what it's like inside this place.

MULLIGAN

Commissioner's privilege, sir.

EUGENE IGOE

You got it. -- Ride this one out, Bill. Let *them* take control.

Just as doors close on Mulligan, a glimpse of an INSECTOID PARASITE 3 feet long, crawls up towards Igoe's face --

ZONE ENTRANCE PERSONNEL (O.S.)
Confirming rank and identity.

Then Igoe is sealed from the outside human world. A bank of lights indicates activation of chamber pressure.

EXT. LAKESHORE DRIVE -

His money bag and backpack gone, Gabriel climbs over the rusted hulks at the lake side.

The car exodus graveyard is dark but something glows further down the shoreline. Gabriel rounds a wreck and stops short.

EXT. FURTHER DOWN THE SHORELINE

The boat burns.

Gabriel stands front lit. Dreams of escape up in flames.

At the end of his rope, he sinks and rests his forehead on the sand. Then punches the ground over and over.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT - 10:45 PM

One by one, unmarked cars pull out of the precinct in quick formation; the entire Special Branch division mobilized.

INT. KERMODE'S UNMARKED CAR - 10:49 PM

A bottle strikes the passenger window. The Special - LEVITT (30's) riding shotgun with his head against the glass doesn't respond.

He slowly opens his eyes.

LEVITT
(murmurs)
Motherfucker.

INT. MULLIGAN'S UNMARKED CAR - 10:51 PM

Mulligan sits alongside Kermode who drives. Gabriel's ID displayed and GPS location reads on the dashboard as a pulsing blip, traveling away from the lakeshore.

He unhooks his comms and brings it close.

KERMODE

You hear that sound out there?

INT. SPECIAL BRANCH UNMARKED CAR - 10:51 PM

A SPECIAL glances up at the SOUND of another meteor racing across the sky.

KERMODE (O.S.)

Hunters. Tonight is going to be a very bad night for Andersonville.

WE INTERCUT BETWEEN CARS - each of the Specials listen to their commander.

KERMODE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Everyone's going to pay. But not because of what the Hunter's got planned. In this neighborhood we shoot our own dogs.

(beat)

Target one man, Raphael Frazer, on a possible fraudulent implant. Elroy checkpoints at a six mile radius. I want you in every backstreet, alley, room, and bar of this neighborhood. Someone knows where he is, so find me a needle in this haystack before it gets torched.

He hangs up and looks across to Mulligan who stares directly ahead. Intransigent.

KERMODE (CONT'D)

Only a fool never changes his mind.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE STREETS -

The caravan of unmarked cars split up and head deep into the neighborhood.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: ABANDONED SCHOOL - 01:45 AM

Gabriel passes between cars and bikes dotting a disused playground and heads inside an abandoned school.

Most of the party-goers are young. Some hang out in the corridors, some deal, some break dance. All are oblivious to what's coming.

Alcohol is bartered for cigarettes. Contraband traded.

He's greeted by someone who knows him but pushes roughly past.

2 GIRLS (African American) trade the contents of a data chip baggy.

GABRIEL
You seen Jurgis?

They shake their heads.

GIRL
He's not shown.

Gabriel frowns, confused.

Then VOICES. A commotion at the entrances. Warning shouts and people running.

PARTY-GOERS
Specials!

The crowd breaks up fast but not fast enough. ARMED ELROYS block the main exits.

ELROYS
Let's see your hands! / Up
motherfucker! / In the air! / Up!

3 SPECIAL BRANCH enter.

LEVITT picks up a boom box and SMASHES it, silencing the music.

LEVITT
Get 'em on the wall!

Revellers are shoved against the wall. Guns to force them to turn. Elroys stab a scan wand across each jaw.

This is a rough and violent shake down. No one has any rights. Bags of data chips are confiscated. Owners are cuffed and separated from the group.

Gabriel goes to drop the neck collar from his pocket. An Elroy sees the move and pulls him back. Gabriel swings and punches. The cop goes down hard.

Levitt floors Gabriel with a bat to the back.

He's wanded. Levitt registers his ID.

LEVITT (CONT'D)
You fucked up!

Blows rain down on Gabriel.

LEVITT (CONT'D)
Hold his arms -

A hard kick to the head. Shouts from the wall to stop.

LEVITT (CONT'D)
Go ahead and play that cowboy shit
again motherfucker --

From the wall one of the girls goes at Levitt. A hook to the jaw. Levitt goes down. He pulls his gun and FIRES.

A stunned silence as the girl staggers, then falls. Her flank blooms red.

Shocked, Levitt tries to recover.

CHAOS. Elroys lose control as the crowd breaks apart.

Among the fleeing feet, a bloodied Gabriel watches the back of the girl's head. Small movements, then stillness.

Gabriel is pulled up and bundled into a car.

Mulligan and Kermode watch from their car then pull away.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD - 02:00 AM

More unmarked cars converge on a run-down street corner. Special Branch go in hard, carrying sawn-offs.

LOCALS flush their contraband down toilets.

NARKS emerge from the shadows of building corridors and are questioned.

NARK
Go inside.

The Nark gestures to 2 LITTLE BOYS to go back inside.

Down the hallway - A WOMAN hysterically recounts witnessing a monster down in the street moments before. A kid cries, terrified.

Then a toaster pops, a microwave timer pings continuously. A massive surge SHATTERS a bulb.

Through an open door locals put up flats on the windows.

LOCAL

It's the Hunters - she saw one.

LOCAL 2

They attacked the zoo.

A FLOPHOUSE FRONT OFFICE - A Special - SHELBY - writes up a spot check safety report on a rudely awoken FLOPHOUSE OWNER -

FLOPHOUSE OWNER

I remember now. Three weeks back.
He stayed two nights.

The flophouse owner hands Shelby back the picture of Rafe.

FLOPHOUSE OWNER (CONT'D)

I got cctv in back.

Shelby nods and rips up the report.

Seen in an ALLEY -

A SKINNY BANGER is thrown back against the wall. A gun in his mouth pushes him to his knees.

SKINNY BANGER

I took it to my fence who says he might have to wait a piece before turning it around. Maybe the garage is hot, people down there he ain't seen before.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: AUTO SHOP - 04:35 AM

Cars sweep into the back yard and 3 SPECIALS approach a trailer up on bricks.

1 waits outside while the other 2 smash the lock and enter then switch on the lights.

Lights and movement from inside - the OWNER OF THE AUTO SHOP who rises from his bed, defenseless.

EXT. ABANDONED GRAIN SILO CLOSE TO CITY CENTER - 05:38 AM

Anita's getaway car lies burnt out.

Close by, a meteor arc trails into the neighborhood.

Specials are rattled by the impact. Their torchlights flicker, affected by some unseen power surge.

They continue to search the charred interior. SCHMIDT reaches for his walkie.

He looks up to see a giraffe in full flight, running between buildings. He looks around to see if others saw it too. Then another giraffe running in the same direction. This one faster. They're being chased --

HUNTERS: WE catch only a glimpse of them. They are massive. Predatory. Bipedal. An alien species hunter killers.

2 HUNTERS take down the slower giraffe, rip into its neck and then drag it out of sight.

Silence. A dog barks.

MULLIGAN (O.S.)
Schmidt?

Schmidt turns, then pulls herself together, the walkie still to her ear.

SCHMIDT
We found one of the ID'd cars,
boss. Nothing here.

**INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: GRAFFITI-STREWN BUILDING -
05:48 AM**

Mulligan switches off his radio. Through the window, speakers are erected on rooftops. Speakers we recognize from Wicker Park.

Mulligan climbs the rest of the stairwell. Outside a dog BARKS incessantly.

The building's run down, a genuine squat. Every inch of wall space is plastered with newspaper articles that recount the invasion and Moebius-like images of Alien worship.

This is where those who worship the Legislators as the 3rd coming live: The Acolytes.

Kermode leans close to an open door secured by multiple latch chains. Peering through the gap, his arm extends to grab something - CRYSTAL BILLY. Crystal Billy has all the classic scabs and tells of a substance abuser.

CRYSTAL BILLY

That you, ma? I need you to help me out. Right, ma?

KERMODE

That's right, Billy. And what're you going to do for me?

CRYSTAL BILLY

I need --

Billy trails off as Kermode dangles a vial of clear liquid, just out of reach and looks around at the art.

KERMODE

What's the thinking here, Billy? You drop enough of this shit, you become like them? Talk to me.

Outside the dog barks endlessly.

CRYSTAL BILLY

Fuck! I'm trying, ma. Too many distractions. Just a little to focus my mind. Haven't slept...

KERMODE

Tell me what you been hearing about Phoenix.

CRYSTAL BILLY

There's a Phoenix, re-born out of the flames of eternal suffering, nested in the crucible --

KERMODE

Billy. Something real. Let's try again.

CRYSTAL BILLY

I can't with that dog! Fuck!!!! The whole night! --

Kermode slings the bag, spent from the questioning.

KERMODE

Acolyte junkie. What are we doing here?

MULLIGAN

Whose dog?

Kermode looks to Mulligan watching from the hallway.

CRYSTAL BILLY
 (muttering)
 -- Who ties a dog up and just
 leaves it there?

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: AUTO SHOP GARAGE = 05:55 AM

Mulligan and Kermode converge on a patch of earth beside the auto shop.

Hayes's dog, still tied to the sorry looking-tree, barks frantically.

Mulligan unties the dog. It takes off fast, leash trailing.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD STREETS - 05:58 AM

They keep the dog in sight and track him all the way -

To a modest house. The dog scrambles up the front stoop and scratches at the door.

The net closes.

EXT. EL TRAIN STATION - 06:35 AM

WE FIND Hayes on foot and on the run.

He climbs the station steps and makes it onto the platform.

A wall clock reads: 6:35am

Hayes shifts from foot to foot. He glances over to a pay phone nailed to the wall.

He slides in a quarter and dials.

A woman answers. Her voice small.

JEAN HAYES (O.S.)
 Hello?

Hayes lets out a shuddering sob.

HAYES
 Goodbye Jean. I'm sorry I couldn't
 say it before. I'm doing this for
 Charlie. For both of you.

INT. HAYES FAMILY HOME - 06.36 AM

Mrs Hayes clutches the phone. Her other hand rubs away the tears.

JEAN HAYES
I know my darling. There is someone
here who wants to talk to you --

Mulligan takes the phone.

MULLIGAN
Hello Evan.

Behind him, a room full of Special Branch. A phone tap records the call.

Kermode pats the family dog.

A woman from social services holds baby Charlie.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. PUBLIC LAVATORIES - - 06:48 AM

A small boxed-in cubicle. Rafe crouches on the toilet seat and changes shoes from an open suitcase.

He throws a shirt over the stall divide to Daniel, who cleans his wound with water from the toilet bowl, then wraps his chest with masking tape.

He stuffs his bloody shirt down a cracked pipe then puts on the replacement.

A quiet rap on the door signals all clear.

Daniel exits, casts a brief final glance at Rafe, reflected in the sink mirror. They part ways.

INT. MULLIGAN'S CAR - 06:51 AM

Mulligan flashes by a road sign to the central bus station, driving pedal to the metal. His roof light parts traffic.

In the sky above we see increased activity.

His radio squawks.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Stand down all units.

Mulligan frowns and reaches for his comms.

MULLIGAN
Whose orders?

A BEAT. Static on the Comms.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
All units have been advised not to
respond.

MULLIGAN
This is Commander Mulligan.
Andersonville Special Branch. I'm
leading this -

DISPATCH (O.S.)
- Requisite Hunter units traveling.
All other units please stand down.

From nowhere a vast meteor-like trail of light flies directly over Mulligan's car and sends him careering off road.

The sound recedes and Mulligan slams his comms against the window, accelerates back onto the road and into the Hunter's slip stream, grinding up through the gears.

He reaches and flips off the radio.

INT. CENTRAL BUS STATION - 06:57 AM

The height of morning rush hour. Those looking to travel out of the city. Rafe takes his place in a passenger line and looks to the clock on the wall.

In a far line, Daniel covers his chest with a newspaper, eyes down.

Across from him, Anita. Her eyes fix on the destination board. Boarding's begun for NEW YORK CITY.

2 man Elroy patrols work through the line, scanning implants.

One by one they board. First Daniel - destination BUFFALO. Then Rafe, MONTREAL.

Anita's line is slow. Time ticks down. Only moments to 7 am.

Each traveler in front is forensically scanned. People travel with worldly possessions. The movement of entire families, looking for space on overcrowded Greyhounds.

Anita isn't going to make it. She breaks away and jumps the line to the front where a man struggles with 2 kids and suitcases. She scoops up the crying toddler. The man smiles in appreciation as they pass through the barriers. Seconds to spare.

EXT. CENTRAL BUS STATION EXIT RAMPS - 07:04 AM

The buses pull out. Protective window grills foreshadow a dangerous journey out into rural areas.

INT. MONTREAL BUS - 07:04 AM

Daniel allows his eyes to close, but as he does, anxiety ripples among the passengers.

A small tremor. Then another, far larger. The power goes, putting them in darkness.

The lights switch back on, then the electrics short when another huge tremor hits, shaking the station foundations.

Then THROUGH scratched window glass, a commotion within the station. People running. Exit doors and windows EXPLODE open.

7 ALIEN HUNTERS emerge onto the fore-court.

One leads. THE ALPHA. He raises one impossibly long arm in an order for the buses to STOP.

Terrifying glimpses from inside Daniel's bus. Shouts and growing panic.

Each Hunter stands over 8 ft; heavily armored, body plates and helmets personalized with morbid mementoes, scarred by conflict.

Various tics and visual tells mark one from the other.

The Alpha stands out by his size and heavy bovine breathing. He barks a vocal communication in an alien tongue. Like the SOUND of an ostrich warning call:.

EXT. CENTRAL BUS STATION EXIT RAMPS - 07:06 AM

Traveling among the Hunter squad: a HUMAN EMBED Military translator, short by contrast.

The Hunters encircle the buses.

INT. MULLIGAN'S CAR - 07:08 AM

Seconds behind, Mulligan pulls up in front of the station,

As he does, another Meteor arc spirals in directly behind a building, shattering window. Signaling another Hunter arrival.

Mulligan races inside.

EXT. CENTRAL BUS STATION EXIT RAMPS - 07:09 AM

Hunters board the bus for Montreal.

INT. BUFFALO BUS - 07:09 AM

Rafe looks on helpless. Daniel sits trapped at the back - weakening fast

INT. MONTREAL BUS - 07:09 AM

THREE HUNTERS move down the aisle operating on animal instinct, locking onto the smell of fear.

One scents blood and his eyes go to Daniel. The drip from his chest wound forms a growing pool beneath his seat.

INT. NEW YORK CITY BUS - 07:10 AM

Violent commotion as Anita watches Daniel dragged off the bus.

No one intervenes.

EXT. CENTRAL BUS STATION EXIT RAMPS - 07:10 AM

Thrown to the ground, Daniel scrambles onto his front and is able to reach for his bracelet.

Before the Hunters can act, Daniel convulses. They realize it's too late, and abandon his body on the asphalt.

INT. CENTRAL BUS STATION - 07:12 AM

A crowd gathers by the windows. Mulligan pushes his way through.

INT. NEW YORK CITY BUS - 07:12 AM

2 Hunters board Anita's bus -

They approach down the aisle, studying each face.

Anita bolts at them. A final act of bravery before she's SHOT DOWN.

EXT. CENTRAL BUS STATION EXIT RAMPS - 07:14 AM

Passengers scream and flee the carnage inside. They scramble to get out.

Mulligan pushes his way onto the ramp and spots a face, watching through the glass.

INT. BUFFALO BUS - 07:14 AM

Rafe's fate is sealed.

The Alpha boards. His snout turns inward as he breathes in the fear.

Rafe rips the emergency hammer from its tether and bolts towards the rear. He pile drives through the back window, which shatters on impact.

He hits the ground 10 feet below, his chest lacerated on broken glass.

Hunters charge. An extraordinary flurry of movement and agility for a species so large.

With nowhere to go, Rafe reaches for the pill in his pocket. As he rises, a shot clips his arm and sends the pill spinning.

Mulligan runs at him, gun trained.

The Hunters converge, about to shoot. Mulligan makes it between them, his badge raised.

MULLIGAN
STAND DOWN!

Like an elephant charging a prey that stands its ground, the Hunters instinctively slow.

Mulligan eyes them each in turn, breathing hard.

The Alpha hard charges Mulligan and Rafe tenses, a moment from death.

He strikes the badge from Mulligan's hand and brings a hand scanner violently up to his neck, identifying his implant.

He registers Mulligan's Special Branch status, then lowers his forehead to Mulligan's face and vents, frustrated.

The embed translator comes in from the side.

EMBED TRANSLATOR
What the fuck are you doing?!

MULLIGAN
Making an arrest.

RAFE
Kill me -

Rafe looks to the gathered crowd. 2 Hunters grab him in a choke hold and tear him away.

RAFE (CONT'D)
Someone kill me!

He gasps and tries to lash out.

Rare shouts of defiance from the crowd grow from the back.

CROWD
Bastards! / Leave him alone!

The Alpha backs away from Mulligan, grunts a SHARP VOCAL and the Hunters move out, dragging Rafe with them.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT - 05:00 PM

Mulligan waits out in the corridor.

A familiar face approaches - the embed translator.

EMBED TRANSLATOR
(to Mulligan)
Come with me.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: SPECIAL BRANCH SUB PRECINCT - COMMUNICATIONS ROOM 5:15 PM

Mulligan is directed to the center of the floor. The room is cast in virtual darkness.

Communication with the closed zone is relayed via an audio system.

The sound emanating is ear destroying. It's like the inside of an active hive.

NOTE: All Legislator communication (which is in the form of rapid clicks and a short hissing noise are translated by a machine which decodes and translates in an automated voice. This is the communications room with those in the Closed Zone.

LEAD LEGISLATOR (O.S.)
(translated)
Name. Rank. Department.

MULLIGAN
Commander William Mulligan.
Andersonville Special Branch.

LEAD LEGISLATOR (O.S.)
(translated)
You work under the jurisdiction of
the Legislature. Correct?

MULLIGAN
Yes. Of course.

LEAD LEGISLATOR (O.S.)
(translated)
And Commissioner Igoe represents
the Legislature on all policing
matters.

MULLIGAN
He is my superior.

IGOE (O.S.)
But you directly disobeyed multiple
orders --

Igoe's voice is distorted, coming through the speaker from the Closed Zone.

LEAD LEGISLATOR
(translated)
Hunters are the most effective
means of locating and eradicating
militants. Both off planet, and
here. Wicker Park for example, no
longer poses an active threat.

MULLIGAN

You could have wiped us all out at first contact. But you didn't. You need us. We know our own kind better than anyone. Hunters maybe good at killing. But you don't crush a Hummingbird to learn how it flies.

A loaded silence.

LEAD LEGISLATOR

(translated)

You saved the life of a militant.

MULLIGAN

So I can use him.

EUGENE IGOE

You were told to stand down. Instead you jeopardize a major operation. For what? We've never got two shits out of any we've caught. Which considering what's been done to them, says a lot. They have no effective operational information beyond their unit. The leaders of the network are the only ones who matter. The rest are cannon fodder.

MULLIGAN

He has a brother.

EUGENE IGOE

You're suspended Mulligan, effective immediately.

He's silenced by a wave of static.

MULLIGAN

Commander Igoe's right. There are those more senior in the network. A ringleader. A number one. You let this militant live, his brother can be used to infiltrate, locate and take them out. The Chicago network is no more.

The Legislators fall silent and share their thoughts.

LEGISLATOR
(translated)
Why do you suggest something
different from your superior?

MULLIGAN
Their national network has long
been fragmented. For the past nine
years we have successfully divided
them. Their inability to
communicate beyond this city has
prevented any coordinated attacks.
Only isolated strikes. Without
coordination they cannot beat you.
But they can still inflict
significant damage. Four times
they've hit fracking operations,
pipelines and fields outside in the
past year. And now they've hit you
directly. Wiping Andersonville off
the map isn't going to stop them.
They are intent on fighting back,
and most likely dying in the
process. Those who survive will
just regroup and attack from
somewhere else. Like they have at
Soldier's Field. Their strategy is
hopeless. And we suffer for it. --
I believe in my job. I'm a
Policeman.

The Legislators fall silent again and share their thoughts.

Mulligan waits for the response.

**INT. ANDERSONVILLE: POLICE PRECINCT - OBSERVATION ROOM -
02:00 AM**

Spied through a surveillance monitor; the pixilated figure of
a hooded Gabriel.

**INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT
INTERROGATION ROOM - 02:01 AM**

Mulligan enters and sits with Gabriel for a moment. Then
removes his hood.

Gabriel blinks in the light. He's exhausted. He recognizes
Mulligan.

He launches at him to find his hands manacled to a metal bar
under the table.

GABRIEL

You did it.

Mulligan watches him.

MULLIGAN

In another ten hours --

He checks his watch.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Nine and a half -- there will be nothing left of Andersonville.

GABRIEL

You think I care?

MULLIGAN

You should. Thousands of innocent people are going to die.

GABRIEL

You killed my friend, didn't you. Why?

Mulligan stares at him.

MULLIGAN

You are now working for me.

GABRIEL

I told you. I'm not your nark. I'm not doing shit for you.

MULLIGAN

Then do it for your brother.

This sobers Gabriel.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

We have him. If you want me to keep him alive, listen to my offer and listen carefully. Because I'm only making it once.

GABRIEL

I don't trust you.

MULLIGAN

You don't have a choice.

BEAT

GABRIEL
Let me see him.

Mulligan looks to the one way window and nods.

INT. DE-COMMISSIONED US ARMY BARRACKS - 03:12 AM

Raw meat lies scattered on the ground. Remnants of a half-devoured zebra.

This is the billet of the Hunters who now rest in the shadows.

They look on as Elroys lead Gabriel down a long corridor that echoes with human voices. A mass detention center.

INT. DE-COMMISSIONED US ARMY BARRACKS: INTERROGATION ROOM - 03:14 AM

Rafe hangs limp, barely conscious. The interrogation method has been singular and brutal.

INTERROGATOR 1
Twice a loser.

INTERROGATOR 2
We got the Phoenix right here.
(spits)
Smile Phoenix.

The 2nd interrogator looks to a one way window.

INT. DE-COMMISSIONED US ARMY BARRACKS: VIEWING ROOM

Gabriel enters the viewing room, chaperoned by Schmidt.

INTERROGATOR 2
You got a visitor. Family day.

Voices from the interrogation room are piped through speakers.

Wretched, Rafe opens a swollen eye.

RAFE
(low)
Baby brother. I told you to get out. Why didn't you listen?

Gabriel says nothing.

RAFE (CONT'D)
What are you doing here?

Gabriel looks on, tears begin to wet his cheeks.

Rafe tries to clear his mind.

RAFE (CONT'D)
No...No Gabriel. Don't let them use
you.

GABRIEL
I'm sorry.

He can't be heard through the glass.

RAFE
Don't do it -- Let me die!

Gabriel turns and allows himself to be led out.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: BROWNSTONE STREET -

Mulligan pulls up in the alley and looks up. He enters the
backway.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: BROWNSTONE APARTMENT -

A hand reach and turns up the volume. '*Stardust*' plays on the
stereo.

Mulligan sits, calm in the eye of the storm. Cole's voice
shields him from the world outside.

He leafs through a book from the shelf. Henry James' *The
Ambassadors*.

Jane Doe sits and watches him from the bed. Mulligan sets
down the book.

MULLIGAN
Perhaps there's another way? Why do
so many have to die?

JANE DOE
The hardest things to do are the
things most worth doing. Only the
strongest can. You're strong.

Jane Doe rises and holds out her hand. After a moment,
Mulligan takes it. She pulls him close and they dance.

JANE DOE (CONT'D)
Remember that I believe in you.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: MULLIGAN'S APARTMENT - BACK ROOM

AUDIO LEVELS peak on a surveillance wave monitor then gradually die down to a flat line.

It's quiet in the apartment.

Jackie's bedroom light is off.

Mulligan sits in the half light from a fireplace.

On a side table: A picture in a silver frame. An 18 YEAR OLD in marine uniform.

A stack of audio tapes. He comes to the last and can't help himself. He puts it in the PLAYER and presses PLAY.

A familiar voice. Jane Doe's.

The way he listens to her voice reveals something deeper than surveillance. the song '*Stardust*' begins to play, drowning out a 2nd voice.

And then a 3RD VOICE jolts him.

JACKIE
That work too?

He stops the audio.

Jackie sits in shadow. Hard to tell how long she's been sitting there.

Mulligan considers, then tells the truth.

MULLIGAN
No.

JACKIE
Nothing can be like it was. It's all so different now, out there. No reason why it shouldn't be in here.

MULLIGAN
Jackie --

JACKIE

Stop. I don't care if you're
sleeping with someone. It's not as
if you're sleeping with me.

She stares at a flickering image on the mute TV: state
footage of a deep space exploration. Rocket boosters drop
away from a piloted capsule.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

All I care about now is getting
away from this godforsaken place.

She turns to look at him.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(cold)
Don't take me down with you.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT

Gabriel sits alone in a bare room. His hands are clasped. His
head is bowed. He prepares himself for what lies ahead.

A rap on the door.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT - 04:30 AM

Gabriel is led across the lot. Engine running, a car waits.
It's loaded with contraband. Levitt stands waiting.

GABRIEL

How do you expect me to convince
them? I'm not one of them.

MULLIGAN

Show them this.

He hands Gabriel a sealed envelope.

Gabriel looks blank.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Tell them it's from your brother.
And that you'll only hand it to
Number One.

Mulligan gestures to the open trunk. Gabriel hesitates then
climbs in.

The trunk slams shut. The car pulls out into the
neighborhood.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT - 04:45 AM

The Operations room under his jurisdiction, Mulligan and a surveillance team track Gabriel's implant as he journeys into the neighborhood.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: PRECINCT CORRIDOR - 04:50 AM

Igoe barrels down the hallway and enters to confront Mulligan.

Igoe is suffering the effects of long term residence in the closed zone. It is apparent in his pallor and skin age.

IGOE

This is your big plan? How can he possibly be useful? He's a kid and you expect him to infiltrate a closed unit?

MULLIGAN

They'll do what they believe is right for them.

IGOE

What the fuck does that mean?

Mulligan keeps walking.

MULLIGAN

We allow them to destroy themselves.

Igoe hangs back, powerless, filled with impotent rage.

INT. TRUNK OF CAR - 05:00 AM

The 'Trojan Horse' car lies abandoned on the road side. Its doors are open. The engine idles.

Gabriel lies curled in pitch black.

Outside the sounds of SHOUTS and alarm.

He struggles to open the trunk. When he does he spills out into a thick winter fog that blankets the neighborhood. Visibility is low.

Ghostlike shapes pass through the fog. Gabriel watches as looters make their get away with armfuls of contraband.

The BANGER NARK from the alley stands tied to a lamppost, a sign around his neck. His head hangs low.

GUNSHOTS ring out in the fog. Windows shatter. Men run by with boxes and armfuls of paper, throwing them into a dumpster fire in a panic.

Down one end of the street, he spots the familiar delivery van parked outside the electrical store.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE ELECTRICAL STORE - 05:20 AM

The store is nearly empty. The hacker is nowhere to be seen.

Errand kids strip the shelves bare and load up the van.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE ELECTRICAL STORE - 05:21 AM

Shadows in the fog -- ARMED MILITANTS oversee the evacuation.

The resistance are going to ground. Every trace of their existence in Andersonville is being destroyed.

Gabriel approaches the van. The courier recognizes him.

COURIER
What you doing here?

Gabriel slows, hesitant. The courier comes at him.

COURIER (CONT'D)
Get out of here!

From inside, Ellison hears the Courier and glances up.

2 Errand boys join the courier and grab Gabriel. They try to pull him inside, start to kick and beat him.

They stop when Ellison approaches.

ELLISON
(to Gabriel)
What do you want?

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT - 05:22 AM

Gabriel's implant GPS hovers on the coordinates of the electronics store.

Drone audio surveillance picks up a scratchy level of chatter.

KERMODE

Now, boss?

Mulligan shakes his head.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE ELECTRICAL STORE - 05:23 AM

GABRIEL

I'm Rafe's brother.

Ellison eyes him, giving nothing away.

ELLISON

I don't know any Rafe.

From nowhere, he places his shooter hard up against Gabriel's forehead.

ERRAND BOY

Nut him, boss.

GABRIEL

My brother gave me this.

Ellison stops.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

He told me to wait until after
Soldier's Field to bring it. But
only to Number One. Myself.

Ellison watches for a moment, then lowers his weapon and takes the envelope. It's marked on the back with a small but distinct drawing: A bird rising from the flames. A PHOENIX

Ellison wavers for the first time. Just for a moment.

HARD CUT TO:

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE ELECTRICAL STORE - 05:24 AM

Ellison loads Gabriel into the back of the van.

COURIER

How can you take a risk like this?

Ellison climbs up into the driver's seat.

ELLISON

Faith is the evidence of things
unseen. It wasn't Rafe.

(MORE)

ELLISON (CONT'D)
This kid's the Phoenix. We still
have a chance.

With that he guns the engine and pulls away.

**INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT OPERATIONS
ROOM - 05:25 AM**

Mulligan watches as the tracking dot begins to move.

MULLIGAN
Now we go.

INT. DELIVERY VAN - 06:09 AM

Gabriel sits silent in the back as Ellison drives.

**INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT OPERATIONS
ROOM -**

Mulligan tracks the dot across the neighborhood as Special
Branch mobilize.

He stares at the screen, the street and the building he knows
so well.

He is an island unto himself, a center of stillness in the
increasing activity around him.

INT. DELIVERY VAN - 06:36 AM

Ellison looks at Gabriel.

ELLISON
Get out.

He leaves Gabriel in the back alley and the van pulls away.
Gabriel faces the back entrance to the brownstone.

A door opens and an old woman lets him in.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: BROWNSTONE 06:42 AM

Gabriel is led by the old woman down the corridor. As though
she were expecting him. The brownstone is silent. Seemingly
empty. No babies cry.

He is ushered through a door.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - 06:44 AM

Gabriel enters the apartment -

He finds no sign of life. Just the possessions of a single woman with a rich past.

Gabriel's hand brush the contraband history books that line a shelf.

The bedroom door is ajar. He reaches for it and pushes it open -

JANE DOE
Hello Gabriel.

She sits at a make up table, applying final touches to her face.

Gabriel looks on, frowning, searching his memory banks for this somehow familiar face.

GABRIEL
I know you..?

JANE DOE
Yes.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT OPERATIONS ROOM -

MULLIGAN
Now.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: BROWNSTONE - 07:05 AM

ELROYS SMASH THROUGH THE DOOR - followed first by Levitt, then Schmidt.

Jane Doe reaches for a gun, hidden on the table.

Schmidt instinctively pulls her weapon for the first time and fires.

Two DEAFENING SHOTS and Jane Doe is dead before she hits the ground.

**INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT OPERATIONS
ROOM - 07:05 AM**

Intransigent, Mulligan stares at the feed.

MULLIGAN
Stand down until I arrive.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE: BROWNSTONE STREET - 07:20 AM

Elroys flood in and out. As Gabriel is led from the building Mulligan passes him in the hallway.

Gabriel stares at him, empty.

GABRIEL
You keep your promise.

MULLIGAN
You did the right thing.

The room clears as Mulligan and Kermode enter.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - 07:21 AM

Mulligan stares down at Jane Doe. Her fair complexion tainted with the pale blue of death. He pulls a sheet across her body.

Kermode looks on then picks up a book on the table and flicks through it - Virgil's Aeneid; inside a lithograph of the Trojan Horse entering Troy.

He takes another - Romulus and Remus. Brother founders of Rome.

KERMODE
Hooker who's a history buff.

Kermode notices an etching of the Phoenix.

He takes it down and stares at it - hidden on the wall behind: a tiny drilled hole.

Kermode takes his knife and cuts into the wall. He reaches in and pulls bugging wires through the wall paper.

More holes are found. More wires.

Miss Doe's entire apartment has been bugged.

KERMODE (CONT'D)
Holy shit. This all you, Mulligan?

He looks back at Mulligan who puts the Henry James book back on the shelf.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT INTERVIEW ROOM

Mulligan takes a seat, alone.

Seen through an observation window, various bureaucrats assemble. Igoe is seen joining them. He is seen arguing to be allowed into the room but is instructed to sit down.

Legislator Questions are translated as before.

LEAD LEGISLATOR
Explain.

Mulligan lays out the evidence as compiled -

MULLIGAN
I first established that
communication was through
classified ads in the Tribune.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: MULLIGAN'S APARTMENT

FROM EARLIER

We see Mulligan paging through the Tribune, circling suspicious ads.

MULLIGAN (V.O.)
I narrowed down the paper's staff
to three I suspected as having
militant ties.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT INTERVIEW ROOM

MULLIGAN
One I followed to a brothel he
regularly frequented.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: BROWNSTONE

FROM BEFORE

Mulligan enters the back way then stays in the shadows as George Rittenhouse comes down the stairs and exits. Just another man in a suit.

MULLIGAN (V.O.)
It was then that I decided to put
the prostitute he was visiting
under surveillance.

**INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: POLICE PRECINCT INTERVIEW
ROOM**

Mulligan stares into the darkness.

MULLIGAN
Play the first tape, please.

A moment of silence, then:

ROBERT WATTS (O.S.)
It's a big deal for me. How often
do we get to meet them? I'll be
handling five of them at the game.
Greeting them and taking them in.

MISS DOE (O.S.)
That's an incredible
responsibility.

ROBERT WATTS (O.S.)
What if I told you the Governor may
be one of them...

The tape stops.

MULLIGAN
This information was extracted from
her clients and passed across the
network. Once I'd established that,
it was relatively straight forward
to follow the paper trail and
locate the network.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: BROWNSTONE APARTMENT

Jane Doe stamps a postcard. On the other side, the picture of Soldier's Field. The postcard Ellison handed Rafe.

And we are now witness to their final take down.

INT. DE-COMMISSIONED US ARMY BARRACKS

Hunters are given the scent of their prey before they leave the building and ascend into the sky.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE ELECTRICAL STORE - DAY

MULLIGAN (O.S.)
 Vincent Ellison. Before the de-
 mobilisation, Sergeant. 2nd
 Battalion, 24th US Marines.

Ellison loads in the last few pieces of valuable electronics then bodily lifts in the struggling errand boy and closes the van's back doors and gestures to the Courier.

With a last glance, the Courier drives away. Ellison looks to the sky then turns to go back inside.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: UNDERGROUND NIGHT CLUB: GREEN ROOM

The familiar sound of meteor trails approaching. The lights start to flicker.

MULLIGAN (V.O.)
 Walter "Whiskey" Cross.
 Aesthetician.

The Club Manager walks the hallway and enters the green room.

Drag queens apply lipstick and pull off their stiletto heels. Stonewall redux.

INT. ENGLEWOOD HIGH RISE ESTATE: TOP LEVELS

A flurry of activity.

Doors and windows sealed, Barbosa locks and loads along with his small army of Foot soldiers who are armed to the teeth with alien weaponry. They know what's coming and they relish it.

The building starts to rattle. Lights flicker.

INT. ENGLEWOOD HIGH RISE ESTATE: TOP LEVELS

A flurry of activity.

MULLIGAN (V.O.)
Englewood estate top to bottom
sweep and search.

Doors and windows sealed, Barbosa locks and loads along with his small army of foot soldiers who are armed to the teeth with alien weaponry. They know what's coming and they relish it.

BARBOSA
They got no idea what they're
walking into.

The building starts to rattle. Lights flicker.

EXT. OAK PARK: BARKER'S MORTUARY AND FUNERAL HOME

The morgue attendant loads his weapons and readies himself for the assault.

MULLIGAN (V.O.)
Neil McCauley. Before de-
mobilization, Private 1st class,
2nd Battalion, 24th US Marines.
Expert marksman.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

An overflowing bath. The medic who oversaw the implant extractions - his skin mottled blue. Bled out from cuts up both arms.

MULLIGAN (V.O.)
Justin Eady. Dental surgeon.

INT. CHICAGO TRIBUNE - DAY

Rittenhouse turns in his copy for the late edition.

MULLIGAN (V.O.)
George Rittenhouse. Journalist.

As the lights begin to flick and surge he walks to the window and drops like a stone.

It's clear through these final actions each embraces their fate and sacrifices themselves. This is the end. They can do no more.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: ELECTRONICS STORE - DAY

The noise of what's approaching grows deafening. Meteor trails plummet towards the windows.

Ellison drinks for courage and finishes prepping a booby trap bomb.

He looks up and smiles at the Hacker who drinks, grimaces and smiles back.

MULLIGAN (V.O.)
The entire Chicago network.
Neutralized.

BACK TO SCENE AND A MOMENT'S SILENCE:

LEAD LEGISLATOR (O.S.)
Was this woman - the Number One -
known personally to you?

For the first time Mulligan blinks beneath his glasses.

MULLIGAN
No. --

He looks to the observation room window where Igoe looks on.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
We know little to nothing about
her.

LEAD LEGISLATOR
Why was no one made aware of your
complete surveillance?

MULLIGAN
I ran a solo surveillance operation
as our system relies on thorough
internal surveillance and division
of tasks.

LEAD LEGISLATOR
Meaning you broke the legislature.

MULLIGAN
So that it could not be accessed or
compromised by my own people.

SILENCE IN THE ROOM.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)
There's one more tape.

Another tape is inserted and played...

IGOE (O.S.)
They're taking water out of the
lake you know. Millions of gallons.

MISS DOE (V.O.)
How?

IGOE (V.O.)
Don't stop. That feels good.

The PLAYBACK STOPS, ABRUPT.

ALL eyes turn to Igoe.

Mulligan looks into the observation room.

MULLIGAN
Our own chain of command was also
compromised.

Struck dumb, Igoe's world collapses. He goes for the door.

A commotion follows outside the hallway.

LEAD LEGISLATOR
Evidence will be further analyzed
by the Legislature. Your operation
will be acknowledged. Before their
withdrawal, Hunters will act on
this information. In the meantime,
your work will be to restore order
to the neighborhood.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

LEAD LEGISLATOR (O.S.)
There are no more questions.

MULLIGAN
I have one. -- Will you keep your
word?

A moment's silence. The lights come on.

INT. LOADING DOCK - SUNRISE

Lines of HUMAN UNDESIRABLES: dissidents, criminals and other
subversive's fall in on command.

At the front stands Rafe. A prisoner waiting to board.

Across from him, battered and broken - Eugene Igoe. Stripped of rank and reputation. His wish to escape this rock has been granted. But in a different way to how he planned.

A GUARD checks the manifest.

PRISON AUTHORITIES

Loading up!

Rafe looks at the massive interior above him and steps into the unknown.

EXT. SHORES OF LAKE MICHIGAN - SUNRISE

The prison ship ascends above Lake Michigan, breaking through the last wisps of stratosphere and on into the eternal inky night of space, leaving Earth behind.

Gabriel watches as the waves roll in. Behind him; a welded structure of car parts. Cardboard, rolled paper and glass keep out the cold.

Inside this makeshift home, on a cracked and faded dashboard: the sprung hula girl tilts forever sideways. His parents' car.

VOICE (O.S.)

So you didn't make it out after all.

Gabriel turns to see Jurgis a short distance away.

GABRIEL

You're alive.

JURGIS

What kind of pussy you think I am?
Just a couple nights in the joint --

Jurgis surveys the still smoldering embers of the charred boat.

JURGIS (CONT'D)

Damn, those Specials got a hard on for you. -- Least you got your cush job. I got a start all over again.

He walks away down the shoreline.

EXT. CREMATORIUM - SUNRISE

Body bags are transported and one by one loaded into a furnace, where they burn.

Mulligan stands sentinel and tracks the last to go in.

CREMATOR

A lot of bodies to burn.

MULLIGAN

As Henry James said, we Americans
only like one kind of story.
Tragedies with a happy ending.

CREMATOR

Who's Henry James?

Mulligan says nothing and signs the authorization papers,
climbs into his car and drives away.

EXT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

The neighborhood has survived.

Gabriel passes his old family home. He looks up to the
bedroom window. The curtains are drawn.

EXT. WAREHOUSE NEIGHBORHOOD - 6:40 AM

Gabriel approaches work. His life appears to have returned to
the groundhog days under occupation.

A car pulls up alongside him. The familiar face of Mulligan
behind the wheel.

This time Gabriel doesn't resist.

INT. MULLIGAN'S CAR - 6:42 AM

They sit together in silence. Then --

MULLIGAN

Rafe will live.

Small consolation.

GABRIEL

I destroyed everything he believed
in.

MULLIGAN

It was Judas who put Christ on the cross. Without him, mankind's redemption might never have happened. --

Gabriel watches Mulligan's face. His intransigent stare.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

You make sure you keep doing your job.

Mulligan tosses Gabriel a packet of condoms and a bottle of laxative.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Like I said, you work for me now.

He looks to the data reclaim building across the way.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

Here --

He hands Gabriel, the tiny gold data chip from Jane Doe's phone.

MULLIGAN (CONT'D)

I want you to get rid of this for me. -- Get out of here.

Gabriel gets out.

Mulligan watches him go, then pulls away.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE NEIGHBORHOOD: MULLIGAN'S APARTMENT - 08:00 AM

The high walls of the Closed zone over his shoulder through the window, Mulligan eats breakfast across from his wife.

MULLIGAN

What if I told you it's all over.
All of it. We won.

Jackie sits silent for a moment.

JACKIE

I would say we have nothing to lose.

Mulligan gets up and leans to kiss her. A healing kiss.

MULLIGAN
I'll send some boxes from work and
we can start packing.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: SPECIAL BRANCH SUB PRECINCT OFFICE -

A party of sorts is in progress. Alcohol flows. Special Branch celebrate.

Outside the group, Mulligan sits at his desk for a moment, then pulls out a filing box and packs up his personal mementos.

The present of a wrapped bowling ball sits on his desk.

His division glances over at him through a glass window.

He takes the framed photo of the young military man, gazes at it, then packs it away.

KERMODE (O.S.)
Congratulations commissioner.

Kermode stands at the door. Mulligan nods in acknowledgement.

KERMODE (CONT'D)
How about that. They made you the
big man. Hope you look out for me
when you get in.

MULLIGAN
We all need hope, Kermode. If you
have hope in life, then you have
life.

He walks out to singing, then turns and walks away to take Igoe's place in the Closed Zone.

Kermode watches him go, then squints and looks back into the spotless empty office.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: TUNNELS TO CLOSED ZONE PERIMETER - DAY

Mulligan goes through the exact same procedure as with Igoe earlier.

He enters through the outer levels of the Closed Zone.

INT. DATA STORAGE CENTER ENTRANCE -

Gabriel heads in from the street as a KLAXON sounds.

He passes quickly through a corral-like machine which scans the raised nodule beneath the skin of his neck.

INT. DATA RECOVERY SECTION -

Gabriel glances up at the FOREMAN who eyeballs him through the glass office window above.

He goes to work, cracking open devices, erasing their contents.

He then pauses, raises hand to mouth and removes Jane Doe's data chip.

He inserts the chip and watches the monitor.

Images of Jane Doe. Younger.

Work emails. Articles about history. Current affairs.

And it's here we see who she once was. Before first contact. A high school teacher. A woman with a future.

Then a photograph WE SAW in Gabriel's room.

Gabriel sees among the students and young teachers, his late mother - Flora. Next to her. Her friend. Jane Doe. The history teacher.

INT. CLOSED ZONE TRANSITION AREA - DAY

Mulligan removes his clothes and raises his arms to allow the spray to wash over him.

WE STAY ON MULLIGAN'S resolute stare as he is prepared for transition.

The alien insect probe finds its way to his face and maps it; recording every contour. And the mind inside.

 ZONE ENTRANCE PERSONNEL (O.S.)
 Just confirming you are you,
 Commissioner Mulligan.

For the first time, Mulligan smiles.

INT. DATA RECOVERY SECTION - DAY

Gabriel opens one last photo - Flora and John his parents with a couple - William Mulligan and Jane Doe.

Gabriel stares at Mulligan's smiling face, then wipes the chip clean.

INT. CLOSED ZONE TRANSITION AREA - DAY

Then Mulligan enters the zone. Lights flicker for an instant in the otherwise pristine environment. The doors close behind him.

A burning arrow buried in the heart of the enemy.

Or a Trojan Horse.

We pull back over the walls of the closed zone to see at its heart - A PULSING LIGHT at the highest point of the city - SEARS TOWER. The Pulse dies. Just for a moment.

INT. ANDERSONVILLE: BROWNSTONE APARTMENT

The shadows of Legislator investigators move about the cramped interior. The sound of their filtered breathing.

They fail to notice an overlap in the paint work on the back wall. If they did they would find behind it, a small closet. Inside, a computer.

The computer is on.

Glowing type across a DIGITAL SCREEN:

So far, all attempts to reconnect
the network have failed.

If you get this, I am dead but we
have succeeded in our final attack.

The next message you receive will
be from the Phoenix.

FAILURE TO SEND scrolls endlessly below...

And then with a whoosh

MESSAGE SENT.

HARD TO BLACK.

END CREDITS - PLAY OUT TO NAT KING COLE'S RENDITION OF
'STARDUST'.